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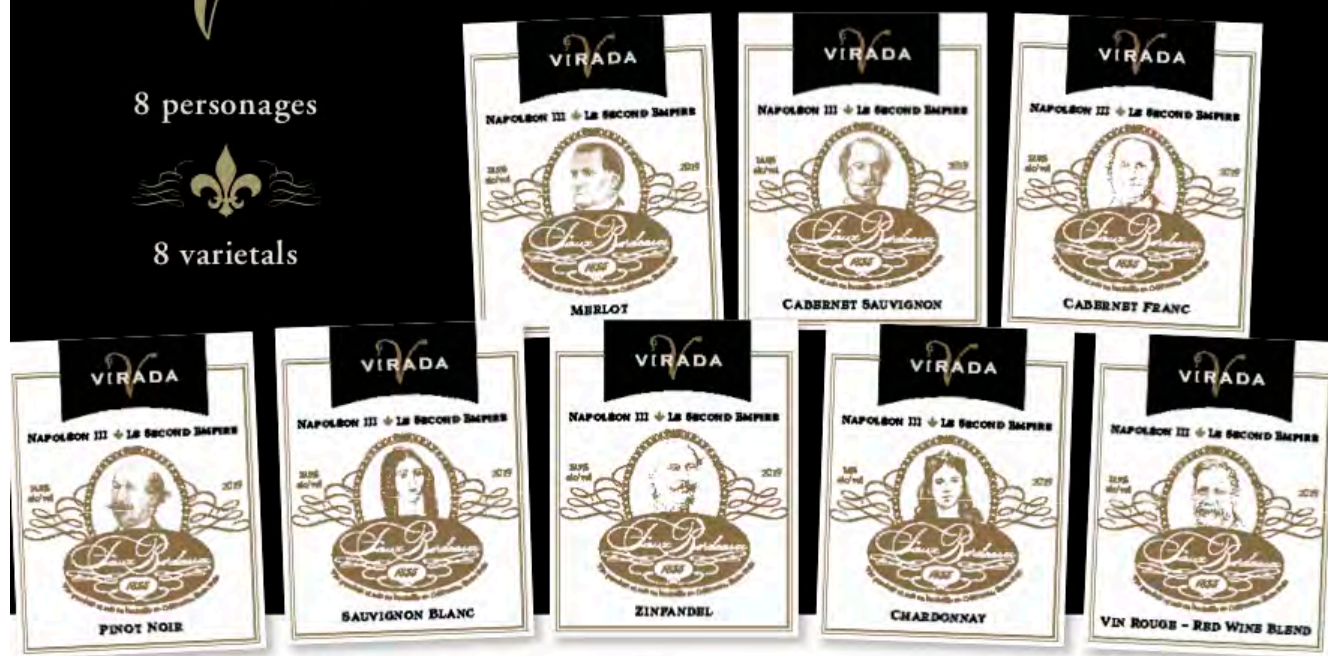
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Drops & Dribbles:

Wine Trade Through Civilization

Part One

The Imperial Banquet

Food for Thought

Served Well Generously for All Parties Equally





The Count of Monte Cristo

duly requests we ignite his namesake No. 2 torpedo cigar and prepare for
an intimate account of the venerated

1855 Classification of Bordeaux

inspired by the Consummation of the Second Empire of
Napoléon III, 'The Liberal Emperor'

The Fête of France Finally Unpasteurized For Francophiles and Oenophiles

A candid review of its origin, impact and consequences

Featuring

Prince Napoléon affectionately known as Plon-Plon
by

Don Elam

California's Finest Wine Exporter
sans Charles Dutoit, conducting

August 2020

Warning:

Reader is roundly advised not to peruse as evanescent
bubbles and baubles may harmlessly manifest of an adult discretionary nature



Don Elam

Washington, DC July 2018

The Bottom of France Exposed Bare by Knowing Napoléon III
A twice-told tale of a hedonistic head of state, Arm-strongs, Lille legs and saucy l'asses

'No single document can ever have done so much to publicize a product and indeed keep it in the public eye, as a matter of discussion and debate...'

Hugh Johnson, MW
On the 1855 Classification of Bordeaux

The Oxford Companion to Wine
3rd Edition

James Beard Foundation Book Award Winner

“ The greatest wine book ever published.”

- The Washington Post

By Jancis Robinson [Oxford University Press; New York] 2006

Pg. 86

Bordeaux, important French port on the Garonne River leading to the Gironde estuary on the west coast.*

* This is the first sentence on an absorbing premier topic: Bordeaux.

If understanding more about wine is important, then let's not be so blasé.

Nothing more is mentioned of Bordeaux's port in this hefty and expansive book.

This single line is especially important to the wine trade plus our world at large.

Robinson Crusoe

By Daniel Defoe [Penguin Books; UK] 2003

First published 1719

- 227 years since Spain's Americas arrival;
100 years since enslaved Africans transported to Virginia -

Edited with Introduction and Notes by John Richetti

Pg. x-xi

Instead of a minister, **Defoe became a wholesale merchant in stockings, a hosier, part of the expanding trade in manufactured clothing**, a growth industry in those days as domestic production of wearing apparel began to give way to mass production. **He dealt extensively in wine and tobacco as well**, and he travelled widely in England and perhaps to the Continent during the mid 1680s. Defoe had large ambitions as a businessman, and he seems to have played recklessly for high stakes in land speculation...By 1692, thanks **to serious losses of cargo at sea during the war with France** [Nine Years' War; Louis XIV, known as the 'Sun King', Europe's most aggressive monarch], he was bankrupt [and imprisoned for debt]...

Pg. xv

Literary historians have singled out Robinson Crusoe as perhaps the first true instance in English of what we call now the realistic novel.

Pg. xxiv

Crusoe's state of mind after he discovers the single footprint on the beach is one of the great psychological moments in all of English fiction, and it begins a new phase in the story of his survival.

Pg. 162

He was a comely handsome fellow, perfectly well made, with straight long limbs, not too large; tall and well shap'd, and , as I reckon, about twenty six years of age. He had a very good countenance, not a fierce and surly aspect, but seem'd to have something very manly in his face, and yet he had all the sweetness and softness of an European in his countenance too, especially when he smil'd. His hair was long and black, not curl'd like wool; his forehead very high, and large, and a great vivacity and sparkling sharpness in his eyes. The color of his skin was not quite black, but very tawny; and get not of an ugly yellow nauseous tawny as the *Brazilians*, and *Virginians*, and other natives of America are; but of a bright kind of a dun olive color, that had in it something very agreeable, tho' not very easy to describe. His face was round and plump; his nose small, not flat like Negroes, a very good mouth, thin lips, and his fine teeth well set, and white as ivory. After he slumber'd, rather than slept, about half an hour, he waked again, and come out of the cave to me; for I had been milking my goats which I had in the enclosure just by: When he espy'd me, he came running to me, laying himself down on the ground, with all the possible signs of an humble thankful disposition, making many antick [grotesquely animated] gestures to shew it: **At last he lays his head flat upon the ground, close to my foot, and sets my other foot upon his head, as he had done before; and after this, made all the signs to me of subjection, servitude, and submission imaginable, to let me know how, he would serve me as long as he liv'd;** I understood him in many things, and let him know, I was very well pleas'd; in a little time I began to speak to him, and teach him to speak to me; and first, I made him know his name should be *Friday*, which was the day I sav'd his life; I call'd him so for the memory of the time; **I likewise taught him to say *Master*,** and then let him know that was to be my name; I likewise taught him to say, *Yes*, and *No*, and to know the meaning of them; I gave him some milk, in an earthen pot, and let him see me drink it be before him, and sop my bread, in it; and I gave

him a cake of bread, to do the like, which he quickly comply'd with, and made signs that it was very good for him.

I kept there with him all that night; but as soon as it was day, I beckon'd to him to come with me, and let him know I would give him some clothes, at which he seem'd very glad, for he was stark naked: As we went buy the place **where he had bury'd the two men**, he pointed exactly to the place, and shew'd me the marks that he had made to find them again, making signs to me, that we should dig them up again, and eat them; at this I appear'd very angry, expels'd my abhorrence of it, made as if I would vomit at the thoughts of it, and beckon'd with my hand to him to come away, which he did immediately, with great submission...

Pg. xxvi

Just as carnivorous Europeans like himself think nothing of eating pigs and oxen, so do these cannibals eat their enemies. Moreover, he reasons to kill these men who have done him no wrong is **to perpetuate the worst European imperialistic atrocities:**

this would justify the conduct of the *Spaniards* in all their barbarities practis'd in America, and where they destroyed millions of these people, how however they were idolaters and barbarians, and had several bloody and barbarous rites in their customs... were yet, as to the *Spaniards*, very innocent people; and that the rooting them out of the country, is spoken of with the utmost abhorrence and detestation, by even the *Spaniards* themselves, at this time; and by all other Christian nations of *Europe*. (pg. 136)

Pg. xxvii

Crusoe's transformation from terrified and confused survivor to colonial master and avenging overlord of his island marks Robinson Crusoe as one the key modern myths of English and even of European culture...

Crusoe controls the fates of others; he presided suddenly over a new political order on his island, even though he treats his new authority as something of a joke: 'My island has now peopled, and I thought of my self very rich in subjects; and it was a merry reflection which I frequently made, how like a king I look'd. First of all, the whole country was my own meer property; so that I had an undoubted right of dominion. **Secondly, my people were perfectly subjected: I was absolute lord and law-giver; they all ow'd their lives to me, and were ready to lay down their lives, *if there had been occasion of it, for me***' (p. 190).

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fresnel_lens

-Truncated-

A **Fresnel lens** (/ˈfreɪn-, ˈfrɛn.əl, -əl/ *FRAYN-*, *FREN-el*, -əl, /frɛɪˈnɛl/ *fray-NEL* or /ˈfrɛznəl/ *FREZ-nəl*) is a type of composite compact lens originally **developed by French physicist Augustin-Jean Fresnel (1788–1827) for lighthouses.**

>>> **It has been called "the invention that saved a million ships."**<<<

The idea of creating a thinner, lighter lens in the form of a series of annular steps is often attributed to Georges-Louis Leclerc, Comte de Buffon. Whereas Buffon proposed grinding such a lens from a single piece of glass, the Marquis de Condorcet (1743–1794) proposed making it with separate sections mounted in a frame. French physicist and engineer Augustin-Jean Fresnel is most often given credit for the development of the multi-part lens for use in lighthouses.

According to *Smithsonian* magazine, **the first Fresnel lens was used in 1823 in the Cordouan lighthouse at the mouth of the Gironde estuary; its light could be seen from more than 20 miles (32 km) out.**

Scottish physicist Sir David Brewster is credited with convincing the United Kingdom to adopt these lenses in their lighthouses.

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cordouan_Lighthouse

Cordouan lighthouse is an active lighthouse located 7 kilometres (4.3 miles) at sea, **near the mouth of the Gironde estuary in France**. At a height of 223 feet (68 m), it is the tenth-tallest "traditional lighthouse" in the world.

The Tour de Cordouan, the 'Patriarch of Lighthouses', is by far *the oldest lighthouse in France*.

It was designed by leading Paris architect Louis de Foix [fr], and is **something of a Renaissance masterpiece**, an amalgam of royal palace, cathedral and fort. Started in 1584 and finished in 1611, **it still stands today**.

>>>DOUBLE HYPER-IMPORTANT<<<

By the second half of the 16th century the [original] tower had fallen into disrepair and the hazard to navigation threatened the Bordeaux wine trade.

This led to the construction of the current Tour de Cordouan.

The first Fresnel lens rotating system, the invention of Augustin-Jean Fresnel, was installed in Cordouan in 1823. Three concentric lamp wicks, supplied with rapeseed oil by means of a suction and force pump, were placed in the focal plane of the apparatus.

>>> IMPORTANT <<<

It was restored in 1855 and made a historical monument in 1862, at the same time as Notre-Dame de Paris. *The original Fresnel lens was replaced by the present lens in 1854*. [France was then expanding its fleet tonnage to be only second to Britain too]

The Invention that Saved a Million Ships



Phare de Cordouan 2005

[bbc.com/travel/story/20190620-the-invention-that-saved-a-million-ships](https://www.bbc.com/travel/story/20190620-the-invention-that-saved-a-million-ships)

by Adrienne Bernhard

June 21, 2019

In the 1820s, Augustin Fresnel invented a new kind of lens and installed it in France's Cordouan lighthouse. **Suddenly, one lamp could light the way for sailors many miles out to sea.**

"Were I a Roman Catholic, perhaps I should on this occasion vow to build a chapel to some saint; but as I am not, if I were to vow at all, it should be to build a lighthouse."

— Benjamin Franklin, July 1757

[Franklin's face on US \$100 banknote]

Since antiquity, lighted beacons have guided ships to port. The earliest lighthouses were controlled fires on hilltops that warned vessels that they were approaching land. Over time, these signals were powered by burning coal or oil lamps backed by mirrors, which could reach navigators further out to sea. But lamp power was no match for a dark and stormy night; over centuries, broken hulls and wind-whipped sails ran aground as ships' captains and crew perished within, unable to spot the coastline before it was too late.

All that changed in the early 1820s, when a French physicist invented a new kind of lens: a ring of crystalline prisms arranged in a faceted dome that could reflect refracted light. **Augustin Fresnel installed his creation in the Phare de Cordouan, a towering lighthouse situated in France's Gironde estuary, about 100km north of Bordeaux.** Suddenly, one lamp could illuminate the way for sailors many nautical miles out to sea.

The oldest operating lighthouse in France (construction began in the 16th Century, but beacons had existed there hundreds of years prior) and the world's first to be built in the open sea, this imposing sentinel of white stone is a Renaissance masterpiece. Equal parts cathedral, fort and royal palace, this **'Versailles of the Sea'** is a monument to history and

maritime engineering. **The spot was listed as an historic monument the same year as Paris' Notre Dame by the French Ministry of Culture, in 1862.** Accessible only by boat, the Cordouan lighthouse offers visitors a revolutionary view of France's heritage: the chance to climb inside the upper reaches of an old lighthouse, and into one man's imagination.

A Spectacular Showpiece

>>> IMPORTANT <<<

The Médoc Atlantique is a bountiful stretch of south-west France famous for its vineyards, wines and chateaux; few tourists venture north of Bordeaux to the sleepy town of St Palais-Sur-Mer.

From this vantage, the Cordouan lighthouse is unmissable on its lonely promontory, though Palais' residents seem only dimly aware of its faithful watch. Beachside cafes touting fresh fish and Nutella-filled crepes are popular with locals, and many will take a boat ride to trawl for Coquilles St Jacques and then explore the surrounding pine forests. But once a day, a catamaran departs from Port Royan, taking passengers out of the harbour and into open waters. As the town fades from view and the ship's sails flap wildly in the wind, the lighthouse rises up, breaking the horizon like a pillar of cloud.

Most cannot help but wonder: why build such a magnificent showpiece where few would ever see it?

In fact, the Phare de Cordouan's spectacular architecture is the result of a long and turbulent history. According to legend, small beacons had existed on the unnamed islet since the early 9th Century, when Charlemagne supposedly commanded a light be shone there. It's more certain that the Black Prince (Edward of Wales) was the first to build an actual tower on the sandbar, in 1360. More than 200 years later, in 1584, **King Henry III commissioned a lighthouse at the mouth of the Gironde.** The king wanted an

impressive tower worthy of his royal stature, one that would replace Edward's crumbling edifice. He contracted famed Parisian architect Louis de Foix with orders to construct a 'royal work': a lighthouse with extravagantly decorated apartments, keepers' quarters, a large lantern and its very own chapel.

Religious wars and various financial and technical challenges made for slow going, but de Foix carried on with his work, even after the death of Henry III (*the king, as it happened, would never set foot in his lighthouse*). By 1611, mariners who moored their vessels at the confluence of the Atlantic and the Gironde were greeted by a tremendous sight: granite steps leading to a 67.5m stone edifice, impervious to the crashing waves. Past the engineer's apartment and keepers' quarters, they would climb more than 300 steps through each of several airy galleries, whose interiors still reflect a style traditional for the period: gilt trim, ornate pediments; small alcoves and domed ceilings; black-and-white mosaic tiles. The ship's captain might stop to pray for his vessel's safe passage at the chapel Notre-Dame de Cordouan, before ascending past the *salle des lampes* to the gallery deck atop this most remote sentry by the sea.

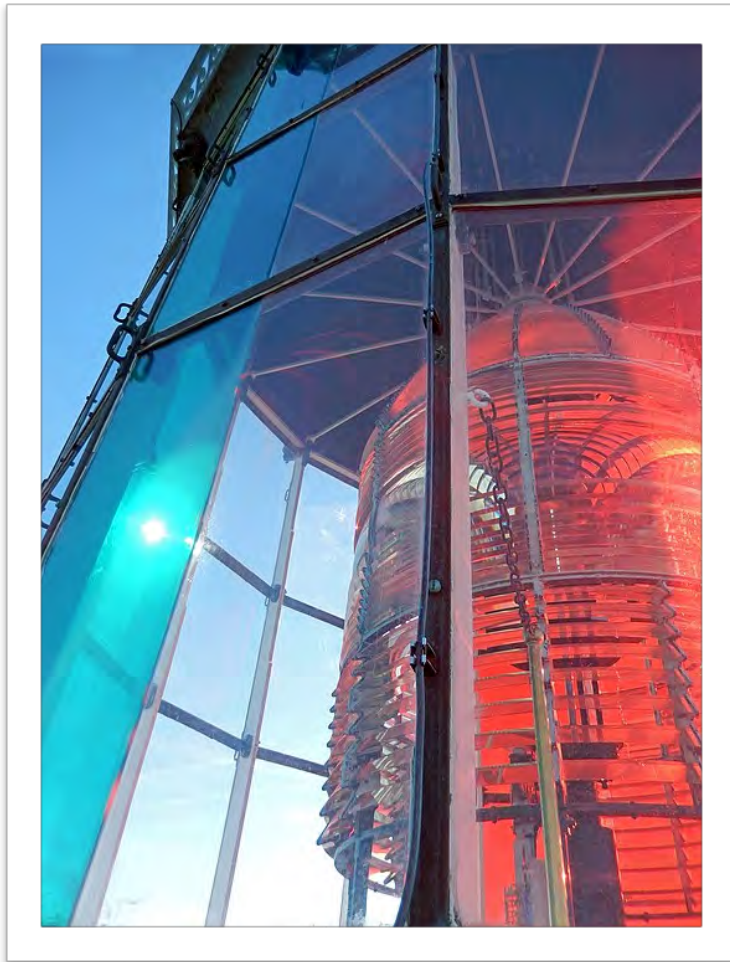
The lighthouse was lit for the first time in 1611: a fire fuelled by tar, pitch and wood, sheltered by a lantern. In the mid-1640s, Cordouan's light was blown off by a storm, so keepers replaced it with a lantern that burned whale oil and fixed it atop a metal basin; this allowed for greater control of the flame, but it also meant a dimmer glow, much to the chagrin of mariners. Whale oil was replaced in the early 18th Century by coal, which proved a difficult lighting system to maintain as keepers had to routinely haul fuel to the top of the lighthouse and stoke the fire day and night. In 1782, a system of oil lamps and copper *lumières* (or reflectors) was installed, which meant that lighthouse keepers no longer needed to tend to the fires. And **by the end of the 18th Century, clockmakers devised a rotating light made possible by the same mechanisms that powered timepieces, resulting in the first revolving lighthouse lantern in the world [think expertise of Swiss timepieces via émigré Huguenots]**. In calm weather, these oil lamps

could adequately assist navigation, but they were not powerful enough to converge on a bone-soaked, storm-ravaged sailor miles from land.

Following the French Revolution of 1789, attempts were made to eradicate every symbol of the Ancien Régime, the feudal political system in France that held everyone a subject of the king. That meant a complete obliteration of all royal effigies and inscriptions inside Cordouan, which was itself a tribute to the monarchy, after all. Only the bust of Louis de Foix in the entrance niche of the lower room was left intact – it was simply too heavy to transport – and visitors can still see this statue today. At the same time, large-scale works were underway at the lighthouse aimed at improving the structure's utility and the mighty reach of its beacon.

In the 19th Century, optics was an emerging field. Scientists were familiar with Dutch physicist Christiaan Huygens' theory of light, which held that light travelled in the form of a wave, but many remained sceptical. **Augustin Fresnel would effectively prove Huygens' theory: by arranging a series of small, convex prisms into the shape of a beehive, the Frenchman discovered that he could capture and refract oblique light.**

Fresnel's system was based on a key principle of geometric optics: when light passes from one medium to another – for example, air to glass and then to air once again – it changes direction. **The lens' concentric arrangement and 'bending' of light created a combined light intensity much greater than the light source itself. This in turn allowed the light to be visible over greater distances.** Fresnel installed his invention at Cordouan, a lighthouse already prominent in his home country, in an area known for its rugged coastlines and treacherous swells. **By the 1860s, thousands of lighthouses had been fitted with Fresnel lenses, from small harbour lanterns to great sea lights.**



Phare de Cordouan 2014

The second installed 1854 Fresnel lens continues to give wizened mariners a welcoming assurance of docking downstream at beloved Bordeaux

“Every lighthouse has its own signature,” said Mickael Neveu, one of four lighthouse guardians who live year-round at Cordouan (guardians take turns in pairs, for a fortnight at a time). He gestured towards the Fresnel apparatus inside the tower, which is restricted to keepers and custodians. “The light here occults three times every 12 seconds.”

An occulting light is a rhythmic light in which the duration of light in each period is longer than the total duration of darkness: in other words, it has the appearance of

flashing off, rather than flashing on. As Cordouan's lens rotates, its bulls-eye panels create beams of concentrated light, which successively pass into view of the mariner: **to the south, a flash of red, to the west, green or white light, followed by darkness.**

These different colours direct maritime traffic according vessel size: the green sector indicates the main passage of the estuary, used by high-tonnage commercial shipping; the south passage, marked by the red sector, is used by vessels of shallower draught.

The Phare de Cordouan is the last lighthouse in France to be continuously inhabited by keepers. Visits are permitted for the public from April to November; the rest of the year, keepers ensure that the beacon shines day and night, while engaging in daily maintenance and upkeep of both the tower and the surrounding islet, which becomes entirely submerged at high tide. The Phare de Cordouan was officially submitted as a candidate for Unesco World Heritage status in 2002, a feat owed, in no small part, to the stewards who watch over it faithfully.

The solitary existence of lighthouse keepers has long captured the imagination: the stoicism of their ceaseless vigil; the integral role they play in buoyage and beaconage; the loved ones they leave behind on dry land. Benoît Jenouvrier has been a lighthouse guardian at Cordouan for eight years. He has sandy dreadlocks, a slightly weathered smile and a purposeful manner. When asked about the most difficult aspect of his job, Jenouvrier replied that it's different for each guardian. "The weather conditions are difficult, the daily tasks, the winters..." Here he trailed off, as if weighing the responsibility of caring for something so formidable. "In fact, I am more at ease in winter, when there are no visitors here."

Against the heavily barnacled base of the Phare de Cordouan, this solitary keeper was himself part of history – a long line of lighthouse guardians who have variously watched over a royal palace, a graveyard of shipwrecks, a site of scientific innovation and a place that forever altered ocean travel.

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cardinal_Richelieu



Cardinal de Richelieu 1642
by Philippe de Champaigne

An alumnus of the University of Paris and headmaster of the College of Sorbonne, he renovated and extended the institution. Richelieu was also famous for his patronage of the arts; most notably, **he founded the Académie française, the learned society responsible for matters pertaining to the French language.**

Richelieu is also known by the sobriquet *l'Éminence rouge* ("the **Red Eminence**"), from the red shade of a cardinal's clerical dress and the style "eminence" as a cardinal.



La résurrection de Lazare / The Resurrection of Lazarus

By Léon Bonnat, **1857**

A set of red loafers by custom shoemaker Adriano Stefanelli
as worn by Pope Benedict XVI



Only the Pope can wear red shoes in Vatican City.

Red signifies the blood of martyrs
spilled through the centuries following in the footsteps of Christ.
Pope Francis has chosen to not signal his papal preeminence by prime footwear.



L'Apparition 1876

by Gustave Moreau Musée d'Orsay

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lamballe

Lamballe is a town and a former commune in the Côtes-d'Armor department in Brittany in northwestern France. *On 1 January 2019, it was merged into the new commune Lamballe-Armor.*

Lamballe was the capital of the territory of the Counts of Penthièvre, who in 1569 were made dukes. **La Noue, the famous Huguenot leader, was mortally wounded in 1591 in the siege of the castle [château], which was dismantled in 1626 by Richelieu.**

Charles Armand Tuffin, Marquis de la Rouërie, hero of the American War of Independence [colonies breakaway from Britain], died near Lamballe in 1793.

The town of Lamballe is noted for its exceptional weekly market. Although held on Thursday mornings only, **this market is known as one of France's finest, with people travelling from far and wide to visit it and to enjoy its gastronomic delights.**

According to locals, something that must be tried here is a local speciality of gallettes with sausages, apparently irresistibly delicious, and also the Breton buckwheat pancakes (Gallettes, the sweet ones are the crêpes that we are all familiar with), cider and seafood for which the area is famed.

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Helicopter

- Truncated -

The English word helicopter is adapted from the French word hélicoptère, coined by Gustave Ponton d'Amécourt in 1861, which originates from the Greek helix (ἑλῑξ) "helix, spiral, **whirl**, convolution" and pteron (πτερόν) "**wing**".

Food for the Heart

The Collected Teachings of Ajahn Chah

[Wisdom Publications; Somerville, MA] 2002

Introduction by Ajahn Amaro

- Truncated -



Pg. 35-37

During the course of his illness the life of the monasteries continued much as before; the Master being both there yet not there served in a strange way to help the community to adapt to communal decision-making and to the concept of life without their beloved teacher at the center of everything. **After such a great elder passes away it is not uncommon for things to dissipate rapidly and for all their students to go their own way, the teacher's legacy vanishing within a generation or two.** It is perhaps a testimony to how well Ajahn Chah trained people to be self-reliant that, whereas, at the time of his falling sick there are about **seventy-five branch monasteries**, this number increased to well over one hundred by the time he passed away, and **has now grown to more than two hundred, in Thailand and around the world.**

After he passed away, ten years ago, his monastic community set about arranging his funeral. In keeping with the spirit of his life and teachings, the funeral was not to be just a ceremony, but also a time for hearing and practicing Dhamma. It was held over ten days, with several periods of group meditation and instructional talks each day, these being given by many of the most accomplished Dhamma teachers in the country. There were about 6,000 monks, 1,000 nuns, and just over 10,000 lay people camped in the forest for the ten days. **Besides these, an estimated 1,000,000 people came through the monastery during the practice period; 400,000, including the king and queen and the prime minister of Thailand, came on the day of the cremation itself.**

Again, in the spirit of the standards of Ajahn Chah espoused during his entire teaching career, throughout this entire session not one cent was charged for anything: food was supplied for everyone through forty-two free food kitchens, run and stocked by many of the branch monasteries; over \$ 250,000 worth of free Dhamma books were passed out; bottled water was provided by the ton through a local firm; and the local bus company, and other nearby truck owners, ferried out the thousands of monks each morning to go on alms rounds through villages and towns of the area. **It was a grand festival of generosity and a bidding farewell to the great man.**

May these teachings providing nourishing contemplation for seekers of the Way and help to establish the heart that is awake, pure, and peaceful.

Amaro Bhikkhu
Abhayagiri Monastery

Rabindranath Tagore: An Anthology
Nobel Prize Laureate of Literature in 1913

Edited by Krishna Dutta and Andrew Robinson
 [St. Martin's Press; New York] 1997

Pg. 01

Readers...dipping into Tagore's work for the first time, are soon compelled to confront their own fundamental beliefs about the purpose of life on Earth.

Do we follow Buddha or Alexander, Christ or Caesar?

The Last Mughal:

The Fall of a Dynasty

By William Dalrymple [Alfred A. Knopf; New York] 2007

Pg. 11

Two things in particular seem to have put paid to this easy coexistence. **One was the rise of British power: in a few years the British had defeated not only the French but also all their Indian rivals**; in a manner not unlike the Americans after the fall of the Berlin Wall, **the changed balance of power quickly led to an attitude of undisguised imperial arrogance**.



Queen Victoria 1887
(Age 68)



Bombay Dry Gin Based on 1761 Recipe,

Same Year as France's Pondicherry Defeat;

Queen Victoria's Imperial Portrait Assures a Proper Royal Pedigree



Princess Charlotte by Johann Georg Ziesenis , c. 1761

Queen Victoria's grandmother Charlotte crowned queen in September 1761

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Haida_Gwaii

- Truncated -

In 1787 Captain George Dixon surveyed the islands. **He named the islands the Queen Charlotte Islands after his ship, the *Queen Charlotte*, which was named after Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz [Germany], wife of King George III of the United Kingdom.**

Part of the Canadian province of British Columbia, the islands [Haida Gwaii] were formerly known as the **Queen Charlotte Islands**, and colloquially as "the Charlottes".

In the mid-19th century, a population of tens of thousands was reduced by smallpox to about one thousand. Hostile colonial administration further reduced the population to 600 by 1900.

The Colony of the Queen Charlotte Islands was a British colony constituting the archipelago of the same name from **1853 to July 1863**, when it was amalgamated into the Colony of British Columbia.

The Colony of the Queen Charlotte Islands was created by the Colonial Office in response to the increase in American marine trading activity resulting from the gold rush on Moresby Island in 1851.



[King] *George III* by Allan Ramsay 1762

Why didn't Bombay Dry Gin use King George on the label, Victoria's grandfather since the gin's recipe is from 1761, same as his royal coronation; furthermore, the January defeat of their French rival in India? Should that not be compelling enough to celebrate? What more could the British desire with so much stratospherically good news? George was unpopular as king, then fell insane, therefore he's been often lost in the fog. **The label *implies* Queen Victoria's imperial reign.** Is this misleading us *by design* with what the British would prefer to warmly reminisce and not the frosty reality? Britain was at its apex of empire under Victoria with the British Raj, that's why. **A choice was made.**

The Madness of King George (1994) starring Nigel Hawthorne with Helen Mirren
was adapted for film from stage play *The Madness of George III*.



Gin Lane

by

William Hogarth, c. 1750-1751

An illustration of the times, the Gin Craze, preceding the halcyon year for the revered Bombay brand recipe to help tidy things up a bit afterwards, we pray.



The Gin Shop

by

George Cruikshank, 1829

Gin was long established well before Queen Victoria's British Raj...

with grim social warnings gleaned from sobering consequences,

nearly 80 years after *Gin Lane*.

Pg. 68

The new attitudes of the Evangelicals were only part of a more widespread and visibly **growing arrogance on the part of the increasingly powerful British**. Since they had finally succeeded in conquering and subduing the Sikhs in 1849 [same year as California's Gold Rush], the British at last found themselves the masters of South Asia: **every single one of their military rivals had now been conquered**- Siraj ud-Daula of Bengal in 1757, **the French in [January] 1761**, Tipu Sultan of Mysore in 1799, and the Marathas in 1803 and again, finally, in 1819.

For the first time there was a feeling that technologically, economically and politically, as well as culturally, the British had nothing to learn from India and much to teach; it did not take long for imperial arrogance to set in. This arrogance, when combined with the rise of Evangelical Christianity, slowly came to affect all aspects of relations between the British and the Indians.

The Delhi College, initially more a madrasa than a Western university, was remodeled by the Company in 1828 to provide, in addition to its oriental studies, an education in English language and literature. **The object was "to uplift" what the new college committee now saw as the "uneducated and half-barbarous people of India."**

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/William_Henry_Sleeman

- Truncated -

Major-general **Sir William Henry Sleeman** KCB (8 August 1788 – 10 February **1856**) was a British soldier and administrator in British India. He is best known for his work from the 1830s in suppressing the organized criminal gangs known as Thuggee.

Whilst in Jubbulpore, **he married Amélie Josephine, the daughter of Count Blondin de Fontenne, a French nobleman.**

When travelling, Sleeman **made a point of meeting the local peoples in each city or district to understand their customs and opinions – including regarding British occupation.** Sleeman also developed an abiding sympathy and respect for "respectable peasants" who he described as "some of the best men I have ever known".

While Sleeman maintained **a chauvinistic belief in the superiority of British culture,** he simultaneously held an insatiable curiosity about the people and cultures of India and **demonstrated some uncommonly liberal views for a European of his time.**

He displayed a facility for languages, becoming fluent in Hindi-Urdu and developing a working knowledge of many other languages of the subcontinent. Later in his life, Sleeman was described as "**probably the only British officer to address the King of Oudh [Avadh] in correct Urdu and Persian.**" His 800-page report on Oudh is still highly regarded as among the most accurate and comprehensive studies of the kingdom during the 1800s.

>>>Important<<<

Unlike the vast majority of British officers, he was never known to have used slurs like "niggers" or "blacks" to describe his Indian household servants or sepoy soldiers.

The Last Mughal:

The Fall of a Dynasty

By William Dalrymple [Alfred A. Knopf; New York] 2007

Pg. 185-186

>>> **Imperial Espionage** <<<

...One hot summer night in the middle of May, a group of hungry British officers attached to Nicholson's Moveable Column were sitting in a mess tent near Jalandhar waiting for their dinner. **The food had been expected an hour before, but a messenger sent to the cooking tent returned with the information that it would be served a little late.** Eventually the tall, craggy Nicholson strode in, and coughed to attract the attention of the company: "I am sorry gentlemen to have kept you waiting for your dinner," he apologized, "but I have been hanging your cooks."

According to Nicholson, **he had discovered through his spies that the regimental cooks had just laced his brother officers' soup with aconite.** He first invited the cooks to taste the soup, then, when they refused, force-fed the hot liquid to an unfortunate monkey. It writhed for a few seconds, then expired. Within minutes, as one of the officers present put it, "our regimental cooks were ornamenting a neighboring tree."

Pg. 227

No Pretense About Equality and Race

...one reason was ***the number of Indians it casually slaughtered*** as it passed down the Grand Trunks Road [1857]: "**I don't consider niggers in the same light as I would a white man,**" one officer wrote to his brother from the march. "To be gracious or merciful to these cruel brutes, these cowardly monsters, is nothing more or less than to be absurd in their own eyes whilst you certainly don't advance your own cause."

Pondicherry [Pondichéry] & French East India Company

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pondicherry

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bourbon_Restoration

- Truncated -

In 1674 the **French East India Company** set up a trading centre at Pondicherry and this outpost eventually became **the chief French settlement in India**. Five trading posts were established along the south Indian coast between 1668 and 1674. The city was separated by a canal into the French Quarter and the Indian Quarter.

During the Anglo-French wars (1742–1763), Puducherry changed hands frequently. **On 16 January 1761, the British captured Pondicherry from the French**, but it was returned under the Treaty of Paris (1763) at the conclusion of the Seven Years' War. The British took control of the area again in 1793 at the Siege of Pondicherry amid the Wars of the French Revolution, and **returned it to France in 1814 [post-First Empire of Napoléon, Bourbon Restoration]**.

When the British gained control of India in *the late 1850s* [during France's Second Empire], they allowed the French to retain their settlements in the country.

Pondicherry, Mahé, Yanam, Karaikal and Chandernagor remained a part of French India until 1954 when it was incorporated into the Indian Union with the rest of French India.

On 18 October 1954 in a general election involving 178 people in Pondicherry Municipal and Commune Panchayat, 170 people were in favour of independence and eight people voted against. The *de facto* transfer of the French Indian territories from French governance to the Indian union took place on 1 November 1954, and was established as the union territory of Pondicherry. However, **the formal *de jure* transfer of territory agreement between France and India was signed on 16 August 1962.**

Pondicherry is a tourist destination in South India. **The city has many colonial buildings, churches, temples and statues which, combined with the town planning and French style avenues in the old part of town, still preserve much of the colonial ambiance.**

The Bourbon Restoration was the period of French history following the first fall of Napoléon in 1814 and his final defeat in the Hundred Days in 1815, until the July Revolution of 1830. **The brothers of the executed Louis XVI came to power and reigned in highly conservative fashion.**



Queen Victoria by Franz Xaver Winterhalter 1859
(Age 40)

Not yet deemed atrocious imperial war crimes,
an indicative shot of pre-loaded Western mores of those times:

September 8, 1857



[British] *Blowing Mutinous Sepoys from the Guns, 1858*

**The inspired Christian civilized ‘*air of the times*’ during
the reigns of Queen Victoria and Emperor Napoléon III**

You may crush down the populace and keep them *in awe with your arms*, but until you conquer and win the hearts of the people, the peace and affection will be more an outward word of talk, *than reality*. - Mohan Lal Kashmiri, *The Last Mughal*, pg. 69

The Indian Rebellion of 1857

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Blowing_from_a_gun

- Truncated -

Blowing from a gun is a method of execution in which **the victim is typically tied to the mouth of a cannon which is then fired**. George Carter Stent described the process as follows:

The prisoner is generally tied to a gun with the upper part of the small of his back resting against the muzzle. When the gun is fired, his head is seen to go straight up into the air some forty or fifty feet; the arms fly off right and left, high up in the air, and fall at, perhaps, a hundred yards distance; the legs drop to the ground beneath the muzzle of the gun; and the body is literally blown away altogether, not a vestige being seen.

This method of execution is most closely associated with the colonial government of the British Raj. Following *the Indian Rebellion of 1857*, "blowing from a gun" was a method the British used to execute rebels as well as for those natives found guilty of **desertion**. Using the methods previously practised by the Mughals, the British began implementing blowing from guns in the latter half of the 18th century.

The destroying of the body and scattering the remains over a wide area had a particular religious function as a means of execution in the Indian subcontinent as **it effectively prevented the necessary funeral rites of Muslims and Hindus**. Thus, for believers *the punishment was extended beyond death. This was well understood by foreign occupiers* and the practice was not generally employed by them as concurrent foreign-occupiers of Africa, Australasia or the Americas. Most recently there was an exceptional use of the practice in Afghanistan in 1930, against 11 Panjshiri rebels.

The Last Mughal:

The Fall of a Dynasty

By William Dalrymple [Alfred A. Knopf; New York] 2007

Pg. 104

The beauty and coquettishness of Delhi's courtesans were famous: people still talked of the celebrated courtesan Ad Begum of a century earlier, who would famously turn up stark naked at parties, but so cleverly painted that no one would notice: "She decorates her legs with beautiful drawings in the style of pajamas instead of actually wearing them; in place of the cuffs she draws flowers and petals in ink exactly as is found in the finest cloth of Rum. Her great rival, Nur Bai, was said to be so popular that every night the elephants of the great Mughal *umrah* completely blocked the narrow lanes outside her house, yet even the most senior nobles had "to send a large sum of money to have her admit them...**whoever gets enamored of her gets sucked into the whirlpool of her demands and brings ruin in on his house...**but the pleasure of her company can **only be had as long as one is in possession of riches to bestow on her.**"

Nevertheless, **in 1852**, at the height of the career of Zauq and **Ghalib**, the biggest draw was not the courtesans but the *mushairas* [competition] of the poets...

Pg. 103

There was one other great pleasure that Ghalib reserved for the cover of darkness. "There are seventeen bottles of good wine in the pantry," he wrote to one friend, describing his idea of perfection. **"So I read all day and drink all night."**



Hassan et Namouna

1870

by Henri Regnault

Private Collection

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/**Ghalib**

- Truncated -

During his lifetime, **the already declining Mughal empire was eclipsed and displaced by the Colonial British Raj** and finally deposed following the defeat of the Indian rebellion of 1857, are some of the events that he described through his work.

During the anti-British Rebellion in Delhi on 5 October 1857, three weeks after the British troops had entered through Kashmiri Gate, some soldiers climbed into Ghalib's neighbourhood and hauled him off to Colonel Burn (Colonel Brown کمانڈنگ آفیسر کرنل براؤن) for questioning.

He appeared in front of the colonel wearing a Central Asian Turkic style headdress. The colonel, bemused at his appearance, inquired in broken Urdu, "Well? **You Muslim?**", to which Ghalib replied, "**Half?**"

The colonel asked, "What does that mean?" In response, Ghalib said,

"I drink wine, but I don't eat pork."

Ghalib was a chronicler of a turbulent period. One by one, Ghalib saw the bazaars – Khas Bazaar, Urdu Bazaar, Kharam-ka Bazaar, disappear, and whole mohallas (localities) and katras (lanes) vanish. The havelis (mansions) of his friends were razed to the ground.

Ghalib wrote that Delhi had become a desert. Water was scarce. Delhi was "a military camp". It was the end of the feudal elite to which Ghalib had belonged. He wrote:

"An ocean of blood churns around me

Alas! Were this all!

The future will show

What more remains for me to see"

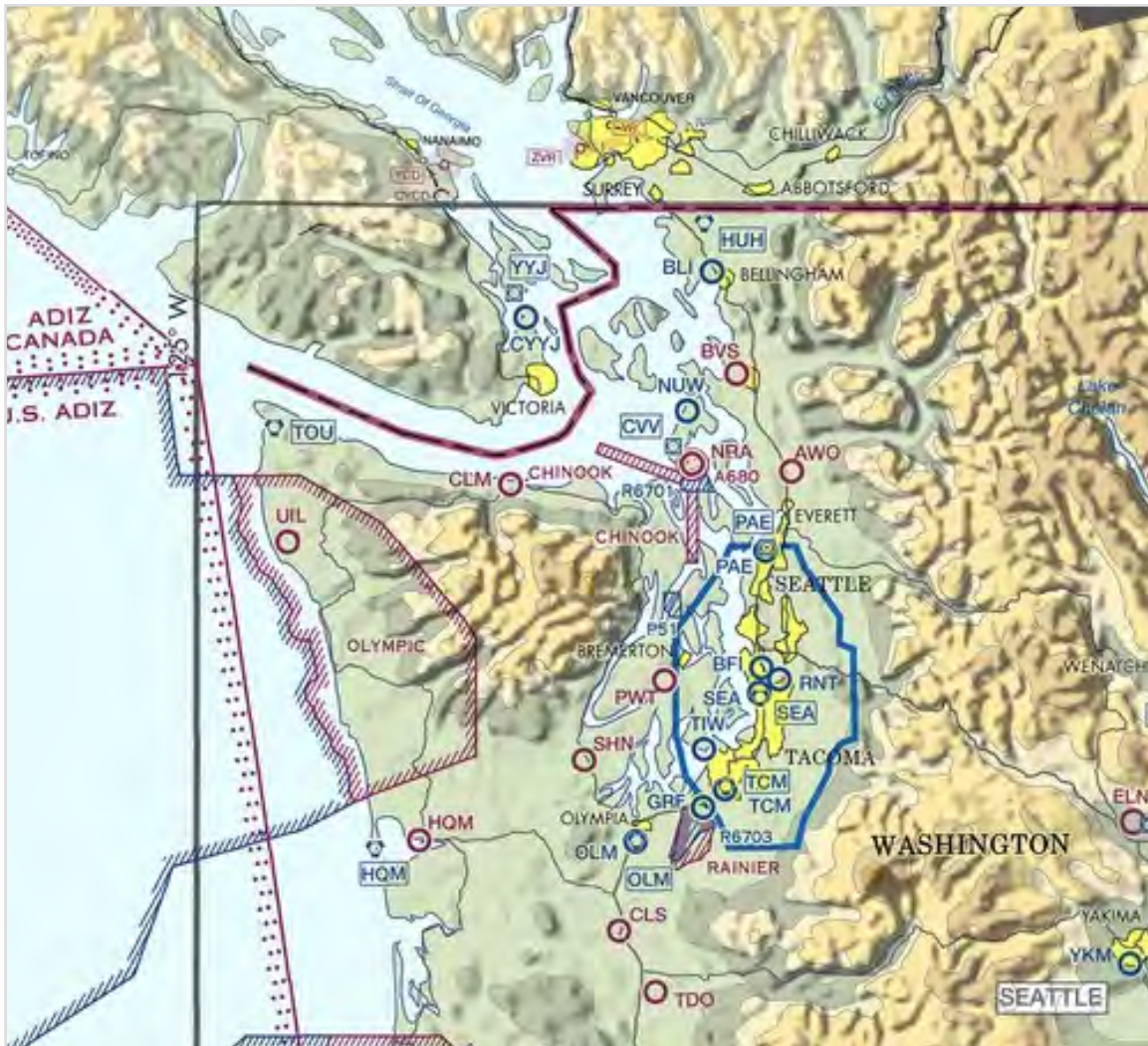


Queen Victoria visits HMS *Resolute*, December 16, **1856**, the day before the ship was granted to her as a good will gesture Original by William Simpson **1859**

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Resolute_desk

HMS *Resolute* was part of a five-ship squadron under Edward Belcher sent from **Britain in April 1852** to search for the missing British explorer Sir John Franklin, who had left Britain in 1845 in search of the fabled Northwest Passage through the Canadian Arctic.

In March 1855, an armed action by Washington Territory officials in the San Juan Islands [now Washington State & Canada's British Columbia province; islands formerly of an extended Spanish Empire ceded to Britain also with Trinidad & Tobago by treaty. Many Spanish names remain in area] **had raised tensions between the countries.**

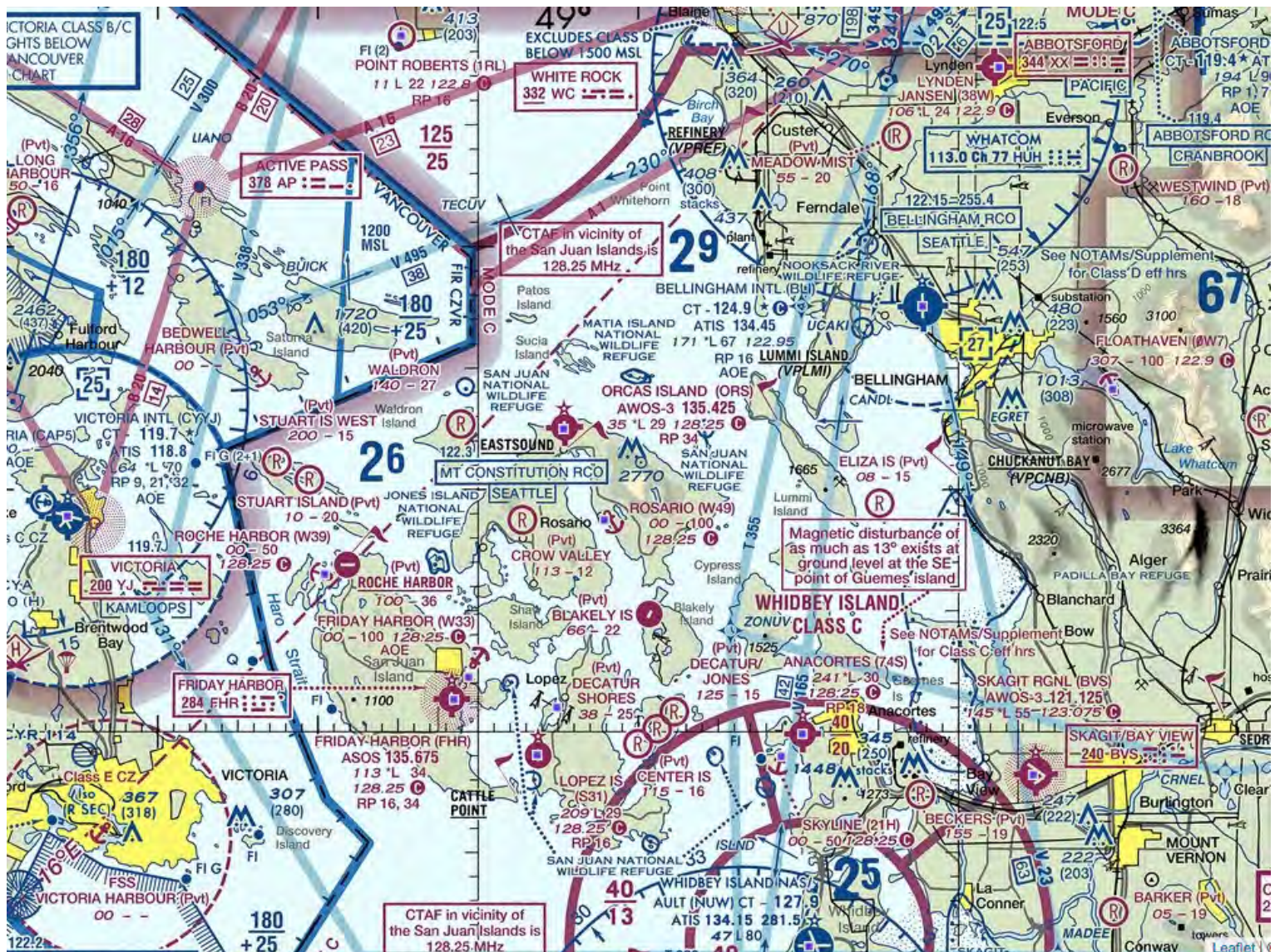


The negotiated border between USA and Britain of San Juan Islands

Vancouver to the north, Seattle to the south of 49th Parallel

Victoria is the provincial capital of British Columbia on Vancouver Island,
named after explorer George Vancouver

FAA VFR Sectional fragments, July 2020



^ Victoria / Haro Strait Blue Borderline Think of Haro, city in La Rioja, Spain

A mix of English and Spanish names in the divided San Juan Islands

In September 1855 an American whaler named James Buddington, from New London, Connecticut saw *Resolute* adrift in the pack ice off Cape Walsingham in Davis Strait. *Resolute* continued to move slowly eastward in the pack ice, and **one year later in the autumn of 1855 she was 1,200 miles away from the place where she had been abandoned.**

After the *Resolute* was recovered, Senator James Murray Mason, from Virginia, proposed a bill in Congress for **the federal government to buy *Resolute*, refurbish her, and sail her back to Britain as a present.**

Resolute was sent to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where she underwent a complete refit, and Commander Henry Hartstene USN, sailed her back to Britain, arriving at Spithead on December 12, 1856. After *Resolute* was towed to Cowes so that the Queen and Prince Albert could tour her, **Captain Harstene presented the ship to Queen Victoria as a gesture of peace and good-will on December 17, 1856.**

Soon the talk of imminent war ceased, and **the gift of *Resolute* was seen as instrumental in the easing of these tensions.** In 1856, the United States and Britain appointed boundary commissioners to resolve the San Juan Island dispute.

The Resolute desk is a nineteenth-century partners' desk used by several presidents of the United States in the White House Oval Office as the Oval Office desk. **It was a gift from Queen Victoria to President Rutherford B. Hayes in 1880 and was built from the English oak timbers of the British Arctic exploration ship HMS *Resolute*.**

Franklin Roosevelt requested the addition of a door with the presidential seal to conceal his leg braces. *Many presidents since Hayes have used the desk at various locations in the White House.*

Britain could not risk losing *Resolute* after the important role the ship had played in smoothing the relationship between her and America. *Resolute* stayed in home waters until she was taken to the breaker's dock at Chatham Dockyard in 1879.

After *Resolute* was broken up, **Queen Victoria asked for several desks to be built from her timbers.**

The desk was removed from the White House after the tragic 1963 assassination of President John F. Kennedy, when President Lyndon Johnson allowed it to go on a traveling exhibition with other artifacts of the Kennedy Presidential Library. It was then put on display in the Smithsonian Institution.

President John F. Kennedy first placed the *Resolute* desk in the Oval Office in 1961. The desk left the White House from 1963 until President Carter brought it back to the Oval Office. **Bill Clinton subsequently brought the *Resolute* desk back again to the Oval Office, where it has remained since [a busy Barack Obama in 2009]:**



1001 things everyone should know about African American history

By Jefferey C. Stewart [Bantam Doubleday Dell Group; New York] 1996

Black Civil Rights in the North in the 1850s

Black civil and political rights *declined* in the 1850s. Although less than 2 percent of the population of free states (fewer than 250,000 persons), *African Americans were severely restricted in their movement and their exercise of basic rights.* Blacks lived in the poorest, filthiest, and oldest neighborhoods, worked at the most menial of jobs, attended segregated schools when they attended school at all, and lacked legal protection before the law. **All states except Massachusetts denied African Americans the right to serve on juries.** Indiana, Iowa, Oregon, California, and Lincoln's [President] own state, Illinois, refused to allow African Americans to testify against whites in court. **In California this led to the widespread abuse of blacks by whites who knew they were immune to prosecution.**

Ironically the anti-slavery movement may have indirectly caused an intensifying of restrictions, for as some states witnessed the increasing power of the anti-slavery movement, **fear spread that blacks would leave the South in droves to compete with white labour in the North and the territories.** *Accordingly Oregon, Iowa, Indiana, and Illinois barred Blacks from immigrating into the state.*

Pg. 93

Dred Scott Case of 1857

In 1837 Dr. John Emerson left Missouri to spend four years as an army surgeon in Illinois, a free state. He brought his slave, Dred Scott, with him. Under the Missouri Compromise, Scott also should have been free in part of the Louisiana Territory in which he had previously lived with Emerson. When he returned to Missouri from Illinois, Dred Scott sued for his freedom, but **the court ruled that residence in a free state did not automatically make a slave free.** In the meantime, Dr. Emerson had died and his widow became Scott's owner. She married Congressman Calvin C. Chaffee of Massachusetts, a well-known abolitionist. Because Chaffee did not want to be known as a slave owner, Scott was sold to Mrs. Emerson-Chaffee's brother.

Scott tried to bring suit in federal court, but when **the Supreme Court heard the case in 1857 it decided against Scott** because (1) as an African American, Scott was not a citizen of Missouri as set out by the Constitution and had no rights in federal courts, (2) temporary residence in a free state did not make one free, and (3) the Missouri Compromise was unconstitutional. **This last decree limited the power of Congress to exclude slavery from any Northwest Territories that would subsequently apply for admission to the Union.**

Pg. 73

The Constitution contains a provision for assisting slave owners in the recapture of fugitive slaves.

“No Person held to Service or Labour in one State, under the Laws thereof, escaping another, shall, in Consequence of any Law or Regulation therein, be discharged from

such Service or Labour, but shall be delivered up on Claim of the Party to whom such Service or Labour may be due.”

This paragraph in the Constitution was part of the reason that Judge Roger B. Taney ruled against the freeing of Dred Scott in the **Dred Scott Decision of 1857**.

Daily Life in Greece at the Time of Pericles

By Robert Flacelière [Phoenix Press, London] 1959, 2002

Beware of Idealized Mirages of History

Pg. 275

Yet the glorious light of Hellas has not only dazzled latter-day writers into giving a falsified ideal picture of it, as we have just observed; *it has also blinded quite a few serious historians*. In our day there is not merely (as there was in antiquity) a ‘Spartan mirage’, but also- and pre-eminently- an ‘Athenian mirage’, coupled to a generalized ‘Greek mirage’.

Pg. 273

It is true that this book, such as it is, may provide some sort of corrective to that literary tradition (current in France and elsewhere) which, ever since the Renaissance, **has presented readers with a picture of Greece that is idealized, imaginative, dream-like -and quite unreal**.^{*} Are we really to ‘believe in all sincerity’, as has been suggested, that ‘each person’s daily life had the rhythm and serenity of a fine Sophoclean drama’? Can we really ‘approve, in a general sense, the admirable hygiene

and healthy vigour' of a people who, **when we get down to facts**, never cleaned their teeth, never used handkerchiefs, wiped their fingers in their hair, spat everywhere regardless, and died in swards of malaria and tuberculosis, even supposing they survived those terrible years that brought famine or plague? **It is in sheer stupefaction that one finds so level-headed a critic as [Hippolyte] Taine conjuring up a Greece of religious festivals and country pastimes, with beauty contests where every competitor 'was another Venus di Milo.'**

** Same can be declared of Bordeaux's legacy and France.*

Rubicon

The Triumph and Tragedy of the Roman Republic

By Tom Holland [Little, Brown; London] 2003

Pg. 13

This idealized vision of Rome was the constant shadow of the squalid reality. It helped to generate a baffling compound of paradoxes and magnitudes, *in which nothing was ever quite as it seemed.* For all the 'smoke and wealth and din' of their city, the Romans never ceased to fantasize about the primitive idyll that they liked to imagine had once existed on the banks of the Tiber. As Rome heaved and buckled with the strains of her expansion, the bare bones of any ancient city state, sometimes blurred, sometimes pronounced, might be glimpsed protruding through the cramped modern metropolis. In Rome memories were guarded closely. **The present was engaged in a perpetual compromise with the past, restless motion with a reverence for tradition, hard-headedness with a devotion to myth.** The more crowded and corrupted their city grew, the more the Romans longed for reassurance that Rome remained Rome still.

Pg. 05

Public Business - *res publica*- was what ‘republic’ meant. Only by seeing himself reflected in the gaze of his fellows could a Roman truly know himself a man.

‘More than any other nation, the Romans have sought out glory and been greedy for praise.’

Pg. 21-22

The central paradox of Roman society - that savage divisions of class could coexist with an almost religious sense of community- had evolved through the course of its history....**There were no snobs like patrician snobs. They had the right to wear fancy shoes.** The claimed to hobnob with the gods. Some even claimed to be descended from the gods. The Julian clan, for instance, traced its lineage all the way back to Aeneas, a prince of the Trojan royal house, who in turn had been the grandson of Venus herself. This was a class of pedigree bound to give one airs.

Pg. 155

The Claudii were notorious for their arrogance and waywardness, but they could also boast half a millennium of high achievement, a record of consistency without parallel in the Republic. No family had more portrait-masks in its hall, or more hereditary clients, or more fingers in lucrative foreign pies. **The prestige of the Claudii was such that it could transform even an aristocrat of Lucullus’ *pedigree* into a frantic social climber.** So eager had he been to make a Claudian match that he had even agreed to forgo a dowry. His wife, in the best tradition of Lucullan brides, had soon proved herself fabulously

unfaithful, but Lucullus must have calculated that she was a price worth paying to have the Claudii on his side.

Pg. 25

Yet if there was much that was unpredictable about Roman politics, there was more about it that was eminently predictable. Yes, the people had their votes, but only the rich had any hope of winning office, and not even wealth on its own was necessarily sufficient to obtain success for a candidate. **The Roman character had a strong streak of snobbery: effectively, *citizens preferred to vote for families with strong brand recognition, electing son after father and after grandfather to the great magistracies of state, indulging the nobility's dynastic pretensions with a numbing regularity. Certainly, a Roman did not have to be a member of the ruling classes to share their prejudices.*** The aim of even the most poverty-stricken citizens was not to change society, but to do better out of it. Inequality was the price that citizens of the Republic willingly paid for their sense of community. The class-based agitation that had brought the plebeians their equality with the patricians was thing of the long-vanished past- not merely impossible, but almost impossible to conceive.

Pg. 119

Not only had he kept Nicomedes sweet, but he managed to borrow much of the Nicomedes' fleet. Sailing it to Lesbos, he joined in the assault on Mytilene, where **he acquitted himself with conspicuous bravery.** For having saved a number of fellow citizens in battle, he was awarded a particular honor, the civic crown, a wreath of oak leaves that served as a public token of his valor. **From now on, whenever Caesar entered the Circus [Maximus] to watch the games, even senators *would have to rise to their feet to salute him. In this way he would become a familiar figure to the***

people, and his name widely known. His deed would be bruited throughout Rome. This was an honor of which every citizen dreamed.

...In a city still terrified of the dead dictator's shadow [Sulla], Caesar was like a splash of color. **'He had a talent for being liked in a way remarkable in one of his youth, and since he had an easy, man-of-the-people manner, he made himself hugely popular with the average citizen.'**

The Epoch Times

February 27 - March 04, 2020

Culture & Tradition Section, Pg. C12

Reaching Within: Traditional Art Offers the Heart

Suffering and Sincerity in Bonnat's 'Job'

By Eric Bess

- Truncated -

Léon Bonnat was a French academic painter during the 19th and early 20th centuries. He traveled to Spain to study Spanish baroque art under Federico Madrazo before returning to Paris to study painting at the École des Beaux-Arts, the national school of art in France.

Instruction at the École, however, had become stagnant and abstract. Instructors were no longer teaching methods for creating art but were theorizing about art, and student work was suffering as a consequence.

According to art historian Alisa Luxenberg, **"Bonnat saw three cancers within the academic system: partisanship, routine, and entitlement.** Students were often selected

to win competitions because of favoritism and persistence instead of talent; they became lazy and felt entitled in an environment that fostered absolute and unvaried instruction.

In 1863, a decree was implemented to reform instruction at the École. Many of the faculty members resisted these reforms. *But Bonnat, at this point a practicing artist, signed a letter to Napoléon III that supported the reforms.* This signature created tensions between Bonnat and his colleagues.

The debates concerning the reforms were very tense. Artists were potentially sacrificing their future careers depending on what stance they took in relation to the reforms.

Later, Bonnet said this about signing the letter: ‘That blessed signature is in the process of causing me disagreements with all my friends. **Where I only saw a question of transforming the École’s studies, wholly to their benefit, they see an act of profound intrigue, and they associate me with people who want to destroy the Institut, the Rome prizes, freedom itself and , consequently...the death of art.** It is very serious and I will have trouble getting out of it.’”

Despite the tensions between Bonnat and his colleagues, he later became a professor and director at the École.

Interestingly, teaching caused Bonnat to question his original concerns with the instruction at the École. He came to reflect that perhaps being abandoned by his professor was not negligence after all. On the contrary, it was likely part of the training.

In reference to his atelier training, he stated:

“ [Art instructor Cogniet] knew that one learns well only what one learns on one’s own, in trying, in seeking. He thought that mutual learning is the most efficient teaching, and

finally and above all, he did not want to impose on his students his way of seeing, of understanding, and interpreting life.”

Bonnat endured professional hardships because he remained true to and sincere in his convictions. Yet **he also was not dogmatic in his views *but open to questioning them***, and he came to believe that his greatest education in painting came not in the the instruction that was provided but in the sincerity of one’s own efforts.

In 1880, Bonnat completed his painting of Job, after the reforms of 1863 but before he became a professor at the École in 1888.



Léon Bonnat - Self Portrait (age 22), 1855

Musée d'Orsay

The Courtesans
The demi-monde in 19th century France

by Joanna Richardson (Phoenix Press) 1967, 2000

Pg. 147

The courtesans, who left their impression on the theatre, the novel, and above all, on poetry, also left their mark on the visual arts.

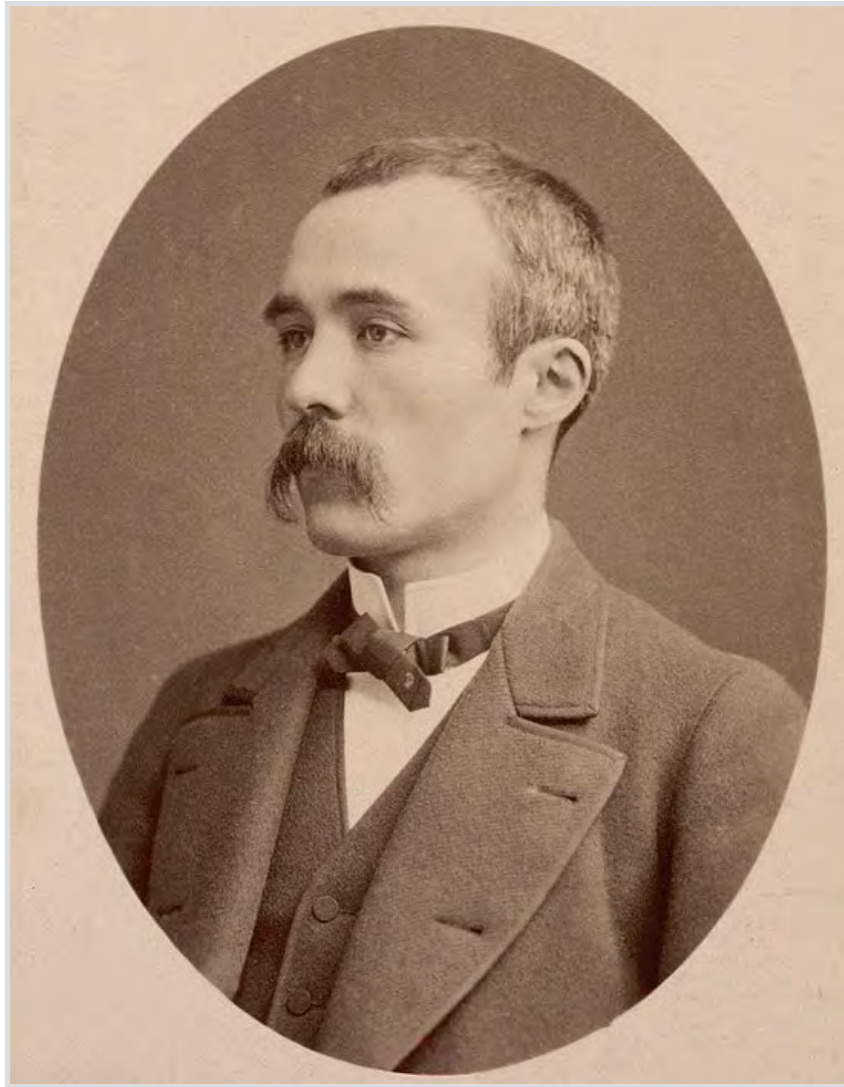
Alice Ozy was painted by Chassériau, Blanche d'Antigny by Baudry. **Apollonie Sabatier** was painted by **Meissonier** and Ricard, and recorded in plaster and **marble by Clésinger**.

The courtesans fostered the decorative arts by the extravagance with which they furnished their hôtel and country châteaux. **They made their impact on fashion**, for they spent hugely on **dresses from Worth** and Laferrière.

They bought handsome carriages and impeccable horses. *They paid unbelievable sums for food and drink. In fact, they largely encouraged the art of living.*



Unknown by Robert Auer, c. 1942



Georges Clemenceau

Photo by Félix Nadar

When [Jules] **Ferry** denounced him as a scheming, impetuous, facile rabble-rouser,

Clemenceau hit back charging that public morality was
worse than under the Second Empire.

The History of Modern France, Pg. 211 by Jonathan Fenby



Near the Red Light

by Robert Auer, 20th Century

Introduction

Stumbling around in a second rate mall in Kuala Lumpur in November 2017, I was drawn like a magnet to, unsurprisingly, a cheap bookseller with a lot of common print fare not far from the food fair. But, if one travels as much as I must, it always comes in handy to have new reading material to pass the quiet times. I was ambushed from a \$2 and change hand-me-down purchase: *The Courtesans*.

My preference has often been towards history and I've always enjoyed the interplay of wine with history. The book was manna from heaven as I started to read and then was slapped with an open palm from the printed pages! There was one name I was kind of familiar with and the dates are around what I knew too: 1855. Napoléon III. It was a startling revelation to glimpse what the man and his times were about. I simply could not sit on the confluence of facts the more I read. *When it comes to wine and France we don't read or hear anything about the Second Empire. Why?*

In March 2018, I spoke to an editor of a respected wine magazine in China and she, whom I enjoyed naturally with her fluent English and generous hospitality, remarked that people are not interested reading in history. She also somewhat hinted it is probably best to let bygones be bygones and let the dead sleep with sweet dreams. France is the foremost power in wine in China and its best to not upset the French. Basically, a glass filled presently is far more interesting than old broken bottles and, moreover, its contents taste all the better than dirt, salt and sand. Be a Buddhist and let it go. Yet, I countered, on the steely topic of France- caught in the middle of Europe on all points on a compass rose with all the horrific agonies and brilliant ecstasies of Western civilization for millennia- one drowns in history from the fathoms of so much depth. The history of France is arguably the most fantastic of all modern European nations! I mean no offense but when measuring let's say Denmark against France, I would go with France to have greater

gravity on the world at large. It even beats Belgium! I said it and I'm not going to back down from that assertion either.

Now, we must recognize our current position to know where we are and know where we want to go. Without a compass and rudder, we find ourselves in dire straits yet, ironically, that is exactly what seems to be the tact many are doing happily bouncing along the waves with common currents not willing to take measurements or calculations for navigating their enterprises in stiffening winds. They really prefer floating on the tides yet call themselves sailing. This is called fooling oneself. They have more in common with cork and someone written about than they imagine. Why this is relevant is that this particular illuminated slice of French history is largely based upon recklessly floating with drunken vacillating helmsmanship on the ship-of-state that conclusively, with hindsight even with the most biased pro-French impeded views, had no other honest option but to steer a direct heading to the biggest catastrophic berg it could find and sink disastrously fast with a majority of its key hands on deck. It had to go out with a bang in grand fashion to complete the melodrama to live up to expectations. It simply would have been incomplete if did not and, as a live performance, never wanted to disappoint itself nor posterity. There was no recourse but to leave it all out there with butts, guts, glory, incompetence and insanity kneaded and rolled to make a good story everlasting on an epic scale. Those who did not die in this mash-up remained for the balance of their lives wishing they did as their lives were forever faded from their once vibrantly rich colors; they were resigned to being thin, bleached and tattered as aging shadows of their former selves mumbling about days gone by. The once gleaming sabers of the Imperial Guard were soon rusted and deemed unready, hopelessly useless we surmise, in their once polished scabbards.

If we are willing to go to the bottom, there will be plenty of detritus but guaranteed some treasure too. Ironically, people are pulled to deep depths because it has a distinguished pedigree but are also intensely aware of the fear of being pulled undertow

out of one's natural depth. Consider how people chase fame and fortune only to find themselves unbearably suffocating from under the weight, yet really few folks can relate to their composite vicissitudes. This is where drink and drugs often creep up and introduce themselves as their best friends to cope with the new reality. One is named vodka and the other is named gin. They both are on social terms with orange juice and tomato juice with assorted pills in a variety of colors. They have found themselves, starkly, victims of their own success.

France, too is a victim of sorts, because it must daily get up and live to its acquired standing internationally- especially from Bordeaux- and it's not an easy demand to launch yourself with old bones unrefreshed and perform again and again to meet expectations then dare to overachieve as being addicted to the undiminished rapturous applause of vintages past. It's surely the minority who will take a moment to ponder all the planning, time, investment, effort, debating and compromising it takes to make it all come together to win and maintain the status. It's earned, no doubt and foolish to disparage, but it also is tougher competing in an ever changing world with growing global competitors no longer in frozen-on-foot-with-fear bursting schoolboy hot urine on themselves just as deer-in-headlights over the mystique of France.

The world of wine has put on ample weight plus muscle and no longer resembles a scant suburban blue-eyed blond teen who bowed to juvenile peer pressure after class whom suddenly finds himself corralled in a steamy county cage with a bar-bending, steel bunk-bed twisting, orange-mohawk, golden-grill mouth nightclub bouncer for speeding in his father's Sunday-drive Ferrari who is raging with manic revenge: against a corrupt unwritten dog-whistle white dominated system *designed* for incarceration and killings of citizens of color. Therefore, France defaults to what champions seemingly always do under real threat: use its innate advantages and obfuscate as much as possible its own faults- which in wine – it is keenly aware of. The French, of course, are not going to dredge up toxic sludge they would prefer to be left alone and abandoned. The editor in

China, I surmise, plays directly into the hands that the French wish the world of wine to continue to conform and stay on point. I largely suspect that many who purchase French wine- from importers down the chain to consumers- in fact conveniently care *not* to know any more than they do because they prefer to embrace the easy allure of complying with sales propaganda so it can resonate fully with each satisfying mouthful. **French history is fine as long as the modern history is on their own superficial terms and not uncharacteristically unconditional and not pre-approved.** I am now challenging that presumption since I just haven't ever read or heard anybody else in the wine trade for years willing to lay the complete buffet out there. I don't want to be a killjoy but I just want the truth. **I believe we are all mature enough to deal with it finally.**

France's history, after all, is not an errant puddle that just gets your sandals wet in a park after a welcomed spring afternoon's spraying for ferns and tulips; we need to solicit the support of the famous Cousteau family to get submerged and salty. We need lights, fins, goggles and scuba gear – and be fearless of what we may eventually find hidden at potential menacing crevices and distant sunset island grottos ashore. Maybe an emerald mermaid with flaxen hair will tease us with a slow wink and blow a soft kiss over a soft shoulder as we glide by. Perhaps we may encounter monsters lurking inside the battered ruins of long lost ships too. Knowing the wreck, should we not investigate or just call it a day then exhale and be relieved to turn tail and head to the safety of the surface?

Dreadfully, it seems that tact is what far too many will opt for when the succinct choice of further exploring or categorically ignoring is put before them. France and wine, in my mind, are joined at the hip. For any of us to dare deny France's history is to deny France's legacy with wine. To separate the two is much like separating our planet from our Sun; Earth simply dies abruptly with all its priceless art and jetsam of plastic debris as just one of the same. Everyone from Swiss financial magnates to Jakarta beggars and Bollywood dancers would share the same joyous egalitarian experience of finding their real religions in a hurry. It so often has to get very dark before people can identify the polestars to guide them when they have been blinded from artificially comforting cosmopolitan lights and

branded labels to show them the way. It's an abomination, in my estimation, how callously and willfully to be pollyanna on the path forward in the wine trade to resign oneself without any curiosity to not conveniently be aware of histories when one should, specifically when purchasing French, take care to dare. I had to bring France into further focus for those couple of crazy curious peers in the wine trade (rare they may be, I am aware to my chagrin) as myself who should wish to know more than the simple sanitized after school cartoon versions served with milk-tea and almond cookies that are remarkably pounded with a conforming unfailing drumbeat to stay anchored in the *perceived* safe zone both for moral and commercial sakes. **Money has a way of making people shut up.**

In Bangkok, my favorite bookseller with a wealth of illuminating choices, had a tricolor book literally screaming at me to pick it up at any price. It was much more than The Courtesans exponentially but with just the right *independent* historical edge to sharpen what I simply needed to know which I admittedly cared nothing of before: The Modern History of France; touching the topic of the Second Empire written without any coddling or caresses from oenophiles. Both books were published without any involved inclination to French wine therefore unbiased to get at the heart of the matter. I do hope that the reader will find the facts invaluable regardless if you agree or disagree with my approach and opinions on integrated topics. I am certain many a reader will not be amused which goes with the terrain and is fine; however, I do hope the same reader will find it beneficial to have historical facts condensed for their present values. Recent articles have been inserted as well for relevancy. Unfiltered French history, as the ruins of the creaking ships capitulating to the ceaseless undercurrents, has been waiting for us to find it and apply the nation's modern history in context to its wine properly. It has simply been biding its time waiting for us to get there. **This is an attempt to shine a light where it seems others simply have not been willing to synthesize the facts in relation to wine;** yet authors are proudly published, quoted and admired when in fact should be admonished politely **at some level for suppressing evidence if they deemed the same**

facts counter to the perpetuation of feeding the gluttonous fantasy for the French cause. For them to write and speak intelligently **about French wines, they absolutely had to do real research and came across many of the same names and actual dates. I believe many have chosen the pernicious benefit of bending to complicit silence to be selfishly published therefore not make any waves.** Any facts inconvenient they have chosen to let float by out of harm's way with the aid of grand titles used as the ink of octopi for approaching potential predators to make a speedy and safe getaway. That's called floating, not sailing. By bringing up the dead may also result in making sure the doors of châteaux stay closed with no invitations to future tastings too. As a native Californian, I don't suffer that possible issue so I have the liberty to write as I please.

1855 is the birth year of the Classification yet this silver umbilical cord could never be severed entirely. The cord, perhaps, is a mighty string attesting of the tensile strength of pedigree that beckons from her past to the present day. The Classification has been deft masking her crusty and cracked Achilles heel on her classical Greek feet in front of our eyes; however, if you know where to look you can see it as she stands tall on the pedestal to our beaming admiration. It is the perfect imperfection to know she is natural therefore attainable. Everything else about her is so inspiring and enchanting, her elegance and curvy physique equates all to be desired. The blue-eyed blond teen now out of the cage on daddy's dime can adore her with his feet frozen in awe as he gazes at her jaw-dropping radiance of flesh knowing that this brilliant beauty is of the highest magnitude. She is breathtakingly surreal or nearly so. **The Classification's birthright is indeed a direct lineage as the legitimate regal daughter of Napoléon III. *However, we never see her once sitting or standing in portraits with her own mother.*** Daddy baby, Mama maybe; usually it's the reverse. Her mother, curiously, seems to have been either *not* born or simply non-existent within wine circles and the father is just mentioned in name only, if at all, when he must. The related family is even more compelling. For the worshippers of wine, the Classification has therefore been consecrated as wholly divine sans a normal full-term pregnancy. She came from seemingly out of nowhere, plopped down in Paris

somehow, achieved perfection as she blossomed into adulthood and is now chiseled in Carrara marble at the Louvre for an eternity. Each of us will have ridden our carousels with all its ups and downs and will finally spin off with new riders eventually to take our horses but she remains. What naïve tourists don't know but the museum staff surely do, are the endless petty squabbles weeknights the Classification has with both Venus di Milo and Leonardo's Mona Lisa. The staff often have to mop the floor in the mornings with no end in sight. The paintings heckle the Classification as a parvenu and say they are the real thing. If you ever want to see a real knife fight – like royal- put jealous priceless women together in the same room with plenty of wine, no food, no showers and shampoo, no phones and finally detonate the *débâcle* by mentioning one of their social-climbing families with a patronizing compliment, turn on heel and then coolly close the door securely, walk a straight line to the nearest exit. Never in your life will you hear such venom spat at one woman to another! France's *fêted* 1855 reserves the very best for herself from Bordeaux, of course, and forces the other works of art to settle for absinthe shots chased by cheap Piedmont plonk. Therefore, if warmed up, we'll now dive down fearlessly- feet first mind you- to see what was actually going on when the Classification was born, get better acquainted with her father and finally find her shadowy enigmatic mother. For history, perhaps, the reader may find some bits rather entertaining as well as illuminating in our search of discovery. Many of the bones uncovered will give reassurance that indeed facts are often times stranger than fiction; some uncomfortably twist our arms to challenge present perceptions.

My conviction is that the past does indeed *breathe* in the present. It is delusional to categorically believe that the past is entirely behind us, but in many respects, is sitting right next to us enjoying a hearty glass of wine. If we just dim the lights, we can view her well-attired though the fashion decidedly *passé*. Her heirloom jewelry is better than our grandmother's. She is most often a lady in public with requisite charm, wit and an absorbing *décolletage*. She is a woman of her day with the social norms and intrinsic

values. She too had dreams. Let's now go overboard and courageously explore the depths with our eyes and minds wide open.

Scribble Scribble Scribble

By Simon Schama [Vintage Books; London] 2010

True Confessions of a History Boy

Pg. 211-212

For some of us, it's the byways, rather than the highways, that unexpectedly turn out to be *the more profound routes of illumination*. And those of us who are prepared to surrender to the informing detour cherish history, as the late Dame Veronica Wedgwood confessed, for its '**delightful undermining of certainty.**'

Neither for Macaulay or Thucydides was there the slightest anxiety that **the record of the past might be *fatally distorted by the enthusiasm and preoccupations of the present*, or that the primary mission of history was indeed to explain and recount the Origins of Us.**

Pg. 206

'We have come to understand that who we are is who we *were*,' says Anthony Hopkins, impersonating **John Quincy Adams** at the climatic moment of Steven Spielberg's *Amistad*.

...As a clinching argument about the legality of treating the Africans as born slaves or born free, this makes no sense, not least because the case turned neither on the morality nor the legality of slavery in America, but on **the slave trade on the high seas.**

Pg. 214

In the greatest ten minutes of Depardieu's career, Chabert tells his story to the lawyer he wants to recruit to his cause. Left for dead, he was buried in a mass grave. **His mind flickers back and forth between the Napoleonic glory days** and the squalid nightmare of their eclipse, and he speaks of the horror for being taken for mad, of incarceration in German asylums. Angelo has no need to picture these on camera, but he must provide convincing reconstructions of two historical milieus: the world Chabert has left, and the world in which he now finds himself marooned - that of Restoration France, **in which the first condition of legitimacy is *selective forgetfulness*.** That world, pitilessly cynical, and governed by an ex-émigré culture that is grossly venal and preposterously snobbish, is sketched with a fidelity both to Balzac and to historical truth. Mme Chabert, now a countess [a former prostitute], adjusts an earring of grey jasper decorated with a Greek-revival figure, revealing a taste more of the Empire than of the Restoration. The destitute children of army officers killed on the battlefield are taught saber slashes with wooden sticks by an unrepentant and impoverished Bonapartist who befriends Chabert. An entire world is conjured up on the narrow fault line between victory and calamity, between recall and oblivion. There are no heroes, no tear-pricking diapasons of grandiose music. When Napoleonic brass sounds, its metallic bravura has the jangling noise of history's black jokes.

Is it possible for an American movie-maker to produce anything remotely like *Le Colonel Chabert*? Is anyone at DreamWorks up for, say *The War of 1812*, where British and American governments compete **in a meaningless carnival of folly and hubris** while the White House burns and men's lives are sacrificed for no reason at all?

Rabindranath Tagore: An Anthology

Edited by Krishna Dutta and Andrew Robinson

[St. Martin's Press; New York] 1997

Pg. 04-05

...In 1916, speaking in Japan and across the USA to large gatherings, he eloquently warned each nation about *the dangers of militaristic nationalism, unbridled commercialism, and the love of the machine* for its own sake; lectures which formed the basis of *Nationalism*.

In 1937, having publicly supported the republican side in the Spanish Civil War, **he was denounced at the Nazi Party's biggest-ever rally at Nuremberg as part of 'world liberalism' in a speech by Joseph Goebbels [Hitler's propaganda minister]...**

'More than any other thinker of his time, Tagore had a clear conception of civil society, as something distinct from and of stronger and more personal texture than political or economic structures,' wrote E.P. Thompson in 1991, introducing **a new edition of Tagore's *Nationalism* (1917)**. Thompson commented:

It would be folly to accuse Tagore of sentimental alarmism. *Nationalism* is a prescient, even prophetic, work whose foresight has been confirmed by sufficient evidence- *two world wars, the nuclear arms race, environmental disasters, technologies too clever to be controlled....*

When Rabindranath was born in 1861, notions of racial inferiority and superiority were engrained in educated minds Eastern and Western. By the time he died in 1941, such ideas were no longer respectable in democratic societies. **Tagore was among the pioneers of that global sea change in attitudes.**

...In 1919, by repudiating his knighthood, Tagore became the first Indian to make a public gesture against the massacre at Amritsar.

Pg. 11

The three or four decades following Tagore's birth in 1861 were the zenith of what is generally termed the Bengal Renaissance. They were also the high noon of the British Empire. Though the precise relationship between these two facts is controversial, there can be little doubt that they are connected. Tagore is the most dazzling instance of the benefits of this cultural collision; while others described by him in his writings, especially in his brilliantly ironic short stories, adumbrate the damage that more typically resulted and has persisted in Bengali society ever since.

In his celebrated minute written in Calcutta in 1835, Thomas Babington Macaulay defined **the aim of colonial education as the creation of 'a class of persons, Indian in blood and colour, but English in taste, in opinions, in morals and in intellect'**. Many young Bengalis of the time embraced Macauley's idea with passion. 'I can speak in English, write in English, think in English, and shall be supremely happy when I can dream in English,' quipped one of them, the Bengali poet Michael Madhushudan Dutta, who tried to become a poet in English before reverting to his own language.

These Bengalis who by contrast accepted internal colonization formed a class, the Bengali *babu*, that was a subject of ridicule both to other Bengalis, this is the vast majority of orthodox Hindus, and to the British in Calcutta, as pinpointed by Rudyard

Kipling. The most extreme examples were dubbed *ingabangas*, ‘anglomaniacs’, by Tagore’s elder brother. The teenage Rabindranath came across them in London on his first visit in 1878-80 and wrote home: ‘If you happen to use the wrong knife to eat fish, an Englishman would not think much of it; he would put it down to your being a foreigner. But if an *ingabanga* Bengali saw you, he would probably have to take smelling salts.’

Pg. 100

To know the *ingabanga* - the England worshipping Bengali- truly, one must observe him in three situations. **One must see how he behaves with Englishmen; how he behaves with ordinary Bengalis; and how he behaves with fellow *ingabangas*.** To see an *ingabanga* face to face with an Englishman is really a sight to gladden your eyes. The weight of courtesy in his words is like a burden making his shoulders droop; in debate he is the meekest and mildest of men; and if he is compelled to disagree, he will do so with an expression of extreme regret and with a thousand apologies. **An *ingabanga* sitting with an Englishman, whether he be talking or listening, will appear in his every gesture and facial movement to be the acme of humility.** But catch him with his own countrymen in his own sphere, and he will display genuine temper. **One who has lived three years in England will regard himself as infinitely superior to one who has spent a mere one year here.** Should the former type of resident happen to argue with the latter type, one may observe the ‘three-year’ man exert his prowess. Each word he utters, and each inflection he gives it, sounds like a dictum personally dictated to him by the lips of goddess Saraswati [Goddess of learning]. Anyone who dares to contradict him he will bluntly label ‘mistaken’, or even ‘ignorant’ to his face...

Were you to drink champagne out of a sherry glass, he would stare at you aghast, as if your ignorant blunder had totally upset the world’s tranquility...

Rabindranath Tagore:
Selected Short Stories

Edited by Sukanta Chaudhuri
[Oxford University Press; New Delhi] 2000

Pg. 05

...Tagore sailed for Europe in 1878. His eighteen months' stay yielded **many encounters with a sycophantic and feeble-spirited community of anglicized Indians**, for whom he never lost his contempt and anger. *A common ploy of this tribe was to conceal a marriage back in India, so as to freely enjoy the company of unmarried Englishwomen*....The more general sycophancy and feeble spirit of British-loving Indians at home forms the substance of 'The Royal Mark.'

Rabindranath Tagore: An Anthology
Edited by Krishna Dutta and Andrew Robinson
[St. Martin's Press; New York] 1997

Pg. 09

He [Tagore's wealthy grandfather] had a vision of an industrialized India as a partner in Empire, with Indians collaborating on equal terms with Europeans, who would settle in India as they had settled in America, Australia and South Africa. Had he lived, he might have brought some of this to pass by sheer determination and energy. **But the British**

rejected his vision in favor of short-term material gain, and his family rejected it in favor of spiritual and artistic gains...

Pg. 06-07

In foreseeing the need to apply Western scientific expertise in what we would now call ‘Third World Development,’ Tagore was perhaps at the very head of the field.

Tagore insisted that science, which he studied and wrote about from an early age, must, in its application to society, serve society, and *not* vice versa.

...Ilya Prigogine [Russian-Belgian], a Nobel laureate in chemistry, claimed in 1984:

‘Curiously enough, the present evolution of science is running in the direction stated by the great Indian poet.’

Pg. 02

...**Gandhi**, in his turn, called Tagore the Great Sentinel. **‘ I regard the Poet’**, he said, **‘as a sentinel *warning us against the approach of enemies* called Bigotry, Lethargy, Intolerance, Ignorance, Inertia and other members of that brood.’**

Pg. 21-22

Of all Tagore's many plays, *The Post Office* continues to occupy a special place in his reputation, both within Bengal and in the wider world. According to Anita Desai, 'In appearance the play is as modest as a dewdrop; in effect it is as profound as the ocean.'

...Such was its universal appeal, *The Post Office* was translated into many European languages....*In 1940 the evening before Paris fell to the Nazis, André Gide's French translation was read over the radio...*

Tagore wrote it in Bengal in 1911, not long after losing his youngest son, his daughter, and his wife to disease. In the middle of the night, while lying beneath the stars on the roof of his house in Shantinkiketan, he had a strange experience. 'My mind took wing. Fly! Fly! - I felt an anguish... There was a call to go somewhere and premonition of death, together with intense emotion- this feeling of restlessness I expressed in writing *Dak Ghar* [*The Post Office*].'

Pg. 16

**I leave no trace of wings in the air,
but I am glad I had my flight.**

French Guiana [Guyane]

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/French_Guiana

- Truncated -

French Guiana; French: Guyane is an overseas department and region of France on the northern, Atlantic coast of South America in the Guianas. It borders Brazil to the east and south and Suriname to the west. French Guiana is the only territory of the mainland Americas to have chosen full integration in a European country.

Before European contact, the territory was originally inhabited by Native Americans, most speaking the Arawak language, of the Arawakan language family. The people identified as Lokono. The first French establishment is recorded in 1503, but France did not establish a durable presence until colonists founded Cayenne in 1643. ***Guiana was developed as a slave society, where planters imported Africans as enslaved labourers on large sugar and other plantations in such number as to increase the population. Slavery was abolished in the colonies at the time of the French Revolution.*** Guiana was designated as a French department in 1797. But, ***after France gave up most of its territory in North America in 1803, it developed Guiana as a penal colony,*** establishing a network of camps and penitentiaries along the coast where prisoners from metropolitan France were sentenced to forced labour.

During World War II and the fall of France to German forces, Félix Éboué [African extraction] was one of the first to support General Charles de Gaulle of Free France, as early as June 18, 1940. Guiana officially rallied Free France in 1943. It abandoned its status as a colony and once again became a French department in 1946.

After de Gaulle was elected as president of France, he established the Guiana Space Centre in 1965. It is now operated by the CNES, Arianespace and the European Space Agency (ESA).

Île du Diable (Devil's Island) was the site of a small prison facility, part of a larger penal system by the same name, which consisted of prisons on three islands and three larger prisons on the mainland. **This was operated from 1852 to 1953.** *

In addition, in the late nineteenth century, France began requiring forced residencies by prisoners who survived their hard labour. A Portuguese-British naval squadron took French Guiana for the Portuguese Empire in 1809. It was returned to France with the signing of the Treaty of Paris in 1814. Though Portugal returned the region to France, it kept a military presence until 1817.

After French Guiana had been established as a penal colony, officials sometimes used convicts to catch butterflies. The sentences of the convicts were often long, and the prospect of employment very weak, so the convicts caught butterflies to sell in the international market, both for scientific purposes as well as general collecting.

**** This is more than coincidental at 1852. Voices of dissent and suspected troublemakers to the legitimacy of the Second Empire were conveniently shipped away to balmy South America to generously save them from France's inclement winter weather. Knowing the dates to find the Second Empire is imperative to find the context of events. This bit of information is both troubling and telling about the régime we will pursue for the truths.***

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Devil's_Island_(Kourou)

- Truncated -

Devil's Island (French: Île du Diable) is the third-largest island of the Salvation's Islands, an island group in the Atlantic Ocean. It is located approximately 14 km (9 mi) off the coast of French Guiana in South America just north of the town of Kourou. It has an area of 14 ha (34.6 acres). **The island was a part of a controversial French penal colony located in French Guiana for 101 years, from 1852 to 1953.** Although it was the smallest part of the penal colony, **it is notorious for being used for *internal exile of French political prisoners during that period.*** The most famous political prisoner on Devil's Island was Captain Alfred Dreyfus.

Île du Diable is rocky and palm-covered. It rises 40 m (130 ft) above sea level. **Its development as a penal colony was begun in 1852 by the government of Emperor Napoléon III [after December 1851 *coup d'état*].** The island is surrounded by rocky promontories and shoals, strong cross-currents and shark-infested waters. Landing on the island by boat is so treacherous that prison officials constructed a cable car system to connect the island to the nearby Île Royale. They used the cable car for years to travel the 180 m (600 ft)-wide channel between the two islands.

Île du Diable was first used to house the prison system's leper colony. With no understanding of the cause of leprosy (now also known as Hansen's disease), nor means of treatment, societies isolated its sufferers. **Well before 1895, the French converted facilities on the island to house primarily political prisoners.**

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bagne_of_Toulon

- Truncated -

Almost all of the important writers of the romantic period, including Victor Hugo, Honoré de Balzac, Alexandre Dumas, George Sand, Prosper Mérimée and Gustave Flaubert stopped by Toulon to see the bagne for themselves... At the beginning of the Second Empire of Napoléon III the government decided to close the prisons at the naval ports, which were considered undesirable and expensive to run. It was therefore decided to replace the so-called "bagnes métropolitains", the prisons within cities, with transportation to **French Guiana (with the central administration in Saint-Laurent-du-Maroni and Devil's Island mainly used for political prisoners)** and later also to Nouméa in French New Caledonia. The bagnes of Rochefort and Brest were closed in 1852 and 1858 respectively, but Toulon, the largest, took longer to empty. It was finally closed, and the buildings were used by the Navy as offices and depots. The buildings survived until 1944, when the bagne was almost entirely destroyed by an Allied bombing raid. All that remains today is a fragment of wall on the southeast side of the Darse Vauban.



Félix Nadar: The World's First Celebrity Photographer

[bbc.com/culture/story/20190114-felix-nadar-the-worlds-first-celebrity-photographer](https://www.bbc.com/culture/story/20190114-felix-nadar-the-worlds-first-celebrity-photographer)

His studio hosted the first Impressionist exhibition and he took the world's first aerial photo: Félix Nadar lived an extraordinary life, as Cath Pound discovers.

By Cath Pound

January 14, 2019



Félix* Nadar, c. 1860

* Felix meant 'The Fortunate One.' Sulla of the Roman Empire added this title to his name as dictator after his resounding victory over Marius in 88 BCE.

Félix Nadar is a legend in his native France. A tall, exuberant red-haired dynamo with a fascination for fame, he came to know everyone who was anyone in his career as a journalist and caricaturist. Instinctively understanding the emerging interest in celebrity – and the role photography could play in it – he created psychologically complex portraits of the leading artists, writers and actors of mid-19th-Century Paris which managed to turn the nascent medium into an art form.

His talent for self-promotion and daring ballooning exploits ensured he was as well-known as his clients. A fact he emphasised by having his name writ large in red glass tubing – the letters 10ft (3m) high and glowing neon-bright at night – across the front of his sumptuous Parisian photography studio.

“Part of what allowed him to recognise celebrity culture in its nascent form was that **he ... loved famous people and wanted to be one himself,**” explains Nadar’s biographer Adam Begley. “He was a narcissist, but a charming one.”

Born Gaspard-Félix Tournachon in 1820, he was given the pseudonym Nadar by a friend and soon started using it as a pen name. He began his career scraping a living as a writer on a series of short-lived newspapers and magazines, through which he cultivated a circle of bohemian writer and artist friends including Charles Baudelaire – who referred to him admiringly as “the most astonishing expression of vitality”.

Flying close to the sun

An early indication of his ambition and stunning self-confidence is evident from his decision to co-found a luxurious literary journal, the *Livre d’or*, at the age of 19. **Nadar managed to secure the involvement of writers as illustrious as Honoré de Balzac and Alexandre Dumas.** The magazine may have folded before Balzac’s contribution could be published but at least Nadar was able to meet his idol when he went to collect the proofs, an encounter he later liberally embellished in his memoirs.

His membership of the *Société des Gens de Lettres* enabled him to mingle with the likes of Dumas, George Sand and Victor Hugo, friendships he later charmingly exploited when he became a caricaturist. His work for the Panthéon Nadar, a typically grandiose project which failed to fully come to fruition, was meant to be a who's who of the nation's cultural elite in caricature, which would serve to both flatter those included and prove irresistible to the public.

Having his subjects sit for him allowed him to hone his skill for observation, resulting in wittily accurate portrayals that seemed to nail their personality and character traits. **His genuine fascination for those he depicted would prove invaluable when he turned to photography in 1854**, having first installed his artist brother Adrien in the profession. "He had figured out that people were willing to pay for images of famous people and this was a great tool as the images were quickly replicable and they had a novelty value," says Begley.

But Nadar was also determined to use the medium to create uniquely insightful works of art. "At the time, most portrait studios were using background and a lot of accessories and focusing on the way people were dressed. Instead, he was focusing on the face, using a neutral background to try and interpret the character of the people," explains Anne Lacoste, co-curator of an exhibition dedicated to the Nadars at the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris.

He was also uniquely skilled in the use of light, managing to bring his subjects out from their backgrounds and giving their faces a luminous quality often lacking in the work of his peers. A young, unknown Sarah Bernhardt captivates the viewer, her lovely face emphasised by the simple robe in which Nadar has draped her.

In contrast, the then **better known Delacroix and Manet** both exude a certain pride, Manet's hand on his hip also hinting at defiance in the face of criticism of his art. "He had a way of making portraits of his sitters that felt psychologically connected so when you looked at the portrait you were interacting with that person – and that was

unprecedented,” says Karen Hellman, curator of photography at the Getty Museum and a contributor to the exhibition’s catalogue.



Eugène Delacroix

photo by Félix Nadar

The extent to which Adrien was involved in the production of the early images is controversial. Although he won a medal for his stunning portraits of the mime Charles Deburau, Begley is sceptical. Lacoste, however, is convinced of his talent. “The two self-portraits with straw hats are considered among the best examples in the early story of photography,” she says.

Whatever the truth, when Adrien began styling himself Nadar jeune, Félix had had enough and took him to court to gain sole rights to the name. Once he succeeded, his career flourished while Adrien's petered out. Moving to plush new premises on the Boulevard des Capucines **in 1860 (which he would lend to a group of painters for the first exhibition of Impressionists, including Claude Monet, Edgar Degas, Pierre-Auguste Renoir, Camille Pissarro and Berthe Morisot, in 1874)**, he revelled in his success.

Louis Thiriot, a young photographer from the provinces, was dazzled by **the celebrities he saw at Nadar's studio – composer Jacques Offenbach, artist Gustave Doré, Dumas and the stars of whatever show was then performing at the Comédie Française**. He was even more amazed by the fencing matches which frequently took place between poses.

However, just as his fame and notoriety were at their peak, Nadar's interest in the medium appeared to be petering out in favour of a new passion. He had been a keen balloonist, allowing him to take **the world's first aerial photograph – a view of Paris – in 1858**; but it proved a dangerous pursuit.

In 1863 Nadar was one of the founders of the **Society for the Encouragement of Aerial Locomotion by Means of Heavier than Air Machines**, whose aim was to bring an end to ballooning by **creating a helicopter**. Somewhat bizarrely, Nadar and his colleagues (including the recently published Jules Verne) chose to publicise their venture by creating a massive balloon that stood 12 storeys high – called *Le Géant* (The Giant).

Undeterred by a disastrous first flight which landed ignominiously a mere 25 miles (40km) from Paris, Nadar set out again on 18 October 1863, this time reaching Germany before a too-swift descent resulted in the balloon being dragged along by high winds and narrowly escaping being hit by a train. The incident garnered headlines around the world and inspired Verne to write his 1865 novel *From the Earth to the Moon*, whose hero Ardan – a courageous, carefree adventurer – was based on Nadar.

As Nadar's interest in his business waned, his son Paul took over the reins. Nadar allowed him to use his name, albeit with a certain degree of trepidation, as he was aware that it would reflect on his legacy.

Although Paul chose to photograph the society figures he hoped to emulate, he also shared his father's passion for the performing arts. However, while Nadar's portrait of Sarah Bernhardt had been "very pure and focusing on her character and not emphasising her talent as an actress, it was completely the opposite with Paul," says Lacoste. Bernhardt, now unquestionably the most famous actress in the world, is shown dressed in scenes from her plays, the images often embellished with the use of backgrounds to recreate her shows.

As the 19th Century turned into the 20th, Paul's portraits of the likes of Josephine Baker exuded a sense of modernity but perhaps lacked the psychological depth of Nadar senior.

After Paul, there would be no more famous Nadars. But the name lives on. The fact that it is more often than not linked to Félix alone would undoubtedly please him. To French audiences, at least, he is as iconic as the giants of literature, art and stage he immortalised in his photographs.

The Nadars: A Photographic Legend is on at the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris until 3 February 2019.

Florian Henckel von Donnersmarck

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Florian_Henckel_von_Donnersmarck

- Truncated-

Florian Maria Georg Christian Graf Henckel von Donnersmarck (born 2 May 1973) is a German film director, **best known for writing and directing the 2006 Oscar-winning dramatic thriller *The Lives of Others*, the 2010 three time Golden Globe nominated**

romantic thriller *The Tourist*, starring Angelina Jolie and Johnny Depp and the two-time Oscar-nominated 2018 epic drama *Never Look Away*.

Donnersmarck was born in 1973 in Cologne, West Germany, into **the aristocratic Roman Catholic Henckel von Donnersmarck family**, and grew up in New York City, Brussels, Frankfurt, and West Berlin. He is fluent in English, German, French, Russian, and Italian. After graduating at the top of his class from the German section of the European School of Brussels I, he studied Russian literature in St. Petersburg for two years and passed the State Exam for Teachers of Russian as a Foreign Language. He holds a Master of Arts degree in Philosophy, politics and economics at New College, Oxford, and a diploma in Film Directing from the University of Television and Film Munich.

The younger son of Leo-Ferdinand, **Count Henckel von Donnersmarck**, a former president of the German division of the Order of Malta, and literary scout Anna Maria von Berg, Henckel von Donnersmarck holds German and Austrian citizenships.

In 2011, Donnersmark was honoured by the University of Oxford, his alma mater, as one of its 100 most distinguished members from 10 centuries. **The university named 100 streets in Oxford's historical centre after these graduates, with Upper Oxpens Road renamed for Donnersmarck.**

Influence

In a 2010 interview with *The Guardian*, director Howard Davies named Donnersmarck as the artist he most admired.

René Pollesch wrote a play, *L'Affaire Martin!*, which poked fun at von Donnersmarck. According to Pollesch, the director's parents attended a performance and came backstage to say they liked it.

After meeting him at the Davos World Economic Forum, Jay Nordlinger, writing for the National Review, described **Donnersmarck*** as "one of the most impressive people on the planet".

The Europe List, a largest survey on European culture, named Donnersmarck's *The Lives of Others* second on a list of the best films in European culture.

* Donnersmarck's exceptional pedigree in Part Two

The Fortunes of Africa

A 5,000-Year History of Wealth, Greed and Endeavor

By Martin Meredith [Simon & Schuster; New York] 2014

Pg. 309

Suez Canal

The opening of the Suez Canal in 1869 was accompanied by a flurry of spectacular celebrations that lasted for three weeks. Egypt's khedive, Ismail spared no expense, inviting thousands of guests from around the world to enjoy a series of ceremonies, feasts and entertainments. At the top of the guest list were European dignitaries whom Ismail was particularly keen to impress. Among them were the **Empress Eugénie of France**, the Austrian emperor Franz Joseph, the king of Hungary and princes from Prussia and the Netherlands. There were, however, no Muslim sovereigns. Ismail explained to his prime minister, Nubar Pasha, that he wanted to invite the likes of the sultan of Morocco, the bey of Tunis and the shah of Persia, but that accommodation was too limited. 'With the best intentions of earth, and opening all my residences, I could not have more than eighty palaces ready for the sovereigns and princes who would like to honour me with their presence.'

The legion of other guests included financiers, scholars, scientists, artists and writers, among them the Norwegian playwright Henrik Ibsen, **the French painter Jean-Léon**

Gérôme, the Prussian Egyptologist Richard Lepsius and **the French writer Théophile Gautier**. A large group was accommodated at Shepherd's Hotel, renowned for its grandeur and opulence. 'The guests would group at tables according to their affiliations or professions; there was the corner of painters, the corner of scholars, the corner of literary people and reporters, the corner of worldly people and amateurs,' wrote Gautier. 'They all visited one another... The conversation and the cigar blended all the ranks and all the nations; one saw German doctors talking about aesthetics to French artists and serious mathematicians listening to the tales of the other journalists with smiles.



Théophile Gautier photo by Félix Nadar

Not all of Ismail's ideas for the opening ceremonies fell into place. Ismail had hoped that **the Italian composer Giuseppe Verdi** could be persuaded to write a hymn for the occasion, but Verdi declined. 'I do not compose occasional pieces,' he replied. Nevertheless, as part of the celebrations, it was Verdi's musical drama *Rigoletto* that was chosen the inaugural performance at Cairo's new Opera House in November 1869. The following year, Verdi agreed to compose an opera for the khedive at a fee of 150,000

francs. The opera, *Aida*, was based on a story about an Ethiopian princess who was captured and brought into slavery in Egypt. It was first performed in Cairo in 1871.

The plan for the opening of the canal on 17 November was for a fleet of ships to sail southwards from Port Said carrying the chief guests to meet another fleet of ships sailing northwards from Suez at a halfway point on Lake Timsah named Ismailia, thus linking the Mediterranean to the Red Sea for the first time. To the sound of gun salutes, military bands and street jamborees, **the Empress Eugénie arrived at Port Said in her royal yacht *Aigle*. ‘Magnificent reception,’ she cabled Napoléon III. ‘I haven’t seen anything like it in my lifetime.’**

...with the yacht *Aigle* leading the way and Ismail following aboard the Mahrousa, the fleet set sail for Ismailia, arriving at sunset.*

*** Part Two: Suez Prefab Palace Sent to Cambodia**

Ismail had built a palace facing Lake Timsah there, with grand reception rooms replete with stained-glass windows and intricate woodwork. The guests were housed in a temporary encampment of some 1,200 tents furnished, according to one French guest, with ‘the most beautiful carpets in the world.’ The main reception hall, large enough to accommodate a thousand tables, was built on dunes facing the palace. Abutting the hall was a dining room for the visiting sovereigns, transformed into a tropical garden and decorated with chandeliers, paintings, fountains and mirrors. **‘Thirty-five centuries ago, the waters of the Red Sea drew back at the words of Moses,’ said Eugénie in her toast to the khedive. ‘Today, at the order of the sovereign of Egypt, they return to their bed.’**

The driving force behind the construction of the Suez Canal was the French entrepreneur Ferdinand de Lesseps. In 1854, he convinced the Egyptian pasha, Muhammad Said, to give him a concession to form a financial company to build a canal across the Isthmus of Suez and to operate it for a period of ninety-nine years from its opening. A second concession, granted in 1856, required the Egyptian government to provide most of the labor for the project. In 1858, de Lesseps duly launched the *Compagnie Universelle du Canal Maritime de Suez*. But he encountered difficulty in raising enough capital. The British government opposed the project from the outset, fearing that it would weaken the Ottoman state and draw Britain and France into conflict over Egypt. British investors steered clear, believing the project would fail. Although French investors took up 52 per cent of the shares, the Egyptian government was obliged to come to the rescue of the company, buying up 44 per cent of the shares. Construction did not begin until 1859 and took ten years to complete, nearly twice as long as expected. Much of the work was initially carried out by forced labor, amid much controversy. The cost also soared.

Once in operation, however, the Suez Canal rapidly became a commercial success. Britain, which possessed the world's largest and most modern merchant shipping fleet and had by far the largest share of Europe's trade with Asia, gained huge benefits. British ships were soon producing the bulk of the company's business and profits. Between 1871 and 1895 British tonnage passing through the Canal was never less than 70 per cent and remained above 50 per cent until after the Second World War.

The Suez Canal was but one of the grand projects that Ismail hoped would transform Egypt into an imperial power. He shared the same ambition for modernization as his grandfather, Muhammad Ali. After succeeding Said in 1863 at the age of thirty-three, he ruled first as pasha but managed to persuade the Ottoman sultan to accord him the title of khedive, a Persian-Turkish title meaning viceroy, signifying a higher status for Egypt in the Ottoman domain. Educated in part in France, a graduate of

the French officers' cadet school at Saint-Cyr, Ismail acquired an admiration for European methods and sought a partnership with European powers to propel forwards his plans for modernization.

www.aigle.com.hk/from-yesterday-to-today

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Comely Actress and Singer Gigi Leung Wing-kei

Aigle, Hong Kong Promotional Shop Opening

December 2017

1853*

Hiram Hutchinson, an American living in France, bought the patent for vulcanising rubber from Charles Goodyear and, **in 1853, created the brand "A l'Aigle" in reference to the American eagle.**



Shop at The Elements Fashion Mall

Kowloon, Hong Kong

March 13, 2019

Notice how *Depuis 1853* is tactfully used for claiming a pedigree
for marketing purposes

- photo taken on way to catch express train to HK airport

160 years of tradition

A unique French expertise, passed down from generation to generation for 160 years in our Châtellerault workshops.



*The era of 1853 is more important than mall shoppers could imagine but lends itself well for establishing a sense of pedigree, an unquestioned command of entitlement; a claim to French cultural sophistication.

Obituary: Rosa Bouglione, the undisputed queen of *the circus*

bbc.com/news/world-europe-45341107

By Roland Hughes, BBC News

September 02, 2018

When Rosa Bouglione was married inside a lion's cage, the pastor, despite his best efforts, was made to stay outside. It wouldn't have been much of a wedding had he been mauled.

It was only appropriate that this was where Rosa had chosen to be married. After all, she had started her career inside a lion's cage, working as a serpentine dancer, in her mid-teens.

This was the circus life into which she was born, in the back of a horse-drawn caravan in Belgium in December 1910. Her father was an animal trainer with the family outfit, Ménagerie Van Been, and they toured Europe alongside their snakes, bears and lions.

"I was born in a caravan, and that's where I left my heart," Rosa would later write in her autobiography. Aged 17, however, there was another contender for her heart: she fell for a man from another circus family, Joseph Bouglione, whom she said reminded her of a cowboy, and the two were married among the lions.

Their honeymoon was as unusual as their wedding - they spent it working with the troupe of the Wild West Show, established by hunter and showman Buffalo Bill Cody.

Rosa's life after joining the Bouglione family brought her close to France's high society and made her a household name, even if attitudes towards the circus began to change in her later years.

Rosa Bouglione died in Paris on Sunday, 26 August aged 107. Her funeral on Wednesday took place in the ring of the Cirque d'Hiver (Winter Circus), the 1,500-person venue in the Marais district which she and her husband's family took over in 1934.

The grand circular building, commissioned by Napoléon III, remained the Bouglione family's base, even as they, their animals, clowns and performers travelled the world. It was a life that Joseph Bouglione said was like a constant holiday.

In an interview in 2011, Rosa recalled one trip to Brazil, on which they were accompanied by 30 horses, 10 lions, six tigers and a polar bear, among other animals.

When the captain of the ship carrying them tried to throw the circus' elephants overboard to reduce the ship's weight during a storm, Joseph threatened to organise a mutiny and so the crew tossed away much of the cargo instead.

Running the circus was a feat of logistics: 100 trucks full of animals and equipment would have to be unloaded and then reloaded in a day, and 40 tonnes of cloth packed up tidily at the end of each show.

And then there was the small matter of managing the animals themselves. There was Jacky the gorilla, who would drink only Perrier water and would make hammocks out of the curtains of any hotels where the troupe stayed. There was the anaconda which would squeeze the most attractive women a little tighter than the others. There was Coco, the foul-mouthed parrot who would fly to the balcony and scream "Help!" so loudly the police would come rushing round.

Even as one of the biggest names in the circus world, the family was not always welcome on its travels, as Rosa told France's TF1 network in 2011. **They were gypsies by origin, and were often treated with suspicion and subject to allegations as they arrived in a new town.**

"I never understood it," she said. **"People said we'd steal children.** But we never did. We had our own children, we didn't need to steal children. But we just let them say this stuff."

It was the Cirque d'Hiver that provided the platform for some of the family's biggest shows and most notable successes. Among them was La Perle du Bengale, where one performer braved the full force of a whip strike, and damsels in distress fell into pools swarming with snakes.

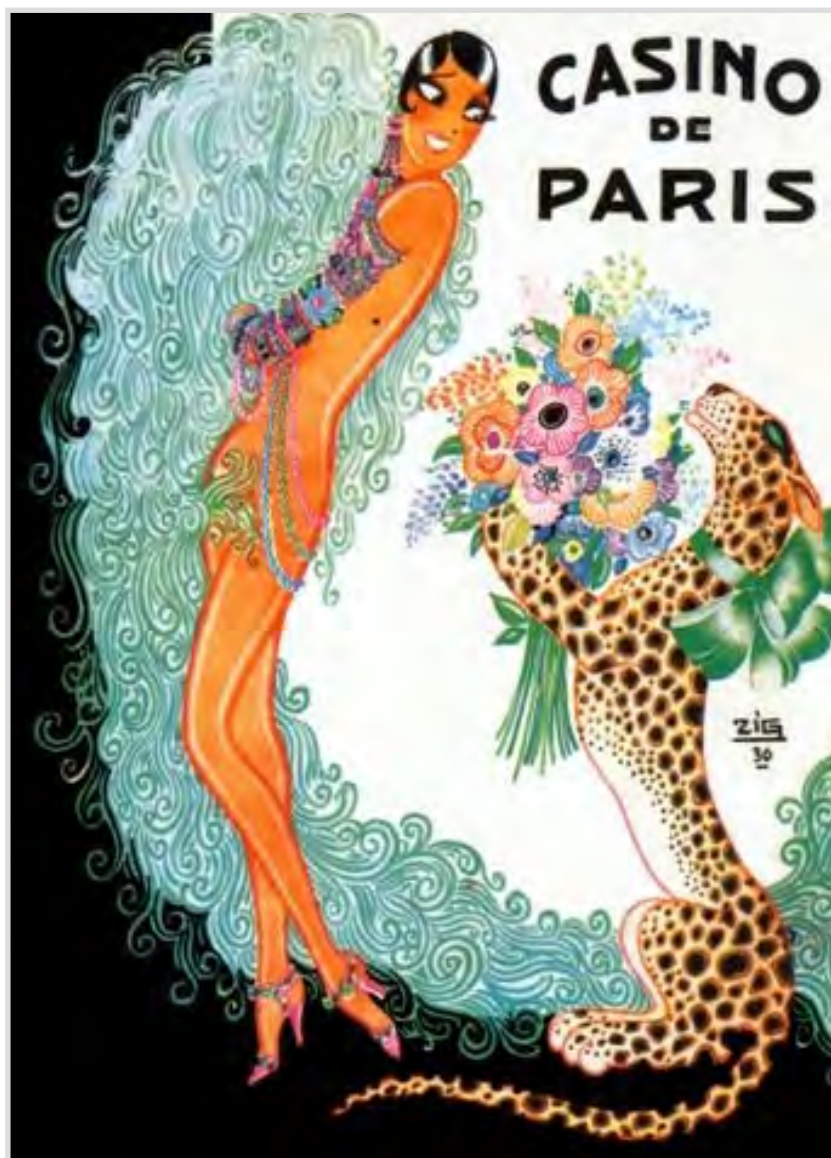
Rosa stopped performing and did more work behind the scenes of the circus, and over time, the venue attracted the biggest names from the entertainment world and regularly hosted live TV specials.

The actress, singer and black icon Josephine Baker was one, and soprano Maria Callas another. When Callas once got a little too close to Joseph Bouglione, she was almost crushed by an elephant that was wary of women other than Rosa being around him.



Josephine Baker dancing the Charleston, 1926

Folies-Bergère, Paris



Josephine Baker being presented a flower bouquet by a cheetah

by Louis Gaudain, 1930

Rosa and Joseph eventually brought an end to their life on the road, moving in to a house around the corner from the circus in 1984. Joseph died three years later but Rosa

remained there until her death, surrounded by reminders of her career. Among them, the pelt of her pet leopard Mickey, that would sit on top of the dining table, his head still attached, seemingly snarling at any visitors.

She would still attend matinees into her old age, and would let the performers know her opinion. "The shows got bigger and the children got bigger, but I got smaller," she said.

Entertainment in 2018 is very different to that of the early 20th Century, when Rosa began dancing in the lion's cage.

Nowadays, the Cirque d'Hiver is just as well known as a concert venue, or as the setting for political rallies. The industry is also under growing pressure to end the use of live animals - a debate that has arrived in France a little later than in other countries.

Before his resignation this week, French environment minister Nicolas Hulot had said he was against the practice, and after the shooting to death of a tiger that had escaped from another Paris circus last November, campaigners renewed their calls for a ban on the use of live animals in shows.

In 2016, the Bouglione family announced it would no longer use an ageing elephant in its shows after an environmental group accused the circus of mistreating the animal.

But the family is divided about whether animals should still be a part of its performances.

Last May, one of Rosa and Joseph's grandsons, André, who founded his own circus, said he would end the practice. "It's because of my love of animals and out of respect for the public that I stopped this," he told the campaign group 30 Millions d'Amis in an interview.

"I saw a survey that said 80% of French people cared about animal rights. Our job is entertaining families. So if a very large majority of families believes this, we can't continue doing something that upsets them."

But another grandson, Francesco, who is now the director of the Cirque d'Hiver, has vowed to continue using animals and has condemned what he calls "eco-terrorism". He told the Journal du Dimanche newspaper last year: "We're tired of being tainted by false claims, without mentioning the protests in front of our tents and acts of sabotage. This won't end well."

Rosa Bouglione leaves 55 children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and great-great grandchildren, and a family name which remains above the entrance to the Cirque d'Hiver.

In a statement, her family said she was "the undisputed queen of the circus world", adding: "Her passion for the circus stayed with her until the very end."

A new show honouring Rosa's life, named Extra, will begin at the Cirque d'Hiver on 6 October.

The Five Countries that Set World Culture

[bbc.com/travel/story/20180701-the-five-countries-that-set-world-culture](https://www.bbc.com/travel/story/20180701-the-five-countries-that-set-world-culture)

By Lindsey Galloway

July 02, 2018

Global influence is often measured by military, political or economic might, but for some countries, **it's the strength of the culture – its food, fashion or entertainment – that most strongly impacts the wider world.**

These culturally influential countries were recently ranked by U.S. News and World Report, based on factors like being perceived as prestigious, fashionable, trendy, happy, modern or culturally significant in terms of entertainment. While many of the top 10 countries were in Europe, including Italy, Spain, France and the UK, the list also included Japan (ranking high for being modern and prestigious), Brazil (for its happy populace and entertainment), and the United States (for being modern and culturally influential).

We spoke to residents in the five top-ranked countries, which exemplified these areas of cultural influence, to find out how their nation make a global impact and what it's like living in a place that defines the international cutting-edge.

France

'Modern', 'prestigious' and 'fashionable' were all areas where France scored high, and the French *'je ne sais quoi'* is something that people across the world try to imitate. Lifelong Paris resident Roobens Fils didn't even realise how **influential his culture was until he travelled throughout the Middle East and Asia.**

"People in very remote places love and are inspired by French food, French art and French fashion. I met people in Iran telling me how they loved Molière! I was shocked! They know Molière in Iran!" said Fils, who blogs about his travels at *Been Around the Globe*.

Though Paris is the obvious place to experience French culture, from fashion to food, Bordeaux, Lyon and Toulouse are excellent – and smaller – alternatives.

The French take extreme pride in their identity that has shaped the world.

“Bordeaux is a prestigious city, and a lot of good wine is produced in the area,” Fils said. The city also has the most historical buildings in the country outside of Paris.

Lyon, France’s third most populous city, is well known for its culinary traditions and has produced a number of three-star Michelin chefs. Toulouse, the capital of France’s southern Occitanie region, prides itself on its 2,000-plus-year history stretching back to the Visigoths and Romans and the accompanying pink terracotta architecture that gives it the nickname ‘La Ville Rose’.

The French take extreme pride in their identity that has shaped the world, and this includes the French language – which can be challenging for new expats. “Most people in France don’t speak English, or broken English. Sometimes they do speak English, they just don’t want to,” Fils said. **“An expat will have to adapt to France, because French people won’t make the effort to adapt to you.”**

The Sympathizer

By Viet Thanh Nguyen [Corsair; London] 2016

- Pulitzer Prize for Fiction, 2016

Pg. 39

And as the General drove by the basilica. I could not say what his plans were besides escaping the country. I only assumed that he had more in mind than the futile words emblazoned on the banner flanking the boulevard leading to the presidential palace, which a dissident pilot had strafed earlier in the month. NO LAND TO THE COMMUNISTS! NO COMMUNISTS IN THE SOUTH! NO COALITION

GOVERNMENT! NO NEGOTIATION! I could see an impassive guardsman standing impaled at attention under his roofed post but before we reached the palace the General finally, mercifully **set a course for the airport by turning right on Pasteur**. Somewhere far away, a heavy machine gun fired in uneven, staccato bursts. When a dull mortar grunted, Duc whimpered in his mother's arm. Hush darling, she said.

Pg. 336

As a non-white person, the General, like myself, knew he must be patient with white people, who were easily scared by the non-white. Even with liberal white people, one could only go so far, and with average white people one could barely go anywhere. **The General was deeply familiar with the nature, nuances, and internal differences of white people, as was every non-white person who had lived here a good number of years.** We ate their food, we watched their movies, we observed their lives and psyche via television and in everyday contact, we learned their language, we absorbed their subtle cues, we laughed at their jokes, even when made at our expense, we humbly accepted their condescension, we eavesdropped on their conversations in supermarkets and the dentist's office, and we protected them by not speaking our own language in their presence, which unnerved them.

Pg. 43

Our proper mode in situations was to elbow, jostle, crowd, and hustle, and, if all that failed, to bribe, flatter, exaggerate, and lie. I was uncertain whether these traits were genetic, deeply cultural, or simply a rapid evolutionary development. We had been forced to adapt to ten years of living in a bubble economy pumped up purely by American imports; three decades of on-again, off-again war, including the sawing in half of the

country in '54 by foreign magicians and the brief Japanese interregnum of World War II; and **the previous century of avuncular French molestation.**

Empires in the Sun

The Struggle for the Mastery of Africa, 1830-1990

By Lawrence James [Weidenfeld & Nicolson; London] 2016, 2017

Pg. 69

>>> **HYPER-IMPORTANT** <<<

By this date [1880], France was showing a strong acquisitive interest in these and other 'malodorous lagoons' and those who lived alongside them. They had suddenly become attractive *because France's position in Europe was now of comparative weakness, for she had been the biggest loser in the dramatic redistribution of power that had occurred between 1859 and 1871*. Two new nations, the German Empire and Italy, had been created and **France has been relegated to the status of a secondary power after her defeat by Germany in 1871**. A humbled France had been compelled to surrender the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine with their 1.3 million inhabitants, a heavy loss for nation whose birth rate was lower than that of other Continental countries. Germany now dominated Europe and in 1879 consolidated her ascendancy by an alliance with Austria.

Frenchmen of all political complexions passionately desired to retrieve their country's old eminence and glory. But how? As in 1815, Europe was closed to French expansion, leaving Africa as the only area where she could compete for her losses, restore her standing in the world, grow strong enough to defeat Germany and recover her lost provinces. **The road to victory lay through Africa, which would deliver France**

wealth and status. Or, as one advocate of imperial expansion put it, acquiring colonies was ‘ a question of life or death’, for without them, ‘France would sink to the level of Romania and Greece’.

Revanchist patriotism provided both the motive and the catalyst for **the new French imperialism that gained political ground during the 1870s**. Its most valuable converts were the relatively small body of senior officers and diplomats. They pulled strings and persuaded politicians to adopt expansionist programmes. The Niger and trans-Saharan railway projects were pushed by Admiral Jean Jauréguiberry, a former Governor of Senegal and from 1879 Minister of Marine. He was well placed to influence policy making-making for, like his kind, he was a permanent fixture in the political hierarchy of France at a time when elected politicians were birds of passage. France had seven ministries between 1876 and 1880, most lasting a few months. Meanwhile the Admiral remained at his desk, gave orders (the Ministry of Marine was responsible for France’s West African possessions), pulled strings and counseled politicians. He and others of like mind could rely upon backing from sympathetic editors, businessmen and the Catholic Church, **which had always believed that Christianity was integral to the *mission civilisatrice*.**

Above all, imperialism was integral to the spirit of the Third Republic. It represented progress and prized what republicans believed to be the unique and superior culture of France. It was right and proper that this was exported to the rest of the world. It was an appealing idea and helped immensely in binding together and, for that matter, putting a gloss on the strategic, political and commercial arguments in favor of expansion. The colonial lobby secured powerful allies within the National Assembly, including the three giants of republicanism and successive Prime Ministers: Charles de Freycinet, Jules Ferry and the radical Léon Gambetta, a recent by enthusiastic convert to the idea of France’s imperial destiny.

Ordinary Frenchmen were drawn into the imperial movement through the new and sensationalist mass-circulation press. It's readers' opinions now counted for something, for in 1875 the vote had been extended to all adult males. Ten million of them were illiterate, although literacy levels were rising fast. The pro-expansionist *Petit Journal* had a daily circulation of 350,000 in 1873, and **appealed to its largely lower middle- and working-class readership by arguing that cheap food imported from France's colonies would raise living standards.**

Imperial enthusiasts applauded de Brazza's assertion that it was far better that a Frenchman had opened up the Lower Congo than an Englishman or a German. **He was stirring up disturbing memories for in the last century Britain had trumped France in North America, India and Caribbean.** There were deep and persistent fears that 'La perfide Albion' would again frustrate France. Yet that infamously rapacious and cunning power also offered Frenchmen an example: the *Journal des Chambres de Commerce* predicted that 'What the English had done in India, we can do in Africa.'

By the end of 1880 France was mentally primed to begin a programme of expansion in Africa. As the Foreign Minister explained to the Italian Ambassador, **'French influence banished from Europe by Prince Bismarck, has transferred its energy to Africa.** As yet there was still no clear indication of how and where this energy would be directed. Tunis turned out to be France's first target, thanks to a coincidence of local misfortunes that were swiftly and ruthlessly exploited by Prime Minister Jules Ferry.

L'Origine du Monde: Mystery Courbet nude uncovered 150 years on

[bbc.com/news/world-europe-45637037](https://www.bbc.com/news/world-europe-45637037)

September 25, 2018

Scandal has never been far from **Gustave Courbet's** *L'Origine du Monde*, **one of the most provocative works of art history** depicting a naked woman's genitalia and torso.

Now a French scholar may have solved the mystery of whose body was painted so explicitly in his 1866 work, not exhibited publicly in France till 1991. The subject of Courbet's work was for years assumed to be his Irish lover. But the woman now thought to be in the picture is dancer Constance Queniaux.

French literary expert Claude Schopp stumbled on his discovery as he went through correspondence between two writers, **George Sand and the son of Alexandre Dumas.**



George Sand

photo by Félix Nadar, **1864**

Who was Constance Queniaux?

Queniaux had retired as a ballet dancer at the **Paris Opera in 1859** and aged 34 she was a mistress of Turkish-Egyptian diplomat Halil Sherif Pasha. In later years she became a woman of some means, given to philanthropic work. She is seen clothed in the top left and bottom left images of the picture below. **The diplomat who commissioned *L'Origine du Monde*, who was known as Khalil Bey, kept Courbet's painting in his dressing room** behind a green curtain, revealing the work to visitors and dinner party guests.

The former dancer is mentioned in one letter from Dumas. Not only is her name badly spelt but a word was wrongly transcribed in the following line: "One does not paint the most delicate and the most sonorous *interview* of Miss Queniault of the Opera." Schopp was puzzled by the word interview, so he consulted the original manuscript in the National Library of France dating back to June 1871 and found the error. Dumas [**Dumas fils**] had written of Ms Queniaux's delicate and sonorous "interior" rather than interview, leading Schopp to deduce **that Dumas was writing about the painting.** And that was not all. Having shared his discovery with Sylvie Aubenas at the library, she was convinced he was right.

When Ms Queniaux died in 1908 she bequeathed a painting by Courbet of a bouquet of spring flowers and red and white camellias. Camellias were the flowers most closely identified with courtesans, and Aubenas told AFP news agency she believed the painting was a gift from Courbet and his Ottoman patron. **The Courbet painting is**

still considered so risqué that Facebook shut down a French teacher's account when he posted a picture of it.

Who else could Courbet have painted?

Khalil Bey also had liaisons **with courtesan Marie-Anne Detourbay**, and some have previously suggested she was the woman in the painting.

Many argued the woman was Courbet's own lover, Irish model Joanna Hiffernan, although her hair colour was red rather than the black seen in *L'Origine du Monde*. Hiffernan was also romantically linked to painter James Whistler.

In 2013, French art expert Jean-Jacques Fernier said he believed that an unsigned painting of a woman's head had been cut off the Courbet work. But there was no recorded evidence that Courbet's work had ever been cut in two.



Madame de Loynes [Marie-Anne Detourbay] **1862**

by Eugène Amaury Duval Musée d'Orsay

From champagne bottle washer to courtesan, later to Comtesse de Loynes
en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Marie-Anne_Detourbay

Pol Pot
The History of a Nightmare

By Philip Short [John Murray Publishers; London] 2004, 2005

Pg. 47

Since the time of Beaumarchais and Voltaire, **Paris has called itself**, with fine indifference to the intellectual claims of other European centres, *La Ville Lumière*, **the source of light and of enlightenment for the rest of the civilized world**. At times that was a mixed blessing. **It was in Paris, not Moscow nor Beijing**, that in the early 1950s Sâr and his companions laid down the ideological foundations on which **the Khmer Rouge nightmare would be built**.

That this occurred was not – as Sihanouk and his French advisers liked to pretend – because their minds were warped by the Stalinist vision of the world then being propagated by the French communists, the country's largest political party; nor was it due to the influence of Mao Zedong, whose writings the young Cambodians encountered in France for the first time. Stalin and Mao both had their part in the making of Pol Pot's Democratic Kampuchea. So did the Vietnamese and the Americans. **But the foreign intellectual legacy which would underpin the Cambodian revolution was first and foremost French**.



The new Boulevard de Sébastopol, opened by Napoléon III in **1858**

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Boulevard_de_S%C3%A9bastopol

The boulevard de Sébastopol is one of the most important roads opened up by the Baron Haussmann during his transformation of Paris in the 1850s. It was conceived as a major artery running a north–south axis across Paris, leading to the Gare de l'Est.

The road was christened *Boulevard du Centre* when it was opened in 1854. **Following Napoléon III's victory at the port of Sevastopol, in the Crimea of 8 September 1855, it was given its current name.**

How, indeed, could it have been otherwise? Language forms the building blocks of thought. The Cambodian students spoke French; they had attended French schools; and they had grown up in a French colony. **French was the prism through which they viewed the outside world.** And in the Paris of 1950, what an outside world it was! If Saigon had made Sâr and Mey Mann feel like country bumpkins, the French capital



La Tour Eiffel

1898

by Henri Rousseau

Houston Museum of Fine Arts, Houston Texas

seemed to be on a different planet. The young Cambodians climbed the Eiffel Tower and marveled at the ancient stonework of Notre-Dame and the Île de la Cité; **at the broad, tree-lined boulevards laid out by Baron Haussmann in the 1860s**, with their elegant boutiques, classical façades, and polished, *belle époque* department stores- ‘all the beauty of the structure of the city’, as one of them put it- a city, moreover, that had rebounded from wartime austerity and was experiencing a cultural and social ferment not seen since the 1920s. In the cobbled streets of the Latin Quarter, the heart of the student district, ‘bebop’ had arrived, **scandalizing the strait-laced with its ‘sensualism and immorality’**. Sidney Bechet’s New Orleans Jazzband played at the Vieux Colombier, just across from the rue St. Sulpice...where Claude Luter presided over all-night jam sessions at the Lorentais, sponsored by the **Hot Club de France**.



Weekday in Paris by Adolf von Menzel, 1869



Charles Delaunay of Hot Club de France in New York City 1946
Worked with French jazz giants Django Reinhardt and Stephane Grappelli

Coleman Hawkins was a legendary African-American saxophonist

Pg. 65

If Saloth Sâr remained inconspicuously in the background for his first two years in Paris, it was partly his character- as he put it many years later. ‘I did not wish to show myself’ - and partly because he had yet to find his role. He breathed *the ‘air of the times’*, as the French expression has it, **and was carried along, with little effort on his own part, by more assured, dynamic colleagues.**

Pg. 66

A few months after the Cercle was established, Sâr joined the French Communist Party... They attended lectures on communist policy given by PCF leaders in a hall near the Opera, and meetings of the PCF’s Cambodian ‘language group’, which included both Party members and sympathizers.

Pg. 72

Even the Vietnamese, fired up by their missionary endeavor to create a Khmer revolutionary movement were compelled to admit that conditions did not exist for ‘a socialist revolution’, or even a new-democratic revolution, but only [for] a revolution that is national in nature. For that, a different model was needed- which **Sâr discovered one weekend, browsing among *the second-hand* bookstalls that line the banks of the Seine near the Pont St. Michel.** Fifty years later, it was the one book from his Paris days whose title he could remember: The Great Revolution, by the Russian anarchist Prince Petr Kropotkin.

...For the '**national revolution**' which corresponded most closely to conditions in **Cambodia** was not that of China or Russia, but **the revolution of 1789**, launched by an alliance of bourgeois intellectuals and peasants against the rule of Louis XVI.

Pg. 73

...**The nation...was in servitude to royal despotism**, wrote **Alphonse Aulard** in his *History of France*, one of the most widely read school books in the 1930s and 1940s.

...**That was eighteenth-century France. This was twentieth-century Cambodia.**

Sihanouk himself was well aware of the precedent, but none of his subjects, nor even the French colonial administrators, seems to have made the connection between his methods of rule and those which brought Louis to the scaffold. With hindsight the parallels cry out. **But it was only when the young Cambodians came to France that they allowed themselves to think the unthinkable and the similarities began to register.**

The Mekong
Turbulent Past, Uncertain Future

By Milton Osborne [Grove Press; New York] 2000

Pg. 20

When he visited Cambodia **in 1959- second visit, for he had been there in 1930- the novelist Somerset Maugham** [born in Paris and his first tongue French; father a British diplomat, one of the most famous authors of the last century] followed the well-established path that led tourists to the imposing temple ruins of Angkor at their site close to the kingdom's Great Lake. Returning to Phnom Penh, and before a gathering of the

English-speaking community that hung on his every word, I heard him hand down his verdict. **‘No one,’ he said with trembling jaw, ‘ no one should die before they see Angkor.’**

Pg. 45

Although he was not the first European to see the temples of Angkor in the nineteenth century, **it was Henri Mouhot, the French explorer and naturalist, who alerted the Western world to their splendour after his visit in 1860.** This event and the reason for Mouhot’s success in publicizing the Angkor complex form a later part of the Mekong’s story.

Things Fall Apart

By Chinua Achebe [Penguin Books; New York] 1959

Pg. 175-176

“Perhaps I have been away too long,” Okonkwo said, almost to himself. “But I cannot understand these things you tell me. What is it that has happened to our people? **Why have they lost the power to fight?**”

“Have you not heard how the white man wiped out Abame? asked Obierika.

“I have heard,” said Okonkwo. “But I have also heard that Abame people were weak and foolish. Why did they not fight back? Had they no guns and machetes? We would be cowards to compare ourselves with the men of Abame. Their fathers had never dared to stand before our ancestors. We must fight these men and drive them from the land.

“It is already too late,” said Obierika sadly. **“Our own men and our sons have joined the ranks of the stranger. They have joined his religion and they help to uphold his government.** If we should try to drive out the white men in Umuofia we should find it easy. There are only two of them. But what of our own people who are following their way and have been given power? They would go to Umuru and bring the soldiers, and we would be like Abame.” He paused for a long time and then said: “I told you on my last visit to Mbanta how they hanged Aneto.”

“What has happened to that piece of land in dispute?” asked Okonkwo.

“The white man’s court has decided that it should belong to Nnama’s family who had given much money to the white man’s messengers and interpreters.”

“Does the white man understand our custom about land?”

“How can he when does not even speak our tongue? But he says that our customs are bad; and our own brothers who have taken up his religion also say that our customs who have taken up his religion also say that our customs are bad. How do you think we can fight when our own brothers have turned against us? The white man is very clever. He came quietly and peaceably with his religion. **We were amused with his foolishness and allowed him to stay.** Now he was won our brothers, and our clan can no longer act like one. **He has put a knife on the things that held us together and we have fallen apart.**

La Belle Creole

The Cuban Countess Who Captivated Havana, Madrid, and Paris

By Alina Garcia – Lapuerta [Chicago Review Press; Chicago] 2014

Pg. 163

There was a tremendous crush in the ballroom, during a momentary pause, the Comtesse M took me by the arm and to escape the stifling heat, carried me to the card room; there was also a curious inspection to be made as all the artistic, literary and political celebrities of the day were there....Madame M identified them each with a charming complacency, accompanying each name with a comment such as was often envied by the wittiest society chronicler....The ball was interrupted. **Liszt sat down at the piano**...the effect was magical; the sounds floated in the air like vapor.

The scene reflects a typical evening in the brilliant salon of the Comtesse M, as described in **Alexandre Dumas' early novel, *Pauline***. But who is the Comtesse M? Any contemporary reader who followed the light and fashionable sections in the newspapers would have immediately identified her as Mercedes. A world of change had once again swept through her life, but this time Mercedes had initiated the transformation.

Pg. 185-186

Mercedes would continue to appear in nineteenth-century literature. In his 1839 novel, *Béatrix* forgoes any subtlety by describing Madame Schontz as having the creole beauty of the Comtesse Merlin. In *The Girl with the Golden Eyes*, by the most melodramatic of these works, Balzac spins a lurid tale of murder, obsession, and depravity with more than a dash of the exotic creole. The Havana-born Mariquita, Marquise de San Real, married to an older Spaniard and brought to France, shares a passion for her slave/lover Paquita Valdés with a fashionable Parisian dandy- who is secretly her half-brother. After the bloody denouement, Mariquita announces that she will return to Spain to the convent of

Los Dolores. Since Balzac had never traveled to either Spain or Cuba, certain critics attribute his inspiration to his friendship with Mercedes – La Belle Créole.

Mercedes' salon also found its way into novels. Alexandre Dumas used it as the stage for an encounter between the two protagonists in *Pauline* (1838) with Mercedes herself appearing as a character and interacting in the scene. As late as 1876, the journalist Granier de Cassagnac titled the first chapter of *The Secret of the Chevalier de Médrane* as “A soirée at the home of Comtesse Merlin.”

The Mistress of Paris

The 19th-Century Courtesan Who Built an Empire on a Secret

By Catherine Hewitt [Thomas Dunne Books; St. Martin's Press; New York] 2015

Pg. 110-111

Many notable artists, **including Manet**, hosted regular evening gatherings in their homes or studios in the 19th century. **Friends and associates with connections to the art or literary world came together and joined in discussions on the serious matters of painting, politics and literature, as well as the more frivolous areas of society and current gossip.** Among the most fashionable private artistic gatherings in the 1870s were the Wednesday evening soirées that the Belgian painter Alfred Stevens and his wife held in their grand home on rue des Martyrs, just a short carriage ride from boulevard Malesherbes.



The Luncheon on the Grass/ Le déjeuner sur l'herbe, 1863

by Édouard Manet



Le déjeuner sur l'herbe, 1865–1866

Gustave Courbet, Frédéric Bazille and Camille Doncieux, first wife of the artist

Musée d'Orsay, Paris

by Claude Monet

Stevens had made a name for himself with his painting of fashionable Parisiennes, and his resulting fortune had translated into a beautifully furnished, 300,000-franc *hôtel particulier*. Guests arriving at the Stevenses could be sure of a warm welcome; the couple received cheerfully and spent liberally. Number 65 was the place to be seen, ‘the very essence of good taste’. With its fashionable oriental décor and the impressive display of paintings by artists familiar to Valtresse (notably her beloved Corot), Stevens’ residence provided the ideal backdrop to inspiring conversations about art and literature. The magnificent view of Stevens’ famous garden- an urban oasis with its pond, lush green lawn, tree-lined pathway and unusual, spherical metallic garden sculpture- merely added to the guests’ sense of comfort and well-being.

The host’s warmth and charm completed the evening. Stevens was a tall, handsome man, with broad shoulders and fine moustache, which gave him an attractive, Mediterranean appearance. His face conveyed his open and kindly disposition, and with his good looks, sociability and fortune, Stevens and his wife made friends wherever they went.

At a gathering like Stevens’, Valtresse could sip champagne and share lively conversations with anyone from the artists **Manet and Degas (who was godfather to Stevens’ daughter)** to the writers **Gustave Flaubert, Edmond de Goncourt and Alexandre Dumas fils**. In this more private environment, women were welcome.; Stevens was an enthusiastic supporter of female artists. Painters like Berthe Morisot and actresses including **Sarah Bernhardt** appreciated these intimate evenings. They gave bright women the opportunity to participate in the stimulating conversations from which they would otherwise be excluded.

Valtresse adored artists’ evening soirées. She attended more and more. As one introduction led to another, she began to expand her social network, befriending artists and meeting influential figures. Valtresse realized that valuable knowledge could be

gleaned at these gatherings. She could charm her way to advantageous deals over fine works of art. Her collections began to swell. Best of all, the art scene was teeming with men. They were men of talent, the sort of men typically associated with intrigue and passion. All represented potential acquisitions- and all were potential lovers. In this pool of paintings, money and men, Valtesse saw a marvelous opportunity.

The Girl Who Loved Camellias

The Life and Legend of Marie Duplessis

By Julie Kavanagh [Alfred A. Knopf; New York] 2013

Pg. 95

Women of a New Era

“In novels,” wrote Arsène Houssaye, “we find heroines who go hunting, carry arms, play the stock market, ride horses intrepidly and swim without fear. They light your cigar; they let you smoke only because they smoke themselves....**The days are over for women as they used to be- obedient, servile, in the shadows. Yesterday they ruled the home, today they rule the government.**”

Grandes Horizontales

The Life and Legends of Four Nineteenth-Century Courtesans

By Virginia Rounding [Bloomsbury; London] 2003

Pg. 18

Terms for Classes of Prostitutes

The words used to denote the various classes of prostitute and courtesan tell us something about the attitudes of those who employed them toward the women thus labeled. Most

noticeable is the number of words taking their provenance from the farmyard or the zoo, words which inevitably belittle the women to whom they are applied, lending them the characteristics of birds or animals, dehumanizing and depersonalizing them. At best the men using these terms are regarding these women as pets, and at worst as ravening beasts. One of the dictionary definitions of *grisette*, for instance, is ‘a species of warbler, lark, duck, weevil and butterfly’; applying this epithet to the young female worker who takes a paying lover emphasizes her triviality and lack of value- she is the little bird or butterfly a middle-class man can amuse himself with for a while. Slightly more substantial than the *grisette* was **the *cocotte*, a child’s word for ‘hen’ or for a piece of paper folded to resemble a hen, and applied to a professional courtesan.** A frequently used animal word for a courtesan was *biche*, literally ‘doe’ though *also used of a small bitch*. *Chameau*, literally camel, colloquially ‘cow’ or ‘bitch’, as used of a heartless woman out to exploit men, in contrast with ***camélias* which denoted the loving prostitute of whom Marie Duplessis- or, rather, the fictionalizing of her in *La Dame aux camélias*- became the prototype.**

Pg. 01-05

The Demi-Monde

The four courtesans or *grandes horizontales* whose lives and legends are examined in this book were all, in differing ways, representative of the demi-monde in nineteenth-century Paris – that is, of that half-world midway between respectable high society and the low life of the common prostitute. Demi-monde is a term suggestive of twilight, of a world of shifting appearances and shadow, where nothing is quite what it seems, a world between worlds. **Alexandre Dumas *fils* was the first to give the term wide currency in his play *Le Demi-monde*, first performed in March 1855,** and his strictures in the introduction to a later printed edition suggest that it, and its associated demi-mondaine (a woman belonging to the demi-monde), had soon come to be used rather more widely than he had himself intended. Dumas *fils* is at pains to establish ‘for dictionaries of the future’

that the **demi-monde** is not synonymous with the ‘mob of courtesans’, despite the fact that this how the term has been habitually deployed. **Rather, it is the class of the déclassé, a word denoting a person who had fallen in social status and thus become ‘declassed’.** Declassed women included victims of scandal, divorcees, women separated from or abandoned by husband or lover, ‘merry widows’, or foreign women whom the authorities might deport when it suited them. **According to Dumas *films*, a woman could not simply choose to join the demi-monde; rather, the circumstances of life may mean that she arrives in it without appearing to have exercised choice, or as a result of the choices she had made having more far-reaching consequences than she ever imagined.** He asserts that the demi-monde is in fact made up of ‘women of honorable stock who, as daughters, wives or mothers, were received and cherished as of right in the best families, and who deserted’. But even Dumas *films* does not wish to restrict the designation to such women, and so he concedes that the demi-monde also welcomes girls who started out in life with an error women who live with a man whose name they adopt, elegant and beautiful foreigners recommended and protected by an intimate friend, under his personal responsibility, and finally all those women who had roots in legitimate society, and whose fall has love as its excuse, as its sole excuse...

A demi-mondaine could not necessarily be identified by her appearance, and this could prove a difficulty to visitors to Paris. **Even that most expert of Parisians, the writer Maxime du Camp, could declare ‘one does not know today whether honest women are dressing like prostitutes, or prostitutes are dressed like honest women.’** The demi-monde knew how to copy the *haut monde* (the world of high society) and yet at the same time the *haut monde* was not above copying the half-world, particularly where fashionable dress was concerned. But the though the two worlds might on the surface seem indistinguishable, there was nevertheless a chasm fixed between them. There was a bridge over this chasm, but it led in one direction only: it was easy enough for a woman from the *haut monde* to fall and find herself in the demi-monde but no return journey was

possible, no way for a demi-mondaine to climb her way into high society, no matter what riches she might amass or works of charity she might undertake.

Where the definition proffered by Dumas *films* departs most significantly from the general usage of the term is in his insistence that the demi-mondaine does not accept money for her favors, that she ‘clings to this basic premise: “We give, we do not sell”’, and she is thus distinguished from the courtesan, whom love is a financial transaction. **In fact, despite Dumas *films*’ best efforts, the demi-mondaine and the courtesan have always been virtually indistinguishable**, and whatever else may remain in doubt about the women known as Marie Duplessis, Cora Pearl, La Païva and La Présidente, their willingness to accept money from the men in their lives (though in varying degrees, La Présidente presenting a markedly different case from the other three) is not in question.

Of these four women Marie Duplessis was the first to die in 1847 at only twenty-three years old. She thus missed out on **the golden age of the French courtesan**, though and perhaps be seen as its most significant forerunner. **That age was the Second Empire, the eighteen years from 1852 to 1870** when France was ruled by Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte, the Emperor Napoléon III, who was both the step-son and the nephew of the first Napoléon. (Napoléon III’s mother Hortense Beauharnais, was both the daughter of the Empress Josephine by her first and the wife of Napoléon I’s brother, Louis). **The ostentation and delight in show of that era**, along with the at least apparent prosperity, provided a perfect setting and encouragement for the opulent lifestyle of the pampered and glamorous courtesan, a type of which Cora Pearl and La Païva were notorious and highly successful examples. There was always an element of the ersatz, the not-quite real, about the world of Napoléon III and his court. **The Second Empire drew its legitimacy from the First, itself resulting from the extraordinary personal power and charisma of Napoléon I, and much of the court ceremonial and protocol of the Second Empire was merely an imitation of that of the First.** The supportive, if supercilious and

patronizing, comment of the Illustrated London News in August 1852 set the tone of what was to be **the prevailing judgment of the Second Empire and its 'showiness':**

When Louis-Napoléon was first heard of we had little respect for the man, and no expectation that he would succeed. Five years ago an outcast and an adventurer, forbidden even to tread the soil of France and now the controller of its fate, his success is the greatest marvel in the modern political world, full as that is of strange occurrences....If France can be guided to peace and kept tranquil by shows, shows may in the end be as useful to them as Parliaments...A theatrical Empire in France will be a pleasant show for the rest of Europe, if the French be satisfied by the representation, and their Emperor seek popularity and power only in pyrotechnical victories.

Thus the imperial court could be seen as mirroring or sharing some of the essence of the demi-monde, not only in its ostentation but also in its shadowiness, its sense of unreality and its flair for imitation, and the women, like La Païva, who rose to startling prominence through an accumulation of wealth about whose origins it was best not to enquire too closely shared some of the characteristics of **the Emperor who had arisen out of a lifetime of exile and relative anonymity** to claim what he considered to be the inheritance of his uncle and step-grandfather.

...Any account of a life is a story, affected by the interpretation, style and point of view of the teller and all previous tellers, and this accounts given of the lives of these women demonstrate this fictionalizing process particularly clearly, and none more so than those devoted to **Marie Duplessis who became the prototype of the virtuous courtesan through her portrayal as Marguerite Gautier in the novel by Alexander Dumas fils, *La Dame aux camélias***. Her identification with this romantic heroine affected all subsequent judgments and even physical descriptions of her, with the result that the 'real' Marie (who was also in part a fabrication of her own making) slipped into the shadows. The image she has become is almost entirely constructed of the words of others, the only

words we have direct from her consisting of one or two brief letters, the main evidence of her way of life being a stash of invoices found after her death.

Pg. 307-308

Amidst all the glamour of the courtesan, there is a tendency to forget that money is being exchanged for sex....It is also **an aspect of the demimonde that the actual nature of the transaction is veiled, semi-deliberately**; when the common prostitute solicits, it is clear that what is on offer is sex, **but when a demimondaine in looking for a protector, or even just a client, she is offering a whole package in which the sexual act is implicitly included but may be the one thing which is not overtly displayed - or, when it is displayed, it is done so in a statue, or on stage, or in stylized half-joking, half-erotic letters**. In other words, it is all a part of the show. There are signs that sex is what the transaction is fundamentally about- signs in the clothes she chooses to wear and, in particular, in her elaborate bed, sometimes designed to resemble a goddess's throne. We hear much talk about the proceeds of the sexual transaction, and the rewards for having sold one's body are expected to be ostentatiously paraded; but the actual sex stays hidden in the alcove. **In a sense she is selling far more than a prostitute**, for she is not much interested in a one-off transaction, involving only her body and only for an hour or so; **the whole package she has to offer is herself- and 'if there were not men who buy' she would not be able to do so**.

Pg. 314-315

The impossible was demanded of the demi-mondaine- that she should both display herself and not be seen. They were supposed to be like Marie Duplessis...

Such a world of double standards, of ostentation combined with secrecy, is mirrored in the physical nature of Second Empire Paris subjected to ‘Haussmanisation’, the glittering facades designed to conceal slums, great wealth co-existing alongside extremes of poverty, and that wealth itself of the here-today-gone-tomorrow variety. Moreover, in this world where sex is dressed up and flaunted, while being simultaneously hidden and discreet, the sewers become a tourist attraction, the dark side of the city there to be gazed upon, always provided it is controlled and packaged acceptably.

Pg. 309

...In his preface to *La Dame aux camélias* Dumas fils expressed how this **mere difference in circumstance could lead to a lifelong difference of reputation:**

A girl with no education, no profession and no bread, possessing nothing at all apart from **her youth, her heart and her beauty, sells it all to a man** foolish enough to clinch the deal. This girl has sealed her dishonor and **society excludes her forever.**

A well-brought up girl, born to a conventional family, with just about enough to live on, and clever and determined, **gets herself married to a man old enough to be her father or even her grandfather,** who she doesn't of course love, but who is immensely rich. She buries him after a month (there have been recent examples). This girl has made a good marriage, and **society receives her with open arms,** as wife and widow.

The Girl Who Loved Camellias

The Life and Legend of Marie Duplessis

By Julie Kavanagh [Alfred A. Knopf; New York] 2013

Pg. 03

Dumas himself was intrigued by the childlike Marie, and **his son Alexandre fell in love with her. Franz Liszt came to Paris for a week but was so bewitched by Marie that he stayed for three months** and remained romantically attached to her memory for the rest of his life. **Such was her fascination that her early death from consumption in 1847 was regarded as an event of national importance.** “For several days all questions political, artistic, commercial have been abandoned by the papers,” a bemused Charles Dickens wrote to a friend from Paris. “Everything is erased in the face of an incident which is far more important, the romantic death of one of the glories of the demi-monde, the beautiful, the famous Marie Duplessis.”

A year later, with the publication of *The Lady of the Camellias*, the novel Dumas *fil*s had based on her life, the *beau monde* was abuzz again. **Dumas père was a national institution in France, and people were curious to see whether the twenty-four-year-old was to follow his father’s lead.** He certainly had the elder Dumas’s lively style and flair for natural dialogue, as well as a freshness and sincerity of his own. But of even greater interest was the subject of the book itself. **Alexandre’s affair with Marie Duplessis was well known on the Boulevard, and so was the identity of the heroine he renamed Marguerite Gautier.** His descriptions of her are pure reportage. Whether sitting her in box at the theater with her signature bouquet of camellias or stepping into her pretty blue carriage, wrapped in a long cashmere, Marguerite was instantly recognizable as Marie: the same tall, thin physique, the same chaste oval face, black eyes, and dark arched brows. As intrigued then as now with the private lives of celebrities, the public read the fiction as fact, thrilled to be taken inside the demimondaine’s apartment, allowed to eavesdrop on scurrilous conversations at her dinner table, and be shown her rosewood furniture, Saxe figurines, Sevres china – even her boudoir with its costly array of gold and silver bottles. Marguerite’s friends and suitors also had their counterparts in

real life, the passionate young hero Armand Duval being a composite of two of Marie's lovers with elements of Alexandre himself.

In addition to his contemporary setting and characters, the young author drew on French literary tradition. He borrowed the plot device from Abbé Prévost's eighteenth-century novel *Manon Lescaut*, which has a narrator who learns the details of the young courtesan's plight from her grieving lover, and he also made Marguerite a descendant of Victor Hugo's redeemed courtesan Marion Delorme, who give up her wealthy protectors for an impoverished young man. During an idyllic country interlude, Marguerite devotes herself entirely to Armand, but Dumas *filz* had a more dramatic transformation in mind for her. In his only significant departure from the circumstances of Marie Duplessis's life, he invented a scene in which Armand's father, the personification of bourgeois morality, begs Marguerite to set his son free. It is a sacrifice she must make in order to save the reputation of the man she adores, but also for the sake of his pure young sister, whose marriage would be jeopardized by the scandal of Armand's relationship. This is the turning point of the story, and it makes a saint and martyr of the wanton heroine, crucially allowing her to be accepted, even pitied, by respectable nineteenth-century society.

Part social document, part romantic melodrama, both ahead of its time and rigidly conventional, **The Lady of the Camellias was an instant success.** Dumas *filz* had sold only fourteen copies of his first book, *Sins of Youth*, a collection of long poems, including one entitled "M.D.," which intimately details **what it was like to make love to Marie Duplessis.** Printed at his father's expense in 1847, it had passed unnoticed, whereas his novel received an advance of a thousand francs from the reputable firm of Cadot, whose first edition of 1,200 copies was quickly followed by a sell-out printing of another 1,500. **Having grown up in the shadow of his illustrious father,** Dumas *filz* was overjoyed by this first taste of literary fame, confessing, "I should have died of shame and jealousy if I had not contrived to acquire a little glory of my own."

The impact of the novel, though, was nothing compared with the sensation caused by the play. **It has been a three-year struggle to persuade a theater to take on *The Lady of the Camellias*, which Dumas *fil*s adapted in 1849.** His father's response had been ecstatic – “It's original! It's touching! It's audacious! It's new!,” he exclaimed as he tearfully embraced Alexandre, while **also warning him that his work was too authentic to be allowed onstage.**

Nepotism counted for nothing – **“I was the son of the greatest dramatic author of his time, no-one could have a more powerful protector, but I might as well have arrived from the provinces with an unknown name.”** Dumas *père* Théâtre Historique had been closed by 1850, and *The Lady of the Camellias* was turned down by the Gaité, the Ambigu-Comique, and the Gymnase, which had just mounted *Manon Lescaut*. Eventually, the new director of the Vaudeville accepted it, but it was immediately banned by the censors. **When Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte became president of the Second Republic in December 1851 [misleading: no mention of a *coup d'état* in December 1851- details in Part Two] the author's friendship with his half-brother, the Duke de Morny, helped force a cancellation of the veto, but he was told that it would make no difference; the audience would stop the play.** The actress cast as Marguerite, the Vaudeville diva, thirty-three-year-old Anais Fargueil, withdrew after the first reading, and the part was offered to the more suitable Eugénie Doche, a young beauty with something of a louche reputation. Armand, twenty-three-year-old Charles Fechter, was three years her junior, with all the bullish surliness of a conceited young star. When Dumas *fil*s suggested that in Act 4, Armand, overcome by , jealousy and anger, should fling Marguerite to the floor, Fechter refused. “It's impossible,” he said. “The public will never allow it.” Convinced of its effect, the author persisted until finally Fechter shrugged. “As the play will not get to that point, I might as well agree.”

Courtesans, romanticized by legend, had regularly been represented onstage, but only in a historical setting. Hugo's *Marion Delorme* took place in the time of Louis XIII, and

Scribe's Adrienne Lecouvreur was set in the eighteenth century, the actress-courtesan's own time. French theater, with its comedies in couplets and costume dramas portraying kings and cavaliers, was itself embalmed in the past and had never featured characters or situations taken from life. **Then suddenly, here was Dumas *fil*s, "a young scamp," transporting the audience directly into the demimonde, using actual dialogue and the spicy expressions of Left Bank cafés and dance halls.** Establishment figures, such as the Louvre's director, Horace de Viel-Castel, recoiled in horror. "This play is shameful...During the five acts *The Lady of the Camellias* unfolds before civilized people **the sordid details of the life of a prostitute. Nothing is left out...** The police, the government tolerate these scandals, and seem to ignore the fact that this will result in the demoralization of the public."

In fact, the public was enchanted. At its premiere **on 2 February 1852, the play received a thunderous ovation, and twenty thousand printed copies were sold almost overnight.** During the Vaudeville's first run of two hundred performances, Place de la Bourse was **blocked by carriages of *grandes dames* who found themselves weeping over the fate of a fallen woman**, plucking flowers from their corsages and throwing them onstage. Even innocent young girls, chaperoned by their nannies, went again and again, sitting in the upper boxes in floods of tears. "It was the first time I had heard of pocket-handkerchiefs as a provision for a play," wrote Henry James, who remembered as a small boy walking in the Palais-Royal with his cousins, American girls who lived in Paris, and envying them as they recounted how often they had sobbed while watching Mme Doche as Marguerite. Neither he nor they had any idea of the profession of the lady of the expensive flower, "but her title had a strange beauty and her story a strange meaning."

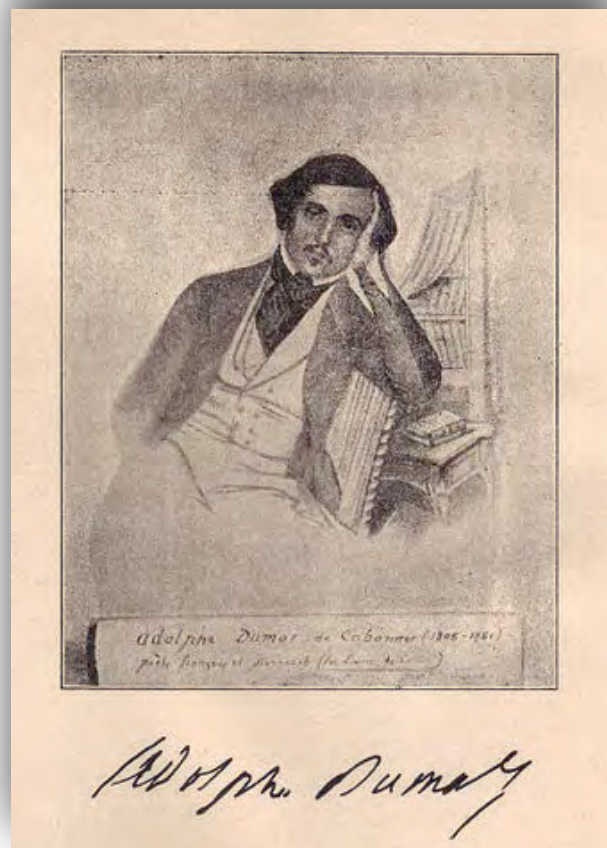
The fascination endured, and James wrote two essays on Dumas *fil*s, praising his naturalness as a dramatist and the brilliance of his dialogue. French contemporaries were

just as admiring. “It’s the new theatre- human, true and strange,” wrote Arsène Houssaye in his poem “Memories of Youth”:

This is no longer Dumas I; this is no longer ancient drama...

Dumas II, another life, another love, another source...

And even more tragic in its reality.



A. Dumas



Olympia by Édouard Manet, 1863

Making art out of what he saw and being true to his own time, Dumas *filis* had anticipated by more than a decade the momentousness of **Manet's painting *Olympia*, which provoked an uproar when it was shown in the Salon of 1865**. While also drawing on traditional precedents, **this brazen portrait of an odalisque and her black maid updates the idealized nude in a classical setting to a *grande horizontale*'s bedroom in Second Empire Paris**. With her immodest, confrontational stare Olympia is a modern woman (**supposedly the courtesan Marguerite Bellanger impersonated by Manet's model Victorine Meurent**). And, like Marguerite Gautier, she is not only an uncompromising embodiment of the present but a harbinger of the future. **Dumas *filis* had perfectly judged the appetite and readiness of his audience**; as James observed, "He could see the end of one era and the beginning of another and join hands luxuriously

with each.” The Lady of the Camellias became a theatrical phenomenon, bringing its young author the wealth and renown he craved.

Grandes Horizontales

By Virginia Rounding [Bloomsbury; London] 2003

Pg. 311

Marie [Duplessis] had arrived at her lover’s house at two o’clock without having forewarned him, and the Count had replied through his valet that he was out. She knew for certain he was not, and her vanity was cruelly hurt by this slight.

On the following day, Marie was taking her usual drive in the Champs-Élysées, in an uncovered barouche. The Count, who was on horseback, rode up to greet her. She averted her head and said to her driver, with a cold and mocking air:

‘Tell the Count I am not in.’

Grand Bordeaux Châteaux*

Inside the Fine Wine Estates of France

[Flammarion. S.A., Paris] 2016

Forward and Tasting Notes: **James Suckling**

Text: Philippe Chaix
Photography: Guillaume de Laubier

*** The type of large coffee table book to put us all in awe of the majesty of properties with luminous pedigrees. It can make most of us feel decidedly common and perhaps uncultured, put back on our heels.** The book is best enjoyed, as well, with a cup of English Breakfast Tea with an unrestrained obligatory melancholic sigh halfway through that can motivate one to find a brandy, medicinal, of course.

Back Cover:

From Lafite Rothschild to Pichon Baron, and from Cheval Blanc to Petrus, Bordeaux produces the world's finest wines. **This volume presents twelve of the region's most prestigious châteaux, featuring remarkable estates and the state-of-the-art cellars designed by internationally acclaimed architects and designers – including Norman Foster, Jean Nouvel, Christian de Portzamparc, and Jacques Garcia.- along with tasting notes from a renowned wine critic, to reveal a surprising, and contemporary portrait of Bordeaux wine today.**



Pg. 12

Château Lafite Rothschild

It was in 1974 that Éric de Rothschild took in hand the destiny of the château

- a *premier grand cru classe en 1855* (a first growth classified in 1855)- which has been property of his family since 1868. “Winegrower by predilection and banker by necessity” would be an apt description of this trailblazer [names] to immortalizing this estate, before introducing a touch of contemporary architecture in 1988 with brand new *chais*, or barrel aging rooms...



Portrait of Baroness de Rothschild by Jean-Auguste Dominique Ingres, 1848

Pg. 14

Lafite is the only estate to make every barrel it uses, **thus perpetuating the cooper's trade which dates back a thousand years.**

Pg. 29

Château Margaux

The château built by Louis Combes in 1810 can be glimpsed through the metal “branches” supporting the roof of the new wine storehouse, designed by Norman Foster, which opened in June 2015.

Foster's building glides unobtrusively, in perfect continuity with the old chais. **The peristyle of the nineteenth-century château can be seen in the background.**

According to the architect, he wanted to leave precedence to the château, and therefore chose to build a new chai under a large traditional roof concealing an open and versatile space.

Pg. 34

“The genius of the place consists in producing wines of inimitable aromatic finesse and complexity, of admirable density to the palate, and yet which remain astonishingly soft.”

- Paul Pontallier

Pg. 41

Margaux is the only classified growth to bear the name of its appellation. A rare example of French neo-Palladian style erected in the nineteenth century, the château **has been called the Versailles of the Médoc.** The most majestic in the entire region, its dazzling

Ionic peristyle can be seen at the end of the avenue of hundred-year-old plane trees. **The spirit of the place is bewitching, unique.**

Pg. 68

Château Pichon Baron

In 1850 Baron Raoul de Longueville inherited part of the property founded by his ancestors: this was to become the Domaine de Pichon-Longueville, the name changing to Pichon Baron in 2012. Proud of his heritage and ambitious on his own account, in 1851 the baron built a romantic estate in a Renaissance idiom.

Wherever there is a human being,
There are God-given rights inherent in that being,
Whatever may be the sex or complexion.

- William Lloyd Garrison, 1850

American Abolitionist

Pg. 18

Lafite is an authentic château, complete with towers and a terrace bordered by balustrade. Magnificently exposed and dominating farm buildings and the vineyard, the château exudes an air of serenity exclusive to building with a venerable history. The estate occupies the prettiest hillocks of Pauillac. As Éric de Rothschild wrote, “Lafite is harmony between nature and man.”

Château Montrose
The Spirit of the Eighteenth Century

Pg. 72

Legend has it that the château is called Montrose due to its immediately recognizable hillocks which are covered in rose-pink heather that served as a landmark for sailors on the Garonne river.

...Entering via the courtyard, visitors are struck by what is a simultaneous tribute to the French grand style of the eighteenth-century Enlightenment, to the cult of the great wines laid down in their stone monastery, and to an architectural simplicity that make one forget what a technical tour de force it really is...

Becoming famous overnight, the new cellar at Montrose is a truly extraordinary monument: it is, in Paul Valéry's words, "a building that speaks."

Pg. 88

Château Cos d'Estournel

Once upon a time there was a dandified marquis from Bordeaux who had eyes only for Indies, his horses, and his wine. Louis-Gaspard d'Estournel, known as **"Maharajah of Saint-Éstephe,"** was born in the reign of Louis XV (1762) and died, penniless, during that of Napoléon III...

Pg. 130

Château Petrus

An image of Greece: "Wine, the everyday drink of some Mediterranean countries," as **Hugh Johnson**, the great historian of vines and wine, reminds us, has become, **over the last thirty years, a cultural artifact – a luxury product and the epitome of**

globalization. Its Greco-Roman origins are rehearsed here: amphorae, olive trees, and the coursed stone paving redolent of the *viae romanae* on which our roads are built.

Sade

The Invention of the Libertine Body

By Marcel Hénaff [U. of Minnesota Press] 1999

>>> IMPORTANT <<<

P. 147-148

The privileged setting for Sadean libertinism is the château: “In a novelistic universe where the picturesque holds no interest, the château is the only backdrop described in abundant detail. It is much more than décor; it is desire’s setting itself.” The sign *par excellence* of nobility, the château also designates the libertine’s favorite class, along with the rights, privileges, and expectations of that class. Of the châteaux described, some, theaters for garden-variety *parties fines*, do have the charm and openness of eighteenth- century buildings, **but the château is usually a medieval fortress with thick layered walls, and impassable moat, a bare stone interior, blocked off with iron bars and fitted out with a dungeon.** Examples would be the châteaux of **Rolland**, Minski, and Brisatesta, but especially their perfect model, as it were: **the château at Silling**, situated in the heart of the Black Forest, protected by precipices and high walls, and accessible only by foot, and then only with a guide. As if all that were not enough, the bridge from the mountain is torn down as soon as the four masters and their subjects are inside...

This simulated state of siege (“as within a besieged citadel”) permits all the signs of a feudal fortress to be summoned up at once, with all their historical implications:

The military signs are the system of defense, cloistering, and inaccessibility. This recourse to military signs is taken in spite of their futility (an actual attack is very unlikely, as acknowledged in the rather paradoxical formulation “in order to forestall external attack, which was little dreaded”), and this certainly shows that **intention here is to indicate feudalism to the extent that it originates in military power, from which, historically, it drew its legitimacy.**

The political signs make their appearance in the masters’ whims. The state of siege is an exceptional state; **the château, cut off from the outside world, knows no law but the law of its leader or leaders. The leaders of Silling go to extremes in exploiting their unlimited right to capriciousness. The citadel becomes a prison for the victims of “pleasure.”** Silling does reveal its resemblance to the Bastille, but this Bastille is infinitely worse than the original one, as we learn right from the outset from the speech that the Duc de Blangis delivers to the residents:

You are enclosed in an impregnable citadel; no one on earth knows you are here, you are beyond the reach of your friends, of your kin; insofar as the world is concerned, you are already dead, and if yet you breathe, ‘tis by our pleasure, and for it only.

The economic signs contain two elements: autarky and luxury. The state of siege pushes the limits of the feudal domain’s whole working model, whose goal is, on the one hand, to secure self-sufficiency of production and, on the other, to guarantee the masters lavish consumption of the goods produced by serfdom. **Silling, doomed in its simulated state of siege to live on its reserves, consumes prodigious amounts of them – not just extravagant food and drink but also, as we shall see, speeches and bodies.**

Sade’s text, because it was contemporary with the French Revolution of 1789, was also contemporary with the whole process of the break that was taking place between the

capitalist mode of production, which was then in rapid development, and those elements of the feudal mode of production that were still in existence, particularly those form of the political establishment- such as the monarchy, nobiliary power, and ecclesiastical power – that were linked to it. From the regency of Philippe d’Orleans until the end of the eighteenth century, more and more signs pointed to the noble’s awareness of their irreversible decline and to their correspondingly obstinate, panicked attempt to maintain their threatened privileges at all costs and drain them down to the dregs. Against this backdrop- ultimate defiance, and the mortal agony of a system - Sade draws his libertine figures, giving them a degree of power and privilege that would have been unthinkable outside feudalism. **Even if rich commoners do gain access to true libertinism (for money always leads to power), the authentic heirs of feudalism – the nobles – always have more of a gift for it, as far as Sade is concerned.** And so it is as Silling: **Durcet, the banker, who represents the rising power of capital, is the owner of the château, but the Duc de Blangis is the one who really feels at home there.** He controls its defenses and becomes the undisputed leader; he is the one who gives the orders and the welcoming speeches. **Sexually, he is the more vigorous and better endowed of the two.** Among the four Friend’s daughters, his alone will be saved, having proved herself a true libertine. This is class solidarity and privilege, and its logic is infallibly applied. If we recall, briefly the forms taken by feudalism, we can understand the primary economic and political theory implied in the social workings of Sadean libertinism.

Gangster Warlords

By Ioan Grillo [Bloomsbury; London & New York] 2016

Pg. 164

The word “**warlord**” sounds like an ancient term, describing Genghis Khan or Hannibal. But it turns out it’s relatively modern. **Ralph Waldo Emerson probably coined it in an 1856 collection of essays called *English Traits*.** He uses it to illustrate the

transformation of English aristocrats *from violent feudal lords and buccaneers to statesmen and merchants.*

“Piracy and war gave place to trade, politics and letters; the war-lord to the law-lord.”

This use of the term indicates knights who won riches and controlled fiefs with the sword in days before the modern state was born.

The Black Count

By Tom Reiss [Crown Publishers; New York] 2012

Pg. 05

January 25, 2007

“I am afraid the situation is most delicate,” the deputy mayor was saying to me. “And most unfortunate.”

Fabrice Dufour, the deputy mayor of the cobblestoned town of Villers-Cotterêts, wore a pained expression. He was in charge of town’s cultural heritage, which, notwithstanding its modest appearance, was considerable. It included a brief moment at the center of power in *Ancien Régime* France, when, upon the death of Louis XIV in 1715, his nephew Philippe, the Duke d’Orléans and regent to the five-year-old Louis XV, decided the court should spend as much time here as possible. **The gray little town fifty miles [80 km] north of Paris acquired an outsized reputation for royal scandal, misbehavior, and debauchery, which in eighteenth-century France was saying something.** The early Renaissance château looming over the office where I sat had been the scene of nude dinner parties and large-scale orgies involving bondage, the co-mingling of royals and townsfolk, and the help of professionals both male and female. These festivities were

referred to as “Adam and Eve nights,” and one courtier recalled that, “after the champagne, the lights were turned out and the unclothed company proceeded to indulge in mutual flagellation, seeking their partners as the fortune of the dark dictated and with a thoroughness which diverted His Highness immensely.

The World Encyclopedia of Wine

By Stuart Walton [Smithmark Publishers; New York] 1996

Pg. 99

The infamous Bordeaux classification formulated for the **Paris Exhibition of 1855** remains the principal determining factor in the pricing of these wines; the five-tier hierarchy is in fact based on the market values of the wines when **the list was originally drawn up at the behest of Napoléon III....**

Although much of the classification still holds good, **properties do change hands, new winemakers are employed, different wine making philosophies are explored, and the performances of individual château inevitably fluctuate.** Since the Bordelais themselves look likely never to amend the 1855 classification for fear of unleashing a vinous Armageddon, it is left to individuals to offer their own periodic reassessments. This is a practice positively encouraged by the president of the regional organization for the top brass, **the *Syndicat des Crus Classes* (what you might call Club 1855)...**



Portrait of Napoléon III (Age 60)

by Adolphe Yvon, **1868**

Birth of Belgium

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Belgium

In 1830, the Belgian Revolution led to the separation of the Southern Provinces from the Netherlands and to the establishment of a Catholic and bourgeois, **officially French-speaking and neutral**, independent Belgium under a provisional government and a national congress. **Since the installation of Leopold I as king on 21 July 1831, now celebrated as Belgium's National Day, Belgium has been a constitutional monarchy and parliamentary democracy, with a laicist constitution based on the Napoleonic code.**

The Franco-Prussian War The German Conquest of France, 1870-1871

By Geoffrey Wawro [Cambridge University Press; New York] 2003, 2005

Pg. 26

By the late 1860s, Louis-Napoléon's Second Empire was sinking in to a morass of impropriety. The Prussian military attache's account of **the Carnival ball in February 1870 offered a glimpse of it:** Napoléon III, 'fat, affable, but fragile,' moving ponderously among his guests, speaking slowly as if stricken, **drunken officers reeling around the ballroom, prostitutes dancing the can-can, everyone collapsing on a wrack on champagne bottles at dawn.** Ministers and diplomats who approached the

French Emperor found him languid, his left arm withered and useless, **his eyes glazed over with pain and opiates. The fatigue, drugs and peccadillos were all the more alarming because they accompanied *a string of foreign policy fiascos*.** In 1863, the emperor had tried and failed to reconstitute an independent Poland. In 1866, he had failed to wrest territory from the Prussians after Koniggratz. **In 1867, he had failed to annex Belgium and Luxembourg, and military reverses half a world away had forced him to pull French troops out of Mexico,** where he had squandered 360 million francs (\$ 1.1 billion) trying to establish a French satellite state in Central America. Only the French peasants, who did not generally read, let alone read newspapers, would have retained much faith in Napoléon III's government.

The so-called **Liberal Empire of 1869-70** flowed from those disastrous spring elections. At first, the French emperor pretended to ignore the results, but a strike wave, more embarrassing defeats in by-elections, and scandal involving a Bonaparte forced his hand. In January 1870, Napoléon III's cousin, **Prince Pierre-Napoléon Bonaparte, shot and killed a republican journalist** who had arrived on his doorstep for an impromptu interview. The slain reporter's funeral became **the focal point of violent anti-imperial demonstrations.** In Paris, crowds smashed window, overturned buses, lit bonfires, and began building barricades in traditional French revolutionary style. This time they were defeated by the city-planning of Napoléon III and his chief prefect, Baron Georges Haussmann, who had **rebuilt Paris in the 1860s to create open spaces and facilitate the work of a counter-revolution.** Still the violence was impressive, and on the worst night, when the bonfires approached the emperor's own Tuileries palace, Napoléon III astonished his guards by appearing fully uniformed and ringed by his adjutants at 2 am. He was preparing to ride out to crush the revolution.

Pg. 08

As Emperor of the French in the 1850s and 1860s, Napoléon III presided over a great economic expansion. Consumption of agricultural and industrial products increased across the board as Europe shrugged off a long recession. Louis-Napoléon primed the pump, scrapping tariffs and other taxes and founding new savings banks to soak up rural savings and channel the deposits into the French economy. Under Napoléon III, the French railway network quintupled from 2,000 miles of track in 1851 to 10,600 miles in 1870 [think Rothschilds]. **The emperor's most lasting act, and the one that aesthetically made Paris the 'capital of Europe,' was Louis-Napoléon's decision to demolish whole quarters of Paris and rebuild them in the grand neo-Renaissance style that came to be identified with the Second Empire.** Medieval warrens were split open with broad new boulevards flanked by palatial mansions, office buildings, and department stores. This reconstruction of Paris and the other cities and towns of France cost 5 billion francs, which was an astonishing sum equal to \$ 15 billion today.

Pg. 03

France in the 1860s formed a glittering contrast to Prussia. **The so-called capital of Europe, Paris was the stately *métropole* of a united, fiercely nationalistic nation with colonies in Africa, the Caribbean, and Indochina.** With twice the inhabitants of Berlin, Paris had a population of 1.8 million and shimmered in architectural treasures and a rich history that reached back a thousand years. Whereas Prussia appeared rough and haphazardly formed – Voltaire had snidely called it a “kingdom of border strips”- everything about France bespoke of elegance and solidity. With its natural frontiers on the sea, Vosges, Alps, and the Pyrenées and its 800 years as a unified state, ***France had cultivated a uniquely rich culture founded on food, wine, temperate weather, fashion,***

music and language. But this cultural supremacy – now anchored in the 20,000 cafés of Paris and the trend-setting *grands magasins* – had always been the case, hence the ambition of every German tourist (and soldier) to ‘live like a god in France.’ **What gave France the appearance of strategic mastery in the 1860s, what made France ‘the umpire of Europe,’ was the ambitious régime of Louis-Napoléon.**

Pg. 09-14

Belgium and France

The renovated capital fit the new emperor’s grand vision of France. The nation had never really recovered from the defeat and humiliation of 1815. Territory had been lost to the Dutch, Germans, and Piedmontese. France had been relegated to a subordinate political position in Europe, beneath the world’s richest power, Great Britain, and the so-called gendarmes of the Continent: Russia and Austria. Though the intervening governments of the Bourbon Restoration (1815-30) and July Monarchy (1830-48) had attempted to restore France’s prestige and influence, they had largely failed; the Bourbons had acquired Algiers, but nothing more. In 1830, Louis-Philippe had actually besieged Antwerp to drive out the Dutch but then balked when offered the former French-speaking borderland lost in 1815. Faced with British opposition, he had characteristically backed down. **The new state of Belgium was the result, a permanent, rather embarrassing reminder of France’s waning power.** Louis-Napoléon was determined to change all of this. Indeed, people voted for him in the elections of 1848 and the plebiscites of 1851 and 1852 affirming **the “authoritarian presidency”** and the empire was his commitment to *la grande France*, that is a France that would again dictate to the rest of Europe.

No doubt many voters had deluded themselves that the name Napoléon alone would accomplish this, but not Louis-Napoléon. The position of France had radically changed since the time of his uncle. Whereas the France of Napoléon I had easily overshadowed the rest of Europe in population, military might, and pre-industrial resources, **the balance**

had shifted to the detriment of Napoléon III's France. Now France, with its population of 35 million, was a thoroughly average great power. Still more worrisome was the slow industrialization of France, a nation of artisans and small shopkeepers, who jealously defended their incomes against the encroachments of the machine age and department store. Although this latter quality preserved the charming atmosphere of the French town and village, with cobblers hammering away at their benches and blacksmiths stoking their fires, it retarded France's economic growth, and put fewer resources in the hand of the new emperor. **What, then, could the emperor possibly do to restore French prestige and leadership?** That which he had always done well: plotting and intrigue. Rather than confront Britain and the gendarmes directly, he would reduce their power by indirect means: limited wars, conspiracies, and diplomacy.

For this, Louis-Napoléon had a strategy. He had spent his many years of exile and prison extracting what he called *idées napoléoniennes*- Napoleonic ideas- from the wreckage of his uncle's failed empire. **The essence of the ideas was this: to restore French power**, a new Napoléon needed to finish the work begun by the first Napoléon, namely destroy or weaken the repressive, multi-national empires of Russia and Austria and encourage **the formation of liberal new nation-states in their place that would rally around France**. Healthy Polish, German, Czech, and Italian nation-states would be cut from the "corpses" of Austria and Russia, and would place themselves at the side of France from a combination of gratitude and admiration. **The emperor's ultimate aim was nothing less than a "United States of Europe," whose capital would be the grandly rebuilt Paris**. The strategy was audacious, but not as far-fetched as it seemed at first blush. It was based on Louis-Napoléon penetrating critique of his uncle, who, in the new emperor's eyes, had *betrayed* the Napoleonic promise by first liberating and then enslaving the peoples of Europe. Promises of a liberalizing "Napoleonic project" for Europe and been dripped after the great victories at Austerlitz (1805), Jena (1806), and Friedland (1807), which had left Napoléon I master of the Continent. Thereafter the First Empire had slipped into corruption and war-mongering, earning the hatred of almost

everyone in Europe by the end. **Napoléon III vowed to improve on that record; he would free the peoples of Europe and leave them free, so long as they accepted French leadership.**

To maintain primacy and control in Italy and assure the subservience of Piedmont, Napoléon III planned to cut the rest of Italy into French-sponsored satellite states.

...What these Bonapartist plans for Italy in the 1860s proved more than anything else was the hollowness of Louis-Napoléon's *idées napoléoniennes* ...He had sold the war of 1859 to a skeptical French public with the promise that he was "liberating" the Italians from Austrian rule, a gift of French civilization. How could he now reasonably fight a war with Piedmont to stop Turin from "liberating" the rest of Italy? The French emperor, therefore, made the best of a flawed outcome. **He sponsored parades, carnivals, and illuminations all over France to celebrate Italian unification, which he belatedly trumpeted as a French achievement.** Meanwhile, Louis-Napoléon searched for another pawn, someone who would join more sincerely than Cavour in the French-directed reconstruction of Europe. In 1862, he felt certain that he had found just such a client in the newly appointed Prussian minister president, **Count Otto von Bismarck.**

Bismarck, born to middling Prussian nobility on April Fool's Day 1815, was a shrewd man, every inch as creative, daring, and supple as Cavour. **He took a realistic view of diplomacy and politics,** which he called "the capacity to choose in each fleeting moment of a situation that which is...most opportune." This, in a nutshell, was *Realpolitik*; a perfect example of it was **Bismarck's controversial decision to seek – or appear to seek- a French alliance in the 1850s when he was Prussian ambassador in Paris.** Although the Germans had viewed the French with loathing since the Napoleonic Wars- when Bonaparte had subjugated and plundered the German states to facilitate his wars of expansion- Bismarck saw opportunity in Napoléon III. **His meetings with Louis-Napoléon in 1855 and 1857 satisfied Bismarck that the rather dilettantish Napoléon**

III was not the mortal threat that his uncle had been. Moreover, Bismarck instinctively grasped that Louis-Napoléon's avowal of the "national principle" and his hostility toward Russia and Austria – the "prisons of the nations" – were policies that Prussia could exploit. **Just as Cavour had pretended to be Louis-Napoléon's pawn in Italy, Bismarck could play the same game in Germany.** In June 1862, he dined at the Tuileries with Napoléon III and patiently heard the emperor's arguments that Prussia would solve its internal problems **by embracing a "German national policy" underwritten and directed by France.** The project was similar to the one offered Cavour in 1858. The "border rectifications" sought by Napoléon III – were the equivalents of Nice and Savoy; their annexation would push France up to the Rhine and make Prussia vulnerable ever after to a French invasion.

Bismarck's genius as a statesman was never more apparent than in the dangerous 1860s. Alternately pressed by the Austrians to accept Habsburg leadership in Germany and by the French to break with the Austrians and reorganize the German states in league with Paris, Bismarck deftly juggled the two powers.... **In October 1865, Bismarck met secretly with Napoléon III at Biarritz and plotted a war with Austria.** Though the meeting was much vaguer than Plobieres in 1858, Bismarck left it confident that the French emperor approved of an Austro-Prussian war, and would not resist Prussian expansion in northern Germany afterward. Napoléon III seemed genuinely to believe that Prussia, more than any other German state, embodied "German nationalism, reform and progress," the judgment of one of his advisors in 1860. Furthermore, it appeared in 1865 that Louis-Napoléon might agree to anything that would shatter the Austro-Prussian entente displayed in the Danish War; this old alliance of the two German great powers "hemmed France in" and solidified borders in Germany and elsewhere that the French emperor was determined to change. Of course, with Bismarck as with Cavour, Napoléon III demanded something in return for French "benevolence." ...His rear secure, **Bismarck engineered a war with Austria in 1866.**

Disliked by virtually everyone but the king, Bismarck staked his career on the Austro-Prussian War. If he could beat the Austrians...he would silence his critics.

Although military experts predicted an Austrian victory, the Prussians launched a crushing offensive...Attacked on two fronts – by the Prussians in Bohemia and by the 200,000 Italy troops in Venetia struggling to complete national unification- the Austrian army sagged under the pressure. **That last week of June 1866 was the moment when Napoléon III finally awakened to the threat posed by Prussia.**

France gaped in astonishment. **Almost overnight a rather small and manageable neighbor had become an industrial and military colossus.** “Germany” an innocuous land of thinkers, artists, and poets, of dreamy landscapes and romantic oafs like Balzac’s Schmucke, stood on the brink of real unification under a tough, no-nonsense military régime. Napoléon III’s cabinet- stunned by the outcome at Koniggratz – demanded that the emperor take immediate counter measures.

...Because he had expected the big Austrian and Prussian armies to trade blows through the summer, fall, and winter, and into 1867, **he had procured no supplies for an 1866 campaign and had left his combat troops scattered across the globe: 63,000 in Algeria, 28,000 in Mexico, 8,000 in Rome and 2,000 in Indochina [101,000 total troops]**. Infantry companies in France had been drawn down to less than half their usual strength, netting Louis-Napoléon scarcely 100,000 troops after Koniggratz. Prussia’s army, flush with victory, was three times larger.

Bismarck had cunningly played the part of protégé for time – weighing French offers of Germany territory in exchange for Prussian participation in an anti-English alliance – but did this primarily to discourage French intervention in an Austro-Prussian conflict. Once Austria was beaten in 1866, Bismarck joltingly reversed course, ignoring Napoléon III’s wishes and even needling the French emperor in the hope he too might be induced to

declare war on Prussia. In Bismarck's view, the political and cultural obstacles separating Germany's Protestant north and Catholic south might take years, even decades to overcome, but **a French invasion, a Napoleonic invasion no less**, would smash them down in an instant. Francophobia lingering from the Napoleonic Wars – when the French had taxed and looted the German states and forced 250,000 Germans into French military service – would set the machinery of the North German Confederation in motion and put the armies of the German south at Bismarck's disposal.

“Great crises provide the weather for Prussia's growth,” was a Bismarck maxim. What he meant was that Prussia needed occasional European dustups to obscure the threat of German unification from the other powers and divert attention from Prussia's creeping borders. When Prussia had fought Austria in 1866, the contest had seemed so even that none of the other powers had bothered to take a side, permitting Prussia to isolate Austria, beat it to the ground, and dissolve the German Confederation. The same calculation might apply in a Franco-Prussian war. France seemed so powerful, and had foolishly publicized its desire for Belgium, Luxembourg, and the Rhineland after Koniggratz. In the crucial years after 1866, these territorial ambitions made France appear more threatening than Prussia.

Therefore, the Franco-Prussian War arose from Napoléon III's need to teach the Prussians a lesson and **Bismarck's overlapping need to foment a war with the French in order to complete the process of German unification**.... The annual Franco-Prussian crises after 1866 revealed the fragility of the “armistice,” but also Count Bismarck's extraordinary skill as a statesman.

Freshly returned from Mexico, Marshal Achille Bazaine was briefed on events in Europe by General Charles Frossard, who told Bazaine that war with the Prussians ‘would almost certainly come in 1867.’”

Dining with his officers at Châlons in September 1868, **Napoléon III raised a glass of Rhine wine, pointed to the east, and said: “Gentlemen, I hope that you yourselves will shortly be harvesting this wine.”** As in the Luxembourg affair [March 1867; denounced as another ill-conceived French land grab of German lands by Bismarck] this French saber-rattling was all that Bismarck could have hoped for.

Prussia now had great cities – Berlin, Königsberg, Breslau, Dortmund, Düsseldorf, and Cologne- and **was producing more coal and steel in a year than France, Russia, or Austria.** Moreover, with 5,000 miles of track, it had a more extensive railway network than any of its three great neighbors, an advantage that would only increase in the next decade. The Prussian population was determinedly growing, in absolute and relative terms. In 1866, Prussia had 19 million inhabitants; this was more than half the French population of 35 million and the Austrian population of 33 million....**Berlin’s involvement with the other German states was cause for concern.** Excluding the Germans of Austria...if Prussia ever unified them [lesser states], **the new state would be the most powerful in Europe [with an additional 20 million].**

In the Shadow of the Sword

The Battle for Global Empire and the End of the Ancient World

By Tom Holland [Abacus; London] 2012

Pg. 140-141

...**The Romans**, despite the brutal and ravaging quality of their ascent to greatness, had always sheltered, at the back of their minds, **the vague but gratifying conviction that their conquest of the world had been for the world’s own good.** No one had expressed this more stirring than a poet named Virgil. Back in the first flush of Rome’s global rule, he had written the *Aeneid*, a sweeping epic in which the Romans were ringingly admonished never to forget their god-given duty: ‘to impose the works and ways of

peace, to spare the vanquished and to overthrow the haughty by means of war'. A mission statement calculated to delight the Romans themselves, of course; yet also with a resonance that was more than merely Roman. Virgil's epic, as its title suggested, told the story of Aeneas; and while certainly looked forward to the age when the descendants of the Trojan prince would rule the world, it looked back as well, to a heritage that derived from the East. Nor was it only Roman poets who bought into the seemingly implausible notion that an empire won amid slaughter and exploitation might embody a brotherhood of man: so too did Greek philosophers. Posidonius, a near-contemporary of Virgil, had been the first of many to suggest that Rome's dominion might be nothing less than an earthly reflection of the order of the cosmos. This notion, by the time of the Roman millennium, had come almost to be taken for granted. Rome had indeed, for a period of some two centuries, imposed 'the works and ways of peace'. **Never in recorded history had so many people lived for so long without experience of war.** Given this, it was hardly surprising that distant provincials had become proud to call themselves 'Roman' and hymned the world's capital its gratitude. 'Everywhere, you have made citizens of those who rank as the noblest, most accomplished and powerful of peoples...All the world has been adorned by you as a pleasure garden.'

Except that increasingly, by the time of Rome's millennium. There were weeds in the garden, and brambles. The order that for so long had kept it flourishing had slumped into disrepair. Repeatedly, over the preceding half-century, soldier's boots had trampled down its blooms. The decade immediately preceding the millennium had been particularly brutal. Rival generals had butchered one another with a wearying degree of savagery. The Roman people, standing the shadow of the millennium, were perfectly entitled to shiver. They knew full well the ghosts that were being roused. A talent for imposing order was their only inheritance from the distant past. So too was civil bloodshed. Romulus, the founder of Rome, had murdered his own twin brother. The line of kings that succeeded him had then been ended by a *coup d'état*, and the monarchy abolished. The republic that replaced it, and which had one to conquer the world, had itself, some four and a half

centuries on from its establishment, collapsed amid murderous violence. The ambitions of the rival generals- *imperatores*- had made the whole world bleed. Many at the time had thought Rome herself doomed; and perhaps should have been, had not a particularly ruthless imperator by the name of **Caesar** planted the banner of autocracy atop the corpse-littered rubble of the republic, and **founded a second monarchy**.

Augustus, he called himself- the ‘**Divinely Favoured One**’. An immodest title – but will merited. Indeed, it was the measure of his success that word imperator itself evolved, over the course of his reign, to mean something more than ‘general’: **what we, in an echo of the original Latin, now term ‘emperor’**. Virgil, who began his great epic at least in part due to the promptings of Augustus, hailed his patron as a man fated to ‘bring back the Age of Gold’- and an age of gold, by and large, was precisely what the world had been given....All the more alarming for the Romans, then, as the millennium was ushered in amid the scrabbling after power by would-be Caesars, to imagine that gold might be reverting to iron, and evolution going into reverse: that emperors might once again come to rank as nothing more than rival warlords.

Pg. 147-148

...Although the people who lived on the site would continue to call themselves Byzantines, Byzantium itself had ceased to exist. On 11 May 330, amid a triumphant blaze of immodesty, it founder formally inaugurated it as the ‘City of Constantine’: Constantinople.

Initially, of course, the inhabitants of the original Rome could hardly help but find the pretensions of this arriviste settlement faintly risible. **Everyone knew that a city without an ancient pedigree barely ranked as a city at all**. Rapidly though the population of Constantinople was soon growing, far more rapidly even than its founder had anticipated, so that in only a few decades it was bursting the landward walls he had built for the city, yet there still lurked, among those who lived there, a queasy consciousness of

their own status as upstarts. Numerous efforts were made to counter this. Constantine himself – determined to purloin for his foundation the heritage that it so glaringly lacked – had stripped the Greek world bare of all its greatest treasures. The public spaces of Constantinople, adorned with famous trophies and statuary, ‘brazen statues of the most exquisite workmanship’, had come to rank as the world’s most stupefying museum. **The city had even taken on the ultimate challenge: go toe-to-toe with Rome herself.**

Topographers, with a show of considerable creativity, had succeeded in establishing that Constantinople, just like her venerable predecessor, boasted seven hills. Architects had designed for her all the appurtenances of a cutting-edge imperial capital: palaces, forums, baths. Engineers had provided her with the aqueducts and harbours that any city with an ambition to equal Rome would require, if its inhabitants were to be kept watered and fed. Most strikingly of all, perhaps, Constantinople had been endowed with an ornament hitherto unique to Rome: an assembly of the great and good by the name of the **Senate**. This was the body, back in the distant past, long before the time of Augustus and the forging of his autocracy, that had guided Rome to the master of the world. **It constituted a living link with the most primordial days of the empire.** Now the establishment of a Senate in Constantinople, and a Senate House, gave to the city a touch, however faint of the long-vanished republic. **It helped to put flesh on the bones of its proud claim to be the Second Rome.**

Pg. 155

>>> IMPORTANT <<<

Perhaps it was no surprise, then, that supreme power, in the empire of the Romans, had come to wear a civilian face. **The age of Constantine, when an emperor was expected to live and die by the sword, was long past.** The surest measure of what had been achieved back in that wrenching period of upheaval; was precisely that it was now bureaucrats, and not soldiers, who ran the show. The warrior kings of *Iranshahr* found no equivalent in Constantinople. Rare now was the Caesar who rode out to war. An emperor best kept his grip upon the Roman state, not at the head of an army, but in a council chamber. In fact, it

was perfectly possible for an emperor to have begun his career as a civil servant himself. Anastasius, whose niggardly bean-counting had so antagonized Kavad, had originally been a senior functionary in the imperial secretariat. Admirers who sought to praise him in heroic terms found themselves reduced to hailing his baldness: 'his forehead gleams like silver'. **By the time of his death in 518, had managed to accumulate an astounding reserved of some 320,000 pounds of gold: *an achievement worth any number of victories in the battlefield.***

Pg. 97

...Urgent though it clearly was to secure the unity of the Church, it was no less urgent to ensure the continued loyalty of Egypt- and thereby secure for the vast population of Constantinople, and the soldiers of the eastern front, the incomparable harvests sprung from the flood-plains of the Nile. Every year, gliding downriver to Alexandria, great fleets of barges would bring hundreds upon thousands of tons of grain; and every year, giant ships would then transport the precious cargo onwards to the capital. Alexandria might have been a marble-clad cosmopolis of lecture and churches; but she was no less an entrepôt of warehouses, docks and silos. Had she not been, the New Rome would long since have found the flesh shrinking off her bones: **"For Constantinople and all the region around it are fed, in the main, by Alexandria."**

Yet, in the summer of 541, as the ghostly fleet of bronze ships appeared along the Mediterranean coast, it was becoming terrifying clear that death too, as well as life, might be had from Egypt. In July, reports had reached Alexandria of an epidemic in the port of Pelusium, on the far eastern side of the Nile Delta, that had left the city a charnel house. Panic at this news, however, was unlikely to have been immediate: for sudden flare-ups of disease were common, and usually, 'by the grace of God which protects us, do not last long.' The outbreak in Pelusium, however, had not abated. Instead, from coast town to coastal town, it had begun to spread with lethal speed. Every time a bronze ship was

spotted out on the nighttime waters, people on the shore would abruptly find themselves struck down by a fever, and then, touching their groins, or their armpits, or behind their ears, discover painful black swelling- *boubones*, as they were called in Greek- until finally, it might be, staggering out into the streets, they would fall and ‘become a terrible and shocking spectacle for those who saw them, as their bellies were swollen and their mouths wide open, throwing up pus like torrents, their eyes inflamed and their hands stretched out upwards, and over the corpses that lay rotting on corners, and in the porches of courtyards, and in churches, and everywhere, with no one to bury them.’ And so the pestilence raged; and as it raged, it drew ever closer to Alexandria.

By September, the first headaches, the first buboes, the first rattling expectorations of blood, were being reported in the docks. Within days, the plague was general over the city, and far beyond. Alexandria, ever the intellectual powerhouse, boasted the most prestigious medical schools in the world; but even the city’s famous teaching specialists found themselves helpless before the spread of the mysterious pestilence, unable to diagnose it, still less prescribe any cure. The death rate rose inexorably, until ‘many houses became completely destitute of human inhabitants’. So putrid were the streets with piles of the dead, so thick with flies, so slippery underfoot with blood and melted flesh, that it was impossible to clear them. Those who dared to venture out into the fetid heat- whether to loot and simply to scavenge food- wore tags, so that their families could be alerted to come and bury them should they too be overwhelmed by the plague while abroad. Unless, of course, as was entirely probable, their families had themselves been struck down in the meanwhile. Nor, the observant noted, was it only humans who were perishing of the epidemic. Animals too were succumbing. ‘Why, even rats, swollen with buboes, were to be seen, infected and dying.’

Week after week, the pestilence continued its scything progress. Then it finally began to subside; until at last, four months after its first appearance on the streets of Alexandria, the dying was largely done. Yet the plague, ‘always moving forward and traveling at time

favourable to it', was still far from spent. Traders from Egypt might sail as far afield as Britain- and those who had survived the pestilence still needed to make a living. In the spring of 542, as the storms of winter died down, the ships of Alexandria started to put out to sea, bearing with them freights of merchandise: papyrus and linen, spices and medicines, glassware and exotic sweets. Pet birds too, and even camels, were sometimes transported; and then, of course, traveling as stow-aways, there were always rats. On the rats were fleas; and in the fleas was *Yersinia pestis*, the deadly pathogen that, unknown to anyone, was spreading the plague. The science of bacteriology, it goes without saying, lay immeasurably beyond the scholarship of the age. Even the most brilliant of Alexandria's doctors did not think to associate the spread of a pandemic so lethal and unprecedented with anything so commonplace as a flea bite. The result was, as ships fanned out across the Mediterranean, that the pestilence too, invisible and unsuspected, continued on its deadly way. Sometimes it happened, in the midst of a voyage, that a vessel would be attacked so suddenly 'by the wrath of God', and to such devastating effect, that it would be left to drift aimlessly on the currents, manned by nothing more than corpses, until it sank or ran aground. More commonly, a ship would dock in some distant port and then, a day or two later, the first buboes would start to appear on the groins and armpits of the locals. 'And always, after beginning on the coast, the disease would then head on inland.'

...Even in the imperial palace, in the bedchamber of the emperor himself, the burning mark of the plague was felt; for Justinian too fell ill. That he went on to recover was proof that the pestilence, though virulent, was not necessarily fatal: for there were some, a small minority, who did survive infection. Whether this was necessarily a blessing, however, was debatable: for what pleasure could there be in life if spouse and children, friends and kin, were all of them dead? Certainly, to those who lived through that summer in Constantinople, the entire city seemed condemned. The streets were empty of the living; no business of any kind was undertaken, save for the burying of corpses; the butchers' shops stood empty, the markets deserted, the baker's kilns unlit. 'So it was, in a city prodigiously full of good things to eat, that starvation ran riot.' The pestilence,

adding to the all the manifold sufferings that it had already dealt, now trailed famine in its wake.

To many of those survived the passage, the plague appeared a calamity ‘by which the whole of humanity came close to annihilation’. An exaggeration? Perhaps- but then again, accurate figures were hard to come by. The imperial statisticians had tried to keep track of the death rate in the capital, but had fast been overwhelmed. In due course, confronted by the mounds of corpses in the streets, Justinian gave orders for them to be dumped at sea, and the, as the water turned into a soup of decomposing flesh, for vast pits to be dug on the far side of the Golden Horn. Within these, **rows of bodies were laid and then ‘trodden upon by feet and trampled like spoiled grapes’**, so that further corpses, when they were hurled down from the rim of the pit, would sometimes vanish into the mulch. To those haunted buy such a hellish vision **the entire world seemed to have become a winepress**, in which countless multitudes were being crushed by the wrath of God....

Kerala: Flood-hit India state battles rat fever outbreak

bbc.co.uk/news/world-asia-india-45404687

September 04, 2018

The flood-hit south Indian state of Kerala has declared a health alert after 11 people died of leptospirosis or rat fever in the last two days.

The government has asked everyone who came into contact with flood waters to take medication as a precautionary measure to avoid an epidemic. Health officials in the state said there was no immediate cause for alarm and the situation was under control.

Devastating flooding has killed around 400 people in Kerala since June. More than a million others were displaced, with many of them taking shelter in thousands of relief camps across the state.

Doctors said that the outbreak had not come as a surprise and they were prepared to deal with it. **"After the floods, we were expecting to see water-borne diseases like cholera, typhoid, diarrhoea, hepatitis and rat fever," Dr Iqbal Babukunju, a senior government health official,** told BBC Hindi's Imran Qureshi.

"People have just started going back to their homes from the relief camps. In many homes that have been chlorinated, water had not receded. This was inevitable," he added.

So far the illness has been detected in five of the 13 districts that were hit by flooding.

"All the hospitals are well equipped with penicillin as well. Guidelines have also been issued to private hospitals on how to treat patients with rat fever," Dr Saritha R, the director of health services in Kerala, said.

Leptospirosis (also called Weil's disease) is spread through rats or animal fluids, and can enter the human body through small cuts in the skin or through the eyes, nose and mouth.

It is caused by the leptospira bacteria.

Symptoms include fever, nausea, muscle aches, vomiting, and diarrhoea.

"Rats drown in flood water which contaminates it further, allowing the leptospira bacteria to enter the human body through the skin," said Dr V Ravi, a professor of virology at India's National Institute of Mental Health and Neuro sciences.

Coronavirus:

Why more rats are being spotted during quarantine

[bbc.com/news/world-us-canada-52177587](https://www.bbc.com/news/world-us-canada-52177587)

April 07, 2020

'Masters of adaptation'

Hungry rats "can wander quite a distance and end up in a different neighbourhood completely that had no rats prior", Dr Corrigan told the BBC.

They are "formidable mammals" very good at sniffing out sources of food, and their powerful teeth can make short work of a barriers like doors, plastics, or fabrics.

"They're global, they're everywhere, and they didn't get to be completely global if they weren't very skilled at being masters of adaptation," he says.

But seeing more rats around doesn't mean cities will be overrun.

In fact, Dr Corrigan says now is the perfect time to bring in control techniques and New Orleans officials said they are bringing in extra measures to control the city's robust rat population.

Rats with empty bellies will be more likely to take food from baited traps.

The rodentologist also tells people that **"sanitation is pest control"** - without food, the rats "turn on themselves and they will control their own numbers".

Cannibalism is very pervasive in stressed colonies.

"These rats will completely eat every scrap of meat off the victim's bones," says Dr Corrigan.

Why rats are unwanted house guests

Wandering, hungry rats can still wreak havoc, causing damage in homes and spreading disease.

"If you don't check them with those [pest control] tools, they can be the ones that end up inside somebody's home or bedroom or with children or inside a nursing home or hospital," he says.

Rats are "officially associated with about 55 different pathogens", though there have been no reports of rats carrying Covid-19.

Coronavirus:

WHO chief and Taiwan in row over 'racist' comments

[bbc.com/news/world-asia-52230833](https://www.bbc.com/news/world-asia-52230833)

- Truncated -

April 09, 2020

A row has erupted after the chief of the World Health Organization (WHO) accused **Taiwan's leaders of spearheading personal attacks on him.**

WHO chief Tedros Adhanom Ghebreyesus said he had been subjected to racist comments *and death threats* for months.

Dr Tedros said he had been at the receiving end of racist comments for *the past two to three months.*

"Giving me names, black or negro," he said. "I'm proud of being black, or proud of being negro [Ethiopian]."

He then said he had received death threats, adding: "I don't give a damn."

The WHO chief said the abuse had originated from Taiwan, "and the foreign ministry didn't disassociate" itself from it.

But Ms Tsai said Taiwan was opposed to discrimination.*

* All pretense. **Whites have been disparaging Asians forever but, curiously, many Asians- not only in Taiwan- are just as racist as whites. Plenty of Asians feel far more comfortable with white faces in positions of authority. This is a byproduct of European imperialism.** That looks and sounds right; Trump looks right, not Obama. No national leader would dare admit that their government or their populations are racist when confronted. Unfortunately, anyone rational would know that under the pandemic stress, why would the WHO chief even take time to make the claim? It must be an established pattern of racist behavior. When you are of African-descent, you know this game and are not easily fooled. Race matters.

'How George Floyd's death changed my Chinese students'

[bbc.com/news/stories-53208274](https://www.bbc.com/news/stories-53208274)

By Megha Mohan Gender and identity correspondent

June 29, 2020

- Truncated -

So in 2016, when the children were two and six, Jasmine and her husband moved to China, initially teaching at a high school in the north of the country and then in 2018 moving to Guangzhou in the south.

The racism she has experienced in China, a country where 91% of the population are Han Chinese, stems from naivety and ignorance, she says.

On the street people have rubbed her skin and felt her hair, and some have followed her. It has felt invasive and annoying but not cruel.

In class, though, she's faced a different set of problems.

Jasmine knew that it was very possible that she would be the first black person that her students had come into contact with. She would certainly be the first in a position of authority. She'd have to give the order of the syllabus a lot of thought.

In Guangzhou, Jasmine has been teaching English literature and language to students aged 14 to 16. Keen to discuss black history with them, she nonetheless made a decision to steer clear of stories about slavery to begin with.

"If your introduction to a group of people is slavery, then what happens is there's this development of a paradigm that these people are weak," she says.

So she started with the story of Mansa Musa, the Malian Emperor who was said to be the richest man of the Middle Ages. The literature of the transatlantic slave trade was only one horrific part of the black story, she told them. Not the beginning and certainly not the end.

Most of the students took in what Jasmine was saying and asked pertinent questions. But some resisted.

They queried her stories about African wealth and civilisation. *They also took issue with the autobiography of African American anti-slavery writer Frederick Douglass, who fought back against a farmer who whipped him, ran away to Massachusetts and became a writer and orator.* It felt like fiction, one student said. Another asked if a white teacher could come along to corroborate what Jasmine was teaching them.

There was also a student who wrote Jasmine a letter saying *she would prefer a white teacher.* She couldn't understand how black people could demand equality, she added, *they needed to earn it.*

Jasmine was stung but she forced herself to think how best to handle this with sensitivity to her students and the new culture she was in.

She asked some of her white colleagues to help. They did. **They spoke to the pupils and challenged them to think about *why it was that they couldn't accept the word of a black teacher.***

When the students returned to school after China's lockdown ended in April there was a tangible shift. Jasmine had been teaching the same students for nearly two years, and it was clear that something was playing on their minds. They quickly let her know there was something they wanted to talk about.

"Have you heard of Ahmaud Arbery, miss?"

Of course, Jasmine had been following the news of the African American jogger who had been pursued and shot by a white father [former police inspector] and son.

"Wait, how have you guys heard about Ahmaud Arbery?"

"It's awful. It's terrible," they replied.

"Yes," Jasmine replied, "it is terrible."

Her students had read all about it online. They couldn't believe that a man could be killed just for going for a run.

Jasmine arranged a conversation so that they could talk about it in class.

Then on 25 May, news of the killing of another black man in America - this time in the form of a graphic eight-minute 46-second video - reached Jasmine's classroom.

The same group approached her again.

What happened to George Floyd was so disturbing that it had got them thinking about anti-black influences in their own upbringing, they said.

Awkwardly, they began confessing that *their families had talked about black people being of lower intellect, and dangerous.* It's against Chinese culture to go against what your parents believe, but here they were witnessing a seismic global moment.

"Am I going to believe what I've been told by my parents, who have had almost no interactions with black people?" they said, addressing Jasmine. "Or am I going to believe what I am seeing on a phone, and in front of me with you?"

Jasmine decided to incorporate this question into a lesson, this time with a reading of Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest*.

"In Act Three a character says that they are living in the age of surfaces," Jasmine explains. "And so we talked about are we living in the age of surfaces, or are we living in a new age of enlightenment where people are realising what's happening to their fellow man?"

So moved was one pupil with that message that he went home to write a poem about George Floyd.

"The young generation is not going to stand for this," he wrote. "The revolution starts with us."

Jasmine admits that watching the Black Lives Matter movement over the past few weeks has been taxing. She struggles to sleep. She thinks about how the world will look after this. She wonders how her pupils will process it all.

And then she looks at her daughters, now six and 10, who switch between Mandarin and English, truly global citizens *with the world at their feet.*

"They argue about who is going to be the first female African American president,"
Jasmine says with a smile.

The daughters of the woman from Picayune, the city "of no value", who know their own.

The Food and Wine of France

By Edward Behr [Penguin Press; New York] 2016

The Slope at the World Center of Sauvignon Wine

Chavignol, Berry

Pg. 147

As I approached Sancerre from the west, the mostly flat landscape of hayfields, pasture, corn, and sunflowers ended abruptly, and the road curved down a steep eroded hillside, passing vines in dull red soil and then in stony tan. There were the vines of the Monts Damnés ("Damned Mountains"), although there are no mountains, just inclines. In the distance, the hilltop town of Sancerre sits on the highest point, around two hundred meters above the Loire River. Halfway down the slope, the vines end and the road slants into the village of Chavignol, whose buildings stretch out along the main street and end of the valley floor, which runs to Sancerre. The flat land each summer is filled with sunflowers; vines are confined to the slopes. **Besides wine, the area is known for *Crottin de Chavignol*, the small, dryish goat's milk cheese whose taste particularly complements that of white Sancerre [Sauvignon Blanc] wine.** Until the 1960s, nearly all the *vignerons* kept goats as insurance against hail that sometimes devastates a vineyard. The wife did the herding, milking, and cheesemaking, and the husband grew the hay or cut forage. But when the *vignerons* began to bottle their own wine, they no longer had time for everything. **Goats retreated to farms on the plateau above; the slopes were too valuable for anything but grapes.**

French Wine

By Robert Joseph [DK Publishing; New York] 2005

Pg. 210

Mention the Loire to any Frenchman and there is a strong chance that he will describe it as “*la Douce France*,” the part of his country where life is sweet. This is the place where you will find fish from the river and sea as well as game, pork, and every kind of dairy food, not to mention the wider range of fruits and vegetables that grow in abundance here.

The food that you will come across vary as you follow the Loire River toward the sea. At the eastern end of the river you will find pike stuffed with pork, and **the goats’s cheese that has been produced near Sancerre since the Moors brought goats here in the 8th century.**

Napoléon III And His Carnival Empire

By John Bierman [St. Martin’s Press; New York] 1988

Pg. 240

The Second Empire was now at its apogée. Louis-Napoléon was the arbiter of Europe, propping up the Pope, **inflicting humiliation on the Prussians**, giving hope to the Poles, handing nationhood to the Italians, patronizing the Turks, humbling the mighty czars of Muscovy, and grandiosely bestowing a kingdom upon the scion of the haughty Hapsburgs.

His armies encircled the globe- 70,000 men in North Africa, 40,000 in Mexico, 30,000 in Rome, and smaller detachments in China, Indochina, Syria, Somalia, Tahiti, Madagascar, New Caledonia, the West Indies- building a colonial empire to rival Queen Victoria's. **His resplendently refurbished capital was the architectural, sartorial, commercial, cultural, culinary, and financial cynosure of the Continent.**

But the moving spirit and unchallenged master of this dazzling imperium but not too exalted to let himself fall in love again...

Pg. 164

On December 29, 1855, Napoléon rode out in to meet his Imperial Guard, newly returned from Russia and reeking of blood and glory. They had achieved a victory that raised their emperor to a pinnacle of prestige and power- the storming of the Malakoff Fortress, which to the fall of Sebastopol and the virtual end of the Crimean War.

The French assault had succeeded where a simultaneous British attack on the nearby Redan Fortress had failed, giving Napoléon, despite his warm feelings toward his ally, all the more reason for pride and gratification.

The Roman triumph he arranged for the Imperial Guards' return was one of those superbly theatrical state occasions at which Napoléon excelled. He rode out from the Tuileries on a magnificent bay charger, adored with rich housings, conscious as always that he cut a heroic figure on horseback if not on foot.

Scorning the assassin's bomb or bullet, he insisted on remaining several lengths ahead of his escort of curassiers and Cent Gardes, so that – as the Times correspondent observed-

‘his worst enemy must have avowed that he became his place and that he looked the Emperor.’

...He had achieved his objectives- Czar Nicholas has been humbled (and was now succeeded by his more tractable son, Alexander II), **the Second Empire has been established as a world power, and the French Army’s thirst for battle honors has been temporarily slaked.**

Louis Pasteur

By Patrice Debré [John Hopkins University Press; Baltimore & London] 1998
Translated by Elborg Forster

Pg. 326

Crimean War Infections Studied

Under the Second Empire, a study on the various infections treated in military hospitals during the Crimean War arrived at the following peremptory conclusion: “The specific theory of disease is the great refuge of the weak, untrained, and unstable minds who at present hold sway in the medical profession. There is no such thing as a specific disease; there are only specific conditions of disease.

Paris Reborn

By Stephane Kirkland [St. Martin’s Press; New York] 2013

Pg. 103

In late **1853**, with the Crédit Mobilier firmly established, **Prefect Haussmann** **approached Émile and Isaac Péreire about developing the rue de Rivoli**. This was not the first time their paths crossed- the brothers had already contacted Haussmann to solicit approval to develop land belonging to their railway line leading out of the Gare Saint-Lazare. The Péreires had also begun to work on some of the emperor's other schemes. They were absolutely receptive to Haussmann's request.

No surprisingly, the Péreires turned out to be savvy negotiators. At the price of significant financial concessions, they agreed to acquire and develop the land along the rue de Rivoli. **They committed to having it ready, including the hotel, in time for the 1855 Universal Exposition**. They created a limited liability company with equity funding from a consortium of Parisian bankers and debt funding provided by the Crédit Mobilier and took charge of the rue de Rivoli development project.

The centerpiece of the development was the **Grand Hôtel du Louvre built “on the plan of the colossal hotels for which the United States are so celebrated.”** It had seven hundred rooms, a glass-covered central court, a thirty-four-foot high dining room, and all the modern conveniences: electric bells to call for service, elevators for luggage, hot and cold water in all the rooms, a steam laundry service, and a telegraph. The perimeter of the ground floor consisted entirely of shops, all bought up by **one tenant to create of Paris's first department stores, the Grand Magasins du Louvre, opened in July 1855**. An American guidebook raved: “The situation of the Hôtel du Louvre is delightful and the amusements about the house so varied that you hardly want to go out to look for any other.” For the **Péreire brothers**, the hotel and property holdings around it became one of the most profitable parts of their financial empire.

Pg. 140-141

Visitors to Paris are always struck but the extraordinary uniformity of Parisian architecture. This is due, more than anything, **to the massive number of buildings built in a concentrated period: more than 100,000 houses between 1852 and 1870.**

Another factor is that many of these buildings are of a specific type: the *maison à loyer*, or rental building, a type that positively exploded in the Second Empire. In a growing city with whole neighborhoods undergoing rapid gentrification, those with money to invest- including the Péreire brothers, with their Société Immobilière- vied to snap up prime land for revenue-generating rental properties. The *maison à loyer* became a wildly popular investment vehicle.

The specific architectural features of the Haussmannian building were a direct result of the mass availability of industrial produced building elements, such as iron railings for balconies. **The emergence of industries relating to decoration and elegance were core to the identity of the Second Empire and, by extension, to the aesthetic that governed the building of the new Paris.** The architecture of the Second Empire, with large-scale deployment of industrially produced decorative elements, relied on it intensively.

Pg. 118

Modern City Works

The Second Empire ushered in the age of utilities such as waste-management, water and natural gas systems. Networks were built and innovative mechanisms, much like the ones we have today, were put in place to manage them. Basic services that make modern urban life possible, even if they are taken by Parisians today, have their origin in these initiatives.

Pg. 98

For Napoléon III and Haussmann, quickly showing finished pieces of the new city, with impressive amenities, was not only aimed at achieving international prestige. There was also the important objective of winning Parisians over and overcoming the inertia and resistance to the broader plan for Paris. **The exposition would be the perfect vehicle to establish momentum for the rebuilding of the city.**

Pg. 120

There was no small sense of expectation when the Exposition Universelle de Paris opened on May 15, 1855. Unfortunately, the day was cold and rainy. Only two of the buildings were finished, many exhibits were not in place, and visitors were sparse. **Despite the fact that a bitter war was being fought between European nations in Crimea, Napoléon III pompously proclaimed the opening of “this temple of peace that brings together all people in concord.”** *The general feeling was one of disappointment and disinterest.*

The centerpiece of the exposition was the main exhibition building, the *Palais de l'Industrie*, a 227-yard-long behemoth with a huge glass covered interior courtyard. The outside was of masonry, of no particular interest, with a dollop of sculpture around the main entrance to try to overshadow the tedium of the rest. There was genuine technical prowess in the cast-iron beams, which spanned 157 feet, but it was not remotely as spectacular as Paxton's Crystal Palace [London]. Although it was meant to be permanent, the *Palais de l'Industrie* was unloved and ended up being demolished in 1896 to make room for the *Petit Palais* and the *Grand Palais* of the 1900 Universal Exposition.

In the 1850's, as today, summer was the calmest time of the year in Paris, with much of the population in the habit of retreating to cooler country residences. **1855 was an**

exception. With the building and attractions beginning to fill in, the exposition gained momentum. **Giuseppe Verdi was in town** for the premiere of his opera *Les Vêpres siciliennes*, which took place on June 13 and was a massive success. The theaters were full, with the two great actresses of the age, Adelaide Ristori and **Rachel** performing at the same time across town from each other. **One Parisian marveled, “Never, at any point in its history, had the great capital been as brilliant and as animated.**



Rachel Félix **1855**
by Edmond Aimé Florentin Geffroy

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rachel_Félix / en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Portrait_of_Mlle_Rachel

Elisabeth [Élisa] Félix, better known only as **Mademoiselle Rachel** (21 February 1821 – 3 January **1858**), was a French actress.

>>> Important: A Bonaparte Family Favorite <<<

She became a prominent figure in French society, and was the mistress of, among others, Napoléon III, Napoléon Joseph Charles Paul Bonaparte [Plon-Plon] and Alexandre Colonna-Walewski, the illegitimate son of Napoléon I.

Mademoiselle Rachel remained a prominent figure in French society, and was the mistress of **Alexandre Colonna-Walewski (with whom she had a son)**, Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte [Napoléon III] and Napoléon Joseph Charles Paul Bonaparte [Plon-Plon]. On her death in early 1858, attempts by newspapers to publish pictures of her on her deathbed led to the introduction of privacy rights into French law, which have remained in place since.†

As a child, Félix earned money singing and reciting in the streets. She arrived in Paris in 1830 intending to become an actress. She took elocution and singing lessons, eventually studying under the instruction of the musician Alexandre-Étienne Choron and Saint-Aulaire. She took dramatic arts classes and debuted in *La Vendéenne* in January 1837, at the Théâtre du Gymnase. Delestre-Poirson, **the director, gave her the stage name Rachel**, which she chose to retain in her private life as well.

She was best known for her portrayal of the title role in *Phèdre*.

Portrait of Mlle Rachel depicts the French actress Élisabeth Rachel Félix, commonly known as Mademoiselle Rachel. **Rachel was born in 1821 to poor Jewish parents**, and in 1838 made her debut in Paris in Pierre Corneille's *Horace*, a performance described as causing "a revolution in public taste". **She rapidly became one of the most respected actresses in France, and "the ornament of every fashionable drawing-room of Paris"**.

Although contracted to the Comédie-Française, she was important enough to the company that she was able to negotiate four months of leave each year, allowing her to perform abroad with other companies.

The Arms of Krupp

By William Manchester [Little, Brown & Company; New York] 1964, 1965, 1968

Pg. 69

The monster showed up at the last minute and created its own sensation. Steelmakers were agog; Krupp was awarded his second gold medal and acclaimed a genius. The more experts examined its texture, the more excited they became. The finer points were lost on the public, however. **For them the main attraction in the palace was Alfred's sideshow.** Awaiting the tardy ingot, he had devoted hours to the staging of the cannon. It was the gun he had planned years before, a six-pounder polished to mirror finish and mounted on hand-rubbed ash, the wood favored by ancient Teutons for javelins. Around it lay six glittering armor breastplates; overhead a military tent served as a canopy, crowned by the royal Prussian flag and a shield. The shield's inscription was no help. "German Customs Union" sounded dull in any tongue. **But cannon and cuirasses recalled the universal, thrilling language of the Corsican: *la gloire, en avant, à la baionette, offensive à outrance*.** The pure steel, invested with chivalric glamour, reminded sighing ladies in poke bonnets of the romantic panoply of Prince Hal, and Saint George and Saint

Crispin's Day, and all that. **After Queen Victoria had paused by the tent to murmur appreciatively**, every London newspaper felt obliged to take a close look at Krupp...and the Illustrated London News extolled the **“magnificent steel cannon of Herr Krupp” as “the very coxcomb of great guns.”**

...Yet the public acclaim, his first, and from British audience at that, stirred him. He began to see genuine possibilities in munitions, and the Crystal Palace had taught him how to realize them. **Fairs were superb advertisements. Henceforth he would attend every one in Europe, accompanied by batteries of murderous coxcombs.** That was the lesson he had drawn from England's cheers, and he cannot be blamed.

Pg. 78

Exhilarated by his conquest of London, he was plotting a new European coup. German fairs were walkover now; in 1854 we won ribbons in Munich and Dusseldorf. **What he really wanted was a triumph at next year's Paris World Exhibition, France's answer to the Crystal Palace challenge.** He now had a French agent, who was bombarded with advice. The great thing would be to get prominent space in the main hall. “Do not spare nice talk and money to make yourself friends who will help you,” Alfred advised Heinrich Haass, and forwarding instructions on the new monster ingot he was shipping, he ordered Haass to demonstrate the interior consistency of the steel block by making “a fracture” which “must strike every expert.”

Experts were struck by the ingot. Several of them, in fact, were nearly crushed by it. A line of jurors was about to wind past when the ingot, weighing a hundred thousand pounds [45,456 kg], crashed through the exhibition's wooden floor, plunged into the basement, and reduced everything below to pulp. Alfred, hearing of the disaster, had a nervous breakdown...Industrialists who knew him strongly suspected a Krupp publicity stunt. If

so, it was a successful one, for the judges, surveying the wreckage, were enthusiastic. *La sacrée tête carrée d'Allemand*, they reported, was indeed formidable, bravo, bravissimo; **the new age demanded big slabs of steel, and here obviously, was the biggest yet.**

Several viewers hinted to Haass that they would like to see the maker set-up shop in their own countries. The three year old Crédit Mobilier openly proposed a Krupp factory in France, and there were invitations from as far away as America.

...Alfred was prepared to show more than an ingot. Church bells, like America's plow four years earlier [Crystal Palace in London], couldn't compete with ordnance, and this time Krupp unveiled a cast steel twelve-pounder. **Napoléon III, an artillery enthusiast, was enchanted. He ordered the weapon weighed – it was two hundred pounds lighter than bronze fieldpieces of the same caliber – and then tested at Vincennes. After three thousand shot had been fired without even scarring the bore, the emperor created Alfred a *Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur*.** Like being a Red Eagle, that was at first gratifying. It soon soured, however; Haass informed the new chevalier that French officers, eager to learn more about the cannon, were planning to overload it and burst the barrel. Alfred was alarmed.

...He needn't have worried. **Vincennes was merely indulging an imperial whim.** There was no real enthusiasm for the test there. He could have buried all the constables of France in a salvo of Krupp shells ***and their allegiance to bronze would have been unshaken.*** Wilhelm excepted – and he was then powerless- no European field marshal felt otherwise. **Blind to the practical implications of Kruppstahl performance, they treated it as an amusing oddity.**

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bessemer_process

-Truncated-

The **Bessemer process** was the first inexpensive industrial process for the mass production of steel from molten pig iron before the development of the open hearth furnace. The key principle is removal of impurities from the iron by oxidation with air being blown through the molten iron. The oxidation also raises the temperature of the iron mass and keeps it molten.

Related decarburizing with air processes had been used outside Europe for hundreds of years, but not on an industrial scale. **One such process (similar to puddling) was known in the 11th century in East Asia, where *the scholar Shen Kuo of that era described its use in the Chinese iron and steel industry. In the 17th century, accounts by European travelers detailed its possible use by the Japanese.***

The modern process is named after its inventor, the Englishman Henry Bessemer, who took out a patent on the process in 1856. The process was said to be independently discovered in 1851 by the American inventor William Kelly though the claim is controversial.

Sir Henry Bessemer described the origin of his invention in his autobiography written in 1890. **During the outbreak of the Crimean War, many English industrialists and inventors became interested in military technology.**

>>>DOUBLE HYPER-IMPORTANT<<<

According to Bessemer, his invention was inspired by a conversation with Napoléon III in 1854 pertaining to the steel required for better artillery. Bessemer claimed that it "was the spark which kindled one of the greatest revolutions that the present century had to record, for during my solitary ride in a cab that night from Vincennes to Paris, I made up my mind to try what I could to improve the quality of iron in the manufacture of guns."

At the time steel was used to make only small items like cutlery and tools, but was too expensive for cannons.

Starting in January 1855 he began working on a way to produce steel in the massive quantities required for artillery and by October he filed his first patent related to the Bessemer process. *He patented the method a year later in 1856.*

Krupp
A History of the Legendary Firm

By Harold James [Princeton University Press; Princeton & Oxford] 2012

Pg. 35-36

The manufacture of large quantities of axles and wheels required much more steel than could be supplied by the cementing process. In the early 1850s, other German

manufacturers started to experiment with the application of the puddling process to steel. Slag was added to molten metal, which was then continually stirred. **In 1855 Krupp built his own puddling works.** By 1857 the puddling works had six furnaces and by **1863 seventeen.** In 1853 Krupp also built his first rolling mill.

In 1862, under conditions of great secrecy, Krupp took a quantitative leap with the Bessemer steel process, in which air was blown through the molten pig iron in a gigantic “converter” to burn out the carbon and other impurities. **Krupp constructed the first Bessemer work in continental Europe. He had been alerted to the new process in 1855 by his English representative,** Alfred Longsdon, and immediately tried to get a Prussian patent for it...In 1862, a rolling mill devoted to steel plate production commenced operations. In 1864 Krupp started a large rail-rolling mill, which took almost all of the Bessemer steel.

In a technique pioneered by **William Siemens**, a member of one of the most innovative Germans families, in Birmingham, waste gases were used to superheat incoming air and gaseous fuel in a honeycomb of bricks at the base of the furnace. In 1863 Krupp made contact with Friedrich Siemens, the brother of William, and from 1864 started experiments with regeneration in two carefully concealed laboratories in the Gussstahlfabrik. **But the technique really took off only after two French experimenters, Émile and Pierre-Émile Martin, in 1864** added scrap iron to the molten metal and developed a means of burning off carbon from the mixture...**In 1869 Krupp built the first Siemens-Martin furnace in Germany.** The construction of axles and particularly of cranks evidently required much bigger hammers for the working of the giant steel forms. In 1852 a hammer with a 5,000-kilogram weight began operations in the Gussstahlfabrik, and by 1856 Krupp had a hammer of 7,000 kilograms [15,432 lbs]. But this was not enough to overshadow the English and French competition in Low Moor in West Yorkshire and **Le Creusot in central France**, where superhammers were already the norm. Beating its foreign rivals was a significant step to Krupp’s ascendancy as the

symbol of a new technically dynamic Germany. Alfred Krupp instructed his managers to find out the weight of the biggest hammer **in the Schneider works at Le Creusot***, in order to know how “small they were.” He then devoted a great of attention to the construction of a massive hammer, “Fritz,” for the working of cast steel, at a cost of 600,000 thalers [thaler is the origin for the word in English nobody can get enough of: dollar] with a weight of 30,000 kilograms [66,138 lbs], capable of making steel blocks weighing up to 25,000 kilograms [55,115 lbs]. It entered production in 1861 and made steel blocks for fifty years.

* Not to be confused with brand *Le Creuset* with colorful cast-iron cookware from northern France. Le Creusot is centrally located in France.

In **1854** Krupp sent a heavy ship shaft to the Munich commercial exhibition and in **1855** **constructed the first shaft for driving ship propellers** for the yacht of the viceroy of Egypt, Said Pasha...Such shafts were soon used for the transatlantic steamers of HAPAG*...**By 1859, however, the Prussian military began ordering artillery- a significant breakthrough for the enterprise.**

* Major shipping line now known as Hapag-Lloyd out of Hamburg founded in 1847:

Hamburg-Amerikanische Paketfahrt-Aktien-Gesellschaft (HAPAG)



*Hapag-Lloyd Container Ship from Hamburg, Germany
at Port of Oakland, with Containers of Award-Winning Zinfandel Wine 🍷*

Pg. 56

The first serious orders for steel cannons came not from Prussia but from Egypt, and democratic Switzerland also constituted an important market. **France in 1857 tested the cannon very successfully** (in contrast to the British experience of 1855, when the test cannon exploded on firing at the Woolwich arsenal). Nationalism was already beginning to intrude on the business, and **in 1859, with war in North Italy between Austria and**

France, Krupp instructed his French representative to withdraw offers of arm supplies.

...At the same time as Krupp was trying to interest the Prussian state in his patents, he was making the same case in France. **He promised Napoléon III's Minister Achille Fould that he would establish a factory in France, but only if the validity of his patents was recognized,** and without any publicity that might allow competitors to copy Krupp's products....

The letter expresses a very characteristic nineteenth-century attitude in which constructive industrial zeal is contrasted with destructive and speculative financial activity, as well as in the case use of stereotypes about financial activity being "Jewish." Krupp wrote: "The secrets are out capital, and that capital is squandered as soon as the knowledge is released to others. Industry today has become a field for speculators, Jews of the bourse, stock swindlers and similar parasites, who sit on their comfortable upholstered chairs and want to use what they can grab to exploit through joint-stock companies to pour money into their own sacks."

Pg. 58

>>>>**HYPER-IMPORTANT**<<<<

In 1852 the artillery pieces sent to the Prussian military had been built in the general Mechanical Workshop I. The year 1859, when Austria was humiliated on the battlefields of northern Italy, constituted a breakthrough both for the Prussian army's approach to the issue of technical modernization and for Krupp's relationship with military procurement. In that year, Krupp won an order for three hundred artillery barrels for the Prussian military. **In 1859 the company started to experiment with breech-loading**

mechanisms. Krupp could now create specialized cannon-making equipment and workshops, and in 1861/62 moved production to a new, specially dedicated factory hall. In 1864 there was a second hall for cannons, by 1866 a third and 1870 a fourth. **Cannon production expanded dramatically with the German wars of unification.** Each production hall in the Essen factory, it seemed, was inaugurated to mark another victory of Prussian arms.



Pg. 123

1855 Queen Victoria's Visit to Paris

On Monday, August 20, Queen Victoria visited the Fine Arts section of the exposition. After that, she and her family were taken down the Champs-Élysées, which was still decorated with Venetian masts, to the brand-new rue de Rivoli and onward to the Bastille,

then back along the Grands Boulevards, again surrounded by throngs of cheering Parisians. In the afternoon, there was a reception at the Palais de l'Élysée and in the evening, back at the Palais de Saint-Cloud, **the actors of the Comédie-Française performed Alexandre Dumas's play *Les Demoiselles de Saint-Cyr***. The thrilled queen wrote in her diary, "What could I say about this most wonderful city in the world?"

On August 23, there was a reception at the Hôtel de Ville. The decorations and flowers alone were said to have cost 350,000 francs.

For Georges-Eugène Haussmann, this was the realization of all his dreams. He, a bourgeois Protestant who had entered Hôtel de Ville for the first time as part of a mob during the 1830 revolution, who ten years earlier had been a minor civil servant in a town of fewer than five thousand people, was now the host of this brilliant reception. Haussmann lived for status and recognition, hoping to emulate his two illustrious grandfathers. This evening was a glorious, unforgettable milestone in his life....

The visit served the immediate diplomatic objective of solidifying the alliance between Great Britain and France, but it also marked a critical moment in the history of Paris. It was the beginning of a new identity for the city, but only capturing and amplifying the excitement it already embodied but asserting that it was now a center of modernity and sophistication.

The History of Modern France
From the Revolution to the War with Terror

By Jonathan Fenby [Simon & Schuster; New York] 2015

Pg. 147

In the Bonapartist tradition, the emperor constantly put on shows at home to convince everybody that his was a modern régime in touch with its people. He was a master at using public occasions to involve citizens in the new-old narrative, replacing the martial Marseillaise with a ballad hymning the virtues of patriotism and self-sacrifice and **promoting a style that combined modernity with exhibitionism on a scale to impress the French with the achievement of Empire, even if it often descended into vulgar excess.** That said; there was a lot to be proud of.

Grand Exhibitions showed off French technology, inventions, manufacturing products and the arts, attracting such eminent guests as the Tsar from Russia, the Prince of Wales from Britain and **King William [Wilhelm] and Bismarck from Prussia.** The visitors went to a comic operetta by Offenbach and were served a special dinner at the **Café Anglais** consisting of escalopes of turbot, sole fillets, chicken, lobster, duckling, ortolans and eight wines. Paris became a major tourist destination for travelers from across the Atlantic as well as from Europe. New hotels boasted lifts and ice-making machines.

Louis Pasteur

By Patrice Debré [John Hopkins University Press; Baltimore & London] 1998
Translated by Elborg Forster

Pg. 85

Pasteur at the 1855 Exposition

Pasteur was happy at Lille, even if he complained about the long winter, the rain, the wind, the cold. Even in mid-June, the laboratory had to be heated. But he was kept so busy by his new activities that he had little time for anything but work. He never left his Faculty of Sciences **until August 1855, when he went to Paris**. This however, was not a pleasure trip, but a strictly professional errand; Marie did not go with him (“Right now, I am a widower,” he wrote humorously to his father), and his principal purpose was to speak to officials at the ministry and to visit the World’s Fair. Pasteur went several times to the Palace of Industry on the Champs-Élysées, where the latest technical innovations were shown: “The more I go to the Fair, the more I realized that it is for me a mine of chemical information the likes of which I will not find again for a long time.”

Pg. 83-84

Lille

The city of Lille was given special treatment by the government. **It was among those Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte [Napoléon III] had chosen to visit in 1852 as he sought to secure his legitimacy and rally a public that still hesitated to accept him.** The imperial couple was to return to Lille in 1867 to celebrate the bicentennial of its integration into France....Thanks to the development of **the railroad**, Lille was connected to the capital by the *ligne du Nord*, in which **the Rothschilds were the principal shareholders.**

It was in this booming regional capital that the government created the new university where Pasteur was appointed dean. The site of the Faculty of Sciences, the rue des Fleurs, which was not in the old city center, was chosen above all to accommodate an innovation in university education, namely, the introduction of applied sciences. **Following the example of the German universities**, the ministry of education wanted to create a new impetus that would allow students **to prepare themselves for working in industry.**



Louis Pasteur

By Patrice Debré [John Hopkins University Press; Baltimore & London] 1998
Translated by Elborg Forster

Pasteur was not the man to turn away from a problem before he had expended all of his talent on it. He therefore relentlessly pursued his observations of the different forms on the ferment depending on the state of the distillation.

Most of those who studied fermentation were more interested in the quality of foodstuffs than in their production. Today, when the scientific problem is essentially solved, the phenomenon has lost much of its magical appeal. Yet over the ages it has raised as many questions about its origin- from God to the chemical equation- as it has brought blessings, among them wine and bread. **Indeed we are indebted to fermentation for some of the most powerful symbols of our myths, at least in the Western tradition.** The ancient Egyptians brewing beer, the ancient Gauls making their bread dough rise with yeast- these images evoke ancestral practices. Yet scientists, including the earliest chemists, from Paracelsus to Robert Boyle, had no convincing explanation to account for the phenomenon. At best, they could build intellectual constructs whose principal shortcoming was their failure to lead to a fruitful theory. The only certain fact was the recognition that alcohol was a product of fermentation.

Pasteur was therefore not the first to have tried to find at least a partial answer. Throughout the ages, philosophers and chemists had thought about the matter. The polemics of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries had kept up debates and quarrels in which metaphysics played no small part. The philosophers were entitled to use the big words! When Descartes contemplated the bubbling in the vat, he talked of forces that could mix and become displaced. He had the explanation: it was mechanics. Malebranche essentially said the same thing when he corrected this concept: fermentation was the communication of a movement caused by invisible bodies, for a body that moves must

receive its impulse from another body. Parallel to this futile discussion, certain chemists set forth equally imprecise but more measured hypotheses. In this context, two names immediately come to mind: Lavoisier and Liebig.

...Without in any way taking sides in these debates among chemists, and without praising Pasteur's sagacity too much, one must point out that this stage of the debate the *action* of the ferment had been obstinately ignored. Yet Lavoisier had had to add yeast in order to bring about fermentation. When, then, was this yeast so necessary to the outcome of this experiment? Yeast was the foam deposited at the bottom of the vats of beet juice; it increased during the fermentation of the sugar, and it formed spontaneously if it was not added. Thus, in an experiment to which Pasteur drew attention, Guy-Lassac had shown that in making wine, more was needed than just grape juice, namely, contact with the air. The crushed grapes began to ferment only when they came in contact with the atmosphere. At this point, Guy-Lassac had invoked the theories of Appert who, by heating foodstuffs, had discovered a way to preserve them, postulating that oxygen, whose role in combustion had been elucidated precisely by Lavoisier, made the chemical reaction possible. For, and this was the dogma, everything must be reduced to a chemical formula.

...The name Liebig may not yet have been a household word, but it already appeared in the advertisement sections of newspapers and in the windows of food stores, for it was he who had invented artificial milk and meat extract – *Liebig's Fleischextract*- **as well as the bouillon cubes that were to be so widely used in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870.**

...Lavoisier had assimilated fermentation to algebra; Liebig refined and nuanced this view.

...Returning to Leeuwenhoek's observations after more than a century, Baron Cagniard de La Tour went much further. As a physicist, he had discovered the principle of the siren in 1819; as a chemist, brought to light a phenomenon of prime importance, the budding of

yeast, that is to say, its role in fermentation, he wrote in 1835: “It is very probably through the effect of this growth that the yeast globules take carbonic acid from the sugary solution and convert it into an alcoholic solution.”

If the theories of Lavoisier, Liebig, or Berzelius were written up in every textbook and accepted as true, it was because they were in tune with the mindset of the contemporary scientists. The chemists of the nineteenth century gloried in the thought that they were capable of establishing a clear-cut frontier between living and inorganic matter and of attributing specific characteristics to each of them. Today, such an approach to a complex subject elicits from us a mixture of amusement, puzzlement, and disdain. Yet the frontiers of life are almost hazy to us as they were a century ago.

...The considered any attempt to find the effect of living microorganisms in fermentation retrograde. To put fermentation back into the realm of biology was to retreat....Admittedly, yeast was a nuisance for them, not because it was necessary, but because it was alive. This extra dimension contributed by biology further complicated a matter that was difficult enough to simplify as it was. What fermentation needed was not a chemist, but a biologist. And this biologist would have to know the language and the processes that would enable him to reduce the problem to the molecular level without overlooking the necessarily complex intervention of a living organism.

...Six months after the inauguration of what looks like a forerunner of our technical universities, Pasteur wrote to the rector of the University of Douai that practical instruction was becoming the driving force of the Faculty of Sciences and insisted that it was vitally important never to cut the students off from the working world. The educational system, he pointed out, should combat the prejudice that considered educated young people, the future managers of industry, to be totally different from the mass of

ordinary employees, for all too often “it is assumed that young people who have studied for too long approach the workers with ideas that they have taken from novels.”

Pasteur had a revolutionary definition of applied science: “There is not such thing as a special category of science called applied science; there is science and there its applications, which are related to one another as the fruit is related to the tree that has borne it.’ This position was at odds with the views held by the scientists of Pasteur’s time, when science for science’s sake was the prevailing ideology....

The Arms of Krupp

By William Manchester [Little, Brown & Company; New York] 1964, 1965, 1968

Pg. 85

A Meeting of Kings

It was an exhausting schedule. It was more: it amounted to impertinence. **Only a megalomaniac could assume that he was entitled to that much royal time. Yet Wilhelm went through it.** Gorgeous in his gilt braid, his crimson sash, his shimmering medals and burnished helmet, the monarch admired miles of slag, murmured over clay molds, and bestowed royal approval on endless sample springs and dull displays of shop paraphernalia while behind him, aghast but silent, his gaudy retinue shuffled nervously, flicking batons in vain attempts to rid plumes and tunics of the ubiquitous grime...**The king stayed to the end because he was bent on pleasing Krupp.** He had become convinced that *he needed him*.

Why?

Prussia was why. The soldier king was looking beyond his boundaries, to Germany and **to a reborn Reich! [Empire]**

Today it is difficult to recapture Wilhelm's mood, to remember **how small a man he seemed to be in the eyes of the world, to realize that only a century ago the Germans were the laughingstock of Europe**. No one now alive can recall a time when the Teutonic shadow did not threaten, dominate, darken, or even blot out the rest of the continent. Yet when Wilhelm I ascended his throne Prussia was still a comic opera country led by braggarts and introspective, professional bureaucrats. It had long been insignificant, and there was little reason to believe that the future would change things much. **Certainly no one suspected that Berlin would become the capital of the greatest aggressive power in modern history**, that its troops would repeatedly lunge across their frontiers, proving three decisive wars and soaking European soil with the blood of three generations.

Military might was inconceivable without political stability, and politically Germany was a swamp. The old Holy Roman Empire, the First Reich- which, generations of teachers explained, had been neither holy, nor Roman, nor an empire – degenerated into a bewildering jigsaw puzzle. Its resurgence appeared as improbable as a united Africa would now. Napoléon had reduced Germany's three hundred states, bishoprics, and free cities to a hundred, and the coalition against him had brought further consolidation, yet even the Bund of 1815 had thirty-eight petty states, each independent and jealous of the others. Of these, Prussia and Austria were strong enough to dispute hegemony, **and in a showdown Prussia had come out *second best***. The Frankfurt Parliament of May 1848 having failed to revive national integrity, Friedrich Wilhelm IV had proposed that the princes form a new union, Austria to be excluded. Vienna had thereupon issued a counterplan – a return to the weak *Bund*. The motive behind this was to keep the King of Prussia another insignificant Teuton prince, and it worked; in the autumn of 1850 the small princes, cherishing their sovereignty, sprang aboard the Austrian bandwagon.

Friedrich Wilhelm would have resorted to the final argument of kings, but thanks to the Spandau officers who had left Alfred's first gun to the spiders, he lacked persuasive cannon. Besides, for all his daydreams of tournaments, he was, in his saner moments, a coward. Craven and impotent, he submitted to a treaty of capitulation, forever after known to fervent German nationalists *as die Scham von Olmutz* (the shame of Olmutz).

This is what his brother was up against. Heroic and resolute, **Wilhelm meant to avenge the honor of the crown**, and from the moment he donned it he began taking steps up- or down- the road to glory. His call at Essen was one. Another was military reform; overriding all opposition, he expanded conscription and gave Prussia a huge standing army. **Most important, he found an incomparable political deputy in Otto Eduard Bismarck-Schonhausen, an aristocratic Brandenburg Junker and passionate defender of royal prerogative who was just three years younger than Alfred.** The year after his fiery ordeal at Krupp's forges, the king appointed Bismarck his chief of cabinet, and the liberals began to an inkling what they were in for. **"Germany looks not to Prussia's liberalism, but her force," he told them, and – most memorably – "The great questions of the day will not be settled by resolutions and majority votes...but by iron and blood" (Eisen und Blut).** Weighing this, Wilhelm sent Bismarck to the place where the iron was. Unable to stand the stench of the Gartenhaus [Garden House] any longer, Alfred was building a new home, and Bismarck was his last guess before he moved. The two neurotics got along famously, They sat around talking and admiring the inane peacocks and pineapples, and found that they agreed on everything from diving right to the beauty of old trees. Alfred was particularly pleased to learn that his guest loved horses. **At dinner Bismarck slyly suggest that the Empress Eugénie was a bit randy, and when Napoléon III's name came up he murmured in a droll undertone, "What a stupid man his is!"** Just how stupid the fellow was wouldn't be clear until several years later, when the two diners joined forces, but Alfred, perhaps remembering the Paris frustrations, found his guest's interjection sidesplitting.

...henceforth he [Krupp] was to be privileged figure in the quadrangular Potsdam Palace; he and his salesmen were invited to offer their in private audiences with the king... Alfred wanted to make guns, Wilhelm wanted to buy them. It was a marriage of convenience, perhaps of necessity, and not even death could end it; each of Wilhelm's successors was bound to be allied with the senior Krupp of his generation... **And because of the favors granted him and his heirs they would become the country's leading industrial family.** That fact that he continued to manufacture tools of peace is quite beside the point. **Krupp's success with peaceful production was a direct consequence of his military production.** If he hadn't made cannon, he wouldn't have become a national institution, and it was the institutionalizing of the Krupps which gave them their supremacy.

Paris Reborn

By Stephane Kirkland [St. Martin's Press; New York] 2013

Pg. 126

The new projects for Paris's Left Bank were formally adopted on August 11, 1855, in the middle of the Universal Exposition and the Crimean War...

In the early 1850s, France was still a diplomatic pariah. The victors of the Napoleonic Wars had held France at bay and, until now, prevented it from regaining its erstwhile military strength.

Initially a bit of a gamble, the Crimean War, in which France led a coalition against Russia in support of the Ottoman Empire, turned out to be a military and diplomatic success. Napoléon III demonstrated that the French military could act in concert with the other European powers, and he did not make any attempt at territorial expansion. The leaders of Europe began to accept the prospect of the return of France as a military force.

On December 29, 1855, a portion of the troops engaged in the Crimean War made a triumphant return to Paris. They paraded through the city to the place Vendôme, decorated by Victor Baltard, where thousands of guests occupied the bleachers. A giant celebration had the people of Paris dancing until late into the night.

Pg. 128

...The city was again lit up... **Napoléon III conducted a grand review of sixty thousand troops in honor of the peace His efforts to recover France's international stature had met with success.**

The frequency and grandeur of all these celebrations may seem anecdotal, but they have a real importance in relation to the history of Paris and to the genius of Napoléon III as an urban planner. These events will jolt idle rejoicing; they were intended to give the transformation of Paris and the Empire itself a transcendent meaning within France and abroad. **Napoléon III was acting with political purpose to imprint prestige on his régime and instill a shared vision for the capital.**

Napoléon III did not understand art, but he certainly understood politics. He knew the value of symbols and the role they can play in society's adherence to a collective project. **Some saw this as fawning and considered it a ploy to distract the people from revolution by appealing to the French sense of self-aggrandizement. But Parisians were in large part responsive to the call to civic pride and to the sense of a *civilizing mission* for France and Paris.** The emperor's vision for the city, far beyond functional concerns, as a symbol of national unity, of shared ideals of progress and beauty, resonated with the spirit of the time.

From our perspective, the expense and energy that went into all the celebrations is astonishing. Even at the time, some questioned in hushed voices this use of funds. But

Napoléon III was not just administering a nation; he was giving it a new sense of itself and a vision for the future. Napoléon III was building a country that he wanted to be a beacon for humanity, and a city that he wanted to be nothing less than the capital of the world.

Pg. 147

The origins of the Second Empire's first war lay 2,000 miles from Paris, at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem and the Church of the Nativity in nearby Bethlehem. It was on these two churches that Russia focused its ambition to enjoy exclusive guardianship of Christian interests in the crumbling and corrupt Ottoman Empire. There, on the supposed sites of Christ's birth, Crucifixion, and burial, the Orthodox and Catholic priesthoods had been engaged in a centuries-old squabble over rites, privileges, and turf, a squabble which continues to this present day.

Dividing the churches into separate sectors, chanting each other down during services, the rival priests would even descend to fisticuffs or worse while raising their hosannas in praise of the Prince of Peace- and particularly on the holiest days of the Christian calendar, when their rivalries seemed most acute. Quite often, the Muslim Turks would have to post guards with fixed bayonets to keep the peace among the warring infidels.

When **Mark Twain** [famous American author] visited the Holy Land in 1867, he found the Church of the Holy Sepulchre 'scandalized by trumpery gew-gaws and tawdry ornamentation' and that the Orthodox and Catholic clergy "cannot worship together around the grave of the Saviour of the World without fighting." Even the ashes of Latin crusader kings of Jerusalem, Godfrey and Baldwin, had been removed and their tomb coverings destroyed by "devout members of the Greek Church."

Moving on to Bethlehem and Church of the Nativity- which was “tricked out in the usual tasteless style”- Twain found that here, too “ the priests and members of the Greek and Latin Churches cannot come by the same corridor to kneel in the sacred birthplace of the Redeemer, but are compelled to approach and retire by different avenues, lest they quarrel and fight on this holiest ground on earth.”

The French at this period did not seem to care that their Catholic co-religionists had been all but excluded from Christendom’s holiest shrines. France might claim to be the “oldest daughter of the Church,” but the liberal ideas that accompanied the revolution had muted the religious zeal of the majority of French people. **Few Frenchmen can have been less zealous about their religion than their new head of state.** But although he must have found the confessional controversies of the Holy Land absurd if not incomprehensible, he was too shrewd a politician not to appreciate the kudos to be earned by an intervention of behalf of Rome. This would improve his standing with the clericalists in France, whose continuing support he needed; it would also serve a foreign policy that required him to assert the renewal of French power and influence.

He was still President of the Republic when he first took up the cause of the Catholics in Palestine. The Turks, quite willing to play off France against Russia, quickly agreed to reestablish equal status between the Catholic and Orthodox clergy at the Holy Places. For the Orthodox hierarchy, this seemed an intolerable erosion of hard-won rights. For example, they alone held the key to the principal door of the Church of the Nativity. Would they now have to share it, allowing the despised Latins unhindered access to the Grotto of the Nativity?

They appealed to **the czar, Nicholas I**, to intervene, and he, rightly viewing the picayune **argument over a church key** as symbolic of something a good deal more significant to the Sultan Abdul Mejid in Constantinople to say that “no changes would be allowed to

take place as to the possession of those sanctuaries.” **To underline the point, he deployed and entire army corps on the Turkish border.**

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The political and military posturing proved the final turn to open a lethal Pandora’s box which exploded into the Crimean War with perhaps a half a million men eventually killed all initiated by a quibble between competing Christians over a church key in Jerusalem.



Pandore / Pandora by Jules Joseph Lefebvre, 1872

The Soong Dynasty

By Sterling Seagrave [Harper & Row; New York] 1985

Pg. 08

Gordon was a dashing, **mustachioed hero of the Crimea***, sent out to take part in the **Second Opium War**, when Western military forces occupied Peking in **October 1860**, **burned down the magnificent Summer Palace, and dictated to the Dragon Throne the terms of humiliating new concessions.** Afterward, Brevet Major Gordon was assigned to take over Ward's Ever Victorious Army in its "defense" of Shanghai. Disastrously for the Taipings, Gordon was a bent genius. When he was not in his tent sulking like Achilles, he waged brilliant attacks on the insurgents (and became a popular item in the British press, who gave him the nickname "**Chinese Gordon**"). His victories were the result of surprise attack, cannon, high explosives, and modern rifles against rebels armed only with bows and arrows, spears, stink pots, and gongs. The Taipings were demoralized and lost the initiative. **They had never dealt with Western military methods before.** A Manchu army surrounded them at Nanking and, rather than be strangled slowly by a court executioner, the Younger Brother of Christ committed suicide. The Taiping Rebellion ended.

*** Note his rather recent experience in the Crimean War used to his advantage. Also, by chance, the Second Opium War, was fittingly fought with the Second Empire of France.**

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This did not make the end, however, of the violent forces they had set in motion. **It was the beginning of a great peasant upheaval that would climax nearly a century later under the leadership of Mao Tse-tung.** Two struggles would go on simultaneously- between the peasants and their feudal rulers, and between China and the predatory foreign powers in motion. Shanghai would profit fantastically from both conflicts.

It is against this background of corruption, revolution, hypocrisy, and greed that the Soong legend begins.

Napoléon III And His Carnival Empire

By John Bierman [St. Martin's Press; New York] 1988

Pg. 212

When France went to war in the Crimea, Napoléon gave **Plon-Plon** command of a division which acquitted itself well at the Battle of Alma. According to the published account of a common soldier who was present, Plon-Plon 'behaved very well under fire,' and the commander-in-chief Saint-Arnaud, either sincerely or to please his monarch, reported officially in similar vein.

Napoléon immediately wrote to Plon-Plon to say how "very happy" he was to learn of his cousin's "fine bearing" at Alma and to award him the Military Medal, **"in proof of my satisfaction as your sovereign and my affection as your cousin."** By the time this letter arrived, however, Plon-Plon had left his division at the front and retired to Constantinople [now Istanbul], suffering from what doctors diagnosed as "chronic gastroenteritis, complicated by slow fever and diarrhea, accompanied by a gradual weakening of the principal functions of the body."

"I had the satisfaction of not leaving my division until after I had taken part in the glorious Battle of Inkerman," Plon-Plon wrote to Napoléon, adding that "unfortunately I did not take a very active part in it," since most of his men were committed to the reserve.

In this letter he asked permission to return to France, arguing that the war would be virtually suspended for the winter and pleading ill-health. Napoléon's reply was a firm negative. **"I can understand up to a point your returning to Constantinople to recover, but I urge you to go back to the army at the moment you are able. Your conduct up to now has rallied all hearts to you....[but] if you were to come back now...you would lose in one moment all the fruits of your hardships...You would be lost irretrievably in the opinion of the public. There cannot be two opinions about that."**

This was a virtual command, **Plon-Plon ignored it, returning to Paris in January 1855.** Amazingly, Napoléon received him without reproach, although it would seem that Plon-Plon was properly apprehensive. "Your Majesty has overwhelmed me with joy," he gushed, "in welcoming me on my return to France with a kindly affection which I am conscious I have never ceased to deserve."

Something less than kindly affection informed Napoléon's next letter to his cousin the following month...An anonymous pamphlet had been published in Brussels, sharply criticizing the conduct of the war in the east, and Napoléon had been advised- quite falsely, it seems – that Plon-Plon was the author.

Napoléon realized he had accused his cousin unjustly and, although there is no letter of apology extant we may assume that he did apologize. Certainly, Plon-Plon was soon back in favor and allowed to give the emperor his private views of the way the war was being conducted – views which, incidentally, very much coincided with those of the anonymous pamphleteer.

>>>>HYPER-IMPORTANT<<<<

The army itself never swallowed Plon-Plon's story that he had left the Crimea because of ill-health and, despite Saint-Arnaud's favorable accounts of his bearing word began to circulate of his cowardice under fire. **Soon France learned that at the front Plon-Plon had earned a new nickname- "Craint-plomb," one who fears lead. If the emperor heard these stories, he did not allow them to influence him, and he gave Plon-Plon the prestigious job of president of the 1855 Universal Exhibition to the subsequent discomfiture, among others, of Queen Victoria.**

Sarah Bernhardt

By Joanna Richardson [Max Reinhardt; London] 1959

Pg. 32

Prince Napoléon, the Emperor's cousin, better known as **Plon-Plon**, was devoted to Mme Sand and often came to rehearsals, and the first time Sarah saw him she felt her heart beating, for **he so resembled the great Napoléon**. George Sand introduced them; and gradually Sarah came to delight in his conversation: serious, amusing, informed and uninhibited. **The papers were quick to suggest that the lover of Rachel** had come to be the lover of Sarah Bernhardt; and it would not be beyond probability.



Odalisque

By Jules Joseph Lefebvre, 1874

Grandes Horizontales

By Virginia Rounding [Bloomsbury; London] 2003

Pg. 186-187

Carnival Time and Compiègne

During carnival time there was usually a fancy dress ball held at the Tuileries, to which invitations would be restricted to those who had previously been presented at court. There they would dance to the music of Waldteufel, Strauss and Offenbach.

During Lent there was no dancing, but there were four concerts, organized by the court chamberlain Bacciochi and the composer Auber, chapel master at the Tuileries. The court spent the spring and most of the summer in the great chateaux of Fontainebleau and Saint-

Cloud. The latter often used for entertaining royal visitors from abroad. In the summer they would move to Biarritz near the Spanish border for a few weeks of informality at the Villa Eugénie, a small retreat Napoléon III had built for the Empress.

From 1856, in later October or early November the focus would shift to Compiègne, some fifty miles north of Paris near a beautiful forest famous for its game. The court would remain there for a month to six weeks. **Invitations to Compiègne were greatly prized; several hundred guests selected by the Empress from various classes and professions, including artists,** would be invited for four days at a time (known as a *série*), and a special train ran from the **Gare du Nord** at 2:33 pm to take them. Once at Compiègne, the entertainment was both plentiful and compulsory. In addition to hunting, guests were expected to play charades, dress up and perform plays, as well as sparkle in conversation at every meal-time, all in the presence of the imperial couple. The expense could be daunting, as the women were expected to wear new outfits twice a day, while the men had to appear for dinner in court dress.

Though no acknowledged *demi-mondaine* would ever find her way to Compiègne, it was not unknown for the Emperor to invite his mistress there, particularly if, like the Countess Walewska, they were married to some other member of the establishment. (Her husband, Count Walewski, was an illegitimate son of Napoléon I). **The Emperor had several mistresses during the course of his marriage as well as many more casual sexual encounters with women procured for him by Count Bacciochi. Prior to his marriage he already fathered several illegitimate sons, and had enjoyed a liaison of many years' standing with an English woman known to posterity as 'Miss Howard.'** One of his longer-term mistresses during the 1860s was **Marguerite Bellanger**, whose original name was Julie Leboeuf. After working as a hotel chambermaid in Boulogne **she had run off to join a circus, becoming an acrobat and bareback rider.** The Emperor, who had encountered her at Saint-Cloud where she had been brought to the imperial hunt

as the guest of a young army officer, **was particularly impressed by her ability to do a variety of things while standing on her hands.**

Louis Pasteur

By Patrice Debré [John Hopkins University Press; Baltimore & London] 1998
Translated by Elborg Forster



Portrait of Mlle Rachel c. 1840s

by William Etty [during her performances in London]

Pg. 23

>>> **Pasteur Applauds Rachel's Performance** <<<

One of his rare distractions to which he treated himself shortly after his arrival [1842] was an evening at the Comédie Française, where he wanted to applaud the actress who attracted huge crowds and who kept tongues wagging with her public liaison with the Prince of Joinville, the son of Louis-Philippe [House of Orléans]: “Yesterday, I saw that woman who causes so much talk, Rachel. She certainly deserves the applause that is so lavishly given to her. I saw her in Marie Stuart. **At one point the applause lasted for more than ten minutes. People clapped with their hands and their feet. Her features are not beautiful or regular, but because of her energy, she is superb.**” *It was a rare moment of enthusiasm for Pasteur*, and all the more remarkable in that the play he saw, an antiquated drama written by Pierre Lebrun and inspired by Schiller’s play, was not particularly exciting.

>>>> **DOUBLE HYPER-IMPORTANT** <<<<

Pg. 219-225

Evening Course at Compiègne

In July 1863, Ildephonse Favé, aide-de-camp to the Emperor, **suggested to Napoléon III that he commission Pasteur to study the diseases of wine.** For some years now, many wines had been subject to alteration, which caused great hardship to the with wine trade. Different diseases gave them a sour, bitter, or insipid taste or an oily look. The situation was such that a few months after the signing of free-trade treaty between France and Great Britain, an English wholesale merchant could write: **“Surprise is expressed in France that the commercial treaty has not brought greater expansion of the English trade in French wine.** The reason for this is rather simple. In the beginning we eagerly greeted the arrival of these wines, but we soon made the sad experience that this trade caused great losses and endless trouble because of the diseases to which they are subject.

“

Favé's approach was straightforward and did not become embroiled in useless formalities, for the urgent nature of the problem demanded the requisitioning of a scientist. "Having acquainted the Emperor with the results of your research on putrefaction, I spoke to him about the question of wine and diseases. The Emperor is firmly convinced that it would be at the highest importance that you turn your attention in this direction at the time of the grape harvest. His Majesty has agreed to aid you in this effort and to give instructions to this effect to public functionaries who might be called upon to provide you with the needed facilities."

Because of his research on fermentations, **Pasteur was indeed well informed about the problems involved with the conservation of wine.** Flattered that his work had attracted interest at the pinnacle of power, he accepted the imperial request but refused all financial aid: "Please permit me to devote a modest sum I have set aside for this purpose, to undertake inspections of the fermentation practices in the different wine-producing localities and to study the diseased wines on the spot as they become available, as well as to gather the observations and the wishes of competent practitioners in this field." In truth, the initial diagnosis was rather alarming: **Pasteur estimated that French table wines were diseased to such an extent that, despite the denials of the owners-producers, "there may not be a single winery in France, whether rich or poor, where some portions of the wine have not suffered greater or lesser alteration."**

Two years later **in the autumn of 1865**, when Pasteur had already started numerous investigations and advanced some hypotheses, **Napoléon III sent word that he would be most interested in being kept informed of his research and invited him to spend a week at the château of Compiègne.**

A royal residence whose origin went back to the earliest days of the French monarchy, and a hunting lodge favored by Louis XV, **Compiègne was above all a showcase for the**

grandeur and luxury of the Empire, or rather of its emperors. For it was here that Napoléon I had married Marie-Louise of Austria and that later **Napoléon III fell in love with beautiful Mlle de Montijo, Countess of Teba, who had been invited to be a companion to his mother.** When Eugénie marveled at the effect of the dew on the clover when strolling in the park, the Emperor sent her, the next day, an emerald brooch in the form of a clover, studded with diamonds representing the dew. In memory of the early days of their love, the sovereigns were sentimentally attached to Compiègne. It was their official vacation residence.

The custom of “Compiègne days” went back to 1856. Every year, the court took up residence there for a month and a half in autumn. Series of invitations were organized according to an immutable ritual. **Every series involved some one hundred guests accompanied by their servants.** At such times the château became a kind of grand hotel that sheltered some one thousand persons belonging to various categories. The invited groups were for the most part composed of princes, ambassadors, ministers, marshals, and high functionaries, but the Emperor also received on each of these occasions three or four figures from the artistic, literary, or scientific world. The painters **Eugène Delacroix**, Gustave Doré, Ernest Meissonier, Horace Vernet; the writers Edmond About, **Alexandre Dumas the Younger [fils]**, **Theophile Gautier**, Paul de Musset, Sainte-Beuve, Jules Sandeau, and Alfred de Vigny had attended. The first scientist to be invited had been Claude Bernard in 1864. **Pasteur was received in 1865.** Milne-Edwards and Chevreul received the call only later.

Napoléon III had commissioned Pasteur’s investigations on wine, and some people in the imperial entourage were interested in spontaneous generation. Thus there was nothing surprising about the invitation, although it did testify to the real importance the government attached to men of science.

To go to “a Compiègne” was a flattering prospect, but also a daunting obligation. One had to have a special wardrobe, for the protocol prescribed the wearing of the formal French dress suit in the evening. Mérimée made fun of this custom, which frightened some people: “This morning I saw Sandeau, who arrived here in the flustered state of a man who has just tried on knee-breeches for the first time.” During the day, one could wear a sports jacket or dress suit, but one had to dress warmly. The letters of guest shiver with chilly tales; the guests spent their time ‘either roasting or freezing’: as they went through interminable hallways from the glacial guest rooms to the overheated imperial apartments.

For Pasteur, this was in fact the first contact with the imperial household and court. He went to Compiègne without Marie [wife], but accompanied by his domestic Jean, who he compared to Don Quixote. In the late afternoon of Wednesday, 29 November 1865, Pasteur and the other guests arrived at Compiègne on the imperial train. A four-horse carriage driven by postilions in powdered wigs took them to the château. The local people leaned out of their windows or lined the streets to see this parade, which indeed did not lack a certain panache. The guests were received in the hall of columns. The arrival caused a good bit of excitement, what with the confusion of luggage and the apprehension of those who came for the first time. A concierge directed everyone to his or her room.

Having mounted the grand staircase and crossed the guard room, Pasteur reached his quarters, which had been chosen by the Emperor’s physician, Lucien Corvisart (a nephew of the great Corvisart, who had been the physician of Napoléon I). He had to share it with a famous physiologist of the time, Dr. Longet. “Our apartment,” he wrote to Marie, “is very simple, rather like a two-bedroom apartment in a good Swiss hotel, with a hallway starting by the front door separating the two bedrooms.”

Once the guests had settled in, their presentation took place in the game room, where the ladies lined up to one side and the men to the other; the imperial couple arrived from the family salon. Eugénie on the arm of the Emperor, a dazzling beauty whose only adornment was the diamond “Regent,” which she wore in her hair surmounted by a spray of white ostrich plumes. Then, Pasteur reported, “the Empress left the Emperor’s arm and stopped in front of every lady here chamberlain presented to her and spoke to each one of them. The Emperor did the same thing with row of men, but since there were many more of them, and since the big shots were in front of the little shots who had yielded to them, the Emperor shook hands with some of the men he knew without saying very much. But then he went back up the line. The big shots moved to the back and this time the chamberlain named the persons whom the Emperor did not know.”

‘Monsieur Pasteur,’ the chamberlain said as the Emperor moved away from M. Dubois (a fashionable sculptor who later did a bust of Pasteur). The Emperor: “Ah, I have long wished to congratulate you on your fine work.” “Sire, it is a great honor for me.” “Are you continuing your studies? They are so important.” I endeavor, Sire, to keep to the same road. It is only by pursuing the same studies for a long time that one can hope to see a little better than one’s predecessors.” “You are so right.”

Soon it was time for dinner. The Emperor and Empress walked the long way to the ballroom, where the table was set. The invited guests formed a procession and crossed the vast antechamber, the guard room, and the several empty salons. The Emperor took the center seat of one of the sides of the table, the Empress sat across from him. To the Emperor’s right was Lady Cowley, wife of the ambassador of Great Britain, to his left the Duchess of Magenta, **spouse of Marshal MacMahon, who was in Algeria where he served as governor general.** The duchess, Pasteur noted, was a very young lady who did not lack a certain charm.

The quality of the fare received mixed reviews. One of the regular guests, **Princess Metternich**, reported the food was good, copious, but was not refined. It took so long to serve the seven courses (rice soup, filet of mackerel, mutton tongue, hare in pepper sauce, sweet entremets, artichoke hearts, meringues) to a hundred persons that one finally lost one's appetite. Pasteur was too excited to care.

After the meal, coffee was served in the family salon. Watched over by torches in the form of Indians on malachite stands, the room was furnished with old pieces from the First Empire, whose placement was marked in chalk on the floor....Among them were settees for two or three called *conversations* or *indiscrets*. Pasteur went to greet Viollette-Duc, a frequent guest at the palace, since he was restoring the nearby château at Pierrefonds. Then he was presented to the Empress.

Eugénie knew and appreciated Pasteur's work, much to his delight. She drew the scientist into a lively conversation where they talked of microbes, epidemic diseases, cholera in particular, **and of the infections in French wine.** Seeing the Emperor approaching to speak to Pasteur, the Empress exclaimed that she wanted to share in their conversation and drew both men toward the chimney: "Monsieur Pasteur, you can't teach only the Emperor."

Pasteur spoke about everything, even about the complexity of right and left-handed crystals, and about his beloved *tartrates*, about which he had many good things to say. The Emperor was very interested and commented in a correct and judicious manner, asking, above all, to see Pasteur's discoveries for himself. Setting up the program for the week, **he requested the opportunity to examine samples of spoiled wine under the microscope.**

After the Emperor had left the room, the Empress sent her chamberlain to look for Pasteur and asked him to sit next to her on her settee. **Also seated there were the**

Prussian ambassador [Who exactly? Possibly Bismarck...] and the novelist Jules Sandeau. The conversation, which Pasteur considered very important, was about the salaries of professors in public service. When the tea was served, it was midnight. But Pasteur was so excited by this extraordinary evening that he barely slept three hours that night.

The next day brought hunting to hounds and the carving of the quarry by torchlight, an impressive spectacle that the sovereigns watched from the balcony of the guard room, the guests from their windows, and the public from the colonnade.

Pasteur did not forget the imperial request and sent Jean to Paris to fetch some bottles of aged white wine and above all the tube with an asbestos stopper that he had used in his experiments on spontaneous generation. While he was waiting for this material, he asked to visit the wine cellar of the château in order to look for some spoiled wine. But this was a delicate matter, for after all, France's first table took good care of its stocks.

Ready for his demonstration, Pasteur could enjoy the château, where a certain casualness prevailed. When he was not working, Napoléon III went around with his overcoat, 'just like a good bourgeois.' This amazed Pasteur: "The man is really an extraordinary fellow." **When he was in exile, the Emperor had known the complete liberty afforded the guests in English country houses.** This had taught him to practice a hospitality that did not constrain the guests. The evening entertainments were organized by the sovereigns. Pasteur attended a performance of *Les Plaideurs* played by actors of the Comédie Française. This was a time when conjurer's séances were all the rage, and so the guests witnessed sleight of hand imitating those of the Davenport Brothers, who claimed that they were spiritists, before Rober-Houdin unmasked them as frauds. There also improvised concerts or living pictures. After all, Mérimée composed his famous dictation at Compiègne.

In the afternoon the proper thing to do was to participate in planned activities. The guests played Japanese billiards or quoits. At one of the hunts, Pasteur saw Lord Crowley kill almost three hundred pieces of game- rabbits, hares, pheasants, or deer. He was horrified: “This is extremely curious, but extremely cruel, barbaric!...It is just dreadful to see this butchery. Even though he did not know much about architecture, the scientist therefore preferred an excursion to Pierrefonds, about he had nothing to say, except that it was “gothic.” **This was as the fairy tale castle reconstructed according to Viollet-le-Duc’s fantasy**, about which Mérimée had said that he wondered whether “the crinolines [dresses] that have trouble negotiating the spiral staircases may not make Pierrefonds uninhabitable.”

In fact, the only thing of interest to Pasteur was the demonstration he had promised. He was determined to shine in the presence of the Emperor and Empress:

At five o’clock we go to a charming small salon. Many of today’s invited guests are already there. The Empress, wearing a charming cloak of red wool, a kind of dressing gown or coat.... Decorated only with a piece of English lace at the neck, enters, salutes the guests, and moves to a small table bearing the lamp. The little group now takes up its places. We are standing in one of the groups a little farther away. Her chamberlain come over and invites us to move closer to Her Majesty. The Empress assigns us armchairs and chairs around herself and the little table....The conversation begins with a few words about our day but soon turns to science. To my surprise, the Empress talks to me about the diseases of the silkworms. I tell her what I have seen and what I will attempt next year. Truly, I tell her about everything, even the reproduction of the silkworm eggs. This brought the conversation around to generation, hereditary, etc., and the Empress’s comments were consistently witty, intelligent, and relevant.

Finally, the day appointed for the imperial experimentation arrives. On Monday

At four in the afternoon, I go to the Emperor's apartments, taking along my microscope, my book, and my wine samples. I am announced. The Emperor comes to the door and asks me to come in. He is alone. In the back of the office M. Conti is working, but he rises in order to leave. The Emperor asks him to stay. Then he goes to fetch the Empress, and I begin to show their majesties both my drawings and the objects themselves in the microscope. This goes on for more than an hour (this had been agreed upon and announced early in the morning by the Empress's chamberlain). We then go to the Empress's tea room, where the guests of the day are waiting. The Empress insists on carrying as many of the objects as she can hold herself, and I follow her at a few seconds' interval, so that the Empress produces the effect you can imagine, transformed as she is into a laboratory helper...People want to see and compare human blood and frog's blood. Before the men can even think about pricking their fingers, the Empress has already shed her blood. Everyone, of course, wants to examine Her Majesty's blood...Oh, I forget to tell you that after the session with the Emperor, I asked him to permit me to publish my letter. He read it and told me: "I will be very pleased to have my name associated with these important discoveries."

And then, just as under the First Empire, everything ends with a dance, the Boulangere, which the Emperor himself leads since the dancers are not very good. In the grand ballroom lit by multitude of chandeliers, two orchestras, one at each end of the room, play music for couples in crinoline and knee breeches. The Prince Imperial, not yet ten years old, takes part in the festivities. But Pasteur does not want to do cross capers and takes refuge with the Empress between Villet-le-Duc and Lord Dudley, the inventor of a telegraphic cable that was to pass under the Channel and connect Calais with Dover. Clearly smitten by the Empress, Pasteur commented: "I see no one here who is not seduced by her. She puts everyone at ease with her charming affability."

Pasteur was deeply flattered by this stay at Compiègne. A sententious father, he wrote to his son Jean-Baptiste: "The honor of spending a week in the Emperor's company

which I have just received will make you understand the rewards of hard work and good conduct. You should therefore also work hard, so that one day, God willing, you may have the same satisfaction.

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A quick preview of the lead up to the Second Empire:

Louis Pasteur

By Patrice Debré [John Hopkins University Press; Baltimore & London] 1998

Translated by Elborg Forster

Pg. 257

After the turning points of the Enlightenment and the Revolution, medicine endeavored to establish principles that would place medical practices on a rational footing. “Medicine is the physiology of the sick person,” Magendie proclaimed at the beginning of the nineteenth century, while **Lamarck, in 1802**, invented the word ***biology*** to underline the role of the environment in the life process. The idea that one must understand before one can heal and that a good practitioner must know how the disturbed functions are supposed to work is not as obvious as one might think. For a long time, the lancet was kept apart from the microscope.

The History of Modern France
From the Revolution to the War with Terror

By Jonathan Fenby [Simon & Schuster; New York] 2015

Pg. 12

France faced a slave revolt in its Caribbean colony of Saint Domingue in April 1791, which would lead to the creation of the independent state of Haiti twelve years later. A good harvest helped to achieve temporary stabilization and a degree of relaxation- the restaurateur- **Méot opened a luxurious Parisian establishment in a former ducal palace with more than fifty red and white wines.**

Pg. 16 – 19

A Taste of The Terror

...The *chouans** of the Army of Saints in the Vendée marched with primitive guns and pitchforks, wearing religious badges under white flags decorated with lilies and royalist slogans...But there were no ships, and the ensuing retreat through the winter cold was a desperate affair with huge loss of life as **the *chouans* were picked off by revolutionary troops under the ruthless General Westerman, and their civilian companions massacred.** ‘The Vendée is no more,’ Westerman told Paris. **‘I have buried it in the woods and marshes...I have trampled the children beneath our horses’ feet; I have massacred their women...I do not have a single prisoner to reproach me. I have exterminated them all.’**

* The term was taken from the *nom de guerre*, Jean Chouan (‘the silent one’), adopted by a counter-revolutionary leader from the Mayenne department, Jean Cottereau.

Lyons, France’s second city, was a particular problem for Robespierre and his colleagues...While some local priests made their peace with the régime, other organized resistance decreed from Paris, leading crowds of mainly female faithful in meetings which Jacobins tried to break up. **The Temple of Liberty was attacked** and the bust of Rousseau removed as demonstrators chanted ‘Long live Louis XVI! Down with the council!’

One of Robespierre's most zealous associates, the former seminarist turned violent anti-clerical Joseph Fouché, supervised a reign of terror in which 2,000 people died following summary trials without any appeals. After the executions and the tearing down of the buildings of the rich', Fouché announced **'Lyons made war on Liberty. Lyons no longer exists.'**

Still, Fouché declared that 'Terror, salutary terror, is the order of the day. We are causing much impure blood to flow, but it is our duty to do so, it is for humanity's sake.' **Mercy, declared Westerman, was 'not a revolutionary sentiment', a statement he might have recalled when he, too, was beheaded.*** The model of totalitarian terrorist state had been born in a terrible perversion of the ideal of the perfectibility of mankind.

The Revolution is frozen, said Saint-Just. 'All its principles are grown weak. There remain only intriguers sporting the red cap of *liberty*.'

*General Westerman's last words...perhaps...

'Now wait! I was just joking, guys. I didn't really mean it. Honest! Where's your sense of humour? You guys are just playing a mean prank on me... Now, wait... Can we just talk this over?...Maybe we have a bit of a misunderstanding...It couldn't have been me? Look! Damn it! I think you got me confused with somebody else... *Did I say that?*...I don't remember...No...'

Pg. 6

As well as giving us such everyday innovations as the metric system, the Revolution set out to forge a new kind of human being with **the opening proclamation of the Rights of Man that**

‘Men are born and remain free and equal in rights’ and its declaration that ‘*Liberty* consists in the ability to do anything which does not harm others’

as well as the statement, crucial for the concept of nationhood and popular rule, that the ‘principle of all sovereignty resides in the nation. No body of men, and no individual, can exercise authority which does not emanate directly from it.’

The Directory 1794

Pg. 16

Among those who perished at the time [The Terror] was Orléans, **despite a desperate attempt to deny his royal birth** by claiming he was the offspring of his father’s coachman- when his son urged him to flee to America, he had **replied “Live with black men! Oh no...at least here one has the Opéra.”**

Pg. 20

Smart salons flourished in Paris. One was hosted by the beautiful **Thérèse Tallien**, whose survival reflected the vicissitudes of the age. At fourteen, she had been married to an Old Régime aristocrat described as ‘old, red and ugly’, and was then saved from the guillotine by a commissioner of the Convention whose mistress she became and whom she

subsequently wed – a flamboyant character of a *liberal* disposition, she was said to bathe in the juice of strawberries and appeared at the Opéra with no underwear beneath her white silk dress.



L' Opera

Yes, those were the days when people had real class- such as being classical- with a keen sense of style...now you can't damn tell the boys from the girls....

Jean-Baptiste-Louis Gros [Baron JBL Gros]

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jean-Baptiste-Louis_Gros

Jean-Baptiste-Louis Gros (1793–1870), also known as Baron Gros, was a French diplomat and later senator, as well as a notable pioneer of photography.

He entered the French diplomatic service in 1823 and **was given the title of baron in 1829 during the Bourbon Restoration**. He was despatched to Bogotá (1838–1842) as chargé d'affaires during the Colombian Civil War, and later elsewhere in Latin America, before being recalled to Europe and then sent as Minister Plenipotentiary to Athens in 1850.



Baron JBL Gros, **1858** diplomatic mission in Asia after Crimean War

>>> HYPER-IMPORTANT: SECOND EMPIRE SERVICE <<<

He served as Ambassador to London (1852–1863), traveling extensively, including to China and Japan in 1857 and 1858. He was minister-in-command of French troops during the Anglo-French expedition to China (1856-1860). On 9 October 1858, the Treaty of Amity and Commerce between France and Japan was concluded at Edo, to which he was a signatory; this treaty established diplomatic relations between the two imperial nations.*

*Baron Gros was also serving in Crimea during 1855

In September 1858, he was named to the French Senate, where he served until his death in 1870.

He produced many famous photographs — chief among them those of the Acropolis in Greece. While he is best known for his daguerrotypes, he painted a few Latin American landscape paintings which are quite striking for their realism. Baron Gros, a member of The Photographic Society, also photographed The Great Exhibition of 1851 in London.

Dragon Lady

Life & Legend of the Last Empress of China

By Sterling Seagrave [Vintage Books; New York] 1993

Pg. 48-52

In 1854, a decade of calm following the First Opium War, Britain began pressing Hsien Feng with new demands...The French, Russian and American governments joined in these demands, and deadlines were set for China to meet.

Their excuse to drag Emperor Hsien Feng into war was a rotting hulk in Canton [Guangzhou presently]. The Arrow was a lorcha, a Portuguese hull with a Chinese junk rig and sails. She had seen better days and was now owned by a Chinese smuggling boss resident in British Hong Kong. In order to develop trade in the Crown Colony, Sir John Bowring granted licenses to Chinese vessels indiscriminately, allowing smugglers and pirates to operate under the British flag. **These boats- in Chinese called “scrambling dragons”- carried on a brisk opium trade while flying the Union Jack, becoming a great annoyance to the Chinese government.** To protect her from seizure by Chinese coastal patrols, **the Arrow had been registered in Hong Kong on September 27, 1855** but her license had expired a year later on September 27, 1856. The owner neglected to renew her registration. The Arrow’s crew as Chinese, but a gin-soaked Irish skipper had been hired to give the lorcha an authentic foreign appearance...

..The Irish skipper swore to Harry Parkes [a mid-20s interpreter only of no government official designation] that the Arrow was still under British registry and had been flying the Union Jack when boarded. The Chinese denied that there had been a flag at her mizzen, which was confirmed by other European captains. “It appears,” he said, “on examination that **the Arrow had no right to hoist the British flag [a flag of convenience in modern lexicon as a flagrant maritime loophole entirely normal for ship registration for lower taxes, lax labor and operational laws]** the license to do so expired on the 27th of September, which which period she has not been entitled to protection.” He [Sir John Bowring, British official] **concealed this from the Chinese,**

consoling himself that by their ignorance of the facts the Chinese forfeited any claim to be legally in the right.

...Parkes...(Accustomed to getting his way, Parkes tried to free the sailors with his own hands and was struck by a Chinese officer. He told friends that the marines “laughed at me”... threatened me with violence...) [his pride wounded- but white -after being rebuffed by the Chinese authorities for an obvious spurious complaint.-DE] turned the argument over to the Royal Navy, bringing about the Arrow War.

Gunboats under the command of Admiral Sir Michael Seymour bombarded Canton for six days, pausing only on Sunday out of Christian piety. Out of a sense of brotherhood American ships joined in the bombardment. **The Chinese fired back at the American ships and one sailor was killed,** so Commodore Armstrong decided to teach the Chinese a lesson by storming the forts guarding Canton and obliterating them with fifty-pound kegs of gunpowder.

William Gladstone again spoke out angrily at Parliament: “You have turned a consul [Harry Parkes] into a diplomatist, and that the metamorphosed consul is forsooth to be at liberty to direct the whole might of England against the lives of a defenceless people.”

Lord Palmerston’s government- he had become prime minister in 1855- was defeated on the issue in Parliament and elections were called, but, thanks to a great dose of jingoism in the press, the public was roused to a froth [propaganda] and Palmerston was returned to power, vindicated. Capitalizing upon his electoral victory, he dispatched a punitive expedition to China headed by James Bruce, Lord Elgin. (It was his father who removed most of the sculpture from the Parthenon, lost half of it at sea, and sold the rest to the British Museum.)

Recognizing a splendid opportunity, France jumped in, using as her excuse the unrelated murder some months earlier of an obscure missionary who had been

working deep in the interior in violation of Chinese law. *French expeditionary forces embarked under the command of Baron J.B.L. Gros, a diplomat of thirty years' experience.* [One missionary illegally does it every time to justify war].

...Conscious of the need to correct this soft image [intelligent, sensible, good-natured and conciliatory]- and aware of public outrage over atrocities being committed upon English men, women, and children **during the Sepoy Mutiny, which as being put down in India at that very moment- Elgin resolved to take a very hard line with China. In effect, the Chinese would be made to pay for the fiendishness of the Indians.**

America sent an observer, and Russia jumped in as well. The czar's envoy was Admiral Count Vasilevich **Putiatin**, whose secret instructions were to mediate between the Manchu and the Europeans "so as to prevent the fall of the dynasty and the shifting of the political gravity from North China to South China," a shift that would benefit the British and French forces at the expense of the Russians.

The envoys of Britain, France, the United States, and Russia gathered off Canton aboard men-of-war [gun ships]. **On December 12, 1857, Lord Elgin and Baron Gros [previously France's envoy in Crimean campaign] sent simultaneous notes to Commissioner Yeh.** In "calm and dignified language" they demanded the execution of treaty obligations at Canton, right of entry to the port, and compensation for losses to date. Yeh was given ten days to think it over. A line of British men-of-war took up positions in front of the town.

"I never felt so ashamed of myself in my life," Elgin wrote in his diary. "I feel I am earning for myself a place in Litany, immediately after plague, pestilence, and famine." But he did not shirk his duty.

The Chinese refused to bend to the Allied demands, and after long bombardment Canton fell two days before New Year's 1858. The city was a “scene of great desolation,” all destroyed on the phony excuse of the good ship Arrow. An occupation government was set, dominated by Harry Parkes, who became [at approximately thirty] the absolute warlord of Canton for the next three years.

...The military state of the country, Elgin wrote, was so pitiful that “twenty-four determined men, with revolvers and a sufficient number of cartridges, might walk through China from one end to another.

...By now Lord Elgin had grown accustomed to playing the Harry Parkes role of the ‘uncontrollably fierce barbarian.’ **He instructed his subordinates to follow suit, because the stupid Chinese never yield anything except under the influence of fear.** Unless the Chinese met his demands now – and were quick about it – they were to be in no doubt that the British would march all the way the way to Peking.

...When the half-blind **Commissioner Ki-ying addressed the Allies with his customary blend of patronage and conciliation**, which had always worked in the past, Lay [new brash interpreter of the same ilk as Parkes even in age], cut the old man short and waved under his nose a copy of a secret memorial Ki-ying had written to the throne, which had been found when Canton fell. **In it Ki-ying boasted of being able to manipulate the barbarians by “caressing” and “restraining” them. “We have to curb them by sincerity,” he had written.**

When Lay read this aloud, old Ki-ying burst into tears and fled the room, humiliated. He was taken in chains to Peking, where he was ordered to commit suicide; he did so by swallowing poison.

...The result was the Treaty of Tientsin, signed grudgingly by the Chinese negotiators.

The treaty opened to foreign trade ten new ports along China's rivers, allowed foreign travel in the interior, granted freedom of movement in all of China to Protestant and Catholic missionaries alike, limited tariffs on foreign imports to 2.5%, and promised the payment of six million taels of silver in reparations to Britain and France (With the tael measuring one and one-third ounces of silver, this added up to eight million ounces of bullion.) And from now on Westerners were permitted to import and sell opium. [Politely, of course]

Emperor Hsien Feng approved the Treaty of Tientsin under duress because it was the only way he could get the Foreign Devils to leave North China and stop threatening Peking, although they would be back in a year's time to get final ratification.

General Seng advised the foreign envoys that it was **forbidden to enter the Peiho Rivier by way of Taku...** There was another harbor in the mouth of the Peitang River just to the north, where they were invited to land. **The American envoy...agreed to this request and took the overland route, and his treaty was ratified without incident.**

Although the Chinese position was correct, **a third time British representatives in the field began hostilities against China upon an issue in which they were technically [again] in the wrong**, and lacked London's sanction. Disregarding the emperor's not unreasonable instructions, Frederick Bruce ordered an attack on the Taku Forts.

"It grieves me," wrote the missionary-linguist W.A.P. Martin at the scene, 'to see the more enlightened party so continually in the wrong.'

General Seng had done much to improve the Taku Forts; defenses were now well constructed, and this time the Chinese had blockaded the Peiho River with iron chain instead of bamboo. Bruce ordered Admiral Sir James Hope to clear the blockade; at low

tide **on June 25, 1859**, some six hundred marines and engineers were dispatched across the broad mudflats to remove the obstructions. While they struggled waist-deep in the mud, **the Taku Forts opened fire, with surprising accuracy. More than four hundred men in the landing force were killed, and Admiral Hope was severely wounded.**

Stunned by the defeat, Frederick Bruce withdrew the Allied force to Shanghai. For a change, the Chinese had won. In Peking the Manchu were jubilant. The successful repulse of the British at Taku convinced them over their renewed military prowess. But it was a victory they would soon regret.

In London the press howled for vengeance. **The public was inflamed by business interests who saw an opportunity to teach China a lesson it would never forget.** Englishmen were assured that their defeat in the Peiho delta mud was the result of a treacherous ambush by the cunning Mongol, General Seng, and that the **Taku cannon had not been manned by “stupid Chinese” but by skilled Russian artillerymen [only white men capable, of course]**. Once again Lord Elgin was ordered to head a new punitive force to China, to bring the young emperor to his senses. A personal apology was demanded from Hsien Feng, along with a heavy indemnity for the loss of soldiers, sailors, and ships. **The French sent again Baron Gros.**

Elgin's *second* punitive expedition to China set out in the summer of 1860. This time the Allies did not approach the Taku Forts directly. They landed without opposition three miles up the coast at Peitang, then attacked the forts from the rear. When the forts surrendered, the Allies again occupied the city of Tientsin. **By August 1860 the British and French armies had reached Tungchow at the head of the Grand Canal, only five miles east of Peking.** The Manchu protested every step of the way.

“Dragon Lady”

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lockheed_U-2



The Lockheed U-2, nicknamed "***Dragon Lady***", is an American single-jet engine, high altitude reconnaissance aircraft operated by the United States Air Force (USAF) and **previously flown by the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA)**. It provides day and night, high-altitude (70,000 feet, 21,300 meters), all-weather intelligence gathering.

The Arms of Krupp

By William Manchester [Little, Brown & Company; New York] 1964, 1965, 1968

Pg. 216

A few members of the government thought Wilhelm's reckless pronouncements too fantastic to be taken seriously. Count August zu Eulenburg, chief marshal to his court, wrote that "It's really a blessing, after all, that in this witches' kettle, not to say madhouse, there should be something to laugh at." *Auslander* were less amused, and a chill ran through Europe when the Kaiser, **dispatching German troops to the mixed force gathering to smash the Boxer Rebellion, told them:**

If you meet the enemy you will beat him. If you take prisoners their lives will be forfeit to you. Even a thousand years ago the Huns under their King Attila made their name...so may the name of Germany stand in China by your deeds for a thousand years, **to such a degree that never again will a Chinese dare look twice at a German!**

The All-Highest himself had said it: the Germans were Huns. The tag was to stick through the two greatest wars in history, and is still heard today. The affinity between the emperor and his armorer was an attraction of opposites...The struggle in Peking [Beijing] provoked the one serious misunderstanding between Krupp and S.M. It was the sequel to Alfred's icy audience with the first Kaiser twenty-eight years earlier. **The germ of the problem was the same – Essen's sale of arms to foreign countries.** Wilhelm was especially excited by the uprising in Peking because it had been touched off by the assassination of his ambassador there, and he was beside himself with joy when a German gunboat achieved a spectacular victory. The international expeditionary force,

pressing to relieve the beleaguered Europeans and Americans in Peking, was pinned down on the left bank of the Hai River by fire for the old Taku forts. S.M.'s tiny Iltis, Commander Lans at the helm, sailed up the Hai and took on the forts single-handed.

Shellfire quickly reduced the ship to a blazing hulk. Lans was gravely wounded; nevertheless he put a party of marines ashore. They took the Boxer artillerymen from the flank, spiked the guns, and then noticed that the metal plates affixed to the breeches read *Fried. Krupp, Essen*. From General Headquarters in Berlin the ecstatic All-Highest sent word that Lans was to receive the *Pour le Mérite*, Prussia's highest military decoration. In return...from his valiant captain reporting, "We were hit seventeen times, most of the shells burning in the ship and killing and wounding my brave men. And the irony of it! **All the enemy cannon and shells come from our own country – they are all modern Krupp quick-firers.**

Maddened, the Kaiser dispatched a telegram to Fritz:

THIS IS NO TIME, WHEN I AM SENDING **MY SOLDIERS INTO BATTLE AGAINST THE YELLOW BEASTS**, TO TRY TO MAKE MONEY OUT OF SO SERIOUS A SITUATION.

For Essen the situation was serious; Lans had become a national hero. Patiently Fritz explained that while the *Kapitans* gallantry was beyond question, there were grave doubts about his accuracy. It was regrettably true that the forts had been equipped with Krupp guns, but they weren't quick-firers. **They were obsolete.** His father had sold them to Li Hung-chang a generation ago, when Fritz was a little boy. How could the Kaiser blame a little boy? For that matter, how could he blame the little's boy's father? At the time of the sale Li had been a good friend of Germany. Indeed, he still was. **Li bore no responsibility for the uprising in Peking.** He was not seventy-seven years old, and as governor of Chihli Province he had, at considerable risk to himself, opposed the *gelben Bestien*.

Imperial Twilight

By Stephen Platt [Atlantic Books; London] 2018

Pg. 124-125

Robert Morrison

Morrison's mission was founded on the expectation that he would never be allowed into China proper, so his primary instructions were, first, to learn the written language, and then to translate the Bible into Chinese. Books could travel where preachers could not, and the London Missionary Society had faith that if Robert Morrison could just somehow render the Christian Gospel into Chinese, then China would eventually would become a Christian country.

The idea for a Protestant mission to China had originated with an English minister named William Moseley who in 1798 sent around a circular calling for the formation of a "Society for translating the Holy Scriptures into the languages of the most populous Oriental Nations"- by which he meant China and India- based on his concern that the great "Heathen Countries" of the world were damned by the ignorance of the Christian Gospel. Until they should have access to the scriptures in their native language, said Moseley, "the three hundred and thirty millions of China...will continue to sit in darkness and the shadow of death."

Robert Morrison was dismayed by what he saw all around him in Canton. Idolatry. Incense-burning. Moon-worship. A people damned by their ignorance of Christ. He was not lighthearted man, nor a forgiving one [less than Christian, ironically]. Portraits of the missionary show him with a faint smile on his lips, muttonchops sideburns reaching down his jaw, a shock of curly black hair brushed back from his round face. In one, he is

attended by Chinese attendants bent over their papers and working so diligently that they can't, apparently, take the time to look up at the portraitist...

Pg. 126

...Morrison regretted the solitude, and was lonely in China. **Almost nobody wrote to him from England.** During his first year he sent more than two hundred letters to family, friend and missionary colleagues.

He received just two in return [less than 1%- that's called care and concern].

Dragon Lady
Life & Legend of the Last Empress of China

By Sterling Seagrave [Vintage Books; New York] 1993

Pg. 08-9

Dr. George Morrison

Morrison [George Ernest] detested missionaries. He had met a few he liked during his trip across China, brave people with good hearts, but they often caused more grief than good. One amiable Scot after seven year's work could claim only three converts, one of whom had since died. In a population of seven million friendly and peaceable Yunnanese, desperate for encouragement after years of famine, **eighteen missionaries in eight years had converted only eleven souls**; how long would it take to convert the rest?

Among the missionaries at Hart's party were the annoying Archibald Little and his indefatigable wife, Alicia, a leader of the anti-footbinding movement, dressed in her

mannish tweeds. Archibald had come to China as a missionary, then became an aggressive entrepreneur- Hart called him a “pushing Englishman.” Morrison referred to Alicia as “that awful woman.” **While campaigning against footbinding she had lectured to five hundred college students in Hong Kong, showing them photographs of bare bound feet, and was mystified as to why they snickered, giggled, and laughed uproariously throughout.** Although she published books about China, Alicia understood little about the country and failed to grasp the sexual role bound feet played in male fantasies. **Showing Chinese students photos of bare bound feet- which they would not ordinarily see until they were married, and the only during sex with their wives or concubines- was like showing a gymnasium full of British schoolboys photos of bare pubes.**

Imperial Twilight

By Stephen Platt [Atlantic Books; London] 2018

Pg. 108-109

Shi Yang

The Qing military was thus completely unprepared to confront the rise of **Shi Yang’s armada**, which nearly rivaled the scale of the great Ming-loyalist fleet of old. The empire’s coastal forces in the early 1800s depended mainly on lumbering “rice-carrier” junks, which were originally used for shipping and could only sail close to shore. They were far inferior to the swift, well-handled seagoing vessels Shi Yang’s pirates, and poorly armed by comparison. While the imperial boats were typically manned by forty to eighty sailors with a handful of mismatched cannons, **the larger pirate vessels carried hundreds of crewmen and sometimes dozens of large guns.**

...Qing naval patrols feared contact with Shi Yang’s pirates, even to the point of sabotaging their own ships to avoid going to sea. Others hid from the pirate vessels in

secret harbors and filed false reports with superiors reporting grand victories. On the rare occasions on which they did engage the pirates in battle, they almost always lost.

...Senior officials in Canton tried to expand their naval forces with unimpressive results...By the end of that year Shi Yang's pirates had destroyed nearly half the ships in the provincial navy. In 1809, in a major effort by newly built Qing forces, forty imperial junks rigged with extra weapons were launched to attack one of the pirate fleets, but in their very first encounter, twenty-eight of the government ships were captured, while the rest turned tail and fled to safety. By August of that year, the pirates were bold enough to post public notices on land threatening to attack Canton itself.

By the time Shi Yang reached the the peak of her power in 1809, relations between Chinese and Western traders were back on decently strong footing again after the mess of the Drury incident...In August 1809, pirate forces put chase to five different American ships in the vicinity of Macao and captured a Portuguese vessel belonging to the governor of Timor.

Pg. 104-105

For many people in south China, the line between the land and water was blurred from birth. In cramped urban areas like Canton [modern Guangzhou] there were "floating cities" of tens of thousand of boat people, poor families who could not afford to land or rent, who were born, died, and lived their entire lives on narrow boats lashed together seven or eight deep at the riverbanks, rarely setting foot on dry land. Unlike those who lived on land, **the boat families *did not bind their daughter's feet***, and much of the labor- steering, hawking, collecting laundry from foreign ships to wash- was done by the women. **Poor as it was, in this transitional world between hard land and the boundless sea there was *far greater equality to be found between men and women*.**

It was from this floating world in Canton that a young woman named Shi Yang first emerged in the early nineteenth century. Her early years are murky, but it is known that **she worked as a prostitute in one of the floating brothels for which Canton was famous throughout China - “flower-boats,” by their more poetic names, where the wealthy could squander their riches on wine and singsong girls.** No accurate image of her has been found, but she was rumored to have been gorgeous. In 1801, Shi Yang married one of her clients, a successful pirate captain named Zheng Yi. In the the years that followed, Shi Yang would bear him two sons and adopt a third who was older. More important, show would help Zheng Yi to unite six rival pirate fleets into a large confederation that by 1805 totaled somewhere in the neighborhood of seventy thousand sailors on four hundred hundred ships in an organized body of pirates more than twice the size of the Spanish Armada. When Zheng Yi died in a storm at sea in 1807, Shi Yang installed her adopted son as commander of the arrest fleet in the confederation, the red banner fleet, which operated on the the southern coast around Canton [he would later become her second husband). **Then she assumed the supreme command of the confederation herself.**

Pg. 115-116

Alarmed at the prospect of the black fleet’s leader joining the government forces against her, Shi Yang took the government’s offer of amnesty herself. In February 1810, she landed at Canton with a small number of women of children for the red fleet, and met with Bailing at his offices to negotiate a surrender.

...**Shi Yang, the prostitute who had risen to command a fleet of seventy thousand pirates**, would live out the rest of her life as civilian in Canton, running a gambling house and living in peace until she came to her natural death in 1844 at the age of sixty.

Pg. 117

...Great Britain spending the equivalent of about twelve times that on its twenty-two year year with France- but Britain, even though it ran up a monstrous national debt that reflected more than two-thirds of its war expenses , would come out of its contest in 1815 strengthened and invigorated. **By the time Britain defeated Napoléon it had doubled the size of the Royal Navy, building it into the most powerful maritime force in the world**, a tool it could easily repurpose for the control of a vast and profitable waterborne empire spanning much of the globe (and to which many new strategic outposts had been added in the war's course). **By 1820, the British Empire would exercise control over a quarter of the world's population, coming nearly to rival the size of China.** Meanwhile, **China** [back at the château], battling enemies within its own borders and long its own coast, **losing much of its war funding to corruption, would, thus likewise victorious, emerge for this era weakened rather than strengthened.**

Dragon Lady
Life & Legend of the Last Empress of China

By Sterling Seagrave [Vintage Books; New York] 1993



Pg. 08

Morrison did not like the French minister, Stephen Jean-Marie Pichon, a rotund former journalist with a walrus mustache who, unknown to his peers, slept in a nightshirt embroidered with red songbirds. Morrison, who despised the French, thought Pichon was spineless.

Morrison knew everyone at Sir Robert's lawn party and – thanks to an ear for scurrilous rumor, medical gossip, and sexual innuendo- kept a close tally of those, male or female, who had syphilis or gonorrhea, and was amused by the way the infections were passed around.

In a wicker lawn chair nearby was twenty-five year old American mining engineer **Herbert Hoover***, who was working for a British company seeking gold mining concessions in China. Seated by his bride, Lou, were Hart's brother-in-law Robert Bredon and his wife, Lily; her daughter by another man, Juliet; and Lily's current paramour, Bertram Lenox-Simpson, a chubby China-born Brit with a keen intellect whose continual wisecracking annoyed Morrison no end. Only twenty-two, Bertie spoke five languages, including Chinese, and was fond of riding, shooting, swimming, lovemaking, and food, in whatever order. **Lily was a good-natured woman from San Francisco, given to dressing like Marie Antoinette, even to gluing a beauty mark on her ample bosom. Morrison said that fat Bertie had put on Robert Bredon "the longest pair of horns worn by any cuckold in China!"**

*Hoover would later become a disastrous Republican president of the United States:

A splendid little tariff war?

Starting today, it's Mr. Trump vs. China- and the world

The Washington Post
Editorials Pg. A14

July 06, 2018

The first round of U.S. tariffs on China takes effect Friday: Will July 6, 2018, turn out to **be a date that lives in economic infamy, like June 17, 1930, the day President Herbert Hoover signed the Smoot-Hawley Tariff Act?**...

Dragon Lady, continued



Pg. 11

Their portrait of Tzu Hsi was of a ruthless, single-minded tyrant, an iron-willed, oversexed Manchu concubine who usurped power in 1861 to rule China with perversion, corruption, and intrigue for half a century until her misrule caused the collapse of an empire that had endured more than two thousand years. Here for all to see was “that odious woman,” as Morrison called her, “that awful old harridan,” the wicked witch of the East, **a reptilian dragon lady** who had arranged the poisoning, strangling, beheading, or forced suicide of anyone who had ever challenged her autocratic control.

The greatest damage done by Backhouse [Edmund T.] was to make **his portrayal of Tzu Hsi slyly pornographic**, an approach that reveals both his cunning and his grasp of human nature. **As a creature of depravity as was likened to Messalina, the degenerate wife of the Roman emperor Claudius,** and was blamed for corrupting the Manchu court as to render it incapable of resisting the aggression of Foreign Powers in the closing decade of the nineteenth century.



Nymphs and Satyr by William-Adolphe Bouguereau, 1873

Pg. 15

Liaisons at the Summer Palace

Backhouse said his first orgy with Tzu Hsi took place at the Summer Palace. When he arrived he was instructed by Grand Eunuch Li Lien-ying about the dowager's sexual characteristics. Backhouse said Li confided that the dowager had an abnormally long XX, which she was in the habit of rubbing on the XX of her partner. 'Li...anointed my secret part...with the undiluted sandal-wood scent, he put a light cloak which reached as far the

thighs round me and summoned me to the Presence. Her Majesty's bedchamber was blazing with score of lights; **the spacious apartment was lined with a series of mirrors which reminded me of...Versailles.** They all reflected my homely features red with passion. ...Li accompanied me to the phoenix couch, and the Empress exclaimed: 'My bed is cold...now exhibit to me your genitals for I know I shall love them.'

Backhouse said he was then required to perform XX in the elderly dowager after which she got curious about him. Inserting her fingers into his XX she remarked " 'Large XX. I'll warrant that is has seen service.' To which Sir Edmund replied, " 'Yes, Your Majesty...Innumerable as the hairs on my head.' " And so on page after page.

"Was I sexually adequate for the Majesty's overflowing carnality?" wrote Backhouse. "ALAS! I doubted it and wondered if I should develop the necessary timely orgasm to meet her in-satiated lust which would assuredly not have failed me, had another type of lave been in question." He described one evening when he accompanied the dowager- who was, naturally, in disguise- to a homosexual brothel where she commanded Edmund and the other patrons to "disport" themselves for her amusement.

The Soong Dynasty

By Sterling Seagrave [Harper & Row; New York] 1985

Pg. 158

It was estimated that one out of every twelve Chinese houses in **Shanghai** was a brothel, which put the total number **at 668 brothels for the International Settlement alone.** One out of every 130 residents of the city was a prostitute. Of this number, more than half were owned by the Green Gang or owed allegiance to it. There were 121 prostitutes in the

Blue Villa alone. **In the French Concession, the gang's control of brothels was total.** It was an arduous trade. No matter how attractive or skillful, the prostitutes were hard-pressed to lure men from their servant boys, of from the many male brothels. To even the odds, as it were, and compete for the attention of these sodomists, the more forthright young ladies were to quick to offer themselves for games of "Playing with the Flower in the Back Garden."

The Chinese brothels, almost without exception, were staffed by girls with bound feet—the ideal being less than three inches long. These were objects of extraordinary sexual excitement, and enjoyed a central role in any noisy evening. Although foot fetishes are common to many cultures (the Turk and Mongol women of Siberia, for example, go barebreasted on hot days but never show their feet to anyone but their husbands), in China it was institutionalized. **As a nineteenth-century French scholar explained:**

My attention has been drawn....by a large number of pornographic engravings, of which the Chinese are very fond. In all these lascivious scenes we see the male voluptuously fondling the woman's foot. When a Celestial takes into his hand a woman's foot, especially if it is very small, the effect upon him is precisely the same as is provoked in a European by a young and firm bosom. All the Celestials whom I have interrogated on the point have replied unanimously: "Oh, a little foot! You Europeans cannot understand how exquisite, how sweet, how exciting it is!" The contact of the genital organ with the little foot produces in the male an indescribable degree of voluptuous feeling and women skilled in love know that to arouse the ardor of their lovers a better method than all Chinese aphrodisiacs is to take the XX between their feet. It is not rare to find Chinese Christians accusing themselves at confession of having "evil thoughts on looking at a woman's foot."

The practice of footbinding began in the tenth century, made fashionable by palace dancers. There are no illustrations of Chinese with bound feet that date earlier.

From court dancers, the fashion spread through the aristocracy, and eventually was imitated by the peasants. One purpose for the custom was to restrain women; Confucians barely tolerated females, and by crippling their feet it was certain that could not stray far from their well-guarded quarters, or run from beatings. When the custom was occasionally condemned, it was not because of the pain and suffering it caused but because it aroused lewd behavior.

Bound feet demonstrated the lengths to which a woman would go to make her daughter a desirable sexual object. Footbinding usually began at age four. A ten-foot-long, two-inch bandage was wrapped around the toes to force them in against the sole. Each day the bandage was tightened until the foot was folded under with only the big toe sticking out, a shape called the “Golden Lotus” because it resembled a lotus pod with the petals removed. Flesh rotted and fell off, sometimes a toe or two, and the foot oozed pus, until the process of deformation was complete after two years, at which point the feet were practically dead.

Swaddled in exquisitely decorated silk boots, the feet were carefully hidden. It was commonplace for young rogues to go to great lengths to steal a maiden’s tiny silk shoes, XX into them, and then return them, to her intense embarrassment and humiliation.

Thus hobbled, a girl grew up walking in a mincing step, not unlike a ballet dancer *en pointe*. This caused her limbs to remain undeveloped and spindly. By contrast, the girl’s buttocks and “jade gate” were popularly believed to develop to such a degree that she could more tightly grip her lover’s “jade spear.” The Chinese intellectual Ku Hung-ming even argued that “the smaller the woman’s foot, the more wondrous became the folds of her XX.” Chinese men cared little about breasts, but had visions of fondling and sucking deformed feet, with the result that the whorehouses of Shanghai each night saw thousands of performances of this extraordinary spectacle.

The prostitutes were very young, twelve to fourteen, kidnapped or sold into slavery by destitute parents. They dressed in loose silk trousers and jackets with high wing collars up to their cheekbones. Among their most popular games was Raft. A girl would surrender her tiny, embroidered shoes, which would be passed around the table for the fondling and perusal of all males present. **A wineglass was put in one shoe and the other shoe was placed in a large bowl.** The girl then hobbled around the table on her ruined feet and held the bowl at arm's length from each man. The patrons picked up lotus seeds from a bamboo box, and tried to toss them into the shoe within the bowl- the so-called Raft- following certain prescribed rules. After each guest had taken five turns, the girl who had donated the shoes would prescribe penalties, which ranged from downing one drink to five drinks, never more, to prevent them from becoming too drunk. Drinks were taken from the wineglass placed inside the other shoe, allowing the drinker to inhale the delicious fragrance of the perfumed foot.

At any point in the evening when so moved, one guest or another would go off with a girl. In a private chamber, it was customary to linger over the girl's feet, stroking, sniffing, and licking them, and **even dipping them in tea before drinking it.** A favorite delight was to eat almonds from between her crushed toes. When mounting passion could be contained no longer, the gasping customer would at last drive his jade spear into her jade gate and, raising her tiny feet to his shoulders, insert her Gold Lotus entirely into his mouth and suck noisily till the moment of "Clouds and Rain."

Pg. 06-07

Britain's triumph in the First Opium War revealed the vulnerabilities of the Manchu Dynasty, which had ruled China since 1644. The alien Manchus had never fully conquered South China. Conspiracy always simmered there, and anti-Manchu secret societies spread through the countryside. The brutal methods of the Manchus had long

delayed a popular uprising, but **the British opium victory disclosed that Manchu strength had rotted away over the centuries into profound weakness and corruption.** It was only a matter of time before the anti-Manchu movement would pull together and topple the imperial government.

The Manchu throne was in a dilemma. If it devoted its energies and resources to resisting foreigners, it left itself exposed to internal revolt. If it suppressed internal revolt, it left itself open to foreign demands. Both Chinese secret societies and the Western nations took advantage of this dilemma. The West sought to keep the Manchu government off balance, but not enough to cause its downfall. The secret societies provoked trouble between the Manchus and the Westerners by attacking missionaries. Each outrage caused Western governments to bring new pressure on Peking.

Ironically, it was ferocious Old Testament Christianity that brought the matter to a head in one of history's great cataclysms- **the Taiping Rebellion of 1850.** In South China, a disappointed candidate for the Manchu civil service turned to Christianity for solace. He had visions that he was the younger brother of Jesus Christ. With him as its Messiah, a Society of God Worshippers (Christians, by their own estimation) rose up to smite the Manchus. Their objective was to put the government back in Chinese hands, and to establish common ownership of land. They were also **hellbent on putting a crimp in prostitution, opium smoking, drinking, adultery, gambling, footbinding, slavery, and cruelty to women.** They were quite ahead of their time. A mighty Christian army of famine-stricken peasants and workers swept north to establish the Heavenly Kingdom of Great Peace (T'ai-p'ing T'ien-kuo- hence simply the "Taipings").

This sort of Old Testament eye-for-an-eye violence was not really what the New Testament missionaries from the West had in mind for China. Some of them were also a bit offended by the suggestion that Jesus Christ could have a Chinese relative.

For fourteen years, the Taipings battled the Manchus, ravaging twenty provinces of China, while sending twenty million souls to heaven. **They made the mistake of attempting to seize Shanghai from the foreigners;** they succeeded only in take control of the native city for two years. **They were driven out finally by the French,** and then were set upon by an American soldier of fortune named Frederick Townsend Ward.

The Courtesans

The demi-monde in 19th century France

By Joanna Richardson [Phoenix Press; London] 1967, 2000

“Mademoiselle Maximum”

Léonide Leblanc

Pg. 67

...She was the daughter of a local stonebreaker. When she was five or six her father, weary of his lot, decided to take his wife and child to Paris; **and since he could not afford transport, they set out, with their few belongings, on foot.** One night, during their long walk, they were caught in a thunderstorm, and Léonide had to throw away her sodden, useless shoes and ragged stockings. **She entered Paris barefoot.** A historian later recorded the fact.

"Allez, une fille affamée Sans parfum ni perles, Seulement ta nudité O ma beauté! "

“Go then, a starveling girl
With no perfume or pearls,
Only your nudity
O my beauty!”

— Charles Baudelaire



Le bain / The Bath by William-Adolphe Bouguereau, 1875

Esther Guimond

Pg. 40

...Next morning, one of her friends, who lived at the end of the rue du Bac, took her off to breakfast with some other women she knew. They breakfasted and chatted and dozed; it was noon, but she had to go home. It was pouring with rain, **she hadn't got the money for a cab, in fact not even for an umbrella: she had spent her last sou** on the taffeta pierrot's dress and the satin slippers. You can imagine the girl of twenty going from the

rue du Bac to the rue Saint-Lazare, with nothing to protect her from the jibes of passers-by but a black pelisse which only half covered her. **It couldn't be helped, a carnival was a carnival.** And then, on the Pont-Royal, one of the notable figures of the time, **a peer of France** and mayor of one of the first three cities in the country, passed by *in his carriage* drawn by three horses. **He smilingly observed the pretty feet, shod in white satin, and all splattered with mud.** 'What's that?' he said. He couldn't believe his eyes: the girl was pretty, devilishly pretty; she was gaily braving wind and rain; she was slanging the passers-by with diabolical wit. The peer of France, a bored man if ever there was one, got out of his carriage and went up to Esther Guimond:

'Why the devil are walking on a day like this, and in white satin slippers?'

Esther Guimond, who had all her wits about her, answered then and there:

'Because I knew perfectly well you'd tell me to get into your carriage.'

And so he did. The peer of France took the young lady home- not to her home, but his own. He had money, and gave it to her; he had no wit, and she gave it to him. So it was that Esther Guimond made her first appearance on the stage of *la haute galanterie*.

"Fruit exempt d'ecchymoses, pas encore brisé, / Avec une chair si ferme et lisse, il a crié d'être mangé!"

"Fruit free of any bruises, not yet broken open, / With flesh so firm and smooth, it cried out to be eaten!"

— Charles Baudelaire, *Les Fleurs du Mal*



L'Habillage / The Dress

By Henri-Pierre Picou, 1895

Blanche d'Antigny

Pg. 15

...In 1870 in that sensual anthology, *Les Jolies Femmes de Paris*, Charles Diguët drew her portrait:

Blanche had the bosom of Antiope and the head of Bacchante. The famous head is proudly attached to plump, milk-white shoulders, moulded like those of Ruben's goddesses. The brow keeps a quasi-serenity, a relic of the chastity which sits upon the brow of every young girl. The cheeks have cast the lilies to the winds and kept only the roses, those flowers of passion. The eyes, almost childlike, have the fixity of sparkling minerals.... They are two marcassites which gleaming facets... **The sensual mouth is made to sing or to drain a glass of champagne, the wine of love.**

Such a diamond-covered diety need to have her décor; and in September 1868, Blanche d'Antigny rented a charming *hôtel*, 11, avenue de Friedland.

In the hall, which was hung with tapestries, and decorated with exotic plants, two liveried footman received the visitors and led them to the salons. Chandeliers shone from the ceilings, tapestries lent mystery to the walls, and heavy blue velvet hangings on the doors were redolent of patchouli and vetiver. In the drawing-room, a bust of Dante gazed into space; and, on the clock in the mantelpiece, a figure of Peter the Great recalled the scintillating past of St. Petersburg. Here, among the palms and hydrangeas the fancy-dress balls were held. The drawing-room led into the oriental smoking-room, furnished with low, red-lacquered tables encrusted with sliver and mother-of-pearl; and on the tables were cigarette-holders (Blanche enjoyed cigarettes) and golden boxes filled with exotic tobaccos. Then came the lovers' room: the little *salon des amoureux*, where the curtains softened the light, and a large portrait of Blanch smiled down on the deeply cushioned divans.

The dining-room, next to the smoking-room, looked over the avenue de Friedland; and here, on tables illuminated by candelabra each with fifteen candles, and decorated with large baskets of out-of-season flowers, the glasses glittered, the crystal glowed with a thousand fires. Bischoffsheim presided over these banquets, **where the demi-monde, the half-world, entertained the world of literature**: where Caroline Letessier and Léonide

Leblanc inspired the admiration of Houssaye and Banville. The apéritifs were served with blinis and caviar. **Saint-Émilion and Volnay** accompanied the *terrine de foie gras*, **Chablis and Château-Yquem** escorted the lobster and the peacock in galantine. **Then came Château-Lafite**, *les asperges sauce aurore*, and *poulardes a la gelee*. Then, enhanced by marsala, malmsey and sherry, came *fraises au kirsch*, *bavarois aux fruits*, *napolitains* and *mille-feuilles Pompadour*. Champagne sparked in silver-gilt goblets, each of them in the shape of an animal's head: stag, fox, or wolf, or boar. If, for a moment, it ceased to flow, a butler would be summoned by a silver bell: a reproduction of the famous bell in Moscow; and **champagne would flow again, like the Neva** [the famous river passing through St. Petersburg].



Léda by François-Édouard Picot, 1832



Vénus / Venus by Jean-Léon Gérôme, 1890

The *hôtel* in the avenue de Friedland was not only devoted to Comus; it was, above all, **a temple to Venus**. In the bedroom, hung with turquoise satin, the four-poster bed, under its enormous baldaquin with blue silk, lace trimmed curtains, looked like a throne half half-hidden under the clouds. A broad white bearskin served as carpet. On a console table stood an ivory statuette of the flagellated Christ. In Blanche d'Antigny's bathroom, the bath was made of the finest Carrara marble. (The Figaro reported that **she had had two hundred bottles of Montebello poured into it: a mineral bath which she found reviving**). From time to time, no doubt, Blanche d'Antigny would slip into her boudoir, which was hung with blue silk; she would take her jewels out of a little Boule writing desk, and admire them. And yet she remained, at heart, as simple as a peasant girl from her native Indre, and she was never without her little gold crucifix. She was both religious

and superstitious. And, unlike, some of her fellow courtesans, she did not know the value of money; she merely reveled in life, and wanted to please her numerous admirers.



La toilette de Vénus / The Toilet of Venus by François Boucher, 1751

Pg. 11

...**She reveled in her diamonds. She bought clothes regardless of cost.** Most of them were created by Mme Laferrière, in the rue Taitbout, and **Blanche never missed a chance of advertising her couture on stage.** In the summer of 1868, at the Palais-Royal, she played the part of the Vicomtesse de la Farandole on *Le Château à Toto*, an opéra-bouffe by Meilhac and Halévy, with music by Offenbach. **In the second act she wore a dress worth 16,000 francs;** in the third act she wore a largely transparent peignoir, trimmed with Bruges lace, worth 6,000 francs...

Pg. 08

In the spring of 1868 Blanche d'Antigny returned to Paris, and established herself in a small apartment at 36, rue de Écuries-d'Artois.

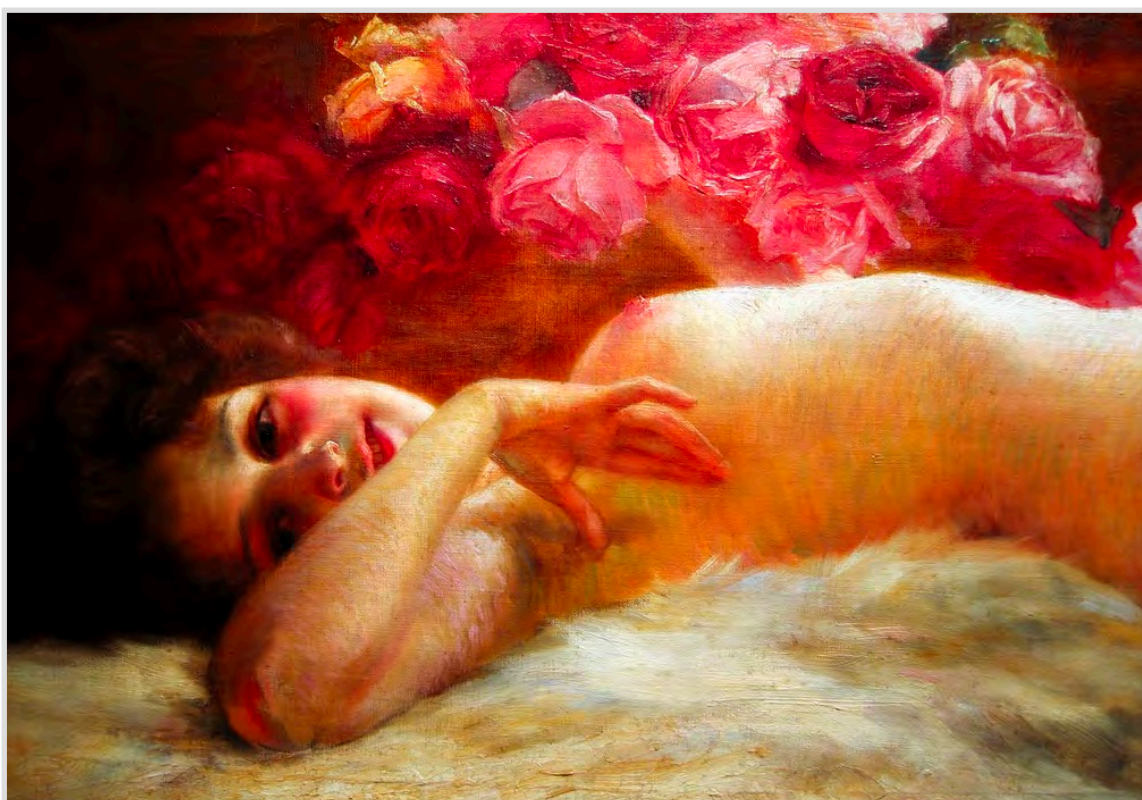
One morning, at Dinochau's, the bohemian restaurant on the corner of the place Breda, Carjat the photographer and his friends saw Godfrin, an actor from the Gymnase, make his appearance with a handsome woman. She was wearing a fur toque, and she was wrapped in a blue fox-fur pelisse. **She sat down smiling at the table, sipped a glass of wine, 'and lit up the room with the sparkling gaiety of her blue eyes'.** When she reached dessert, she went to Carjat's to be photographed. She took the arm of a journalist whom she addressed by the familiar 'tu', though she had only known him for ten minutes. It was typical of Blanche d'Antigny.

...When summer came, however, and brought the great annual exodus from Paris, she allowed him to take her to Wiesbaden. Like Homburg and Baden, Ems and Spa, it was one of the watering places in fashion. She gambled wildly, patronized fêtes which were given her honor, and received the dedication of a waltz. The prince was relieved, when the season ended, to take her to St. Petersburg at last.

...The elite of St. Petersburg would assemble round her samovar at eleven o'clock at night; and at five the next morning, continued gossip, **the silent moujiks would pick up the guests who were snoring in corners, besotted with French wines and kümmel, and take them home.** Blanche could hardly remain content with a single lover' she captivated Mezentseff, the chief of the secret police, and General Levachoff, the Governor of St. Petersburg. Levachoff wanted her to join the French theatre in the city; she did so, and appeared triumphantly on the stage.

After four years and more in Russia, the constant applause and adulation finally went to her head. In wild defiance of protocol, she decided to attend the traditional gala performance which ended the winter season at the Opéra. She was also determined to wear a dress in which she might outshine both play and audience. **At the couturier's she found exactly what she wanted.** The dress was naturally superb: it had in fact been ordered by the Empress. But the couturier made his protests and explanations in vain. Blanche thrust a bundle of notes in his hand, and hurried out with the dress. That evening, she wore it in view of the Empress's box.

Next day Mezentseff was commanded to expel her from Russia.



Fleurs rouges / Red Flowers by Robert Auer, 20th Century

Before she went to Russia in 1863, Blanche had already been a celebrity in the demi-monde. Now, nearly five years later, in the spring of 1868, she was more seductive and

prosperous than ever. **‘She was simply smothered in diamonds that her Russian admirers had given her,’** remembered William Osgood Field, in *Things I Shouldn’t Tell*, **‘and she used to put them on all together and look like a jeweller’s shop window.’**

One day, as Field was passing the door of her entresol apartment with a friend, a Miss Reed, ‘this little door opened, and Blanche appeared- one mass of diamonds! She saw us, winked at me and disappeared, closing the door. Miss Reed, who was just ahead on the stairs, turned and looked at me and said with a comical smile: **“Who would be virtuous?”**

Pg. 19

She left her love-letters to Henri Meilhac, one of the authors of *La Vie Parisienne*. ‘All the great names were there, and so was that of Luce, the tenor.’ She remains in the repentant Magdalen of Baudry’s painting, in Zola’s *Nana*, and, above all, in the criticism of Thèodore de Banville. Banville had loved her as a poet who appreciated her beauty; he loved her more than most of the men who had possessed her. And perhaps the most touching tribute to Blanch d’Antigny was the tribute which he paid her in his first article after her death:

I am not one of those who say ‘It’s nothing!’ By dying so young, in all the brilliance of her swift, frivolous life, Blanch d’Antigny has taken with her one of the smiles of Paris, a city which does not have too many smiles...As an actress, she had nothing, in fact, except those robust arms, those crimson lips and white teeth, and the beauty of a Rubens nymph who wore fiery diamonds and rich clothes like the natural accessories of her triumph. She had nothing except the white shoulders and the radiant face of a young Gallic woman of the *Heptameron* or the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*; but isn’t that enough for us to cast at least a humble little flower on the tomb where she lies asleep, now that she has so cruelly expiated the triumphs of Mimi Bamboche and the brief intoxications of her carefree hours? How charming she was! I can still see her under the helmet with the floating

plumes, under the damascened cuirass of a Pallas of fantasy...She had at least the happiness of not feeling her brow torn by the nail of old age, and of passing, like a brilliant apparition, quickly fled, through this city which forgets its idols and its toys.

Fernande

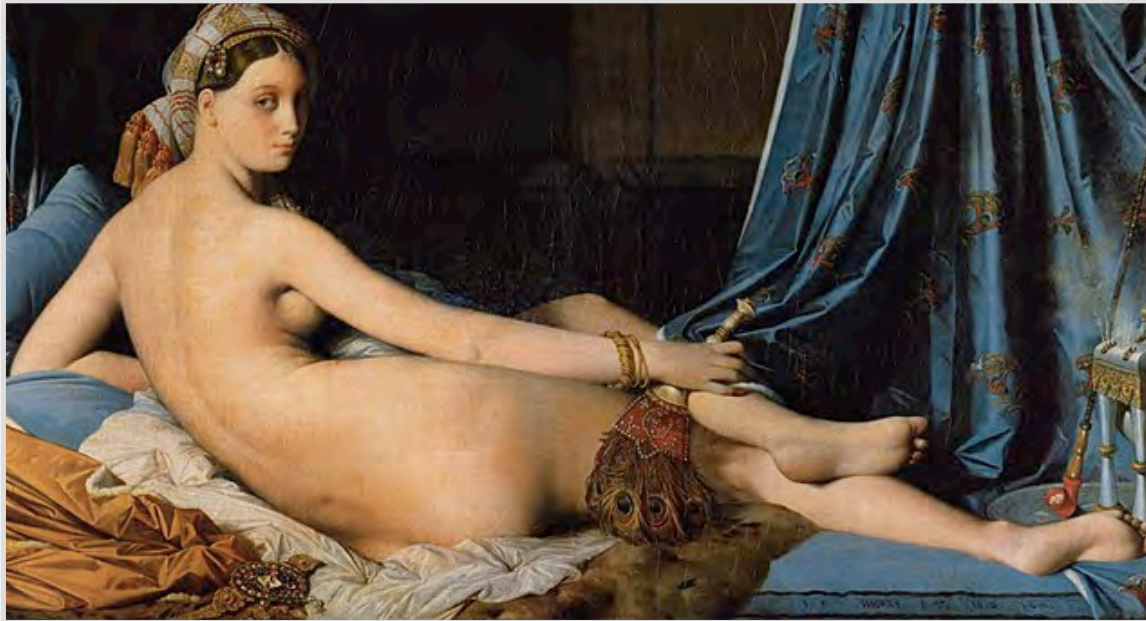
By Alexandre Dumas

The Story of a Courtesan

A. Craig Bell [St. Martin's Press; New York] 1988

Pg. 05

In the course of his [Dumas *père*] researches into this class of women he discovered that a surprisingly large number has been led to take up their sordid way of life after having been seduced while young and inexperienced by older men, and in many cases had come from respectable and even aristocratic families. This fact led him to consider making just such a woman the centerpiece of a novel, and from this idea he created Fernande- a woman who had come from an aristocratic family, had received a good education and showed talent in art and music. But seduced and betrayed by a comrade-in-arms of her dead father who had asked him to take his place and be her 'guardian', and **left alone and unbefriended to live as best she could, in a kind of desperate revenge on herself and society for her degradation she makes herself a high-class courtesan....**Foretelling by a decade the similar situation and affair of Armand Duval and Marguerite Gautier in his son's *La Dame aux Camélias* (**in the preface to his novel Dumas *fils* acknowledges his debt to his father's creation**)...



La Grande Odalisque/ The Great Odalisque

by Jean-Auguste Dominique Ingres, 1814

Pg. 47

Fernande had never met *Maurice*. She had only just begun to make a noise in the demi-mondaine world of Paris when Maurice had married and more or less given up his old haunts and bachelor freedom. **The races over**, everyone dispersed to their various destinations...

To begin with Fernande took notice of Maurice merely as the winner of the most important race of the day and as one more visitor among the many who paid court to her; and she behaved in the manner expected of her: **that is to say she was coquettish, frank, gay, laughing and making others laugh at her witty and sometimes free comments...** She observed too that whenever the conversation became- at least when judged by respectable society- ***too libertine***, an air of sadness came over him as though he were saying to himself, What a pity! So young , so beautiful, and yet so loose! Yet despite such sentiments Maurice became gradually aware that something about the looks and

personality of the courtesan struck a vibrant chord in him. She was different, he felt from the rest of the *bon vivants* there.

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*"Il y a un goût invincible pour la prostitution dans le cœur de l'homme, d'où son horreur de la solitude. **Il veut être «deux»**. L'homme de génie veut être «un» ... C'est cet horreur de la solitude, ce besoin de se perdre dans la chair extérieure, que l'homme appelle noblement «le besoin d'aimer».*

“There is an invincible taste for prostitution in the heart of man, from which comes his horror of solitude. **He wants to be 'two'**. The man of genius wants to be 'one'... It is this horror of solitude, the need to lose oneself in the external flesh, that man nobly calls 'the need to love'.”

— Charles Baudelaire

The Courtesans

The demi-monde in 19th century France

By Joanna Richardson [Phoenix Press; London] 1967, 2000

Pg. 141

The courtesan is a type as old as humanity itself; she will last as long as men are fascinated by the sexual arts, as long as women choose to exploit their powers. She will last as long as they are ready to buy experience. Yet though the courtesan existed before the Second Empire, though she existed since it fell, the Second Empire was her golden age. **The courtesan is, by her nature, a woman in search of a fortune; and this**

was the epoch of the fortune-seeker. Parvenus were on the make, in the reign of a parvenu; fortunes were being made and lost, fortunes were being spent. And if diamonds were made to glitter, as Pearl observed, if golden louis were meant to change hands, she was quite entitled to enjoy them. The courtesan profited from passing millionaires, from mushroom fortunes; she profited from the nouveaux riches, and from the bourgeoisie. Sexual license had always been a privilege of the aristocracy, an element of their education; but now it was claimed by the middle-class, who had risen to wealth and power. *Les Mangeuses*, as the middle-class women called the courtesans, indulged their boundless appetites with the fortunes which the middle classes had patiently and laboriously acquired.



L'Odalisque Brune/ The Brown Odalisque by François Boucher, 1745

Pg. 140

Most of them (but one except Madame Sabatier) were **entirely without morals. They lived for money, and for money alone; they would readily ruin men and, if need be, their wives and families, for the sake of increasing their fortune.** The rarely loved a man for himself, they loved the material benefits we would bring to enhance their professional status, and to gratify their self-esteem. They strove to inspire the envy of their colleagues and le grand monde: of the honest, or more honest, women would not accept them. **Cora Pearl. Who was one of the hardest of all courtesans, would readily abandon a lover when she had exhausted his fortune.** She had made her conquest and bought her pleasure; his future did not concern her.



Cora Pearl

Courtesan par excellence

“Who? Moi?”

Human relationships hardly concern the woman who sells herself, but **Esther Guimond was said to have built a fortune on blackmail, and to have caused at least one suicide.** La Païva loved no living creature, man, woman, child or beast, and the whole of her long life, which like a romance by Rider Haggard, was designed to proclaim her triumph, to give her splendour and satisfaction. **No speculator on the Bourse, no industrial magnate could have exploited men with such inhumanity, with such effect.**



Djémilé

by Jules Joseph Lefebvre, 19th Century

Such women only confirm the theory that the century enjoyed its pleasures to the limit: it was an age for spectacular liaisons, and for women of unmistakable individuality. The great courtesans were not merely pretty women, they were not merely purveyors of physical pleasure. They were not even all of them beautiful. But they shared a belief in the pleasure of love, in the art of making love, in the joy of living; and **most of**

them showed a spiritual energy and a shrewd and versatile intelligence which would have done much credit to honest women.

The Sympathizer

By Viet Thanh Nguyen [Corsair; London] 2016

Pulitzer Prize for Fiction, 2016

Pg. 314

You might be the first woman in the history of the world who's ever felt that way, I said. All this time I kept my gaze fixed on hers, an enormously difficult task given the gravitational pull exerted by her cleavage. **While I was critical of many things when it came to so-called Western civilization, cleavage was not one of them.** The Chinese might have invented gunpowder and the noodle, but the West had invented cleavage, with profound if under appreciated implications. A man gazing on semi-exposed breasts was no only engaging in simple lasciviousness, he was also meditating, even if unawares, on the visual embodiment of the verb "to cleave," which meant both to cut apart and to put together. A woman's cleavage perfectly illustrated this double and contradictory meaning, the breasts two separate entities with one identity. The double meaning was also present in how cleavage separated a woman from a man and yet drew him to her with the irresistible force of sliding down a slippery slope. **Men had no equivalent, except, perhaps, for the only kind of male cleavage most woman truly cared for, the opening and closing of a well-stuffed billfold.** But whereas women could look at us as much as they wanted, and we would appreciate it, we were damned if we looked and hardly less damned if we didn't. A woman with extraordinary cleavage would reasonably be insulted by a man whose eyes could resist the plunge, so, just to be polite, I cast a tasteful glance while reaching for another cigarette. In between those marvelous breasts bumped a gold

crucifix on a gold chain, and for once I wished I were a true Christian so I could be nailed to that cross.

The History of Modern France
From the Revolution to the War with Terror

By Jonathan Fenby [Simon & Schuster; New York] 2015

Pg. 137

The Paris stock market expanded as the money supply rose and industrial groups floated shares; **the Bourse, said Alexandre Dumas *fils*, was the ‘cathedral’ of the age.**

Pg. 84

Prominent women used their own political salons to attain a degree of influence denied to them in the world of male politics. One of the most celebrated was hosted by the Baltic German Princess Lieven, who moved to Paris after a long spell as wife of the Russian ambassador to London and formed a close association with Guizot. Marie-Madeleine Poutret de Mauchamps used her drawing room to press the case for greater freedom for women to pursue artistic activities and, with her husband, edited the *Gazette des femmes*. The Countess of Agoult, who had separated from her husband and wrote not very good novels before becoming an excellent recorder of contemporary events, held regular receptions attended by leading figures of the epoch, the men in white tie and tails paying court to elegantly gowned ladies. The countess believed that **‘flirtation has become a science as deep as the science of politics. Since society leaves [women] outside the**

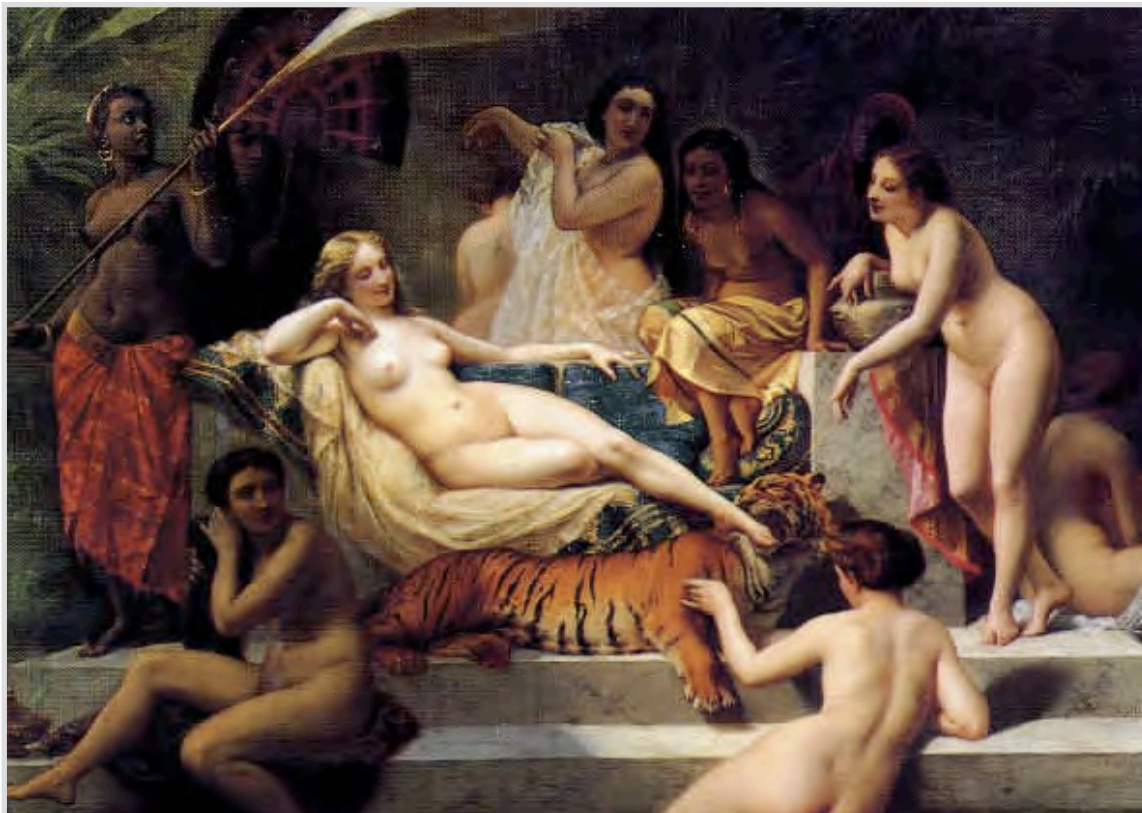
real action, they have easily learned to make use of a man's desire to make him, at least temporarily, *their slave*. [The predator is really the prey].

The Courtesans The demi-monde in 19th century France

By Joanna Richardson [Phoenix Press; London] 1967, 2000

Pg. 112

... **The woman who makes it her profession to please men can hardly be prudish: she may, indeed, welcome freedom of language as a sign that men feel happy and unembarrassed in her company.** Verbal license may, after all, be a tribute to her powers of attraction; and Princess Mathilde, the cousin of Napoléon, who the name of Notre Dame des Arts, was not averse to frank conversation. **Art, like love, demands emotional liberty.** And the liberty which allowed Gautier to write to write his *Lettre a la Presidente* allowed him, also, to address her a delicately sensual poem in *Emaux et Camees*. *A une Robe rose* is his verbal tribute to a magnificently desirable woman. He presents Apollonie in perpetuity: her rose-pink dress revealing her superbly sculpted lines, and caressing her with all the warmth of his own unassuaged desires.



Le Bain by Henri-Pierre Picou, 1858, Up: *Après le Bain* by Georges Boulanger, 1867



La Païva

Pg. 50

The nineteenth century was an age for fabulous careers, for unbelievable, well-nigh outrageous triumphs; and some of the courtesans who were humbly born lived to dazzle and infuriate honest women. **The most successful courtesan, in material terms, was, without question, La Païva. She was also the one *grande horizontale* who appears to have had no redeeming feature.**

Pg. 52

The history of la Païva (as she would henceforth be called) fascinated **Horace de Viel-Castel***, the historian and man of letters; he duly recorded it in his memoirs of the **Second Empire.**

***Part Two**

On the top of the scum of the Parisian society [he wrote in 1857], there is a certain **Madame de Païva who is the queen of kept women, the sovereign of her race.** This woman, who is of Russian origin, was for a long while the mistress of Herz, the pianist, the mistress of the Duc de Guiche (now the Duc de Grammont), and then the mistress of a number of more or less notable notabilities. However, as the years went by without bringing her either position or fortune, she firmly resolved that she would win them both.

To begin with she made a Portuguese fall madly in love with her: he was the Marquis de Païva, a cousin of the present envoy, and she made him so loving and so mad that the wretched man offered to marry her and, as you can imagine, was accepted.

The morning after marriage, when the new husband and wife awoke, Madame de Païva addressed her satisfied lover more or less as follows:

*‘ You wanted to sleep with me, and you’ve done so, by making me your wife. You have given me your name, I acquitted myself last night. I have behaved like an honest woman, I wanted a position, and I’ve got it, but **all you have is a prostitute for a wife**. You can’t take me anywhere, and you can’t introduce me to anyone. We must therefore separate. You go back to Portugal. I shall stay here with your name, and remain a whore.’*

Ashamed and confused, Paiva took the advice of his wife. In the solitude of a Portuguese castle he buried the memory of his deplorable adventure.

“Mademoiselle Maximum”

Léonide Leblanc



Pg. 72

Les Femmes de Théâtre proved to be ephemeral; but the preface itself is still worth recalling, for Alice, the courtesan, giving advice to Lucie, the would-be courtesan, is probably expressing Léonide's own views on her profession. And coming, as it does, from one of the *la garde* in the Second Empire, this advice cannot be dismissed as simple fiction. It is a kind of social document:

'To begin with, my dear,' said Alice to Lucie, 'have you a heart?

'I think so,' answered Lucie, innocently.

'So much the worse for you,' Alice went on. 'If you have one, wrap it up in your handkerchief and put it in your pocket. The heart, you know, is an extra you must dispense with if you're going to be happy in this world...

But above all, before you grant anything

See that you are given:

- (1) A nice apartment
- (2) A few expensive clothes
- (3) Some splendid jewels.

Then, ***when you're chic***, when you have your lackeys, carriages, etc., don't gaily throw your money out of the window, lay by something for a rainy day.

Invest your capital!

Buy shares, speculate, speculate...Woman are terribly lucky on the Bourse.

And when you are no longer twenty, you will at last be able to console yourself for your vanished charms with a handsome income, thanks to which you will marry Monsieur Someone-or-other...who will give you his name and his youth...and that's enough!

Modern writers always predict us a future as door-keepers or box-openers at the theatre. Prove them wrong.

When we have been easy women, we shall be honest women.

We shall end as we should have begun.

But alas! We aren't made of wood. You may fall in love. If you do, just remember this: if it's a poor young man, take care that you always put usefulness before pleasure.

The most delightful passions don't last any longer than the loveliest flowers...

Let me repeat, have a single aim: money, and more money, always money.

It's money that rules the universe, the real, the only king in the world.

I've said my say.'

And, at a draught, *the bacchante drained her glass of champagne.*



Bacchante by William-Adolphe Bouguereau, 1881

The History of Modern France
From the Revolution to the War with Terror

By Jonathan Fenby [Simon & Schuster; New York] 2015

Pg. 07

Despite all the vicissitudes and upheavals of two centuries, this book will argue that common themes run through France's modern history, the main one being that a nation which takes its revolutionary and republican legacy as constituting its core values had never, in fact, fully digested that heritage *because it never wanted to shed its other, more conservative character*... The past is a constant element in the present especially for a country as aware of its history as France and which prides itself on its exceptionalism. But bringing the two into harmony is a problem hardly any easier at the start of the twenty-first century than it was at the end of the eighteenth.

Daily Life in Greece at the Time of Pericles

By Robert Flacelière* [Phoenix Press, London] 1959, 2002

* French scholar at the French School of Athens, subsequently appointed Chair of Greek Language and Literature at the University of Paris, then Director of the *École Normale Supérieure*

Pg. 127

The grape-gathering was conducted to the sound of flutes, which spurred on the harvesters just as it set the pace for exercises in the *gymnasion*. The wine press was a portable wooden vat, slightly tilted at the bottom so that the liquid drained out through a projecting pipe into the jar placed beneath it. The must was trodden underfoot- still to the skirl of the flutes- by workers who clutched a handrail running round the rim of the vat to preserve their balance.

Pg. 172-173

The most common drink was certainly water, and connoisseurs learnt to relish its flavor and freshness. Milk was also drunk, especially goat's milk, besides a species of hydromel, water and honey mixed. **But it was the vine that provided the drink of kings, the 'gift of Dionysus'.** In the countryside, after the vintaging, the must was duly sampled. **The method of making wine differed a great deal from our modern procedure: there was, for instance, no prolonged or systematic fermentation in vats, so that to preserve the precious liquid for any length of time was extremely hazardous.** In order to solve this problem the wine adulterated with salt water or various other ingredients, which calls to mind the modern Greek processing of resinated wine, or *retsina*- though as far as is known resin was never used as a preservative in antiquity. Aromatic herbs such as thyme, mint, or cinnamon were also added, and sometimes with honey. The Greeks were acquainted with the production of vin cut (ie by the heating the must), and each region known for the superlative quality of its local cru had a different way of maturing it.

Wine destined for on-the-spot consumption was noted in leather ‘bottles’ sewn together from the skins of pigs or goats, while that scheduled *for export was decanted into large baked clay jars (pithoi), which served the same purpose as modern casks, and subsequently into amphoras (also of baked clay) the inner walls of which had been coated with pitch.* The amphora-handles were stamped with the wine-merchants name, together with those of certain local officials, whose seal was some guarantee of quality, like a modern *appellation contrôlée*. The wines of Thasos, Chios, Lesbos, Rhodes, and certain other localities were held in particularly high esteem. The export and import of wines were regulated (notably on Thasos) by various laws which imposed heavy penalties on fraud, and seem to have underwritten some sort of protectionist system.

Wine as very seldom drunk undiluted (*akratos*). Before every meal a mixture of wine and water, in varying proportions, was made in a large bowl called a *kratér*. In the *Iliad*, when Achilles receives Agamemnon’s envoys he says to Patroclus: ‘Take the largest *kratér*; son of Menoetius, mix the strongly, and give drinking-cups to all.’ During the classical period the wine was similarly diluted with more or less water according to the occasion. Attendants would dip into the *kratér*, either with long curved ladles of metal or clay, or else with *oinochoai*, and go around filling the guests’ cups. Wine as also employed during religious ceremonies for libations in honor of the gods; but in the cult of certain deities wine was proscribed, and these were offered libations of milk instead.

Pg. 129

Girl musicians (both flute players and lyre players, and most of them *hetairai)** were not allowed to ask more than two drachmas a day, and in the case of several clients arguing over one woman, the *astynomoi* settled who should have her by drawing lots.

*courtesans

The most important workshop known to us employed a hundred and twenty slaves: this was the armory owned by the metic Cephalus, Lysias' father.

Pg. 131

The dividing line between artist and artisan was often a very fine one; many crafts demanded good taste and a degree of aesthetic perception. Many workers had a habit of singing as they went about their tasks, and in some workshops the rhythm of production heir ma was controlled by a flute player. But negligent or idle slave-workers were liable to brutal flogging, and great care was taken to see that they did not pocket the fruits of the labour themselves. The opening scene of Aristophanes' *Peace* shows us Trygaeus' two slaves collecting and kneading a repulsive array of turd-cakes for their master's giant dung beetle: one of them exclaims: 'There's one thing I don't run any risk of in this fame, mates: no one's going to accuse me of scoffing the pastry I make.' **We know that in order to stop slave pastry- cooks eating the cakes and pastries they baked, their masters sometimes fitted a wide circular disc round their necks, the diameter of which was more than their arm's length, and which acted in the same manner as a muzzle.**

Pg. 180

Every *symposion*, as we have seen, began with libations to the gods, Dionysus in particular: one drank a little unmixed wine, and spilt the dregs on the floor, invoking the deity as one did so. During the course of the party the drinkers, instead of merely their libation on the ground, amused themselves by aiming the dregs at an agreed target. During this novel type of libation one did not invoke the name of a god, but that of one's beloved: if the drops fell in the dish or bowl one was aiming at, it was regarded as a

favorable omen, announcing that one's amorous hopes would be crowned with success.

Women, too, played this 'erotic' *kottabos*-game at their own all-female banquets, and so did the courtesans invited to male reunions: on a certain vase by Euphronius there is a picture of a naked woman, sprawled on a banqueting-couch, holding a cup in her right hand by one handle and saying: 'This throw is for you, Leagros.'

Theramenes' gesture as he died was a parody of this sport: being condemned to death by order of Critias, one of the Thirty Tyrants, he is said, when the time came for him to drink the hemlock, to have thrown the last drops on the ground as in the *kottabos*-game, with the words: 'Good health to noble Critias!'

The *kottabos* enjoyed such a vogue that several variants on the elementary form described above passed into currency. The bowl which formed the target might be filled with water, and a number of tiny clay saucers set afloat in it: the game then consisted in aiming at these minuscule 'boats' and throwing the wine so skillfully that it made them overset and sink. The *kottabos* prize went to whoever caused the largest number of 'shipwrecks'. Eventually someone had the idea of setting up a tall vertical rod of metal, with a pointed tip, on which a tiny disc was balanced: the player now had to knock the disc off with the dregs of his cup, and it appears that a throw was regarded as particularly successful if the disc when it fell, struck a kind of scone or upturned cup fixed on the rod about two thirds of the way from the bottom.

This Dionysiac amusement (it was, naturally, accompanied by copious draughts of wine) was practiced above all at banquets, but also in those public places where the idle tended to gather, such as the public baths. The prize for the winner might take the shape of eggs, apples, cakes, a pair of sandals, a necklace, ribbons, a cup, a ball, or simply a kiss from his beloved. It seems that the player was judged, not solely by his accuracy in hitting the target, but also by the elegance with which he handled his cup while throwing.

Pg. 72-76

But these carnal or emotional needs that the Athenian did not satisfy at home (since he saw his wife merely as the mistress of his house and the mother of his children) **he tended to find an outlet for elsewhere, in the company of boys or courtesans.** Here we must make a distinction between fifth and the fourth centuries. The Athenian family, as a social unit, seems to have stood firm through out the greater of the fifth century; but the Peloponnesian War, a savagely fought conflict which last for thirty long years, brought about fundamental changes in Athenian *mores*. The terrible Plague of 430-429, which claimed Pericles among its victims, was directly attributable to the war, and Thucydides thus describes its effect upon public morality:

These sudden changes of fortune which people witnessed- the wealthy struck dead overnight, **paupers inheriting their riches- made them the more willing to indulge openly in such pleasures as they would before their money, and saw immediate self-gratification as the one reasonable pursuit in a world where they, and their wealth, were liable to perish at any moment.**



La Première Pose / The First Pose by Pierre Carrier-Belleuse, 1900



Les Oréades by William-Adolphe Bouguereau, 1902

Many women acquired more free and easy habits, following the example of Spartan wives, who lived a far less secluded life than did their Athenian counterparts, and spent a good deal more time in men's company. The resultant disorder led to the appointment of a special magistrate, whose job it was to control the behaviour and, in particular, the extravagance of women- a problem to which Solon, too, had already bent his mind. This magistrate was known as the gynaikonomos. To read the *Lysistrata*, which dates from 411 BC and the *Women in Parliament*, performed as late as 392, one might

be forgiven for inferring that many Athenian women, having seen as exclusively masculine government carry the city headlong to disaster, were convinced that things might go a little better if they expressed their views and gave their husbands advice, but these two plays by Aristophanes are wildly exaggerated fantasy-farces, which afford us no evidence that there existed what today we would term a ‘feminist movement’ – something quite inconceivable in ancient Athens.

Besides, Praxagoras herself, disguised as a man and speaking in that capacity, draws an interesting contrast between women’s placid traditionalism and the restless, never satisfied urge for change and discovery which characterizes men (the speech is taken from *Women in Parliament*):

Women’s methods are much better than ours, as I shall show you. To begin with, they invariably dye their wool by boiling it, in the good old-fashioned way; you won’t catch them trying any new-fangled methods. And wouldn’t it have been better for Athens if she’d let well alone, instead of messing about with a lot of novel ideas? Women roast their barley sitting, just as they always have; they carry loads on their heads, just as they always have; they keep the Thesmophoria, just as they always have; they bake cakes, just as they always have; they sneak their lovers into the house, just as they always have; they buy themselves little tit-bits, just as they always have; they prefer their wine un-watered, just as they always have; and they enjoy a good XX- just as they always have.

As for the husbands, this interminable war meant they were constantly away from their wives and homes, and therefore also less hesitant about giving free vent to their appetites. It was a plaintiff from the fourth, not the fifth century, who one day declared in open court: **‘We have courtesans for pleasure, concubines to perform our domestic chores, and wives to bear us *legitimate* children and the faithful guardians of our homes.’**



Tepidarium by Lawrence Alma-Tadema, 1881

We do, indeed, find in the fifth century such an irregular liaison as that between Pericles and Aspasia. At the time of his first meeting with the beautiful Milesian he was already married to a distant cousin of his, and the father of two sons. However, he put away his wife in order to live with Aspasia. Divorce was permissible in Athens, and Pericles could have Aspasia *en secondes nocces* if she had been Athenian-born, or from a town to which Athens granted the right of epigamia (intermarriage between states). But this right was not enjoyed by Aspasia's city of origin, Miletus. So she became Pericles' mistress, and lived with him- on terms of great intimacy, it would seem- until his death. **She was an intelligent and cultured woman, and Socrates (if we can trust Xenophon and Plato) thought the world of her. The comic poets, on the other hand, attacked her as a prostitute and brothel-keeper.**

As Marie Delcourt wrote in her study of Pericles: ‘No one would have thought the less of Pericles for making love to young boys, or for treating his first wife so shabbily; but they were shocked by his treating her successor like a human being- by the fact that he lived with her instead of relegating her to the *gynaikeion*, and included his friends’ wives when he issued invitations to dinner. It was all too amazing to be proper; and Aspasia was so brilliant she could not possibly be respectable.’ There may be much truth in this; but my own feeling is that what people found it hard to forgive Pericles, the first citizen of Athens (and therefore one who should have set an example in his private conduct), was the way he put away an Athenian wife and replaced her with a foreigner.

As for the *hetairai*, or courtesans, they were for the most part slaves. Many of them were content with the modest enough fee of one obol, though some the top-grade *hetairai*- cost their lovers a pretty penny. During the Hellenistic epoch certain courtesans even managed to marry reigning princes, and thus become queens: ‘Flute-girls, dancers from Samos, an Aristonica or and Agathocleia or an Oenanthe with her tambourine- all these have trodden a royal diadem underfoot.’ **Even as early as the fourth century the celebrated Phryne, a Boeotian from Thesopiae, had managed to make a really rich killing. Her actual name was Mnesarete, which means ‘mindful of virtue’; ‘Phryne was a nickname, given her on account of her yellowish complexion (the word in fact means ‘toad’; though this, apparently, did not make her any the less beautiful). It was well known what methods the orator Hyperides, himself one of her lovers, is supposed to have employed in order to secure her acquittal on an impiety charge that had been brought against her; but this anecdote is highly suspect. [Hyperides is said to have made her bare her bosom before the court, an argument which proved irresistible. (Trs.)] She was also Praxiteles’ mistress, and served as the model for several statues he made of Aphrodite. Her personal fortune was so immense that it enabled her to set up her own statue in gold, in the sanctuary at Delphi, amongst those of generals and kings. Plutarch, himself a priest of Pythian Apollo, was to take**

great exception to this centuries later: he described the statue as ‘a trophy won from the lechery of the Greeks.’

Brothels had existed in Athens at least since Solon’s day, in the Ceramicus and, particularly, the Piraeus; a percentage of the profits had gone to build the temple of Aphrodite Pandemos.

Were these courtesans (whether freelance or institutionalized) really, as it sometimes claimed, better educated or more culturally aware than respectable Athenian matrons? To judge from those whom we can observe in conflict with legitimate wives, during various court hearings, the matter is at least open to doubt. ...**Neara** was reared by a procuress ‘who was highly skilled in picking out future beauties on the strength of their appearance in infancy’; but **her education seems to have consisted, first and foremost, in learning the secrets of dressing and make-up, and other aides to physical seduction.** We hear that Phryne was beautiful; no one suggests that she was clever or cultivated, like Aspasia. It was by their compliant ways and willingness to please that these *hetairai* kept their lovers. As one comic poet put it: “Is not a mistress always more loving than a wife? Indeed she is, and for a very good reason. However unpleasant your wife may be, you are legally bound to keep her. A mistress, on the other hand, knows that a lover can only be kept by constant attentiveness, failing which he will turn elsewhere.

It is quite likely, however, that **many courtesans received a somewhat freer and wider education than the middle-class ladies of Athens**, especially in such fields as music, singing, and dancing: **numbers of them has been trained to perform on the flute (aulos), and were employed to play sing, and dance at banquets.**



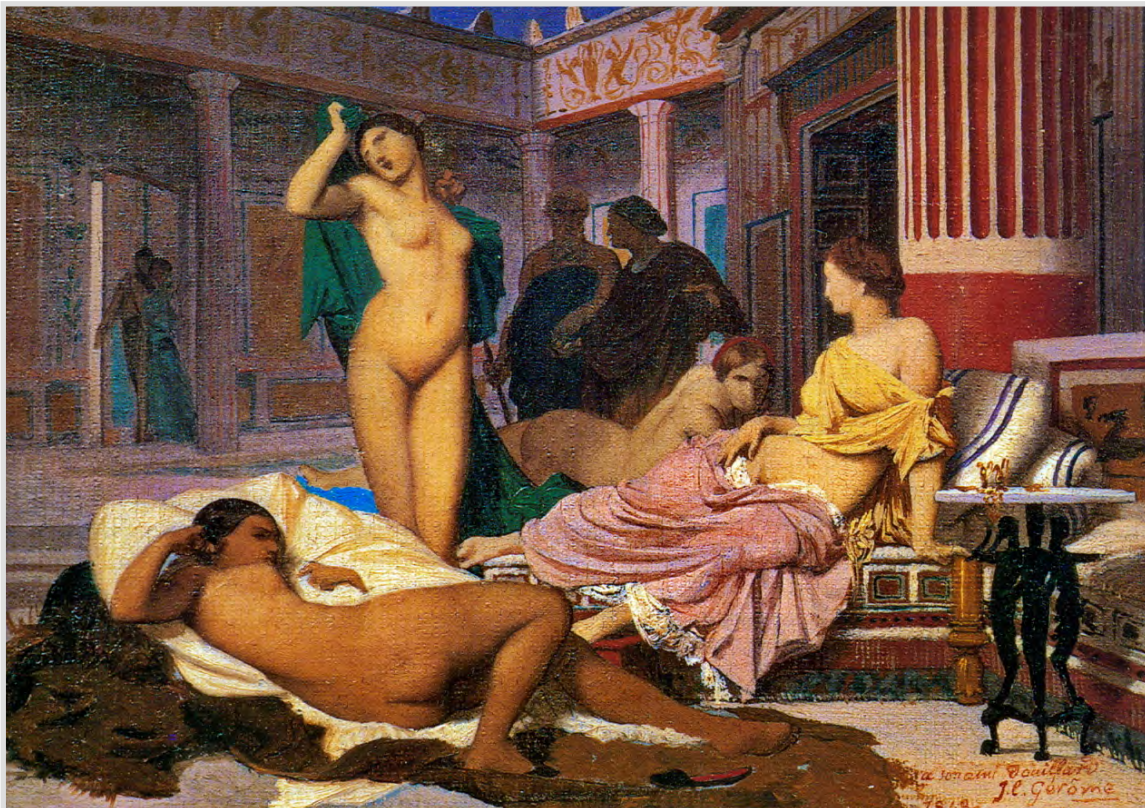
Femmes grecques au bain / Greek women bathing

by Henri-Pierre Picou, 1879

Pg. 202

Another great festival of Dionysus, as God of Wine, took place during Anthesterion (February). This was the Anthestéria, which stretched over the 11th, 12th, and 13th days of the month. On the first day in this triduum, called Pithoigia ('the Opening of Jars'), the terracotta pithoi in which the wine had been stored since the autumn vintaging were opened. On that day or the next, known as Choés (the feast of Wine-pitchers: cf. Choéphoroi) there was a drinking competition, at which, when the trumpet sounded, one had down a potful of wine as fast as possible. The victor received a crown of leaves and a full wineskin. Many of these pots, or pitchers, have survived: they are often decorated

with scenes of small children playing with toys and garlands, since the Anthesteria also incorporated a children's festival. On the second day a procession took place, in which Dionysus, mounted upon a boat-shaped float, was escorted through town. **Those taking part in the procession appear to have worn masks, and comparisons have been drawn between this cheerful ceremony and the modern carnival.** The role of the god had to be taken by the King Archon, since the Basilinna, or queen (ie the King Archon's wife) had to be united with him in a *hieros gamos* (sacred ritual marriage). But the third day of the festival, known as Chytroi ('the Feast of Cooking-Pots'), had a quite different character: this was devoted to the dead and the dying. A stew of vegetables and various kinds of grains (*panspermia*) was prepared in terracotta cooking-pots: this had to be consumed before nightfall. The principal sacrifice was offered up to Hermes Psychopompus, the 'conductor of souls' on their way to Hades.



L'intérieur d'un bâtiment grec /The Inside of a Greek Building
by Jean-Léon Gérôme, 1848

Pg. 200-201

Men played no part in the Haloa, except for certain officials whose task it was to supervise the ceremonies; on the other hand courtesans were admitted, though they, like the men, were barred from the Thesmophoria. **The male generative organ, the *phallos*, seems to have played a central part in this rite:** a certain vase (péliké) now preserved in London shows us a woman scooping up powder from a box and scattering it over a row of terracotta phalluses, planted in the ground like corn-stalks.

The *phallos* also played an important role in the festivals of Dionysus, which took place during the winter months. In Poseidaion there was celebrated the agrarian or rural Dionysia, during which the phallus was born in solemn procession through the fields behind a girl basket-bearer (*kanéphoros*). An Athenian decree concerning the colony of Brea, in Thrace, datable to about 445 BC, stipulates that the inhabitants of this city shall send to Athens 'for the Great Panathenaea, a cow and a panoplia [suit of armour]; and for the Dionysia, a phallos. **This feast gave rise to such popular junketings as can still be seen at a modern village kermesse in France.** Young peasants would try to balance on greasy inflated wineskins, a sport known as askoliasmos, while cheerful, noisy bands of revellers (*kômoi*- the origin of the 'comic' Chorus) would traverse the streets and alleyways of the town, dancing, singing, and flinging cheerful or obscene ribaldries at everyone, whether men or women, they encountered in route. **From the fifth century onwards, the more wealthy demes reinforced these celebrations with dramatic performances.**

In Gamelion (January), the marriage month (*gamos*), was held the festival of the Gamelia or Theogamia, which recalled the divine union of Zeus and Hera; and also another festival of Dionysus, the Lenaea. This was not, as has sometimes been supposed, a feast to do with the wine press (*lénos*): the vintage season was several months past. It was,

rather, an orgiastic feast in honour of the *Lenai*, another name for the Maenads or Bacchantes, women possessed by Dionysiac frenzy. In the sacred precinct of the Lenaion they performed their ecstatic and disheveled dances. **Since Dionysus was god of both of the dithyramb and the theatre, this festival also included recitals of lyric poetry and dramatic productions...**



Sappho and Alcaeus by Lawrence Alma-Tadema, 1881

Democracy Matters

By Cornel West [Penguin Press; New York] 2004

Pg. 42

In examining the deep roots of imperialism in American history, it is important to know that **most of the grand democratic projects in human history- from Athens to America- have xenophobic and imperial roots.** The most famous of all speeches in democratic Athens – Pericles’ great funeral oration rendered in Thucydides’ classic *History of the Peloponnesian War-* celebrated democracy at home *while glorifying*

*Athen's **imperial domination of other peoples abroad.*** “For Athens alone of her contemporaries, “ Pericles proclaimed, “is found when tested to be greater than her reputation... we have forced every sea and land to be the highway of our daring, and everywhere, whether for evil or for good, have left imperishable monuments behind us.” Even the democracy at home he lauded was seriously compromised, rooted as it was in slavery, patriarchal households, and the economic advantage of the cheap labor of resident aliens (like the great Aristotle) who could not vote. **Similarly, the democratic experiments of Rome, France, England, and Germany had deep imperial foundations.**

Prehistoric stone engraved with horses found in France

bbc.com/news/world-europe-48539803

June 06, 2019

A stone believed to be about 12,000 years old and engraved with what appears to be a horse and other animals has been discovered in France.

The prehistoric find by archaeologists excavating a site **in the south-western Angoulême district, north of Bordeaux, has been described as "exceptional".**

Markings appear on both sides of the sandstone, the National Archaeological Research Institute (Inrap) said.

It was found during work at an "ancient hunting site" near Angoulême station.

The Palaeolithic stone plate, which is said to be about 25cm long, 18cm wide and 3cm thick, "combines geometric and figurative motifs", Inrap said.

According to the institute, the most visible engraving is that of a headless horse, which covers at least half of the stone's surface on one side.

"Legs and hooves are very realistic," Inrap said on its website (in French), adding: "Two other animals, smaller, are also slightly incised."

The other animals featured on the stone are slightly smaller, and could be another horse and a deer - which has a distinct shape to its hooves, the institute said.

Other items unearthed at the site in Angoulême include rudimentary fireplaces - concentrations of heated pebbles - bone remains of fauna and a flint-sized post.

Arrowheads and cut flints have also been found in the area, suggesting that it may have been used thousands of years ago as a hunting and feasting site.

The archaeological discoveries will be presented to the public at a local exhibition between 14 and 16 June.

The Palaeolithic period, the larger part of the prehistoric Stone Age, is thought to have begun more than two million years ago and ended around 8,000 BC.

'World's oldest wine' found in 8,000-year-old jars in Georgia

bbc.com/news/world-europe-41977709

November 13, 2017

Scientists say 8,000-year-old pottery fragments have revealed the earliest evidence of grape wine-making. The earthenware jars containing residual wine compounds were found in two sites south of the Georgian capital, Tbilisi, researchers said.

Some of the jars bore images of grape clusters and a man dancing.

Previously, the earliest evidence of wine-making was from pottery dating from about 7,000 years ago found in north-western Iran.

The latest finds were published in the journal Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences (PNAS).

"We believe this is the oldest example of the domestication of a wild-growing Eurasian grapevine solely for the production of wine," said co-author Stephen Batiuk, a senior researcher at the University of Toronto.

"Wine is central to civilisation as we know it in the West. As a medicine, social lubricant, mind-altering substance and highly valued commodity, wine became the focus of religious cults, pharmacopoeias, cuisines, economies and society in the ancient Near East."

Traditional methods

The pottery jars were discovered in two Neolithic villages, called Gadachrili Gora and Shulaveris Gora, about 50km (30 miles) south of Tbilisi, researchers said.

Telltale chemical signs of wine were discovered in eight jars, the oldest one dating from about 5,980 BC.

Large jars called qvevri, similar to the ancient ones, are still used for wine-making in Georgia, said David Lordkipanidze, director of the Georgian National Museum who helped lead the research.

Mr Batiuk said the wine was probably made in a similar way to the qvevri method today "where the grapes are crushed and the fruit, stems and seeds are all fermented together".

Previously, the earliest evidence of grape wine-making had been found in the Zagros Mountains of Iran and dated to 5,400-5,000 BC.

In 2011, a wine press and fermentation jars from about 6,000 years ago were found in a cave in Armenia.

The world's earliest non-grape based wine is believe to be a fermented alcoholic beverage of rice, honey and fruit found in China and dating to about 7,000 BC.

Does Shiraz wine come from Iran?

bbc.com/news/world-middle-east-38771806

By Anahita Shams BBC Persian

February 03, 2017

Until the Islamic revolution, Iran had a tradition of wine-making which stretched back centuries. It centered on the ancient city of Shiraz - but is there a connection between the place and the wine of the same name now produced and drunk across the world?

"I remember my father bringing in the grapes and putting them in a big clay vat," says California-based wine-maker Darioush Khaledi, recalling his childhood in pre-revolutionary Iran.

"I would climb on top and smell and enjoy the wine."

Darioush's family was from Shiraz, a fabled city in south-western Iran, whose name was once synonymous with viticulture and the poetry and culture of wine.

He remembers happy evenings when the family would gather, sipping wine from clay cups, and reciting lines from the 14th Century Persian poet Hafez.

"It wasn't just about drinking wine," he says. "It was an adventure."

The world Darioush remembers came to an end in 1979 when Iran's new Islamic rulers banned alcohol.

They shut down wineries, ripped up commercial vineyards and consigned to history a culture stretching back thousands of years.

Ancient residue

An ancient clay jar has pride of place at the University of Pennsylvania museum in Philadelphia in the US. It was one of six discovered by a team of American archaeologists at a site in the Zagros mountains in northern Iran in 1968.

The jars date back to the Neolithic period more than 7,000 years ago, and provide the first scientific proof of the ancient nature of Iranian wine production.

Chemical analysis on one of them revealed that a dark stain at the bottom was actually wine residue.

"This is the oldest chemically-identified wine jar in the world," says Prof Patrick McGovern.

The first evidence of grape cultivation in Shiraz came around 2,500 BC, when vines were brought down from the mountains to the plains of south-west Iran, the professor says. By

the 14th Century, Shiraz wine was immortalised in the poetry of Hafez, whose tomb in the city is still venerated today.

"Last night, the wise tavern master deciphered the enigma," he wrote. "Gazing at the lines traced in the cup of wine, he unravelled our awaiting fate."

In the 1680s, a French diamond merchant, Jean Chardin, travelled to Persia to the court of Shah Abbas. He attended elaborate banquets and recorded the first European account of what Shiraz wine actually tasted like.

"It was a very specific red," says French historian and Chardin expert Francis Richards. "It was a wine with good conservation because generally the local wines very quickly turned to vinegar."

But is there a connection between the "dark red wine that smells like musk" immortalised by Hafez, and the Shiraz wine drunk across the world today?

The first stop in my research is one of France's most famous vineyards in the Rhone valley in the south and home to the Syrah vine. According to local legend, the Hermitage vineyard was founded by a 13th Century knight called Gaspard de Sterimberg, who brought back a Persian vine from the Crusades.

The names Syrah and Shiraz are often used interchangeably. Could Syrah be a corruption of Shiraz and prove a Persian connection? The definitive answer came in 1998 when DNA testing was carried out on the local vines to pinpoint their origin.

"Some people think it comes from Persians and others from Sicily where you have Syracuse city," says grape geneticist Jose Vouillamoz. "But today we know all of that is wrong."

"Testing was done by two different labs," he continues. **"And it was really a surprise to find out that Syrah is a natural spontaneous crossing between two local vines from this area."** So wherever the name came from, it seems there is no genetic connection between Syrah grapes and the wines of ancient Shiraz.

But the trail does not end there.

Outside of France, the biggest producer of Syrah in the world is Australia and the wine is always called Shiraz.

This can be traced back to a Scot called James Busby who exported Syrah vines from the Hermitage to Australia in the 19th Century. His first consignment of vines was labelled "scyras" which many thought was a misspelling of Syrah. But when I re-read his journal, I came across a line which proved he knew about the Hermitage Persian vine legend.

"According to the tradition of the neighbourhood," he wrote. "The plant - scyras - was originally brought from Shiraz in Persia."

At that time European wine-makers sometimes imported wine from Persia to add sweetness and body. So perhaps Busby hoped the ancient name Shiraz would add some Persian mystique and flavour to his New World wine-making endeavour.

Echoes of Persepolis

The United States imported Syrah vines in the 1970s and the wine is always marketed under the Syrah name - with one notable exception.

Darioush Khaledi, a son of Shiraz, is the proud owner of a 120-acre vineyard in **California's Napa Valley** producing what he insists on calling Shiraz wine.

"My French friends say Shiraz/Syrah comes from the Rhone and [has] a 500-year-old history," he says. "But if you open an atlas of the world there's only one place in the whole world called Shiraz and it has **a 7,000-year-old history of wine growing.**"

He highlights his Iranian heritage in the vineyard. The entrance to the main building is lined with Persian-style columns reminiscent of the ancient city of Persepolis.

The day we visit, his marketing manager Dan de Polo is **holding a wine tasting for a group of Chinese buyers.**

"What's great about Shiraz is that it's always been a very soulful wine," he tells them.

Soulfulness, spirit and poetry - words that come up time and again when talking about Shiraz wine. And for Darioush, and for me, I think that is what matters most. It is not about the DNA of the grapes, it is about the link Shiraz offers us to the spirit of our faraway homeland and the romance of its fabled wine.

Jerusalem reference found on ancient wine ledger

bbc.com/news/world-middle-east-37773748

October 26, 2016

Israeli archaeologists have discovered an ancient wine ledger they believe contains the earliest written reference to Jerusalem outside the Bible.

The Israel Antiquities Authority (IAA) seized the **2,700-year-old papyrus** from thieves who had taken it from a desert cave near the Dead Sea. Two lines in Hebrew detail the shipment of wine from the king's household.

"From the king's maidservant, from Na'arat, jars of wine, to Jerusalem," it reads.

"The document represents extremely rare evidence of the existence of an organised administration in the Kingdom of Judah," said Dr Eitan Klein of the IAA.

Archaeologists dated the 11cm by 2.5cm (4.3in by 1in) piece of papyrus to the 7th Century BC and say it is the earliest mention of the city of Jerusalem from a source other than the Bible.

The weather in the Dead Sea region appears to have helped preserve the document.

"Organic material, such as documents, particularly delicate paper like papyrus, perish over time due to their sensitivity to moisture," the IAA's Amir Ganor said.

"The dry climate of the desert is exceptional in that it facilitates the preservation of documents that provide invaluable information regarding the way of life in antiquity and the early development of religions," he added.

The discovery was announced on Wednesday shortly after the United Nations Organisation for Education, Science and Culture (Unesco) adopted a second resolution in a week that Israel said denied Judaism's ties to Jerusalem. The resolution, according to copies seen by news agencies, mentions only the Islamic name for a key holy site in the city known to Jews as the Temple Mount and al-Haram al-Sharif (Noble Sanctuary) to Muslims.

Israeli Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu criticised the "absurdity" of Wednesday's decision and said he would recall his country's ambassador to Unesco for consultations on how to proceed.

Senior Palestinian official Saeb Erekat said the resolution was aimed "at reaffirming the importance of Jerusalem for the three monotheistic religions".

Grape expectations: DNA reveals history of vintage wine

bbc.com/news/science-environment-48549430

June 10, 2019

By Helen Briggs

The French were probably sipping wine made from an identical grape to one used today back in medieval times.

DNA from ancient grape seeds shows the grapevine behind a local vintage has been cultivated continuously for 900 years.

Ancient grapes found at archaeological sites also reveal what the Romans grew in their vineyards 2,000 years ago.

They may have made wines closely related to Pinot Noir and Syrah, according to scientists.

It has long been suspected that some grape varieties used in modern wine are identical to plants grown hundreds of years ago.

Grape vines are propagated by taking cuttings, allowing grapes behind particularly delicious wines to be passed down the generations.

And now, researchers have matched DNA from 28 grape seeds from Iron Age, Roman and medieval archaeological sites across France to a genetic database of modern grapevines.

"We found one medieval grape seed from central France that is directly connected to Savignin blanc," said Dr Nathan Wales, from the University of York.

"It's a type of grape that's grown today in France and we see that it has a direct link for 900 years, which means that people have taken this one vine and they've propagated it by cuttings for over 900 years."

Savagnin or Savagnin Blanc (not to be confused with Sauvignon Blanc) is a variety of white wine grape with green-skinned berries.

It can still be found growing in the Jura region of France, where it is made into Savagnin wine or vin jaune and vin de paille, as well as in parts of Central Europe, where it often goes by the name Traminer.

Grapes grown by the Romans, who were known to have advanced knowledge of winemaking, were also analysed in the study.

With the Roman grape seeds, the researchers could not find an identical genetic match with modern-day seeds - but they did find a very close relationship with two important grape families used to produce high quality wine, including Syrah and Pinot Noir.

While we can't be sure the grapes were used for wine rather than table grapes, the researchers, from the UK, Denmark, France, Spain, and Germany, think it's very likely they became a special vintage.

"We suspect the majority of these archaeological seeds come from domesticated berries that were potentially used for winemaking, based on their strong genetic links to wine grapevines," said Dr Jazmín Ramos-Madrigal, from the University of Copenhagen.

The research is published in *Nature Plants*.

Daily Life in Palestine at the Time of Christ

By Henri Daniel-Rops* [Phoenix Press; London] 1962, 2002

* Henri Daniel-Rops was the *nom de plume* of Henri Jules Charles Petiot. An academic prodigy, by the age of twenty-one Petiot had earned the equivalent of three Master's degrees and became an Associate Professor of History at Neuilly a year later. He wrote more than seventy books and received a large number of distinctions and honours. **In 1955 he became the youngest ever member of the Académie française (eventually winning the *Grand Prix*) and went on to receive the Legion of Honour.**

Pg. 204

There was another subject upon which the Law had a great deal to say: that of drink. There were certainly drinks other than wine for slaking one's thirst; there was the pure water of wells and springs, to begin with, and very good it is in hot weather after a long walk; then milk, vinegar much diluted with water (the *posca* of the Romans), the more or less fermented juice of pomegranates or dates, of *shechar*, a kind of light beer made from barley and millet, rather like the Latins' *cervisia*. In order to astonish their guests, very rich men would offer them beer from Media. But none of these was anything in comparison with wine, the drink above all others.

There was no possible doubt that wine was part of the religious scheme of the world: everybody knew that it was God Himself who had first shown Noah how it was made. Palestine prided itself on producing a great deal of very good wine, and there were popular wine-stories (the tractate *Kethuboth* has preserved some) like Tartarin of Tarascon's hunting-stories: 'As for me,' said one man, 'each of my bunches produces a whole barrel.' 'For my part,' said the other, 'I have pressed so much that for several

stadia all around you walk in a sea of wine up to your ankles.’ What is more, **the Bible (which speaks of wine a hundred and forty one times)** spoke of the juice of the grape in the most cordial possible terms. The famous ‘*vinum laetificat cor hominis*’ is verse fifteen of Psalm 103. But the author of Ecclesiasticus was more enthusiastic still, in saying that **wine was a man’s life, and asking what kind of a life would one lead without it.** If was for this reason that the Proverbs said that there should be ‘wine for the afflicted heart.’ Since the vine was the symbol of Israel and since a golden vine was to be seen in the Temple, was not wine a holy drink? Therefore it had its ritual laws. Like meat, it had to be *kosher*, and it had to be made entirely by Jewish hands. **When Jesus spoke of Himself as the vine, and when He consecrated wine to that high point of saying, ‘This is my blood’, He was speaking like a son of Israel- He was entirely in the tradition of His people.**

It was certainly red wine that they drank: **the Old Testament speaks of the redness of wine many times, and *there is not a single mention of a white.*** Some kinds were better than others, and the account of the marriage at Cana in the Gospel shows that the best was served at the beginning of the meal and the inferior wine later, when the guests had already drunk a great deal. Generally speaking it was a very full-bodied deep purple wine, rich in both alcohol and tannin, and it was drunk mixed with water, not neat. The Jews were familiar with the practice of blending, that is, of **improving a small wine by the addition of a more fruity one.** They kept their wine either in great tall jars or in wine-skins: the skins were made of carefully tanned goat’s hide, and they had wooden stoppers. The best were to be had at Hebron; and with them there was no risk of seeing the new wine suddenly burst out and spill during the fermentation.

They always filtered their wine before they drank it: the rabbi Eliezar held that filtering was permissible even on the Sabbath, but other learned men insisted that the Law was infringed, the rest broken, unless the filter were placed over the jug the day before. **The Greeks and the Romans had a way of scenting their wine** with thyme, cinnamon, roses

and jasmine flowers, and this habit had spread to the richer classes among the Jews: but the common people preferred theirs in a natural state. The rabbis allowed that the preparation of honeyed wine on the Sabbath was licit, which shows that the sweetened drink was fairly common.

They drank their wine out of metal goblets or earthenware mugs, **for although glass was known it was scarce and expensive.** The Song of Songs says that these goblets were shaped ‘like a maiden’s navel’; which is perhaps a little less than precise. Some are to be seen on the coins of the Asmoneans, and they mostly have a handle. They were very large; and in this lay the root of the trouble. **For although nothing could be better for a man than wine ‘drunk in moderation’ as Ecclesiasticus says,** the Jews well aware that it could also be exceedingly dangerous; and Yahweh knew how much they drank when there was a celebration. Indeed, in **Aramaic**, which was the language of the people [**as still spoken in modern Ethiopia- DE**], the word for wedding was *mistitha*, a carouse, or drinking-party. The Bible is therefore full of warnings, and in the same passages in Ecclesiasticus which praises wine so highly there is also this: ‘Never challenge a hard drinker to a drinking-bout; wine has been the ruin of many...**To the drunkard, life is no life at all; wine is death, when it so deprives a man of life...Wine drunk in excess brings anger and quarrelling and calamities a many; it is the poison of a man’s life.**’ Chapter 23 of Proverbs shows the disadvantages of drinking in the person or a red-eyed drunkard fighting with his neighbors, his mind confused, his steps wandering and himself ‘as helpless as a mariner asleep in mid-ocean’. And there are a score of equally categorical passages in the Bible. In any case, the Israelite had but to remember Noah and Balthazar and Holofernes to realize the treachery of the delightful drink. A piece of apocryphal Hebrew literature of the first century before Christ, the *Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs*, says very pertinently, **‘The spirit of whoredom has wine for its servant’**; and here whoredom has not only its blunt literal sense but also the figurative meaning of the apostasy. For all these reasons judges engaged in a trial were forbidden to drink; so were officiating priests and Nazarites- those who were under particular vows.

There were even teetotalers, who never touched wine at all: these were the descendants of those wild nomadic Rechabites of the time of Jeremiah; but there were not many of them.

Pg. 316

...It is probably incorrect to attribute a very harsh meaning to the expression 'sinful woman', which the Talmud uses so widely as to include a wife who gives her husband a dish that has not been properly tithed; but still there is little doubt that this was the profession of Mary of Magdala, the most moving transgressor in history, before our Lord drew here from it. The woman who anointed the feet of Christ during His meal at the house of Simon the Pharisee, whether she was the Magdalene or not is formally described as 'a sinner.' In the parable of the Prodigal Son, Jesus directly states the foolish young man had wasted his substances among whores. And the 'successive husbands' of the Samaritan women whom He met at Jacob's well, might very well have been called, in plainer language, her customers. Christ speaks of harlots in several places; and as we know, **He refers to them with more pity than harshness, undoubtedly seeing in them victims rather than criminals**- indeed, he even told the Pharisees that some whores would more easily find admittance to heaven than they. We do not know whether the brothels which are often mentioned in the Old Testament still existed, it is more than likely, seeing that the lupanar was one of the great and flourishing institutions of the Roman empire, and **that many roadside inns had a staff of 'little she-asses'**- inns like that in the *Via dell' Abbondanza* [Street of Abundance] in Pompeii, for example, whose alluring sign offers the services of its inmates to the passer-by...



L'Amor et Psyché by François-Édouard Picot, 1817

Pg. 208

At great feasts it was thought suitable to pour scented oil upon the heads of distinguished guests: this was a custom coming from remote antiquity; the Gospel mentions it several times. Sometimes the guests were also crowned with wreaths; but this was really a heathen practice, more suitable for Roman orgy, and the doctors of the Law condemned it. And of course no meal, however humble, began without a blessing. 'The man who eats without having blessed his food', said the rabbis, 'desecrates a holy thing'.

No one ever ate standing up....'Eating or drinking upright upsets a man's whole body,' said the learned. In former times it had been customary to eat sitting, either on chairs or cross-legged on the ground: 'They sat down together and ate', as the Bible says so many times. But in the strictest circles of the Chosen People the **Graeco-Roman habit of**

eating stretched on the couch or a kind of divan furnished with cushions had become general; and Jesus Himself must often have taken His meals in this manner, for how otherwise could the 'sinful woman' have poured ointment on His feet and dried them with her hair, or Saint John have sat 'with his head upon Jesus' breast'? The correct way was to lean upon one's left elbow, using the right hand for the food.

Pg. 211

The delights of the table, then, were not unknown to the Jews. But here too the Law made itself heard, and the rabbis often commented upon its wise counsels of moderation. The tractate *Gittin* said. 'There are eight things in which excess is harmful, and in which moderation is to be observed: travelling; sexual relations; wealth; labour; food and drink; sleep; hot baths and letting blood'. **Over-long banquets with too much too eat and drink degenerated into orgies, as everyone knew: besides, there was the memory of that great banquet that their forefathers had held about the Golden Calf- a feast that could have ended worse...**

Pg. 210

...They went on for a very long time, at least five or six hours; and they were enlivened with music, songs and dancing. 'Music and wine, carbuncle set in gold, music and wine, signet ring of gold and emerald, so the wine be good, said the unfailing Ben Sirach. There was nothing surprising in the appearance of the dancing Salome at the banquet during which John the Baptist's death was decided: there were always dancing-girls at the more splendid feasts.

At these feasts people ate a very great deal: they ate enormously. **Wherever they went, the Romans brought with them their extraordinary gluttony,** and there is nothing improbable in the 'bull's kidney's, dormice and minced nightingales in vine-leaves' that

Flaubert makes Herod Antipas offer to Vitellius in Herodias: indeed, if the tetrarch's guests had not more than they might very well have thought themselves hardly done by. Trimalchio, in Macrobius' *Saturnalia*, did thing far better with his soft-boiled eggs stuffed with ortolans, his crayfish, his young sows' vulvas, his braised joints of beef, his hares made to look like Pegasus and his whole sucking-pig with its belly bursting with black-puddings. Naturally, it cannot be asserted that all wealthy Jews indulged in gastronomic flights of this kind: but it is certain, from the unimpeachable evidence of the Bible, that they delighted in the fat of the tail of the sheep' - and this does not sound as impressive as it is in fact, for the tails in a question of the prodigiously large tails of the fat-tailed sheep, tails so heavy that a kind of bucket or wheeled case was fitted to them so that they precious fat should not be spoilt. Indeed, in chapter five the tractate *Shabbath* it is forbidden to let out the rams ' with the little cart' on the day of rest.

The Great Sea

By David Abulafia [Penguin Books; London] 2014

Pg. 72-73 (1,000 BC to 700 BC)

All this points to a real increase in carrying capacity in the trade of the Mediterranean at this period. The vessels themselves were not significantly larger than those of ancient Byblos: some ships of Ugarit, around 1200 BC, could carry 45 tons of cargo and the maximum capacity of Phoenician ships was only a little more. What improved capacity was the stability of the ships. It was this that made voyages as far as Atlantic ports such as Cadiz and Mogador realistic, and perhaps even enabled the circumnavigation of Africa, attributed by Herodotos to the 6th century BC. The rounded ships used for long and medium-distance trade were 3 or 4 times as long as they were broad, and could achieve a

length of as much as 30 meters, though the Ashkelon wreck were about half that length. Portrayed on the Balawat gates, they have high prows, decorated with the image of a horse's head (perhaps in homage to a god of the sea similar to Poseidon, who was also a horse-lover); eyes might be painted on the bows, while at the stern, beyond the quarterdeck, the planking was gathered together in what looks like a fish-tail. A square sail was raised on a mast which, the biblical prophets say, was often made of cedarwood from Lebanon; some ships also made use of oar power. The rudder consisted of a broad oar attached to the port (left) side. **The impression is of sturdy boats with good carrying capacity, well suited to the trade in grain, wine and oil, and not simply fast flyers carrying small quantities of exotic luxury items.** This is confirmed by the two early wrecks, which, between them, carried 800 wine amphorae, making a cargo (if the amphorae were full) that weighted 22 tons.

Pg. 78 (1,000 BC to 700 BC)

...Greek writer such as Strabo (writing early in the 1st century AD) insisted on the importance of Southern Spain as a source of silver...An early Phoenician settlement existed on Ibiza, within distant sight of the Iberian mainland; **the usual exchanges for metals for oil and wine took place**, though another asset of Ibiza throughout its history has been its gleaming saltpans.

Pg. 90 (800 BC – 550BC)

There is a mystery at both ends of the route linking Euboia to Ischia. Why Euboia should have emerged as the first significant centre of overseas trade and settlement long after the recession of the 'Dark Age' is far from clear. Euboia is a long, well-wooded island that flanks mainland Greece; the distance from the mainland is only a few miles at most, though Hesiod described his unreasonable terror at crossing even that narrow channel. The most likely explanation is that its two major cities, Chalkis and Eretria,

commanded excellent natural resources and began to exploit them in local trade down to Athens and Corinth. Euboia was rich in timber, essential for its shipbuilders; indeed, one of the Homeric Hymns – a series of poems in praise of the gods written in the 7th or 6th century in what passes for a Homeric style – dedicated to Apollo, described it as ‘famous for its ships.’ **Wine as another resource- the early Greek word *woinos* was transmitted to Italy, where the Etruscans transformed it into a word the Romans heard as *vinum*.**

Pg. 124 (1,000 BC- 400 BC)

All this did not make Massalia into a hive of Ionian irredentists. Massalia was a special place, whose inhabitants managed to keep their heads down when their compatriots were fighting the Etruscans; and one explanation for this was the intimate relationship the Massaliots enjoyed with the peoples of the western Mediterranean- not just the Etruscans, but the Carthaginians in Africa and Spain and the less sophisticated Ligurians who inhabited northwestern Italy and southern France. Massalia became a point of contact with the Celtic peoples of western Europe, so that Greek and Etruscan pottery and other goods were funneled northwards and from there into the centre of Gaul. Meanwhile, the Greeks, Etruscans and Carthaginians traded side by side in the region; Pech Maho, which has been mentioned already was used by Carthaginian merchants as a trading station, and yet was evidently visited by others as well, as the Etruscan inscription scratched on lead found there makes plain. Rather than lead, it was tin that attracted merchants to southern France, for they sought access to the tin supplies of northwestern France and possibly even Britain, reached by Phoenician sailors out of Cadiz. Finds of Greek and Etruscan bronzes and pottery along the Seine, notably a massive Greek bronze *krater* found at Vix, dating from about 530 BC, give some clues to the lengthy routes that goods (though not necessarily individual merchants) followed deep into the interior of Gaul. **This great mixing bowl for wine serves as a reminder that the wine trade was one of the great strengths of Massalia. It could contain 1,100 litres of liquid, the**

custom among the Greeks being to mix one part of wine with two of water. Indeed, the 6th century was the golden age of Greek trade in the far west. Although an Ionian colony in Corsica was throttled at birth by the Etruscans and Carthaginians, small settlements came into being for a while at Malaga and elsewhere in southern Spain and, more illustriously, at Emporion, the emporium par excellence, now known as Empuries. Nearby, traders from Rhodes may have founded Rhode, the modern Roses in Catalonia.

Massalia maintained its links to the eastern Mediterranean, whose bronze foundries were hungry for tin. **Large quantities of 6th century Greek pottery have been found during excavations in Marseilles [formerly Massalia],** from Euboia, Corinth, Athens, Sparta, Ionia and, closer at hand, Etruria. The wealthy merchants of Massalia endowed a



Women of Amphissa by Lawrence Alma-Tadema, 1887

treasury at Delphi. This was no colonial backwater. **The culture of southern France became Hellenized.** A late Roman writer, **Justin**, summarized the words of an earlier writer, *Pompeius Trogus* (whose Philippic Histories are now lost), as follows:

From the people of Massalia, therefore, **the Gauls learned a more civilized way of life, their former barbarity being laid aside or softened;** and by them they were taught to cultivate their lands and to enclose their towns with walls. The too, they grew accustomed to live according to laws, and not by violence; **then they learned to prune the vine and plant the olive;** and such a radiance was shed over both men and things, that it was not Greece which seemed to have immigrated into Gaul, but Gaul that seemed to have been transplanted into Greece.

Of course, this encomium was written many centuries later, and it is doubtful whether the Greeks really introduced the olive and the vine. Still, a good claim can be made that it was the Greeks and Etruscans who fostered the intensive exploitation of vineyards, and introduced a more advanced technology of olive-pressing and wine production. **Sir John Boardman insisted that ‘the first wine drunk in Burgundy was Greek wine from Marseilles, and the Athenian, Phoenician and Etruscan wine jars found on many sites in Languedoc and Provence support Boardman’s contention.** Justin was right: it was not necessary to conduct a conquest in the style of the Roman legions to draw this region into the cultural orbit of Greece.

Pg. 157-158 (350BC – 100BC)

One of King Ptolemy’s II’s administrators, named **Apollonios**, appears in a series of papyri from the Egyptian desert. Among them is a ship’s manifest of the middle of the 3rd century BC, recording a cargo sent to Apollonios’s household from Syria to Alexandria,

and it provides rich evidence of the variety of goods that were being traded: nuts from the Black Sea, always a favorite of Mediterranean trade routes; cheese from Chios; olive oil, figs, honey, sponges and wool. There was also wild boar meat, venison and goat's meat aboard. **But what filled most of the hull was wine- 138 amphorae and 6 half-amphorae of ordinary wine, and 5 amphorae plus 15 half-amphorae of sweet dessert wine. This commerce was carefully and accurately taxed. The Ptolemies inherited from the Pharaohs a tight system of control of trade that they had not intention of relaxing. Ships arrived at designated ports and their cargoes were closely examined.** It was an ancient system of commercial taxation that continued under the Romans, Byzantines and Arabs: ad valorem taxes, representing a percentage of the estimated value of the cargo, sometimes as much as 50% (on wine and oil), sometimes merely a 3rd or 4th; taxes were levied not just at the ports but at internal customs stations along the Nile, as goods moved up to Alexandria. Although this forced up the price of goods by the time they reached the quayside, demand for Egyptian grain and other products was generally so strong that these goods could still find purchasers in the eastern Mediterranean. In addition, the Alexandrians profited handsomely from their role as middlemen in the trade linking the Indian Ocean to the Mediterranean.

...New opportunities arose on the export market: a series of invasions of the Black Sea region, by Celtic and Scythian tribes, was endangering the sources and supply route on which Athens and other Greek cities had been relying for food. Seeing a chance or enriching themselves from the grain trade, the Ptolemies worked hard to increase the quality and quantity of grain production. They also extended the areas under cultivation and encouraged the use of iron implements as a way of improving efficiency and yields: 'so extensive a use of iron in Egyptian agriculture almost amounted to a revolution'. Irrigation was improved, and among the contraptions used to water the land appeared the Archimedes screw, still favored by Egyptian *fellahin*, and known in those days as the *kochlias*, or 'snail'. The Persians had introduced a new type of wheat, superior to traditional Egyptian varieties, and the advantages of this were seized upon while

Alexander was still alive. The cultivation of vines was greatly extended on the shores opposite Alexandria, and some good wines were apparently produced; more important, perhaps, was the development of an oil industry, since before the Ptolemies olive trees had not been widespread in Egypt. In doing all this, the Ptolemies laid the foundation of a new prosperity that would last until the Byzantine period.

Pg. 238 (1,000 BC – 600 AD)

The eastern Mediterranean shipwrecks suggest more intensive contact, linking the islands and the coasts. **A ship wrecked off the southwest Turkish coast, at Iskandil Burnu, and dating from the late 6th century, was carrying wine from Gaza and what has been identified as a kosher casserole pot, so it is quite possible that the vessel was owned by a Jew.**

Pg. 456-457 (1350 -1830)

As early as the 1520s, raiders from Senj had begun to threaten Turkish ships in the Adriatic. The Venetians too were easy prey because of their willingness to enter into treaties with the Turks, and because of occasional hostilities between Venice and the Habsburgs in the Slovenian borderlands. In the early day the Uskoks were content to seize cargoes of fish, wine, oil and cheese carried on local boats, but they soon graduated to attacks on large roundships bound for Dubrovnik and Ancona, threatening the line of communication that stretched by land and sea from Tuscany to Constantinople. **In 1599 the Venetians were so exasperated by the Uskoks* that they sent a cargo of poisoned wine into Uskok-infested water, let it be captured, and hoped to hear that the Uskoks had all died from drinking it.** Since they all remained full of life, however, the ruse obviously failed.

* The Uskoks probably said the wine was the best ever
and sorely wished they could steal more of it.

Pg. 629 (1950- 2014)

By 1970 it was not too difficult to find aubergines and avocados in the groceries of Britain, Germany or Holland; and by 2000 the idea that Mediterranean diet rich in fish, olive oil, and vegetables is far healthier than traditional northern European diets often based on pork and lard took hold. Interest in regional Mediterranean cuisines expanded all over Europe and North America- not just Italian food but Roman food , not just Roman food but the food of the Roman Jews, and so on. **Interest also grew in Mediterranean wines** from as far south as Apulia and Alicante, **under the influence of sophisticated California viticulture**, with constant talk of promising new areas along the Croatian coast or in Turkey, not to mention vineyards old and new in the Bekaa Valley the Golan Heights. Bland northern European menus (France and Belgium apart) became a distant memory. These changes in diet are far more than anecdotal significance: old ethnic identities have been broken down as the cuisine of the Mediterranean has become globalized.

Shipwreck found in Black Sea is 'world's oldest intact'

bbc.com/news/world-europe-45951132

October 23, 2018

A Greek merchant ship dating back more than 2,400 years has been found lying on its side off the Bulgarian coast.

The 23m (75ft) wreck, found in the Black Sea by an Anglo-Bulgarian team, is being hailed as officially the world's oldest known intact shipwreck. The researchers were

stunned to find **the merchant vessel closely resembled in design a ship that decorated ancient Greek wine vases.**

The rudder, rowing benches and even the contents of its hold remain intact.

"It's like another world," Helen Farr from the expedition told the BBC.

"It's when the ROV [remote operated vehicle] drops down through the water column and you see this ship appear in the light at the bottom so perfectly preserved it feels like you step back in time."

The reason the trading vessel, dating back to around 400 BC, has remained in such good condition for so long is that the water is anoxic, or free of oxygen. Lying more than 2,000m below the surface, it is also beyond the reach of modern divers.

"It's preserved, it's safe," she added. "It's not deteriorating and it's unlikely to attract hunters."

The vessel was one of many tracking between the Mediterranean and Greek colonies on the Black Sea coast. It was discovered more than 80km off the Bulgarian city of Burgas.

The team used two underwater robotic explorers to map out a 3-D image of the ship and they took a sample to carbon-date its age.

The vessel is similar in style to that depicted by the so-called Siren Painter on the Siren Vase in the British Museum. Dating back to around 480 BC, the vase shows Odysseus strapped to the mast as his ship sails past three mythical sea nymphs whose tune was thought to drive sailors to their deaths.

As yet the ship's cargo remains unknown and the team say they need more funding if they are to return to the site. "Normally we find amphorae (wine vases) and can guess where

it's come from, but with this it's still in the hold," said Dr Farr. "As archaeologists we're interested in what it can tell us about technology, trade and movements in the area."

Over the course of three years the academic expedition found 67 wrecks including Roman trading ships and a 17th Century Cossack trading fleet.

Dynasty: The Rise and Fall of the House of Caesar

By Tom Holland [Abacus; New York] 2015

Pg. 86

Indeed, the Princeps [**Caligula**] was widely known as a man who could enjoy a joke against himself. Meeting a young man who looked just like him, he asked, "Tell me, was your mother ever in Rome?" "No," came the answer. 'But my father was - often.' Anecdotes such as these did wonders for the Princeps image. It helped as well that he could give as good as he got. Augustus's sense of humour, like that of the vast mass of his fellow citizens, inclined to the raucous. Dwarves, cripples, people with gout: all prompted him to celebrate witticisms. Maecenas was joshed by the Princeps for his 'loose, effeminate and languishing style', Horace for being fat. Augustus meant it affably enough. That he addressed the poet as 'the very cleanest of pricks' was a mark of affection, not contempt – and he was perfectly capable, in his dealings with those he cherished, of displaying sensitivity and charm. Yet, there remained a toughness, as asperity about his character that reminded those with a taste for snobbery of the small-town conservatism from which he had sprung. Whether cheering boxers in back streets, sporting a battered sunhat or roaring with laughter at the sight of a hunchback, Emperor Caesar Augustus retained just a hint of the provincial.

None of which did him any harm among the mass of the Roman people. It gratified them to think of the Princeps as a man without airs and graces. Intimate personal details, carefully leaked, helped to cast him as a citizen of honest, simple tastes. **It was common knowledge that a man whose name served to place him midway between the earth and the heavens ate much like a peasant, that his bread was coarse and his wine of an unfashionable vintage. Divine appetites, even in the son of a god, were capable of causing bitter resentment.** Augustus had discovered the hard way. In the aftermath of Philippi, when the world had seemed abandoned by the gods, aping the absent immortals had become quite the craze among ambitious warlords. A former consul might think nothing of painting his body blue, putting on a fish's tail appropriate to a sea god and flopping around on all fours. Augustus, in the first throes of his passion for Livia, had staged a particularly provocative masquerade. **At a time when Rome was in the grip of famine, he had held a drinking party to which all the guests had come dressed as immortals.** The groom himself had starred as the golden and eternally youthful god of light and music, Apollo. Down in the streets of the starving city, outrage of the news had blended with bitterness and scorn. 'Yes, to be sure,' men had cried, 'Caesar is Apollo-Apollo the Torturer.'

The people of Rome had particular reason to associate a god more commonly worshipped as a patron of prophecy and self-discipline with vicious cruelty. **In the Forum, next to the sacred fig tree, there stood the statue of a pot-bellied man with a wine-sack on his shoulder. This was Marsyas, a satyr who had once challenged Apollo to a music contest, been cheated of the victory that was rightfully his, and then been flayed alive for his presumption.** Such, at any rate, was the version of the story told by the Greeks- but in Italy an altogether happier ending was reported. Marsyas, they claimed, had escaped the irate Apollo and fled to the Apennines, where he had taught the arts and augury to the natives and fathered the snake-charming Marsians. Rome was not the only city to commemorate him. Statues of Marsyas were to be found in public squares across Italy. For all that the satyr might be shown with leg irons on his ankles, he

stood defiantly unchained. He had slipped the bonds of his divine master. **So it was that he served Italians as ‘a symbol of liberty.’**

Augustus, who in almost everything save his ambition was deeply conservative, had far too much respect for tradition ever to think of having such a venerable memorial removed from the Forum. Nevertheless, the statue of Marsyas was troubling to him on a number of levels. At Philippi, where his own watchword had been ‘Apollo’, that of his opponents had been ‘liberty’. Not only that, but **Marsyas was believed by his devotees to have been sprung from his would-be flayer’s clutches by a rival god named *Liber*, an anarchic deity who had taught humanity to enjoy wine and sexual abandon, whose very name meant ‘Freedom’, and who – capping it all – had been worshipped by Antony as his particular patron.** The clash between the erstwhile Triumvirs had been patterned in the heavens. **Antony, riding in procession through Cleopatra’s capital, had done so dressed as Liber, ‘his head wreathed in ivy, his body draped in a robe of saffron gold.** Visiting Asia Minor, where in ancient time the contest between Apollo and Marsyas had been staged, he had been greeted by revelers dressed as satyrs. The night before his suicide, ghostly sounds of music and laughter had filled the Egyptian air; ‘and men said that the god to whom Antony had always compared himself, and been most devoted, was abandoning him at last.’



Apollo and Marysas by José de Ribera, 1637

Pg. 94

That it was indeed the Princeps, with his healing hands, who had salved the bleeding state back to health was a conceit that few, in the wake of the civil wars, had any great interest in disputing. When a golden shield listing Augustus's cardinal virtues was hung inside the Senate House, the inscription recorded that it had been placed there by *Senatus Populusque Romanus*, "The Senate and the Roman People". Yet this fine sounding slogan, even as it proclaimed harmony between the city's elite and its masses, hinted as well at division. The commitment of Rome's citizens to the common good, so precious to them as an ideal, had been accompanied right from the beginnings of their city by a rival drumbeat. When Romulus, standing on the Palatine, witnessed twelve eagles passing

overhead, he had been in competition with his twin. Remus, from his own vantage point just south of the Palatine on a summit named the Aventine, had seen a paltry six birds; and from that moment on, the rival destinies of the twin hills had been fixed. Just as the Palatine had always provided the city with its most exclusive hub of power, so did the Aventine serve as the stronghold of the disadvantaged, of the poor – the plebs. Always, behind the civic unity which was the proudest boast of the Republic, there had throbbed the pulse of class resentments. The poor, sneered at by the upper classes as *plebs sordida* – ‘the great unwashed’ – had a long and proud tradition of standing up for their rights.

Repeated attempts to crush their freedoms had been heroically resisted.

The most venerable monument to such resistance, built on the lower slope of the Aventine centuries before Antony had thought to co-opt it, was none other than the **Shrine of Liber**. It commemorated an occasion way back in 494 BC when the plebs, oppressed by debt and the exactions of the rich, had staged a mass walk-out. Heading up river from Rome, the strikers had camped on a hill overlooking the Tiber. Here, in a pointed retort to the institution of the consulship, they had elected two officials of their own – ‘tribunes’- to serve as guardians of their interests. The tribunes, the plebs had agreed, were to be regarded as sacrosanct. The life of anyone who laid so much as a finger on them was to be forfeit. Blood-curdling compacts to that effect had been sworn. The Roman upper classes, with great reluctance, had been brought to swallow these terms. Centuries on, and the tribunate had emerged to become one of the most potent offices in the entire Republic. It remained sacrilege to assault any citizen who held it. A tribune could impose the death penalty on those who challenged his authority; veto legislation of which he did not approve; summon the Senate and introduce measures of his own. Privileges of this order, freighted as they were by tradition and potentially awesome in their scope, could hardly help but pique the interest of the Princes.

Also visit: en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Marsyas

Pg. 285

Only menace a man with violent death, and his struggle to evade it could provide rich entertainment – no matter the victim's rank. Who better to put this proposition to the test than Caligula, whose sense of humour was as malicious as his powers were absolute? His chosen victim, an equestrian by the name of **Atanius Secundus**, was guilty of little more than excessive flattery. Back when the Princeps was on his sickbed, Atanius had sworn an extravagant oath. Only restore Caligula to health, he had promised the gods, and he would fight as a gladiator. Naturally, he had not expected to be taken up on this vow. His aim had been merely to stand out from the other sycophants. Once back up on his feet, though, the Emperor took Atanius at his word. With a perfectly straight face, Caligula ordered the wretched equestrian into the arena, to fight there for the amusement of the crowds. Predictably enough, paired against a trained killer, Atanius did not last long. The spectacle of his body being dragged away across the sands of the arena on a hook provided Caligula's joke with more than just a cruelly emphatic punchline. It also delivered a threat. No equestrian could sit in an amphitheatre, in one of the seats reserved for him by law, and watch in equanimity as one of his own was made an object of public diversion. Senators too were bound to feel unsettled. The menace was implicit. No one so high-ranking, it seemed, but Caligula reserved for himself the right to make sport with his death.

Pg. 306

...Many decades before, at the wedding feast of Caligula's great-grandfather, the guests came dressed as gods, provoking indignant crowds to riot; but now Augustus himself ascended to the heavens. How, then, when Caligula appeared in public dressed as Jupiter, complete with gold beard and thunderbolt, were people to react? A cobbler from Gaul, laughing at the spectacle and telling to the Emperor to his face that he was 'utterly absurd', was sent on his way with a smile; but when a famous actor, an intimate of

Caligula's named Apelles, was asked who seemed greater, Jupiter or Caligula himself, and could only swallow or stammer, the reprisal was swift. The Emperor appreciated quick thinking as well as respect, and Apelles had failed him on both counts. The whipping given the actor was apt as well as cruel. Not only did Apelles in Latin mean 'skinless', but Caligula was able to inform the wretched man, as the hide was flogged of his back, that his screams were so exquisite as to do him perfect justice as a tragedian. Between the reality and illusion, between the sordid and the fantastical, between the hilarious and the terrifying, lay the dimension where it most delighted Caligula to give his imagination free rein. It took a man of Vitellius's rare perspicacity to appreciate this, and follow the implications through. 'I am talking to the moon,' Caligula once casually informed him. "Can you see her?" Vitellius, dropping his eyes to the ground, smoothly played along. 'Only you gods, O Master, are visible to one another.'

Because **Vitellius** understood the rules of the game, and was skilled at it, he as admitted to the highly exclusive circle of senators whom the Emperor was still prepared to acknowledge as friends. Most, bewildered by the sheer ferocity of the assault upon their dignity, found themselves helpless to serve anything save the butts of his malevolent humour. Nothing entertained Caligula more than to fashion situations in which the elite would be obliged to humiliate themselves. Like the connoisseur of suffering that he was, he relished the opportunities to subject his victims to careful study. When he abolished reserved seating that Augustus had instituted in arenas, it amused him in the extreme to observe senators and equestrians scrabble after places along with everyone else, 'women next to men, slaves next to free.' Equally, there were times when he might enjoy a more intimate perusal of the extremes of misery to which a man could be reduced. On the same day that he had executed on a trifling charge the son of an equestrian named **Pastor**, Caligula invited the father to a banquet. Guards were stationed with orders to watch the wretched man's every last facial tic. **Caligula, toasting his health, gave him a goblet of wine to drink** – and Pastor drained it, 'although he might as well have been drinking the blood of his son'. Whatever was sent Pastor's way- whether perfume, garlands or lavish

dishes- he accepted with a show of gratitude. Onlookers, not knowing his son's fate, would never have guessed the depths of misery masked by his frozen expression. The Emperor knew, though – and he knew the reason why Pastor wore such a fixed smile on his face. 'He had another son.'

Pg. 250

Emperor Tiberius

Once, back in the time of Aeneas, a second hero – a Greek – had come sailing past Spelunca. Although called Odysseus by his own people, in Latin he was known as Ulysses. Famously crafty and famously long-suffering, he had spent ten long years struggling to get home from the sack of Troy- fighting off monsters and negotiating with witches as he did so. Tiberius, who knew for himself what it was to struggle against debacles and domineering women, clearly felt an affinity for the hero. Down by the sea, where a natural cave looked out onto the waters once plied by Ulysses, Tiberius had fashioned the most remarkable dining space in the world. **Haute cuisine was one of the few extravagances on which the notoriously stingy Princeps delighted in lavishing his wealth. A noted wine snob, with a taste for vintages that had been treated with smoke,** he also took a particular interest in vegetarian cooking – whether it was discovering a new variety of asparagus, sourcing exotic root vegetables from Germany, or insisting over the heads of rival gourmands that cabbage was far too delicious to rank as vulgar.

Nowhere, though, had his fascination with the arts of the table expressed itself more innovatively than at Spelunca. Pools washed with sea water enabled fish to be cooked fresh on site; pontoons over the shallows permitted guests to enjoy their banquets directly in the mouth of the cave, to the lapping of the sea all around them; flickering torches lit the inner depths of the grotto. "There, nature had ingeniously imitated art' – but not so ingeniously as art had then embellished nature. Immense statutes illustrating various exploits of Ulysses provided diners with an incomparable tableau. A monster rose out of a

pool inside the cave; a one-eyed giant sprawling on his back filled its innermost recess. Fine food, spectacular sculpture and a setting pregnant with myth: even Tiberius could feel happy at Spelunca.

Perhaps, though, it was possible to be too close to the world of the epic. The giant eerily illuminated by torches in the rear of the cave had been the son of Neptune, god of the seas, who was known, thanks to his habit of lashing out periodically with his trident, as 'Earth-Shaker'. The tremor, when it came that evening, hit Spelunca without warning. Boulders began to fall, crashing down, crashing down on the mouth of the grotto. Numerous attendants bringing food were crushed in the avalanche, while the guests, rising in panic, fled for safety across the shallows. The elderly Tiberius, struggling to his feet, was unable to make his escape from the cliff face- and the Praetorians, when they came hurrying to the scene of the disaster and saw only rubble where the Princeps had been lying, inevitably feared the worst. Clambering over the debris, they heard the voice of their prefect calling out to them; and when they pulled away the boulders, it was to find **Sejanus** crouching over his master on hands and knees, the embodiment of a human shield.

A miracle – and pregnant with meaning, clearly. Tiberius himself took away two lessons from the episode. First, that he had in Sejanus an incomparably trustworthy servant, a man who could be trusted with anything. Second, that the gods had delivered him a warning never again to set foot in Rome.

Pg. 321-26

...He remained under Claudius where he had been under Caligula: at the heart of power. Like **Caecina Largus**, the senator who owned one of the few private residences on the Palatine, he was too shrewd, too knowledgeable, too valuable an ally to be cast aside. Caecina claimed his reward a year after the coup, when, as the new emperor's colleague, he served as a consul of the Roman people. Callistus, by contrast was granted no such

honor. His role remained, to outward show, far humbler. As Caecina strode through the Forum to the Senate House, guarded by his lictors, **Callistus** was up on the Palatine surrounded by scrolls, vetting petitions to the Emperor. Yet the rewards enjoyed by the secretary were, according to many measures, no less than those enjoyed by the consul. Just as Caecina could boast a garden famous for its lotus trees, so had Callistus commissioned thirty pillars fashioned out of an eye-wateringly expensive brand of marble for his dining room. Although not a consul himself, he thought nothing of vetting candidates for the office. ‘Indeed, so great was his wealth and the dread which he inspired that his power verged on the despotic.’ Yet this man notorious for his ‘arrogance and the extravagant uses to which he put his authority’ was neither a senator nor an equestrian- not had he even been born a citizen. **Callistus, the man who helped to topple one emperor and who controlled access to another, had spent his early life as the lowest of the low: a slave.**

The clue lay in his name. ‘Callistus’ meant ‘Gorgeous’ in Greek. And as the kind of thing that no self-respecting Roman would ever allow himself to be called. As a name given to slave, though, it was the height of fashion- partly because it provided a hint of foreign sophistication, and partly because **everyone knew that Greeks made the best slaves**. The real giveaway, though was that Callistus had also adopted Caligula’s first two names, Gaius Julius. Wearing these marked him out as a man who had been set free by an emperor- as an *Augusti libertus*. Hardly a status to impress a senator, of course –except that even the grandest of noblemen knew, to their agonized regret, that lineage was no longer everything. Having the ear of Caesar might count for at least as much. As in the Senate, so in the back rooms of the Palatine: climbing the rungs of the ladder promised splendid rewards to those who could make it to the top.

Most, of course, were never in a position to try. Caesar’s household teemed with slaves, and if many of these were employed in the basest of menial tasks, then other specialized in duties that offered them little better prospect of promotion. To be stuck with

responsibility for the polishing of the emperor's mirrors, or the care of his perfumed oils, of the making of his fancy dress was hardly to be on the high road to influence and wealth. Secure a post handling his finances, though, and opportunities were altogether more promising. Even out in the provinces, the slaves who handled Caesar's accounts or dispensed cash to the legions on his behalf often did well for themselves. One accountant in Gaul was the owner of sixteen slaves, including a doctor, two cooks and a man charged with looking his gold, while a steward in Spain was notorious for dining off silver plates, and ended up so fat that he was nicknamed 'Rotundus'. Unsurprisingly, though, it was in Rome that advancement could be quickest. On the Palatine, 'ever at Caesar's side, tending to his affairs, privy to the holy secrets of the gods, a slave was as well qualified as anyone to fathom the *arcana imperii*. Play his hand wrong and might end up like the secretary of Augustus who, caught red-handed selling the contents of a letter, had his legs broken. Play it skillfully and he might end up like Callistus: not only rich, powerful and feared, but a freedman.

That they were willing to make citizens of slaves had always been a sacred tradition of the Roman people. Even their penultimate kings, a much admired warrior and administrator by the name of **Servius Tullius**, had allegedly once been of servile rank. It was true that Claudius himself- whose private interests included ancient history as well as gambling – disputed this tradition, and claimed that the king had originally been an Etruscan adventurer named Mastarna; but most Romans had not time for such scholarly pettifogging. **That Servius had been born into servitude was evident both from his name and from his insistence, made in the teeth of aristocratic opposition that the Roman people would be strengthened, not weakened by welcoming into their ranks such slaves as they chose to liberate.** 'For you would be fools,' he had told his fellow citizens, 'to begrudge them citizenship. If you think them unworthy of its rights, then do not set them free- but why, if you think them estimable, turn your back on them solely because they are foreign?' The logic of this had seemed unanswerable; and so it was, over the course of the centuries, that slavery had served many an able man as a

staging post on a journey to becoming Roman. When a law was passed in 2 BC, limiting how many slaves could be set free in a citizen's will, it made explicit what had always been a guiding principle of slave-owners in the city: that only the talented were qualified to join their ranks.

To walk the Forum, then, and to see foreigners for sale at the foot of the Palatine, their limbs shackled and their feet chalked white to mark them as imports, was, just perhaps, to see the high achievers of tomorrow. 'No one knows what he can do until he tries. Such had been the maxim of a celebrated wit named Publilius Syrus, who as his name implied had originally been brought in chains to Italy from Damascus, but had gone on, after winning his freedom, to become Rome's leading dramatist, and to be crowned as such by Julius Caesar himself. His cousin, similarly enslaved, had ended up the city's first astronomer. Another freedman, originally transported in the same slave ship as the two cousins, had founded the study of Latin grammar, teaching Brutus and Cassius, no less. **Rome, over the years, had measurably benefited from the influx of foreign talent.** 'It's no crime, as Ovid put it, 'to have chalked feet.'

Even the right to run for office, although denied to freedmen themselves, was open to their sons. Many had taken advantage. Although the magistrate who could trace his lineage back to a slave would naturally do all he could to hush it up, everyone knew that 'numerous equestrians, and even some senators, were descended from freedmen.'

Augustus himself, so stern in his insistence upon the proprieties of status, has been perfectly content to count the sons of one-time slaves as his friends. Vedius Pollio, the financier with the notoriously extravagant home furnishings, had been one such. So too had been an altogether more estimable adornment of the Augustan régime, the man entrusted by the Princeps with the hymning of the Rome's rebirth, a poet still admired and treasured decades after his death. **'I am the son of a man freed from slavery.'** Horace, certainly, had never thought to deny it.

Yet even while honouring the debt he had owed his father, whose devotion and financial backing had given him such a stellar start in life, he had never entirely been able to escape a certain queasiness. 'No amount of good fortune can change a man's breeding.' Horace had been sufficiently a Roman to dread that slavery might leave an ineradicable taint. The surest measure of a freedman's achievement was to father a son who despised what he had been. Perhaps, this was why, far from being a soft touch, the slave-owning sons of former slaves tended to be notorious for their cruelty. Vedius Pollio, excessive in all things, had enjoyed feeding clumsy pageboys to enormous flesh-eating eels. Even Augustus had been shocked. Yet, however novel a spectacle a fish tank flecked with human body part might be, it only made manifest what it was about slavery that made freedmen so keen to demonstrate that they had escaped it for good. **To be a slave was to exist in a condition of suspended death.** Such was the law. Although, under normal circumstances, it was forbidden a master kill his slaves, there was otherwise no form of violence so terrible that it could not legally be inflicted upon a human chattel. The maid who inadvertently yanked her mistress's hair might well expect to have a hairpin jabbed into her arm; the waiter who stole from a banquet to have his hands cut off and slung around his neck. Dream of dancing, and a slave was bound to be whipped. At its most brutal, the scarring from such an ordeal would leave a permanent fretwork upon the back. Thongs tipped with metal were designed to bite deep. Unsurprisingly, then, it was required by law of a slave-dealer to state whether any of his wares had ever sought to kill themselves. Barbarians who committed suicide rather than suffer to be enslaved, as did an entire tribe taken prisoner during Augustus's Spanish campaign, were rather admired. Equally, by the same reckoning, those who submitted to servitude showed themselves fitted to be slaves. The baseness of it could never entirely be escaped. Freedom was like an unscarred back: one lost, it was lost for good.

The presence of a man such as **Callistus** at the heart of power was, then, profoundly disturbing to many Romans. Everyone took for granted that slaves, by nature, were prone to any number of contemptible habits. Rare was the owners who did not complain about

their tendency to lie and thief. It was evident from his obscenely well-appointed dining room that Callistus was no less inclined to pilfer as a freedman than he had been a slave. Indignation, though, was not the only response to the spectacle of his wealth. There was anxiety as well. The man who sold Callistus to Caligula was often to be seen standing outside his house, waiting in line for the chance to beg a favor- and being turned away, to rub salt into the wound. **Such a sight served to remind slave-owners of a truth that few of them cared to dwell upon: that fortune was fickle, and that just as a slave might become a free man, so might a free man become a slave.** ‘Scorn, then, if you dare, those to whose level, even as you despise them, you may yourself well descend.’ Many centuries before, while lecturing the Roman aristocracy on the need to accept freedmen as fellow citizens, **Servius Tullius** had made a similar point: that of **‘how many states had passed from servitude to liberty, and from liberty to servitude.’** It was perhaps no coincidence that Servius should also have prescribed that slaves, during the festival of the Compitalia, be the one who made sacrifice to the Lares- and that they be permitted, what was more, to dress and behave like free men for the duration of the festivities. Other days of the year witnessed similar scenes of misrule. Early in July, slavegirls would put on their mistress’s best clothes and offer themselves up for wild sex to passers-by; in December, the cry of ‘Io Saturnalia!’ would herald and even more riotous celebration of role reversal, in which slaves were allowed to out aside their work and be feasted by their masters. It was, most agreed, ‘the best day of the year’ - and yet a world in which every day was Saturnalia was hardly one in which even the most party-loving citizen would care to live. Proprieties had to be maintained- for if they were not, then who could say where things might not end?



La mort de César / The Death of Caesar by Jean-Léon Gérôme, 1867

Life and Leisure in Ancient Rome

By J.P.V.D Balsdon* [Phoenix Press; London] 1969, 2002

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en.wikipedia.org/wiki/J._P._V._D._Balsdon

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Pg. 13

Seneca has a great deal to tell us in his philosophical works and in his letters. But a man who has run away from any of the pleasures and enjoyments of ordinary human life, public entertainments, good eating and good drinking, a liking of beautiful material objects for their own sake, is no safe guide. **He is in fact a bigot and sees life through badly distorted lenses.** For, once, you yourself cease to take pleasure in the common enjoyments of life, you hate the normal man who is so much more fortunate than yourself.



The suicide of Seneca

1871

by Manuel Domínguez Sánchez

Museo del Prado

Pg. 31-32

Some men drank heavily – so heavily that they were not sober when they reached the dining-room. Such men attracted the epigrammatist's and the moralist's attention. During the Empire, according to Quintilian, their number was on the increase.

That in the Empire cleanliness was next to decadence was a view commonly expressed by the Romans themselves. **Tacitus held that baths, porticoes and dinner parties represented the bad side of Romanization, by contrast with fine public and private building and sound education.** A man like Seneca who held that the good life was a matter of waging continuous war on bodily pleasure was bound to disapprove of anything so enjoyable....

That there was considerable encouragement to moral delinquency in the less reputable bathing establishments is certain. But neither cleanliness nor exercise is a bad thing, and Roman bathing habits in general cannot be condemned unless it can be proved that they tempted large numbers of people to waste time which could have been profitably employed, or that they really had a deleterious effect on people's health.



Not every Roman dinner party was an orgy, and not every dinner was a dinner party. More often than not, whether in Rome or in the country, a family dined alone. If Horace was not dining out, he ate an extremely frugal meal at home and if spongers forced their company on him, this was the meal that they shared.

Some dined at home alone from choice, others – unsuccessful parasites – from hard necessity. Theirs was the '*triste domicenium*'. All through the early afternoon they had haunted the baths and the public places, but in vain. Nobody had asked them to dinner.

By the late Republic and early Empire a man who moved in fashionable society 'dressed' when he attended a dinner party; he wore what was called a 'dinner suit' (cenatoria or cubitoria) or 'mixed dress' (*synthesis*)...Some men evidently were vain and ostentatious as peacocks; we know of a host, on the excuse of the heat, changed his synthesis eleven

times during the meal. Why, one of his less affluent guest, the poet Martial, wondered, possessing only one dinner suit, did he himself not feel hot at all?

Pg. 134-135

Even in the most rigidly conservative societies, wealth and success can cover a multitude of sins; and Cicero exempted from his general condemnation the business man who operated on a big enough scale and amassed large profits – such men, no doubt, as those whose interests he commended unblushingly in letters to his friends who governed provinces; for their profits were likely to be invested in land, and the successful trader might retire to set up as a country squire. Agriculture (farming your own land) was always a creditable occupation. This, in Petronius' *Satyricon*, was the achievement of Trimalchio, who had started life as a slave.

Trimalchio positively flaunted his slave origin. As soon as you entered the hall of his villa, you were confronted by a fresco on which his education in book-keeping was depicted.

Among Romans you will not find an epitaph of a gladiatorial trainer (*lanista*), though you will find plenty of epitaph of gladiators. Nor will you find the epitaph of a slave-dealer, *mango* (though there was one who did not blush to mention his trade in erecting a dedication on the Great St. Bernard in thanksgiving for a safe crossing of the Alps, perhaps with a contingent of his human merchandise); and obviously you will not find a pimp (*leno*). He, like the gladiatorial trainer, was disqualified from holding municipal office by Caesar's law...

Pg. 36

The normal Roman fondness for food is a historical fact which has to be faced. Fortunes were squandered on food by men 'who lived for the palate alone', men whom Seneca regarded as the most deplorable of spendthrifts. In extreme cases grossly expensive eating led in the end to bankruptcy; men unable even to afford the price of a rope to hang themselves with signed on as gladiators and, with no option, ate gladiator's rations. Apart from spectacular victims of sensational greed, men of all kinds- we know little about women- were fascinated by gourmandism. Crude ignoramuses posed pretentiously as *cognoscenti*. **Vulgarians boasted about the size, expense and origin of the dishes which they offered their guests.**

That uncrowned king of the culinary world M. Gavius Apicius, who lived in the time of Tiberius Caesar, was an evident gourmet, though his reputation was that of a wealthy glutton. He gave his name to a style of cooking, the *Apiciana coctura*. It was said after spending a hundred million sesterces on food, he checked his accounts and, finding himself left with a mere ten millions, committed suicide...

This pervasive interest in food was a feature of Roman city life by which Ammianus Marcellinus was shocked: **'Intent on stuffing themselves, they follow their noses and the shrieking women's voices to the kitchen, and like a flock of starving or screeching peacocks they stand on the tips of their toes biting their finger-nails waiting for the food to cool.'**

The satirists and the moralists handled the gourmand without mercy. It was terrible to waste money on a pleasure as ephemeral as eating. The world was scoured for delicacies, which were transported enormous distances to be eaten by people who were sick before they had even started to digest them.

That enormous sums were spent on food by the rich is not to be doubted. An inaugural priestly dinner in the early Empire might cost (even with economies) a million sesterces, and Gaius Caligula once spent ten times that sum on a single dinner party. L. Verus' fantastic 'dinner for twelve' cost six million sesterces, largely because of the presents given to the guests. Elagabalus was said never to spend less than a hundred thousand sesterces on a dinner. In the later Republic the meal to which Lucullus entertained Pompey and Cicero should have cost 200,000 sesterces. Yet Atticus lived well and entertained, and only spent 3,000 sesterces a month on housekeeping expenses.

Cooking and eating, like everything else, had their history. The 'Trojan pig,' *porcus Troianus*, went back to the second century B.C. - a porker which, when split open, revealed surprising contents (at Trimalchio's dinner, sausages and black puddings). Among fish, a pike caught '*inta duos pontes*' at Rome, just above the Tiber island below the influx of the *cloaca maxima*, was *spécialité* already in the second century B.C. The scientific culture of oysters in the Lucrine Lake was the achievement of Sergius Orata. Fish was always an expensive luxury. **Cato in the second century B.C. said that a fish might cost more than a cow**; and in the early Empire a consular paid seven or eight thousand sesterces for a red mullet. By this time in Italy freshwater fish had gone out of fashion.

That sleek orator Q. Hortensius, who watered his plane trees with wine, was the first man to serve peacock at an augural dinner. There was the goose and *foie gras*, which, according to the elder Pliny's researches, was the discovery of either Pompey's father-in-law, Metellus Scipio or of a possible forebear of Sejanus....

Much thought was given, naturally, to the selection of food for a dinner, and the host gave the cook instructions some days in advance. Varro in one of his satires observed that if a man devoted to philosophy even a twelfth part of the time which he spent on trying to get

better bread out of his baker (a slave of the household, like the cook), he might find himself a morally good man.

An austere man was one who lived chiefly on vegetables and, if given a hare or a sucking pig, made it last for three days. A disciple of good living was someone who fed on 'oysters, fattened birds and fish.'

Even in this world of extravagance and over-eating, slight account had sometimes to be taken in republican days of the existing law; for every now and then a kind of public conscience expressed itself (together with conservative senatorial objection to business men profiteering in expensive commodities) and laws were passed to curb the excesses of gastronomic extravagance.

...Cato did not move a law himself, but he spoke, whether successfully or not, in 181 BC to prevent the repeal of the *lex Orchia*, limiting the number of guests who might be entertained to a meal in Rome, which had been passed in the previous year.

...Even Sulla followed suit with *lex Cornelia sumptuaria*, which went further and fixed a maximum price for certain extravagant delicacies which were, in any case, outside an ordinary person's pocket.

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"C'est l'heure d'être ivre! Pour échapper aux esclaves martyrs du temps, soyez sans cesse ivre. Sur le vin, sur la poésie ou sur la vertu, comme vous le souhaitez. "

"It is the hour to be drunken! To escape being the martyred slaves of time, be ceaselessly drunk. On wine, on poetry, or on virtue, as you wish."

— Charles Baudelaire

Pg. 41-42

Drinking before dinner was a fairly modern fashion (dating from the principate of Tiberius) of which the elder Pliny disapproved. Guests might have been drinking already, perhaps heavily, in the baths. Juvenal's dreadful athlete hostess drank and was sick in front of her guests; so drink was presumably offered sometimes to guests on their arrival and before they lay down to dinner.

Unless impeded by gastric distemper, most Romans enjoyed food, and if they could afford it, ate heavily. At the same time it is to be remembered that they ate only one large meal a day, whereas most modern Europeans eat two and some Northerners three.

'Men eat to vomit, and vomit to eat; their dishes are fetched from every corner of the earth, and then they do not even deign to digest them.' So, in a bilious mood, Seneca wrote....There were Romans who were disgustingly greedy and for whom self-induced sickness as the only way of eating more when they had eaten too much already; and men who became exceedingly drunk were naturally exceedingly sick; but there is no reason to think of such men as typical Romans leading a normal daily life.

When Cicero entertained Julius Caesar at Puteoli during the Saturnalia of 45 B.C. and the guests dined at three different tables, though he declared that all ate well, his language indicates that the guests both at the second and at the third tables ate less well than those above them...Frequently at dinner parties the guests were graded; some were the host's personal friends, other were his 'minor friends' (that is to say his clients), while others were freedmen; and it was not uncommon for the members of the three classes to be given different food to eat, different wine to drink and even different table ware. This differentiation, it seems, could be made even between guests at the same table, and made in such a way that the client before whom an eel was placed could see that his host was gorging off a mullet or a lamprey. The host's smug explanation was that, while in his

generosity he was prepared to entertain his clients to dinner, he could not afford the expense of entertaining them *au prince*. Though a client may well have known what humiliation was in store for him when he accepted an invitation, the humiliation (sharply described by Juvenal) was not in the even the less embarrassing on that account. However it is not to be thought that the younger Pliny was the only Roman who set his face firmly against the practice. If the more affluent guests who dined with Pliny found the menu dull- because that is how he over the problem of expense – his humbler guests, presumably, enjoyed their dinner. When Hadrian entertained guests at a number of tables, he ordered food even from the bottom tables for himself to make sure the catering contractors were not making a differentiation which he himself was not prepared to tolerate.

Guests were evidently *at liberty* during dinner to occupy themselves in ways which in the modern world would not be thought good mannered. They could, for instance, write or dictate letters at table.

A good dinner deserved a good wine. Interest in good wine developed fast in the last century of the Republic, and 121 B.C., ‘the consulship of Opimius’, is the first famous vintage of which we know. **At the end of the second century B.C. when Campania was exporting wine to Narbonese Gaul, Greek wine – Chian, in particular, was highly esteemed – was imported to Rome in very small quantities and was very sparingly drunk.** It was evidently an expensive luxury, and that is why in 89 B.C. a maximum price was fixed for it (as for Picene wine) by the censors. Falernian and Nomentanum were the most highly esteemed Italian wines. Chian and Falernian were drunk at Caesar’s triumphs and **at a banquet given in 46 B.C. he offered Falernian, Chian, Lesbian and Mamertine; this was the first time that four different wines had been offered at a dinner.**

Heavy drinkers drank their wine neat; others, in the Greek manner, mixed it with water.

The commonest *vin ordinare* was consumed before the following autumn. **With increasingly refined tastes, there was more and more call on vintage wines.** The best wines were kept for at least five years and were generally at their best about fifteen years after vintage.

Wine was drunk sparingly with the meal. After the meal was over, it continued to be drunk, in moderation or excess according to the nature of the party. This was the *comissatio*. If you were a light drinker, your cup was filled with three *cyathi* (quarter of a pint); if you were a hard drinker, with three times that quantity.

The ingredients of a good dinner were good company, good talk, good wine and a good meal.

The politer social manners of the Romans were derived from the Greeks. During dinner in a cultured household a party was entertained by readings, music and humorous recitations, these three varieties of diversion being collectively described by the Greek word *acroama*. For the reader the Romans often used not the Latin word *lector* but the Greek *anagnostes*.

The cultured household possessed one or more readers among its freedmen or slaves, for whom a master had many valuable uses if his own eyesight gave him trouble or if, like the elder Pliny, he wanted to be read to at a time when it was inconvenient to him to read himself, for instance in the bath. Scholars like Cicero and the younger Pliny had good readers, cultured and well educated slaves to whom they were warmly attached. A wealthy and pretentious ignoramus kept a number of such slaves, as you might possess a library, each knowing the text of some Greek author by heart, so as to stand by him at a party and to repair and, if he was smart enough, prevent the *gaffes* of his master's literary talk. It is no small achievement to read well and when educated men were present, a slave

will have taken pride in his skill; let him make a single mistake, and the critics were quick to pounce.

At a polite dinner party, whether in Rome or in the country, there was music as well as reading, playing of the flute, the lyre or the cythera, sometimes as the accompaniment of a group of singers... The reader, the musician and the *comodeus* were sometimes different men, artists each in his own field; but sometimes a household was fortunate enough to possess a slave or freedman or such versatile talent that he could play all the three parts.

These at a polite party were the entertainments of the meal itself. When the dinner guests relaxed, reclining over their wine, they turned to conversation – ‘conversation which should be decorous and gracious.’

The danger of one guest (or the host) monopolizing the talk was well understood Varro had much to say, evidently, on the subject: ‘guests should neither be chatterboxes nor mutes’; conversation would range over the common affairs of life, subjects which there was no time to discuss in the Forum. Cicero in the *De Officiis* gave advice: that it was a mistake to talk too much about yourself; that backbiting gossip was to be deplored; and that conversation would be about domestic matters, politics, or about the arts and sciences.

There is in ancient literature a memorable picture of someone who could kill conversation stone dead, correcting other people’s mistakes at one moment, making arrogant pronouncements the next. Juvenal painted the picture. It was of a woman, married and a bluestocking (a pretentious know-all).

Pg. 47

In the Roman world as well the Greek was a familiar saying: **“I hate a drinking companion who remembers in the morning what happened the night before.”** ... Many *bêtises and indiscretions* of the drinking party are best forgotten. And in a spy-ridden society like Rome of the Caesars and certain states in the modern world the consequences of an indiscretion can be catastrophic. **Many died in the early Roman Empire because of some criticism of the régime coaxed out of them by the adroit questioning of a spy at a time when they had drunk too much...**

Pg. 48-49

The appearance of a fool or jester- *scurra, coprea*- was warmly welcomed even at respectable dinner parties. He was often malformed and clownish in his appearance, and he exercised his wit at the expense of the guests. It was a creditable convention that a man should show good humour in face of outrageous abuse.

It stands to reason that a good *scurra* was a very well informed man, and in the imperial household such men were not denied the opportunity of power...

Sombre parties relaxed with dice and gambling- indeed, even at the dinner table itself there was no relaxation which the emperor Augustus like better; lively and dissolute parties with performances by buffoons, effeminate men, dancing girls from Syria, or best of all, from Cadiz. Sometimes there was – **even at an imperial dinner party** with L. Verus or Elagabalus for host- **the spectacle of gladiatorial fighting**. This indeed was a longstanding tradition of Campanian extravagance according to Strabo; there you were invented to ‘dinner and gladiators’, the number of pairs varying to match the number of guests.

Pg. 51

The slaves of the household were on their toes from the beginning of dinner until the party ended. The chef was the most important, one of the family's most valuable possessions. From being a chore, something that the cheapest slave could do, cooking in the second century B.C. turned into an art, Livy declares. So a cook cost as much as a horse; by the elder Pliny's time he cost as much as three horses, though only a third as much as a really expensive fish. 'No one is rated at so high a value as a man who applies the whole of his great skill to bankrupting his master.' Sallust the historian is said to have paid a hundred thousand sesterces to hire the cook of L. Cassius Nomentanus, who himself squandered seven million sesterces on the gratification of his gross appetite, '*gulae ac libinini*'. With a fussy, ill-tempered or dyspeptic master, the cook's life was not an easy one; by all masters were not unreasonable. Ausonius went into the kitchen about an hour before a lunch party, to make sure that all was well, encouraging his cook to put his finger in the gravy and lick it, to check the taste.

Trimalchio's household naturally contained not one cook but a number of them, and in a carefully prepared frolic, a cook was brought in to do the carving. But the carver-*structor*- was a specialist in his own right. Trimalchio's was given the name Carver (*Carpus*), again for the sake of a practical joke. 'Another carves the priceless birds, passing his skilled hand with regular motions over the breast and rump, in order to carve nice helpings. Miserable man, with one object only in life, to carve fat capons decently'; thus the bilious Seneca. **There was a wine-steward, often made up so as to give a false impression of youth.**

Pg. 141

Life in the shade could, of course, be a very discreditable existence indeed if it was devoted to nothing better than self-indulgence, in disparagement of *libertines*. Their

exemplar was that protégé of Sulla, L. Lucullus for, after his eastern campaigns, Lucullus was good as retired from public life to the shocking enjoyment of his villa, whose very existence was an offence against nature; he built out on to the sea, and channeled sluices through the rock to bring the sea into land. Nothing so titillates the virtuous as the viciousness of others; and there is a pleasing story of Cicero's inquisitiveness (and Pompey's) as to the style in which Lucullus lived when he was by himself at home, not entertaining others. They met him, and invited themselves to dinner. Lucullus prepared to send for a slave, but they stopped him, saying that they simply wanted to take 'pot luck', and to discover how he dined when he was alone. 'But', he answered, 'you must at least allow me to tell the servants that I have guests?' They agreed. So he summoned a slave and said, 'I have two guests, and we will dine in the Apollo room.' It as an understood thing in his house, though strangers did not know it, that when Lucullus dined in the Apollo room the most extravagant imaginable dinner was to be served, a meal costing not less than 200,000 sesterces.

Pg. 156

There were players who took the game [*Duodecim Scripta* – Twelve Lines] as seriously as people today take chess and bridge; for we have the story of Scaevola who, setting out for the country after losing a game, went over every move in his head. He was so delighted when he discovered the mistake which had cost him the game, that he returned to confirm with his opponent that he was right. **A professor of Rhetoric at Bordeaux in the fourth century A.D. had the same prodigious memory.** He could recall a game when it finished, throw by throw, move by move.

Pg. 206-207

There were also flowers, to be enjoyed as they blossomed and to be plucked to make the wreaths which men wore men they drank, once dinner was over.

If the owner's pride bordered on megalomania and a poor neighbour's tree overhanging his boundary offended him, **he might decide to burn it down; if the neighbour's cottage burnt down too, that was an unfortunate accident-** if we may believe a specimen lawsuit of the elder Seneca. And there were Roman parallels to the story of Naboth's vineyard; just as, on a larger scale, if you wished to extend your estate at the expense of your neighbour and he was unwilling to sell, you might turn starving beasts on to his fields by night to consume his crops until he was persuaded to change his mind.



Other luxuries included courts for ball games, open – even heated- swimming pools, *piscinae*. There were, of course, always luxurious hot baths in the villa itself.

The villa should have its kitchen garden (*hortus*) and, if the situation warranted it, its vineyard – for, as long as it was drinkable, there great pride in offering a guest a home-grown wine. Martial mocked a certain Bassus who was seen driving out of Rome to his

villa, his carriage crammed with vegetables of all kinds, a cage of small birds, a hare and a sucking pig- packed, in fact, with the produce which a man should be bringing back with him when returned his country house.

A 'villa' was a country house. If, all country houses had once been, even to the time with the great Scipio Africanus came home at night sweating from his work in the fields, it was a working farm house, it was a *villa rustica*- like the well-appointed Villa Igem and other excavated near Pompeii, or like the republican villa recently excavated near Pompeii, or like the republican villas recently excavated at Francolise near Capua. If it was on the sea, it was a *villa maritima*. It might, or might not, have property, a *praedium*, or even an estate, a *fundus*.

Standards of luxury among the rich were rising all the time, culminating in vast imperial country mansions, Hadrian's below Tivoli, Diocletian's palace at Spalato and (if it really was imperial) Piazza Armerina in Sicily.

Pg. 212

The autumn games, then, were safe holiday periods for men in public life and for lawyers who would rather be in their villas or on their estates than at the games themselves in Rome. Cicero took advantage of the September Roman games in 54 B.C.; so, in his fictional dialogue, the *De Oratore*, did most of the outstanding public figures in 91 B.C., to meet L. Crassus' villa at Tusculum, to sit under his great plane tree and talk. In October landowners had a further reason to get away: they wished to attend their estates at vintage time. Also, if they had outgoing tenants, this was the time of year, directly after the vintage, when tenancies changed hands, so that the incoming tenant could do his own pruning of the vines against the following year's vintage.

Pg. 49-50

A census would no doubt have shown that on any day, both in Rome and in the country, in the great majority of households there was conversation after dinner and little drinking; after which the party broke up because its members had occupations or amusements or studies to which they were anxious to turn to before they went to bed...

Other parties went on until dark and into the night, not always an unqualified source of enjoyment to all the guests. Sober and serious men were sometimes shocked by the dissipation by which they were surrounded...

In some houses, whether occasionally or regularly, **the evening passed through a crescendo of drinking to an orgy of shouting, quarreling and brawling.** The civilized old bachelor in Plautus' *Braggart Soldier* preferred always to leave and go home if he felt tempted to quarrel with a fellow guest. There was an accentuation of confusion (and of danger) when the lamps were knocked over. Severe sermons against the horrors of drunkenness are to be read in the pages of Seneca and of the elder Pliny. And there are the men who have left a name behind them for their drunkenness: Cicero's son, who could drink a gallon and a half [6.8 liters] at a draught and who once threw a drinking cup at M. Agrippa [son-in-law of Augustus and victorious general in the Battle of Actium in 31 BC over Mark Antony and Cleopatra], when he was drunk; M. Antonius, who wrote a book, 'Am I a drunkard?' (*De ebrietate sua*); Torquatus Novellius Atticus, who sank a two-and-a-quarter gallon scone at a single draught without taking a breath and without leaving a drop of wine in the scone pot (and who died at the age of forty-four in the early Empire, proconsul of Narbonese Gaul; L. Piso. Whom Tiberius is said to have appointed to the office of *praefectus urbi* at the end of a drinking bout which lasted two days and two nights (a man who stayed in bed until midday, but who otherwise performed his duties admirably); his successor Cossus Cornelius Lentulus, a less happy appointment, who fell

into such a deep sleep at a meeting of the Senate (because he had to be carried home; Pacuvius, legate of Syria and Tiberius. Who at the end of each night's revel had himself carried to bed with all the ceremonial of a mock funeral (just as, with less ceremony, **the emperor L. Verus in the second century A.D. had often to be carried off to bed**); the emperor Tiberius when he was young (some wit turned his name Tiberius Claudius Nero into *Biberius Caldius Mero*, 'Boozy Hot-and-Strong') and his son Drusus, who out-drunk everybody except his doctor, for his doctor had discovered a specific against intoxication and started the evening by eating almonds.

They belong in the main, these great drinkers, to a very short period of history. But there was always a possibility that a drinking bout would end in wild disorder – like the dinner of the philosophers which was the subject of Lucian's brilliant pastiche. The guests were already very drunk indeed with the *apophoreta*, the gifts (in this case food) for taking away, were produced. **Each of the guests was determined at whatever cost to secure the best for himself. So fighting started.** Happily there was a The doctor among the guests, and he was sober. There was a lot of work for him to do.

The women of the house (including the young bride) were frightened spectators of the fighting at this dinner, and the experience was one which in real life no doubt women were sometime forced to suffer. Since from the late Republic women reclined like men and no longer sat, they no longer raised but, in a certain social milieu, voluntarily or involuntarily, lowered the tone of the dinners which they attended. The *graffito* on a dining room wall in Pompeii invited men to keep their eyes off other men's wives; and the provocation of the dinner table to adultery was something by which Horace and the elder Pliny alike professed themselves shocked. In Horace's poem the husband connived at his wife's misconduct; **at the emperor Gaius' dinner table the husband, if he wished to remain alive, reflected that he was the subject of the Emperor and of his imperial whims.**

Pg. 152

But, by the canon of august respectability, you should drink in the privacy of your own or a friend's house.

In every town, the whole Empire over, in addition to inns (*cauponae, deversoria, hospitia, stabula, tabernae*) there was an abundance of cook-shops, restaurants and bars (*popinae, ganeae, tabernae*) which are identified and reconstructed (even to their inn-signs) by archaeologists in such excavated cities as Ostia and Pompeii and which are the object of a barrage of disparaging abuse in all our ancient literary sources. Despite the epitaph of a woman (*popinaria*) 'whose cooking attracted numbers of people to Tibur (Tivoli), it may be doubted whether the best of them even began to approach the standard of what today we should call a respectable restaurant. The worst of them- in great cities like Rome and the ports – were very discreditable indeed, often hardly disguised brothels which lived in constant fear of the police. Their clientele consisted largely of working men and of slaves, for whose relaxation they catered- at Ostia for 'bargees, thieves, runaway slaves, executioners, undertakers', which is Juvenal's scornful and not necessarily accurate description of a whole social class, the class to which his patrons did not belong.

To their clients they were one of the great attractions of town as contrasted with country life. Some, no doubt, performed a useful service during the day, providing cooked food and snacks, in particular food which could be carried away (like fish and chips today); for it must be remembered that there were no fireplaces in the tenements at Ostia or, presumably, elsewhere, and that for poor people there was nothing but a brazier or portable oven to cook on in their homes.

Some bars were open all night – *pervigiles popinae*- and were rowdy houses where singing, dancing and gambling often degenerated into a series of free fights.

That these establishments did big business, whatever their clientele, is beyond all doubt...

In Rome itself authority waged constant and ineffective war against such establishments. **Claudius ordered the closure of all drinking houses**; an urban prefect of the fourth century tried to stop early-morning drinking by the introduction of opening hours (from ten a.m. onwards); and in the early Empire there were prohibitions on the sale of hot water (for mixing with wine) and of foodstuffs more appetizing than cooked vegetables. **Brave measures, none of which had the smallest effect.**

Pg. 213

When **Seneca**, traveling with one friend and a few slaves in his mule-drawn farm-cart, envied a party of the rich which drove past him in a cloud of dust, he moralized later in a letter to Lucilius on his own weakness. A good Stoic should not be humiliated by the vanity of worldly splendour.

The sight of a man traveling in such a conveyance to Tivoli with five slaves, a wine chest and a commode, was amusing to Horace, presumably because, if you travelled in so stylish a manner, you should have more stylish luggage.

Pg. 215

...Varro suggests that a farmer whose property bordered on a main road could increase his income substantially by building a hotel and restaurant, *taberna deversoria*, on the road.

An inscription from Aesernia in Samnium gives the specimen of an itemized bill: **‘Pint of wine, bread, one as; other food, two asses; girl for the night, eight asses; hay for mule, two asses.’** On the other hand, in Cisalpine Gaul in the second century B.C. where food was extremely plentiful and cheap, the traveler stayed *en pension*, agreeing terms with the innkeeper on arrival. You could stay for half an as a day, everything included, Polybius records.

A friend might lend the use of his villa even when he was not himself in residence, and in such cases travelers often bought their own food, even their own tents. The baths would not be heated if the villa was unoccupied, and the traveler who wanted a bath would visit the nearest public baths.



"Avec du vin, de la poésie ou de la vertu comme vous choisissez. Mais se saouler. "

“With wine, poetry, or virtue
as you choose.
But get drunk.”

— Charles Baudelaire

Slavery in the Roman Empire

Pg. 107-115

As inscriptions show, slaves were often, in their occupations and crafts, specialists in quite minute fields, and it is tempting to think of the ordinary Roman household as a place in which there were bevy of slaves at every turn. That collector of records, the elder Pliny, knew of **an owner of vast estates who died in 8 B.C. leaving a household of 4,116 slaves, stating that, but for losses in the civil wars, the number would have been higher.** Pedanius Secundus, Prefect of the City, murdered in A.D. 61, had four hundred slaves and that, in fact or in boastful pretence, was the size of Trimalchio's slave establishment, divided into forty decuries, one in ten slaves being known by sight to his master. The younger Pliny made provision at his death for the support of a hundred of his freedmen, not all of whom were necessarily freed by his will, and this clearly implies a large family of slaves.

Slaves, who were chattels and with no rights at law were in the absolute power of their master. Except when the charge was incest or conspiracy, they could not be called as witnesses in court against him- until in the early Empire it was ingeniously discovered that, if they were acquired by compulsory purchase by the State, the ban was

automatically removed; there was nothing to prevent them from testifying against their former master. Their evidence, whenever taken, was taken under torture.

They were bound to promote their master's welfare at every turn because there was no limit to the punishment which he could inflict on them if he was dissatisfied; and they were encouraged to preserve his life by the strongest of all imaginable deterrents; if he was murdered, the whole of his slave-household were put to death without even the formality of a trial, on the ground that, since they had not prevented the murder as they should have done, they were all accessories after the crime. This, which was Republican law, was reinforced in the early Empire and extended to cover the murder of the master's wife.

In A.D. 61, stung by a personal grievance, a slave of the City Prefect Pedanius Secundus killed his master; the whole vast slave household of four hundred slaves was executed. A proposal was even made in the Senate, but not carried, that all the freedmen resident in the household should be deported.

In about 100 A.D. as ex-praetor Larcius Macedo, an unpleasant man, himself of slave ancestry, was assaulted in his baths by all the slaves in attendance on him and left for dead. However, he revived, to live a few days longer, in which time he saw the slaves, who naturally had run away, recaptured and executed; so he enjoyed the sadistic pleasure of living to see his murderers punished.

Death, however, was not always murder and, in the political distemper of the times, the first century A.D. saw an epidemic of suicides among people in the highest position of Roman society. They were, for the most part, considerate men, and remembered, even in the last emotional crisis, to send their slaves away or to leave evidence that they were not implicated in their death. Even so, the slaves could be held responsible on the ground

that, as long as it was within their power, it was their duty to frustrate their master's intention.

It is clear that from the first century A.D. onward there was increasingly strong public disapproval both of the ruthlessness of the law and of the arbitrary power of masters. **In A.D. 61 the Roman populace, a body which was predominately of slave descent itself, rioted in protest against the execution of Pedanius Secundus' four hundred slaves** and, despite C. Cassius' eloquent protest that society would collapse if the slaves were not killed, a number of senators had doubts and troops had to be fetched in before the execution could take place.

...Under Antoninus Pius a master's right to kill any of his slaves was greatly restricted: 'In these times it is not permissible...to exercise severity against slaves beyond measure and without cause.' Also if in the provinces a slave fled from his master and took refuge at a statue of Emperor, the provincial governor was to hold an enquiry and, if he was convinced of the master's brutality, the master was to be forced to sell the whole of his slave-household.

Economic explain the change of policy; slaves were scarcer and therefore not so easily expendable. Stoic teaching had always urged kindness to slaves, and had stressed that a master was as completely in slavery to Fortune as his slaves were in slavery to himself. Stoics preached, however; they did not act. The rule of that great Stoic M. Aurelius was marked by no considerate legislation whatever, where slaves were concerned. Christianity too. It accepted slaves into the Church; individual Christians often, particularly at the moment of their conversion, gave freedom to their slaves; **but officially Christianity saw nothing wrong with the institution of slavery itself.**

Seneca pointed out that it was a master's duty to clothe and feed his slaves. If he gave them **an education**, that was charity. It was a charity, however, **that paid handsome dividends to the slave himself, to his master and to the Roman world at large.**

Apart from technical specialists of all kinds, there was always an extensive need in public service, in the imperial household and in the commercial life for linguists, anyhow men who 'spoke both languages', for shorthand-writers (*notarii*), for clerks and accountants and, in private life, for slaves of good literary education. Inscriptions perpetuate the memory of slave children, infant geniuses, who died young, of a **calculator** of thirteen, 'whose ample knowledge would fill volumes', of a shorthand-writer who could take dictation at lightning speed.

With the need of such specialists in view, two great imperial training schools (*paedagogia*) for slave-boys were set up in Rome, one on the Palatine and the other *Ad Caput Africae*, on the Caelian..

Given the uncontrolled power of the master and the existence in Roman **as in all other societies of vicious men, slaves were sometimes treated with hideous cruelty.** Galen tells the story of a sadist and masochist (a Greek, in fact, from Crete) with whom he travelled, a man who, irritated over a trifle, struck two of his slaves on the head with sharp edge of his sword-sheath, wounding them seriously- and then came to Galen with a strap asking for a thrashing. The slaves who evoked Seneca's pity, waiters at a large and intemperate dinner party, however, would have been surprised by the idea that they deserved sympathy; like all other servants, they doubtless enjoyed their master's parties, just as Trimalchio's servants entered into heart and soul into the tricks, often at their own expense, which were played on his guests.

We think of Roman slavery, perhaps, in too heavily loaded and emotional terms, and forget two things: first, that there was a greater potential of varied genius among slaves (a

great many from the Greek-speaking East) than in any other section of the Roman community and secondly, that in a large, and particularly, in the Empire, in the imperial, household a quick and bright young slave had the possibility of a really exciting future. The world was crying out for men of educated talent in fields in which the freeborn Roman would not (for social reasons) or could not (because he lacked the skill) engage. The slave's interest and his master's were in this matter the same; at the crudest assessment, there was money in it for them both.

...but in general, as is clear from the whole of ancient literature, **Romans who were not conscious of having slave blood in their own veins were supremely contemptuous of these who had.** Still there were those who overcame this prejudice. Larcius Macedo, killed by his slaves, was of slave origin, yet rose to be a *praetor*. A happier instance is supplied by a man whose name we do not know, whose talent earned him a spectacular career. A slave from Smyrna, he was acquired by the imperial household, in which he served under ten emperors, from Tiberius to Domitian, rising to the highest post in the imperial service, that of Financial Secretary (*a rationabus*). In the course of his career he acquired freedom and after that equestrian rank, and he married a woman, Etrusca, whose brother was a consular.

Slaves might, of course, powerfully influence or destroy happiness and good order within a family. Some were young, handsome, highly sexed, a contrast in all respects to the master, but not always to the mistress, of the house. Sex, indeed, to Petronius' amusement, often ran counter to the social order, slave-women admitting none but the gentry, the mistresses only slaves and the coarsest exemplars of male virility, to their beds. **So scandals occurred.** The unfortunate dispensator (who could have been a freedman) who was the object of public sympathy in Petronius' *Satyricon* because his master, having discovered him in an intrigue with his wife, had condemned him to death in the arena, was, according to table-talk in Trimalchio's dining room, the helpless victim of a disagreeable sex-starved mistress. Juvenal in a hateful satire, lampoons an impotent

sexual pervert who used a slave to father children who, passing under his name, would give him the political and economic advantages of the father of a family.

Pg. 30

The Roman arrived at the baths with all his paraphernalia – his oil flask (*ampulla*), his strigil, his comb and his linen or woolen towels. The rich man's kit was carried by his personal slaves, who would attend to his oiling and strigilling while he bathed, and to rubbing him down afterwards. It was an indication that a man had inherited money when he took to the baths with five well-groomed slaves. The elder Pliny even brought a secretary, so that he might dictate or be read to while the strigilling and the rubbing down took place. In the fourth century Ammianus Marcellinus was shocked- the arrival in the baths of the blasé rich, attended each by an army of slaves. **And Seneca mocked, as prize example of ineffective decadence, the man who, *carried by his slaves from the bath to his sedan chair*, asked, 'Am I on my seat now?' 'Iam sedeo?'**

Pg. 52

In the course of a debauch the slaves, would have hated it. Those who had the misfortune to serve a master as cruel as Augustus' abominable friend Vedius Pollio lived in terror; let a precious glass be broken and- if Augustus was not there to interfere- the unfortunate who dropped it was thrown into the fish pond to feed the lampreys. But this was not a typical household.

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Vedius_Pollio

Publius Vedius Pollio (died 15 BC) was a Roman of equestrian rank, and a friend of the Roman emperor Augustus, who appointed him to a position of authority in the province of Asia. **In later life he became known for his luxurious tastes and cruelty to his**

slaves – when they displeased him, he had them fed to lampreys that he maintained for that purpose, which was deemed to be an exceedingly cruel act. When Vedius tried to apply this method of execution to a slave who broke a crystal cup, Emperor Augustus (Pollio's guest at the time) was so appalled that he not only intervened to prevent the execution but had **all of Pollio's valuable drinking vessels deliberately broken.** This incident, and Augustus's demolition of Vedius's mansion in Rome he inherited in his will, were frequently referred to in antiquity in discussions of ethics and of the public role of Augustus.

it was for his reputed luxury and cruelty that Vedius would become best known. He owned a massive villa at Posillipo on the Gulf of Naples,^[6] later described by the poet Ovid as "like a city". Most notoriously, he kept a pool of lampreys into which slaves who incurred his displeasure would be thrown as food – a particularly unpleasant means of death, since the lamprey "clamps its mouth on the victim and bores a dentated tongue into the flesh to ingest blood".

Nevertheless, he retained, at least for a while, the friendship of Augustus, in whose honour he built a shrine or monument at Beneventum. On one occasion, Augustus was dining at Vedius' home when a cup-bearer broke a crystal glass. Vedius ordered him thrown to the lampreys, but the slave fell to his knees before Augustus and pleaded to be executed in some more humane way. Horrified, the emperor had all of Vedius's expensive glasses smashed and the pool filled in. According to Seneca, Augustus also had the slave freed; Dio merely remarks that Vedius "could not punish his servant for what Augustus also had done.

Vedius's treatment of his slaves and Augustus's conduct towards him became popular subjects for anecdotes in antiquity. During or shortly after Augustus's reign, Ovid praised his demolition of Vedius's house as a grand statement against immoral luxury made even at the emperor's own cost. Scott notes that in replacing the house with a public monument

Augustus merely "carried out the terms of the will", and argues that any suggestion he wished to censure Vedius's memory may have been mere "gossip".

Also in the 1st century AD, Vedius's story was used by the philosopher Seneca the Younger and the encyclopedist Pliny the Elder. In two ethical treatises, Seneca used Vedius's treatment of the cup-bearer and Augustus's response to illustrate the extremes to which anger could lead and the need for clemency. Pliny the Elder mentioned Vedius's lampreys in his *Natural History* while treating varieties of fish, noting the man's friendship with Augustus while ignoring the story of the latter's clemency. Pliny was no admirer of Augustus and his handling of the story has been seen as "a gratuitous jibe" at the emperor. In a highly rhetorical passage, the Christian writer Tertullian stated that after executing slaves, **Vedius had his lampreys "cooked straight away, so that in their entrails he himself might have a taste of his slaves' bodies too"**.

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lamprey

The adult lamprey may be characterized by a toothed, funnel-like sucking mouth.

The common name "lamprey" is probably derived from Latin *lampetra*, which may mean "stone licker" (*lambere* "to lick" + *petra* "stone"), though the etymology is uncertain.



Rubicon

The Triumph and Tragedy of the Roman Republic

By Tom Holland [Little, Brown; London] 2003

Pg. 61-62

And yet Marius [esteemed general] was a provincial. **His breeding lacked pedigree, his manners polish. He had won his prestige on raw ability alone.** If his villa loomed above those of the aristocracy, then it served as all the more vivid a symbol of the status that an outsider could cope to wine in the Roman Republic. And Marius' status was indisputable...

For the younger man's career too had been a struggle against the circumstances of his upbringing. **Despite his noble birth, his father had died leaving him virtually penniless, and throughout his youth Sulla's means had been disproportionate to his pretensions.** He had gradually sunk into a world of seedy lodgings and even seedier companions- comics, prostitutes and drag-queens- to whom, however he would display a touching loyalty all his life, to the immense scandal of his peers. **Sulla had relished the demi-monde even as he struggled to escape from it;** nor was he ever to lose his taste for slumming. Hard-drinking and wisecracking, he combined the aptitudes of a bar-fly with the natural talents of a gigolo, being as physically striking as charming, with piercing blue eyes and hair so golden that it was almost red. Ultimately, indeed, **it had been sex-appeal that had redeemed him from the ranks of the déclassé, one of Rome's best paid courtesans had grown so obsessed with him that in her will she had left him everything she owned.** At around the same time Sulla's stepmother had also died, having similarly appointed him her sole heir. Only at thirty, an age when most nobles had already

spent years climbing the slippery pole of advancement, had Sulla at last found himself with the funds to launch his political career.

Daily Life of the Etruscans

By Jacques Heurgon* [Phoenix Press, London] 1961, 1989

* Professor of Latin Literature and Language at the Sorbonne. He attended the *École Normale* and later obtained his *Docteur-ès-Lettres*. During the war he served in the Italian Campaign before being appointed French Cultural Attaché in Rome in 1945.

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jacques_Heurgon

Jacques Heurgon (25 January 1903 – 27 October 1995) was a French university, *normalian*, Etruscan scholar and Latinist, professor of Latin language and literature at the Sorbonne. Married to Anne Heurgon-Desjardins, founder in 1952, of the *Centre culturel international de Cerisy-la-Salle*, he was the father of Marc Heurgon (fr), politician and historian, Catherine Peyrou and Edith Heurgon who continued the "Colloques of Cerisy".

A member of the *École française de Rome* (1928–1930), he was elected a member of the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres* in 1969.

Pg. 111

We are also very well informed under the chapter on wines. Since the days of Alexander, the wines of Etruria had been known in Greece, and Dionysius of Halicarnassus recommend them along with Falernian and the wine so the Colli Romani. The Spaniard Martial acknowledges that they equal those of Tarragona. Other writers state that the best

wine was that of Luni on the borders of Liguria. The wines of Graviscae, despite the malaria exhaled by the surrounding marshes, and those of Statonia on the slopes of the upper Fiora produced excellent vintages. But the territory round Veii only produced (alas for the stomachs of Horace, Persius Flaccus and Martial!) a thin, sour wine with thick sediment which could please the stingy purses of only the most miserly hosts. **In Cisalpine Gaul there were the wines of Adria, of Cesena, and a *Macecenatianum* which probably came from a vineyard of Maecenas. These wines were universally esteemed.**

Of even more interest to us is the fact that the Etruscans preferred types of muscatels whose sugary taste, it is said, pleased the bees and so earned them the appellation of *Apianae*: a fanciful etymology, for the name was probably derived from that of a wine-grower (Appius, with Etruscan simplification of the occlusive: we know of a Florentine, one *Aviles Apianas* = *Aulus Appianus*). In any case, this sweet wine, very heavy, is the one the banqueters in Etruscan wall-paintings got drunk on. Other local vines hint a future Chianti and Orvietos: at Todi, on the frontier of Umbria, there as the Tudernis; at Arezzo the Talpona (which recalls the name *Talpius*, *Talponius*). All these varieties indicate a long experience of viticultural techniques; grafting had long been practiced in the creation of hybrids and there was a methodical arrangement of the vineyards so that different plants could be juxtaposed. Pliny tells us of a vine called *Murgentina*, introduced from Sicily into the Campania where it took the name of *Pompeiana* and which prospered particularly in the rich soils of the Chiusi hills. But since this plant was imported at a relatively recent date, **we dare hardly assume that it was the taste of its wine which inspired the Gauls [ancient French] to invade Italy.**

Pg. 76-77

Yet in the opinion of the Greeks and Romans, Etruscan women had a rather bad reputation. Serious authors, like Aristotle, repeated the tales of Theopompus and accused

them of banqueting with men, lying with them under the cloak. Comic authors like Plautus claimed that they collected their dowries by making a commercial exploitation of their charms. Need we remark that this has been seen as an argument in favour of the race's oriental origin? But why should the case of Etruscan debauchery be sought in the sacred prostitution of Babylon? Lydian women, it appears, gave themselves to all and sundry. But so did the women of Cyprus and even of Locri in Greece itself. We must remember in all this that **the Etruscan way of life offered in this respect many opportunities for ill-natured criticism and from the point of view of morals in antiquity it sometimes created a scandal.** For, taking into account the relaxations which time had brought about in the severe living-conditions of Greek women under Dorian law and in their primitive seclusion in the *gynecaeum*, **the Etruscan woman enjoyed no less liberty and rights**, which, for a narrow-minded Greek – and there were some, after all – seemed to authorize the very worst misbehavior.

The Greek woman and the Roman woman lived in the shadow of their homes; but the Etruscan woman 'went out' a great deal. We see her everywhere, in the forefront of the scene, taking a considerable place in it and never blushing for shame, as Livy says of one of them, when exposed themselves to masculine company. In Etruria it was a recognized privilege for ladies of the most respectable kind, and not just for courtesans as in Greece, to take part with men in banquets where they reclined, as the men did, beside their male hosts on the couches of the Triclinium, whereas even in private parties represented on Attic steles the wife remains modestly seated, the better to serve her lord and master. But Etruscan women were not afraid to have themselves painted in such company in the numerous frescoes at Tarquinii, in the Tomb of Leopards and in the Tomb of Triclinium (fifth century), conventionally adorned with blond hair (the men have black hair) and wearing a heavy embroidered mantle over their tunic. In this costume they attended dances, concerts, sports events; they even presided, as a painting in Orvieto shows, a perched on a platform, over boxing matches, chariot races and acrobatic displays- whereas at Olympia only the priestess of Demeter had the right to attend the games. **Such**

participation in public and private life on the part of the Etruscan women could appear indiscreet; it roused the suspicions of neighboring peoples and gave fuel to the hostile propaganda of their enemies.



Livy gives us admirable examples of this enviable or at any rate different women's situation which provoked such astonished disapproval in Greece and Rome. Livy, despite the summary judgements on his work which appear sometimes in learned manuals, is one of the most intelligent historians of antiquity...

Pg. 86

We have already noted several times that Etruscan civilization was an archaic civilization. Its feminism, strange as it may seem to us, is not so much a recent conquest as a distant survival threatened by Graeco-Roman pressures; it recalls in many respects the Crete of Ariadne and the paintings of Cnossos more than the Athens of Solon and Pericles. But the social state, of which it seems to retain many of the characteristics, if it was ever realized in its pure form, had for a long time, in the Etruria of the seventh or sixth centuries, felt contrary influences which denatured it. Human societies can never be defined with absolute precision. **In Etruscan society, the *pater familias* laid down the law, but the *mater familias* had her say also, and her word was often the last one.**

Pg. 185-186

'Twice a day the Etruscans have their tables sumptuously laid with everything that contributes to delicate living; they have prepared for them bed-coverings embroidered with flowers, and they are served from quantities of silver plate; they have also at their beck and call a considerable number of slaves.

...Though these testimonies only go back as far as the Empire in its heyday, it's clear that the Romans of the Republic were equally fastidious. Cicero, in his second *Philippic*, rails against **Antonius, who, after the Civil War, had confiscated the learned Varro's villa at Cassino and converted that sanctuary of learning into a house of debauchery:**

from the third hour (nine a.m.) ‘they drank and vomited.’ The expressions *convivium tempestivum* and *cenare de die* used to describe a banquet that started too early and a dinner that began in the middle of the day characterized the delights of Capua and the excesses of gormandizers.

Pg. 190

Usually a man and a woman are reclining on each couch- man and wife, we may be sure. **We have already noted that his participation of the Etruscan woman in banquets was a freedom not granted to Greek women; in Athens it was only courtesans who lay beside young men on banqueting couches.** Even when at home, the Greek wife did not keep her husband company while he was dining though she might sit beside the couch on when he took his lordly ease. This good breeding finally made itself felt, under the Grecian influence, even among the Etruscans, and in the Tomb of the Shields in Tarquinii, which dates from the third and perhaps second century, *Velia Seitithi* is seated modestly at the foot of the bed beside *Larth Velcha*, who is reclining. All the same, she is giving her husband’s shoulder an affectionate pat while with her other hand she is offering him a fruit which she has taken from a basket on the table.

...But we must admit that in other cases, as in the Tomb of the Leopards, **the young banqueters crowned with myrtle are giving themselves in the most carefree manner to the pleasures of wine and dalliance: the men have black hair and the women are blondes;** they are wearing splendid multi-colored cloaks. One of the young men is holding a ring between his thumb and first finger and flashing it in front of a young woman who gazes at it in fascination: the neighbouring pair both turn at the same moment **to stare at Ganymede*, naked, who is passing by with his wine-jug.** It is a scene of teasing, prattling, and sudden gusts of desire.

* [Ganymedes] was the loveliest born of the race of mortals, and therefore the gods caught him away to themselves, **to be Zeus' wine-pourer**, for the sake of his beauty, so he might be among the immortals.

— *Homer, Iliad, Book XX, lines 233-235*

[en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ganymede_\(mythology\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ganymede_(mythology))



Ganymede pouring Zeus a libation

(Attic red-figure calyx krater by the Eucharides Painter, c. 490–480 BCE)

Pg. 192

From the third century onwards, Etruria, incorporated in the Roman world, began to enjoy some of the benefits of conquest and reserved for its own use a little of the

enormous quantities of luxury plate which from then on began to flow into Italy. The comedies of Plautus, shortly after the Second Punic War, show us sumptuous silver

plate displayed on the sideboards of the rich. **‘Those who have their houses filled with treasures’, said the slave Stichus, ‘drink out of embossed beakers and tankards and fancy goblets, while we drink out of our Samian jug.** But we drink just the same. The Etruscan *lucumones* began drinking out of ‘embossed beakers again’ again, out of tankards and fancy goblets made of silver and Alexandrian gold, and from those which their gold-and silversmiths, roused from their torpor or seized with a spirit of emulation, had begun producing again.

In 206, P. Scipio Africanus brought back from Spain more than fourteen thousand pounds of silver, not counting silver coin. In 189, his brother Lucius displayed at his triumph over Antiochus 1,023 pounds [464 kg] of gold plate and 1,423 pounds [646 kg] of silver plate. In 161 a sumptuary law forbade leading citizens attending the banquets at the Ludi Megalenses to bring more than one hundred pounds [45 kg] of silverware.

The Courtesans

The demi-monde in 19th century France

By Joanna Richardson [Phoenix Press; London] 1967, 2000

Pg. 61

La Païva

Her one resource remained her wealth. She was conscious of every franc she possessed, and of every single centime that she spent. Émile Bergerat, the journalist, a son-in-law of Gautier, wrote the simple truth when he called her

The archetype of those courtesans who are only courtesans for money, and fall in love with money alone. La Païva was a coffer. She was never known to have a passing fancy...She had a horror of dogs and cats and birds and children, of everything that is an expense and brings in no reward, and may divert one from the hunt for the Golden Calf. But she would have given herself to a miner for a nugget. **She was harder with her household than a Roman patrician, implacable about their slightest failings, magnificently hated...**

The Great Sea

By David Abulafia [Penguin Books; London] 2014

Pg. 248

One group of adventurous, multilingual Jewish merchants known as the Radhaniyyah, or 'Radhanites', was described by the 9th century Arab writer **ibn Khurdadbih**. He listed four routes along which these merchants traveled, some overland through Gaul and past Prague to the kingdom of the White Bulgars that stretched over vast open spaces north of the Black Sea, others by sea from Provence to Egypt and then down the Red Sea to India, or from Antioch in the Levant to Iraq, India, Ceylon and by sea once again to the Far East. Some, however, set out from Spain and made their way to the Levant by following the North African coast, a route easier to follow by land than by sea, because of shoals and contrary winds and currents. Radhanite merchants returning from the Nile Delta might take ship from Constantinople, or they might find a route back to Gaul. These descriptions of their routes cast the Radhanites in the role of spice merchants, carrying condiments, perfumes and drugs, though their northern contacts enabled to bring them to bring iron weapons, furs and slaves down to the Mediterranean, where Muslim buyers were short of iron and glad to purchase swords from the north. **Alongside the Radhanites there were many other slave traders, Christian and Muslim;** by 961 there

were 13,750 *Saqaliba*, Slav slaves, living in Muslim Cordoba [Spain]. Warfare between Germanic and Slav peoples in the Wendish lands in what is now eastern Germany ensured a plentiful and regular supply of captives, and the terms of *sclavus* and 'slave' recall the Slavonic origin of very many of these slaves. Slaves from the Slav borderlands arrived in Syria and Egypt as well, along with Circassians brought down from the Black Sea. **Though horrible, the fate of these slaves, even those who survived the trauma of castration, was not always comparable to the fate of slaves carried in such vast numbers across the Atlantic towards the Americas in later centuries.** Strong looking young men were not emasculated but entered the emir's guard in Cordoba, sometimes rising to high military command. On the other hand, women might enter the closed world of the harem; and handsome boys fell into the possession of pederast princes. One merchant who fit the Radhanite label well was **Abraham of Saragossa, a Spanish Jew who benefited from the personal protection of the Frankish emperor Louis the Pious.** He was active around 828 and was exempt from the payment of tolls; **he was explicitly permitted to buy foreign slaves and to sell them within the Frankish lands [Gaul/France],** but in 846 Jewish merchants were accused by the archbishop of Lyons of looking no further than the cities of Provence for their source of supply, and of selling Christian slaves to buyers in Cordoba.

Mark 2:22 [The Bible: New Int'l Version]

And no one pours new wine into old wineskins. Otherwise, the wine will burst the skins, and both the wine and the wineskins will be ruined. No, they pour new wine into new wineskins.

It was only in the 1850s that the French began to expand onto the Senegalese mainland after they abolished slavery and began promoting an abolitionist doctrine, adding native kingdoms like the Waalo, Cayor, Baol, and Jolof Empire. **French colonists progressively invaded and took over all the kingdoms except Sine and Saloum under Governor Louis Faidherbe.**

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Gambia

During the late 17th century and throughout **the 18th century, the British Empire and the French Empire struggled continually for political and commercial supremacy in the regions of the Senegal River and the Gambia River.** The British Empire occupied the Gambia when an expedition led by Augustus Keppel landed there following the Capture of Senegal in 1758. The 1783 First Treaty of Versailles gave Great Britain possession of the Gambia River, but **the French retained a tiny enclave at Albreda on the river's north bank. *This was finally ceded to the United Kingdom in 1856.***

As many as three million people may have been taken as slaves from this general region during the three centuries that the transatlantic slave trade operated. It is not known how many people were taken as slaves by intertribal wars or Muslim traders before the transatlantic slave trade began. Most of those taken were sold by other Africans to Europeans: some were prisoners of intertribal wars; some were victims sold because of unpaid debts; and many others were simply victims of kidnapping.

Traders initially sent people to Europe to work as servants until the market for labour expanded in the West Indies and North America in the 18th century. In 1807, the United Kingdom abolished the slave trade throughout its empire. It also tried, unsuccessfully, to end the slave trade in the Gambia. Slave ships intercepted by the Royal Navy's West Africa Squadron in the Atlantic were also returned to the Gambia, with

people who had been slaves released on MacCarthy Island far up the Gambia River where they were expected to establish new lives. The British established the military post of Bathurst (now Banjul) in 1816.

The Atlantic

By Simon Winchester [Harper Collins; New York] 2010

The British in particular enjoyed an early edge in suppressing the activity. But there was another evil that was much more insidiously dreadful than piracy. By chance one of the most famous British piracy trials, and one not conducted at the Admiralty in London but in a corner of West Africa, shed some long-needed light on it. It was a curse of the high seas that was eventually to be among the most severely policed as well. Such that in time it was finally abolished. **Yet it was an extraordinarily long-lived maritime cargo-carrying phenomenon, the memory of which scars and shames the world: the unseemly business of the transatlantic slave trade.**

The Trial of Black Bart's Men, as it came to be known, took place in 1722, in the dauntingly magnificent-looking, pure white cliff top building that still stands well to the west of the capital of Ghana: the famous Cape Coast Castle. It was adventurous Swedes who first built a wooden structure here, near a coastal village named Oguaa, as a center for gold, ivory, and lumber trading; it next passed into the hands of another unlikely Scandinavian colonizing power, the Danes; and then in 1664 it was captured by the British, who had an enduring colonial interest in West Africa and held on to the Gold Coast-as Ghana was then called-for the next three hundred years. At the beginning- and at the time of the piracy trial- the Castle became the regional headquarters of the Royal African Company of England, the private British company that was given "for a thousand years" a British government monopoly to trade in slaves over the entire 2,500 mile Atlantic coastline from the Sahara to Cape Town.

The monopoly ended in 1750, slavery endured for another sixty years and British colonial rule for another two hundred. The British turned the Castle into the imposing structure that remains today- and it has become sufficiently well known and well restored that it attracts large number of visitors, including many African-Americans who naturally have a particular interest in its story. The American president **Barack Obama** visited with his family in 2009, to see and experience what remains one of the world's most poignant physical illustrations of the evils of slavery. The dire reputation of the place is reinforced by its appearance: though Cape Coast Castle is the smallest of the three surviving slaving forts on the Bight of Benin, it was designed to be by far the most austere and forbidding. It also has the infamous "door of no return" through which tens of thousands of hapless African men, women, and children were lead in chains and shackles onto the ships that then crossed the Atlantic's infamous Middle Passage, eventually bringing those who survived the rigors of the journey to the overcrowded barracoons of eastern America and the Caribbean.

The trial, in which piracy and slavery overlapped in a way that intrigued the faraway British public, involved one of the Atlantic's more notorious and commercially successful brigands, Bartholomew Roberts, a Welshman who was better known after his death as **Black Bart**. He had worked as third mate on a slave ship, the *Princess*, and in 1719 was lying off the Ghanaian coast when his vessel was attacked by two pirate sloops, captained by Welshman also. A connection was duly made; Roberts joined one of the pirate crews and over the next three years captured and sacked no fewer than 470 merchant vessels- making him one of the most successful pirates in Atlantic history, and grudgingly admired even by his most implacable enemies.

His luck run out while he was careening his ships after a successful raid on a slaving convoy, once again off the Ghanaian coast. A Royal Navy anti-piracy patrol, led by HMS *Swallow*, duped him into battle, and Roberts was fatally wounded in the neck by

grapeshot. The 268 men on the three pirate sloops were taken away by the *Swallow* and her attendant vessels, and sent to the dungeons in Cape Coast Castle to await their sensational trial.

Back in England the men's fate drew the most excited comments because among the captives were 187 white men, all alleged pirates, and seventy-seven black Africans, who had all been taken as booty from the captured slave ships. Of the white men, nineteen died of their battle wounds before the trial, fifty-four others were found guilty of piracy and were hanged from the cannons on the castle walls, twenty were sentenced to long prison terms in colonial African jails, and the remaining seventeen were sent back to London, to be detained in prisons there.

The seventy-seven black African slaves, innocent victims of all this mayhem, were not treated with any great leniency. They were returned to the castle dungeons, were forced to walk once more in shackles and chains back through the door of no return, and were put on another slave ship and sent back across the Atlantic for a second time. This time they encountered no pirates and were delivered to the slave markets in the coastal cities, and became fully a part of the still-growing slave population of colonial America. A poetic injustice, it ever there was one.

And though many thinkers at the time recognized this, and though a tide of common opinion was beginning to turn, at the beginning of the 18th century there was still enormous official and intellectual support for the trade, in England and elsewhere. The better read of the slave traders were content to note that 2,000 years before no less a figure than Aristotle had written of mankind that "from the hour of their birth, some are marked out for subjection, others for rule." And even though some critics pointed out that the trade required that "none treat men of one's own tribe as no more than animals," still both the Church and the state accepted slavery as part and parcel of human behavior, part of the natural order of things. As an example: John Newton, and 18th century clergymen

of considerable piety- and talent: he composed, among other well known pieces, the hymn “Amazing Grace”- was a slaver of some prominence and found no difficulty coming to terms with the fact that, as the Dictionary of National Biography has it, he was “praying above deck while his human cargo was in abject misery below.” **Thus cleansed of any moral ambiguity, slaving could be an exceptionally profitable business.**

11,000,000 Africans were carried westward across the Atlantic between the middle of the 15th century and the end of the 19th century. 3,000,000 were carried in British ships, owned by slave trader based in Liverpool, Bristol, London, and such smaller west coast ports as Lancaster and Whitehaven. **(The comparable French slaving ports were Honfleur, Le Havre, and the biggest, Nantes.)** The entire British establishment- from the royal family to the Church of England- won dividends from the business. And even beyond the rarefied world of an aristocracy who risked money to back the slavers, everyone else in Britain who used such mundane products as sugar, tobacco, or rum benefited from the slave trade as well. It was not just a singular evil: it was a singularly pervasive evil.

The so-called triangular trade was arranged so that goods were taken from Britain to the African ports or slave castles, like that Cape Coast; slaves from these ports were then shipped across the infamous Middle Passage to the American slave depts.; and then, once the vessel has been emptied and cleansed, New World cargoes went from there back to Britain.

And so, in small vessels called snows, in barques and brigs or in three-masted square-rigged vessels that, somehow oddly to modern ears, were formally known as ships, the slave-ship captains set off fully laden from England. Their orders were quite simply to proceed to West African ports and, using the cargoes they had shipped with them from England as barter according to their standing orders “to procure as many good merchantable slaves as you can.” With most of their crewmen pressed into service

through the work of crimping gangs who found drunken and persuadable young seamen in the shoreside inns, **the ships set sail filled to the gunwales with Africa-bound trade goods. They took such marketable items as** muskets, felt hats, iron knives, brass casks, gunpowder, cotton, and gun flints and on one ship, the Pilgrim, which left Bristol in 1790, the somewhat more bizarre inventory of “1 trunk East India goods, 4 chests bugles, 12 cases of calicoes, **2 puncheons rum and 15 dozen bottles wine.** Hugh Crow, a successful (albeit one-eyed) slaver from the Isle of Man, always **made a point of first calling in at Rotterdam and Jersey to buy extra spirits (more cheaply than he could in England) to use as trade goods for the African slave merchants, who like nothing better than a drink.**

Most vessels took what the French called *la petite route south*, sailing via the Canary and the Cape Verde islands before turning inland along the now-east-trending African coast. They first bartered their goods, usually for some rather prosaic set of objects- iron bars, brass bars swatches of cloth- that had become crude currency for the buying of slaves. The prices in this currency- the iron bars looked rather like stair rods- remained fairly constant for years: a male slave bought on the **Senegal River** in the mid-18th century fetched seventy bars; a woman, somewhat more costly despite being offered “with a bad mouth,” went for sixty-three bars, another for “the excessive price of 86 bars,” according to the famous journal kept by the Reverend Newton. (For purpose of comparison, a two-pound bag of gunpowder went for one bar.)



Senegal & The Gambia*

Map above attributed Creative Commons Attribution International License

*Note the patently ridiculous borders drawn out by the European imperial powers with an impetus for control of Atlantic ports at key rivers into the interiors. **Gambia, under British control, is the smallest country on the African continent enveloped entirely by the French in Senegal.** Gambia appears like the mouth and gullet of a head's profile facing west- facing the direction millions of slaves were to be shipped to the Americas. The same ethnic groups are, of course, in both countries yet the borders imposed do not reflect this important aspect at all. It is not as though the people in Gambia were somehow conspicuously different than those north or south of their borders. **The Europeans carved spheres of trade without any care or real concern for traditional boundaries among the peoples and vast lands they conquered for profit.** The land grabs and enslavements would be the same as lumping Spanish, Italians, Germans and

Swedes together when they culturally have different languages, religions, histories and mores. In that analogous context it is much easier for Westerners and Asians to better understand the complexities involved for such dramatic and irrevocable societal imbalances on the African continent lasting to the present day from imperialism.

Saint-Louis in Senegal existed before the Second Empire but was greatly developed under the short-lived epoch, hence, the name Saint-Louis conveniently was morphed into a demi-sec reference to the Emperor Louis-Napoléon at the time.

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Saint-Louis,_Senegal

Louis Faidherbe, who became the Governor of the Colony of Senegal in 1854 [Second Empire], contributed greatly to the development and modernization of Saint Louis. His large-scale projects included the building of bridges, provisioning of fresh drinking water, and the construction of an overland telegraph line to Dakar. Saint-Louis became capital of the federation of French West African colonies in 1895, but relinquished this role to Dakar in 1902.

Saint-Louis' fortunes began to wane as those of Dakar waxed. Access to its port became increasingly awkward in the age of the steamship and the completion of the Dakar-Saint Louis railroad in 1885 meant that up-country trade effectively circumvented its port.

Large French firms, many from the city of Bordeaux, took over the new commercial networks of the interior, marginalizing the Métis traders in the process. Saint-Louis nonetheless maintained its status as capital of the Colony of Senegal even after Dakar assumed the role of capital of the French West Africa federation. The colonial institutions set up in the city in the 19th century, such as the Muslim Tribunal and the School for Chiefs' Sons, were to play important roles in the history of French Africa. Though relatively small in size (population of 10,000 in 1826; 23,000 in 1914, and 39,000 in 1955) Saint-Louis dominated Senegalese politics throughout the 19th and early 20th

centuries, not least because of its numerous political parties and associations and its independent newspapers.

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Louis_Faidherbe

In 1852 he was transferred to Senegal as sub-director of engineers, and in 1854 was promoted *chef de bataillon* and appointed governor of the colony on December 16. He held this post with one brief interval (1861–1863) until July 1865.

The work he accomplished in French West Africa constitutes his most enduring legacy. At that time France possessed in Senegal little else than the town of Saint-Louis and a strip of coast. Explorers had, however, made known the riches and possibilities of the Niger regions, and Faidherbe formed the design of adding those countries to the French dominions. He even dreamed of creating a French African empire stretching from Senegal to the Red Sea.

Direct control of the Senegal River

Faidherbe's actions were not of his own creation, but were an implementation of "**The Plan of 1854**": a series of ministerial orders given to Governor Protet that originated in petitions **from the powerful Bordeaux-based Maurel and Prom company, the largest shipping interest in Saint-Louis.** The plan specified in detail the creation of forts along the Sénégal River to end African control of the acacia gum trade from the interior.

Faidherbe's push to build fortifications farther out, his conflicts with Protet, and his protests to Paris over Protet's inaction earned him the governorship in 1854.



Le général Louis Faidherbe by Marie-Madeleine Rignot-Dubaux (1884)

Within three months of his appointment as governor, he had begun work on the first in a **series on inland forts up the Sénégal, at Médine just below the Félou Falls (1855)**. By 1860, Faidherbe had built a series of forts between Médine and Saint-Louis, **launching missions against the Trarza Moors** in Waalo (north of the Sénégal river), who had previously collected taxes on goods coming to Saint-Louis from the interior.

Conflict in the interior

French military forces had previously avoided conflicts with the most powerful states in the area, the Toucouleur empire along the Niger River, and the Cayor in the south. By sending emissaries to sign protectorates with weaker states (Bubakar Saada of Bundu, King Samba of Khasso) and by completing the "pacification" of Casamance and

the Wolof peoples through what is now northern Senegal, Faidherbe quickly came into direct conflict with these states.

>>>HYPER-IMPORTANT<<<

Faidherbe's large-scale projects included the building of bridges and provisioning of fresh drinking water. But Saint-Louis' place as a door of French trade into an African interior began to wane with the expansion of direct colonial rule. **Access to its port became increasingly awkward in the age of the steamship** and the completion of the Dakar-Saint Louis railroad in 1885 meant that up-country trade effectively circumvented its port. **Large French firms, many from the city of Bordeaux, took over the new commercial networks of the interior, marginalizing the Métis (mixed race) traders who had always been the middle men of upstream commerce.**

Saint-Louis was placed under formal military control, and a telegraph and road link was set up to the other French colonies in Gorée Island and Rufisque. **In 1857, the French seized the inland region between these two from the Lebu Republic, and rechristened their capital Ndakarou as the new colonial city of Dakar.** Work was begun on the Dakar–Saint-Louis railway, as well as a rail line along the Senegal into the interior.

Legacy in French colonialism

When he resigned his post French rule had been firmly established over a very considerable and fertile area and the foundation laid upon which his successors built up the position occupied after 1904 by France in West Africa.

The first half-century of French colonialism in Senegal produced neither solid political control nor economic gains. However, it established the basic principles for the later French advance. **Senegal became the principal French base, not Guinea.** French

expansion was aimed towards the interior (which also encouraged expansion south in Algeria), and Faidherbe's vision of empire was confirmed. In 1863 he became general of brigade. **From 1867 to the early part of 1870, he commanded the subdivision of Bona in Algeria, and was commanding the Constantine division at the commencement of the Franco-Prussian War.**

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The Atlantic

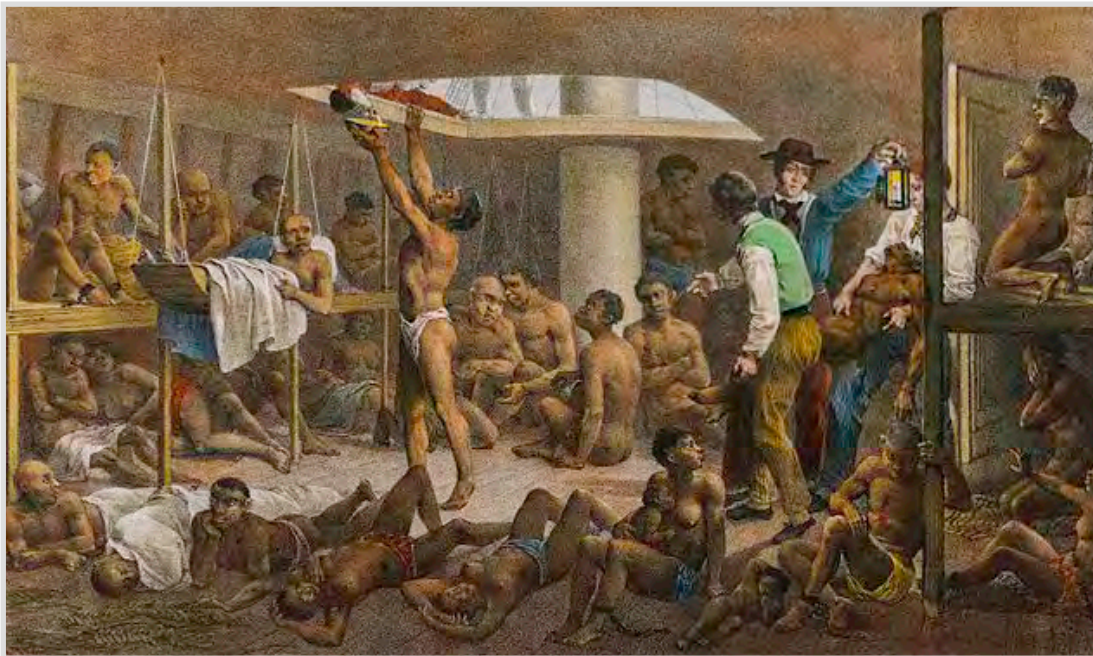
By Simon Winchester [Harper Collins; New York] 2010

And then, armed with wagonloads of such bars or swatches, the British captains went either to the slave castles, which were run by the Royal African Company, and bought officially sanctioned and price-regulated slaves, or else threw aside convention and visited the more competitive (and in later years, ore commercially successful) upriver slave markets, where they bought a clutch of such black-skinned humans, either men, women, or young boys who seemed most suitable for work on the far side of the ocean.

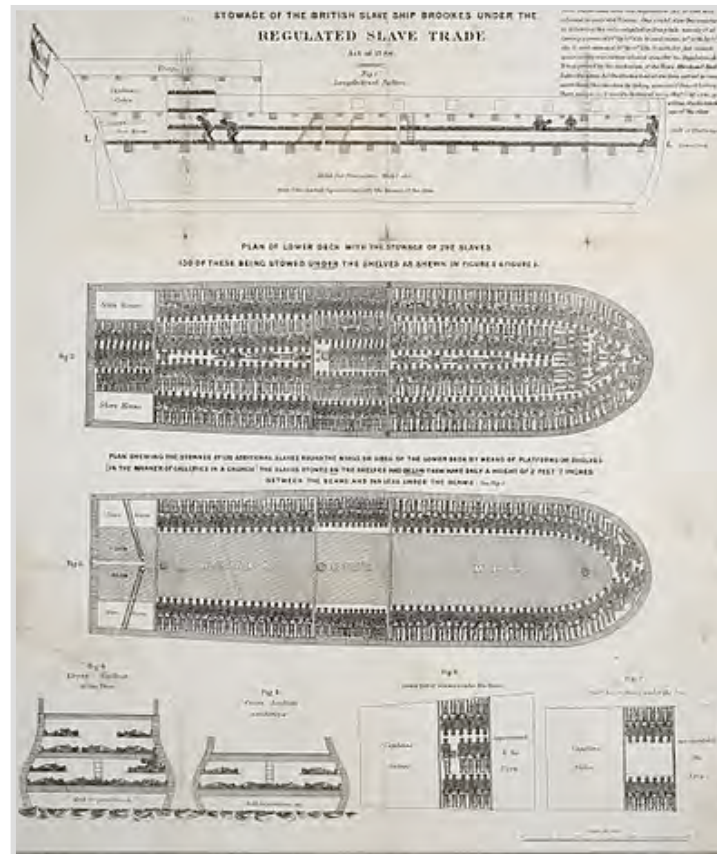
Whether these unfortunates came from the rivers, or through the doors of no return found in the Gold Coast castles and the other slave factories, they were first marshaled roughly on the waiting boat. Next they were branded- often with the initials “DY” for the Duke of York- and shackled into pairs, the left wrist and ankle of one to the right wrist and ankle of the next. They were then taken belowdecks in the storage areas, where, it was hoped, they would survive the crossing- a hope born not of compassion, but of commerce.

Normally slave merchants were allowed- for there was regulation- to carry some two slaves for every ton of the ship's burthen, later raised slightly to five slaves for every three tons up to 207 tons, and one slave per ton thereafter. A 500 ton ship was permitted to carry more than 360 slaves- and for reasons of commercial efficiency these beings

were stacked like so much tightly packed lumber, lying on shelves with no more than 30 inches of headroom. Even in water and cool days, the conditions were intolerable; when it was hot and the waters rough- which was common the eight-week voyage- they were insufferable. The sanitary conditions were execrable. Privacy was nonexistent. Security was everything: the men closely watched and guarded and any attempt at insurrection or mutiny was put down with terrible force. The slaves were fed two meals a day- yams, rice, barley, corn, and ship's biscuit boiled up together into an unattractive mess- and to guard against scurvy (for the contracts with the American and Caribbean slave importers specified that the slaves be delivered in good physical good condition) they were made to wash their mouths with lime juice or vinegar. They were also made to "dance"- being bought up on deck to be exercised, jumping on the deck to the extent that their shackles allowed, crew members armed with whips standing nearby to make sure everyone moved with equal energy and kept their muscles in tone.



Middle Passage to Brazil, 1830



The ferocity of the slave masters is legendary- men were brutalized, women sexually assaulted, sick slaves thrown overboard (*as long as they were covered by the ship's insurance policy*). One passage will serve to illustrate the piteous conditions under which the human freight had to live, and on all too many occasions, die. It comes from evidence given to a British House of Commons committee by a crewmen named Isaac Parker of the Liverpool slave brig Black Joke, and of his commander, a certain Captain Thomas Marshall. There were ninety slaves aboard this fifty-six ton ship, all collected from a castle in Gambia and headed for South Carolina.

What were the circumstances of this child's ill-treatment? The child took sulk and would not eat...the captain took the child up in his hand, and flogged it with the cat. Do you remember anything more about this child? Yes; the child had swelled feet; the

captain desired the cook to put on some water to heat to see if he could abate the swelling and it has done. Then he ordered the child's feet to be put in the water; and the cook putting his finger said, "Sir, it is too hot." The captain said, "Damn it, never mind it, put the feet in," and so doing the skin and nails came off, and he got some sweet oil and cloths and wrapped them round the feet in order to take the fire out of them; and I myself bathed the feet with oil, and wrapped cloths around; and laying the child on the quarter deck in the afternoon at mess time, I gave the child up again, and flogged it, and said, "Damn you, I will make you eat," and so he continued in that way for four or five days at mess time, when the child would not eat, and flogged it, and he tied a log of mango, eighteen or twenty inches long, and about twelve or thirteen pound weight, to the child by a string around its neck. The last time he took the child up and flogged it, and let it drop out of his hands, "Damn you, (says he) I will make you eat, or will be the death of you; and in three quarters of an hour after that the child died. He would not suffer any of the people that were on the quarter deck to heave the child overboard, but he called the mother of the child to heave it overboard. She was not willing to do so, and I think he flogged her; but I am sure that he beat her in some way for refusing to throw the child overboard; at last he made her take the child up, and she took it in her hand and went to the ship's side, holding her head on one side, because she would not see the child got out of her hand, and she dropped the child overboard. She seemed to be very sorry, and cried for several hours.

Whether or not Parker was telling the entire truth we shall never know. All that is certain is that this account is to be found in official British parliamentary papers for the year 1790 and that the child in question was said by Parker to have been indecently young, little more than an infant.

The Zong Massacre

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Zong_massacre

The ***Zong*** massacre was the **mass killing of 133 African slaves by the crew of the British slave ship *Zong*** in the days following 29 November 1781. The Gregson slave-trading syndicate, based in Liverpool, owned the ship and sailed her in the Atlantic slave trade. **As was common business practice, they had taken out insurance on the lives of the slaves as cargo.** When the ship ran low on potable water following navigational mistakes, the crew threw slaves overboard into the sea to drown, partly in order to ensure the survival of the rest of the ship's passengers, **and in part to cash in on the insurance on the slaves, thus not losing money on the slaves who would have died from the lack of drinking water.**

After the slave ship reached port at Black River, Jamaica, *Zong*'s owners made a claim to their insurers for the loss of the slaves. **When the insurers refused to pay, the resulting court cases (*Gregson v Gilbert* (1783) 3 Doug. KB 232) held that in some circumstances, the deliberate killing of slaves was legal and that insurers could be required to pay for the slaves' deaths.** The judge, Lord Chief Justice, the Earl of Mansfield, ruled against the syndicate owners in this case, due to new evidence being introduced suggesting the captain and crew were at fault.

Following the first trial, freed slave Olaudah Equiano brought news of the massacre to the attention of the anti-slavery campaigner Granville Sharp, who worked unsuccessfully to have the ship's crew prosecuted for murder. Because of the legal dispute, reports of the massacre received increased publicity, stimulating the abolitionist movement in the late 18th and early 19th centuries; the *Zong* events were increasingly cited as a powerful symbol of the horrors of the Middle Passage of slaves to the New World.

The non-denominational Society for Effecting the Abolition of the Slave Trade was founded in 1787. The next year Parliament passed the first law regulating the slave trade, to limit the number of slaves per ship. Then in 1791, Parliament prohibited insurance companies from reimbursing ship owners in cases in which slaves were thrown overboard. The massacre has also inspired works of art and literature. **It was commemorated in London in 2007, among events to mark the bicentenary of the British Slave Trade Act 1807, which abolished the African slave trade.** A monument to the killed slaves on *Zong* was installed at Black River, Jamaica, their intended port.



J.M.W. Turner, *The Slave Ship* (1840). Oil on canvas. 90.8 × 122.6 cm,
Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

'My Nigerian Great-grandfather Sold Slaves'

[bbc.com/news/world-africa-53444752](https://www.bbc.com/news/world-africa-53444752)

July 19, 2020

Amid the global debate about race relations, colonialism and slavery, some of the Europeans and Americans who made their fortunes in trading human beings have seen their legacies reassessed, their statues toppled and their names removed from public buildings.

Nigerian journalist and novelist Adaobi Tricia Nwaubani writes that one of her ancestors sold slaves, but argues that he should not be judged by today's standards or values.

My great-grandfather, Nwaubani Ogogo Oriaku, was what I prefer to call a businessman, from the Igbo ethnic group of south-eastern Nigeria. **He dealt in a number of goods, including tobacco and palm produce. He also sold human beings.**

"He had agents who captured slaves from different places and brought them to him," my father told me.

Nwaubani Ogogo's slaves were sold through the ports of Calabar and Bonny in the south of what is today known as Nigeria.

People from ethnic groups along the coast, such as the Efik and Ijaw, usually acted as stevedores for the white merchants and as middlemen for Igbo traders like my great-grandfather.

They loaded and offloaded ships and supplied the foreigners with food and other provisions. They negotiated prices for slaves from the hinterlands, then collected royalties from both the sellers and buyers.

About 1.5 million Igbo slaves were shipped across the Atlantic Ocean between the 15th and 19th Centuries.

More than 1.5 million Africans were shipped to what was then called the New World - the Americas - through the Calabar port, in the Bight of Bonny, making it one of the largest points of exit during the transatlantic trade.

The only life they knew

Nwaubani Ogogo lived in a time when the fittest survived and the bravest excelled. The concept of "all men are created equal" was completely alien to traditional religion and law in his society.

It would be unfair to judge a 19th Century man by 21st Century principles.

Assessing the people of Africa's past by today's standards would compel us to cast the majority of our heroes as villains, denying us the right to fully celebrate anyone who was not influenced by Western ideology.

Igbo slave traders like my great-grandfather did not suffer any crisis of social acceptance or legality. They did not need any religious or scientific justifications for their actions. They were simply living the life into which they were raised.

That was all they knew.

Slaves buried alive

The most popular story I've heard about my great-grandfather was how he successfully confronted officials of the British colonial government after they seized some of his slaves.

The slaves were being transported by middlemen, along with a consignment of tobacco and palm produce, from Nwaubani Ogogo's hometown of Umuahia to the coast.

My great-grandfather apparently did not consider it fair that his slaves had been seized.

Buying and selling of human beings among the Igbo had been going on long before the Europeans arrived. *People became slaves as punishment for crime, payment for debts, or prisoners of war.*

The successful sale of adults was considered an exploit for which a man was hailed by praise singers, akin to exploits in wrestling, war, or in hunting animals like the lion.

Igbo slaves served as domestic servants and labourers. They were sometimes also sacrificed in religious ceremonies and buried alive with their masters to attend to them in the next world.

Slavery was so ingrained in the culture that a number of popular Igbo proverbs make reference to it:

- Anyone who has no slave is his own slave
- A slave who looks on while a fellow slave is tied up and thrown into the grave with his master should realise that the same thing could be done to him someday
- It is when the son is being given advice that the slave learns

>>> The arrival of European merchants offering guns, mirrors, gin, and other exotic goods in exchange for humans *massively increased demand, leading people to kidnap others and sell them.*

- European buyers tended to remain on the coast
- African sellers brought slaves from the interior on foot
- Journeys could be as long as 485km (300 miles)
- Two captives were typically chained together at the ankle
- Columns of captives were tied together by ropes around their necks
- 10%-15% of captives died on the way

Source: Encyclopaedia Britannica

1001 Things Everyone Should Know about African American History

By Jefferey C. Stewart [Bantam Doubleday Dell Group; New York] 1996

Pg. 16.

>>>French Infected Slave Ship <<<

Greatest Cause of Slave Deaths - Disease

The greatest killer of Africans during the Middle Passage was disease. Scurvy, dysentery, smallpox, and a host of other contagious illnesses called “fevers” often spread like wildfire through the cramped, congested quarters of the slave ship.

One French slave ship, *Le Rodeur*, was infected by ophthalmia in 1819. Not only all the slaves but the entire crew were blinded by the disease. Most eventually recovered their sight. *The thirty-nine who did not were thrown overboard, reputedly to avoid reinfecting the rest.*

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ambroise_Louis_Garneray

Ambroise Louis Garneray (19 February 1783 – 11 September 1857) was a French corsair, **painter** and writer. He served under Robert Surcouf and Jean-Marie Dutertre, and **was held prisoner by the British for eight years.**

For lack of official ships, Garneray joined the *Confiance* ("the Trust") of Robert Surcouf as an ensign, from April at December 1800. He took part in the capturing and boarding the *Kent* in October 1800. It was the only time where Garneray made money as a sailor. **Upon returning from patrol, he invested his share in a slave trading ship, *l'Union*, on which he was a first mate.**

In 1833, he was made director of the museum of Rouen. He later joined the Manufacture nationale de Sèvres. In the 1830s he developed a new genre of painting, the aquatint, and also developed a major career of engraving. In the 1840s, his fame seems to have dimmed; he lost most of his political supporters and fell into poverty. **By the time of Napoléon III, he took part in the failed coup d'état of Strasbourg. He experienced a short return of glory towards the beginning of the Second French Empire, as he was awarded the Legion of honour in 1852 by vice admiral Bergeret and the Emperor himself.**



Capture of Kent by Surcouf / Abordage du Kent c. 1850

By Ambroise Louis Garneray

Musée d'Histoire de Saint Milo

The Atlantic

By Simon Winchester [Harper Collins; New York] 2010

Some fifty days after leaving West Africa, the American coast came into view, and the second leg of the triangular voyage of what the French called *le trafic Négrier* was over. Most of the slaves had already been spoken for under contract, and the masters orders had him head for a seasoning camp at certain island distribution centers- in Barbados, say, or Jamaica- or to one of the mainland slave ports, such as Norfolk or Charleston. Perhaps the master would be fortunate and the American slave factory would manage both to clear the holds of their human cargo- to buy the merchandise in bulk and wholesale, and sell them individually at retail prices at a market later on- and then to arrange for other freight to be carried home on the empty ship. Maybe there would be an auction, held either aboard the vessel or on the quayside below.



French Slaveship, *Le Saphir de La Rochelle*, 1741

Or perhaps the slaves would be subject to the final indignity of their passage- the so-called slave scramble. The waiting merchants would have been told that each of the Africans aboard could be had for a certain price; and at a given signal, usually the stroke of a drum, they would all rush aboard the ship, and like the crazed mob at a department store sale would feverishly make their selections from among the terrified men and women who, still in shackles, had been herded up onto the quarterdeck. Families would be inevitably broken up, with one merchant demanding the man, another the female partner, still others the children.

And then the ship would be off again, its decks fully cleansed with vinegar and lye, the shelves on which close-packed black humanity had been crammed for the previous weeks now jammed solid with tobacco or furs or the manufactured products of the settlements. Some weeks later the Head of Kinsale would be sighted off the port bow, and a day or so beyond that, the lighthouses off the Mersey, or the Avon, and the long trick would at last be over. There were wives and children to be seen once again, lanes to be walked and churches to attend, and the matter of the black cargo- morally vexing to some, but merely routinely unpleasant to others- could be safely shelved in the very back of the mind, until the next journey.

Slave traders remained cunningly determined for many years- most notably by buying shares in Portuguese slaving boats, since Lisbon kept slavery legal in its African colonies until 1869 and continued to supply Brazil with slaves from Angola until Brazil banned the trade in 1831. But over the years the West African Squadron of the Royal Navy did gain the upper hand; and though service in its enormous Portsmouth-based fleet was wildly unpopular- mainly because of the deeply unpleasant tropical diseases that killed so many seamen- by the middle of the 19th century the men of the so-called Preventative Squadron had captured some 1,600 slave ships and freed 150,000 slaves. The final slave ships to cross the ocean were American, the *Wanderer* and the *Clotilde*, and they managed to get

through the various cordons and blockades in 1858 and 1859 respectively. The last surviving slave from the last arriving slaver died in 1935, in a suburb of Mobile, Alabama. And with the death of this dignified old man from Benin, **a 94 year old named Cudjoe Lewis, so was severed history's final living link to the transatlantic slave trade, which had begun with the French in Florida and the English in Virginia in the beginning of the 16th century and had endured for more than 400 years.**

Gangster Warlords

By Ioan Grillo [Bloomsbury; London & New York] 2016

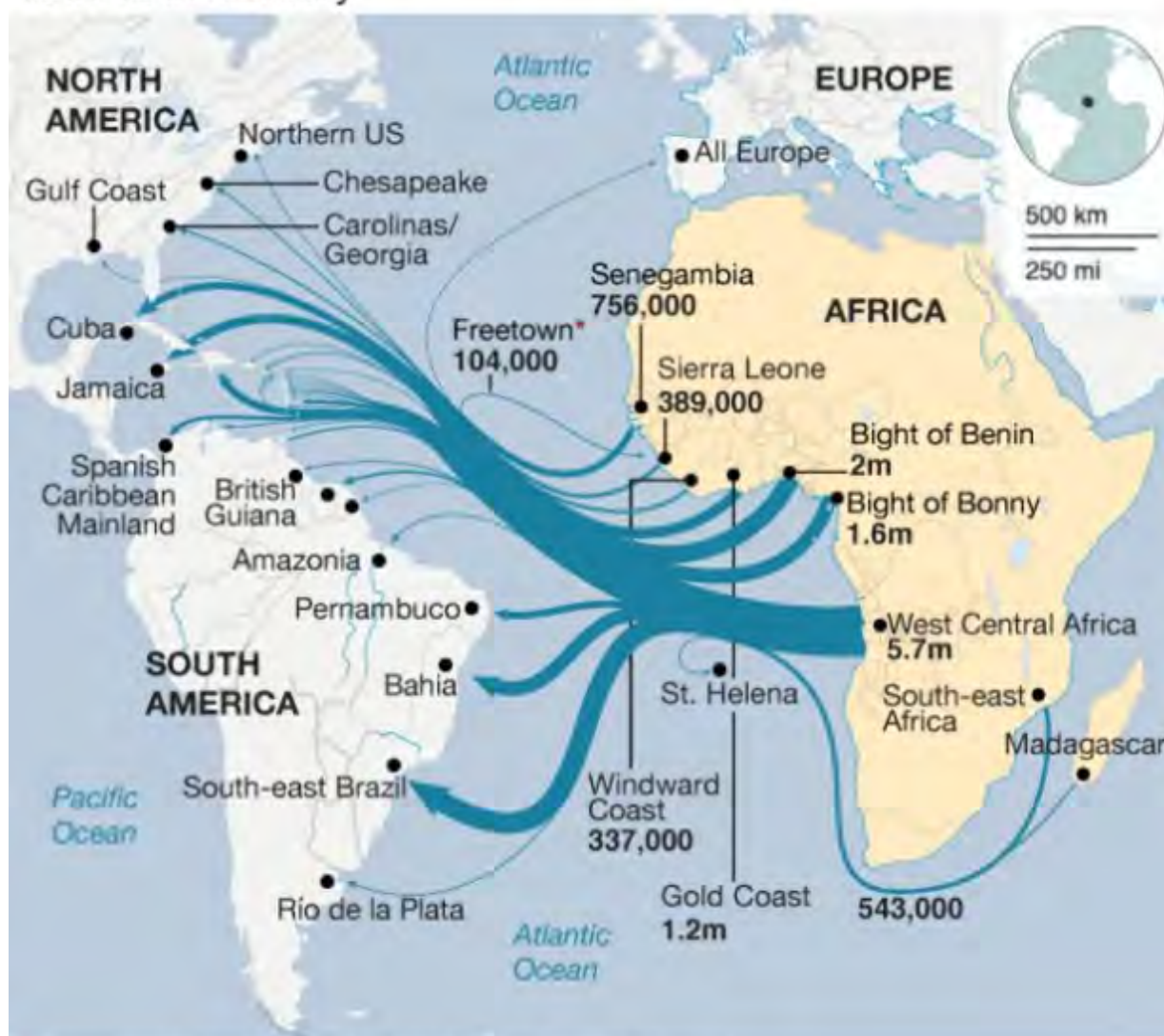
Pg. 38

Like in the United States, Brazil's racial divide has its roots in slavery. The Portuguese Empire shipped millions of enslaved Africans to toil on sugar and coffee plantations and chop Brazil's precious wood. There is much dispute over the exact numbers of the Atlantic slave trade. But **the most respected estimates come from a database compiled at Emory University in Atlanta, which counts all available records of slave ships. It finds that slavers shipped an astounding 4.86 million Africans to Brazil. This is ten times more than the 450,000 slaves that arrived on US plantations; Brazil had the biggest African slave population on the planet.**

Brazil's independence from Portugal in 1822 did not create a progressive free republic. Instead, power moved into the hands of a Brazilian emperor presiding over his South American realm. Slavery continued unabashed, outliving abolition in the British Empire and the US Emancipation Proclamation. **When Brazil finally abolished slavery in 1888, it was the last country in the Western world to do so.**

The Transatlantic Slave Trade

Captives taken from Africa to the Americas and Europe,
16th-19th Century



*Slaves recaptured and brought back to Africa

Boundaries as of 1750 shown

Source: Slave Voyages

BBC

1001 Things Everyone Should Know about African American History

By Jefferey C. Stewart [Bantam Doubleday Dell Group; New York] 1996

The Caribbean, the 17th and 18th Century

Destination of Slaves

Pg. 09

....France also established its plantation system during the middle of the 17th century on Martinique and Haiti. *By the middle of the 18th century, the sugar produced by slaves on Haiti exceeded that of any other Caribbean island.* Not surprisingly, the rise in the number of Africans forced into the slave trade in the 18th century reflected the rise of sugar plantations in the Caribbean and their increased demand for labor. As **King Louis XIV of France**, on August 26, 1670, noted, **“There is nothing which contributes more to the development of the colonies and the cultivation of their soil than the laborious toil of the Negroes.”** Similarly George Downing said of Barbados in 1645 that **Africans were the “life” of the Caribbean.** Europe has seldom been as unanimous on any issue as it has been on the value of African slave labor.

How Toussaint l’Ouverture Led Haitian Revolution

Pg. 29

The Haitian Revolution, which began August 22, 1791, and ended on January 1, 1804, was **the only rebellion to liberate an entire slave population.** *Inspired by the ideals of the French Revolution*, slaves on St. Domingue succeeded in overthrowing the white planter class, repulsing the French Army, and defeating Spanish and British forces (the latter invading the island in 1793). The Haitian Revolution’s success was largely

attributable to its outstanding leader, **General Toussaint l'Ouverture, who outwitted all three European forces with tactics that foreshadowed modern guerrilla warfare.** The island's mountainous terrain, the spread of yellow fever and malaria among the French, British and Spanish, and the conflicts among whites and mulattoes on the island enabled this revolution to succeed where others did not. In addition, the huge numerical superiority of slaves ensured success. Though l'Ouverture did not live to see the end of the revolution, **its success proved that Africans could achieve self-determination in the New World and gave a hope of freedom to millions of slaves in the Western Hemisphere.**

Pg. 50

Haiti - Paris - Chicago: Jean Baptiste du Sable

A Black man, Jean Baptiste Point du Sable, was the first to settle what became Chicago, Illinois. **Born in Haiti around 1745 to a wealthy Frenchman and an enslaved African woman, du Sable *had been educated in Paris* before becoming a seaman and sailing to New Orleans.** In 1779 he left New Orleans for the Chicago River, where he engaged in fur trapping until he was arrested as war broke out between England and France. But because he spoke English well and had conducted his business and other affairs in an honorable way, he was released and allowed to return to Chicago, where he lived for sixteen years. During that time he married an Indian woman, built a log cabin that was decorated with European paintings, and became well known to the Indians in the area with whom he traded. Most travelers habitually stopped at du Sable's post to trade their furs and get provisions. Du Sable resided there until he ran for election and lost. Unable to accept his loss, he sold his holdings and left Chicago in 1800. Never as successful afterward as he had been in Chicago, du Sable died in poverty in 1818. Nevertheless, he had established the first outpost in the area that became known as Chicago [The Windy City].

The Last Slave

vulture.com/2018/04/zora-neale-hurston-barracoon-excerpt.html

April 29, 2018

In 1931, Zora Neale Hurston sought to publish the story of Cudjo Lewis, the final slave-ship survivor. Instead it languished in a vault. Until now.

Their Eyes Were Watching God is required reading in high schools and colleges and cited as a formative influence by Toni Morrison and Maya Angelou. It's been canonized by Harold Bloom — even credited for inspiring the tableau in *Lemonade* where Beyoncé and a clutch of other women regally occupy a wooden porch — but Zora Neale Hurston's classic novel was eviscerated by critics when it was published in 1937. The hater-in-chief was no less than Richard Wright, who recoiled as much at the book's depiction of lush female sexuality and (supposedly) apolitical themes as its use of black dialect, “the minstrel technique that makes the ‘white folks’ laugh.”

Six years earlier, Hurston had tried to publish another book in dialect, this one a work of nonfiction called *Barracoon*. Before she turned to writing novels, she'd trained as a cultural anthropologist at Barnard under the famed father of the field, Franz Boas. He sent his student back south to interview people of African descent. (Hurston was raised in Eatonville, Florida, which wasn't the “black backside” of a white town, she once observed, but a place wholly inhabited and run by black people — her father was a three-term mayor.) She proved adept at the task, but, as she noted in her collection of folklore, *Mules and Men*, the job wasn't always straightforward: “The best source is where there are the least outside influences and these people, usually underprivileged, are the shyest. They are most reluctant at times to reveal that which the soul lives by. And the Negro, in

spite of his open-faced laughter, his seeming acquiescence, is particularly evasive ... The Negro offers a feather-bed resistance, that is, we let the probe enter, but it never comes out.”

Barracoön is testament to her patient fieldwork. **The book is based on three months of periodic interviews with a man named Cudjo Lewis — or Kossula, his original name — the last survivor of the last slave ship to land on American shores.** Plying him with peaches and Virginia hams, watermelon and Bee Brand insect powder, Hurston drew out his story. Kossula had been captured at age 19 in an area now known as the country Benin by warriors from the neighboring Dahomian tribe, then marched to a stockade, or barracoön, on the West African coast. There, he and some 120 others were purchased and herded onto the *Clotilda*, captained by William Foster and commissioned by three Alabama brothers to make the 1860 voyage.

After surviving the Middle Passage, the captives were smuggled into Mobile [Alabama] under cover of darkness. **By this time, the international slave trade had been illegal in the United States for 50 years,** and the venture was rumored to have been inspired when one of the brothers, Timothy Meaher, bet he could pull it off without being “hanged.” (Indeed, no one was ever punished.) **Cudjo worked as a slave on the docks of the Alabama River before being freed in 1865 and living for another 70 years: through Reconstruction, the resurgent oppression of Jim Crow rule, the beginning of the Depression.**

When Hurston tried to get *Barracoön* published in 1931, she couldn’t find a taker. There was concern among “black intellectuals and political leaders” that the book laid uncomfortably bare Africans’ involvement in the slave trade, according to novelist Alice Walker’s foreword to the book, which is finally being published in May. Walker is responsible for reintroducing the world to a forgotten Zora Neale Hurston, who’d died penniless and alone in 1960, in a 1975 *Ms.* magazine essay. As Walker writes, “Who would want to know, via a blow-by-blow account, how African chiefs deliberately set out

to capture Africans from neighboring tribes, to provoke wars of conquest in order to capture for the slave trade. This is, make no mistake, a harrowing read.”

One publisher, Viking Press, did say it would be happy to accept the book, on the condition that Hurston rewrote it “in language rather than dialect.” She refused. **Boas had impressed upon her the importance of meticulous transcription, and while her contemporaries — and authors of 19th-century slave narratives — believed “you had to strip away all the vernacular to prove black humanity,”** says Salamishah Tillet, an English professor at the University of Pennsylvania, Hurston was of the exact opposite opinion.

In any event, a dejected Hurston moved on to other projects, and the manuscript for *Barracoona* ended up languishing in her archives at Howard University. Until a few years ago, that is, when the Zora Neale Hurston Trust acquired new literary representation: *Had any unpublished treasures been left in the vault?* the agents wondered.

It may have taken 87 years for *Barracoona* to see the light of day, but Valerie Boyd, who wrote a well-regarded biography of Hurston called *Wrapped in Rainbows* in 2003, believes the timing is perfect for a writer “whose life’s work was to document and celebrate the lives of ordinary black folk.” “We’ve got an open bigot in the White House,” Boyd says. “We’re much more engaged with racial issues, with the resistance movement. A book like *Barracoona* says, ‘Yeah, black lives matter. They’ve always mattered.’ ”

Hurston seemed to assume that anyone deluded enough not to realize that would wake up if African-Americans were allowed to tell their own stories. (In one of her great quotes, she wrote that she always felt “astonished” when people discriminated against her: “How can they deny themselves the pleasure of my company? It’s beyond me.”) Here’s a scene of one of her early conversations with Kossula:

“I want to know who you are and how you came to be a slave; and to what part of Africa do you belong, and how you fared as a slave, and how you have managed as a free man?”

His head was bowed for a time. Then he lifted his wet face: “Thankee Jesus! Somebody come ast about Cudjo! I want tellee somebody who I is, so maybe dey go in de Afficky soil some day and callee my name and somebody dere say, ‘Yeah, I know Kossula.’ ”

Last survivor of transatlantic slave trade discovered

[bbc.com/news/education-52010859](https://www.bbc.com/news/education-52010859)

March 25, 2020

Sean Coughlan
Education correspondent @seanjcoughlan

The transatlantic slave trade might seem like something from a distant and barbaric era - but a historian has found evidence its last survivor was alive in living memory.

Hannah Durkin, at Newcastle University, had previously identified the last surviving slave captured in Africa in the 19th Century and brought to United States as a woman called Redoshi Smith, who died in 1937.

But she has now discovered that another former slave, Matilda McCrear, had lived three years later.

Matilda died in Selma, Alabama, in January 1940, at the age 83 - and her rebellious life story was the last living link with slaves abducted from Africa.

Her 83-year-old grandson, Johnny Crear, had no idea about his grandmother's historic story.

In the 1960s, he had witnessed violence against civil rights marchers in Selma, where protesters had been addressed by Dr Martin Luther King.

On discovering his grandmother had been enslaved, he told BBC News: "I had a lot of mixed emotions.

"I thought if she hadn't undergone what had happened, I wouldn't be here.

"But that was followed by anger."

Matilda had been captured by slave traders in West Africa at the age of two, arriving in Alabama in 1860 on board one of the last transatlantic slave ships.

With her mother Grace, and sister Sallie, Matilda had been bought by a wealthy plantation owner called Memorable Creagh.

Dr Durkin says there must have been a dreadful sense of separation, loss and disorientation for these families. **Matilda's mother had lost the father of her children and two other sons left behind in Africa.**

And in the US she had been powerless to stop two daughters being taken from her, sold to another owner and never seen again.

Matilda, Grace, and Sallie tried to escape the plantation soon after they arrived but they were recaptured.

The abolition of slavery, in 1865, brought emancipation but Matilda's family still worked the land, trapped in poverty as share-croppers. It seems Grace did not ever learn much English.

"But Matilda's story is particularly remarkable because she resisted what was expected of a black woman in the US South in the years after emancipation," Dr Durkin says.

"She didn't get married.

"Instead, she had a decades-long common-law marriage with a white German-born man, with whom she had 14 children."

It also seems likely that her partner was Jewish, says Dr Durkin.

The couple's relationship was "astonishing" for its era, she says, crossing boundaries of race, class, religion and social expectation.

And Matilda changed her surname from Creagh, the slave owner's, to McCrear.

She was remarkably strong willed, Dr Durkin says.

"Even though she left West Africa when she was a toddler, she appears throughout her life to have worn her hair in a traditional Yoruba style, a style presumably taught to her by her mother," says Dr Durkin, whose research is published in the journal, *Slavery and Abolition*.

She also carried the facial markings from a traditional rite in Africa.

In her 70s, Matilda set out on another journey, travelling for 15 miles on dirt roads to a county courthouse to make a claim for compensation for her enslavement.

By then, she was one of a small number of surviving slaves from Africa who seem to have made contact with each other.

There was a settlement near Mobile, Alabama, of descendants of slaves from the same ship as Matilda, where the West African language of Yoruba was spoken.

In the Deep South in the 1930s, this bid for compensation, brought by a poor, black, female, former slave, had little chance of a sympathetic hearing and her claim was dismissed.

But such a provocative idea, reparation for slavery, attracted local press attention and the interviews helped to fill in some details of her life.

When she died, with the still raw history of slavery remaining a difficult and dangerous topic, there were no obituaries - and no recognition.

"There was a lot of stigma attached to having been a slave," Dr Durkin says.

"The shame was placed on the people who were enslaved, rather than the slavers."

"I was born in the same house where she died," said her grandson, Mr Crear.

And although his family knew Matilda was originally from Africa, nothing much was spoken about her life.

"This fills in a lot of the holes that we have about her," he says of Dr Durkin's research.

But the cruelty Matilda faced is no surprise to him.

"From the day the first African was brought to this continent as a slave, we've had to fight for freedom," he says.

He grew up in an era of racial segregation - and his parents put a huge emphasis on education as the way to escape poverty and the "key to changing the world".

But the lack of knowledge about his grandmother reflects how much of the history of slavery still lies below the surface.

"It doesn't surprise me that she was so rebellious," Mr Crear says.

In the civil rights protests, they were singing songs with roots in the years of slavery, he says, tapping into the same "continuous struggle and fight" and pursuing the same the goals of "real freedom and equality" as his independent-minded grandmother.

"It's refreshing to know she had the kind of spirit that's uplifting," he says.

But it is still sobering to think how the glamour of 1940s Hollywood overlapped so directly with the lives of women and children brought in chains from Africa.

Charleston Apologizes for City's Role in Slave Trade

[nytimes.com/2018/06/19/us/charleston-slavery-apology.html](https://www.nytimes.com/2018/06/19/us/charleston-slavery-apology.html)

By Melissa Gomez

June 19, 2018

Slaves' quarters at the Magnolia Plantation in Charleston, S.C., a preservation site that has become a tourist stop [photo]. The Charleston City Council formally apologized and denounced the city's role in the slave trade in a resolution approved Tuesday night.

Charleston, the South Carolina port city where about 40 percent of enslaved Africans who were brought to North America landed after being taken from their homelands, has become the latest city to apologize for its role in the slave trade.

In an emotional and at times heated meeting that drew a standing-room-only crowd, the Charleston City Council on Tuesday night approved a two-page resolution in City Hall — a structure built by slaves — that its supporters saw as a step toward racial healing.

The resolution, which was approved by voice vote and was met with loud cheers, recognized that the city had flourished at the cost of those enslaved and apologized on behalf of the city for its role in the trade. **It also acknowledged wrongs committed against African-Americans by slavery and Jim Crow laws.**

The resolution pledges city officials will work with businesses and organizations to strive for racial equality, and suggests the creation of an office of racial conciliation to help the process of racial healing.

But some people who spoke during a public comment period and council members who debated the resolution for nearly two hours questioned **whether it went far enough to tackle systemic issues, like affordable housing, economic development and criminal justice matters facing the city's African-Americans.**

Mayor John Tecklenburg, who supported the measure, spoke of how “enamored and intertwined” the city had been with slavery. “Do we have a reason to be sorry, to apologize?” he said, his voice unsteady. “We do.”

Councilman William Dudley Gregorie drew a comparison between children born into slavery who were separated from their parents and migrant children and parents who, under the current immigration policy in the United States, he said, “are being torn from their parents and put into detention camps.” The resolution would be a way to apologize and move forward, he said.

But other council members voted against the resolution, saying they wanted to see more tangible action. Councilman Perry K. Waring said he wanted more to be done to empower the city's African-American community. “As a descendant of slaves, I cannot support this resolution,” he said.

Councilman Harry Griffin also said that the city needed to address other issues first. Mr. Griffin abruptly ended his comments after the crowd interrupted him when he said he would not support the resolution.

The resolution acknowledged that “fundamental to the economy of colonial and antebellum Charleston was slave labor, Charleston prospering as it did due to the expertise, ingenuity and hard labor of enslaved Africans who were forced to endure inhumane working conditions that produced wealth for many, but which was denied to them.”

Before the vote, dozens of people spoke in favor of the resolution. Some warned it should not be a last step, but one toward equality in the form of opportunities for black entrepreneurs and racial equity training.

In passing a resolution apologizing for slavery, Charleston, which draws several million visitors a year and is known for its cobblestone streets and antebellum mansions, joins several states and cities that have approved similar measures. Among them are Florida, North Carolina, Alabama, Virginia, Maryland, New Jersey, Macon, Ga., and Annapolis, Md.

The vote on Tuesday came on the anniversary of Juneteenth, a holiday tied to an 1865 announcement about the end of slavery. It also came two days after the third anniversary of the killing of nine black parishioners at Emanuel African Methodist Episcopal Church in Charleston by Dylann Roof.

In an op-ed piece published in The Post and Courier of Charleston on Monday, members of the Social Justice Racial Equity Collaborative, a group formed to address social inequality in the city, said the idea to seek a statement from the Council about slavery

began a year ago. The group feels adoption of the resolution will allow the city and country a healing moment.

Remnants of Charleston's major role in the slave trade still exist today, in the form of a museum. The Old Slave Mart Museum, where slave auctions were held, recounts the city's role in slave trading and houses African-American arts and crafts.

The city is also planning to open the International African American Museum on the old wharf where slave ships were unloaded. Former Mayor Joseph P. Riley Jr. told *The New York Times* in 2016 that the shooting at Emanuel African Methodist Episcopal Church pushed him to accelerate plans for the museum.

Civilization

By Niall Ferguson [Penguin Books; London] 2011

Pg. 164

To the revolutionaries of 1848, it seemed self-evident that colonial subjects should be transformed into Frenchmen with the maximum possible speed. In the jargon of the time, Africans were to be 'assimilated'. At the same time, intermarriage (*métissage*) between French officials and African women was positively encouraged. This progressive imperialism was personified by Louis Faidherbe, an experienced soldier who became governor of Senegal in 1854. In Saint-Louis Faidherbe oversaw the building of new bridges, paved roads, schools, quays, a fresh water supply and the introduction of a regular ferry service on the river. **'Villages of Liberty' were founded throughout Senegal for emancipated slaves.** In 1857 Faidherbe set up a Senegalese colonial army- the *Tirailleurs Sénégalais* – transforming the African soldier from indentured military

laborer to fully fledged regular infantryman. A school was established for the sons of native chiefs. **Faidherbe himself married a fifteen-year-old Senegalese girl.**

Liberty must either cut the throat of slavery or
Slavery would cut the throat of liberty.

- Frederick Douglass, **1856**

The following insight has not been historically taught to maintain a patriotic front for quick and easy digestion most often in America's schools. Why? It doesn't cast an especially *enlightened* light on the nation's Founding Fathers as it is rife of the leader's dark hypocrisy. It also is designed to minimize if not disparage the relevance of black contribution to the revolutionary cause; American history has been totally whitewashed to diminish the contributions of people of color. The inconvenient component of blacks required was tantamount to break from British control and, as well, the British need for ready manpower to repel the rebels in the southern colonies. Remember Britain's textile industries were dependent on American cotton first and foremost. This was, in the context of times, much like our modern world dependent on oil. Though tobacco, sugar and rice were important for imports, cotton was king. In desperate times, both camps were willing to go to desperate measures which, of course, was to use blacks for their own purposes. Arms in the hands of blacks was an exceedingly dangerous proposition but as the stakes were raised, using blacks became a viable option as a means to an end. The real complex issue of race in the Revolutionary War has been wholly nonexistent, if not a distant footnote, when in actuality it was a highly explosive matter. The topic of race has been deliberately tamped down by American historians because it muddies the water of a glorious legacy to be sold by the victors. The British were offering slaves freedom in the colonial South for fighting the American rebel forces; **the British loss, with the aid of French forces, kept slavery however in the South unabated until the South's defeat**

in the Civil War eighty years later! It is a well-known fact that whoever wins the war has a strong inclination to re-write the narrative as they wish, as opposed to how it really was. The burning topic of liberty was paramount to more than just Patriots (as applauded in America's textbooks) but also deeply to those enslaved to finally gain their freedom. May you find the following passages *liberating* to read as it is pertinent to both British and American history with ramifications for much of the world in the years to follow.

The folk histories are drawn and integrated since both the Revolutionary War and the Civil War share a common denominator in slavery. The passages are from former slaves interviewed decades after the Civil War to give us a living taste of those times. As much as the wine trade has been throughout thousands of years of human history, so has the diabolical specter of slavery. This pernicious construct has not been cast to the past entirely but has morphed and lives with us in the present with wrong attitudes, legal loopholes, implicit biases and ingrained prejudices that continue to torment and terrorize to the present day. The topic of race is indeed relevant to our own times. So let's taste the bitter hemlock brew so toxic that it is still served conspicuously well-chilled in our advanced yet primitive age.

This is our home, we have made These lands
 What they are...we have been always ready
 to strike for **Liberty**.

- Henry Bram, **1865**

African-American Humor:
The Best Black Comedy from Slavery to Today

Colored in America

Queried about his thoughts on being a Negro in America, the laconic, ever tactful Ziegfeld follies star Bert Williams replied,

“It’s no disgrace to be colored, but it is very inconvenient.”

Lay My Burden Down [Delta] 1945, 1973, 1989

Edited By B. A. Botkin

Cussing Master

...Well, all Master Ed Mobley’s niggers like to stay with him after freedom. They just stay on without the whippings. Instead of whippings they just got cussings, and good ones too. There was two old men, Joe Raines and Joe Murray, that he was particular fond of. Maybe he more love Joe Raines the bestest. One day Joe Murray let the cows get away in the cornfield. At dinnertime Master Ed cuss him before the whole crowd of hands, laying around before dinner; and he cuss him powerful. After dinner Joe Murray grieve and complain much about it to the crowd. Joe Raines up and allow: “Next time he cuss you , do like I do, just cuss him back. This is a free country, yes sir. Just give him a good cussing as he give you.”

Not long after that, the boar hog get out the lot gate, when Joe Murray was leading his mule out. Master Ed lit out on Joe Murray a-cussing, and Joe Murray lit out on Master Ed a-cussing, and then Master Ed catch Joe and give him a slavery-time whipping and turn him loose. Joe Murray take his mule on to the field, when he glum with Joe Raines. Joe Murray tell about the boar hog getting out and the cussings and whippings. Joe Raines allow: "You didn't cuss him right. You never cuss him like I cuss him, or you'd-a never got a whipping." Joe Murray allow: "How you cuss him then, Joe?" Say Joe Raines very slow: "Well, when I cuss Master Ed, I goes 'way down in the bottoms where the corn grow high and got a black color. I looks east and west and north and south. I see no Master Ed. Then I pitches into him and gives the worst cussing a man ever give another man. Then when I goes back to the house, my feelings is satisfied from the cussing I have give him, and he is sure to make up with me, for Master Ed don't bear anger in his bosom long. The next time cuss him, but be sure to go 'way off somewhere so he can't hear you, nigger."

Turn the Tray Around

Just 'fore the war, a white preacher he come to us slaves and says: "Do you want to keep your homes where you get all to eat, and raise your children, or do you want to be free to roam around without a home, like the wild animals? If you want to keep your homes you better pray for the South to win. All they wants to pray for the South to win, raise the hand." We all raised our hands 'cause we was scared not to, but we sure didn't want the South to win.

That night all the slaves had a meeting down in the hollow. Old Uncle Mack, he gets up and says: "One time over in Virginia there was two old niggers, Uncle Bob and Uncle Tom. They was mad at one another, and one day they decided to have a dinner and bury the hatchet. So they sat down, and when Uncle Bob wasn't looking Uncle Tom put some poison in Uncle Bob's food, but he saw it and when Uncle Tom wasn't looking Uncle

Bob he turned the tray around on Uncle Tom, and he get the poison food.” Uncle Mack, he says: “That’s what we slave is gwine do, just turn the tray around and pray for the North to win.”

Rough Crossings

By Simon Schama [Penguin Books; London] 2015

Pg. 59

It stopped raining in Charleston just long enough for the freshly hanged black man to be properly burned. It was the 18th of August 1775, and Thomas Jeremiah, fisherman, pilot, man of property, had been tried just a week earlier, accused of being the very worst thing imaginable in South Carolina: a fomenter of negro rebellion. Still more diabolical, Patriots believed, he had planned this infamy with the British. For there was nothing to which the royal government would not stoop—not even the liberation of slaves – to prevent revolution in the South.

Desperate to shore up the crumbling power of the Crown and Parliament, but with the precious few soldiers to do it (for General Gage in beleaguered Boston could spare none), the royal governors of the Southern colonies had resolved, so it was said in places such as Charleston’s Corner Club, to play the savage card. Secret caches of arms were to be off-loaded from British ships and delivered to Indians and blacks. **Once the slaves had slaughtered their masters and burned their houses, they would be rewarded with their liberty.** This nightmare is what Thomas Jefferson meant in the Declaration of Independence when referring, otherwise cryptically, to the king having “excited domestic insurrections.” In the world of slaveholders, nothing demonstrated so well the transformation of royal paternalism into brute despotism as this plot to arm slaves; there could be no more self-evident cause for revolutionary separation.

...Evidence of a plot was needed to demonize British power, and so it was that the unfortunate Thomas Jeremiah had become a victim of the “accursed politicks of this Country.” By the time the governor moved into his residence at 34 Meeting Street on the 18th of June for what would be an exceptionally brief and unhappy tenure, Jeremiah was already incarcerated in the city workhouse while his prosecutors were busying themselves finding evidence against him.

...With virtually no troops available to enforce the will of the Crown, he was forced to depend on His Majesty’s ships, such as the sloop of war *Tamar* anchored beyond Charleston harbour and unable for the moment to sail over the bar.

Pg. 62

Which is why the case of Thomas Jeremiah had caused such agitation. For “Jerry” was a pilot, perhaps the best and certainly the most independent, in Charleston. Jerry was also a free black- indeed, one who owned seven slaves himself, not to mention property worth close to 1000 {pounds}; a king’s ransom, one might say. Henry Laurens, by no means the most rabid negrophobe in the town, disliked him intensely and described him to his son John, then in London, as “puffed up by prosperity, ruined by Luxury and debauchery and grown to an amazing pitch of vanity and ambition; a silly coxcomb withal.” To Governor Campbell it seemed as though Thomas Jeremiah’s real crime was social temerity. When he got into a fight with a white captain he had been put in the stocks, a serious ordeal in a place like Charleston, where delivering salutary correction to an uppity nigger would qualify as civic duty. He had been conspicuous in helping to put out Charleston’s many fires; why then should he not, when time and occasion presented itself, set them? And since it was known that he had expressed willingness to pilot the *Tamar* [ship] over the bar (in fact royal authorities had made it plain that pilots had no choice in the matter),

Jerry was evidently a mortal threat to the Congress and the Council of Safety and everything they represented.

Brethren, arise, arise! **Strike for our lives and liberties.** Now is the day and the hour. Let your motto be resistance!

- Henry Highland Garnet, 1843

And now, another couple of tickles with a smile and wink from our sponsor, **the gift of France, the Statue of Liberty:**

African-American Humor:

The Best Black Comedy from Slavery to Today

The Ducks Get the Cotton

The way it was, this man named John sharecropped cotton for Old Boss, but whenever he sold his cotton it seemed like he owed Old Boss more than he got for it. If John made a hundred dollars on his cotton, well, then, Old Boss looked at his papers and made black marks all over ‘em with his pencil. He’d say “John, ‘pears to me you got a balance to me of one hundred sixty-seven dollars and fourteen cents.” And John say, “Old Boss, that seem a mite more’n I get for the cotton.” Old Boss tell him, “Don’t worry on it too long, John. Just give me the hundred and we’ll let the rest on it ride over till next year.”

Now, one time John was getting the wagon ready to take in some cotton and Old Boss come by. “That’s a nice load of cotton you got there, John,” he say “How much you reckon it’ll bring?” But John was tired o that balance he always got on Old Boss’s

bookkeepin' books. He say, "Well, now, the way things is this year it hard to tell." And Old Boss say, "John, what you mean it's hard to tell? John scratch his head and look mournful. 'They tell me,'" says John, "that they's a' epidemic of ducks this year." Old Boss say, "That don't make no sense, John. What you mean about a epidemic of ducks? I can't rightly tell you 'bout that," John say, "but I just hear tell that the ducks is hell on cotton prices." "That's just nonsense, John," says Old Boss. "You just come on past my place on your way home and we'll settle up."

John went in to town, spent the day there and sold his cotton. He bought a few victuals at the town store and then come on back. When Old Boss saw him comin' along the road he went out to meet him. He said, "John, 'spect you did real good with your cotton. How much you make on it?" John say, "Old Boss, like I tell you, they's a duck epidemic goin' on over there, and I didn't come out good at all." "I heard you say about a duck epidemic before," says Old Boss, "and it don't make no more sense now than then. What you talkin' about, John?"

Well, to be particular short about it, Old Boss, I sold the cotton all right, and I had the money in my, but before I knowed it the ducks got it all. They deducks for the rotten bolls, they deducks for puttin' my wagon in the wrong place, they deducks for the commission, they deducks for the taxes, they deducks for this sugar and flour I bought, they deducks for this thing and that thing till by the time it's all o'er the ducks get it all. So I reckon we got to settle up some other time."

John said giddap and let Old Boss standin' side of the road. And when he get home he take his cotton money out his shirt and put it in the jar. "All Old Boss want is to settle up," he say. But what I need a little bit of is to settle down."

John in Jail

One time Old Boss get a call from the sheriff say that John was in jail and did Old Boss want him out on bail. Old Boss, he was mad that John give him so much trouble, but he got to get John out cause they was work to be done. So he went down the sheriff's place and put ten dollars on the line, sign some papers and take John home with him.

"How come they put you in jail?" the Boss say.

"Spect it was 'count of Miss Elizabeth's petunias," John say.

"Old Miss Elizabeth Grant? What's her petunias got to do with it?" Old Boss say.

"I hear tell Miss Elizabeth want a man to trim up her petunia garden," John say. "I got a little time now and then between workin' in the fields so I went up there to Miss Elizabeth's place to see could she use me. I knock on the back door and Miss Elizabeth come and ask me what I want. I tell her I'm the man to work in her petunia garden. She ask to see my testimonials, and then when I make my mistake."

Old Mistress' Pet

When Miss Jane's husband died, he willed the niggers to his children and Mandy Paine owned me then. When I was one month old they said I was so white Mandy Paine thought her brother my father, so she got me and carried me to the meat block and was going to cut my head off. When the children heard, they run and cried, "Mama's going to kill Harriet's baby. Old Mistress, Jane Davis, heard about it, and she come and paid Miss Jane \$40 for me and carried me to her home, and I slept right in the bed with her till the war ceasted [ceased].

Her children was grown, and they used to come by and say, “Ma, why don’t you take that nigger out of your bed? “ and she’d reach over and pat me and say, “This is the only nigger I got.”

Now, ah um, we again resume to more pressing matters...

Rough Crossings

By Simon Schama [Penguin Books; London] 2015

Pg. 66

...John Adams, writing in his diary while staying in South Carolina later that year, learned that “**negroes have a wonderful art of communicating intelligence among themselves; it will run several hundred miles in a week or fortnight.**” There seemed no question but that the slaves, more of whom were escaping from plantations with every month that passed, were in a state of heightened expectations, In late 1774 James Madison had reported that, **in anticipation of the liberty that would be brought by the British**, some negroes had secretly met and chosen a captain who would lead them to the safety of the king’s army and to freedom. In Charleston, according to William Henry Drayton, the slaves “**entertained ideas that the present contest was for obliging us give them liberty**” and the rumored arrival of arms with Lord William Campbell had “occasioned impertinent behaviour in many of them.”

Pg. 66-67

In late April 1775 the governor of Virginia, **Lord Dunmore**, had barrels of gunpowder taken from the Williamsburg “Powder Horn” to the safety of HMS Fowey off Yorktown lest they should fall into the hands of forces ill disposed to maintaining the British

connection. As a result **a group of blacks came to his house and asked for arms with which they would fight for the Crown in return for their liberty.**

...But news of Lexington and Concord changed Dunmore's mind fast. His own position at Williamsburg was not much better than Campbell's in Charleston, protected as he was by a mere handful of troops. He would, he wrote to Dartmouth, in early May, arm all his own negroes "and receive others that will come to me whom I shall declare free." At the very least, he calculated, **the threat to liberate slaves** would give the rebels pause in their headlong rush to arms, and at the worst, if they could not or would not be stopped, it would supply him with a black army that might hold the fort until regulars arrived.

...The strategy backfired, as it did throughout the South. Instead of being cowed by the threat of a British armed liberation of the blacks, the slaveholding population mobilized to resist. Innumerable whites, especially in the habitually loyal backcountry of Virginia, had been hitherto skeptical of following the more hot-headed of their Patriot leaders. But the news that **British troops would liberate their blacks, then give them weapons and their blessing to use them on their masters**, persuaded many into thinking that perhaps the militant Patriots were right and the British government, in tearing up the "bonds" of civil society (as Washington had put it), might be capable of any iniquity. It is not too much, then, to say that in the summer and autumn of 1775 the revolution in the South crystallized around this one immense, terrifying issue. **However intoxicating the heady rhetoric of "rights" and "liberty" emanating from Patriot orators and journalists**, for the majority of farmers, merchants and townsmen in Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia (the vast majority of whom owned between one and five negroes), all-out war and separation now turned from an ideological flourish to a social necessity. **Theirs was a revolution, first and foremost, to protect slavery.**

Pg. 70

...Later in the year Washington, who had already heard from Virginia friends and neighbours of their evaporating labour force, was just as apprehensive about the potential threat posed by **a combined force of liberated blacks and redcoats [British]**.

Lay My Burden Down [Delta] 1945, 1973, 1989

Edited by B. A. Botkin

Poor White-Trash Paterollers*

My pappy name Jeff and belong to Marse Joe Woodward. He live on a plantation 'cross the other side of Wateree Crick [Creek]. My mammy name Phoebe. Pappy have to git [get] a pass to come see Mammy, before the war. Sometime that crick git up over the bank and I, to this day, 'members one time Pappy come in all wet and drenched with water. Him had made the mule swim the crick. Him stayed over his leave that was writ on the pass. Paterollers come ask for the pass. They say: "The time done out, nigger." Pappy try to explain, but they pay no 'tention to him. Tied him up, pulled down his breeches, and whupped him right before Mammy and us children...Marse Tom and Miss Jane heard the hollering of us all and come to the place they was whupping him and beg them, in the name of God, to stop, that the crick [creek] was still up and dangerous to cross, and that they would make it all right with Pappy's master. They say of Pappy: "Jeff swim 'cross. Let him git [get] the mule and swim back." They make Pappy git [get] on the mule and follow him down to the crick [creek] and watch him swim that swift muddy crick to the other side.

I often think that the system of paterollers and bloodhounds did more to bring on the war and the wrath of the Lord than anything else. Why the good white folks put up with them poor white-trash paterollers I never can see or understand. You neer seeey classy buckra men a-paterolling. It was always some low-down white men, that never owned a

nigger in their life, doing the paterolling and a-stripping the clothes off men like Pappy right before the wives and children and beating the blood out of him. No, sir, good white men never dirty their hands and souls in such work of the devil as that.

*Former slave's mispronunciation of "patrollers"

They Think Too High of Themselves

Most of them patrollers was poor white folks, I believes. Rich folks stay in their house at night, 'less they has some sort of big frolic amongst theirselves. **Poor white folks had to hustle round to make a living, so they hired out theirselves to slaveowners and rode the roads at night and whipped niggers if they catch any off their plantation without a pass.** I has found that if gives to some poor folks, white or black, something a little better than they is used to, they is sure gwine to think too high of theirselves soon, that's right. I sure believes that, as much as I believes I's setting in this chair talking to you.



Etching depicting a group of slaves marched while they are bound together, led by white men on horses who carry guns and whips



Galveston, Texas

August 2019

[not 1819]

Texas police apologise for horseback officers leading black man by rope

[bbc.com/news/world-us-canada-49253691](https://www.bbc.com/news/world-us-canada-49253691)

August 06, 2019

Texas police have apologised after an image of two white officers on horseback leading a handcuffed black man by a rope caused an outcry online.

Galveston Police Chief Vernon Hale said on Monday the technique was acceptable in some scenarios, but that "officers showed poor judgment in this instance".

He said there was no "malicious intent" and has changed department policy to "prevent the use of this technique".

Many people on social media said the photo evoked images of the slavery era.

According to a news release from the Galveston Police Department, the two mounted officers, named only as P Brosch and A Smith, arrested Donald Neely for criminal trespass.

The officers were taking Mr Neely to a police staging area. Police clarified that he was not tied with the rope, but "was handcuffed and a line was clipped to the handcuffs".

The department added: "We understand the negative perception of this action and believe it is most appropriate to cease the use of this technique."

Mr Hale apologised to Mr Neely for the "unnecessary embarrassment".

He added the officers "could have waited for a transport unit at the location of the arrest".

"We have immediately changed the policy to prevent the use of this technique and will review all mounted training and procedures for more appropriate methods," the police chief said.

Mr Neely is free on bond but could not be reached for comment, the Houston Chronicle reported.

Leon Phillips, director of the Galveston County Coalition for Justice, told the BBC the image that went viral on social media was taken by an individual who wished to remain anonymous.

Mr Phillips said the incident is "difficult to talk about" as a Galveston resident.

"This was a stupid mistake," he said. "What I do know is that if it was a white man, there's no way they would have done that to him."

He noted that Mr Neely is a mentally ill individual, and officers should have waited regardless of how long it took a vehicle to arrive, since "it's not as if they're getting paid by the arrest".

Mr Phillips said he plans to file an open records request at city hall this morning to look at law enforcement policies.

"The police chief says they didn't break any policy, but what is the policy on transporting a prisoner?"

"How do I know that the policy wasn't written in 1875? There are a lot of unanswered questions."

White Trash

The 400-Year Untold History of Class in America

By Nancy Isenberg [Penguin Books; New York] 2016

Pg. 102-103

[Thomas] **Jefferson** divided the top tier of supposed social betters into “Aristocrats, half breeds, pretenders.” Below them was the “solid independent yeomanry, looking askance at those above, yet not ventured to jostle them.” **On the bottom rung he put “the lowest feculum of being called Overseers, the most abject, degraded and unprincipled race.”** Overseers pitting the honest yeomanry against the “feculum” of overseers, Jefferson harshly invoked the old English slur of human waste. That wasn’t enough. *He portrayed overseers as panderers, with their “cap in hand to the Dons”;* **they were vicious men without that desirable deposit of virtue, who feigned subservience in order to indulge the “spirit of domination.”** Jefferson endowed his Virginia class of overseers with the same vices that he attributed to those toiling in manufacturing. The twirling distaff at the workbench had been replaced with the slave driver’s whip.

Go Figure: Things You Didn’t Know – You Didn’t Know The Economist Explains (2016)

By Tom Standage

How America’s Police Became So Well-Armed

In May 2015, Barack Obama barred the federal government from providing some military equipment to American police departments. The extraordinary arsenal maintained by some departments- which includes body armour, powerful weapons and armoured vehicles- had become highly visible over the previous year, as a result of outbreaks of unrest in response to police violence. In August 2014 Darren Wilson, a police officer, shot and killed Michael Brown, an unarmed 18-year-old black man in Ferguson, Missouri, sparking large local demonstrations. Two days after the shooting,

tactical officers – paramilitary police generally referred to as SWAT (for Special Weapons and Tactics) teams- were called in to help clear protestors from in front of Ferguson’s police department. They arrived dressed for war, in riot gear and gas masks, bearing long truncheons and automatic weapons. Americans have grown used to seeing police respond to protest with tear gas, carrying automatic weapons and sniper rifles, and riding in vehicles that would not look out of place in Baghdad or Aleppo. The days of the beat cop walking the street with nothing more than a trusty old revolver seem distant indeed. How did America’s police forces become so heavily armed?

As with so much else in American governance, the explanation starts with federal cash. Every year Congress passes the National Defense Authorization Act, which sets out the Defense Department’s budget and expenditures. **The version passed in 1990, in the wake of a sharp rise in drug-related violence, allowed the Defense Department to transfer military gear and weapons to local police departments if they were deemed “suitable for use in counter-drug activities”.** Between 2002 and 2011 the Department of Homeland Security, established after the attacks of September 11th 2001, disbursed more than \$ 35 billion in grants to state and local police forces. In addition the “1033 program” allows the Defense Department to distribute surplus equipment to local police departments for use in counter-terrorism and counter-drug activities. The American Civil Liberties Union found that the value of **military equipment used by the American police departments has risen \$ 1 million in 1990 to nearly \$ 450 million in 2013.**

And that equipment has been used. In 1980 SWAT teams across America were deployed around 3,000 times. Deployments are estimated to have risen nearly 17-fold since to, 50,000 a year. Tactical police units are not just common in big cities: thought nearly 90% of American cities with populations above 50,000 have SWAT teams, so do more than 90% of police departments serving cities with 25,000 to 50,000 people- more than 4 times the level from the mid-1980s. **The tremendous rise in paramilitary police forces has occurred as violent-crime levels have fallen.** And while SWAT teams remain

essential for high-risk and dangerous situations, **most SWAT teams are deployed to serve routing drug-related warrants on private homes, often with disastrous consequences.*** Radley Balko, a journalist who wrote the essential book on police militarization, has found at least 50 cases where innocent people died as a result of botched SWAT raids. **Tactical teams have been deployed to break up poker games, raid bars suspected of serving under-age drinkers and arrest dozens of people for the distinctly non-life threatening crime of “barbering without a license.”** Such tactics often draw contempt from members of the armed forces. Veterans criticized police in Ferguson for intimidating the crowd rather than controlling it, for failing to share information with citizens and for escalating the standoff. **One veteran noted that “we went through some pretty bad areas in Afghanistan, and we didn’t have that much gear”.**

Americans, at last, appear to have had enough. A Reason-Rupe poll released in December 2013 found that 58% of Americans believe police militarization has gone “too far.” Politicians are finally paying attention. Rand Paul, a Republican senator from Kentucky and a contender for his party’s presidential nomination in 2016, has argued that it is time to “demilitarize the police.” Yet legislation has not been forthcoming. Money may have something to do with that. In June 2014, Alan Grayson, a liberal Democrat from Florida, sponsored an amendment that would have forbidden the Defense Department from transferring to local police “aircraft (including unmanned aerial vehicles), armored vehicles, grenade launchers, silencers, toxicological agents (including chemical agents, biological agents, and associated equipment), launch vehicles, guided missiles, ballistic missiles, rockets, torpedoes, bombs, mines, or nuclear weapons”. **It failed: not a single House leader of either party voted for it. America’s defense industry donates millions of dollars to politicians, and spends even more on lobbyists.** Those who opposed Mr. Grayson’s bill received, on average, 73% more in defense-industry donations than those who voted for it. Mr. Obama, with no more campaigns to run, faced

no such constraints, and issued an executive order in an effort to stem the flow of military gear to America's police forces.

* We can assume with good measure that these tactical teams are used disproportionately against people of color with the most grievous results. The police are selective on where and whom they go after with excessive force. Under petty circumstances, the force applied will not be used against white communities. **Combat grade weapons and troop carriers will not be seen driven especially in affluent suburbs for poker games nor minor drug raids- and a lot of drug use is in safe upscale communities.** Careers would be jeopardized if whites of means were inordinately targeted so they attack primarily poor citizens of color. Police are inclined less about general public safety and protection and more about keeping their own steady employments secure and departments well funded for primarily the poignant benefit of an unwritten yet obviously specific demographic segment of society: white. **Today's policing is about securing income first and hardly the reverse as they would prefer us all to believe.** Policing is about increasing access for more federal and state funding therefore the most vulnerable segments of society are put the most at risk by blatantly racist law enforcement and judicial proceedings. The more arrests and convictions made qualifies police departments grants for more funding. They don't advertise that fact but always bellow the need for law and order, being tough on crime. The current drug crisis in America draws far more compassion for whites addicted to opioids with loud calls for their need for community support and rehabilitation as victims of the pharmaceutical industry, not to be rushed into incarceration. **Whites are more apt to receive medical/ rehabilitative treatment with a judge's wink and far too often people of color for the same offenses, apple to apple, are handed another kind of hard sugar-free *mint* to swallow: it's called imprisonment.** The judicial systems operate with a detectable double standard geared in large part by race. This is why black and browns are incarcerated at rates per capita that would raise alarms if applied to white populations. You have to really work and give an honest effort at crime to be incarcerated if you are white. Studies have proven that whites are far less

likely to be pulled over driving or just stopped on the street without probable cause. It's a numbers game so follow the money for the answers. American police are not going to bite the hands that feed in the corridors of power otherwise there would be a severe blowback to careers. Hence, they pursue the weakest prey on the street and are therefore more circumspect- far less cavalier- to pursue big fish with money and real legal means behind closed doors. These are in many respects modern day slave patrollers: whites of meager financial means and most with minimal educations from scrappy backgrounds performing duties with reckless abandon under the pretense of sage and sober law enforcement. It is all unsurprising when one sees the big picture. I am certain the author knows, but chose not to mention explicitly but took the tacit route, to point to what demographic in society is sharply targeted. It is an old story just with bigger and better modern weapons in the hands of basically the same type of characters in contemporary times. These are often misguided unprivileged narrow-minded whites with a wide latitude of authority abusing, of course, their street power just as slave patrollers back in the day: old wine, new bottles. The good guys are often not as good as the propaganda leads us to believe if color is of consequence, as it so often is.

Chicago in \$5.5m police torture payout

bbc.co.uk/news/world-us-canada-32617320

May 06, 2015

A \$5.5m (£3.6m) reparations package to the victims of police torture in Chicago has been agreed by the council.

As many as 80 victims of an infamous detective unit that abused suspects over three decades could be in line for a share of the award. The city council also issued a formal apology and vowed to teach schoolchildren about the abuses.

Former commander Jon Burge was jailed for four years after being convicted of lying about the torture scandal.

Many of the victims were African American. Some could receive as much as \$100,000.

The terms of the award were announced last month by city officials and Mayor Rahm Emanuel.

"This stain cannot be removed from our city's history but it can be used as a lesson of what not do," the mayor said.

The names of *more than a dozen torture victims* and survivors were read aloud and the city council gave them a standing ovation.

The council then voted 42-0 in favour of the award.

Eric Garner: NY officer in 'I can't breathe' death fire

bbc.com/news/world-us-canada-49399302

-Truncated-

August 20, 2019

The New York City police officer involved in the high-profile 2014 chokehold death of an African-American man has been fired [FIVE years after].

Daniel Pantaleo was sacked over the death of Eric Garner, whose dying words "I can't breathe" became a rallying cry for protests against police brutality.

A state grand jury declined to press criminal charges.

After a lengthy civil rights investigation, federal prosecutors said last month they would bring no charges.

The decision, based on the recommendation of a police department disciplinary judge, was announced by New York Police Commissioner James O'Neill on Monday. Mr Pantaleo was suspended while awaiting the commissioner's decision.

In explaining his decision, Mr O'Neill said mobile phone video of Garner's death clearly shows the officer used a chokehold, which is banned by the New York Police Department (NYPD).

"It is clear that Daniel Pantaleo can no longer serve as a New York City police officer," Mr O'Neill said.

"Had I been in Officer Pantaleo's situation, I may have made similar mistakes," he continued.

The firing comes as California enacts one of the strictest laws limiting police force in the US.

On Monday, Governor Gavin Newsom signed into law Assembly Bill 392 - which is intended to reduce police shootings.

The bill says that officers can only use deadly force when "necessary" to prevent imminent death or serious injury, rather than when "reasonable" as current laws state.

Lay My Burden Down [Delta] 1945, 1973, 1989

Edited by B. A. Botkin

Gone to the Woods

If a nigger ever run off the place and come back, Master'd say, "If you'll be a good nigger, I'll not whip you at this time." But you couldn't believe that. A nigger run off and stayed in the woods six month. When he come back, he's hairy as a cow, 'cause he lived in a cave and come out at night and pilfer around. They put the dogs on him but couldn't cotch him [catch]. Finally he come, and Master say he won't whip him and say "Tom, I's change my mind; you have no business running off, and I's gwine take out just like you come into the world. "

Master gits a bottle of whiskey and a box of cigars and have Tom tied up out in the yard. He takes a chair and say to the driver, "Boy, take him down, 250 licks this time." Then he'd count the licks. When they's 150 licks, it didn't look like they is any place left to hit, but Master say, "Finish him up." Then he and the driver sot [sat] down, smoke cigars and drink whiskey, and Master tell Tom how he must mind he master. Then he lock Tom up in a log house, and Master tell all the niggers if they give him anything to eat he'll skin 'em alive. The old folks slips Tom bread and meat. When he gits out, he's gone to the woods 'gain. They's plenty niggers what stayed in the woods till surrender.

Rough Crossings

By Simon Schama [Penguin Books; London] 2015

In December 1775, **Lund Washington** wrote to his cousin **George** of both blacks and indentured servants, who were departing from the Washington properties at speed, that “there is not a man of them but would leave us if they believ’d they could make there [sic] escape...**Liberty is sweet.**

In all, between 80,000 to 100,000 slaves left plantations during the war. The more sententious the noises coming from the Patriot leaders about American enslavement to the odious Hanoverian tyrant [king of Britain], the more the slaves voted with their feet. Ralph Henry, for example, evidently took his master Patrick Henry’s theatrical announcement of “**Give me Liberty or give me death**” very much to heart, but not quite in the way its author intended, since he ran away at the earliest opportunity to the British lines. (Ironically, that same slogan would be invoked as a rallying cry by black abolitionists in the 19th century and black liberators such as Malcolm X in the 20th!) **Others among the signatories of the document which asserted that “all men were born free and equal” and who lost slaves were James Madison and Benjamin Harrison (father of the 9th president, William Henry Harrison), who lost 20...**

Lay My Burden Down [Delta] 1945, 1973, 1989

Edited by B. A. Botkin

He Sold Him Over and Over

There was a white man live close to us, but over in Louisian’. He had raised home a great big black man what brung fancy price on the block. The black man sure love that white man. The white man would sell Old John- that’s the black man’s name- on the block to some man from Georgia or other place far off. Then after while the white man would steal Old John back and bring him home and feed him good, then sell him again.

After he had sold Old John some lot of times, he coaxed Old John off in the swamp one day, and Old John found dead several days later. The white folks said that the owner kilt him, 'cause a dead nigger won't tell no tales.

African-American Humor:

The Best Black Comedy from Slavery to Today

Baby in the Crib

John stole a pig from Old Marsa. He was on his way home with him and his Old Marsa seen him. After Jon got home he looked out and seen his Old Marsa coming down to the house. So he put this pig in a cradle they used to rock the babies in them days (some people called the cribs), and he covered him up. When his Old Marster come in John was sitting their rocking him.

Old Marster says, "What's the matter with the baby, John?" "The baby got the measles." "I want to see him," John said . "Well you can't; the doctor said if you uncover him the measles will go back in on him and kill him." So his Old Master said, "It doesn't matter; I want to see him, John." He reaches down to uncover him.

John said, "If that baby is turned to a pig now, don't blame me."

Old Marster Eats Crow

John was hunting on Old Marster's place, shooting squirrels, and Old Marster caught him, and told him not to shoot there any more. "You can keep the two squirrels you got but don't be caught down here no more." John goes out the next morning and shoots a crow. Old Marster went down that morning and caught him, and asked John to let him see

the shell. And Old Marster put the shell in the gun. Then he backed off from John, pointing the gun, and told John to pick the feathers off the crow, halfway down. “Now start at his head, John, and eat the crow up to where you stopped picking the feathers at.” When John finished eating, Marster gave him the gun back and throwed him the crow. Then he told John to go on and not let him be caught there no more.

John turned around and started off, and got a little piece away. Then he stopped and turned and called Old Marster. Old Marster said, “What you want, John?” John pointed the gun and says, “Looke here, Old Marster,” and throwed Old Marster the half a crow. “I want you to start at his ass and eat all the way, and don’t let a feather fly from your mouth.”

Hopping John*

My father belonged to Judge Prioleau and was trained to wait on the table from the time he was a boy; and this is how he nearly got a whipping. His master like hopping John, and there was some cold on the table- you know hopping John? Mis maser told him to “heat it”; he thought his master said “eat it,” so he took it out and sat down and eat it. When he went back, his master asked him where as the hopping John. Paris say he eat it. His master was mad after waiting all the time- and say he should have a whipping. But Mistress say, “Oh, no, he is young and didn’t understand; so he never got the whipping.

*Cowpeas, with or without rice, boiled with bacon or pork.

Malitis

...I remember Mammy told me about one master who almost starved his slaves. Mighty stingy, I reckon he was.

Some of them slaves was so poorly thin they ribs would kinda rustle against each other like corn stalks a-drying in the hot winds. But they gets even one hog-killing time, and it was funny too, Mammy said.

They was seven hogs, fat and ready for fall hog-killing time. Just the day before Old Master told off they was to be killed, something happened to all them porkers. Once of the field boys found them and come a-telling the master: "The hogs is all died, now they won't be any meats for the winter."

When the master gets to where at the hogs is laying, they's a lot of Negroes standing round looking sorrow-eyed at the wasted meat. The master asks: "What's the illness with 'em?"

"Malitis," they tell him, and they acts like they don't want to touch the hogs. Master says to dress them anyway for they ain't no more meat on the place. He says to kep all the meat for the slave families, but that's because he's afraid to eat it hisself account of the hog's got malitis.

"Don't you all know that is malitis?" Mammy would ask the children when she was telling of the seven fat hogs and seventy lean slaves. And she would laugh, remembering how they fooled Old Master so's to get all them good meats.

"One of the strongest Negroes got up early in the morning," Mammy would explain, "long 'fore the horn called the slaves from their cabins. He skitted to the hog pen with a heavy mallet in his hand. When he tapped Mister Hog 'tween the eyes with that mallet, 'malitis'; set in mighty quick, but it was a uncommon 'disease,' even with hungry Negroes around all the time.

Rough Crossings

By Simon Schama [Penguin Books; London] 2015

Pg. 76

Hundreds now, not scores, made their way towards the British ships....In anticipation of ships and troops arriving up and down the coast, slaves began disappearing from plantations in the Carolinas and Georgia, even in Maryland and New York. This is the moment when the leaders of the revolution, in Charleston, Williamsburg, Wilmington and Philadelphia, saw their own blacks take off from the plantations of the Rutledges, the Middletons and the Harrisons, **the moment when Henry Washington deserted General George for King George.**

Pg. 77

Put on the defensive, fearful that their world might go the way of the Dutch Surinam where a slave army was still unvanquished, **painfully conscious of the drainage of manpower to the militias**, the plantocracy of the South did everything in its power to counteract the Dunmore effect.

Pg. 9

And, not least, while **George Washington** was encamped in early 1776 on Cambridge Common, wrestling with arguments, pro and con, about the desirability of recruiting blacks, **his own slave, Henry Washington, born in West Africa**, was finding his way to the king's lines...

Pg. 08

...Seeing the Revolutionary War through the eyes of enslaved blacks turn its meaning upside down. In Georgia, the Carolinas and much of Virginia **the vaunted war for liberty was, from the spring of 1775 to the late summer of 1776, a war for the perpetuation of servitude.** The contortions of logic were so perverse, yet so habitual, that **George Washington could describe Dunmore** [Lord, Colonial Governor of Virginia] as **“that arch traitor to the rights of humanity” for promising to free slaves and indentured servants, whilst those who kept them in bondage were *heroes of liberty.***

Pg. 85

By the late spring and summer of 1776 [year of America's Declaration of Independence] both sides were making grand **promises of liberty** while both were delivering death.

Freedom as I understand it...is taking us
from under the yoke of bondage,
and placing us where we could reap
the fruit of our labor.

- Garrison Frazier, **1865**

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Philip_Freneau

- Truncated -

Philip Morin Freneau (January 2, 1752 – December 18, 1832) was an American poet, nationalist, polemicist, sea captain and newspaper editor sometimes called the **"Poet of the American Revolution"**. Through his newspaper, the *National Gazette*, **he was a strong critic of George Washington and a proponent of Jeffersonian policies.**

Freneau was born in New York City, the oldest of the five children **of Huguenot wine merchant** Pierre Freneau and his Scottish wife. Philip was raised in Matawan, New Jersey. He attended the College of New Jersey (now Princeton University), where he studied under William Tennent, Jr.

Jefferson was criticized for hiring Freneau as a translator in the State Department, even though he spoke no foreign languages except French, in which Jefferson was already fluent. Freneau accepted this undemanding position, which left free time to head the Democratic-Republican newspaper Jefferson and Madison envisioned.

This partisan newspaper, *The National Gazette*, provided a vehicle for Jefferson, Madison, and others to promote criticism of the rival Federalists. *The Gazette* took particular aim at the policies promoted by Alexander Hamilton, and like other papers of the day, would not hesitate to shade into personal attacks, including President George Washington during his second term. **Owing to *The Gazette's* frequent attacks on his administration and himself, Washington took a particular dislike to Freneau.**

The non-political works of Freneau combined neoclassicism and romanticism. Although he is not as generally well known as Ralph Waldo Emerson or James Fenimore Cooper, **Freneau introduced many themes and images for which later authors became famous.** For example, Freneau's poem "The House of Night", one of the first romantic

poems written and published in America, included the Gothic elements and dark imagery that were later seen in the poetry by **Edgar Allan Poe**.

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/1761

January 16:

The British capture Pondichéry, India from the French.

August 11:

Two years after his marriage to Martha Custis and his move to Mount Vernon, retired British Army General **George Washington** advertises a reward in the *Maryland Gazette* for the capture of four fugitive slaves, named **Cupid, Peros, Jack, and Neptune**, averring that they had escaped "without the least suspicion, provocation, or difference with anybody".

September 8:

King George III of Great Britain marries Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz (Queen Charlotte).

Lay My Burden Down [Delta] 1945, 1973, 1989

Edited By B. A. Botkin

Chop

One day when an old woman was plowing in the field, an overseer came by and reprimanded her for being slow- she gave him some back talk, he took out a long closely woven whip and lashed her severely. The woman became sore and took her hoe and chopped him right across his head, and, child, you should have seen how she chopped this man to a bloody death.

Back to Paris of Second Empire:

The Courtesans

The demi-monde in 19th century France

By Joanna Richardson [Phoenix Press; London] 1967, 2000

Cora Pearl

Pg. 33

‘Cora delighted- positively reveled- in the most wild and reckless extravagance’, wrote William Osgood Field, who knew her well, **‘and no doubt she was quite right, for in her special profession it is more than half the battle to keep in the limelight, and have all the drums incessantly beating.’** Once, when he lunched with her in the rue

des Bassins, ‘she put her hand into a dish of cutlets or something and put a large dripping piece of whatever it was on the head of Ferdinand Bischoffsheim (from the banking family). He took it very meekly and smiled a weak smile through the veil of thick sauce that covered his face. When Prince Paul Demidoff, a Russian of untold wealth, insisted on wearing his hat at the Maison d’Or, just to vex her, **Cora smashed his cane over his head- an incident which she regretted, because, she said, the cane was very fine.**

When Demidoff claimed her pearls were not real, she threw her necklace on the floor, where it broke, and the pearls rolled in all directions. ‘Pick up the pearls, my dear,’ she said, ‘I’ll prove that they are real- I will leave you one for your cravat.’ Demidoff sat transfixed. The nobility who were dining at the Maison d’Or went on their hands and knees to look for pearls. In 1863, it is said, Cora fought a duel in the Bois with another courtesan, Marthe de Vère, over the person of a handsome Serbian or Armenian prince. **Both women used their riding-whips freely, and did considerable damage to each other faces in the *rencontre*.** They did not reappear in public for a week, during which time their Adonis vanished.

Extravagant herself, Cora Pearl inspired outrageous extravagance in others. One of her lovers presented her with a box of marrons glacés, each marron separately wrapped in a thousand-franc note; another admirer sent her a massive silver horse, which was carried by two porter, and proved to be full of jewels and gold. **Prince Napoléon offered her ‘ a large vanload’ of the most expensive orchids.** She gave a supper party, strewed the orchids over the floor and, dressed as a sailor, dance the hornpipe, followed by the cancan, over them. Albert Wolff, the journalist, remembered a similar occasion when **a prince had sent her a basket of flowers, and she threw them on the carpet and trampled on them, saying how tired she was of princely admirers.** No doubt, he reflected, she was tired of being taken twice a week to grand restaurants, and given *une indigestion d’homard a l’américaine*.

Lets get a quick glimpse of what kind of man Prince Napoléon was and the dynastic challenges he was born into.

Prince Napoléon Bonaparte [Plon-Plon]

-Truncated-

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Prince_Napol%C3%A9on_Bonaparte



...(commonly known as **Prince Napoléon** and occasionally as **Prince Jérôme Napoléon**; 9 September 1822 – 17 March 1891)...

When his cousin became President [Napoléon III] in 1848, Napoléon was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to Spain. He later served in a military capacity as general of a division in the Crimean War, as **Governor of Algeria**, and as a corps commander in the French Army of Italy in 1859. His curious nickname, "Plon-Plon", derives from his pronunciation of his name when he was a child, while the **nickname "Craint-Plomb"** ("Afraid-of-Lead") **was given to him by the army due to his absence from the Battle of Solferino.**

As part of his **cousin's policy of alliance** with Piedmont-Sardinia, **in 1859 Prince Napoléon married Princess Maria Clotilde of Savoy, daughter of Victor Emmanuel II of Italy.**

God's time is always near...

He set the North Star in the heavens;

He meant I should be free.

- Harriet Tubman, **1859**

Courageous Leader for Freeing Slaves on the Underground Railroad

Napoléon III And His Carnival Empire

By John Bierman [St. Martin's Press; New York] 1988

Pg. 192

Meanwhile, urged by Cavour to cement the secret deal with France [unwritten and unknown by even France's foreign minister with Napoléon], **Victor Emmanuel had**

agreed to marry his daughter to Plon-Plon- a man, Napoléon had said, who proved himself to be an acceptable son-in-law by the kind way he treated his mistresses.

“What a disgrace to Victor Emmanuel,” wrote Cowley, “selling his daughter to such a man...It is positively horrible to see that poor frail little creature by the side of that brute.”

After the marriage in Turin at the end of January [1859], **Plon-Plon brought his plain and pious child bride back a week later to Paris**, where his imperial cousin had ordered an official reception for them. Ordinary Parisians seemed less than enthusiastic as they watched the couple drive into the Tuileries They realized all too well the implications of the match. Cowley quoted an onlooker as having said: “We do not greet the little one because she brings us war.”

Pg. 194

The Second Empire’s second war differed from the Crimean War in at least one important respect. **This time- determined to live out the Napoleonic myth- the emperor would lead his army personally into battle, just as his illustrious forebear had done.** No matter that he had only theoretical experience of war, gained at the Swiss military academy in his youth, plus one brief taste of small-scale combat during the 1831 Italian uprising. **No matter that, according to his aide-de-camp Fleury, he had no idea how to deploy and maneuver large numbers of troops and scarcely knew how to read a map.**

The History of Modern France
From the Revolution to the War with Terror

By Jonathan Fenby [Simon & Schuster; New York] 2015

Pg. 131

The stout and libidinous Prince Napoléon, known from the childhood pronunciation of his name as ‘Plon-Plon’, urged his cousin to be ‘revolutionary’ abroad and anti-clerical at home while *advocating ‘progress towards liberty through dictatorship.’* As the ruler put it, ‘The empress is a Legitimist, Morny is an Orleanist, **Prince Napoléon is a Republican, and I myself am a Socialist. There is only one Bonapartist- Persigny- and he is mad!’**

Napoléon III And His Carnival Empire

By John Bierman [St. Martin’s Press; New York] 1988

Pg. 146

Although Napoléon had assured France and the world that **“the Empire means peace,”** he had been on the throne a scant sixteen months before he led his country into the first major war of his reign. **He would repeat the process over and over again- war with the Russians, then with the Austrians, next with the Mexicans, finally with the Prussians- until the fourth conflict would bring down his régime down in ruins after less than eighteen years.**

...By the circumstances of its birth and militaristic traditions it inherited, **the Second Empire could not possibly mean anything but war,** and although he may have been quite sincere when he said, *“L’Empire, c’est la paix,”* Napoléon must have sensed that the reverse was true....

The origins of the Second Empire's first war lay 2,000 miles from Paris, at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem and the Church of the Nativity in nearby Bethlehem. It was on these two churches that Russia focused its ambition to enjoy exclusive guardianship of Christian interests in the crumbling and corrupt Ottoman Empire. There, on the supposed sites of Christ's birth, Crucifixion, and burial, the Orthodox and Catholic priesthoods had been engaged in a centuries-old squabble over rites, privileges, and turf, a squabble which continues to this present day.

Dividing the churches into separate sectors, chanting each other down during services, the rival priests would even descend to fisticuffs or worse while raising their hosannas in praise of the Prince of Peace- and particularly on the holiest days of the Christian calendar, when their rivalries seemed most acute. Quite often, the Muslim Turks would have to post guards with fixed bayonets to keep the peace among the warring infidels.

When **Mark Twain** [famous American author] visited the Holy Land in 1867, he found the Church of the Holy Sepulchre 'scandalized by trumpery gew-gaws and tawdry ornamentation' and that the **Orthodox and Catholic clergy "cannot worship together around the grave of the Saviour of the World without fighting."** Even the ashes of Latin crusader kings of Jerusalem, Godfrey and Baldwin, had been removed and their tomb coverings destroyed by "devout members of the Greek Church."

Moving on to Bethlehem and Church of the Nativity- **which was "tricked out in the usual tasteless style"**- Twain found that here, too " the priests and members of the **Greek and Latin Churches** cannot come by the same corridor to kneel in the sacred birthplace of the Redeemer, **but are compelled to approach and retire by different avenues, lest they quarrel and fight on this holiest ground on earth."**

The French at this period did not seem to care that their Catholic co-religionists had been all but excluded from Christendom's holiest shrines. **France might claim to be the "oldest daughter of the Church,"** but the liberal ideas that accompanied the revolution had muted the religious zeal of the majority of French people. **Few Frenchmen can have been less zealous about their religion than their new head of state.** But although he must have found the confessional controversies of the Holy Land absurd if not incomprehensible, he was too shrewd a politician not to appreciate the kudos to be earned by an intervention on behalf of Rome. This would improve his standing with the clericalists in France, whose continuing support he needed; it would also serve a foreign policy that required him to assert the renewal of French power and influence.

He was still President of the Republic when he first took up the cause of the Catholics in Palestine. The Turks, quite **willing to play off France against Russia**, quickly agreed to reestablish equal status between the Catholic and Orthodox clergy at the Holy Places. For the **Orthodox hierarchy**, this seemed an intolerable erosion of hard-won rights. For example, **they alone held the key to the principal door of the Church of the Nativity.** Would they now have to share it, allowing the despised Latins unhindered access to the Grotto of the Nativity?

They appealed to the czar, Nicholas I, to intervene, and he, rightly viewing the picayune **argument over a church key** as symbolic of something a good deal more significant wrote to the Sultan Abdul Mejid in Constantinople to say that "no changes would be allowed to take place as to the possession of those sanctuaries." To underline the point, he deployed an entire army corps on the Turkish border.

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The political and military posturing proved the final turn to open a lethal Pandora's box which exploded into the Crimean War. **Half a million lives eventually were killed**

initiated poignantly by a quibble over possession of a church key by competing Christian faiths. - DE

Pg 212

>>> **Plon-Plon redux: HYPER-IMPORTANT**<<<

When France went to war in the Crimea, **Napoléon gave Plon-Plon command of a division** which acquitted itself well at the Battle of Alma...

In this letter he asked permission to return to France, arguing that the war would be virtually suspended for the winter and pleading ill-health. Napoléon's reply was a firm negative...

This was a virtual command, Plon-Plon ignored it, returning to Paris in January 1855. Amazingly, Napoléon received him without reproach, although it would seem that Plon-Plon was properly apprehensive.

... If the emperor heard these stories, he did not allow them to influence him, and **he gave Plon-Plon the prestigious job of president of the 1855 Universal Exhibition** to the subsequent discomfiture, among others, of Queen Victoria.

Pg. 214

Nevertheless, when the war against Austria broke out, **Napoléon had sufficient confidence in his cousin to give him command of the Fifth Army Corps.** At first, this corps was assigned to assist the civil power in Tuscany and saw no action. When eventually called it up to the front, ordering a 2,000 man garrison to stay behind in Florence, **Plon-Plon moved at such a leisurely pace that he missed the entire war.**

...A week later Napoléon made his decision to offer the Austrian's peace, and so Plon-Plon and the Fifth Corps ended their war without having heard a shot fired in anger. This did not prevent him from raising Cain when he discovered that his corps, left behind in Italy on garrison duty, would not be represented in the victory parade through Paris on August 14.

When he threatened that he and Clotilde – daughter of the war's only real beneficiary- would boycott the parade if the Fifth were not allowed to take part, Napoléon put his foot down and commanded their presence.

But Plon-Plon's gall was endless, and so apparently was Napoléon's patience...And so it went on throughout Napoléon's reign, each of Plon-Plon's misdeeds dealt with firmly, patiently, and forgivingly by his cousin, each reconciliation followed by some fresh malefaction.

The correspondence tell us much about both men, **but if we find ourselves warming to Napoléon for his long-suffering toleration of his obnoxious relative, we must ask whether it was entirely a virtue in a man in his position-** whether the reasons of state he was so willing to invoke in other contexts **did not demand that he stop wasting time and effort on so hopeless a case as Plon-Plon** just because of the ties of kinship and affection.

The cliché “generous to a fault” takes on very substantial meaning when used to describe Napoléon's attitude toward his cousin.

The Courtesans
The demi-monde in 19th century France

By Joanna Richardson [Phoenix Press; London] 1967, 2000

Pg. 142

Prince Napoléon [Plon-Plon] was as promiscuous as his cousin, the Emperor.

He never shut the door [recorded Maxime du Camp, with indignation], and he hardly showed respect... **Publically, and with no more shame than a Bohemian, he lived with whores**, with Anna Deslions, **with Cora Pearl, with Caroline Letessier**, with Constance **and with masses of other creatures whose names I do not know**; he visited the little theatres in company Mme Arnould-Plessy, a wreck from the Comédie-Français, and with la Détourbet, who had sold one of her lovers to Mirès as a son-in-law. **He paraded himself, he compromised himself, he insulted himself. In the morning there was always some petticoat or other still trailing about in his private apartments...**

Babette's Feast

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Babette%27s_Feast

Babette's Feast (Danish: *Babettes gæstebud*) is a **1987 Danish drama film** directed by Gabriel Axel. The film's screenplay was written by Axel based on the story by Isak Dinesen (Karen Blixen). Produced by Just Betzer, Bo Christensen, and Benni Korzen with funding from the Danish Film Institute, *Babette's Feast* was the first Danish cinema film of a Blixen story. It was also the first Danish film to win the Oscar for Best Foreign Language Film. The film premiered in the Un Certain Regard section of the 1987 Cannes Film Festival.

The elderly and pious Protestant sisters Martine (Birgitte Federspiel) and Philippa (Bodil Kjer) live in a small village on the remote western coast of Jutland in 19th-century Denmark. Their father was a pastor who founded his own Pietistic conventicle. With their father now dead and the austere sect drawing no new converts, the aging sisters preside over a dwindling congregation of white-haired believers.

The story flashes back 49 years, showing the sisters in their youth. The beautiful girls have many suitors, but their father rejects them all, and indeed derides marriage. Each daughter is courted by an impassioned suitor visiting Jutland – Martine by a charming young Swedish cavalry officer, Lorens Löwenhielm, and Philippa by a star baritone, Achille Papin, from the Paris opera, on hiatus to the silence of the coast. Both sisters decide to stay with their father and spurn any life away from Jutland.

Thirty-five years later, Babette Hersant (Stéphane Audran) appears at their door. She carries only a letter from Papin, explaining that **she is a refugee from counter-revolutionary bloodshed in Paris** and recommending her as a housekeeper. The sisters cannot afford to take Babette in, but she offers to work for free. Babette serves as their cook for the next 14 years, producing an improved version of the bland meals typical of the abstemious nature of the congregation and slowly gaining their respect. Her only link to her former life is a lottery ticket that a friend in Paris renews for her every year. One day, she wins the lottery of 10,000 francs. Instead of using the money to return to Paris and her lost lifestyle, she decides to spend it preparing a delicious dinner for the sisters and their small congregation on the occasion of the founding pastor's hundredth birthday. More than just a feast, the meal is an outpouring of Babette's appreciation, an act of self-sacrifice. Babette tells no one that she is spending her entire winnings on the meal.

The sisters accept both Babette's meal and her offer to pay for the creation of a "real French dinner".

Babette arranges for her nephew to go to Paris and gather the supplies for the feast. The ingredients are plentiful, sumptuous, exotic and their arrival causes much discussion among the villagers. As the various never-before-seen ingredients arrive and preparations commence, the sisters begin to worry that the meal will become a sin of sensual luxury, if not some form of devilry. In a hasty conference, the sisters and the congregation agree to eat the meal, but to forgo speaking of any pleasure in it and to make no mention of the food during the dinner.

Martine's former suitor, Lorens, now a famous general married to a member of the Queen's court, comes as the guest of his aunt, the local lady of the manor and a member of the old pastor's congregation. He is unaware of the other guests' austere plans and as **a man of the world and former attaché in Paris, he is the only person at the table qualified to comment on the meal. He regales the guests with abundant information about the extraordinary food and drink, comparing it to a meal he enjoyed years earlier at the *famous Café Anglais* in Paris.** Although the other celebrants refuse to comment on the earthly pleasures of their meal, Babette's gifts break down their distrust and superstitions, elevating them physically and spiritually. Old wrongs are forgotten, ancient loves are rekindled and a mystical redemption of the human spirit settles over the table.

The sisters assume that Babette will now return to Paris. However, when she tells them that all of her money is gone and that she is not going anywhere, the sisters are aghast. **Babette then reveals that she was formerly the head chef of the Café Anglais and tells them that dinner for 12 there has a price of 10,000 francs.** Martine tearfully says, "Now you will be poor the rest of your life", to which Babette replies, "An artist is never poor." Philippa then says: "But this is not the end, Babette. In paradise you will be the great artist God meant you to be" and then embraces her with tears in her eyes saying: "Oh, how you will enchant the angels!", which is precisely how the short story ends.

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Caf%C3%A9_Anglais

The **Café Anglais** (French pronunciation: [kafɛ ɑ̃ɡlɛ], *English café*) was a famous French restaurant located at the corner of the Boulevard des Italiens (n° 13) and the Rue de Marivaux in Paris, France.

Opened in 1802, the restaurant was named in honor of the Treaty of Amiens, a peace accord signed between Britain and France. In the beginning, its clientele were coachmen and domestic servants but later became frequented by actors and patrons of the nearby Opera House. In 1822, the new proprietor, Paul Chevreuil, turned it into a fashionable restaurant with a reputation for roasted and grilled meats. It was after the arrival of chef Adolphe Dugléré that the Café Anglais achieved its highest gastronomic reputation. **It was then frequented by the wealthy and the aristocracy of Paris.**

Although the white-faced exterior was austere, the interior was elaborately decorated with furniture in mahogany and walnut woods, and mirrors of gold leaf patina.

>>> **IMPORTANT** <<<

The building included 22 private rooms and lounges. The London food reviewer and historian Lt.-Col. Nathaniel Newnham-Davis stated "**...the Anglais' was a great supping place, the little rabbit hutches of the entresol being the scene of some of the wildest and most interesting parties given by the great men of the Second Empire.**" The most famous was known as *Le Grand 16*.

Recipes Dugléré created included the Germigny Soup, dedicated to the head of the Banque de France, the Comte de Germigny. *Dugléré also created the Pommes Anna, reputedly*

named in honor of the famous courtesan of the Second Empire, Anna Deslions. He also composed the menu called the "Three Emperors Dinner" in honor of Tsar Alexander II, Kaiser Wilhelm I and Otto von Bismarck for the Exposition Universelle in 1867 in Paris.*

* This line might be factually incorrect. **Note the year is 1867.** Bismarck was not an emperor therefore Napoléon III was the likely choice for the trio of heads of state. Also, Wilhelm was not proclaimed Kaiser until 1871. He was King of Prussia in 1867.

The restaurant closed in 1913. It has been replaced by a building in Art Nouveau style.

The restaurant is mentioned in part 3 of Honoré de Balzac's *Le Père Goriot*, chapter 10 of Gustave Flaubert's *Sentimental Education*, chapter 10 in Émile Zola's *Nana*, Guy de Maupassant's short story *Les Bijoux*, Marcel Proust's *In Search of Lost Time* (towards the beginning of volume 2, "Within a Budding Grove"), in Umberto Eco's *The Prague Cemetery*, in *The Alice B. Toklas Cookbook*, chapter 20 in Henry James's *The Portrait of a Lady* as well as in Karen Blixen's short story *Babette's Feast*. **The title character Babette Hersant was the head chef at the Café Anglais before fleeing to Denmark.** It is also mentioned in Henry James', "The American", chapter one. (Christopher Newman "supped" there the night before visiting the Louvre.

The Sympathizer

By Viet Thanh Nguyen [Corsair; London] 2016

Pulitzer Prize for Fiction, 2016

Pg. 336

As a non-white person, the General, like myself, knew he must be patient with white people, who were **easily scared by the non-white**. Even with liberal white people, one could only go so far, and with average white people one could barely go anywhere. **The General was deeply familiar with the nature, nuances, and internal differences of white people, as was every non-white person who had lived here a good number of years.** We ate their food, we watched their movies, we observed their lives and psyche via television and in everyday contact, we learned their language, we absorbed their subtle cues, we laughed at their jokes, even when made at our expense, we humbly accepted their condescension, we eavesdropped on their conversations in supermarkets and the dentist's office, and we protected them by not speaking our own language in their presence, which unnerved them.

Pg. 326

The maître d' possessed the mannerisms of an ambassador from a very small country, a careful blend of superciliousness and servitude. Hearing the Congressman's name, he softened enough to bow his head slightly and less through a maze of small dining rooms where red-blooded Americans in argyle sweater vests and button-down oxford shirts feasted on inordinate amounts of porterhouse steak and rack of lamb. **Our destination was a private room on the second floor**, where the Congressman was holding court with several others at a round table large enough for a man to lie on. Each of the attendees already had a drink in his hand, and it dawned on me that your lateness was prearranged. As the Congressman rose, I calmed the tremor in my gut. **I was in close quarters with some representative specimens of the most dangerous creature in the history of the world, the white man in a suit.**

Grandes Horizontales

The Life and Legends of Four Nineteenth-Century Courtesans

By Virginia Rounding [Bloomsbury; London] 2003

Pg. 230-248

Charles Worth's Rise & Exposition of 1867

Fascinated by the Paris fashions which he had studied in magazines, **he set off for the French capital in 1846, at the age of twenty-one, with no knowledge of the language and hundred and seventeen francs in his pocket.** He found a job at Gageline and Opigez, a fashionable fabric retailer in the rue de Richelieu, married a former Gagelin *demoiselle de magasin*, was soon creating costumes for her to model and was allowed to establish a dressmaking department. In 1858 he accepted the offer of wealthy Swedish friend to set him up in business at 7 rue de la Paix. To begin with, he catered to a moderately well-off middle class clientele, but his great opportunity came in 1860 when he persuaded Princess Metternich to buy one of his gowns. The princess proceeded to recommend Worth to the Empress, and his career became meteoric. After 1864 he made all of the Empress's evening dresses, and by 1867 he had a workforce of twelve thousand and was dressing the nobility and royalty of France, Russia, Austria, Spain and Italy. Even Queen Victoria bought several gowns from him, as did the wives of American millionaires.

Jean-Philippe Worth, son of the couturier, describes Cora's appearance succinctly: **'Her teeth were incomparable, but her make-up was shockingly overdone,** and she looked better at distance.' She was nevertheless credited with a degree of originality and occasionally successful audacity in her self-ornamentation: **'She was the first person to colour her hair yellow and to think of making her eyelashes iridescent, of illuminating her eyes, making her forehead shimmer and powdering her flesh with**

silver, frost, snow, milk, stars and pearls.' Powder, made of various starches and mixed with other substances such as talk, magnesia and oxide of zinc, and applied with a hare's foot or a puff made of swan's down, was a compulsory element in the arsenal of any lady of fashion. Cora's originality seems to have lain in what she added to the powder to create her special effects.

A less drastic method of achieving a golden flow was to sprinkle the hair with poudre d'or or golden powder. The Empress Eugénie was the first woman to appear thus glittering, at a festival in 1860. The best (and most expensive) sort of poudre d'or consisted of crushed gold leaf, though a similar effect could be created using powdered bronze.

Though Cora could undoubtedly overdo the make-up and overall presentation, she had the natural performer's ability to amuse, and **her exaggerated self-display served as an effective ploy to get herself noticed in her chosen milieu...**

In this era of conspicuous consumption, women paraded their finery and men paraded their women. As Alexandre Dumas *puts* it:

Women were luxuries for public consumption, like hounds, horses and carriages. There was fun to be had in taking a girl, who eight days earlier, had been selling fish in the market or pouring drinks for early morning bricklayers, and covering her with velvet and rattling her about in a carriage; one no longer set any store by wit, gaiety, or spelling; rich today you could be ruined tomorrow, so in the meantime you'd better have supper with this or that famous woman...

Part of the transaction between a courtesan and her rich protector was that she was to act as a status symbol, to declare to the world that he could afford to keep an expensive mistress and that he knew how to do so in style. And in the case of those who consorted

with the highest class of courtesans, there was the cachet to be obtained in showing off that one had been chosen out of an array of suitors for the privilege of being allowed to pay for the favours of a particular woman. **And, as Dumas *films* pointed out, in this era of speculation, of opportunities for investment in roads, railways, property development and the new telegraph system, when fortunes could be made and lost within the space of a few weeks, it was considered better to spend the money one had while one still had it, and to enjoy being seen to be rich, at least for a while.**

If men used courtesans as status symbols, the courtesan could always respond in kind. The rank a courtesan had reached could be measured by the social standing of her clients and Cora, for instance, is careful who she selects out of her many clients to include in her memoirs. She mentions the odd sailor or impoverished young man in her early days, partly for comic effect, but the bulk of her narrative is concerned with the Massenas, the Mornys, the dukes and princes, to convey the impression of her own significance through her contact with these significant men.

Cora, happy to play along with contemporary society's preconceptions about women, to be paraded as an expensive status symbol and to be amply financially rewarded for being a 'sex object', would spend much of her day on an elaborate beauty routine. 'From the moment of getting up it would be, first, a manicure, intimate attentions with all their arsenal, then the arrival of the linen-keeper or outfitter and a natter with her, a visit from the jeweler, billets-doux to be dispatched in all directions, and serious matters. All that would take until four o'clock or half-past four.' Then she would go out, probably for a drive down the Champs-Élysées or in the Bois de Boulogne (the Emperor and Empress being in the habit of taking their drive around the lake earlier in the afternoon, the demimondaines generally saved their display until later). She might also visit an establishment such as Worth's in the afternoon, or receive a client, perhaps even several.

The evenings could include visits to the theatre and to a fashionable restaurant, particularly to one of the private rooms in an establishment such as the Café Anglais. Another, more select, restaurant frequented by Cora was the Petit Moulin Rouge (no relation to the Montmartre cabaret⁰ which was located off the Champs-Élysées and boasted, in addition to its main entrance, a secret door in a side street of the use of diners requiring the strictest privacy. There were large dining rooms on the ground floor, while the usual *cabinets particuliers* were located on the two upper floors. The renowned chef Escoffier began working at the Petit Moulin Rouge on Easter Monday 1865 and in his memoirs recalls the use Cora made of the establishment, likening her ability to fleece young men to the art of pigeon plucking:

The same evening, in a private dining room close to the one reserved by the Count de Paris, Cora Pearl could be found dining with a young lord, or perhaps I should say a young pigeon. This beautiful woman, who is far from forgotten, was particularly talented in the art of plucking these little birds so beloved by sensitive women. She took care to find them just as they left the nest, ready to fly alone, and then lavished her charm upon them until they were completely picked clean. Then, considering the deal closed, she turned to someone else.

Escoffier invented a dish named after her: Noisettes d'Agneau Cora. The noisettes of lamb were to be sautéed and then placed inside freshly cooked artichoke hearts, intended as a pun on 'couer d'artichaut', a term used to designate the kind of man who falls in love with every girl he meets (and thus likely to fall prey to Cora's pigeon-plucking charms). It has frequently been asserted that on one occasion Cora had herself served up naked on a huge silver platter in the room known as the Grand Seize at the Café Anglais, where she is also said to have exposed her breasts at a women's dinner party- which suggest that she enjoyed display for the sake of it, and not just to attract a potential client. Another courtesan, Marie Colombier, refers to this event, and to Cora's inventive use of make-up, in her memoirs:

At a dinner party of women, in the Grand Seize of the Café Anglais, it was only possible to find once criticism which could be made of these goddess-like breasts: it was claimed that she must have put make-up on them, because the pale pink which coloured her nipples looked as though it had been stolen from wild rose petals.

Cora's aptitude as a horsewoman was another important aspect of her self-display; horse-riding had long been considered a particular strength (or foible) of the English, though the women of Paris had been becoming increasingly fond of it since the early 1830s. It is not without a touch of professional jealousy that Marie Colombier alludes to Cora's talents in this direction, and to the supposed effect such a sport had on her physique:

Cora Pearl personified what can be termed the English style of courtesan. She was above all a sportswoman, riding a horse like a jockey, wielding her crop with a swagger; she had bandy legs, which gave her, when she walked, the rolling gait of a stable lad; and, to complete the resemblance, her bosom marvelous and worthy of being moulded by some illustrious artist of antiquity.

Cora was renowned not only for riding on horseback but also for running a splendid carriage, and she was determined to outclass any rivals in the drives or rides around the Bois....while in the demimonde her chief rivals included Blanche d'Antigny (who had one time been a rider in a circus)..and La Païva, who was herself an able horsewoman. Nestor Roqueplan wrote admiringly of both Cora's horsemanship and her management skills in this area. He is influenced by ideas about racial stereotypes, ascribing the small stature and gravity of her grooms to their Englishness:

All Paris knew Cora Pearl. She was a centauress; she created the amazon.

She was the first to appear in our elegant promenades on a real horse which she rode with unequalled distinction and skill, or in carriages which the most refined people considered models in terms of their design and colour, just as they admired her so well-matching pair, the style and standard of her harness, her livery and her servants, who smallness and good manners contrasted with their gravity.

No one knew about horses could ever have Cora Pearl with the awkward centaurettes who sometimes tried to compete with her...

For Cora Pearl, the horse is not only a luxury, it is an art; it is not only an art, it is an enterprise. A visit to her stables make one realize how ridiculous sums can be spent in all seriousness under this one item of a fantastic budget. It is a form of rational insanity.

Between 1863 and 1868 Cora bought more than sixty horses; in the space of three years she spent ninety thousand francs with one horse-dealer alone. This scale of expenditure was all part of the show.

...But his sense of bewilderment – precisely what was it about this woman which ensnared so many rich and powerful men? – was shared by many, particularly among the French, whose bewilderment included the fact that Cora was an Englishwoman and hence, almost by definition to a fashionable Parisian, deficient in matters of style and taste.

Cora's most blatant moment of self-display, of literally putting on a show, came on 26 January 1867 when she made her debut as Cupid in Offenbach's operetta *Orphee aux enfers*...According to her own account she was approached by the producer and asked if she could sing, as he was lacking someone to play Cupid and time was getting short. She claimed to know the part off by heart, though admitted to having no formal singing lessons. These were arranged for her and she was coached for the part...Cora had

inherited some musical ability from her parents, [her father fled to Baltimore from creditors, composed songs in America and later died in the state of Maine] she had a quick wit which would have undoubtedly helped, she had a sense of adventure which made the opportunity hard to refuse, and she knew that her appearance could probably carry the day even if her singing and acting skills lacked finesse. The men in the audience for the first night included a selection of Cora's past and present lovers: Prince Napoléon was there, as were the Princes Achille Murat, Narischkin and Troubetskoy, Khalil Bey, the Duke de Rivoli, Mustapha Pasha and the Prince de Sagan. The demimonde was also there in force. **Cora had considered that a normal dressing room was insufficient for her needs, and Prince Napoléon [Plon-Plon] had had an adjoining apartment adapted for her use. Access from it to the theatre was via a door inserted for the occasion, and the exit was by way of private staircase. This also made the apartment a very convenient trysting place for the Prince during the weeks devoted to rehearsal and performance.**

As the curtain went up for the second act [fittingly] there was Cora, asleep on Mount Olympus....they were all struck as she (and the producer) had know they would be, by what she was wearing: very little, apart from a mass of jewels. Philibert Audebrand recalls: 'Cora Pearl appeared on the stage half-naked, singing quietly brightly with a funny little Anglo-Saxon accent the couplets which begin: I am Love. That evening the Jockey Club filled the house in force. All the armigerous names to be found in the Golden Book of the French nobility was there, in white gloves and holding ivory lorgnettes....It was a success of sorts.'

The Illustrated London News managed a more measured response:

Mdlle. Cora Pearl, the dashing *Amazone* of the Bois de Boulogne, made her debut the other evening at the Bouffes Parisiennes, the part of Cupid...

She was one blaze of diamonds – diamonds in her hair, round her neck, on her tiny cloak, round her arms, round her waist, and round her ankles....Nevertheless Cora made her exit in style, kicking up her heels to display her diamond studded soles (and much besides). ...Hon. D. Bingham spoke for many of the men present when he wrote: ‘I remember little of the performance, except that Cupid play with great self-possession, that she was not much encumbered with garment, and the buttons of her boots were large diamonds of the purest water.’”

Later that year Paris put on its own show: **the Universal Exposition of 1867 was opened on 1 April by the Emperor’s small son, the Prince Impérial, who was then eleven years old.** After weeks of rain, the day was crisp and clear. Planning had begun four years earlier, again the aegis of Prince Napoléon, and the aim was to demonstrate to the world (in the wake of the London Exhibition of 1862) that the quality of French industry was in no way inferior to that of Great Britain and that Paris could justly be viewed as a universal model.

The Exposition occupied the entire site of the Champ de Mar on the left bank of the Seine, opposite the Butte de Chaillot which as leveled in preparation. The main exhibit building, of whom the chief engineers were Gustave Eiffel and Jean Krantz, covered almost forty acres; it was a vast structure of oval design, with concentric rings of galleries surrounding a central garden. Hydraulic lifts carried visitors from the ground floor to the roof, where there were walkways offering splendid views. The oval galleries represented themes, while the transverse avenues divided the building into national sections.

The central theme was “The history of labour and its fruits’: the Exposition was also intended to symbolize **the prosperity and material achievements of the Second Empire**, to show off the new Paris and to state the case for economic liberalism. **The arts as well as industry were represented, the fine art exhibits including paintings and sculptures from fifteen countries, executed between 1855 and 1867 and representing**

the largest collection of contemporary art ever assembled. Unfortunately, the process of selection ensured the imposition of official taste and *avant garde* painters, including Camille Pissarro and Paul Cezanne, were therefore rejected. *Édouard Manet's submissions were not even sent on to the jury; he responded by organizing his own exhibition, as did Gustave Courbet, just outside the Exposition grounds.*

This was the first Exposition both to have national pavilions and **to offer a carnival atmosphere [fittingly]. Every French wine district at it had won exhibits and cellars,** while cafés and restaurants offering a variety of international cuisines encircled the main building and opened on to the outer gardens. The French pavilion, a miniature palace, was used as a lounge for the imperial family and their guests, who included the brother of the Emperor of Japan, the Kings of Belgium, Greece, Portugal and Sweden, **Tsar Alexander II of Russia** (the target of an assassination attempt at Longchamp on 6 June), **King William I of Prussia**, the Khedive of Egypt, the Sultan of Turkey, the Queen of Wurttemberg and the Emperor of Austria. **Prince Napoléon [Plon-Plon] also made use of a room for himself, as alluded to by Cora Pearl:**

>>>HYPER-IMPORTANT<<<

When we wanted to meet **at the Universal Exhibition [1867],** we always went there separately. **The Duke [as Cora called Plon-Plon] had there a room fitted in the Turkish fashion, where I found him every day at the same hour.** He often brought papers there so as to waste as little of his working time as possible. He examined with extreme pleasure **the smallest details relating to foreign manufactures, particularly machines which had to do with the new applications for electricity.** *

* Part Two also visits Universal Exhibition of 1867

Many times I have seen him draw portions of machinery, and note upon his drawings any novel points, concerning which he would afterwards have prolonged interviews with the exhibitors. The subject of aerial navigation interested him equally. He had a large collection of engravings representing balloons of all kinds.

At the heart of the Exposition was the machinery gallery, which included a display of Prussian military might which the French would have done well to take of – a gigantic fifty-ton Krupp cannon made of steel which could fire shells weighing a thousand pounds.

By May the Exposition was in full swing and people began to flock to Paris from all over Europe. Maxime du Camp, writing from a rather jaundiced post-Empire perspective, noted that Paris was also subject to a vast influx of prostitutes at this time, that the Exposition ‘drew from the four corners of the world all the fallen women, or those who wanted nothing more than to fall’. He even appears to suggest that the authorities deliberately brought in such women, to encourage the visitors to have a good time and lavish their money on the entertainments of all varieties which Paris had to offer. There were more and more shops to enjoy, new department stores opening in the second half of the 1860s including the Printemps near the Gare Saint-Lazare, La Samaritaine between Pont Neuf and the rue de Rivoli, and Grand Bazar de l’ Hôtel de Ville. In 1863 Aristide Boucicaut had bought this partner’s interest in the Bon Marche and four years later issued the first French mail order catalogue for the benefit of provincial customers. Then in September 1869 the foundation stone of a new and magnificent building for the Bon Marche was laid: the architects were L.A. Boileau and Gustave Eiffel, both pioneers in the use of iron and glass in functional architecture. The fashionable restaurants were also continuing to flourish: **the owner of the Café Anglais**, for instance, was able to afford the life of a country gentleman and to pay his celebrated chef, **Adolphe Dugléré (whom Rossini named ‘the Mozart of French cooking’)**, twenty-five thousand francs a year.

The great ceremony of the distribution of prizes by the Emperor was held on 1 July in the Palais de l'Industrie before twenty thousand invited guests. The Exposition was closed after seven months on 3 November; more than eleven million visits had been recorded...

...'To have fun, fun and more fun was everyone's preoccupation.' There is a sense of glitter- or *poudre d'or*- about Second Empire Paris at its zenith, accompanied by an underlying disquiet that all that glitters may not be really gold. 'Celebrities sprang up like mushrooms and shriveled even before the sun went down. One lived fast, feverishly. As the English governess Anna Bicknell put it: **'Paris was a sort of fairyland, where everyone one lived only for amusement, and where every one seemed rich and happy. What lay underneath all this, *would not bear close examination*- the dishonorable acts of all kinds, which too often were needed to produce the glamour deceiving superficial observers'**. Not all non-Parisians were so judgmental; Dr. Thomas W. Evans, for example, Napoléon III's American dentist and a man highly valued in court circles throughout Europe for his anaesthetic skills, clearly liked what he saw and enjoyed the emphasis on the outward show:

It was a society full of movement and originality, of unconventionality, and gaiety, and charm. The admirable taste, the artistic sentiment and distinction shown by those who best represented it, especially in everything relating to manners, and dress, and the outward appearance of the person, found expression in a word which as then frequently used to symbolize the sum of all these mundane elegancies. **The women of those days were not more beautiful than are the women of the Republic; but the women of the Empire had *chic*.**

Arsène Houssaye wrote of the self-confidence of the best years of the Empire: 'no black specks on the horizon; the peacefulness of luxury and of money: one lived just for the sake of living- from day to day. One spoke in the Chamber merely to demonstrate one's

eloquence. We were afraid of nothing, we thought we dominated the world, never had Paris been so widely acknowledged as the universal capital. **Count Horace de Viel-Castel**, however, could be predicted to see the dark side and to see it before most other people; his final diary entry, dated 27 August 1864, three months before his death, was doom-laden: **‘We are in decline, and what was young in the Emperor’s entourage is growing old, and what was not yet corrupted four years ago is now corrupted completely.’**

The Courtesans The demi-monde in 19th century France

By Joanna Richardson [Phoenix Press; London] 1967, 2000

Cora Pearl

Pg. 32

It was said that when she appeared at the Bouffes, **she dropped two diamonds on stage, and left them for the dresser to retrieve: they were worth four thousand francs, which was twice the dresser’s annual wages.** (If the tale was true, Cora Pearl could spare the jewels: one critic remarked that she looked like a jeweller’s window, with daylight lighting.) **Her performance at the Bouffes was witnessed by many *grandes cocottes*; it was created a sensation, and a count offered fifty thousand francs for the boots which Cora wore on stage.** The astounding offer was made for some astounding footwear. ‘I remember little of the performance,’ wrote an Englishman then in Paris, **‘except that Cupid played with great possession, that she was not much encumbered with garments, and that the buttons of her boots were large diamonds of the purest water.’** Not only the buttons. ‘In one last extravagant gambol,’ recalled William Osgood Field, **‘she threw herself flat on her back and flung her legs up in the air to show the soles of her shoes that were one mass of diamonds.’**

A French spectator took the occasion much more seriously. **Paul Foucher saw it as the official recognition of vice.** ‘The moral history of the modern theatre was,’ he wrote, Completed by a celebrated evening at which I was present, and perhaps it would not be wrong to perpetuate the memory, because it alone would characterize an epoch. It is usual and so, so to speak, traditional, to see venal love in distress turn to the theatre for self-advertisement. When you stop finding protectors in the Bois, at the Champs-Élysées concert, in the gallery of the theatre, you seek them out by cultivating the dramatic art; you make the stage into a boarded pavement. But until that particular evening we had not often seen the theatre exploit the scandals of common alcoves and cosmopolitan suppers. We had not seen it engage... **a woman whose whole celebrity had so far consisted in the money she spent- I won’t say exactly say without earning it, but at least without hiding the nature and the multiplicity of her collaborators...**At the reception at the Bouffes, vice was *presented*.

>>> HYPER-IMPORTANT <<<

Cora could afford to ignore such criticism of her stage performance. Few women led so resplendent a career as a courtesan. **She visited the Universal Exhibition [1867]*, where Prince Napoléon [Plon-Plon] awaited her in his private waiting room, which was furnished in Turkish style.** She sat, enthroned, in her box at the theatre; she went to Monte Carlo, where she lost seventy thousand francs in eight months; she visited Vichy, where her presence was ‘an ear of benediction’ for local tradesmen; she arrived, with a cart-load of luggage, six horses, and numerous retainers- ‘an enormous staff,’ she said- to gamble at Baden.

Among the satisfied admirers were Khalil Bey, the majestic and blue-spectacled old Turk, whose Parisian *hôtel* was filled with the wonders of the East. The Queen of Sheba, said Cora herself, ‘would have found the bed and boards in his house, which was not less

sumptuous than that of the divine Solomon. ‘ James Whelpley, an Irish lover, **gave Cora Pearl his fortune, 80,000 pounds sterling. She spent it in eight weeks.**

*** The most important liaison with Prince Napoléon [Plon-Plon]**

Pg. 27

She was, at first, obliged to live in a humble quarter of Paris, and to entertain undistinguished lovers. But Cora always had ‘*plenty of system*’; and since it has always been evident that success creates success, she determined to have the outward signs of wealth: dress by Worth and Laferrière and jewels from the rue de la Paix. It was Victor Massena (the grandson of Napoléon great marshal), third Duc de Rivoli and later fifth Prince of Essling, who obligingly bought them for her. Massena, her first important lover, not only bought her clothes and jewels, but maintained her servants. **He paid her chef, Salé, who sometimes spent thirty thousand francs on food in a fortnight.** He gave her money to lose at the Baden casino and racecourse (on their last visit to Baden, in 1869, she spent, apart from gambling losses, over fifty-nine thousand francs).

It was, naturally, impossible for Cora to content herself with one lover; and Massena found, to his anger, that his wildly expensive mistress was also giving her favours to Prince Achille Murat: a youth eleven years his junior. Murat was not rich, but he was incapable of refusing Cora’s slightest whim. She persuaded him to take her out hunting, and he gave her her first horse. **(Arsène Houssaye maintained that Cora, who rode like an Amazon, was kinder to her horses than her lovers.)**

...The *grande monde*, to their anger, saw themselves outclassed, and even Marie Colombier, one of the most spiteful of Cora’s rivals, could only write that ‘Cora Pearl

personified what one might call the English type of courtesan. **She was essentially a sportswoman, who rode like a jockey and liked to swank by cracking a whip...** She had a perfect bust, it was worthy of being sculpted by some old master.'

Pg. 34

Every New Year's Day brought a queue of worshippers, bearing only costly offering to the goddess. At one moment, so it seems, Cora was conducting simultaneous affairs with Prince Napoléon, Demidoff, and Demidoff's compatriot Narischkin. She played her lovers against each other with fruitful calculation. Prince Napoléon would be told that Demidoff had given her a necklace worth 5,000 pounds sterling; he would immediately buy her, say, a rivière of diamonds worth twice as much. Narischkin, not to be outdone, would hasten to the jeweller's; and so *ad infinitum*. **As the Comte de Maugny said, Cora had plenty of system.**

Napoléon III And His Carnival Empire

By John Bierman [St. Martin's Press; New York] 1988

Pg. 260

Just as the drably respectable flavor of the preceding Orléanist period had been set by the buttoned-down King Louis-Philippe, so was **the erotic ambience of the Second Empire determined by the example of the libidinous Louis-Napoléon and his coterie of court roués, eager mistresses, and complaisant husbands.**

This atmosphere of indulgence, permeating all levels of society, had made pursuit of pleasure seem a universal occupation, accessible to all but the poorest. **A duke or a banker might exchange a rivière of diamonds worth 50,000 francs for a few nights**

with one of the city's celebrated *grandes courtesans*, but a banker's clerk or a duke's valet, visiting some neighborhood *bal grisette*, could have an equally memorable time for the price of a new dress and a few drinks, with any one of an army of eager and well-versed amateurs.

Alexandre Dumas *fils* had coined the term *demi-monde* in the 1855 stage version of his durable and adaptable novel, *La Dame aux Camélias*, to describe the capital's parallel society of courtesans, their clients and hangers-on, and the operatives of **the service industries which fed off their commerce, from restaurateurs to hairdressers and from couturiers to waiters.**



At the summit of this half-world, which existed alongside the court and frequently overlapped onto it, were expensive *belles horizontals* such as Leonide Leblanc, who boasted the sobriquet “Madame Maximum” and numbered **among her lovers Plon-Plon** and one of Louis-Philippe’s sons, the duc d’Aumale; such as Celeste Mogador- like **Marguerite Bellanger***, an ex-equestrienne from the **Cirque Franconi**- who so ensnared a foolish young nobleman that he made her the Comtesse de Chabrilan; such as **Cora Pearl, born Emma Crouch, the splendidly vulgar English strumpet** who was famous for her toilet seat made of swansdown, her broad Cockney accent and **her sumptuous breasts, plaster casts of which she presented to her most important regular clients.**

***Olympia by Manet: Part Two / Part Three / Part Four**

Often the clients were as extravagant and outrageous as the courtesans, and none more so than Madame Persigny’s occasional lover, the seemingly insatiable duc de Gramont-Caderousse. He was the leader of an exclusive group of one hundred or so *Cocodes*- “swells” or “sports” in contemporary English parlance- whose mirror image was the loose confederation of one hundred or so leading courtesans, known as the Ogresses, or man-eaters.

Gramont-Caderousse’s exploits were legendary. On one notable occasion, he presented the quondam Miss Crouch with a solid silver bathtub which he filled with champagne before stripping and climbing into it, in front of a roomful of friends. At another bacchanale, he is said to have jumped a thorough-bred over a table laden with priceless Sevres. He once paid a can-can dancer known as “Rigolboche” 5,000 francs to walk naked in broad daylight across the *Boulevard des Italiens*.

But his most stylish jape was performed when he knew he was about to die. He invited a dozen of his closest friends to a farewell supper party, got them very drunk, “and then,

very quietly and without a struggle, expired before they had time to get sober...**and died, as he had lived, like a clever clown.**"

Gramont-Caderousse was only thirty-two, having thrown away in frenzied dissipation not only his health but also a very considerable fortune. Such was the fate of many another *Cocode*, men of seemingly inexhaustible wealth ruined by gambling and the voracious demands of irresistible vices. To these- if disease or exhaustion did not carry them off first- suicide sometimes seemed more acceptable than bankruptcy. **"That pig," said Cora Pearl of a lover shot himself in her living room. "He has ruined by lovely carpet!"**

In dress and behavior, the women of the court and the "respectable" side of Parisian society *all too frequently took their cue from the strumpets they looked down upon,* meeting their lovers undisguised and unveiled in theaters and restaurants riding with them publically in the Bois, going openly to their apartments.

Louis Pasteur

By Patrice Debré [John Hopkins University Press; Baltimore & London] 1998
Translated by Elborg Forster

Pg. 118

Pasteur Classes in the Second Empire

The arrival of the Pasteur family at the beginning of the academic year **1857** was not celebrated with great fanfare, for there was not much money for housing the new administrator.

It was only normal that Pasteur should be put in charge of scientific studies at the École normale...In 1858 the rue d'Ulm was extended.

In the Second Empire, the atmosphere of the school had changed from what it had been under the July Monarchy or the Second Republic. Among the students in arts and letters, in particular, *the love of debate had turned into a libertarian spirit*; the Normaliens had a tradition of resistance, and the government would have loved to channel these unfocused energies by which it felt threatened. In his *Grand dictionnaire universel du XIX siècle*, Pierre Larousse has left us an astounding description of what went on during the recess in the rue d'Ulm:

After the lectures, study hall was interspersed with long visit to the ...how shall I put this...let's speak English...to the water closets. They were very big, these water closets, and in front of them was an antechamber where the students held their club meetings during the long study halls of the morning. **Everyone can't belong to the Jockey Club!** After two hours of speaking the language of Bossuet, the language of Cicero and that of Demosthenes, it was nice to use a bit of the argot of the boulevards, and the place to do it was the above-mentioned antechamber. **And here the talk, naturally, was of the fashionable cocettes and, not quite as naturally, of the renowned actors and actresses;** here also falsely acquired literary reputations were raked over the coals...

Pg. 128 >>> **HYPER IMPORTANT: Pasteur and Napoléon III** <<<

...Pasteur was never more eloquent than when he spoke in cold anger. He emerged victorious from this struggle and was elected to the Academy of Sciences on 8 December 1862 by thirty-six out of sixty votes.

Shortly after this election, on 19 March 1863, Pasteur was presented to the head of state as was customary for recently elected members of the *Institut*. Jean-Baptiste Dumas introduced the forty-year-old scientist as he entered the gilded salons of the Tuileries Palace. **Ten years after the summer when he had tried to catch the eye of Napoléon III as he was walking along the beach at Dieppe, Pasteur finally met the Emperor.**

The day after this meeting, he marveled at the sagacity of his interlocutor's reflections: **"I assured the Emperor that my whole ambition was to arrive at an understanding of the causes of putrid and infectious diseases. *The Emperor approved of the direction of my work and added that he believed that some animalcules might play a role in the development of these diseases.*** He spoke of the malaria of the Roman countryside and in that connection cited some unusual facts he had observed. "

Always receptive to flattery from high places, Pasteur temporarily succumbed to the charms of social events at the imperial court. **He could sometimes be seen in its salons, especially at the residence of Princess Mathilde, daughter of Jérôme Bonaparte [sister of Plon-Plon]**...But like everyone else, Pasteur went to the princess's to plead his own causes, for he never stopped talking about the role of yeasts in wine making or the need for new ways of vinegar making and lamenting the poor public image of laboratories and the inertia of government agencies. **Pasteur's presence at these soirees amounted to a kind of command performance.** Being seen at court was quasi-mandatory for the recipients of academic honors.

However that may be, these endeavors soon bore fruit, at least as far as Pasteur's personal career was concerned. **On 18 November 1863, a chair of geology, physics, and applied chemistry was created for him at the École des Beaux-Arts.** It is true that Pasteur had executed a few nice-looking pastels in his youth, but he had done nothing of the kind since, or even shown any particular interest in the arts.



Gustave Courbet photo by Félix Nadar, c. 1860

A great revolutionary in the sciences, Pasteur was more than conservative in his artistic taste. **He would always ignore innovative artists, among others the Impressionists, and favor some *second-rate* painters.** Pasteur liked the canvases of Thomas Couture and Jean-Jacques Henner, the statues of Paul Dubois or Jean-Joseph Perraud. **He paid no attention to Courbet, who lived and and worked a few kilometers from Arbois.** Contemptuous of Manet, he felt that Monet, Sisley, or Pissaro did not even come close to any pupil of Meissonier.



La vague / The Wave by Gustave Courbet, 1869



Young ladies beside the Seine by Gustave Courbet, 1856



The Romans in their Decadence by Thomas Couture, 1847



Woman on a black divan by Jean-Jacques Henner, 1865

At the École des Beaux-Arts, his classes for architects were essentially concerned with public health issues. Pasteur showed the effects of poor ventilation and inveighed against the polluted air prisons. **He told the students that in 1815 the wounded had died less rapidly in the crowded abattoirs than in the hospitals.** He considered the isolation wings of the Lariboisière hospital that were just then under construction in Paris a model of medical architecture.

His classes for painters also addressed technical matters, such as the handling of oils and varnishes and the proper use of gum, glue, egg white, quick-drying oils, and linseed oil: “In the art of painting, the smallest things can be important. Do you realize that if the oxygen of the air did not combine with the oil of linseed, carnation, hazelnut, and hemp and thereby harden it, oil painting would not exist, could never have been invented? For neither olive oil nor almond oil is capable of drying.” Did these young art students really listen when Pasteur spoke to them in this manner? One may doubt it. However, even today, many artists would benefit from looking into this basic chemistry of painting, which for the most part is valid. There is a great deal to talk about technique, and there are the obligatory complaints that it is too often neglected, but in fact Pasteur’s lessons do not seem to command any more attention today than they did a hundred years ago.

The Courtesans

The demi-monde in 19th century France

By Joanna Richardson [Phoenix Press; London] 1967, 2000

Pg. 31

In the last five years of the Second Empire, **from 1865 to 1870, Cora reached her dazzling zenith. She was so rich that her jewels alone were worth a million francs, and she had two or three houses furnished quite regardless of expense**, and she showed the lavishness of all the *grandes cocottes*, choosing some of her clothes at

Worth's, giving stupendous entertainments, grand dinners, masked balls and impromptu suppers (at which the peaches and grapes did not rest on the usual vine leaves, but on fifteen hundred francs' worth of Parma violets). She threw herself into the febrile life of the Second Empire. Early in 1866 she appeared as Eve at a fancy-dress ball at the Restaurant des Trois Frères Provençaux. She looked very well, reported an English journalist, **'and her form and figure were not concealed by any more garments than were worn by the original apple-eater...'**

Cora Pearl [snapped Philibert Audebrand] **made her appearance half-naked on the stage**, singing with quite a marked little Anglo-Saxon accent the couplets which begin I know Love. That evening the Jockey Club, in its entirety, graced the theatre. **All the names which are blazoned in the Golden Book of the French nobility were there**, complete with white gloves and ivory lorgnettes...it was success of a kind.

Pg. 29

She spent a small fortune on entertaining: there were rarely fewer than fifteen people to dinner, and her chef insisted that he could not buy less than a side of beef at a time. Cora was not content with such gastronomic extravagance; **one day she wagered her guests that she would give them some meat which none of them would dare to cut**. She had herself served up on huge silver salver, borne by four men. She was naked with a sprinkling of parsley.

Pg. 36

At the age of about thirty-seven, Cora captivated a rich young man, ten years her junior: he was Alexandre Duval, whose father had founded the chain of popular restaurants, known as the *Bouillons Duval*, in Paris. **Alexandre Duval was invited to wear Prince Napoléon's * nightshirt**. 'With that crown on my stomach,' he said later, 'I felt I had

arrived. Duval was young, besotted, and rich enough to give Cora the sort of presents she understood. Among them was a finely bound book; each of its hundred pages was thousand-franc note.

* Plon-Plon's nightshirt

There is no doubt that she preferred the banknotes to the donor; and when, having given her some horses from the ex-Emperor's stables, not to mention jewels, bric-à-brac, and the money to keep up the rue de Chaillot and the château near Orléans, Duval reached the end of his resources, Cora dismissed him. At three o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday, 19 December 1872, returned to the rue de Chaillot with a revolver. It is said that he meant to shoot Cora; but the revolver went off, wounding him so gravely that he was in danger of death. **The *affaire Duval* caused such a stir that Cora was banished from France.** 'A singular thing,' observed Le Figaro, on 26 December. 'Since we have been a republic only two people have been banished from France, Prince Napoléon and Mademoiselle Cora Pearl.' **'I was paying dearly,'** wrote Cora herself, **'for someone else's unexpected moment of aberration.'**

She went to Monte Carlo, and on to Nice, where she stayed with another *grande cocotte*, **Caroline Letessier**, who was then kept by the Prince of Monaco's son. Then she travelled to Milan, where, by some happy chance, she found Prince Napoléon, **'still the same, very liberal**, very much above gossip, judging by his reason alone. He did not seem displeased to see me.

Pg. 37

In 1874, no longer able to solve the problems of separation and financial strain, Prince Napoléon [Plon-Plon] had broken his liaison.

Prince Napoléon Bonaparte [Plon-Plon]

[Truncated for relevancy, continued]

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Prince_Napol%C3%A9on_Bonaparte

...When Prince Impérial died in 1879 [in Anglo-Zulu War in southern Africa], **Prince Napoléon [Plon-Plon] became, genealogically, the most senior member** of the Bonaparte family, but **the Prince Imperial's [Napoléon III's son] will excluded him from the succession, nominating Prince Napoléon's son Napoléon Victor Jérôme Frédéric Bonaparte as the new head of the family.** As a result, Prince Napoléon and his son quarrelled for the remainder of Prince Napoléon's life.

Prince Napoléon died in Rome in 1891, aged 68. Prince (Jérôme) Napoléon, upon being banished from France by the 1886 law exiling heads of the nation's former ruling dynasties, settled at Prangins on the shores of Lake Geneva, in Vaud, Switzerland where, during the Second Empire, he had acquired a piece of property. **The assets he left his heir were extremely modest:** Besides the Villa Prangins and the adjoining estate of 75 hectares, estimated at 800,000 francs of the time, approximately 130 million of France's old francs, they were limited to a portfolio valued at 1,000,000 (1891) francs, about 160 million old francs.



Prince Impérial, Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte (1856-1879, Aged 23), only child of Napoléon III of France [as his only legitimate heir] and his Empress consort Eugénie. At 14, Empire died. Killed in service with imperial British army in Anglo-Zulu War.

The Courtesans
The demi-monde in 19th century France

By Joanna Richardson [Phoenix Press; London] 1967, 2000

>>>>DOUBLE HYPER-IMPORTANT<<<<

Cora Pearl & Modern Make-Up

Pg. 34

Cora's dog was no doubt the dog that died in Rome in 1873. **Cora had dyed it blue to match a dress. For she was apt to set strange fashions. In 1867 she inspired a craze for a drink which the Parisians called 'Tears of Cora Pearl'.** ...Cora not only dyed her hair, she painted her eyelashes, brightened her eyes, and used face-powders tinted with silver and pearl. 'She tanned her skin,' remembered Claudin, in astonishment, 'and in spite of that many women copied her.' ...**As Gustave Claudin would recall, in *Mes Souvenirs*, she introduced modern make-up into France.**

Pg. 143

Rosalie Léon

So did the jeweler and the couturier [enjoyed their prosperity]. **Rosalie Léon was one of the most elegant demi-mondaines, and given to an originality in dress which had Mme Worth, the couturier's wife, up in arms.**



Mettre la robe du favori / The Dressing of the Favorite

by Henri-Pierre Picou, **1857**

I remember [wrote Jean-Philippe Worth] that my mother once attend the races where Rosalie Léon appeared in a lemon coloured taffeta made entirely of tiny pleated flounces....About this yellow frock was tied a leaf green sash which was knotted at one side and its ends left floating. This combination of brilliant yellow and springlike green... created a sensation and scandalized my mother. When my father asked her upon her return if she had seen Madame Rosalie Léon's yellow and green dress, she snapped, 'I did. And I never saw anything so ridiculous. It looked just like an *omelette aux fine herbes*!'

The truth was that Madame Léon was very charming in her omelette dress and **proceeded to set the fashion for wearing yellow trimmed with green, or vice versa. For by then people no longer shied at something new or different. My father had at last won the day...and banished banality and sartorial unprogressiveness from Paris forever.**

...Perhaps the strictly conservative presence of Mme Worth sometimes kept the great demi-mondaines out of the shop in the Rue de la Paix. **But Rosalie Léon was not the only member of *la garde* who advertised the courturier's inspiration...**In 1867, Paris was laughing at the indignation of a princess who had found herself face to face at a fashion house with Léonide Leblanc. They were both waiting to be received by the great *habilleuse*.

Their turn came [said *La Vie parisienne*]; but **Léonide Leblanc was received before the princess. *Inde irae*, fury, rage.** But then who do people expose themselves to such misadventures? **The tradesman only recognizes equality of wealth- and he is right.**

Charles Frederick Worth

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Charles_Frederick_Worth

Charles Frederick Worth (13 October 1825 – 10 March 1895) **was an English fashion designer** who founded the House of Worth, one of the foremost fashion houses of the 19th and early 20th centuries. **He is considered by many fashion historians to be the father of *haute couture*. Worth is also credited with revolutionising the business of fashion.**

Established in Paris in 1858, his fashion salon soon attracted European royalty, and where they led monied society followed. **An innovative designer, he adapted 19th-century dress to make it more suited to everyday life, with some changes said to be at the**

request of his most prestigious client Empress Eugénie. He was the first to use live models in order to promote his garments to clients, and to sew branded labels into his clothing; almost all clients visited his salon for a consultation and fitting – thereby turning the House of Worth into a society meeting point. By the end of his career, his fashion house employed 1,200 people and its impact on fashion taste was far-reaching. The Metropolitan Museum of Art has said that his "aggressive self-promotion" earned him the title of the first couturier. **Certainly, by the 1870s, his name was not just known in court circles, but appeared in women's magazines that were read by wide society.**

Worth raised the status of dressmaking so that the designer-maker also became arbiter of what women should be wearing. Writing on the history of fashion and, in particular, dandyism, in 2002, George Walden said: "Charles Frederick Worth dictated fashion in France a century and a half before Galliano".

House of Worth success

Success came fast from this point on; in 1860 a ball dress Worth designed for Princess de Metternich was admired by Empress Eugénie, who asked for the dressmaker's name and demanded to see him the next day. In her memoirs, de Metternich commented: "And so...Worth was made and I was lost, for from that moment there were no more dresses at 300 francs each".

Worth offered a new approach to the creation of couture dresses, offering a plethora of fabrics (some from his former employer Gagelin) and expertise in tailoring. Within a decade, his designs were recognized internationally and in high demand. By the 1870s, they were appearing in fashion magazines read by wider society. Indeed, the influence of his designs may have spread even earlier via the fashion columns following Empress Eugénie's fashion choices in influential titles such as US magazine *Godey's Lady's Book*.

Worth also changed the dynamic of the relationship between client and clothes maker. Where previously the dressmaker (invariably female) would visit the client's home for a one-to-one consultation, with the exception of Empress Eugénie clients generally attended Worth's salon in rue de la Paix for a consultation and it also became a social meeting point for society figures. His approach to marketing was also innovative – **he was the first to use live mannequins in order to promote his gowns to clients.** His wife was his early model in the 1850s, leading Lucy Bannerman to describe Vernet as the world's first professional model.

The fashion house had begun with 50 staff, but swelled over time to over 1,200 staff. This was work that required painstaking attention to detail, finesse and craftsmanship – a Worth bodice might have up to 17 pieces of material to ensure the perfect fit to its wearer. Seamstresses would be assigned to different workshops where they specialized in, for instance, making sleeves, stitching hems or skirt making. Most of the sewing of Worth garments was by hand, although the advent of the early sewing machine meant some main seams could be stitched by mechanical means.

Worth became Empress Eugénie's official dressmaker and ensured the majority of her orders for extravagant evening wear, court dresses, and masquerade costumes. She had him on call constantly to create dresses for events she attended. **As an example of the scale of Worth's business with the Empress, for the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869, she had decided she needed 250 Worth dresses.** Apart from Empress Eugénie, he had numerous other royal clients, including Empress Elisabeth of Austria.

Wealthy and socially ambitious women were drawn to Worth's showpiece creations. Over time this included American clients; Worth loved working with them because his French language skills never reached fluency and, as he put it, **American women: "have faith, figures, and francs – faith to believe in me, figures that I can put into shape, francs**

to pay my bills". Wealthy Americans travelled to Paris to have their entire wardrobe made by Worth – and that meant morning, afternoon and evening dresses as well as what were termed 'undress' items such as nightgowns and tea gowns. He would also design special occasion garments, such as wedding dresses. **Alongside high society, the House of Worth also produced garments for popular stars such as Sarah Bernhardt,** Lillie Langtry and Jenny Lind – who shopped there for both performance and private wear. **Prices at Worth were dizzying for the time;** the last bill it issued to Princess de Metternich – who had commented on the end of the 300 franc dress once Worth acquired royal patronage – was for the sum of 2,247 francs. Her purchase had been one lilac velvet dress.

Napoléon III And His Carnival Empire

By John Bierman [St. Martin's Press; New York] 1988

Pg. 257-258

If Morny and Persigny, in their very different fashions, were quintessential Second Empire men, the extraordinary **Princess Pauline von Metternich** was very much of **the Second Empire woman**.

Pauline Metternich, **wife of the Austrian Ambassador**, was a classic *belle-laide*. She had pop eyes and yellowish skin and disarming self-mocking wit. **She used to describe herself as a looking like “ a rather chic monkey.”** But by her verve and sheer ebullience, she mesmerized even those who disapproved of her.

Prosper Mérimée [who seems to be much like a cork-pulling house guest you cannot get rid of but has a quip on everybody else so you keep him around as roving furniture with personality] described her as **“half great lady and half whore.”** She

would smoke cigars, dance the can-can, and sing lewd ballads, imitating to perfection the cafés-concerts singers of the day. **One night she went out for a dare onto the Boulevard des Italiens and *walked the pavement with the street prostitutes*** until a policeman came along and demanded to see her permit.

Eugénie was inordinately fond of her, and took her advice on matters of dress and

coiffeur. She even forgave her remark which, from the lips of anyone else, would surely have been considered unforgivable. **“My Empress,” she said, “is a *real* Empress. The Empress Eugénie is merely Mille de Montijo.”**





Princess Pauline von Metternich 1860 & Empress Eugénie de Montijo, c. 1854

Both portraits by F. X. Winterhalter

Best of friends and clients of Charles Worth

The Courtesans
The demi-monde in 19th century France

By Joanna Richardson [Phoenix Press; London] 1967, 2000

Pg. 145

...The creation of the demi-monde was the end of a world. In the days of Louis-Philippe, the courtesans did not appear in broad daylight; they did not have their civil status and the place in the sun. **But during the Second Empire, the mondaines and the demi-mondaines had begun to brush shoulders with each other at charity balls and races.** At first sight they were identical women, dressed by the same couturiers, with the subtle difference that the **demi-mondaines had more *chic*** than the mondaines (indeed, it was then that **the world *chic* came into fashion** among women). **By 1866**, in *La Vie parisienne* by Meilhac and Halévy, the Baronne Gondremarck **could not distinguish the aristocrat from the *cocotte*.**

Napoléon III – A Life

By Fenton Bressler [Carroll & Graf Publishers; New York] 1999

Pg. 288

Their meeting had been somewhat matter-of-fact; they had just crossed each other's path on the staircase at the Palais Royale, ex-King Jérôme's home in Paris, on 26 January 1856 when, at around midnight, Louis was leaving a party given by his uncle and Virginia was just arriving. Her beauty was not to be ignored. 'You're rather late!' said Louis

ruefully and she is alleged to have replied with a ravishing smile: ‘No, Sire, it is you who are leaving early!’

Napoléon III And His Carnival Empire

By John Bierman [St. Martin’s Press; New York] 1988

Pg. 170

The beautiful Florentine first caught Napoléon’s ever roving eye at one of Mathilde’s [Plon-Plon’s sister] soirées in early January. **When she was presented to him, he twirled the waxed ends of his mustache appreciatively** and attempted to engage her in small talk. But Virginie seemed to be tongue-tied in the presence of such awesome imperial power and Napoléon remarked afterward: “She is beautiful, but doesn’t seem to have much spirit.”

She and Napoléon had their next encounter at a costume ball given by the Foreign Minister in mid-February. **Eugénie, heavy with child at the time and extremely irritable, watched Virginie’s entrance** on the arm of an elderly dandy with considerable displeasure. **La Castiglione was dressed as the Queen of Hearts**, but looked little like the prim figure on the playing card.

Napoléon’s cousin, Princess Caroline Murat, would recall that the costume was **“exceedingly décolleté,” and entirely open at the sides from the hips downwards**. She wore her hair flowing loose over her neck and shoulders. Her conspicuous ornaments were crimson hearts though as it were at random upon the dress, some in positions that were decidedly unexpected. The Empress, congratulating her upon her achievement,

added, looking at one of the symbols which was particularly conspicuous, **“But your heart seems a little low down.”**

On the occasion of another carnival ball, La Castiglione **“startled the company by coming as Salambo in a costume of transparent gossamer, her bosom and ankles as bare as her beautiful arms of which she was excusably proud.**

Princess Pauline von Metternich was no less admiring than Princess Caroline, finding herself **“rooted to the spot before this miracle of beauty. La Castiglione’s figure, she said, ‘was that of a nymph.** Her throat, her shoulders, her arms, her hands...seemed as if sculpted from pink marble. Her cleavage, however excessive, did not seem improper, for **this superb creature resembled a classical statue.”**

With almost excessive enthusiasm, Metternich went on to describe La Castiglione’s face—“a delicious oval, her eyes dark green and velvety, surmounted by brows that could have been traced by a miniaturist’s pencil, her small nose...obstinate, yet absolutely regular, her teeth like pearls.” She summed up in a word, Venus descended from Olympus. Never had I seen such beauty, never will I see its like!”

Viel-Castel, too, was waspishly appreciative of La Castiglione’s beauty. “She bore the burden of her beauty with insolence,” he confided to his Journal, “and displayed it with effrontery.” He was particularly taken by her “truly admirable” bosom, which was ‘enveloped in a zephyr gauze, the eye following the contours to the last detail.” **Her breasts, he said, “seemed to throw out a challenge to all women.**

In short, in a milieu replete with seductive women, **La Castiglione had become, virtually overnight, the rage of Paris**, and this could hardly fail to go to the head of a none too reflective girl of nineteen.

Pg. 171-172

‘Every movement, every gesture was studied,’ she observed, and “she began to get on one’s nerves.” But as far as men were concerned, “what virtue would have been required to resist her,” as Napoléon’s cousin, the comtesse Tascher de la Pagerie, exclaimed.

Napoléon, of course, was without such virtue. And for all that his sexual powers were supposedly waning, Cowley was complaining to London within a month of Virginie’s arrival that the emperor was “so much engrossed and occupied with the beauteous Castiglione” that was difficult to get an appointment. “It will do his nerves no good.”

Napoléon remained obsessed. Eugénie, of course, knew what was going on but suppressed her outrage, though her self-control must have been stretched to breaking point when word got back to her that La Castiglione had said to a mutual acquaintance: “My mother was a fool. If she had brought me to France before I married there would have been not a Spaniard but an Italian in the Tuileries.”

As the affair progressed Eugénie, angry, humiliated, and bitterly aware that she could do nothing to stop it, was reduced to sniping at La Castiglione from the flank. **On one occasion when the countess turned up a palace ball wearing a dress that was extreme even by her standards, Eugénie sent her home with tart instructions to change into something more suitable.** Napoléon remained enthralled. Nothing La Castiglione could do or say was outrageous enough to dampen his ardor.

Paris Reborn

By Stephane Kirkland [St. Martin's Press; New York] 2013

Pg. 57-58

The sartorial daring of La Castiglione was legendary. Once, at the height of the success of Gustave Flaubert's *Salammbô*, she attended a costume party dressed as the sultry heroine. **She appeared at the ballroom of the *Palais des Tuileries* barefoot, her arms uncovered to the shoulder and her silk trousers slit to the hip, causing ripples of shock mixed with admiration throughout the ballroom.**

On July 23 of the same year, La Castiglione was present at a ball at *Villeneuve-l'Etang*, a property on the far end of the park of the *Palais de Saint-Cloud*. **At one point, Napoléon III offered to take her out by rowboat to see the small island in the lake on the grounds. It took an extremely long time for the two to return. The empress grew increasingly fidgety.** When the emperor and the countess reappeared, there was a wave of consternation among the guests. **Not one could fail to notice that the countess's dress was heavily wrinkled;** there was little doubt as to the nature of their activity during their time of absence from the party.

The Courtesans
The demi-monde in 19th century France

By Joanna Richardson [Phoenix Press; London] 1967, 2000

Cora Pearl

Pg. 25

...By unanimous consent she became, for twenty-five years, the prototype of the modern courtesan.

From 1852, Cora Pearl set the tone for that world of gallantry whose eccentricities always **ended by leaving their mark on the real world**. People who went to the Bois were determined to have a carriage modeled on hers, with little café-au-lait colored horses, as like as possible to the ones she drove herself. It went without saying that the women of Paris, beginning with those at Court, copied her clothes, her hair, her habits, and soon her fantastic behavior.

‘Since this enchantress has the art of drawing all men to her, of course,’ said Mme de P***, **‘we must do every mortal thing to be like her.’**

Margaret Campbell, Duchess of Argyll

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Margaret_Campbell,_Duchess_of_Argyll



Margaret was the only child of Helen Mann Hannay and George Hay Whigham, a Scottish millionaire who was chairman of the Celanese Corporation of Britain and North America. She spent the first 14 years of her life in New York City, where she was educated privately at the Hewitt School. Her beauty was much spoken of, and she had youthful romances with playboy Prince Aly Khan, millionaire aviator Glen Kidston, car salesman Baron Martin Stillman von Brabus and publishing heir Max Aitken.

In 1928, David Niven [famous cinema actor] had sex with the 15-year-old Margaret Whigham, during a holiday at Bembridge on the Isle of Wight. To the fury of her father, she became pregnant as a result. Margaret was rushed into a London nursing home for a secret termination. **"All hell broke loose,"** remembered her family cook, Elizabeth Duckworth. Margaret didn't mention the episode in her 1975 memoirs, but she continued

to adore Niven until the day he died. She was among the VIP guests at his London memorial service.

In 1930, she was presented at Court in London and was known as the deb (or debutante) of that year. Shortly afterwards, she announced her engagement to Charles Guy Fulke Greville, 7th Earl of Warwick. However, the wedding did not take place, for her head had been turned by Charles Sweeny, an American amateur golfer from a wealthy Pennsylvania family.

On 22 March 1951, Margaret became the third wife of Ian Douglas Campbell, 11th Duke of Argyll. She wrote later in life:

I had wealth, I had good looks. As a young woman I had been constantly photographed, written about, flattered, admired, included in the Ten Best-Dressed Women in the World list, and mentioned by Cole Porter in the words of his hit song "You're the Top". The top was what I was supposed to be. I had become a duchess and mistress of an historic castle. My daughter had married a duke. Life was apparently roses all the way.

The Duke suspected his wife of infidelity; and, while she was in New York, he employed a locksmith to break open a cupboard at their Mayfair pied-à-terre, 48 Upper Grosvenor Street. The evidence discovered resulted in the infamous 1963 divorce case, in which the Duke of Argyll accused his wife of infidelity and included a set of Polaroid photographs of the Duchess nude, save for her signature three-strand pearl necklace, in the company of another man... **There were also photographs of the be-pearled Duchess (XX) a naked man whose face was not shown.** It was speculated that the "headless man" was the Minister of Defence Duncan Sandys (later Lord Duncan-Sandys, **son-in-law of Winston Churchill**), who offered to resign from the cabinet.

Also introduced to the court was a list of as many as eighty-eight men with whom the Duke believed his wife had consorted; the list is said to include two government ministers and three members of the British royal family. The judge commented that the Duchess had indulged in "disgusting sexual activities". Lord Denning was called upon by the government to track down the "headless man."

She once told the *New York Times*, "I don't think anybody has real style or class any more. Everyone's gotten old and fat." **More to the point, she described herself as "always vain"**. Another quote gives an insight into her personality: "Always a poodle, only a poodle! That, and three strands of pearls!" she said. "Together they are absolutely the essential things in life."

Margaret wrote a memoir, *Forget Not*, which was published by W. H. Allen Ltd in 1975 and **negatively reviewed for its name dropping and air of entitlement**. She also lent her name as author to a guide to entertaining. Her fortune diminished, however, and she eventually opened her London house — 48 Upper Grosvenor Street, which had been decorated for her parents in 1935 by Syrie Maugham — for paid tours. **Even so, her extravagant lifestyle and ill-considered investments left her largely penniless by the time she died.**

In her youth, Margaret's father had told Rosie d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, a close friend of hers, that he feared for what his high-living only child would do once she had her entire inheritance. Consequently, Whigham blocked his daughter's access to the principal of her inheritance through various protective legal prohibitions. However, after his death, Margaret's lawyers successfully voided most of the safeguards. In 1978, her debts forced Margaret to move from her Belgravia house and relocate with her maid to a suite at the Grosvenor Hotel.

In April 1988, on the evening after the Grand National, she appeared on a Channel 4 *After Dark* discussion about horse racing "so she said, to put the point of view of the horse", later walking out of the programme "because she was so very sleepy".

In 1990, unable to pay the hotel bills, she was evicted, and with the support of friends and her first husband moved to an apartment.^[14]

Her children later placed her in a nursing home in Pimlico, London. **Here she was photographed by *Tatler* magazine, for which she had previously been a columnist, sitting on the edge of her bed in a grim single room. Margaret died in penury in 1993 after a bad fall in the nursing home.** She was buried alongside her first husband, Charles Sweeny, in Brookwood Cemetery in Woking, Surrey.

The Courtesans The demi-monde in 19th century France

By Joanna Richardson [Phoenix Press; London] 1967, 2000

Cora Pearl redux

Over dinner, Cora Pearl recalled her career. Late that night, while he was reading alone in the library, she entered in a borrowed dressing gown, and suddenly let it fall to her feet. **‘A woman’s vanity,’ she said, ‘should be sufficient excuse.** I found it difficult to rest until I had shown you that, if Cora Pearl has lost things else, she still retains that which made her famous – a form of loveliness.

In 1883, she was listed in the **Pretty Women of Paris**; but she figured there as a relic of the past.

One of the most celebrated whores of her time [noted the compiler]. She has charmed a generation of votaries to Venus, and still goes on undaunted...Now she is poor,

almost friendless, and up to her neck in debt, but she has not lost her merry disposition. No woman was ever so really good-hearted and generous when she had money, and none of her old lovers ever speaks of her except in terms of praise. Her features are pleasing; her hair is dyed fair, but her teeth are magnificent and healthy; and her skin is dazzling milky whiteness. ...She has never omitted using cold water, and is continually drenching her frame with an enormous sponge. To these ablutions and healthy exercise on horseback, we may ascribe the marvelous preservation of her bodily beauty. **Every man of any note for the last fifteen years has passed a few hours with Cora...who after sleeping in black satin sheets, embroidered with the arms of the Empire, now sheds tears of joy when an amateur slips a bank-note in her hand.**

Cora Pearl, who had once charged as much as ten thousand francs a night, had fallen to the ranks of the women who accepted five louis or even less.

If I had to live my life again [she had ended her *Mémoires*], perhaps I should be less wild, and more highly considered, not because I should have been worthier of esteem, but because I should have proved myself less clumsy. Should I regret my actual situation? Yes, if I think of my poverty. No, if I understand what my peace of mind would have cost me...Honour and justice are satisfied. **I have never deceived anyone, for I have never belonged to anyone. My independence was all my wealth: I have known no other happiness.**

In his *Mémoires d'un Parisien*, Albert Wolff dismissed the book as worthless, as the last cry of a vanished Parisian gallantry. 'In our new way of life,' he wrote, 'if I may be bold enough to say so, it has lost the importance it once possessed. **The courtesan of our day has gone democratic like everything else. Under the Empire, she belonged to a few; today, she belongs to everyone.**'



La perle / The Pearl by William-Adolphe Bouguereau, 1894

Pg. 140

Many of them were overwhelmed by the fortunes they acquired, the fortunes they squandered wildly like the nouveaux-riches they were. Their dresses were over-elaborate, their jewels far too many, their food too rich and spiced and abundant; their *hôtels* and *châteaux* often proved that they were blessed with wealth, but devoid of all aesthetic sense. They behaved not only as if they had just come into a fortune- which in fact they had; **they behaved like exhibitionist, petulant, pampered children. They would do anything for the *réclame*.**

Pg. 28

There were, of course, people who maintained that Cora Pearl was ugly. ‘Cora Pearl,’ noted Alphonse Daudet, the author of *Lettres de mon moulin*. ‘A clown’s head, a sewer of a mouth, a comic English accent. “Don’t call me Cora! It’s the name all the cabbies know...**Call me Pearl...More *chic*....less dowdy....**” A hideous head, a lithe young body.

Yet, despite the strictures of Daudet, it is not a plain but a piquant face which gazes out of the photographs. Cora Pearl, proved, if anyone proved, that conventional beauty was not the only means of attraction. Perhaps her piquancy, her exotic accent, her toughness, her independence, even her outrageous behavior, proved as seductive as her perfect figure. She found it easy to seduce the husbands and lovers of the most beautiful women in Paris. ‘In those days she was as fresh as a moss rose,’ recalled Gustave Claudin, the boulevardier, in the 1880s. **‘Prince Gortschakoff used to say that she was the last word in luxury, and that he would have tried to steal the sun to satisfy one of her whims.**

The Food and Wine of France

By Edward Behr [Penguin Press; New York] 2016

Pg. 47

A croissant seems quintessentially French, but it may have come to Paris only relatively recently. The crescent shape is timeless, and there's a record of "cakes" called *croissans* being served in Paris at a banquet for the queen as long ago as 1549, although there's no reason to think those were like the ones we eat today. During the nineteenth century in Paris, soft rolls called croissants were made from milk and the whitest flour and served with coffee, and they seem to have originated in Vienna, but again there's no evidence that those were flaky like today's. According to Raymond Calvel, France's great twentieth-century bread expert (who arrived in Paris from the South in 1932, already a baker), **a more buttery croissant was first introduced to Paris in 1889 by Viennese bakers at the *Exposition Universelle*, the one for which the Eiffel Tower was built, and yet there's no evidence that those were flaky either.**

The History of Modern France
From the Revolution to the War with Terror

By Jonathan Fenby [Simon & Schuster; New York] 2015

Pg. 186

...When France celebrated the new century at the Universal Exhibition of 1900, the symbolic figure over the monumental entrance was not Marianne the Republican, but *La Parisienne*, a typical young woman on the city dressed by Paquin. **Such figures of the modern age, a journalist wrote, had a special character marked by 'discreet elegance' in every aspect of her social life, sobriety, taste, innate distinction and the indefinable blend of bearing and modernity we call chic.** ' But also with a touch of

seduction as in Whistler's portrait of the wife of an artist friend who lets the shoulder strap of her dress slip.

Pg. xxxii

France's epic history stretches back to the Gauls who resisted the Roman legions of Julius Caesar and is peopled by great figures: **Joan of Arc**, the 'Sun King' Louis XIV, Napoléon and de Gaulle. It was central to the Enlightenment of the eighteenth century, which provided the ideas for its first revolution. **Its cultural flourishing in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries was unparalleled** – Balzac, Flaubert, **Baudelaire**, Hugo and Proust in literature, the Impressionist painters and those who followed them, the sculptor Rodin. **Until the Second World War, Paris was the creative capital of the world, while the French were at the forefront of the development of aviation and the motor car, and led advances in medicine and science with Pasteur and the Curies.**

Imitation of Life

[en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Imitation_of_Life_\(1959_film\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Imitation_of_Life_(1959_film))

Imitation of Life is a 1959 American romantic drama film directed by Douglas Sirk, produced by Ross Hunter and released by Universal International. **It was Sirk's final Hollywood film and dealt with issues of race, class and gender.** *Imitation of Life* is the second film adaptation of Fannie Hurst's novel of the same name; the first, directed by John M. Stahl, was released in 1934.

In 2015, the United States Library of Congress selected *Imitation of Life* for preservation in the National Film Registry, finding it "**culturally, historically, or aesthetically significant**" just like the original 1934 film.

In 1947, widow Lora Meredith (Lana Turner) dreams of becoming a famous Broadway actress. Losing track of her young daughter Susie at the beach (portrayed as a child by Terry Burnham), she asks a stranger named Steve Archer (John Gavin) to help her find the girl. Susie is found and looked after by Annie Johnson (Juanita Moore), a black single mother who also has a daughter, Sarah Jane (portrayed as a child by Karin Dicker), who is about Susie's age. **Sarah Jane inherited her father's fair skin and can pass for white. She does this with fierce zeal and fervor, taking advantage of her European heritage and features.** In return for Annie's kindness, Lora temporarily takes in Annie and her daughter. Annie persuades Lora to let her stay and look after the household, so that the widow can pursue an acting career.



With struggles along the way, Lora becomes a star of stage comedies, with Allen Loomis (Robert Alda) as her agent and David Edwards (Dan O'Herlihy) as her chief playwright. Although Lora had begun a relationship with Steve Archer, the stranger she met at the beach, their courtship falls apart because he does not want her to be a star. Lora's concentration on her career prevents her from spending time with her daughter, who sees more of Annie. Annie and Sarah Jane have their own problems, as **Sarah Jane is struggling with her mixed-race identity and wants to pass for white because of its privileges in American society in the pre-civil rights era.**

Eleven years later, in 1958, Lora is a highly regarded Broadway star living in a luxurious home in New York. Annie continues to live with her, serving as nanny, housekeeper, confidante and best friend. After rejecting David's latest script (and his marriage proposal), Lora takes a role in a dramatic play. At the show's after-party, she meets Steve, whom she has not seen in a decade. The two slowly begin rekindling their relationship, and Steve is reintroduced to Annie and the now-teenaged Susie (Sandra Dee) and Sarah Jane (Susan Kohner). When Lora is signed to star in an Italian motion picture, she leaves Steve to watch after Susie. The teenager develops an unrequited crush on her mother's boyfriend.

Sarah Jane continues to pass as white and begins dating a white boy (Troy Donahue). **He beats her in an alleyway after learning she is black. Some time later, she again passes for white to get a job performing at a seedy nightclub, but tells her mother she is working at the library.** When Annie learns the truth, she goes to the club to claim her daughter; Sarah Jane is fired. Her rejection of her mother begins taking a physical and mental toll on Annie. When Lora returns from Italy, Sarah Jane has run away from home. She asks Steve to hire a detective to find her. **The detective locates Sarah Jane in California, living as a white woman under an assumed name and working as a chorus girl.** Annie, becoming weaker and more depressed by the day, flies out to California to see her daughter one last time and say goodbye.

Annie is bedridden upon her return to New York, and Lora and Susie look after her. The issue of Susie's crush on Steve becomes serious when Susie learns that Steve and Lora are to be married. Annie tells Lora of the girl's crush. After a confrontation with her mother, Susie decides to go away to school in Denver, Colorado, to forget about Steve. Not long after Susie leaves, Annie passes away. As she wished, Annie is given a lavish funeral in a large church, complete with a gospel choir, followed by an elaborate traditional funeral procession with brass band and horse-drawn hearse. Just before the procession sets off, Sarah Jane pushes through the crowd of mourners to throw herself upon her mother's casket, begging forgiveness. Lora takes Sarah Jane to their limousine to join her, Susie, and Steve as the procession slowly travels through the city.

Big City Lights

A student's first flight to a towered airport nearly goes terribly wrong

By Mike Thiergartner

- Truncated-

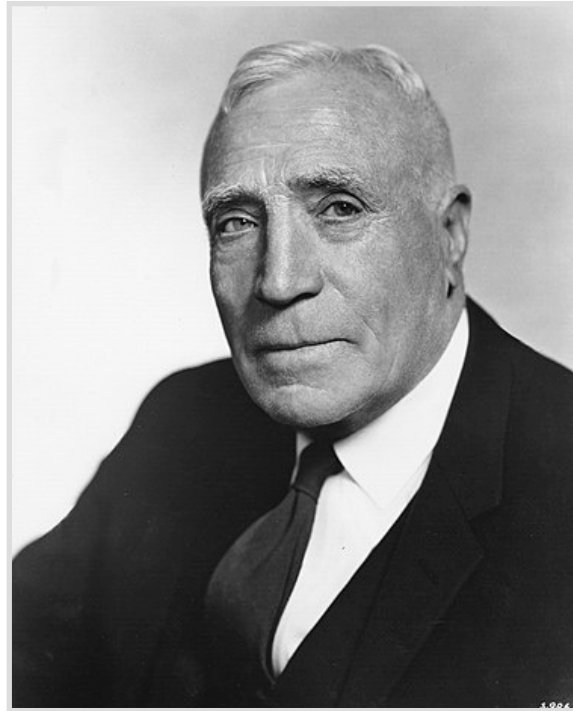
Flying Magazine

November 2018

Pg. 28

I'd always wanted to learn to fly. After all, it was in my blood. My dad and mother had many dates in his **Piper J-3 Cub**. He would land in hayfields of her father's farm to pick her up. When the corn was short he landed in the cornfield between the rows. According to their story, he had to sell his Cub to buy a new washer and dryer to clean my diapers. He always regretted that decision, but I'm sure my mother would argue the point. **My uncle George sold Pipers at the time, along with Minneapolis-Moline and Massey-Harris farm equipment.** I have some of his old Piper parts books and paperwork.

Recently, I found a bill of sale from Piper to my uncle for a **Piper Super Cruiser** that he sold to local farmer for \$ 2,725.69 on **January 14, 1947**.



William T. Piper
Founder, Piper Aircraft Corporation

The Artist is Not Present:
Adrian Piper's Singular Work on Race and Identity in America
By Thomas Chatteron Williams

The New York Times Magazine July 01, 2018

Pg. 44-45

For anyone who is doubtful of the sheer absurdity of racial categorization and the porousness of our supposed boundaries, the Piper family history can be instructive.

Adrian Margaret Smith Piper was born in 1948 in Washington Heights, and raised there on Riverside Drive. On her paternal side, she is the product of a long line of whites and extremely light-skinned, straight-haired black property owners and, on her mother Olive's

side, mixed-race, planter-class Jamaican immigrants. **Her father, Daniel, received two separate and contradictory birth certificates.** The first one labeled him as “white,” while the second, which his mother demanded as a corrective, put him down as “octoroon.” (At MoMa, they are hung on the wall, as part of the installation of “Cornered.”) Piper’s paternal grandfather, also Daniel, went the opposite route after the birth of his second, slightly darker son, Billy, abandoning his wife and children and moving out West to start a new “white” family in Washington State. **Daniel’s Sr.’s brother, Piper’s great-uncle William, lived his life as a Caucasian man of distinction, founding the Piper Aircraft Corporation* and making his name as “*the Henry Ford of Aviation*.” He ended up with his face on a postage stamp and fortune big enough to endow a building at his alma mater, Harvard.**

Piper’s father grew up more than privileged than most Americans of any complexion, attending a private school in the city, where he was a handsome and popular athlete. But in his senior year, when he made the mistake of asking out a white classmate, he was publically shamed and removed from the basketball team. In her memoir, “Escape to Berlin,” which was published to coincide with “**Synthesis**,” Piper writes that the incident caused her father to suffer a psychological trauma of such severity that ‘he stopped speaking to all his classmates and teachers for the rest of the year.” **While serving in the military during World War II, he strategically enlisted as a Caucasian, concerned that he would not otherwise see combat.** But the racism he became privy to a “white” man appalled him, and **he never again wavered from his black identity upon returning to civilian life.**

Photos of Piper J-3 Cub (single engine) & Aerostar (twin engine) models follow.
A Piper Aerostar was used in film *American Made* starring Tom Cruise in 2017.

Aerostar Note: The right engine was started first in one film scene to not detract focus on Cruise’s character with the door open talking. The left engine is the proper start

procedure with certainly the door closed. The battery and cable length is shorter for the left engine; once left started, it activates the alternator to then start the right engine without further initial battery pull requirement.





All the adults the young Adrian came in close contact with adhered to, in her words, the “governing convention of self-presentation in that stratum of upper middle-class African-American society”: a combination of hard work, impeccable dress, honesty and fair-play. **“Integrity,” Piper’s father stressed, “is the one thing racist America cannot take from you, unless you let it.”** But she could have easily been quoting my father or any number of black men reared in eras in which respectability politics dominated. Such self-presentation was defensive reaction to the dehumanizing stereotypes prevalent throughout the culture. “My parents’ class and generation did not fight the stereotype by marching, staging conferences or publishing articles, or in any other way designed to integrate them into the American mainstream,” Piper writes. That would be my job. Theirs was simply to falsify the stereotype.”

* This was a total and poignant surprise to learn, only by chance. I learned to fly at a Piper air club as a teenager and later flew advanced and faster single-engine and multi-engine Piper aircraft as an adult. There was never – *not once* - a mention that Piper had any African ancestry. It was just assumed he was another hard-working wealthy white guy with a penchant for wings. Countless pilots have first flown in Piper aircraft without having any knowledge of this important historical fact which, by nature, is grossly inconvenient for many whites to acknowledge. **Many of your Boeing and Airbus pilots have sat at the controls of Piper aircraft to hone their skills before advancing to jets, I can promise.** It's been easier to just ignore it like the scandals of the Second Empire. **More than 30 years later as a licensed pilot who knows the Piper aircraft brand intimately, the truth finally surfaced like black oil, as a breath of fresh air .**

Emiliano Sala: Search for Cardiff City FC player's plane suspended

[bbc.com/news/world-europe-guernsey-46954922](https://www.bbc.com/news/world-europe-guernsey-46954922)

January 22, 2019

Premier League footballer Emiliano Sala was on a light aircraft which went missing over the Channel Islands. The £15m Argentine striker, 28, **was one of two people on board the Piper Malibu** which lost contact off Alderney in the Channel Islands on Monday night.

Cardiff City, which signed Sala from French club Nantes in a record deal on Saturday, said it was "very shocked".

Guernsey Police said there was "no trace" of the Cardiff-bound flight and has suspended the search for the night.

"We have found no signs of those on board," the force tweeted.

"If they did land on the water, the chances of survival are at this stage, unfortunately, slim."

"I think with the sea temperatures and the sea conditions the chances of finding anybody alive are reducing all the time," he said.

"The sea temperatures are very, very cold and just sap the core temperature of anybody in the water very, very quickly."

The plane left Nantes in north west France at 19:15 and had been flying at 5,000ft when it contacted Jersey air traffic control requesting descent, Guernsey Police said.

The plane lost contact while at 2,300ft and disappeared off radar near the Casquets lighthouse, infamous among mariners as the site of many shipwrecks, eight miles (13km) north-west of Alderney.

The force added UK authorities have been calling airfields on the south coast to see if it landed there but there had been no confirmations and a decision about an overnight search would be made at sunset.

A spokesman for the French Civil Aviation Authority said the *Piper PA-46 Malibu* aircraft was French but had not been registered in France.

"We can confirm Emiliano Sala was on board," he said.

"This morning, the French research started with one French national navy ship and one aircraft. The investigation will determine which authority will take the lead on the research."

Sightings of red flares were reported during a lifeboat and helicopter search, but "nothing of significance was found", a Channel Islands Air Search spokeswoman said. Police said on Tuesday more than 1,150sq miles had been searched by five aircraft and two lifeboats. The search had resumed after being called off overnight "due to strengthening winds, worsening sea conditions and reducing visibility".

Cardiff Airport confirmed the aircraft was due to arrive from Nantes at 20:45 but "did not arrive as planned. Spencer Birns, commercial director at the airport, said: "We are in close contact with the Air Accident Investigation Branch (AAIB) and will continue to assist with their enquiries in any way we can."

Guernsey harbour master Captain David Barker said no distress call had been received and if the search continues into the night it is unlikely to have a good outcome.

We are looking for any traces of an aircraft, a life raft, persons in the water, life jackets," he said. The Met Office said conditions were not "too intense" at the time the aircraft went missing but had become wetter and windier later in the evening.

John Fernandez, a reporter for BBC Guernsey, said it was a difficult area to search.

"A number of search vessels are out searching the area. It's known for its strong currents - there are a number of shipwrecks," he added.

"The search area is absolutely massive at the moment. They're searching a number of different spots at the moment - they're not sure whereabouts this plane might have gone down."

'Last goodbye'

Cardiff signed Sala for a club record fee after protracted negotiations with Nantes and he was due to join his new teammates for training on Tuesday.

In a statement, the club's chief executive Ken Choo said training had been cancelled and they were praying for "positive news" for the player and pilot.

He added: "We were very shocked upon hearing the news that the plane had gone missing. We expected Emiliano to arrive last night into Cardiff and today was due to be his first day with the team.

"Our owner, Tan Sri Vincent Tan, and chairman, Mehmet Dalman, are all very distressed about the situation."

He has been among the top scorers in France in recent years and had scored 13 league and cup goals this season, third behind Kylian Mbappe and Nicolas Pepe.

Nantes president Waldemar Kita said: "I'm thinking of his friends, his family, I'm still in hope, he's a fighter, it's not over, maybe he's somewhere, waiting for some news that we hope will be positive, we are very touched by all the support received since this morning."

Sala began his playing career at Argentine side Club Proyecto Crecer, before moving to French club Girondins Bordeaux in 2012.

His previous side, Nantes, has postponed its games against Entente on Wednesday and St Etienne on Saturday, according to its match schedule.

The most recent tweet from Sala's account was a picture of him and his former teammates, captioned "La ultima ciao", or "the last goodbye".

Local journalist Arnaud Wajdzik said **the atmosphere in Nantes was "very emotional"**, and people planned to gather in the town square on Tuesday evening for a vigil.

Black Wings

By Von Hardesty

[Smithsonian National Air & Space Museum, Washington DC] 1996



Bessie Coleman, Pioneer Aviatrix

When Bessie Coleman traveled to France in November 1920, her first trip abroad, she was determined to gain a coveted prize: a pilot's license from the *Fédération Aéronautique Internationale* (FAI). Earning the FAI license brought special distinction but even more so for a woman. Coleman had traveled from Chicago to a distant aerodrome in Le Crotoy in northern France to inaugurate her unusual flying career.

For Coleman, the quest to become a licensed pilot reflected a deep and abiding passion. **As a young African American woman, she endured enormous racial prejudice at**

home. The prevailing Jim Crow practices in the United States had effectively denied her access to aeronautical training- as it had for all aspiring black aviators at the time. She worked tirelessly to raise money for the trip and eventually enrolled in the *École d'Aviation des Frères Caudron* (the Caudron Brothers Aviation School). The flight training curriculum at the Caudron Brothers' school was strict and unforgiving, especially for a female cadet who had so much to prove. The FAI license was hers if she could complete the rigorous course of study. Coleman understood this license was a ticket for her to pursue an aviation career in the United States.

The flight school was located near Le Crotoy in the Somme region of northern France. In fact, Bessie's flight training at the Caudron meant she would be flying in the same skies where many great air battles had raged during the Great War (1914-1918). Her flight training consisted of mastering the essential skills to control and maneuver an airplane. The Caudron school used the durable French Nieuport Type 82 trainer, a two-place, open cockpit biplane. Built of wood and fabric, the Nieuport biplane was highly nimble and forgiving, and therefore ideal for teaching the essential flying maneuvers. Bessie later described the maneuvers as "tail spins, banking and looping the loop."

Coleman earned her FAI license on June 15th, 1921. For the young American, this moment represented an important milestone. She took great pride in her achievement, as it had been a long and difficult road from rural Texas to Chicago to France for pilot training. Her passion for flying had overcome numerous challenges and barriers, culminating in a real individual triumph against considerable odds. On a larger level, the FAI license established an important precedent, one that would cast a long shadow for all African Americans seeking to enter aviation in the decades ahead- **Bessie Coleman was the first African American woman to gain the coveted FAI license.**

...Despite the racial discrimination of the time, she persevered and worked effectively to dramatize her skills as a licensed pilot. Her debut as a stunt pilot came in September 1922, when she appeared at Curtiss Field outside New York City, an event to honor the veterans of the all-black 369th Infantry Regiment that had participated in the American Expeditionary Force in World War I (US armed forces were segregated). **Her patron, Robert Abbott, played a key role in arranging the air show, proclaiming Coleman as the “world’s greatest woman flyer.”**

Coleman planned to fly her airplane on May Day in an air show sponsored by the Negro Welfare League of Jacksonville on the day before the event, she joined Wells on a test flight. She asked the mechanic to take the front seat and guide the plane around the airfield so she could study the geography of the airstrip. Since she was small of stature, she unfastened her seat belt to allow her to see over the side of the airplane. Wells flew the JN-4 to 2,000 feet and circled for 5 minutes; then, he pushed the airplane up to 3,500 feet and banked toward Paxon Field. Some observers noted that the JN-4 abruptly gained speed and then nosedived to the ground, falling into a spin at around 1,000 feet. Once the aircraft started its uncontrolled descent, it suddenly flipped over- probably at an altitude of merely 500 feet. Bessie - who was flying without a seatbelt or parachute- fell to the ground in a series of somersaults. She was killed instantly upon hitting the ground; nearly every bone in her body was broken. Wells crashed with the plane and also died. **It was later discovered that an errant wrench had jammed the controls on the JN-4.**



*View of the Bridge in Sevres and the Hills of Clamart, Saint-Cloud and Bellevue
with biplane, balloon and dirigible*

1908

by Henri Rousseau

Pushkin Museum of Fine Arts, Moscow

Eugène Bullard

One of the first African-Americans to fly was Eugène Bullard. A native of Georgia, Bullard emigrated to France, **where he joined the French infantry in World War I.** He then flew briefly with the French in 1917, the same year the United States entered the war.

—



en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Eugene_Bullard

Eugène Jacques Bullard (9 October 1895 – 12 October 1961; 66 years old), born Eugene James Bullard, was the **first African-American military pilot.** His life has been

surrounded by many legends. **However, Bullard, who flew for France, was unquestionably one of the few black combat pilots during World War I**, along with the Ottoman Empire's Ahmet Ali Çelikten.

As a teenager, he stowed away on a ship bound for Scotland, hoping to escape racial discrimination. (He later claimed to have witnessed his father's narrow escape from lynching). Bullard arrived at Aberdeen and made his way south to Glasgow. On a visit to Paris, he decided to settle in France. He became a boxer in Paris and also worked in a music hall.

In the beginning of 1916, the 170th Infantry along with the 48th Infantry Division (French: *48^e Division d'Infanterie*) to which the regiment belonged from February 1915 to December 1916, was sent to Verdun. During convalescence, Bullard was cited for acts of valor at the orders of the regiment on July 3, 1917, and was **awarded the *Croix de guerre***.

While serving with the 170th Infantry, **Bullard was seriously wounded in action in March 1916 at the Battle of Verdun**. After recovering, he volunteered on October 2, 1916 for the French Air Service (French: *Aéronautique Militaire*) as an air gunner. He was accepted and went through training at the Aerial Gunnery School in Cazaux, Gironde. Following this, he went through his initial flight training at Châteauroux and Avord, and he received pilot's license number 6950 from the Aéro-Club de France on May 5, 1917. Like many other American aviators, Bullard hoped to join the famous squadron Escadrille Americaine N.124, the Lafayette Escadrille, but after enrolling 38 American pilots in spring and summer of 1916, it stopped accepting applicants. After further training at Avord, Bullard joined 269 American aviators at the Lafayette Flying Corps on November 15, 1916, which were a designation rather than a unit. American volunteers flew with French pilots in different pursuit and bomber/reconnaissance aero squadrons on the Western Front.

When the United States entered the war, the **United States Army Air Service** convened a medical board to recruit Americans serving in the Lafayette Flying Corps for the Air Service of the American Expeditionary Forces. **Bullard went through the medical examination, but he was not accepted, as only white pilots were allowed to serve.**

Some time later, while on a short break from duty in Paris, Bullard allegedly got into an argument with a French commissioned officer and was punished by being transferred to the service battalion of the 170th in January 1918. He served beyond the Armistice, not being discharged until October 24, 1919.

For his World War I service, **the French government awarded Bullard the *Croix de guerre*, Médaille militaire, Croix du combattant volontaire 1914–1918, and Médaille de Verdun, along with several others.** After his discharge, Bullard returned again to Paris.

French Honorific Homage

In 1954, the French Government invited Bullard to Paris to help rekindle the everlasting flame at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier under the Arc de Triomphe. In 1959 he was made a *Chevalier* (Knight) of the *Légion d'honneur* by général Charles de Gaulle who made reference to Bullard as a « **véritable héros français** » ("true French hero", in English).

Eugène Bullard received fifteen decorations from the government of France. He was made a knight of the Legion of Honor, France's most coveted award. He also was awarded the Médaille militaire, another high military distinction.

In the 1950s, Bullard was a relative stranger in his own homeland. His daughters had married, and he lived alone in his apartment, which was decorated with pictures of his famous friends and a framed case containing his fifteen French war medals. **His final job**

was as an elevator operator at the Rockefeller Center, where his fame as the "Black Swallow of Death" was unknown.

In 1972, Bullard's exploits as a pilot were retold in a biography, *The Black Swallow of Death*. Bullard is also the subject of the nonfiction young adult memoir *Eugene Bullard: World's First Black Fighter Pilot* by Larry Greenly.

On August 23, 1994, thirty-three years after his death, and **seventy-seven years to the day after the physical that should have allowed him to fly for his own country**, Eugène Bullard was posthumously commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the United States Air Force.

Civilization

By Niall Ferguson [Penguin Books; London] 2011

Pg. 181

In no theatre were the problems of communication more severe than in Africa and, in the absence of extensive railways and reliable beasts of burden, there was only one solution: men. **Over 2 million Africans served in the First World War**, nearly all as carriers of supplies, weapons and wounded, and although they were far from the fields of Flanders, these forgotten auxiliaries had as hellish a time with the most exposed front-line troops in Europe. Not only were they underfed and overworked; once removed from their usual locales they were every bit as susceptible to disease as their white masters. **Roughly a fifth of all Africans employed as carriers died, many of them the victims of dysentery that ravaged all colonial armies in the field.** In East Africa 3, 156 whites in British service died in the line of duty; of these, fewer than a third were victims of enemy action. **But if black troops and carriers are included, total losses were over 100,000.**

As we have seen, the familiar rationale of white rule in Africa was that it conferred the benefits of civilization. The war – which was fought in all Germany's African colonies (Togoland, the Cameroons and East Africa as well as South-West Africa)- made a mockery of that claim. 'Behind us we leave destroyed fields, ransacked magazines and, for the immediate future, starvation,' wrote Ludwing Deppe, a doctor in the German East African Army. 'We are no longer the agents of culture; our track is marked by death, plundering and evacuated villages, just like the progress of our own and enemy armies in the Thirty Years War.'

Pg. 183

It is easy to forget that France lost two out of three wars against Germany between 1870 and 1940. In 1917 it seemed on the verge of losing the First World War too. Where should France turn to help? The answer was Africa. **Although, as we have seen, most of them were denied full French citizenship, France's African subjects were still regarded as eligible to bear arms in the defense of *La Patrie*.**

The Courtesans

The demi-monde in 19th century France

By Joanna Richardson (Phoenix Press) 1967, 2000

Blanche d'Antigny



Penitent Magdalene by Baudry, the model was Blanche d'Antigny

Pg. 16

...She was in Toulouse a month later, on the eve of the Franco-Prussian War. She came back to Paris for the siege, and turned part of her *hôtel* into a hospital, where forty Breton soldiers were cared for at her expense. She looked after them herself; and two years after the war, a journalist recorded that ‘these soldiers have not forgotten their good little Sister of Charity, as they called her, and from time to time they send her chickens, pigeons, even potatoes...Often the presents arrived with charmingly naïve messages, like this: “We pray to the Virgin for you every day. Good-bye, dear lady! Our greeting to all your husbands.”’

‘ On the Eve of the Battle of Champigny, five hundred people, all that remained of *le tout-Paris*, assembled at Arsène Houssaye’s to support a charity performance in the aid of the hospitals. **Blanche d’Antigny, in a white apron, helped to serve champagne and liqueurs, and sold her kisses at five louis each.**

She also gave fêtes at her own *hôtel* in the aid of the wounded. The laughter and music and brilliant lights offended public feeling, and she was so attacked in the Press that she could not appear on the boulevards without being hissed and threatened. **The fall of the Second Empire had unleashed violent emotions, and there were many people who blamed the national débâcle, the tragic inadequacy of the old régime, on the courtesans, who had drained men of their willpower and moral sense.** When the bombardment of Paris began, Blanche d'Antigny felt obliged to ask the new Prefect of Police, Ernest Cresson, for protection. Her request was greeted with extraordinary vehemence.

Cora Pearl

Pg. 35

In July 1870 came the brief Franco-Prussian War; **in September the Emperor surrendered with his troops in Sedan, the Second Empire fell,** and the Bonapartes were scattered into exile: **the Emperor imprisoned in Germany,** the Empress and her son seeking traditional safety in England, Princess Mathilde in Belgium, **Prince Napoléon [Plon-Plon] in Italy.** The Siege of Paris began. Cora's chief concern was her stables, and on the day when the gates of Paris were closed against the enemy, she contrived to smuggle out eight horses, 'for exercise'. **She turned 101, rue de Chaillot into a small hospital, and (like other *grand cocottes*) she ministered to the medical needs of the soldiers. Her fine linens were used for shrouds, and she herself paid all the expenses...**

“Mademoiselle Maximum”

Léonide Leblanc

Pg. 75

Léonide Leblanc was no doubt forgiven much by men, because of her beauty. **At the age of twenty-eight, she seems to have reached rare physical perfection:**



Le thé rose / The Tea Rose by Paul-Jacques-Aimé Baudry

Baudry painted one of the ceilings in the Parisian mansion of La Païva.

This is the dream made flesh [wrote Charles Diguët, in *Les Jolies Femmes de Paris*]. This is the celestial beauty which is not spoken of, but sung. This is the ideal which haunts the dreams of poets, enamoured of the impossible. This figure is a poem, all these curves are stanzas; stanzas written by God to astonish the children of men...

Such was Léonide Leblanc at the end of the Second Empire. During the Franco-Prussian War, she was in London, giving performances in aid of French prisoners.

...Léonide was obliged to stay at the Odéon, and she remained as audacious as ever. In 1873 she attended the trial of Marshal Bazaine, who had surrendered Metz during the war. The courtroom was full of spectators for **this cause célèbre**, and among them was a society woman who claimed that Léonide had taken the seat given to her by the

Président du Conseil, the Duc d'Aumale. 'I am dining with Monseigneur this evening,' exclaimed the angry woman. '**I shall complain to him of this affront.**' 'Ah, so you're dining with Monseigneur,' said Léonide, imperturbably. 'I am having supper and sleeping with him.'

Caroline Letessier

Pg. 86

...When Caroline made her resplendent entry into the casino, the *jeunesse dorée* of Baden encircled her and gazed admiringly at her dress and jewels. Hortense Schneider, 'who was always "got up" like a bourgeoisie from the Marais', observed: '**I have seen fattened calves in my time, but never such a pretty one as this.**' The observation naturally hurt the foster-child of a butcher. 'And I've never seen such an ugly cow,' answered Caroline Letessier.

Uproar followed. The director of the casino to investigate, but the Grand Duchess of Baden's son intervened in favour of Caroline, and the matter was dropped. Except by Caroline herself: every time she saw Hortense Schneider on the arm of Lord Carrington, she asked Carrington: 'How's your cook-housekeeper?'

Apart from this incident, Baden enjoyed an uninterrupted *kermesse*; and even a tipsy, clumsy giant by the name of **Bismarck danced the Can-Can.**

Pg. 61

She appeared, in opulent glory, **at Longchamp**, at first nights, at the Opéra; her box at the Théâtre des Italiens faced the Imperial box. One evening, when the glare of the footlights hurt the Empress's eyes, la Païva offered her the delicate Japanese screen which

she was using; the Imperial aide-de-camp took it to the Empress, but she ‘swept it contemptuously out of her way.’ La Païva remained untouchable.

Pg. 148

At the end of the nineteenth century, there were those who regretted the sparkle which *les grandes horizontales* had given to life. There would never be anything like the carriage procession in the Bois de Boulogne, whereby they dared to compete with, and often outshine, the Faubourg Saint-Germain. **There would never be another decade like the 1860s, when *la garde* paraded their jewels and clothes and equipages at Longchamp***, when they dazzled and infuriated the more decorous spectators at the Italiens; when, each September, they enthralled the inhabitants of Baden and Wiesbaden, of Homburg, Ems and Spa. Baden, with its clear hill air, had been the summer capital of Europe; it was Paris and its demi-monde (said *La Vie parisienne*), with a few foreigners to make it look respectable. ‘Nothing,’ wrote Marie Colombier, one of the *filles de joie*, ‘nothing can give any idea of the first fortnight in September at Baden-Baden...**It was the fantasy, the irresponsible madness of the *kermesses* * of olden times.**

* of ancient Greece origin as noted previously by Robert Flacelière



Feb 18, 2018

The Pavilion Fashion Mall

Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia

Lunar New Year

- * The fashion brand Longchamp can be visited today at fashion malls worldwide. Now we see the roots put down for *chic* by the *demi-mondaines* still verdant in our current times from over 150 years ago . **Longchamp infers pedigree.**

"Je n'arrive pas à comprendre comment un homme d'honneur pourrait prendre un journal dans ses mains sans frémir de dégoût."

"I am unable to understand how a man of honor could take a newspaper in his hands without a shudder of disgust."

— Charles Baudelaire

Napoléon III And His Carnival Empire

By John Bierman [St. Martin's Press; New York] 1988

Pg. 266

>>>> **HYPER-IMPORTANT**<<<<

In part because *censorship severely limited the scope of the press to discuss more serious matters, articles of fashion occupied a large proportion of the newspapers* and fashion writers vied with each other to promote the latest styles, fabrics, and colors, usually at exhaustive lengths. Fashion colors were often named after current events, such as Crimean green, Sebastopol blue, Bismarck brown, and Magenta, and- after the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869- Eau de Nil. Like color, the nomenclature of style also tended to the military or the political, as with the Garibaldi shirt and the Zouave jacket.

Never in history had a great capital been so utterly absorbed in the picayune details of fashion, and **a perceptive few regarded such obsessive concern with outward appearance and embellishment as a reflection of the régime's predilection for style over substance.** The ever-censorious Goncourts, who found the court "flashy and insecure, composed of parvenus with stolen titles and crude praetorians with clanking

sabers,” added that to society at large **appearances [keeping up] had “never been so important, so demanding, so destructive and demoralizing.”**

>>> HAIR-IMPORTANT <<<

And Grownow marveled that fashion had obtained “such a wonderful power over the French mind that it can actually transform the body so as to suit the exigency of the moment.” Recalling that in former days **the ideal type of Frenchwoman was a petite brunette, he commented that now it was the fashion to be “tall and commanding.”** [perhaps this dramatic sea change for optimal beauty a consequence of La Castiglione’s grand arrival on the scene] Consequently, ‘one sees dozens of gigantic women every day that one goes out, with heels inside as well as outside their boots; perhaps even stilts under those long sweeping petticoats.’”

As for coloring: “Frenchwomen used to have dark hair; **blondes were not generally admired, and tried by every possible means to darken their hair;** but now, since the Empress has made fair hair a la mode, all women must be blondes, and what with gold powder and light wigs they do succeed. **As to complexions, a dark one is now unknown;** roses and lilies abound on every cheek...”



Après le bain / After the Bath

by Paul Louis Bouchard, 1889

Louis Pasteur

By Patrice Debré [John Hopkins University Press; Baltimore & London] 1998
Translated by Elborg Forster

The book that Pasteur presented to Napoléon III contained the first reports on the diseases of wine and the letter he gave him to read was the dedication to the Emperor that would accompany it. In approaching this question, the scientist had adopted the most classic and surest of all methods, which is to begin with a historical account of the problem.

In the course of the nineteenth century, the consumption of alcoholic beverages had increased in France; this was due in part to improvements in distilling techniques and **in part to the desire to avoid the deleterious effects of dubious drinking water.** Indeed, advances in the field of hygiene had revealed that water can transmit diseases, particularly in an urban environment. **The fear of water therefore grew along with the advances of microbiology.** In the end it was considered preferable to consume more “hygienic” beverages, such as wine or beer.

In France, wine making had undergone many changes in the course of the century. The Revolution had brought vineyards into the hands of peasants, thereby depriving the vintners of the care of an elite of practitioners who had experience with the best methods of cultivation and vinification. **The First Empire, with its wars and blockades, did great harm to the export trade.** From Louis XVIII to Louis-Philippe, the development of new vintners was encouraged, and improved communications brought about by the gradual buildup of a national network of railroads made it possible to give special incentives to the expansion of areas planted in vines.

At the time of Chaptal, wine production was already the second largest agricultural sector, after the production of cereals. New vineyards were planted around the cities, while in the countryside they took over fields at the expense of other crops. Vineyards were expanding so much in the Hérault that this department alone

produced three times as much wine as Portugal. Vines were planted in the departments of Var, Vaucluse, and Bouches-du-Rhône. **By 1850, two million hectares of French soil were planted in vines. The map of France was rapidly changing as regional specializations disappeared and wine became the beverage of choice.** Considered a tonic, it was also part of the pharmacopoeia. Wine drinking was seen as a sign of social advancement, **since it was no longer the privilege of the nobility and the Church.** Every good bourgeois owed it to himself to have, if not his own vineyard, then at least his wine cellar. In the countryside a meal without a pitcher of wine on the table would have been unthinkable. Wine was taken to the field by the peasant, to the factory by the worker, to the barracks by the soldier.

But the mass production of wine often entailed a loss of quality. In *Illusions perdues*, Balzac puts these words into the mouth of old man Séchard, who cultivates a vineyard near Angoulême: “What do I care about quality? They can have it, their quality, these high-falutin’ gentlemen. For me, quality means gold coins!” The neglect of quality brought a string of diseases of the wine in its wake. Fraudulent practices, such as the “plastering” of wine to accelerate fermentation, or its coloring, either naturally with log wood or artificially with a coal derivative, made wine susceptible to disease, so that its preservation became difficult. **Yet wine had to be stored in the shays in order to age, and it also had to be able to travel for export, sometimes beyond the seas.**

...Given this situation, Pasteur had a number of reasons for taking an interest in the consumption of alcoholic beverages. Had not his work on fermentation indicated, demonstrated, and characterized the role of yeast? Did not cultures of microorganisms he had learned to grow make it possible to control not only the quantity but also the quality of a given product? And was he not, in fact, able to detect the conditions making for a bad fermentation, that is, abnormal proliferations of microbes, bad alcohol, and adulterated ingredients?

Yet it was still widely thought that wine making had nothing to do with science. Any production of alcohol was considered to be an art, despite the studies of Chaptal, who had attempted in vain to bring some rigor to the practices of this time. It took Pasteur – his observations on microorganisms and his strong stand on spontaneous generation- to demonstrate the ways in which germs, parasites, and oxidation affect the alteration of wine. **One can only salute the perspicacity of Napoléon III and Favé, for it was an unusual step to ask a microbiologist to look into the diseases of wine.**

Wine, it was thought at the time, is constantly working, at least until an equilibrium between the sugar and the ferment has been achieved. Too little ferment, and the wine remains sweet; too little sugar, and the excess ferment affects the taste. Everyone knew that wine can be sour, prickly, and acidic, in short, that it can turn into vinegar. Chaptal called this phenomenon the acescency of wine. On this point Pasteur had his first intuition: instead of believing that this was a natural and unavoidable phenomenon, he felt that it was brought about by contamination with a germ from the outside. That is why, here again, he started his investigation by using the microscope. In the samples of wine he examined he was able to find a microscopic fungus, which he called the flower of vinegar or mycoderma. He thus distinguished two stages of fermentation: the first, due to the flower of wine, is necessary for vinification; the second, which produces the flower of vinegar, results in an undrinkable product. In other words, a way had to be found to stop the flower of vinegar from fighting the flower of wine.

Acescency could only occur through contact with air and could be observed in wines kept in barrels; that is why today bottles of wine are stored lying down rather than standing, for even if the bottle is well corked, the wine continues to be susceptible to this infection in the bottle remains standing.

Pasteur started by testing the great French wines. He compared the wines of Pommard and Volney with a bottles of ordinary table wine from the Jura. The special

bouquet of the Burgundies was present only in the absence of microorganisms. His first advice was for the people of Arbois, for he suggested to the vintners of his hometown to examine the wine at every racking to make sure the flower of wine had formed and to avoid the formation of the flower of vinegar.

As they age, wines can also be affected by other parasites. The grease disease, rare in red wines but frequent in white wines from small vineyards, make the wine look ropy and oily. The problem can appear in barrels as well as in the most tightly corked bottles. Having identified the fungus responsible for it in a white wine of the Nantes region, Pasteur showed it to be round and arranged in clusters or wreaths. The parasite came from a few grapes that had rotted on the vine.

Then there was the bitter disease, which gave the wine a characteristic “old taste.” This was one of the most baneful blows that could befall the wine trade, particularly in old wines from the best vineyards. **All red wines are susceptible to this disease.** First the wine loses its taste. Cellar masters sat that it is going soft [*doucine*]. Then the bouquet changes and becomes bitter. Bitterness is an organic disease of Pinot wines that did great harm to Burgundy and even Champagne. “Well,” said Pasteur, “suppose we hold in our hands a bitter wine, of whatever kind it may be, we will always see the knotted branchings of a parasite, the parasite of bitterness.” Experiments were set up to trace this parasite and follow its proliferation over long periods of time. In particular, Pasteur ordered a series of bottles of Pommard 1848, whose aging he conscientiously monitored over several years. Whenever a bottle remained free of the parasite, the scientist rewarded himself by drinking it with his family.

Lastly, wine often turns and becomes cloudy in very hot summer weather. If one shakes it in a glass, one sees silky waves moving about. The wine has no taste, the barrel bulges out, and moisture seeps out of the jointures of the staves. If the barrel is pierced, the wine spurts out forcefully; at the time this was called ‘having the pushes.’ This, it was

believed, was caused by the rising of the yeast. The frequency and the extent of this trouble was attributed to negligence during the racking of the wine. This disease was in fact not limited to wine but sometimes also affected cider and beer.

A major producer of Montpellier, having sold a wine he considered to be of good quality, soon found himself accused of having it cut with water. The wine was so tasteless that the accusation seemed founded, and the vintner, anxious to restore his reputation, asked Pasteur for an expert opinion. The scientist immediately showed the presence of filaments floating in the liquid and indicated that they were identical to those that accompanied fermentations in his test tubes. It became clear to Pasteur that the wine of Hérault contained a parasite that he would often find in wines of Jura. At the time of casking, he noticed in samples of ordinary wines made from all kind of grapes from Montigny, les Assures, and Arbois. He meticulously noted the number, the form, and the size of the parasitical filaments he had seen under the microscope. The evil must be presented, and in order to do this “nothing is more sensible than the old custom, the wise experience of our forefathers, who advised us to rack the wine in good time to rid it of the sediment” so that it will not “rise”.

In this manner, Pasteur’s investigation of parasitism caused him to reflect on the activities of the vintner. The scientist felt that he should not confine himself to the abstractions of his laboratory, and that it was through contact with the realities of daily life that he could understand the complex mechanisms he had set out to elucidate. “Many times in the past I have had occasion to recognize the truth inherent in the practice of the old crafts,” wrote Pasteur. **“It does happen, of course, that these are truths of legend, and if you look at the facts themselves, you will almost invariably recognize that any practice, provided that it is generally followed, is the fruit of reasoned experience.”** And he continued: “The oldest writings on wine recommend the month of March for the first racking, and a day with the north wind blows, not the south wind, which brings rain, at least in the Jura. Do not think that this is a prejudice or a blind routine. This is a very

old custom. To me it is rational; wine, especially young wine, is oversaturated with carbonic-acid gas. If the barometric pressure has been very low for several days, the wine must discharge this gas. This will bring up tiny bubbles from the bottom of the barrel and these will be able to bring up with them the smallest solid particles of the deposits. The wine will therefore be less limpid than if it is racked on a breezy day, when the atmospheric pressure tends to increase the solubility of gases in liquids. This, I believe, is the reason for the practice of which I am speaking.

>>> IMPORTANT <<<

The Laboratory of Arbois

Pg. 230

It was at Arbois that Pasteur conducted his first experiments on wine in the summer of 1863. When he was asked to study vinification, he wanted to return to the place of his childhood as a matter of course. It was there, after all, that he had learned about vintners, vineyards, and wine.

Once he had decided to comply with the Emperor's request, he called together three Normaliens, Duclaux, Gernez, and Lechartier, and asked them to go with him. There was no time to lose, for the grapes would not keep. Between August 20 and 30, the team sealed the test flasks and prepared the necessary reagents. The day of departure was to be 1 September. **In the end the little team spent three consecutive summers, 1863, 1864, and 1865 at Arbois.** The result of these investigations was to be the volume *Etudes sur le vin*, whose outline Pasteur presented to the Emperor during his stay at Compiègne. It was published in 1866.

The small town of Jura, proud of its red and white wines, was eager to contribute to the research of a native son. The municipal council proposed a locale that would serve as his

laboratory. **But Pasteur declined the offer, preferring to camp out with his assistants in the back room of a café, for he wanted to remain independent as he said.**

...**Pasteur did not want to miss any stages of wine making. In order to remain completely *independent*, he therefore decided to buy a vineyard** of one hundred square meters [1,076 square feet/ 2.5% of an acre] in a good location at the outskirts of Arbois along the road to Dole. He cultivated, observed, and studied it: “The grapes are put into a vat that has been taken to the vineyard itself. A worker carefully crushes all the grapes, which are then taken to the vintner and poured into barrels....There they ferment and rest for six weeks to two months. Then the clear wine is racked. The racked wine is placed into barrels which are never completely filled. Because of this latter custom, the wine is always covered with mold.”

By preaching the racking, bottling, and the conservation of wine at low temperature, **Pasteur became the advocate of a new art of viniculture. Wine making became a scientific art, to use a paradoxical expression.** “It is desirable to attain that goal, for wine can rightly be considered the most healthful, the most hygienic of beverages. That is why, of all the drinks known today, wine is the one human beings prefer to all others whenever they have a chance to become accustomed to it.”

In the course of its investigations, the laboratory of Arbois also returned to its basic experiments of fermentation and the rotational activity of fermented products...

...very rigorous measurements were made in the context of a more and more precise knowledge of the different vintages: the laboratory was becoming a place to turn to for expert opinion. A vintner unhappy with the quality of his wine, a consumer displeased with a purchase, would send samples to Pasteur. The names of the most prestigious vineyards, Pommard, Volnay, Arbois and those of the most prestigious varieties, from Gamay to Pinot, were marked on his test tubes. **Great wines, local wines, good and bad**

years, all found their way to his laboratory. Pasteur tested these wines, looked at them in a stem glass or examined them under the microscope for possible parasites; but he also tasted them and meticulously noted their gustatory qualities. Yet as a good oenologist, he kept pleasure and investigation strictly separate, and the notebooks of his experiments do not provide the slightest hint that he might have enjoyed his tastings.

....Another problem that interested Pasteur was the role of oxygen in vinification and the aging of wine. This was the time when he was studying the aerobic and anaerobic life of germs. Apparently related to chemistry rather than to biology, the question of the aging wine seemed to be a matter of the composition of the air that remained in the vats in the necks of the bottles. The air acted like a frontier zone between the Pommard wine and its cork. Now the traditional view was that oxygen is toxic to wine, and that is quality is best when it has very little contact with the atmosphere. For this reason many barrels were fumigated with sulfuric acid. Discovering these practices, which the vintners passed down from generation to generation, Pasteur reflected:

The grapes are thrown into the crushing vats...Air is present. But its quantity is not large in relation to the volume of grapes. Soon the fermentation begins; at this point there is no more oxygen at all, and the liquid is constantly saturated with carbon dioxide. The wine is racked quickly, spurting out in strong jets, and the barrels are filled immediately. During this operation there is only a brief moment of contact with the air...It is done all at once, and in Burgundy the wine is even protected from the air as much as possible. The bottling is one more occasion when the wine necessarily come in contact with the air, but it too is very brief...It will be obvious to everyone that air has always been considered the enemy of wine and that all the practices of vinification invite us to adopt this point of view.

...And so he owed it to himself to find out just what it was that **wine gained or lost through its contact with air.** He knew that depriving wine of air was to limit its contact with germs. Yet on the other hand, he was also aware of what fermentation owes to the

air. He therefore had to decide whether air was beneficial to wine or to the parasite. This was a question Pasteur was soon able to answer. He noticed that air ages the wine takes away the acidity of its youth, and mellow it. The wine of Arbois yellows as it ages and takes on that onion-skin hue which as Duclaux put it “was known to our forefathers as it is known to us, because they knew the value of the vineyard while we know only what it costs.”

...He therefore took a young Arbois wine and deprived it of air. A year later, when he uncorked the bottles, Pasteur noted: “These wines, which are more than a year old, at present still have the same color of new wine with which they started, the same green and tart taste of a young wine, and even the fairly noticeable smell and taste of yeast. In short, it seems to me that they have not aged at all. Conversely, the wine treated in the usual manner is already beginning to age. **He concluded that this justifies the use of wooden barrels, which allow for slow and steady aeration.** He also remarked that at Clos Vougeot, the paint that seals the casks preserves the vivacity and the greenness of the wine but also makes prompt bottling necessary.

...In the last phase of his studies on wine, when he sought to understand the role of oxygen and the process of aging, Pasteur returned to being a chemist. Equations to express fermentation once again appeared in his notes. Dark wine cellars, wooden barrels, fumigating, racking, equipment, all the age-old practices of the art of wine making were for the first time analyzed as what they really are, namely, as agents of fermentation. **A rigorous explorer of the interactions between living matter and the chemical elements he had first studied in his experiments on tartaric acid, Pasteur now assumed his stature as one of the pioneers of biotechnology.**

Paris Reborn

By Stephane Kirkland [St. Martin's Press; New York] 2013

Pg. 104

It was soon apparent to all that the Empire was consumed by speculation and materialism. One contemporary noted that “the French bourgeoisie, ordinarily so parsimonious, almost instantly become imprudently prodigal. The new minister called for a stop to the “exploitation of public greed and gullibility,” and the minister of war published a memo to officers to tell them to stop constantly making requests for money from the emperor.

"The dull mind rises to truth through that which is material"

- Abbot Suger of the Abbey of St. Denis

[Abbey is the historical burial place of French monarchs]

Napoléon III had seen and enjoyed a satirical play by François Ponsard called *La Bourse* (The Stock Exchange), which condemned the passion for speculation and financial shenanigans. The emperor heartily commended the author for putting his talent to work to expose and combat such tendencies. But everyone knew that Napoléon was given to luxury and condoned exactly the behavior described in the play with his entourage. **The Second Empire had the paradox – that both the emperor and empress cultivated- of being in principle inclined to a sort of austerity but unable to resist habits of outrageous luxury.**

Morny was the most publically known figure involved in this unscrupulous capitalism. In 1853, he gained the position of president of the Legislative Assembly, with

the responsibility of making sure that the lawmakers reliably voted for whatever was the emperor's desire. This did not slow down his appetite for deal making, nor incidentally, his appetite for his other passions: women, horses and vaudeville theater....**The outcry over Morny's actions became so damaging that Napoléon III had to give him a talking-to.** Morny momentarily stepped back, but, incorrigible, he soon returned to his ways.

Morny, among his various activities, was a member of the Jockey Club, an elite club for the idle rich with an interest in horse racing. In this capacity, he was sent as an emissary to win over Haussmann to the Jockey Club's plan to build a hippodrome in the Bois de Boulogne so that races could be held there, rather than on the Champ-de-Mars, where they were being held at the time. Haussmann adopted the idea and decided to expand the Bois de Boulogne by expropriating the Longchamp plain, the area between the park and the Seine that was being used to grow vegetables, together with the adjacent park of the Château de Madrid. The agreement with Morny was that the Jockey Club would build the Longchamp Hippodrome at its own expense, then operate it for fifty years for a symbolic annual concession fee of twelve thousand francs.

The Longchamp Hippodrome was designed by the architect Antoine-Nicolas Bailly and inaugurated on April 27, 1857, in the presence of the emperor and empress. It has had a long and illustrious history that continues to this day. **But Haussmann's approach, offering extremely favorable terms to someone widely believed to be corrupt, with no competition, transparency, or public disclosure appeared suspect.** No specific accusations of personal gain were made against Haussmann, but he inevitably began to be perceived as one of the insiders taking advantage of the imperial system.

In acquiring the Longchamp plain, the city also the house of Longchamp Abbey. It was restored at the expense of the city and attributed to the prefect of the Seine, who started using it as a summer residence upon its completion in 1856.

By 1855, with work on the Bois de Boulogne nearly completed, the new park began to emerge as the delightful place of recreation and contemplation that would be so appreciated by the elite Parisian society.

The fact that Hittorff was French at all was a historical oddity...As a student, Hittorff developed a passion for the architecture of antiquity, and particularly that of ancient Greece.

With his father-in-law, Lepère, Hittorff built Paris's église Saint-Vincent-de-Paul. After building the Théâtre de l'Ambigu-Comique, another high profile commission, he was put in charge of the design of the Champs-Élysées and the place de la Concorde...

In any case, he became the beneficiary of a considerable number of commissions directly from the emperor: **a pavilion for the 1855 Universal Exposition, the Bois de Boulogne** and the **avenue de l'Impératrice**, the buildings of the place de l'Etoile, the town hall of the first arrondissement, and the Eugène Napoléon Foundation.

One might think that with **common Rhinelander family origins** [note: not aristocratic origins as implied by "Baron"] and strong links to the service of Napoléon I, Haussmann and Hittorff may have had a natural affinity. That was most decidedly not the case. The relationship between the two men was tempestuous from the outset...Hittorff had no desire to work with Haussmann, but at the same time he could not turn down a commission personally requested by the emperor.

Pg. 98

By 1848, **the two Péreire brothers, raised in poverty in Bordeaux,** had become leaders of the largest modernization project the country had ever known...When the coup d'état

of December 2, 1851, occurred, they knew the moment had come for them to increase their role dramatically. **They jumped on the opportunity with all the vigor of a *second* youth.**

Pg. 100-101

The Péréire brother's idea was different...The idea was to use the magic of leverage to release funds to finance French industry.

The Péréire brothers were very ambitious and ideologically completely aligned with the Empire. But to place their plan for a new type of bank, they still needed political patronage. They turned to a charismatic man they had known since the mid-1840s, who was now in a prime political position. **His name was Charles-Auguste de Morny.**

Morny was of immaculate appearance: Largely bald, he sported a well-tended mustache, had a svelte physique, and always dressed impeccably. Despite his affable manners and conversational ease, **he was steely and unscrupulous. He was to become one of the figures of the Second Empire.**

When the Péréire brothers approached him, he was happy to act as political patron of the Crédit Mobilier...the Crédit Mobilier became the highest-profile stock on the French market. Asserting its status, the company acquired the Hôtel de Gramont on the Place Vendôme- **the building that is now the Ritz Hotel**- to serve as its headquarters.

Pg. 182-183

In 1853, when the property of the former king Louis-Philippe and his family was confiscated by the French state, a sizeable estate northwest of Paris was among the assets

to be turned over. The ownership status was, however, legally complex, a situation resolved with the help of the Péreire brothers.

The help was, as one might suspect, not a matter of philanthropy. The Péreires had been interested in the area since the opening day of their train line into the gare Saint-Lazare in 1837. By 1853, they had developed avenues on either side of the tracks, creating a boulevard that now bears their name. They and other speculators avidly bought land in the vicinity of the former royal property- the future parc Monceau- and devised all sorts of development plans...

In 1860, the city of Paris signed a far-reaching agreement with the Péreire brothers. The city agreed to sell two-thirds of the former park to the Péreires for development. In exchange, the Péreires and the other landowners would give the city the land needed for a new set of avenues through the neighborhood [including place Péreire - DE].

The transaction allowed the development of a large new urban area, overcoming the complications of multiple property owners and without capital outlay by the city. But it was negotiated directly between the city and the Péreires without transparency, oversight, or due process. **This way of conducting business could only arouse suspicion, especially in the fast and loose times of the Second Empire.**

Democracy Matters

By Cornel West [Penguin Press; New York] 2004

Pg. 26

The vast majority of citizens- struggling to preserve a livelihood, raise children, and live decent lives- are disillusioned with social forces that seem beyond their control...The dogma of free-market fundamentalism has run amok, and the pursuit of profits by any

legal (or illegal) means – with little or no public accountability- guides the behavior of the most powerful and influential institutions in our lives: transnational corporations...

The perception of pervasive corruption at the top seems to many to justify the unprincipled quest to succeed at any cost in their own lives, and the widespread cheating in our culture reflects this sad truth. The oppressive effect of the prevailing market moralities lead to a form of sleepwalking from womb to tomb, with **the majority of citizens content to focus on private careers and be distracted with stimulating amusements. They have given up any real hope of shaping the collective destiny of the nation.** Sour cynicism, political apathy, and cultural escapism become the pervasive options.

Napoléon III And His Carnival Empire

By John Bierman [St. Martin's Press; New York] 1988

Pg. 268

While the francs and sous of the lower middle and upper working classes were part of the tide of capital that floated France to new levels of industrialized prosperity, it was- as today- those who understood the art of channeling that flood of money in the right directions who were the big winners. **As a character in the Dumas fils's 1857 play *La Question d'Argent* remarked: Business? It's all very simple; business is other people's money.**

The time now is when faith and works
Must unite...on behalf of
The thousands that now are
and the thousands yet unborn.

- Mary Still, **1857**

Pg. 252-256

It was Morny's business connections in Russia more than any objective strategic or political considerations that made him try to prevent Napoléon's marital venture into the Crimea...Similarly, it was his ownership of discounted Mexican government bonds, more than any belief in a manifest French destiny in the New World, that caused Morny to join forces with Eugénie in pushing Napoléon into his massive and misguided intervention in Mexico.

And it was **the prospect of personal profit, rather than regard for French national interests, that prompted him to conspire with the British to urge Napoléon's withdrawal of support** for Eugénie's cousin, de Lesseps's, daring project **to build a canal across the desert at Suez. The history of the Second Empire, in short, is studded with instances of Morny intervening at the highest level to line his own pocket and those of his business associates.**

To the lesser lights of finance and fashion, Morny's every move was a signpost. For his ineffable stylishness, he was often referred to as **"His Elegance, the duc de Morny,"** and should he appear at the Bourse or at the Longchamp races wearing, for example lemon-colored gloves, every would-be tycoon and man-about-town would follow suit within days. And if the world went around that "Morny's in it," any new stock flotation would be fully subscribed within hours.



The Races at Longchamp by Édouard Manet, 1864

Gossip about his succession of mistresses, his racehorses, his Old Masters, his châteaux, his *haute cuisine* and his generally bon ton inspired as much admiration as the breathless accounts of his deft financial manipulations. For years it has been well known and widely admired that **Morny's fortune originated in the passion he had inspired in the comtesse le Hon. And when that lady produced a baby daughter who looked more like her lover than her husband, the wits quipped admiringly that "*Morny soit qui mal y pense.*"**

Indeed, Morny seemed to have an effortless ability to derive monetary gain and sexual satisfaction at one and the same time. The worldly acclaimed his superb savoir faire when he returned **from St. Petersburg in February 1857**, having represented Napoléon at the coronation of Czar Alexander II, bearing not only a lucrative concession to build railways in Russia but a young, beautiful, and immensely wealthy bride [basically a year after the Crimean War - DE]. One of the very few Parisians not to have been impressed by his capture of the eighteen-year-old Princess Sophie Troubetskoi was

Fanny le Hon, whose passion for Morny still burned after twenty years as his mistress. She went into mourning and received condolences as if bereaved.

In 1854 Napoléon appointed Morny president of the Legislative Body, which function Morny was able to perform with considerable subtlety and distinction while still having plenty of time for his business activities. **His elevation from count to duke in 1862 confirmed the monarch's confidence in him....**

As Morny's star rose, that of Persigny, his chief rival for Napoléon's ear, was sinking... The smooth stylish Morny had despised Persigny as a narrow and humourless ideologue, while Persigny had viewed Morny as an opportunist and Johnny-come-lately, devoid of personal loyalty to Napoléon or belief in Bonapartist ideals...

With Persigny out of the way, Morny was now unchallenged as the emperor's most influential adviser. But this, too, was not to last. **Morny's death in 1865**, at the age of fifty-four and while he was the height of his abilities, was totally unexpected and shock to Napoléon and to **France, which regarded him as vice-emperor in all but name.**

To a man as devoted to the Napoléonic idea as Persigny, **marriage in May 1852 to the beautiful and spirited granddaughter of Marshal Ney**, the resoundingly named Albine-Marie-Napoléone-Egle de la Moskowa, must have seemed a union ordained if not by Heaven, then at least by Fate. But his bliss did not last long. It soon became clear to the none too perceptive Persigny that his bride, twenty-four years his junior, **was relentlessly promiscuous. During his marriage, she bore five children, but it is quite possible that Persigny fathered none of them.**

An anecdote dating from the time of his ambassadorship in London has it that for some hours Mme Persigny was missing. A search was made of the embassy and the head of the chancery was heard to ask: "Have you looked carefully under all the furniture? The

tables, the buffets, the secretaries?" That anecdote apart, another memento of the Persigny's time in London was Albine's fascination for all things British, which earned her the sobriquet among court wits of "Lady Persington."

One of her numerous lovers was spectacular young rake, the duc de Gramont-Caderousse. **On one occasion when Persigny was complaining loudly of his wife's infidelities, Gramont-Caderousse turned on him with silky contempt. "Sir," he drawled, "I cannot allow you talk like that about my mistress."** Not only did she cuckold her husband more or less openly- on one notable occasion appearing at a palace ball with her lover's teethmarks clearly visible on her shoulder- but she was constantly berating and belittling him in company.

Krupp
A History of the Legendary Firm

By Harold James [Princeton University Press; Princeton & Oxford] 2012



Krupp Paris Gun of WWI (Model Only)

Paris Gun

Krupp's pride, a very heavy artillery piece named the Paris Gun or Paris Geschütz (sometimes known as the Wilhelm-Geschütz), was much too big and unmaneuverable to be of much military effectiveness. It fired a ninety-four kilogram [207 lbs] shell from a barrel thirty-four meters long [111.5 feet], at such an altitude that **the shell was the first man-made object to enter the stratosphere**. It was used only from March 1918, in the last months of the war, to bombard Paris from a distance of 120 kilometers [75 miles], and was fired a total of 452 times and caused some 250 deaths [1.8 deaths per shell]. The Big Berta and the Paris Geschütz were psychologically impressive, but they were not weapons that fundamentally changed the course of the war.

Civilization

By Niall Ferguson [Penguin Books; London] 2011

Pg. 185

World War 1, 1917

...The French built 300 miles of new railway lines to supply the offensive with 872 trainloads of munitions. Altogether more than a million men were massed in readiness for the assault, stretched along a 25-mile front. Days of artillery barrages were supposed to soften the Germans up. Then, at 6am on 16 April, the colonial troops advanced up hills that became mudslides in the rain and sleet. **Mangin had placed the Senegalese in the first wave of the attack. But he almost certainly had an ulterior motive: to spare French lives.** According to Lt. Colonel Debievre, commander of the 58th Regiment of Colonial Infantry, the Africans were ‘finally and above all superb attack troops permitting the saving of the lives of whites, who behind them exploit their success and organize the positions they conquer’.

Pg. 187

On 18 February 1918 Clemenceau defended the resumption of military recruitment before a group of senators, making clear exactly how the French saw the Senegalese:

‘Although I have infinite respect for these brave blacks, I would much prefer to have ten black killed than a single Frenchman, because I think that enough Frenchmen have been killed and that it is necessary to sacrifice them as little as possible.’

In all more than 33,000 West Africans died in the war, 1 in 5 of those who joined up. The comparable figure for French soldiers was less than 17%. By contrast, the

mortality rate among British Indian troops was half that of soldiers from the United Kingdom.

Pg. 189

Although the racial theorist Eugen Fischer ended up on the losing side, the First World War proved surprisingly fruitful for his chosen field. **As colonial troops found their way into German prisoner-of-war camps, they furnished racial science experts like Otto Reche with a convenient supply of specimens.** Fischer's Human Heredity and Race Hygiene, co-authored with Erwin Baur and Fritz Lens and published in 1921, swiftly became a standard work in the rapidly expanding field of eugenics. Adolf Hitler read it while he was imprisoned after the failed Munich coup of 1923 and referred to it in Mein Kampf. **For Hitler, few ideas were more horrific than that Senegalese soldiers stationed in the Rhineland after the war had impregnated German women.** This was the notorious '**Black Shame**' that produced the 'Rhineland Bastards' – fresh evidence of the conspiracy to pollute the blood of the Aryan race. Given that he was now director of the new Kaiser William Institute for Anthropology, Human Heredity and Eugenics, founded in Berlin in 1927, Fischer's influence was as far-reaching as it was malign. He later served as one of the scientists on the Gestapo's Special Commission Number Three, which planned and carried out the forced sterilization of the '**Rhineland Bastards**'. **Among his students was Josef Mengele, responsible for the notoriously inhuman experiments on prisoners at Auschwitz.**

Pg. 176

...Yet there was a shadow side to this extraordinary scientific success. Lurking in the real science was a pseudo-science, which asserted that mankind was not a single more or less homogeneous species but was subdivided and ranked from an Aryan 'master race' down to a black race unworthy of the designation Homo Sapiens. And where better to test these

theories than in Germany newly acquired African colonies? Africa was about to become another kind of laboratory- this time for racial biology.

Each European power had its own distinctive way of scrambling for Africa. The French, as we have seen, favoured railways and health centres. The British did more than just dig for gold and hunt for happy valleys; they also built mission schools. **The Belgians turned the Congo into a vast slave state.** The Portuguese did as little as possible. **The Germans were the latecomers to the party. For them, colonizing Africa was a giant experiment to test, among other things, a racial theory.** Earlier colonizing powers had, of course, been bolstered by a sense of innate superiority. According to the theory of 'social Darwinism' Africans were biologically inferior by more advanced whites 'Aryans.' But no one turned that theory into colonial practice more ruthlessly than the Germans in South-West Africa, today's Namibia.

Pg. 179-180

The Germans did not just rely on the desert. Herero who had not participated in the uprising were hunted down by 'Cleansing Patrols' of settler Schutztruppen, whose motto was 'clean out, hang up, shoot down until they are all gone.' **Those not killed on the spot, mostly women and children, were put in five concentration camps.**

...The camp was located at the far end of the island to maximize its exposure to the wind. Denied adequate shelter, clothing and food, the prisoners were forced to build jetties, standing waist-deep in the ice-cold water. Those who faltered in their labors were mercilessly whipped by the *sjambok*-wielding guards (rough leather sticks)...**The surviving Herero and Nama were little better than slave laborers, liable to brutal corporal punishment for the most trivial insubordination...**One in ten Nama survived the camps.

Pg. 176

The Germans first laid claim to the bleak shores of South-West Africa in 1884. A year later **Heinrich Ernst Göring- father of the more famous Hermann- was appointed Reich commissioner.**

Pg. 189

For the many ex-colonial soldiers who joined the ranks of the Nazi party- their old uniforms provided the SA with their first brown shirts – it was entirely natural that theories born in the concentration camps of Africa should be carried over to the Nazi ‘colonization’ of Eastern Europe and the murderous racial policies that produced the Holocaust. **It was no coincidence that the Reichsmarschall in charge of the Luftwaffe was the son of the Reichskommissar of South-West Africa.**

Blitzed

Drugs in Nazi Germany

By Norman Ohler [Penguin Books; London] 2015

Pg. 117

An officer describes the Reich Marshal’s appearance: ‘We struggled to keep a straight face. He dons a white silk, blouse-like shirt with flowing sleeves, and over it a yellow sleeveless, fur-lined suede jacket. With this he sports long medieval looking bloomers, and around his waist a broad, gold studded leather belt, with a short Celtic sword jangling from it. Long silk stockings and golden-yellow Saffiano leather sandals complete the picture.’

The face of the powerful minister was covered in make-up, and his fingernails were painted red. Often during discussions Göring, once the opium content of his blood had dropped, felt so deranged that we would leave the room abruptly without a word of explanation, and not come back until a few minutes later, plainly much refreshed. A general describes one such surprising transformation: ‘Göring had the air of being new-born, he looked magnificent and fixed his sparkling blue eyes on us. The difference in his whole appearance between the first and second parts of our conference was notable. **For me it was clear that he been taking some form of stimulant.**

These frequent escapes from reality didn’t help Göring’s official duties. Soon the precondition for holding a senior post was not so much one’s qualifications as one’s entertainment value. He swept aside criticisms of one of his closest colleagues, Bruno Loerzer, **whom Göring himself described as his laziest general, with the remark: ‘I need someone I can drink a bottle of red wine with in the evening.’** Similar considerations may also have played a part in the appointment of Ernst Udet as so-called ‘Generalluftzeugmeister’, or General Master of Aircraft, one of the most influential positions in the Third Reich. **Admittedly, after the Frenchman René Fonck, Udet was very popular as the most surviving fighter pilot of any nation in the First World War.** But this exceptionally gifted flyer and *bon viveur*, who enjoyed his cameo appearances in Leni Riefenstahl films, **struggled with his desk job at the top level of the leadership. Göring couldn’t care less,** however, and his treatment of Udet was a particularly impressive example of how capriciously he ran his ministry, where the concept of administrative supervision was unheard of...At his opening speech at the ministry Udet admitted, his face cloudy and terribly hung-over, that it would be unwise to expect him to perform many administrative duties. The only problem was that he was now in charge of up to twenty-four different offices, which were soon in a state of indescribable chaos. **Udet, who was known to serve cognac at meetings throughout the day, and to take methamphetamine in enormous quantities to balance the effects**

of the alcohol, was notorious for extraordinary mismanagement even with the inefficient Reich aviation ministry.

Ardennes 1944 Hitler's Last Gamble

By Anthony Beevor [Penguin Books; London] 2015

Pg. 18

Patton, instead of halting his army until the supply situation improved, had secretly stolen a march in his advance towards the Saar. 'In order to attack,' Patton explained in his diary, 'we first have to pretend to reconnoiter and then reinforce the reconnaissance and then finally attack. It is a very sad method of making war.' Patton was shameless in getting his own way. Bomber pilots did not grumble when switched to a fuel run, because sometimes when they delivered supplies to Third Army divisions, a case of champagne would be brought to the pilot 'with the compliments of General Patton'. Patton could afford to be generous. **He had somehow 'liberated' 50,000 cases.**

Pg. 44-45

The more prosperous classes increasingly **feared the tens of thousands of foreign workers** in and around the city. Some were volunteers, but most had been brought to Germany as forced labourers. The authorities were losing control of them. Barracks were often burned down, leaving the foreigners homeless. **German shopkeepers would claim that gangs of them had broken into their establishments and stolen supplies, when in fact they themselves had sold the missing items on the black market.** Alongside food, cigarettes were the most sought-after commodity. In Berlin, according to one captured officer, a single English cigarette sold for 5 Reichsmarks, while a Camel went for twice as much. Real coffee was out of almost everyone's reach at 600 Reichsmarks a kilo.

According to one officer, most of the black market in coffee was organized by the SS in Holland.

Coffee, because of its rarity, was the conspicuous consumption of choice for the Nazi hierarchy. A horrifying and bizarre conversation between two captured Kriegsmarine admirals was secretly recorded in their camp in England in 1945. Konteradmiral Engel told Vizeadmiral Utke about fellow admirals entertained by Arthur Greiser, the notorious Gauleiter of the Wartheland, who was later hanged by the Poles.

“Greiser boasted: “Do you know that the coffee you’re drinking now, cost me 32,000 Jewish women?””

‘Where did they go?’ Vizeadmiral Utke asked.

“”Into the incinerators probably,” Greiser said to us at the time. “Let’s hope we all get as easy a death as they had.” That was first thing he said. **All the admirals sat around laughing themselves sick and thinking of the human suffering behind the coffee they were drinking.**

The History of Modern France
From the Revolution to the War with Terror

By Jonathan Fenby [Simon & Schuster; New York] 2015

Pg. 179

France’s recovery from defeat and German occupation was remarkably swift. The first half-billion francs of reparations were paid only a month after the suppression of the Commune. The rest followed by 1873 and the Germans withdrew. **Three years after Sedan, the army paraded in all its pomp at Longchamp racecourse.** After the damage done during the suppression of the Commune, the Hôtel de Ville was rebuilt medieval

style, the 2,156-seat Garnier opéra house was finished, Napoléon was put back on the top of his column, and the Tuileries was sold off for property development.

The loss of Alsace-Lorraine was ventilated by politicians as a constant cause for national anger and the region was depicted on maps in violet, the color of mourning, but **the decision of 90 percent of the inhabitants to remain under German rule indicated that pragmatism outweighed patriotism.** For most of the French, the lost lands in the east were far away and meant little. More important than revenge were the consolidation and stability that seemed possible after seven régime changes in less than a hundred years.

Colonialism in Africa and Asia became an important element in national recovery, justified by the claim to be spreading the virtues of French civilization and Christianity.

Ferry called such expansion ‘*a right for the superior races, because they have...duty to civilize the inferior races.*’ Missionary zeal and the spreading of French culture were certainly important and affected some younger army officers who went to serve in faraway lands. But economics was always a driving force and there was not much civilization evident in the way **French manufacturers saw the colonies as captive markets, or in how native workers were treated in rubber and rice plantations of Vietnam or in the development of farms in North Africa, where settlers held 1.6 million hectares by 1890** and used loans from **Paris banks to fund exports of wine, grain, fruit and olive oil across the Mediterranean.**

Pg. 232

The French empire was enlarged from Senegal and the Ivory Coast to take in Chad, French Congo, Dahomey, Gabon, French Guinea, Madagascar, Mauritania, Mauritius, Niger, French Sudan and Upper Volta, plus lands in Central Africa, Nigeria and Gambia.

Islands in the Indian Ocean and the South Pacific were added, including New Caledonia and French Polynesia. French citizenship was granted in Guadeloupe, Martinique, Guyanne and Reunion and parts of Senegal together with **the right to elect representatives to the French Chamber of Deputies, most of whom were *white settlers*. Elsewhere, there was *strict separation* between indigenous people and the population of European extraction.**

Pg. 144

At the end of 1858, the emperor [Napoléon III] took a carriage ride in the Vosges Mountains with Count Camillo Benso di Cavour, prime minister of the Kingdom of Sardinia, as the region of Piedmont was known. Cavour was in France secretly on a false passport. **Driving through the woods, they agreed to provoke a war in Italy in which Austria would appear the aggressor.** France would intervene, and, after victory, Italy would be split into three kingdoms and the Turin-based régime represented by Cavour holding the upper hand. France would get Nice and Savoy. Far from uniting Italy, the emperor aimed to keep it divided, with France as the dominant power.

Napoléon did not inform his government, but Cavour was spotted and news leaked out, causing the French ruler to delay. He sent his cousin [**Prince Napoléon/ Plon-Plon**] to Russia to get the Tsar to agree not to support Austria in the event of a war in return for support from Paris for the revision of the Black Sea clauses of the treaty ending the Crimean war. He then planted an anonymous article in the official newspaper denouncing Austrian rule in Italy while saying publicly that we wished to avoid military conflict and proposing his favourite device of a European congress on the issue. Vienna turned this down and invaded the North Italian kingdom. **France went to war, the emperor taking personal field command....French army won victories... to the surprise of the Piedmontese, Napoléon then called off the war** and engaged in negotiations with the

Austrians...Napoléon's success vitiated, however, when he tripped himself up in attempting a double game on the papal lands...

...Though France got Savoy and Nice in June 1860, Garibaldi outflanked him with his campaign to liberate the south of the country. When Italy voted overwhelmingly for national union, Napoléon decided he had done enough meddling in its affairs and withdrew.

...Nor was he able to anything about Poland...



Charlotte Corday, painting from the Second Empire

Marat was seen as a revolutionary monster and Corday as a heroine of France, **1860**

Ardennes 1944 Hitler's Last Gamble

By Anthony Beevor [Penguin Books; London] 2015

The **liberation** of Strasbourg by General Leclerc's 2nd Armoured Division produced great joy in France, and for Leclerc it was the culmination of his promise at Koufra, in North Africa, that the *tricolore* would again fly from the Cathedral. **For them the liberation of Strasbourg and Alsace, taken by the Germans in 1871 and 1940, represented the final objective in France.** Leclerc was admired and liked by senior American officers. The same could not be said of the mercurial and flamboyant **General de Lattre de Tassigny**, who believed it was his duty to keep complaining about the failure to supply enough uniforms and weaponry to his forces in the First French Army on the extreme southern flank. To be fair to him, he faced immense problems, integrating some 137,000 untrained and unruly members of the French Resistance into his army. **De Gaulle wanted to start withdrawing colonial forces to make the First Army appear more ethnically French,** and the North African and Senegalese colonial troops had suffered terribly in the cold of the Vosges mountains. In heavy snow, Lattre's First Army had finally broken through at Belfort Gap to the Rhine just above the Swiss Frontier.

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With the chronic crisis of an industrial scale war and occupied by retreating German forces, especially as a global imperial power, the polluted concept of de Gaulle and men of his métier about fronting the army as being more ethnically French was not only reprehensibly delusional but patently morally abysmal. Perhaps, some courtesans with their own craggy personal shortcomings, as we can see, would not stoop that low and put their concerns about much more prescient matters such as vengeance and defeating an incarnated nightmare of a wicked régime. Notice that at least the courtesans were *frankly*-no pun intended- hardly deceptive in flagrantly corrupt conduct and exalted at flaunting

social conventions, so much so, that they may have indelibly made their marks for women later to become increasingly independent on many strata; they even influenced fashion, in a sense, to what we see today. Perhaps, one may suppose, the healthy idea of the women's suffrage movement, could have somehow had a seed germinated by the characters of these iconic women. The courtesans were rebels in their own right! Sex was merely a tool in the workshops they possessed which they turned on just as a spinning butcher's saw to cut down their groveling lovers to digestible size. One has to admire the sheer audacity, skill and tact on preying on the weaknesses of primitive human nature in such predatory delight for flagrant undiminished profiteering. It may not have looked bloody but ultimately it proved to be a wet business, ah um, of sorts. Consider that courtesans were often like surgeons, quick with dispatching a scalpel and probes, who deftly controlled the operating theatres with both their public and private antics; they could cut to the core as they relished and languidly tasted the approaching moments of finally hastening their victims to the streets in succinct coup de grâces from their hôtels. One should ponder that one must have a natural killing instinct to go for the jugular at will as only the true few do. You either become a legend, go to prison or be exiled, or maybe both, if less than lucky if born with this peculiar inclination.

I venture to say that the current woman of today who believes she may have some power over men when playing games of the heart hopefully has some reliable beauty at her disposal in her quiver - as plenty in our age of slothful obesity largely by over consumption don't- plus a modest dash or two of spiced wit much as cinnamon and nutmeg placed in the corner of the cupboard close at hand; in retrospect, now she may contemplate what flavorless hardtack for the sailor's taking she may be in comparison to the hot buttered flaky croissants of the courtesans from the Old School. These coquettes, moreover, allowed women of various milieus in the carnival of survival to envision themselves in charge of their lives in control of men of means. Think how *liberating* that must have been: what a game changer! Women- white women specifically- did not have the freedoms they take for granted presently. It took the clattering boxy Ford Model T to

pave the way eventually for the appealing nearly silent Tesla. Their lovers, if not just wealthy but also worldly, knew that the price was steep to be paid handsomely and the frequency of fees to play in the game was often. And they got away with it in grand style!

Cora Pearl, was essentially an exhibitionist yet also an equestrian – she was athletic with an evident prowess on and off the field. The courtesans, it appears, had the most unusual feminine temperamental touch of Spanish matadors (so often wrongly portrayed as brutal and purely masculine) that sagely measures, cajoles and toys with their magnificent victims, ultimately baiting for the crystalline magical moment to ripen and run at the bull's horns initially in soft delicate short fleeting steps that transform soon into striding unbridled direct gallops and, with a lofty hoist seemingly divinely rendered as not to spoil the display of accounts now being reckoned just as Nero- he with his obsequious imperial entourage in view clamps down determinedly on the Hesperian crisp apple with his wolfish canines to the devil fruit's core- the courtesans would gracefully lunge themselves *in their art*– so much as Olympic divers with extemporaneous limbs tightly and neatly choreographed for proper entry - fly at unrivaled lengths over the swaying sharpened horns to finally dispatch the Toledo-tempered swords through the exposed rawhides deeply into the adrenaline surging hearts. The second after the tip's imposing arrival splits flesh between the ribs, it always drops the tongue-heavy slobbering beasts into the hot sands, as the courtesans or conquerors - as the reader may wish to call it as the noun of choice as it is only merely semantics now- watch the thunderstruck prey at first shudder, then buckle to their clumsy knees under their own weights while their perplexed big eyes under the sunny Spanish skies gaze with bovine heads on even par, no longer at the evocative sultry faces of their grave foolish desire, but now lowly at their magnificent comely knees: she, *le artiste*, finally achieving an honest orgasmic ecstasy as the last card of pretense of their joint pleasure, she and he, no longer needs to be deceitfully played as the royal flush has been selfishly and callously thrown down. This rupture was all to the adulating screams, hollerings and wails of an amused

admiring public euphorically begging to see the cutting spectacle done, if only one more time, if only slow motion were possible as the prey lays prostrate surrendering to fate.

Begging to compare their favorites, the crowd would erupt into frenetic chants and artful demonstrations: who drops the best sword when the chips are down; which courtesan spins and thrusts the longest dagger so deftly; which one simply cuts the cleanest; who is the coldest pound for pound, kilogram to kilogram heartbreaker and stone-cold family wrecker; who has the merely maimed dropped back to their wives' marbled doorsteps to serve perpetual bondage on their knees as a lasting painful penance for indulgent guilt; who pulls and twists the entrails the proudest for public inspection and digestion; who blackmails the high and mighty the best to the very last coin to drop; who castrates former amours with slashing wit in front of their rivals and friends if they are dare to be seen at the same royal balls; and, of course not to be dismayed, who cuts the bull's once proud flagellating fly tails and presses the dripping stench-laden souvenirs against the foreheads and cheeks of ebullient admirers with mystical hellish glee, striking away once and for all the festering inner pussies and bubbling sulfuric guilts of bestial boudoir sins with their absolutions; the bull's blood cleansing away the soul-strangling moral consciousness of the willfully damned. This macabre act could only be done from those free from the constricting simpleton Zoroaster balances of Libra weighing right and wrong when neither in their minds hardly, a or b exist, when playing the zero sum game of digging for diamonds with spades at posh city salons or verdant country clubs to run over men and attack hearts. Amateurs play right and wrong; professionals excel at kill or be killed. It pays to be a psychopath of sorts, to believe that as long as you get yours and if anyone else gets run over, then it's their problem. Don't hate the player, hate the game!

The round applause and bouquets of roses strewn, for those in the know from the cruel crowd, may have been for the bulls too as they survived in the arena with such brazen trained killers for as long as they did. They could have had their throats slashed in the first minute without the pretense of any love or courtship. Once the accounts were

drained, the diamonds and gems dispensed, then they were put on the butcher's block. They never honestly stood a chance!

Back at the château, France was already occupied so I don't quite get the notion about de Gaulle working with saving face with race after a nation already disgraced. The Rossignol, pathetically, already got roasted again by Hitler's armies in relative swift process before the colossal collapse. The devastatingly agile German Sixth Army was soon triumphantly marching in lockstep under the Champs-Élysées to the Arc de Triomphe. It took, if there is poetic justice, the Russian armies at Stalingrad to dispatch the tattered remnants of this proud and arrogant army to the wilds of winter Siberian camps with hardly a hope of repatriation. They too met their just winter Waterloo.

The issue of race is an indelible disgrace that anyone of French heritage and the flocks of pandering Francophiles need to reflect upon and to confront; no longer pretend otherwise that is all is fine, just as their best wine. Fortunately, the famous contemporary historians we observe, can now be far more candid about the machinations about leaders and their priorities: British, French or American. The current stream of books would not have been published of previous generations. **Once again, we see whites, worrying about race even under the most extreme circumstances.** For anyone even remotely rational, this should be not only disturbing but boggle the senses. The dark matter of race has been omnipresent even from the nation that birthed the Enlightenment. If France has and does suffer from severe double standards- Napoléon even advocating for the retention of African slavery in the Caribbean colonies to keep sugar and coffee flowing - economics trumping liberty- then why not much of the rest of the world follow its impoverished example?

For those tender souls, conspicuously so enamored by French wines of note and proliferate benefits blossomed of Gallic culture which are enormous to their credit without qualification, I also advocate them to be strong and steadfast as well to measure

both the bitter with the sweet and stop cherry-picking what they *prefer* to know but to honestly discover the totality of actual truths and sacrifices made by men and women of color for France, which like the United States and throughout the Americas unfortunately, often have gone unheralded. **It's been engineered that way, as agendas have been actively made to disparage and suppress contributions by those of color. France needs to be taken in context of its entirety, not just what one wishes to like and deny what is not expedient.** Next time those of privilege slurp and roll tongues about how wonderful French wines are, with too many foolishly putting on airs of pompous superiority at will as though these annoying contrivances make the wine taste all the better, step back a moment with the solemn sober courage to give a quiet thought, if not toast to be bold, **to those long forgotten souls- African, Arab and Asian in their millions** - who also fought gallantly and sacrificed for *La Patrie* so we can all taste tangibly the delusion that it is all purely French in nature. If we dug under some rocks, we may find some bones that would say otherwise. The oenophile fawns for Saint-Estèphe and Volnay as regal vin d'honneur but upon closer inspection, it's nearly always the vin de pays that foots the bill with little or no credit. A steep price was paid in the past for that conspicuous pleasure presently which goes beyond mere infatuation and wanton purchasing of jewels for witty manipulative women of the demi-monde, politely known as high-class harlots, flatly pink champagne grand cru whores in some circles- but, what is circumspect of argument is that they must have been of the rarest and finest cuts at the peaks of their primes which is why they achieved legendary status, even sprinkled with just parsley some evening, or some other devilishly inspired accoutrement to be left to imagination, then again sometimes not after all. **Perhaps Charles de Gaulle and other French generals should have learned a lesson or two from the courtesans of their collective past about setting proper priorities when going for the kill.**

Now pour and pour fully and don't spill a drop. Lick your lips and be grateful for the glass, as well as the past that was more than paid for in full for those devoted to France; yet France, ironically, not devoted to their contributions to save *La Patrie*. **I know many**

- *even as Asian wine importers*- refuse and run for shelter from these distasteful inconvenient truths. Ironically, many importers so beholden to French wines never, in my humble estimation, have demonstrably taken the next bold step and given any serious thought into contributions by other Asians, Arabs and certainly we of the African diaspora for France. After many years of wine sales, I have not ever heard a conversation nor read any wine publication in Asia, nor in North America, that has addressed the issue. Just by mentioning this topic, many in Asia—and we know the kind—will likely be the first to protect the legacy of the French and Europeans to try to deny or somehow defend their interests to remain in their good graces. Why exactly, is beyond my own limited comprehension. **The French played the same exploitative policies upon other cultures in other time zones and used global populations in their dire times of need.** In contrast, the descendants of color and immigration to France from predominately former colonies are vilified and unwanted. To touch the topic, I know, far too many feel is troublesome and should not be addressed but muffled. In fact, my tact would be to expose and educate the wine trade and public what has been done for France from those of us of color. It could only add more complexity to the menagerie of selections. **Raising the issue, I believe, adds to the majesty of French wines for us all to enjoy because we all taste and see we have skin in the game; color in France, far beyond any red wine, has always been important from colonial inception.**

Many in Asia are drawn to the silky fine pedigrees of Bordeaux and Burgundy with cloudy heart-warming fantasies of a medieval white France; they *willingly*, just as most whites conveniently too, refuse to contemplate the nation's multi-racial coarse and cold reality. France conjures images of châteaux when the truth for a vast majority probably has all the charm of city sidewalks and commercial grade freezers- not *fin de siècle* limestone cellars and spring gardens of generous distinction. Importers yearn for the France of the Impressionists with Debussy, Satie and Ravel lingering steadily in the background. That France gives comfort yet, that slice of France, is not the whole baguette for digestion. Who has fought, been enslaved and dearly exploited for France's benefit?

By closing our eyes and ears to bitter truths, that is convenient for what many in France would prefer us to do: stay micro on the wine for sales, don't go macro on the debt of history. **The historical evidence clearly illustrates that the issue of race and France, like most any European power and nations of the Americas, is disreputably coupled.** It's easier to buy into the delusion and pretend it's all white and color had nothing to do with the wine; however, the micro-element is enveloped by the macro-cloud. **The more we are aware about France's rather recent painful history, then the less delusions we can have about their regions and wines presently. We cannot dare have French wines without consideration of an honest reckoning of France's modern history.**

Wine connoisseurs are quick to queue to esteem French pedigrees but are woefully selectively blind and deaf to continue to be ignorantly lost on France's past which is, on whole, the reverse of the aim to be achieved: it's conduct unrefined, uncultured and ultimately cowardly. It's high time for those in the wine trade to resist being sophomoric and demonstrate some maturity. If anyone is importing wines from Bordeaux and Burgundy, they should give consideration as well for the thousands of black deaths for France, and not from the medieval Black Plague. Much of the allure of France are the wines' pedigrees and tangible tastes of culture; however, I encourage all to have the audacity to reflect upon this topic honestly regardless of geography, race or ethnic identities. Biases and inclinations need to take a back seat to knowing what should be openly told. **Truths are bigger than wine we observe.** The Bordeaux bottles and crystal stemware are much easier and inviting to put fingers around than prickly historical facts. Enjoy the wine and demonstrate some intellectual curiosity to know the histories and social constructs as well. It will allow us fresh air to appreciate the wines from France with even more integrity and certainly humility. We need to put an end to the fear of keeping windows shuttered and doors barred to welcome bright light inside to put hands on the hard truths.

If this topic makes any persons or enterprises marginally uncomfortable that is a good thing for igniting further thought and discussions; raising awareness throughout the wine

trade's spectrum. **This is the opportunity to revisit France without propaganda and gain a deeper involved insight.**

Huguenots

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Huguenots

The term has its origin in France. **Huguenots were French Protestants mainly from northern France**, who were inspired by the writings of theologians in the early 1500s, and who endorsed the Reformed tradition of Protestantism, contrary to the largely German Lutheran population of Alsace, Moselle, and Montbéliard.

Huguenot rebellions in the 1620s prompted the abolishment of their political and military privileges. They retained religious provisions of the Edict of Nantes until the rule of Louis XIV. Louis XIV gradually increased persecution of them until he issued the Edict of Fontainebleau (1685), ending any legal recognition of Protestantism in France and forcing the Huguenots to convert or flee in a wave of violent dragonnades. Louis XIV claimed the French Huguenot population of 800,000 to 900,000 individuals was reduced to 1,000 or 1,500 individuals; a huge overestimate, although dragonnades were certainly the most devastating event for the minority. Nevertheless, a tiny minority of Huguenots remained and faced continued persecution under Louis XV. By the death of Louis XV in 1774, French Calvinism was almost completely wiped out. Persecution of Protestants officially ended with the Edict of Versailles (Edict of Tolerance), signed by Louis XVI in 1787. Two years later, **with the Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen of 1789, Protestants gained equal rights as citizens.**

The bulk of Huguenot émigrés relocated to Protestant states such as England, Wales, Scotland, Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland, the Dutch Republic, the Electorate of Brandenburg and Electorate of the Palatinate in the Holy Roman Empire, the Duchy of Prussia, the Channel Islands, as well as majority Catholic but Protestant-controlled Ireland. They also spread to the Dutch Cape Colony in South Africa, the Dutch East Indies, the Caribbean, New Netherland, and several of the English colonies in North America. Small contingents of families went to Orthodox Russia and Catholic Quebec.

Note:

Many Swiss watch makers were Huguenots that fled France.

The quality of their timepieces were exported to royal courts in Asia where they were admired for the incomparable accuracy compared to native built clocks which suffered mightily in mechanics. It was a revelation that clocks of different sizes fitting in the same room could keep *the same* accurate time. Nothing in Asia compared. With their mechanical genius, the expertise was exported where they emigrated.

The Discoverers
A History of Man's Search to Know His World and Himself

By Daniel J. Boorstin [Vintage Books; New York] 1983

Pg. 398-399 **Metric System: Let's all thank France generously**

John Napier (1550-1617), the Scottish mathematician and an inventor logarithms, **by inserting a “decimal point,” assimilated the whole system into the Hindu-Arabic positional scheme**, and so made decimal fractions still more appealing for daily use.

....In the long run the search for a common measure of time would advance the quest for other universal units, and in this sense, too, the clock would be the mother of machines. For some reason or other, **Gabriel Mouton (1618-1694), a priest in Lyons** who never left his native city, became obsessed with the quest. Studying the period of pendulum, he found, to his astonishment, that **the length of a pendulum with a frequency of one beat per second would vary with the latitude**. He then suggested that these variations could be used to calculate the length of a degree of the terrestrial meridian. *A fraction of time, or one “minute” of a degree, could become a universal unit of length.*

The effort to use the pendulum, along with **a universal unit of measure would eventually bear fruit**. In April 1790 **Talleyrand** (1754-1838) [grandfather of Duc Charles-Auguste de Morny, half-brother of Napoléon III; Duc's father illegitimate offspring of Hortense de Beauharnais] called on the National Assembly of the French Revolution to devise a national (he hoped it would become international) **system of weights and measures based on the precise length of a pendulum that beat one second at 45 degrees latitude in the very middle of France...**

Luckily, the French Academy did not wait for the Royal Society to join them, for the British never did. Instead, the French went ahead on their own, recommending that the new units be based on decimals, and that the basic unit should be one ten-millionth of the length of a quadrant of the Earth's meridian (i.e., of the length of an arc between the equator and the North Pole.) Soon **this unit would be christened a “meter,” from the Greek word for measure***, and from it all other metric units would be derived. *A cube one meter on each side would be the measure of capacity and the cube filled with water would be the unit of mass.* There was a natural constant base for the whole system in the one-second pendulum, which could be made to serve for every kind of quantity, all expressed in multiples of ten.

*** A Greek *meter* could easily have been minted as a French “*mouton*”**

Maybe a bit familiar? Château Mouton-Rothschild

...For the measurement of length [Thomas] Jefferson (1743-1826) sought some universal standard, preferably a unit found in nature. But he was troubled by the fact that changes in temperature affected the length of objects, and so he proposed to base his system on time and motion. The rate of rotation of the Earth on its axis was presumably uniform and was equally accessible everywhere....”Let the standard of measure,” he reported, “then be a uniform cylindrical rod of iron, of such length as, in latitude 45 degrees, in the level of the ocean, **and in a cellar**, or other place, the temperature of which does not vary through the year, shall perform its vibration in small and equal arcs, in one second of mean time.”

At first he had named the latitude of 38 degrees (through the heart of Virginia) [San Francisco too, Part Four pg. 516], but when **Talleyrand proposed 45 degrees (through the heart of France)** ostensibly because it was precisely halfway between the equator and the poles, Jefferson gave in.

Port of Bordeaux: 44.8378° N, 0.5792° W

Lyon 45.7640° N, 4.8357° E

Conveniently equidistant between Equator and North Pole

Pg. 546

To help create a community of Egyptian scientists, Napoléon had brought with him an old friend, the mathematician **Gaspard Monge** (1748-1818). Although the son of an itinerant knife grinder, he had managed to be admitted to the aristocratic military school of the Ancien Régime at Mézières. **But his lowly birth prevented him from receiving a commission.** Condemned to remain a draftsman, in his leisure he invented descriptive geometry, what was to be the basis of **modern mechanical drawing**. When the Revolution came and his lowly birth was an asset, he was assigned to the committee that devised the metric system and then became Minister of the Navy and Colonies in 1792.

The Modernized Metric System Explained

[J.J.Keller & Associates, Inc; Neenah, WI] 1976

Pg. 04-05

Year

1790 - France's Louis XVI authorized scientific investigations aimed at a reform of French weights and measures. These investigations led to the development of the first "metric" system.

1795 - France officially adopted the metric system.

1812 - Napoléon temporarily suspends the compulsory provisions of the 1795 metric system adoption.

1840 - The metric system is reinstated as the compulsory system in France.

1866 - The use of the metric system was made legal (but not mandatory) in the United States by Act of Congress.

1875 - Treaty of the Meter was signed in Paris by 18 nations, including the United States. The Treaty provided for improved metric weights and measures and the establishment of an international organization devoted to matters of weights and measures. More than 40 nations participate in this organization's work today.

1889- As a result of the Treaty of the Meter, the US received a prototype meter and kilogram to be used as standards.

The World Almanac and Book of Facts 1998

[World Almanac Books; A K-III Communications Company] 1997

Pg. 600

The Metric System

Throughout US history, the Customary System (inherited from, but now different, the British Imperial System) has been generally used; federal and state legislation has given it, through implication, standing as the primary weight and measures system. **The metric system, however, is the only system that Congress has ever specifically sanctioned.**

An 1866 law reads:

It shall be lawful through the United States of America to employ weights and measures of the metric system; and no contract or dealing, or pleading in any court, shall be deemed invalid or liable to objection because the weights and measures expressed or referred to therein are weights and measures or the metric system.

Since that time [post US Civil War and during the French Second Empire], use of the metric system in the US has slowly and steadily increased, particularly in the scientific community, in the pharmaceutical industry, and in the manufacturing sector- **the last motivated in international commerce, in which the metric system is now predominately used.**

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Litre

>>> A Litre is 1/1000 of a Cubic Meter <<<

A cubic decimetre (or **litre**) occupies a volume of $10\text{ cm} \times 10\text{ cm} \times 10\text{ cm}$ (see figure) and is thus **equal to one-thousandth of a cubic metre**.

A litre is the volume of a cube with sides of 10 cm, which is slightly less than a cube of sides 4 inches (one-third of a foot). One cubic foot would contain exactly 27 such cubes (four inches on each side), making one cubic foot approximately equal to 27 litres.

>>> One Litre of Water = One Kilogram <<<

One litre of liquid water has a mass of almost exactly one kilogram, because the kilogram was originally defined in 1795 as the mass of one cubic decimetre of water at the temperature of melting ice ($0\text{ }^{\circ}\text{C}$). Subsequent redefinitions of the metre and kilogram mean that this relationship is no longer exact.

A litre of liquid water has a mass *almost* exactly equal to one kilogram. An early definition of the kilogram was set as the mass of one litre of water. Because volume changes with temperature and pressure, and pressure uses units of mass, the definition of a kilogram was changed.



Cyrille Bissette (1795–1858)

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cyrille_Bissette

Cyrille Bissette was a free person of color (*homme de couleur*) from Martinique who was a radical abolitionist. He served in the French National Assembly from 1848 to 1851.

Bissette was born 9 July 1795 in Fort Royal (now Fort-de-France), Martinique. In the racial categorization of the time, he was considered a mulatto.

He was said to be related to Josephine, the wife of Napoléon I. Sources vary on the exact family relationship: he may have been the child of an illegitimate son of Joseph Tascher de la Pagerie, Josephine's father, or his mother may have been the illegitimate daughter of a member of the Tascher de la Pagerie family.

Bissette was a merchant and a slaveholder early in his career, but *became radicalized by his own arrest and sentencing for rights advocacy, a controversy that became known as *l'affaire Bissette*.*

Bissette died in Paris on 22 January 1858.

Bissette was a leader of efforts to abolish slavery in the French Colonies. He was involved in the so-called "Bissette affaire," whose anti-slavery activities begin to be radicalized about this time.^[*vague*]

The aftermath of the Napoleonic Wars jeopardized the status of freed slaves and free persons of color in the French colonies. Some Black men and mulattos had been manumitted in order to serve in the militia in the first decade of the 19th century. But men of color later might find themselves impressed into service or re-enslaved because they failed to prove their status to the satisfaction of current authorities attempting to reinstate

the former colonial regime. In 1822, **these circumstances led to a slave revolt in Martinique**, and in turn to stricter "security measures" that affected both free persons of color as well as those who had been questionably enslaved. The homes of free people were searched for anti-slavery materials. Bissette was one of three free men of color who were arrested during the crackdown for possessing a political pamphlet agitating against the loss of rights for their people.

Following their conviction in 1824, **Bissette and his two friends had their property confiscated, were sentenced to life as a galley slave, and were branded with the letters GAL. They were then deported to Paris.** The savagery of the sentence shocked liberal sensibilities in the metropolis, and the case became a *cause célèbre*. The legal case continued in the courts until 1827, when a final verdict exculpated the participants other than Bissette. A campaign of support eventually obtained his pardon and release from prison.

Bissette was a leading figure throughout the 1840s in the movement that led to France abolishing slavery in 1848. But while active in the cause of abolition, Bissette did not belong to the *Société pour l'Abolition de l'Esclavage* (Society for the Abolition of Slavery), perhaps because he felt unwelcome or because he could not afford the subscription fee that the society's wealthy members paid. **He was barred from testifying before the Parliamentary Commission on Emancipation, evidently because of his color.**

In August 1848, Bissette was one of two men of color elected to represent the Caribbean colonies in the French Parliament. The French colonies were given representation in the National Assembly by the French Constitution of 1848, on the principle of universal suffrage (which in fact excluded women). Bissette represented Martinique. The mulatto artillery officer François Perrinon represented Guadeloupe.

Chevalier de Saint-Georges

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Chevalier_de_Saint-Georges



Joseph Bologne, Chevalier de Saint-Georges (December 25, 1745 – June 10, 1799) was a champion fencer, virtuoso violinist, and conductor of the leading symphony orchestra in Paris. Born in Guadeloupe, he was the son of George Bologne de Saint-Georges, a wealthy planter, and Nanon, his African slave. **During the French Revolution, Saint-Georges was colonel of the Légion St.-Georges, the first all-black regiment in Europe, fighting on the side of the Republic.** Today the Chevalier de Saint-Georges **is best remembered as the first classical composer of African ancestry.**

Born in Baillif, Basse-Terre, he was the son of George Bologne de Saint-Georges, a wealthy planter on the island of Guadeloupe, and Nanon, his African slave. His father, called "de Saint-Georges" after one of his plantations in Guadeloupe, was a

commoner until 1757, when he acquired the title of *Gentilhomme ordinaire de la chambre du roi* (Gentleman of the king's chamber)

In 1753, his father took Joseph, aged seven, to France for his education. Two years later, on August 26, 1755, listed as passengers on the ship *L'Aimable Rose*, Bologne de Saint-Georges and *Negresse* Nanon landed in Bordeaux. In Paris, reunited with their son Joseph, they moved into a spacious apartment at 49 rue Saint André de Arts....

In 1769, the Parisian public was amazed to see Saint-Georges, the great fencer, among the violins of Gossec's new orchestra, *Le Concert des Amateurs*. Two years later he became its concertmaster, and in 1772 he created a sensation with his debut as a soloist, playing his first two violin concertos, Op. II, with Gossec conducting the orchestra. "These concertos were performed last winter at a concert of the *Amateurs* by the author himself, who received great applause as much for their performance as for their composition." According to another source, **"The celebrated Saint-Georges, mulatto fencer [and] violinist, created a sensation in Paris ... [when] two years later ... at the *Concert Spirituel*, he was appreciated not as much for his compositions as for his performances, enrapturing especially the feminine members of his audience."**

In 1773, when Gossec took over the direction of the prestigious but troubled *Concert Spirituel*, he designated Saint-Georges as his successor as director of the *Concert des Amateurs*. Less than two years under his direction, **"Performing with great precision and delicate nuances [*the Amateurs*] became the best orchestra for symphonies in Paris, and perhaps in all of Europe."** As the Queen attended some of Saint-Georges' concerts at the *Palais de Soubise*, arriving sometimes without notice, the orchestra wore court attire for all its performances. "

In 1776 the *Académie royale de musique*, the (Paris Opéra), was once again in dire straits. Saint Georges was proposed as the next director of the opéra. As creator of the first disciplined French orchestra since Lully, he was the obvious choice to rescue the prestige of that troubled institution. However, alarmed by his reputation as a taskmaster, three of its leading ladies "... presented a *placet* (petition) to the Queen [Marie Antoinette] assuring her Majesty that **their honor and delicate conscience could never allow them to submit to the orders of a mulatto.**" To keep the affair from embarrassing the queen, Saint-Georges promptly withdrew his name from the proposal. Meanwhile, to defuse the brewing scandal, Louis XVI took the *Opéra* back from the city of Paris - ceded to it by Louis XIV a century ago - to be managed by his Intendant of Light Entertainments. Following the "affair," Marie-Antoinette preferred to hold her musicales in the salon of her *petit appartement de la reine* in Versailles. The audience was limited to her intimate circle and only a few musicians, among them the Chevalier de Saint-Georges. "Invited to play music with the queen," Saint-Georges probably played his violin sonatas, with her Majesty playing the forte-piano.

Légion St.-Georges

On September 7, 1792, Julien Raimond, leader of a delegation of free men of color from Saint-Domingue (Haiti), petitioned the National Assembly to authorize the formation of a Legion of volunteers, so "We too may spill our blood for the defense of the motherland." **The next day, the Assembly authorized the formation of a cavalry brigade of "men of color", to be called *Légion nationale des Américains & du midi*, and appointed Citizen St. Georges colonel of the new regiment St. Georges' Légion, the first all colored regiment in Europe, "grew rapidly as volunteers [attracted by his name] flocked to it from all over France."**

Among its officers was Thomas Alexandre Dumas, the novelist's father, one of St. Georges's two lieutenant colonels. Colonel St. Georges found it difficult to obtain the

funds allocated to his unit towards equipment and horses badly needed by his regiment. With a number of green recruits still on foot, it took his Legion three days to reach its training camp in Laon. In February, when Pache, the minister of war, ordered St. Georges to take his regiment to Lille and hence to the front, he protested that, "Short of horses, equipment and officers, I cannot lead my men to be slaughtered ...without a chance to teach them to tell their left from their right."

That May, Citizen Maillard denounced St. Georges' Legion to the Committee of Public Safety, for enrolling individuals suspected of royalist sentiments; **he did not mention their being "men of color."** Meanwhile Commissaire Dufrenne, one of Pache's henchmen, accused St. Georges as: "A man to watch; riddled by debts he had been paid I think 300,000 livres to equip his regiment; he used most of it I am convinced to pay his debts; with a penchant for luxury he keeps, they say, 30 horses in his stables, some of them worth 3000 livres; what horror..." Though Dufrenne's accusations were based on mere hearsay, Saint Georges was called to Paris where, promptly established by the Committee of Public Safety that Pache never sent his regiment any funds, St. Georges was cleared of all charges and re-confirmed as Colonel of his Legion.

...Meanwhile the legion's colonel had other grievances. **On his return to Lille to rejoin his regiment on its way to the front, he found most of his black troopers and some of his officers gone.** It must have been a bitter moment when he realized that without them his legion had lost its *raison d'être*. Moreover, War Minister Pache, instead of sending him supplies and officers, decreed leaving for the front, the *Légion St. Georges* would be renamed *le 13e regiment de chasseurs à cheval*, and attached to the army of Belgium. Some of its men of color were ordered to embark for the West Indies "to defend our possessions in America." Only the Legion's first company, still called *l'Américaine*, retained some of Saint Georges' original staff: Lieutenant Colonels Champreux and Dumas, and Captains Duhamel and Colin, along with seventy three of his old troopers. With Lille virtually on the front lines, while patrolling in enemy territory,"Citizen Saint-

Georges, was seen by some of his comrades standing up to the enemy with only fifty of his *chasseurs* and taking command of a passing column, on his own volition, purely for the pleasure of serving the Republic."

Saint-Domingue (present day named Haiti)

In Saint-Domingue, the news from abroad that the "whites of La France had risen up and killed their masters," spread among the black slaves of the island. "The rebellion was extremely violent...the rich plain of the North was reduced to ruins and ashes..." **After months of arson and murder, Toussaint Louverture, a black military genius, took charge of the slave revolt.** In the Spring of 1796, a commission with 15,000 troops and tons of arms sailed for Saint-Domingue to abolish slavery. Second to Léger-Félicité Sonthonax, leader of the commission, was Julien Raimond, the founder of Saint-Georges' Légion.

..In the late spring of 1799, there came bad news from Saint-Domingue: Generals Hédouville and Roume, the *Directoire's* emissaries, reverting to the discredited policy of stirring up trouble between blacks and mulattoes, succeeded in starting a war between pro-French André Rigaud's mulattoes, and separatist Toussaint Louverture's blacks. It was so savage that it became known as the "War of the Knives." Hearing of it affected St. Georges, already suffering from a painful condition which he refused to acknowledge. Two of his contemporary obituaries reveal the course of his illness and death....

Quincy Jones

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Quincy_Jones

Quincy Delight Jones Jr. (born March 14, 1933), also known as "Q", is an American record producer, actor, conductor, arranger, composer, musician, television producer, film

producer, instrumentalist, magazine founder, entertainment company executive, and humanitarian. **His career spans six decades in the entertainment industry, a record 79 Grammy Award nominations, and 28 Grammys, including a Grammy Legend Award in 1991.**



Raised in Seattle, Washington, Jones developed interest in music at an early age, and attended the Berklee College of Music. He came to prominence in the 1950s as a jazz arranger and conductor, before moving on to work prolifically in pop music and film scores. In 1968, Jones and his songwriting partner, Bob Russell, became the first African Americans to be nominated for an Academy Award for Best Original Song, for "The Eyes of Love" from the Universal Pictures film *Banning*. That same year, Jones was the first African American to be nominated twice in the same year, as he was also nominated for his work on the 1967 film *In Cold Blood* for an Academy Award for Best Original Score. In 1971, Jones was the first African American to be the musical director and conductor of the Academy Awards ceremony. In 1995, he was the first African American to receive the

Academy's Jean Hersholt Humanitarian Award. He is tied with sound designer Willie D. Burton as the second most Oscar-nominated African American; each has seven nominations (Denzel Washington has nine nominations).

Jones was the producer, with Michael Jackson, of Jackson's albums *Off the Wall* (1979), *Thriller* (1982), and *Bad* (1987), as well as the producer and conductor of the 1985 charity song "We Are the World", which raised funds for victims of destitution in Ethiopia.

In 2013, Jones was inducted into the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame as the winner, alongside Lou Adler, of the Ahmet Ertegun Award. Jones was also named by *Time Magazine* as one of the most influential jazz musicians of the 20th century.

At the age of 19, Jones traveled with jazz bandleader Lionel Hampton to Europe—and he has said that **his European tour with Hampton turned him upside down, altering his view of racism in the US.**

‘It gave you some sense of perspective of past, present and future. It took the myopic conflict between just black and white in the United States and put it on another level because you saw the turmoil between the Armenians and the Turks, and the Cypriots and the Greeks, and the Swedes and the Danes, and the Koreans and the Japanese. Everybody had these hassles, and you saw it was a basic part of human nature, these conflicts. It opened my soul, it opened my mind.’

Genealogy

>>> IMPORTANT <<<

With the help of the author Alex Haley in 1972 and Mormon researchers in Salt Lake City, Jones discovered that his mother's ancestors included James Lanier, a relative of Sidney Lanier, the poet. Jones said in an interview, **"He had a baby with my great-**

grandmother [a slave], and my grandmother was born there [on a plantation in Kentucky]. We traced this all the way back to the Laniers, same family as Tennessee Williams." *Learning that the Lanier immigrant ancestors were French Huguenot refugees, who had court musicians among their ancestors, Jones attributed some of his musicianship to them.* In a 2009 BBC interview, Jones said Haley also helped him learn that his father was of part Welsh ancestry.

For the 2006 PBS television program *African American Lives*, Jones had his DNA tested, and genealogists researched his family history again. **His DNA revealed he is mostly African but is also 34% European in ancestry, on both sides of his family.** Research showed that he has Welsh, English, French, and Italian ancestry, with European ancestry in his direct patrilineal line (Y DNA). Through his direct matrilineal line (mt DNA), he is of West African/Central African ancestry of Tikar descent, a people centered in present-day Cameroon. He also has European matrilineal ancestry, such as Lanier male ancestors who fought for the Confederacy, making him eligible for Sons of Confederate Veterans. **Among his ancestors is Betty Washington Lewis, the sister of president George Washington.** Jones is also a direct descendant of Edward I of England; Edward's ancestors included Rurik, Polish, Swiss, and French nobility.

In 1994, rapper Tupac Shakur criticized Jones for having relationships with white women, prompting Jones's daughter Rashida to pen a scathing open letter in response, published in *The Source*. Rashida's sister Kidada developed a romantic relationship with Shakur and had been living with the rapper for four months at the time of his death.

Jones has stated he dated Ivanka Trump, despite expressing disdain for her father.

In Conversation: Quincy Jones

vulture.com/2018/02/quincy-jones-in-conversation.html

The music legend on the secret Michael Jackson, his relationship with the Trumps, and the problem with modern pop.

February 07, 2018 8:00 am

By David Marchese

- Truncated -

In both music and manner, Quincy Jones has always registered — from afar, anyway — as smooth, sophisticated, and impeccably well-connected. (That’s what earning 28 Grammy awards and co-producing Michael Jackson’s biggest-selling albums will do.) But in person, the 84-year-old music-industry *macher* is far spikier and more complicated. **“All I’ve ever done is tell the truth,” says Jones, seated on a couch in his palatial Bel Air home, and about to dish some outrageous gossip. “I’ve got nothing to be scared of, man.”**

Currently in the midst of an extended victory lap ahead of his turning 85 in March — a Netflix documentary and a CBS special hosted by Oprah Winfrey are on the horizon — Jones, dressed in a loose sweater, dark slacks, and a jaunty scarf, talks like he has nothing to lose. He name-drops, he scolds, he praises, and he tells (and retells) stories about his very famous friends. Even when his words are harsh, he says them with an enveloping charm, frequently leaning over for fist bumps and to tap me on the knee. “The experiences I’ve had!” he says, shaking his head in wonder. “You almost can’t believe it.”

If you could snap your fingers and fix one problem in the country, what would it be?

Racism. I've been watching it a long time — the '30s to now. We've come a long way but we've got a long way to go. The South has always been fucked up, but you know where you stand. The racism in the North is disguised. You never know where you stand. That's why what's happening now is good, because people are saying they are racists who didn't used to say it. Now we *know*.

What's stirred everything up? Is it all about Trumpism?

It's Trump and uneducated rednecks. Trump is just telling them what they want to hear. I used to hang out with him. He's a crazy motherfucker. Limited mentally — a megalomaniac, narcissistic. I can't stand him. I used to date Ivanka, you know.

Wait, really?

Yes, sir. Twelve years ago. Tommy Hilfiger, who was working with my daughter Kidada, said, "Ivanka wants to have dinner with you." I said, "No problem. She's a fine motherfucker." She had the most beautiful legs I ever saw in my life. Wrong father, though.

Is Hollywood as bad with race as the rest of the country? I know that when you started scoring films, you'd hear producers say things like they didn't want a "bluesy" score, which was clearly code-speak. Are you still encountering that kind of racism?

It's still fucked up. 1964, when I was in Vegas, there were places I wasn't supposed to go because I was black, but Frank [Sinatra] fixed that for me. It takes individual efforts like that to change things. It takes white people to say to other white people, "Do you really want to live as a racist? Is that really what you believe?" But every place is different.

When I go to Dublin, Bono makes me stay at his castle because Ireland is so racist. Bono's my brother, man. He named his son after me.

What's something you've worked on that should've been bigger?

What the fuck are you talking about? I've never had that problem. They were all big.

How about a musician who deserved more acclaim?

Come on, man. The Brothers Johnson. James Ingram. Tevin Campbell. Every one of them went straight through the roof.

From a strictly musical perspective, what have you done that you're most proud of?

That anything I can feel, I can notate musically. Not many people can do that. I can make a band play like a singer sings. That's what arranging is, and it's a great gift. I wouldn't trade it for shit.

You hang out in these elite social circles and doing good has always been important to you, but are you seeing as much concern for the poor as you'd like from the ultrarich?

No. The rich aren't doing enough. They don't fucking care. I came from the street, and I care about these kids who don't have enough because I feel I'm one of 'em. These other people don't know what it feels like to be poor, so they don't care.

Are we in a better place as a country than we were when you started doing humanitarian work 50 years ago?

No. We're the worst we've ever been, but that's why we're seeing people try and fix it. Feminism: Women are saying they're not going to take it anymore. Racism: People are fighting it. God is pushing the bad in our face to make people fight back.

We've obviously been learning more lately about just how corrosive the entertainment industry can be for women. As someone who's worked in that business at the highest levels for so many years, do all the recent revelations come as a surprise?

No, man. Women had to put up with fucked-up shit. Women and brothers — we're both dealing with the glass ceiling.

Tennessee Williams

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tennessee_Williams

Thomas Lanier "Tennessee" Williams III (March 26, 1911 – February 25, 1983) was an American playwright. Along with Eugene O'Neill and Arthur Miller, **he is considered among the three foremost playwrights of 20th-century American drama.**



After years of obscurity, he became suddenly famous with *The Glass Menagerie* (1944), a play that closely reflected his own unhappy family background. This heralded a string of successes, including *A Streetcar Named Desire* (1947), *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* (1955), and *Sweet Bird of Youth* (1959). His later work attempted a new style that did not appeal to audiences, and alcohol and drug dependence further inhibited his creative output. His drama *A Streetcar Named Desire* is often numbered on short lists of the finest American plays of the 20th century alongside Eugene O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey into Night* and Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*.

Much of Williams' most acclaimed work was adapted for the cinema. He also wrote short stories, poetry, essays and a volume of memoirs. In 1979, four years before his death, Williams was inducted into the American Theater Hall of Fame.

Childhood

Thomas Lanier Williams III was born in Columbus, Mississippi, of English, Welsh, and **Huguenot ancestry**, the second child of Edwina Dakin (1884–1980) and Cornelius Coffin "C. C." Williams (1879–1957). His father was an alcoholic traveling shoe

salesman who spent much of his time away from home. **His mother, Edwina, was the daughter of Rose O. Dakin, a music teacher,** and the Reverend Walter Dakin, an Episcopal priest who was assigned to a parish in Clarksdale, Mississippi, shortly after Williams' birth. Williams' early childhood was spent in the parsonage there...

Democracy Matters

By Cornel West [Penguin Press; New York] 2004

Pg. 19

In the face of cynical and disillusioned acquiescence to the status quo, we must draw on the tragicomic. Tragicomic hope is a profound attitude toward life reflected in the work of artistic geniuses as diverse as Lucian in the Roman empire, Cervantes in the Spanish empire, and Chekhov in the Russian empire. Within in the American empire it has been most powerfully expressed in the black invention of the blues in the face of white supremacist powers. As Ralph Ellison wrote in "Richard Wright's Blues," "The blues is an impulse to keep the painful details and episodes of a brutal experience alive in one's aching consciousness, to finger its jagged grain, and to transcend it, not by the consolation of philosophy but by squeezing from it a near-tragic, near-comic lyricism."

This powerful blues sensibility- a black interpretation of tragicomic hope often to people of all color- expresses righteous indignation with a smile and deep inner pain without bitterness or revenge. **One finds it in the works of Mark Twain, Tennessee Williams,** Eudora Welty, and Thomas Pynchon as well as Bessie Smith, Ma Rainey, Robert Johnson, and Leroy Carr.

There are a number of white lovers of the blues who have tragicomic sensibility, but for too many in white America the blues remains a kind of exotic source of amusement, a kind of primi-atavistic occasion for entertainment only. The music is not simply a music to titillate; it is a hard-fought way of life, and as such it should unsettle and unnerve whites

about the legacy of white supremacy. The blues is relevant today because when we look down through the corridors of time, the black American interpretation of tragicomic hope that has any kind of maturity in a world of overwhelming barbarity and bestiality. That barbarity is found not just in the form of terrorism but in the form of the emptiness of our lives- in terms of the wasted human potential that we see around the world. **In this sense, the blues is a great democratic contribution of black people to world history.** [The blues, moreover, also birthed American country music and rock and roll, to the chagrin of many whites whom would wish to believe otherwise- DE]

The Girl Who Loved Camellias

The Life and Legend of Marie Duplessis

By Julie Kavanagh [Alfred A. Knopf; New York] 2013



The Café Concert by Édouard Manet, 1878

Facing Tortoni, in part of an *hôtel particulier*, the Café de Paris had the understated elegance of an aristocratic family house, furnished with superb antiques, paintings, and mirrors and lit by candles, oil lamps, and the glow of wood fires. **It was not only the best restaurant in Paris but reputedly the best in Europe.** The chef had once worked for the Duchess de Berry and could make an art of the simplest dish, such as veal casserole- a “culinary glory” and specialty of the house. **Dumas père, who loved cooking almost more than writing, would frequently be taken down to the kitchens for a consultation on a recipe.** Almost every evening there was a tasting exchange between clients. “For instance,” writes the English journalist Albert Vandam, “Dr Véron who was very fond of Musigny vintage, rarely missed offering some dishes from his table.” The headwaiter, the urbane, deferential Martin Guépet, would not turn chance customers or sightseers away, but there was rarely a strange face or discordant voice among the diners. To Gustave Claudin, novelist and chronicler of Parisian mores, there was an unspoken, uncontested rule of selection at the Café de Paris: “Nobody was tolerated who could not lay claim to some sort of distinction or originality. **A kind of invisible moral barrier existed, shutting out the mediocre, the insipid, and the insignificant, who passed by, but did not linger, knowing that their place was not there.**”

...Although disagreeable to look at, with sagging cheeks and blinking, piggy eyes, Véron was as vain and mannered as a Regency roué, wearing a massive cravat to hide his scarred, scrofulous neck. He loved the company of young women, over whom he seemed to wield a mystifying power. “I gave in because he had a hold over me,” said **the actress Rachel, explaining why she had chosen Véron as her first lover when she was just seventeen.**

..Marie's lowly origins intrigued Véron. One evening, after she had left the table, he remarked, "I confess Alphonsine Plessis interest me very much. **She is, first of all, the best dressed woman in Paris.** Secondly, she neither flaunts nor hides her vices. Thirdly, she is not always talking or hinting about money. In short, she is a wonderful courtesan.

It was the chance to be part of a rarefied, fascinating milieu like this that encouraged Marie to make the most of her profession. "**I wanted to know the refinements and pleasure of artistic taste," she once said, "the joy of living in elegant and cultivated society."** It had allowed her not only to indulge her sybaritic nature but to choose her world. **The writers who frequented the Café de Paris – Musset, Sue, Balzac, Dumas- were the writers whose books Marie bought.** She owned a ten-volume edition of *The Three Musketeers*, and her library of carved oak contained more than two hundred books: classics by Rabelais, Walter Scott, Marivaux, Byron, Molière, and Cervantes as well as works by contemporaries such as Lamartine and Victor Hugo. As Charles Martharel de Fiennes wrote, "These were the men with whom she wanted to keep company."

Through the Café de Paris, Marie had the best of both worlds: no inhibitions or propriety and access to the civilizing advantages of a salon-like atmosphere – an informal university for women. But how could a country girl, who a few years earlier could barely read or write, hold her own in this setting? Beauty was appreciated, but it was not a prerequisite of acceptance: Esther Guimont, another "friend of the Café of Paris band" was as plain as she was ill educated, yet known as the *courtisane des lettres* because of her influence on the distinguished writers and politicians of the day. She was said to have lured away Delphine **de Girardin's husband, Émile**, the most powerful journalist in Paris, because she made him laugh, and her wit and audacity had also won the heart of Nestor Roqueplan...She was, he said, "without intellect, but with a rich instinct."

...Houssaye felt that Marie was clever, "but she talked nothing but nonsense. And yet with all this, or without all this, she achieved her renown by way of charm. When you

were wish her you had no wish to leave.” Marie’s candor about her lack of education only increased their interest, Albert Vandam said. “She had a natural tact and an instinctive refinement which no education could have enhanced. She never made grammatical mistakes, no coarse expression ever passed her lips.”

Marie’s demure appearance touched just about every man she met. “Only the large black eyes, lacking innocence, protested against the purity of this virginal physique,” wrote one admirer. Intensifying the effect was her simplicity of dress. Her favorite garment was a shawl-cashmere in winter; crêpe de chine or Chantilly lace in summer- which artfully complemented her tall, thin frame. Balzac, however, would have regarded such subtlety as cynical provocation. Marie epitomized his delicate, decorous-seeming girls who enliven the orgy scene in his novel *The Wild Ass’s Skin*- the ‘make-believe virgins, whose pretty hair out pious innocence...wrapping themselves in a mantle of virtue in order to give greater charm and piquancy to the prodigalities of vice.

...Taglioni’s landmark performance, which first established the preeminence of the ballerina, corresponded to the sylph’s own emancipation. Cherishing her freedom and unconstrained by bourgeois conventions, the ballet’s heroine is, in the words of one recent historian, **“a woman of unnerving contrasts...strong but frail, sexually alluring but chaste.” It could be a description of Marie.**

And yet to have won “the devotion of the erotic Boulevard,” Marie was required to be there on their terms. These were all men who sought the society of women of the demimonde, and their familiarities with grisettes, courtesans, and actresses fed their work, creating Balzac’s Esther, Sue’s Rigolette, Musset’s Mimi Pinson. **In one of the Café de Paris’s private salons, all decorum had to be left at the door.** This was the condition for a woman to participate in Le Souper des Douze- a dinner held by the dozen “Disciples of Eros,” who included Dr. Véron, Alfred de Musset, and Nestor Roqueplan. **Seated with the men, at a large table decorated not with flowers but with a cluster of**

figurines in acrobatic lovemaking positions, was a selection of “pretty girls, lorettes and mistresses” who were unlikely to be discomfited by the male after-dinner conversation. “Because when dessert was served with champagne, frothing in its glasses, we were accustomed to recount, without any reticence, our amorous adventures.

...Seeming today to be quaintly risqué, one describes how **a frigid courtesan, whose only passion was money**, was transported to near nymphomania by the sight of her lover’s state of arousal. In another, the narrator plans to cure his mistress of her jealousy with the help of a complicit blonde. When Valerie receives an anonymous note telling her that her lover has been unfaithful, she rushed to his apartment opening the door with the key he has given her, and catches him with his breeches down. “Madame...this mine and I forbid you to touch it!” she shrieks, launching into a catfight and rolling on the floor with her rival. The man watches voyeuristically as the two women enlase, and the story concludes with a consensual threesome.

The author of *Voluptueux souvenirs* was Roger de Beauvoir, “the most audacious of this band” and an escort of Marie. He, too, came from Normandy and had aggrandized himself by changing his name and adding “de” to his patronymic (Beauvoir was the name of the land he owned there) [The painter Degas did the same, his family’s surname was Gas but he felt compelled to enrich his status as well]. **His friends nicknamed Roger Bontemps because of his love of pleasure and extravagant lifestyle.** With a cigar in his left hand, a cane of rhinoceros horn in his right, he was a persuasive charmer, a tall bachelor in his early forties, and one of Paris’s most elegant dandies. **He was born rich- “thrice rich,” wrote Dumas, “through his mother, his father and the second husband of his mother.”** His black beard and long, curling tresses gave him the air of an Italian nobleman. (The writer and photographer Maxime du Camp thought he resembled one of the young Venetians whom Veronese painted at his Wedding at Cana.). Almost always good-humored, he as an original, brilliant conversationalist and compulsive

scribbler, who composed more than three hundred poems, songs, and madrigals and kept notebooks full of quatrains and epigrams on his friends and enemies. **“I have know almost all the witty men of our time,” remarked Dumas, “and I am not afraid of saying that not one had the verve of Roger de Beauvoir.”**

In fact, Marie got much closer than others in her position in gaining access to le monde. Vienne claims she was received at balls where young women of her kind were never admitted, and even the most meticulous observers of form would greet her while pretending not to know her name. The social rigidity of the Ancien Régime had relaxed under Louis-Philippe, and dowagers and titled women of fashion had begun to mix with the demimonde at charity balls and the races. “At first glance they were the same women, dressed by the same dressmakers, the only difference being that **the demimonde seemed a little more chic**,” writes Houssaye. This, of course, was especially true of **Marie, who elegance and dignity had made her indistinguishable from the grandees. Lola Montès** [who was actually Irish fronting as a spicy Spaniard from Andalus] had the comportment of a duchess, but, Vandam claims, the moment she spoke the illusion vanished.

Lola Montès* was also incapable of humility- a concept Marie had discovered to be an effective way of breaking down social barriers.

*** Part Four**

Alexandre Dumas

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Alexandre_Dumas



Alexandre Dumas *père*

photo by Félix Nadar, **1855**

The Black Count

By Tom Reiss [Crown Publishers; New York] 2012

Pg. 2-3

He never got past chronicling his thirty-first year- which was well before he had published a word as novelist- yet he spent more than the first two hundred pages on a story that is as fantastic as any of his novels: the life of his father, **General Alexandre-Alex Dumas, a black man from the colonies who narrowly survived the French Revolution and rose to command fifty thousand men.** The chapters about General Dumas are drawn from reminiscences of his mother and his father's friends, and from official documents and letters he obtained from his mother and the French Ministry of War. It is a raw and poignant attempt at biography, full of gaps, omissions, and re-creations of scenes and dialogue. But it is sincere. The story of his father ends with this scene of his death, the point at which the novelist begins his own life story.

To remember a person is the most important thing in the novels of Alexandre Dumas. The worst sin anyone can commit is to forget. The villains of *The Count of Monte Cristo* do not murder the hero Edmond Dantès- they have him thrown into a dungeon where he is forgotten by the world. **The heroes of Dumas never forget anything or anyone: Dantès has perfect memory for details of every field of human knowledge, for the history of the world and for everyone he has encountered in his life.** When he confronts them one by one he finds that the assassins of his identity have forgotten the very fact that he existed and thus the fact of their crime.

Pg. 8-10

In his own lifetime General Dumas was a legendary figure. Official histories of the period often pause to relate some colorful anecdote about him. David Johnson, in his book *The French Cavalry, 1792-1815*, writes of the general's early career. **"In addition to being a first-class soldier, Dumas was possibly the strongest man in the French army....**In the riding school he liked to stand up in the stirrups, taken hold of an overhead beam, and lift himself and his horse bodily off the ground," A more plausible story that appears in multiple histories relates that he once fought three duels in one day, winning all three despite being gashed in the head- almost certainly the basis for one of the best-known and most scenes in *The Three Musketeers*, in which d'Artagnan challenges Porthos, Athos, and Aramis to duel on the same afternoon (the scene ends happily – 'All for one and one for all!' - as real enemy appears).

Alex Dumas first came to the army's attention when, still a lowly corporal, he single-handedly captured twelve enemy soldiers and marched them back to his camp. Not long afterward, he led four horsemen in an attack on an enemy post manned by over fifty men- Dumas alone killed six and took sixteen prisoner. As a Parisian society journalist summed up, **"Such brilliant conduct, on top of a manly physiognomy and extraordinary strength and stature, secured his quick promotion; it wasn't long before his talents proved he deserved it."**

As his star rose, Alex Dumas was not one to give orders and then hang back in safety while his subordinates did the dangerous work: he led his troops by going out ahead of them. One his commanding officers once remarked to him, 'My dear Dumas, you make me tremble every time I see you mount a horse and gallop off at the head of your dragoons. I always say to myself, "It's impossible for him to return in one piece if he keeps going at this pace.' What would become of me if you let yourself get killed?"



General-in-Chief Thomas-Alexandre Dumas Davy de la Pailleterie
(1762- 1806), he played a pivotal role in the French Revolutionary Wars

Painting by Olivier Pichat

Even when Dumas became a general, commanding thousands of troops, he always preferred to lead small units on special operations where he could use his wits and outsized physical skills to prevail. As **general-in-chief of the Army of the Alps**, roughly the equivalent of a four-star general today, Dumas put on spiked boots and led his men up seemingly impregnable ice cliffs at night to surprise an Austrian battery that seemed as unassailable as the guns of Navarone. **He captured the enemy's matériel and turned their own guns against them, forcing immediate surrender.** He took not only 1,700 prisoners and over forty artillery pieces but Mont Cenis, the key to the Alps.

When they were still both generals in the French Revolution, **Napoléon celebrated Alex Dumas's deeds in the classical terms** favored at the time, proclaiming him the incarnation of Horatius Cocles, the ancient hero who saved the Roman Republic by keeping invading barbarians from crossing the Tiber. (French revolutionaries, like American ones, lived in a world of classical allusions- everyone referred to George Washington as Cincinnatus). [Cincinnati is also a major river city in state of Ohio]

When Napoléon launched the French invasion of Egypt, Dumas went as his cavalry commander, but it was there *that the two very different soldiers came to loathe each other*. The clash was ideological- Dumas saw himself as a fighter for world liberation, not world domination- but it was also personal.

“Among the Muslims, men from every class who were able to catch sight of General Bonaparte were struck by how short and skinny he was, “ wrote the chief medical officer of the expedition. ‘The one, among our generals, whose appearance struck them more was...the **General-in-Chief of the cavalry, Dumas. Man of color**, and by his figure looking like a centaur, when they saw him ride his horse over trenches, going to ransom prisoners, **all them believed he as the leader of the expedition.**”

At over six feet, with an athletic physique, Alex Dumas cut a dashing figure among the French elite. But how was it that he could enter the elite- and **indeed be celebrated as a national hero- at a time when the basis of French wealth was black slavery in the colonies?**

Titan of Spanish literature more relevant than ever

By Marcela Valdes

New York Times International

Feb. 26, 2018

-Truncated-

In March, **Vargas Llosa will turn 82. He has written almost every morning of his life, publishing 59 books in 55 years, among them some of the greatest novels of the past half century:** “The Time of the Hero,” “Conversation in the Cathedral,” “Aunt Julia and the Scriptwriter,” “The Feast of the Goat.” This week, Vargas Llosa has three books coming out- English translations of a novel (“The Neighborhood”) and of a collection of political essays (“Sabers and Utopias”), as well as a new volume in Spain, “The Call of the Tribe,” which is not yet available in English. **It’s a condensed history of three centuries of *classical liberal thought*, that doubles as a kind of intellectual autobiography.**

For Vargas Llosa, writing has been a weapon against both despair and despotism, and the “The Call of the Tribe” feels like his attempt to beat back the waves of nationalism and populism now flooding our world. **He is a defender of individual *liberty* and democracy in Latin America. What he most respects in a person, he told me, is integrity: “Consistency in what you believe, what you say and what you do.”** And while his insistence on saying and doing exactly what he himself believes has left a scorched path in his personal life, it has also been the making of his career.

Until he was 10, Vargas Llosa enjoyed a pampered childhood in a house filled with members of his **mother’s sociable, middle-class family, which can trace its *pedigree* to early Spanish colonists.** “When I went to live with my father, and I was feeling alone,

feeling completely isolated, separated from the people whom I felt were my family reading saved me,” Vargas Llosa told me. **He buried himself in novels by *Alexandre Dumas*, Victor Hugo, Charles Dickens and Balzac, dreaming of a life filled with adventure.** “It was a marvelous way of not living the horrible life that I had.”

...His political tracts underscore the value of diversity, of stellar public education, of equal opportunities for the poor. And his novels, whether they are kaleidoscopic histories, political thrillers, generational sagas or slapstick comedies, are remarkable of their ability to inhabit a host of perspectives.

“Words are acts,” Vargas Llosa said, emphasizing each word as if pointing at the sentence hovering in the air. **This phrase by Jean-Paul Sartre, he told me, crystallized his understanding of the novelist’s political role in the 1950s.** Back then, he was a Marxist....

In our conversations, Vargas Llosa declined to discuss his romantic entanglements. When I asked him what had fractured his marriage to Patricia Llosa, which produced three children, he dropped all his smiles and chuckles. “Look,” he said, “that topic has to do with love. Love is probably the most enriching experience that a human being can have. Nothing transforms a person’s life as much as love. **At the same time, love is a private experience. If it is made public, it becomes cheap, shoddy, full of commonplaces.** This is why it so hard to write about love in literature. You have to find the most clever ways so that it doesn’t lose its authenticity and become commonplace. So I think that a person shouldn’t talk about love precisely if love is so important in his life.”

“You’re a romantic, I said.

“I think we all are. I think that romanticism has marked our lives very much, that it’s very difficult not to be romantic in some way, although many of us don’t realize it. Let’s say that I haven’t rejected it. When it’s happened, I’ve lived it.”

The History of Modern France
From the Revolution to the War with Terror

By Jonathan Fenby [Simon & Schuster; New York] 2015

Pg. 332

Philosophical thought became dominated by existentialism with its leading proponent, **Jean-Paul Satre**, the epitome of a public intellectual as he plunged into political debates and argued that existence precedes essence and individuals bear sole responsibility for themselves in a godless world ‘on the far side of despair.’

The Courtesans
The demi-monde in 19th century France

By Joanna Richardson [Phoenix Press; London] 1967, 2000

Pg. 109

In a humble attic room, papered in black and red and hastily furnished, with a single window looking over the Seine, **lived Baudelaire, the art critic, and the translator of Edgar Allan Poe, already writing the poems of *Les Fleurs du mal***. It was, however, Boissard's rooms, and especially his great salon decorated in the purest Louis XIV style, that have left their mark on literary history; for here the *club des haschichins* held their meetings, **and Baudelaire, Balzac, and Gautier**, the author of *Mademoiselle de Maupin* and *Giselle*, **drifted into their frenetic hashish dreams**. Indeed, it was in Boissard's salon, in the summer of 1843, that **Gautier first met Baudelaire**.

Pg. 113

...While Gautier celebrated her physical attraction and statuesque beauty, Baudelaire had long worshipped her in secret...And while her abundant gaiety, her radiant health had sometimes made him bitter, in his jealous and resentful moods, he was enthralled by the goodness of her nature. **With his mulatto mistress, Jeanne Duval, his *Vénus noire*, he had known all the torments, complexities and pleasures of physical love; but Apollonie [Sabatier] was his *Vénus blanche***. She was more: she was *la Muse et la Madrone*. She was an inaccessible woman: cut off from him by Mosselman, by her health and happiness, by the fact that she did not need him. She greeted him on a Sunday as she greeted any other visitor; and, moving in the same room, seated at the same table, she remained an unattainable ideal, a permanent, benign inspiration.



The girl with the rushes by Antoine August Ernest Hébert, 19th Century

Napoléon III And His Carnival Empire

By John Bierman [St. Martin's Press; New York] 1988

Pg. 273

But there existed another Paris, and while Offenbach breathed the musical spirit of the boulevards, it was left to a very different personality, the doomed and tortured Charles Baudelaire, to find beauty in the pestilential misery that lurked behind the city's glittering façade.

His was the Paris of the sick, the crippled, the unemployed, of the child prostitutes, beggars, ragpickers, and cutthroats who struggled to survive in the filthy back streets, some of them just off the grand boulevards, which the tourists and the bourgeoisie never entered and where even the police feared to tread. **His was the Paris where, as Mark Twain noted** when he visited the city that year, you could hire a man to commit murder for seven dollars, the Paris whose streets a novelist Maxime du Camp called “a cloaca lined with nameless dens.”

It was also the Paris of industrial slums- Bercy, Belleville, Les Batignolles, La Chapelle, Charonne, and Vaugirard- where the new urban working class, many of them just in from the country, slaved for 3 francs a day and blew it all on absinthe, leaving their wives and children to root for food in the garbage dumps. It was in the midden that Baudelaire grew his “**flowers of evil**” – the collection of poems entitled *Les Fleurs du mal* that led to his prosecution for “**offenses against public morals**” when he published them in 1857.

Those poems, extracting a magic vision from the vile realities of life in the slums of Paris, have long since been recognized as a work of pure genius. But it is hardly

surprising that the vain, heartless, and hypocritical society of Baudelaire's day should have found them unprintable.

Another literary work of universally recognized genius that ran afoul of the law at about the same time was Gustave Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*. This intensely realistic story of a provincial housewife's adulteries and eventual suicide outraged bourgeois sensitivities, even though its editor had made significant cuts, and even though it did not contain single scene which be even the starchiest standards of the twentieth century could be described as erotic. Obviously, it was not the adulteries but the author's unflattering portrayal of middle-class myopia and complacency that inspired **the authorities to charge Flaubert and he publisher with committing "an outrage of public morality and religion."**



"Il y a des femmes qui vous inspirent le désir de les conquérir et de vous en plaire; mais celui-ci ne vous remplit que du désir de mourir lentement sous son regard. "

“There are women who inspire you with the desire to conquer them and to take your pleasure of them;

but this one fills you only with the desire to die slowly beneath her gaze.”

— Charles Baudelaire

Foreign Soldiers Built the French Army

Not just the Légion Étrangère

By Kevin Knodell

May 11, 2017

warisboring.com/foreign-soldiers-built-the-french-army/

At the end of World War II, the French Army was the fourth largest military force on the European continent, behind the Soviet Union, the United States’s expeditionary forces and Britain. **The Free French Forces under Charles de Gaulle had battled fascism alongside the Allied armies and marched straight into Paris.**

France remained one of the world’s great powers, and received a permanent seat on the U.N. Security Council for these contributions. However, **while the French military played a significant role in the war, it’s commonly overlooked that a generous portion of de Gaulle’s troops during the war—as in well over half—weren’t French.**

Throughout much of France's history, foreigners have been regular fixtures fighting on the side of French armies at home and abroad. Some fought for money, others for citizenship and many were conscripted from colonies and thrown into battle to fight for the interests of a country they'd never seen.

The *Légion Étrangère*, or Foreign Legion, is well known to even the most casual students of military history. It's essentially a force for foreigners who agree to fight for France as mercenaries and has played a key role in French military history. **But in addition to the legionnaires, the French military made liberal use of tirailleurs—units made up of troops recruited from colonies in Africa and Asia.**

As the French began their conquest of Africa, they recruited Algerian Arabs and Berbers to fight for them. **The French also relied heavily on Algerian troops to meet other commitments, utilizing them in the Crimean War, in Italy, Mexico and in the Franco-Prussian War.**



As France expanded its reach in Africa, French commanders raised the Senegalese Tirailleurs corps. Despite its name, the corps drew in troops not just from Senegal but across West Africa and played a significant role in occupying territory throughout the continent.

During World War I, as casualties mounted, the French high command launched a major recruiting drive in the republic's African colonies to bring tirailleurs to fight in Europe.

On April 22, 1915, when German forces first used chlorine gas on the Western Front it was against members of the French 45th Division, which was composed in large part of *Algerian tirailleurs and African light infantry*.

The majority of French colonial troops killed in World War I were Muslims. To commemorate their deaths, the French built the Great Mosque in Paris in 1926 as a place of worship for Muslims living in France. Thousands of tirailleurs remained in Europe to compensate for the heavy losses the military took during the war.

This wasn't without controversy. In 1919, the French Army occupied the German Rhineland with thousands of colonial soldiers among them. German nationalists were furious about the presence of Africans occupying German territories, whom they regarded as inferior.



However, in the Rhineland itself, locals often viewed the African troops differently. Compared to white French troops who were war weary and resentful of the Germans, the Africans were generally friendlier and more courteous in their interactions with the Germans. In some cases, African troops married German women or had liaisons out of wedlock. Some had children, who would come to be known as “Rhineland Bastards.”

Adolf Hitler wrote about them with vitriol in *Mein Kampf*, arguing that any relationship between German women and African troops amounted to the contamination of German bloodlines. “Jews were responsible for bringing Negroes into the Rhineland, with the ultimate idea of bastardizing the white race which they hate and thus lowering its cultural and political level so that the Jew might dominate,” he wrote. When the Nazis took power, they targeted these offspring. **In truth**, they represented a small percentage of the already minuscule number of Afro-Germans—**most mixed race Germans were the offspring of white German missionaries and their African wives.** Nevertheless, the Nazi régime ordered that all black and mixed race children in the Rhineland be sterilized.



Bismarck carving up Africa with European powers



Cameroon was lost by Germany in WWI; now French and English spoken with increased tensions because French is dominant and English the minority bordering Nigeria- the former British colony.

In May-June 1940, Germany unleashed the Blitzkrieg and decimated the French Army, overrunning thousands of colonial troops hastily deployed to bolster defenses. **In many cases the Germans refused to take Africans prisoners, opting to execute them for their “inferior” heritage on the spot.** The remaining French troops who didn’t surrender fled to Britain or became guerrilla fighters, leading to the creation of the Free French Forces. Others joined the collaborationist Vichy government and served the Nazis.

The Vichy government took control of colonial holdings in Africa and Asia, including most of the colonial troops that included French settlers, Foreign legionnaires and indigenous tirailleurs. However, when the Allies landed in North Africa in November 1942, de Gaulle absorbed many of these troops into his small army—greatly bolstering his forces.

These troops engaged in heavy fighting during the Italian campaign as members of the French Expeditionary Forces. **By this point well over half of all French troops were foreigners fighting under a French flag, and they were largely outfitted with American weapons and equipment. *As the Allied armies planned the liberation of France itself, de Gaulle made it known that he believed French troops should liberate the capital.***

The Allied High Command agreed but laid out a stipulation—***it would have to be liberated by a unit made up of white troops only.*** “It is more desirable that the division mentioned above consist of white personnel,” U.S. Maj. Gen. Walter Smith wrote in a January 1944 memo. ***“This would indicate the Second Armored Division, which with only one fourth native personnel, is the only French division operationally available that could be made one hundred percent white.”***

“It is unfortunate that the only French formation that is 100% white is an armoured division in Morocco,” British Gen. Frederick Morgan wrote to the Allied High Command. **“Every other French division is only about 40% white. I have told Colonel de Chevene that his chances of getting what he wants will be vastly improved if he can produce a white infantry division.”**

French commanders tried to find white troops to replace African ones. But as it stood, many of the white troops weren’t French either, but Spanish Republicans or members of the Foreign Legion. **Finding a 100 percent French unit, let alone one that was all white, was going to be impossible.**

Eventually, Allied commanders decided that **they could accept allowing *light-skinned Arab troops* to fill the gaps as a mostly European unit entered Paris.** As a result, the 2nd Armored Division was selected.

After France’s liberation, de Gaulle began demobilizing many of the Senegalese Tirailleurs and returning them back to postings in Africa or discharging them outright, replacing many with French partisans—even openly communist ones—in **a process called “blanchiment” or “bleaching.”** It was a complicated, and frustrating process.

In November 1944, former Senegalese POWs who had been repatriated learned that they would not receive the same pensions as their white comrades—as recruiters had promised earlier in the war—nor would they receive back pay for time spent in enemy captivity. They mutinied against colonial authorities, resulting in French troops killing dozens of still-serving tirailleurs. De Gaulle, worried about the possibility of wider revolt, ordered colonial authorities to quickly pay them.

While that was the beginning of end for the tirailleurs, French African troops would continue to play a role in the bloody last days of colonialism. **French commanders used them in the jungles of Indochina hunting for Vietminh guerrillas as well as in the bloody counterinsurgency campaign in Algeria.**

But the units were gradually disbanded as French colonies gained their independence, though several of these troops stayed on with the French military. **Some members of black and Arab communities in France today are their descendants. France has wrestled with how to recognize the legacy of these soldiers, particularly as anti-immigrant sentiment rises.**

In 2004, 60 graves in the Muslim section of a French war cemetery at Alsace were vandalized with swastikas and “SS” markings. In 2007, vandals struck Muslim war graves at the Notre-Dame de Lorette cemetery in Ablain Saint-Nazaire. And in 2008, vandals **put swastikas on 500 Muslim military graves along with slurs directed at Rachida Dati, a French-born politician and daughter of Arab immigrants from France’s former colonies.**

The recent French election that pitted the nationalist and anti-immigrant Marine Le Pen against independent centrist Emmanuel Macron *evoked virulent debate over whether Arab and African immigrants deserve a place in French society.* But many have already been buried there since long before either of them were born.

The Food and Wine of France

By Edward Behr [Penguin Press; New York] 2016

Pg. 161-162

A Spice Cake Lost in Time

Dijon, Burgundy

Pain d'épices is “spice bread” or, loosely, gingerbread. It’s traditionally dense, though not heavy, and smooth with a fine crumb. You can taste honey, but it’s usually impossible to pin down what the spices are. Recipes show that the key ingredients are aniseed and honey, so unlike the ginger and molasses of English and American gingerbread. **A typical French mix might also include cloves, cinnamon, coriander, and some form of orange....**

>>> IMPORTANT <<<

It was surely inevitable that long ago honey would be combined with spice and flour to make a cake. **It might have been first done by Arabs, who might have brought the cake to France at the end of the first millennium.** Even within France, it’s impossible to specify a place or period of origin. Spices were in widespread use in medieval cuisine, when the normal sweetening was either honey or, in wine regions, sap which the boiled-down juice of sweet grapes. Only in the 1500s did sugar become available in Europe in sufficient quantity and at a low-enough price to be commonly used.

Laurent Wauquiez: Right-winger is French opposition hope against Macron

By Hugh Schofield BBC News, Paris

December 12, 2017

bbc.com/news/world-europe-42310937

France's opposition Republican party has chosen a blunt-speaking young right-winger to be its new leader and start the fight back against President Emmanuel Macron.

Laurent Wauquiez, a former Europe minister under Nicolas Sarkozy and currently president of the Auvergne-Rhone-Alpes region, was chosen in an internal ballot of party members on Sunday. In the first of two planned rounds of voting, he won the support of nearly 75% of the 100,000 people who took part, easily beating his two rivals. Because he won more than half the vote, there will be no recourse to a second round.

The Republican party, which under different names has long been one of the two major forces in French politics, is in pieces following defeats in this year's presidential and parliamentary elections.

The previous generation of leaders - Nicolas Sarkozy, Francois Fillon and Alain Juppé - lost credibility after the fiasco of their presidential campaign, which for the first time in modern times saw the centre-right eliminated from round two of the vote. And in the National Assembly, the Republicans are reduced to a rump of fewer than a hundred

deputies. Several leading figures defected to President Macron's government, including Prime Minister Edouard Philippe and Economy Minister Bruno Le Maire.

Another group of nine former Republican deputies has founded a new party, called Agir, which also supports the government.

Mr Wauquiez, 42, has promised to turn the Republicans back into a credible force by reclaiming the right-wing values which he says have been steadily abandoned by his predecessors.

"The right has to be quite clear that it is on the right!" he said in a recent interview with Le Figaro newspaper.

"By dint of telling everyone what they want to hear, the right has lost its soul - with the result that the French no longer really know what it stands for." On a number of policies, Mr Wauquiez has taken positions which put him clearly at odds with centrists within the party.

He is strongly hostile to a federal Europe. He voted against gay marriage. **He says welfare dependency is a scourge, and he uses strong language to decry uncontrolled immigration and the "Islamisation" of France.** Critics say this shows he wants to form a pact with the far-right National Front (FN), or at least to lure over its supporters. He says he is merely responding to the expectations of ordinary people, and would never ally with FN leader Marine Le Pen.

Born into a well-to-do family of northern industrialists (there is a Wauquiez brand of sailing boat) and educated in Paris, Mr Wauquiez made his home in the mountainous Auvergne region west of Lyon when he entered politics in 2004. Earlier he had a reputation as a high-flyer through a series of elite training institutions, culminating in the

National Administration School, ENA. Profiles of Mr Wauquiez unanimously portray him as a man of exceeding ambition. An article in Le Monde in 2015 described the then rising star as the "bad boy of the right".

According to many commentators, he made himself enemies inside the Republicans thanks to his naked pursuit of advancement. Others have criticised him for changing policies to suit his career. **They say he began as a pro-European "social" conservative, but toughened his language when it was clear the far-right was gaining ground.**

He says he is not anti-European but believes the current EU system is a failure; that the existing French welfare system encourages dependency and needs to be re-thought; and that France needs to be tougher in defending its identity and institutions.

In an editorial following his election, Le Monde said Mr Wauquiez now had "uncontested legitimacy". However it warned that the hard task was now to come, as the new party leader tries to forge a consensus between the "open" and "closed" wings of his party.

Mixed-race Joan of Arc draws abuse from French far-right

February 23, 2018

bbc.com/news/world-europe-43168244

Authorities in the French city of Orléans are investigating racist tweets about a teenager set to play Joan of Arc. The city chose Mathilde Edey Gamassou, 17, on Monday to act as the folk heroine at annual celebrations in May. But a number of tweets and far-right websites have **condemned the pick because of the teenager's mixed-race heritage.**

Joan of Arc is celebrated throughout France, but is also a far-right symbol.

On Friday morning, the public prosecutor in Orléans announced there would be an investigation into **two racist tweets. The first compared the teenager to a baboon, while the second posted images of bananas in response.** The account that posted the baboon comparison has since been deleted.

What's the celebration?

The city of Orléans picks a teenager to play Joan of Arc every year. Joan of Arc liberated the city from England in 1429, and the chosen teen acts as the historical figure in a parade on 8 May. The selected girl must have lived in Orléans for at least 10 years, be a practising Catholic, be educated in an Orléans high school and must dedicate her free time to others.

On Monday, the Orléans Joan of Arc Association chose Mathilde, who has a Polish mother and a father from Benin (West Africa).

The city's mayor, Olivier Carré, supported the choice on Twitter, saying it was an honour to present her to the city in a special ceremony.

What's the controversy?

Far-right supporters quickly voiced their anger online. One Twitter user complained that the choice was designed to enforce a multicultural ideology. A comment piece on the far-right website Résistance Républicaine meanwhile complained that next year Joan of Arc would wear a burqa. The French gender equalities minister, Marlène Schiappa, tweeted her condemnation of the online abuse, saying **racial hatred had no place in France and fully backing Mathilde.**

Who was Joan of Arc?

Joan of Arc, known as the Maid of Orléans, was born in 1412. She claimed to have visions telling her to help France take back lands from England during the Hundred Years' War (1337-1453).

In 1429, she was sent to the siege of Orléans as part of a relief mission. She was celebrated for her role when the city was *liberated* nine days later. The lifting of the siege was seen as a turning point in the war, which led to a series of victories and culminated in July with the coronation of the French King Charles VII, whom Joan had supported. However, the next year she was captured and handed over to the English. In 1431, she was burned at the stake for alleged heresy, dying at the age of 19.

Since then, she has been venerated throughout France as a hero of national resistance and liberation. In particular, however, she is feted by the far-right, including the Front National.

Blitzed

Drugs in Nazi Germany

By Norman Ohler [Penguin Books; London] 2015

Pg. 67

One person saw things differently. **Hitler wanted to attack France as quickly as possible, ideally in the autumn of 1939.** But there was one problem: the Western Allies clearly had superior equipment and greater armed forces. **Contrary to what Nazi propaganda told the outside world, the Germans did not have superior armies.** Quite the opposite- after the Polish campaign their equipment urgently had to be renewed. Most divisions had poor equipment, barely half of it suitable for use. ***The French army, on the other hand, was considered the strongest in the world,*** and Great Britain, through its global empire, had access to infinite resources for its war economy.

Perhaps France in 1940: their defeat against the Germans came *after only eleven days*, the country has never recovered from that humiliation.

- Frédéric Beigbeder

France Gives Citizenship to 28 African WW2 Veterans

bbc.com/news/world-europe-39608575

April 15, 2017

French President François Hollande has given citizenship to 28 Africans who fought for France in World War Two and other conflicts. Mr Hollande said France owed them "a debt of blood". The veterans - **many from Senegal**, and aged between 78 and 90 - received their new certificates of citizenship at the Champs-Élysées in Paris.

Campaigners have long been calling for the rights of the veterans, long-term French residents, to be recognised. "France is proud to welcome you, just as you were proud to carry its flag, the flag of freedom," said President Hollande.

More naturalisation ceremonies are expected to follow for other veterans in France. One of those granted citizenship on Saturday, Mohamed Toure, said the gesture will go some way towards healing old wounds.

"President Hollande did what none of his predecessors ever imagined. And that repairs a lot of things," he said.

The granddaughter of a Senegalese soldier, Aissatou Seck, who is herself deputy mayor of a Parisian suburb, has been a lead campaigner for African veterans' rights. Last year, she started a petition that gained tens of thousands of signatures in less than a week.

The veterans have long been struggling for recognition and equality in France. Until 2010, they received lower pensions than their French counterparts. Their ambiguous status also meant they lacked access to other benefits and sometimes found it difficult to travel, said the BBC's Africa editor, Mary Harper.

In 1944, dozens of West Africans were shot dead by French troops when they mutinied over unequal pay and pensions. A few years ago, Mr Hollande acknowledged that French soldiers had gunned down their African counterparts.

But many war veterans are still demanding a full apology.

In France, Officer Slain After Swapping Places With Hostage Is Hailed as Hero

[nytimes.com/2018/03/24/world/europe/france-police-officer-arnaud-beltrame.html](https://www.nytimes.com/2018/03/24/world/europe/france-police-officer-arnaud-beltrame.html)

March 24, 2018

By Elian Peltier

PARIS — Swapping places with a woman being held hostage, the French police officer entered the supermarket where a gunman, claiming allegiance to the Islamic State, had already shot and killed two people on Friday.

While he did not carry a gun as he went inside, Lt. Col. Arnaud Beltrame did bring in his phone, which he left on a table with the line open so that his colleagues outside could listen in, according to Gérard Collomb, France’s interior minister. The officer spent about two hours inside the Super U market facing the gunman, Radouane Lakdim, a 25-year-old French citizen born in Morocco, officials said. After officers heard more gunshots through the phone, they rushed into the market and killed Mr. Lakdim. Colonel Beltrame, 44, who had been “seriously wounded” by gunfire, Mr. Collomb said, died overnight of his injuries.

Colonel Beltrame’s mother said that she knew it was her son inside the supermarket as soon as she heard that a lieutenant colonel had exchanged himself to free a hostage.

“I am not surprised that it was him,” she said in an interview with the French radio network RTL. “He has always been like this.” His mother, who was not named, described the officer as someone whose reason for being was to defend others’ lives. “He would tell me, ‘I am doing my job, Mom, that’s all,’” she added.

The officer's brother, Cédric Beltrame, told RTL that he thought his brother had known he had little chance to survive when he decided to go inside the market. "He was very aware of what he was doing; he didn't hesitate for a second," Mr. Beltrame said.

France on Saturday mourned Colonel Beltrame's death, with President Emmanuel Macron praising his courage and announcing that a national tribute would be organized in his memory.

Mr. Macron expressed condolences to the officer's widow and relatives on Twitter on Saturday. And the office of the presidency said that Colonel Beltrame had "displayed exceptional sang-froid and illustrated military virtues in a brilliant way, which deserves the respect and the admiration of the whole nation."

"France will never forget his heroism, his bravery, his sacrifice," Mr. Collomb said on Twitter.

- End of Part One -



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