

'The Thinking Dogs'

correspondence

18.11.1975

THE THINKING DOGS

Dear Livia Gollancz,

I am sending you a first-draft excerpt with some photographs from the above project, on behalf of Mr Werner Schmid and Orbis Sound AG, Zurich, to whom I am on contract for the writing of the book.

Werner Schmid was the worldwide promoter of Uri Geller, and the originator of the GOLDEN SHOT series on television. He plans a similar worldwide promotion for this book, with the support of television programmes showing the dogs and perhaps a quiz-type series.

We have this project out with two other British publishers, one of whom has promised to make an offer in the course of this week.

About the form the book will finally take:

I have been at pains in this sample to show the absolute authenticity of the Berchtesgaden experiment and have therefore concentrated on the progress of Miss Dorothy Meyer's lessons with the dogs. Also Orbis Sound and I felt that a certain amount of security should surround the remarkable utterances of the dogs until the book itself breaks. Thus the real impact of the book is only referred to at the end of the sample, and most of the final narrative will be concerned with the stories told by the dogs, and countless episodes in which they tap their messages either on request or on their own initiative. This will most certainly mean shortening and squeezing up Part 1, to make way for a larger Part 2. Also I shall be mitigating the routine of the lessons with more of a picture of the dogs' daily lives, their walks and habits, so that it early becomes clear that they are not in any way 'performing' dogs but just like others.

Of course the material is growing every day. Even in the two months I have been absent from Berchtesgaden the dogs' output has been unbelievable.

- 2 -

If you are interested do call me, or Werner Schmid direct at Zurich 32582^h.

Yours sincerely,

Maurice Rowdon

Miss Beverly Loo

McGraw Hill

1221 Avenue of the Americas

NY 10020

11.11.1975

THE THINKING DOGS

Dear Miss Loo,

I've just had a chat with McGraw Hill International Publications here and they advise me to get in touch with you on the above project.

By separate cover I am sending you a first-draft excerpt of over 100 pages from the above on behalf of Werner Schmid and Orbis Sound AG, Zurich, to whom I am on contract for the writing of the book. Werner Schmid and Orbis Sound own the research material, and were by the way the worldwide promoters of Uri Geller. We intend to promote this book ourselves in the various countries, and Orbis Sound plan television appearances and perhaps a worldwide series involving the two 'tapping dogs' of Berchtesgaden, Germany.

We put this project out to three British publishers last week and had an early offer from W.H. Allen which is being discussed now.

About the form the book will finally take:

I have been at pains in the sample to show the absolute authenticity of the Berchtesgaden experiment and have therefore concentrated on the progress of Dorothy Meyer's lessons with the dogs. Also Orbis Sound and I felt that a certain amount of security should surround the remarkable utterances of the dogs until the book itself breaks. Thus the real impact of the book is only referred to at the end of the sample, and most of the narrative will be concerned with the stories told by the dogs, and countless episodes in which they tap messages either on request or on their own initiative. This will almost certainly mean shortening and squeezing up Part 1 of the book, which might in any case risk boring the lay reader. And I shall be mitigating the routine of the lessons with more of a picture of the dogs's daily lives, their walks and habits, so that it early becomes clear that they are not 'performing' dogs but exactly like others.

Of course the material is growing every day, and even in the two months I have been absent from

Berchtesgaden the output of the dogs has been unbelievable. Dorothy Meyer phoned me yesterday evening to say that one of Belam's puppies had been driven to their new owner on the other side of Germany and that on her (Dorothy's) return Belam tapped 'AIDA SICK IN CAR NOTHING INSTOMACH'. Indeed the puppy had been sick in the car, and had been kept off food and drink deliberately for hours before. There was no possibility of the news having got to Belam through any other source. Dorothy said to him 'But this is astonishing, how did you know?' And he tapped FEELING.

According to your reaction to this anecdote you will be able to judge your reaction to the book.

We would be most grateful for an indication of your feelings within seven days of receipt at your end. A phonecall from you to me would be enough.

Yours sincerely,

Maurice Rowdon

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GA/GDW

28 November 1975

Maurice Rowdon, Esq.,
5 Tamworth Street,
London SW6 1LB

Dear Mr Rowdon,

We have given a lot of thought to the script of THE THINKING DOGS which you sent me with your letter of 11 November, and I'm sorry to say that we can't make an offer for the book on the strength of this material.

As you say, the real meat of the book will be contained in the second part, and I agree that the first part which you have shown us will need to be considerably shortened.

If you and Mr Werner Schmid do not succeed in placing THE THINKING DOGS with a British publisher - and in your letter you say that the project is under offer to two other firms - we will be ready to consider the finished and finally edited typescript. In the meantime, I fear that there is no alternative to my returning the first draft of Part I to you with this letter. Thank you for giving us the opportunity of reading this.

Kindest regards,
Yours sincerely,

Gerald Austin

cc Werner Schmid, Esq.,

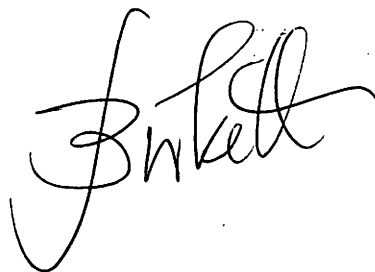
2

I am sorry that our reaction hasn't been more positive or encouraging, but please don't let it inhibit you from trying us again.

I am returning the script to you because I have no doubt that you can always do with an extra copy.

Many thanks again for sending it to us, and for your patience.

Yours sincerely

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "J Birkett". The signature is written in dark ink and is centered below the typed name.

(Lord Birkett, Deputy Director)

Enclosure :

24.11.1975

THE THINKING DOGS

Dear Mr Legat,

I spoke to your assistant this morning about the above project and I am enclosing a first-draft excerpt of about 130 pages, together with some photographs.

I am doing so on behalf of Orbis Sound AG Zurich, to whom I am on contract for the writing of the book. Mr Werner Schmid of Orbis Sound was the promoter worldwide of Uri Geller, and the originator of THE GOLDEN SHOT series on television. He plans a similar worldwide promotion for this book, with the support of television programmes showing the dogs and perhaps a quiz-type series.

As I explained on the phone, we have this project out with two other British publishers, one of whom has promised to make an offer in the course of this week.

About the form the book will finally take:

I have been at pains in this sample to show the absolute authenticity of the Berchtesgaden experiment and have therefore concentrated on the progress of Miss Dorothy Meyer's lessons with the dogs. Also Orbis Sound and I felt that a certain amount of security should surround the remarkable utterances of the dogs until the book itself breaks.

Thus the real impact of the book is only referred to at the end of the sample. The actual book will give more of a daily and personal view of the dogs, so that it early becomes clear that they are not in any way 'performing dogs' but just like others.

Please contact me by phone if the project interests you.

Yours sincerely,

Maurice Rowdon

Michael Hegal
Cassell & Collier Macmillan
35 Red Lion Square
Lond WC1 11.11.1975

THE THINKING DOGS

Dear Mr Austin,

We spoke together this morning about the above project and I am enclosing a first-draft excerpt of about 130 pages, with some photographs.

I am doing so on behalf of Mr Werner Schmid and Orbis Sound AG of Zurich, to whom I am on contract for the writing of the book. Werner Schmid, by the way, was the promoter worldwide of Uri Geller, and the originator of THE GOLDEN SHOT series on television. He plans a similar worldwide promotion for this book, with the support of television programmes showing the dogs and perhaps a quiz-type series.

We have this project out with two other British publishers, one of whom has promised to make an offer in the course of this week.

About the form the book will finally take:

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Of course the material is growing every day. Even in the two months I have been absent from Berchtesgaden the dogs' output has been unbelievable.

If you are interested do call me, or Werner Schmid direct at Zurich 32582^a.

Yours sincerely,

Maurice Rowdon

21.11.1975

Dear Miss Morgan Griffiths,

I hope you conclude something with Orbis Sound soon on THE THINKING DOGS, as Werner Schmid has got various TV companies foaming at the mouth to get the dogs on the box and is panicking about time. He called me on Friday with a new idea of financing the writing of the whole book at once, and only selling it here and in the States when it is complete, which I am resisting. I very much need editorial company on a project like this and I think it is essential to tie this in at an early stage with the promotional side. As Livia Gollancz said the other day, this book looks as if it is going to be a very big seller, and will therefore take up a whole lot of any publisher's time and services. I thought I would write you this quick line as it was my idea to bring the book to you in the first place.

Yours sincerely,

Maurice Rowdon

Alex Liepa
Doubleday Publishing Company
245 Park Avenue
NY 10017

11.11.1975

THE THINKING DOGS

Dear Mr Liepa,

Yesterday Mr Werner Schmid of Orbis Sound AG Zurich spoke by phone with one of Mr Bob Banker's associates about the above project and was advised to get in touch straightway with you.

I am therefore sending you by separate cover a first-draft excerpt from the above on behalf of Orbis Sound, who own the research material and to whom I am on contract for the writing of the book.

We put this project out to three British publishers last week and had an early offer from W.H.Allen which is being discussed now.

About the form the book will finally take:

I have been at pains in the sample to show the absolute authenticity of the Berchtesgaden experiment and have therefore concentrated on the progress of Dorothy Meyer's lessons with the dogs. Also Orbis Sound and I felt that a certain amount of security should surround the remarkable utterances of the dogs until the book itself breaks. Thus the real impact of the book is only referred to at the end of the sample, and most of the final narrative will be concerned with the stories told by the dogs, and countless episodes in which they tap their messages either on request or on their own initiative. This will almost certainly mean shortening and squeezing up Part 1, which might in any case risk boring the lay reader. And I shall be mitigating the routine of the lessons with more of a picture of the dogs's daily lives, their walks and habits, so that it early becomes clear that they are not 'performing' dogs but exactly like others.

The material is in fact growing every day. Even in the two months I have been absent from Berchtesgaden the dogs's output has been unbelievable.

Yours sincerely,

Maurice Rowdon

11.11.1975

THE THINKING DOGS

Dear Mr Hecht,

Werner Schmid of Orbis Sound AG called me yesterday and told me he had spoken with you by phone about the above project.

I am enclosing a sample of over 100 pages on behalf of Orbis Sound, who own the research material and to whom I am on contract for the writing of the book.

About the form the book will finally take:

I have been at pains in the sample to show the absolute authenticity of the Berchtesgaden experiment and have therefore concentrated on the progress of Dorothy Meyer's lessons with the dogs. Also Werner Schmid and I felt that a certain amount of security should surround the remarkable utterances of the dogs until the book itself breaks. Thus the real impact of the book is only referred to at the end of the sample, and most of the final narrative will be concerned with the stories told by the dogs, and countless episodes in which they tap their messages either on request or on their own initiative. This will almost certainly involve shortening and squeezing up Part 1. Also I shall be mitigating the routine of the lessons with more of a picture of the dogs' daily lives, their walks and habits, so that it early becomes clear that they are not 'performing' dogs but exactly like others.

The material is in fact growing every day. Even in the two months I've been absent from Berchtesgaden the dogs' output has been unbelievable.

Yours sincerely,

Maurice Rowdon

12.11.1975

THE THINKING DOGS

Dear Mr Lussa,

Werner Schmid of Orbis Sound AG, Zurich, has asked me to send you a copy of the first-draft excerpt from the above. I enclose it now.

We put this project out to three British publishers last week and had an immediate offer from W.H.Allen which is being discussed now.

About the form the book will finally take:

I have been at pains in the enclosed sample to show the absolute authenticity of the Berchtesgaden experiment and have therefore concentrated on Miss Dorothy Meyer's lessons with the dogs. Also Orbis Sound and I felt that a certain amount of security should surround the remarkable utterances of the dogs until the book itself breaks. Thus the real impact of the book is only referred to at the end of the sample, and in fact most of the final narrative will be concerned with the stories told by the dogs, and countless episodes in which they tap messages either on request or on their own initiative. This will almost certainly mean shortening and squeezing up Part 1, to make way for a larger Part 2. Also I shall be mitigating the routine of the lessons in Part 1 with more of a picture of the dogs' daily lives, their walks and habits, so that it early becomes clear that they are not 'performing' dogs but just like others.

Of course the material is growing every day. Even in the two months I've been absent from Berchtesgaden the dogs' output has been unbelievable.

Yours sincerely,

Raymond Lussa
Randall Pub Corp
311 West 43rd Street
NYC
NY 10036

Maurice Rowdon

VERLAG R. S. SCHULZ

Lektorat

Herrn
Maurice Rowdon
5 Tamworth Street

London SW 6 1 LB
England

Percha, den 10.11.1975
ka

Sehr geehrter Herr Rowdon!

Anbei leiten wir Ihnen das uns übermittelte Manuskript
"The Thinking Dogs" zurück, da wir dieses Thema leider
nicht in unser Verlagsprogramm aufnehmen können.

Wir bedanken uns für Ihr Vertrauen und verbleiben

mit freundlicher Empfehlung

Verlag R. S. Schulz
i.A. *Kauebler*

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Publishers since



the 18th century

Maurice Rowden Esq
5 Tamworth Street
London
SW6

25 November 1975

Dear Mr Rowden,

Several people have looked at 'Thinking Dogs' now and I thought it wise to have it read by a vet. I have sent it to one and he is at present reading it. I will make a decision within the next week and I will contact you and Mr Schmid at that time.

Yours sincerely



Yvette Morgan-Griffiths
Managing Editor



Cassell and Company Ltd

35 Red Lion Square London WC1R 4SG

Date 25th November 1975

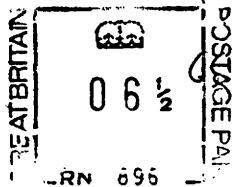
Our ref 1057/12 Your ref

We acknowledge with thanks receipt of

THINKING DOGS

which is receiving attention

While every reasonable care will be taken of manuscript and other original material in our possession and in receipt and despatch, we accept no responsibility for damage or loss thereto.



Maurice Rowdon Esq.,
5 Tamworth Street,
LONDON, Sw6 1LB

The Heinemann reaciotn.

'129 pps of text. This can be of interest only
to animal behaviourists.

An excessively boring sample, whatever the end
of the book contains'. 4.11.1975

No 1

SENT

11.11.1975

THE THINKING DOGS

Dear Mr Lighter,

I've been asked by Werner Schmid in Zurich to send you seven copies of the above project, and these are coming to you by separate cover in the course of the week.

Three American publishers have already been involved, and will receive copies by the end of this week. They are Miss Beverley Loo of McGraw Hill, Mr Alex Liepa of Doubleday and Mr Raymond Lussa of Randell Publishing Corporation.

Interest over here is very hot. We put the project out to three British publishers last week and had an immediate offer from W.H.Allen which is being discussed now. Also the Souvenir Press are very eager, and the third, Hodder and Stoughton, have not yet declined. In Germany, Werner Schmid, tells me, the interest is as great.

I think publishers will naturally want to know how the final version of the book is going to look. I shall be giving more of a personal picture of the dogs' daily lives in Part 1, and almost certainly, because of the unbelievable output of the dogs in the last few weeks, I shall be shortening it to make a longer Part 2.

Yours sincerely,

Maurice Rowdon

Mr Lawrence Lighter
Attorney at Law
1350 Avenue of the Americas
10019 NY

7.11.1975

THE THINKING DOGS

Dear Mr Burnett,

In the lack of a call from you we were obliged to open the field to two other publishers on this project. I'm sure you will understand this.

With best wishes, also from Werner Schmid.

Yours sincerely,

Maurice Rowdon.

B.11.1975

THE THINKING DOGS

Dear Mr Burnett,

I am getting some pressure from Orbis Sound AG for an early reaction on this project, and I wonder if you could call me or alternatively Werner Schmid at his Zurich number 32582^h.

Yours sincerely,

Maurice Rowdon

5.11.1975

THE THINKING DOGS

Dear Consul,

Werner Schmid of Orbis Sound AG has asked me to send you a copy of the above.

His address in Zurich by the way is Delfinstr. 1^a, Zurich 8008, and his phone number 32582^h.

Yours sincerely,

Maurice Rowdon

a.11.1975

THE THINKING DOGS

Dear Miss Body,

As I think I told you, there are two other publishers in the field for this project, and a certain amount of pressure is building up. I wonder if you could give me a call and let me know your reaction, or if you prefer talk to Werner Schmid of Orbis Sound AG direct at his Zurich number 325824.

Yours sincerely,

Maurice Rowdon

4.11.1975

THE THINKING DOGS

Dear Miss Morgan Griffiths,

I am getting some pressure from Orbis Sound AG for an early reaction on this project, and I wonder if you could call me to give me some indication of your feelings.

Alternatively you can get in touch with Werner Schmid direct at his Zurich number, 32582ⁿ.

Yours sincerely,

Maurice Rowdon

4.11.1975

THE THINKING DOGS

Dear Mr Baeshke,

Werner Schmid has asked me to send you a copy of the First Draft Excerpt from the above, which I do now.

His address by the way in Zurich is Delfin-
strasse 14 ZURICH 8008, and his phone number
325824.

Yours sincerely,

Maurice Rowdon

3.11.1975

THE THINKING DOGS

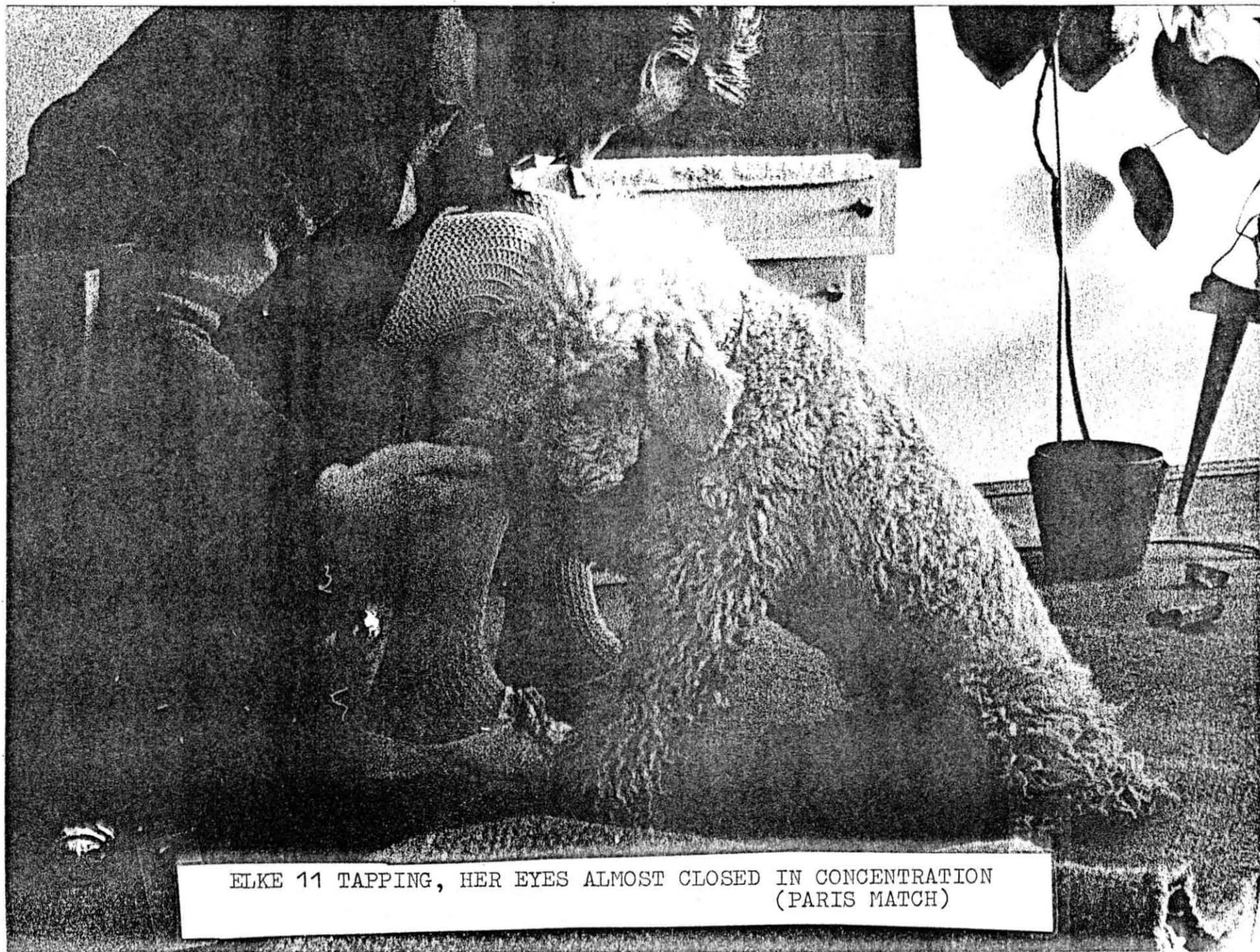
Dear Mr Wehrenalp,

I have been asked by Werner Schmid to send you a copy of the First Draft Excerpt from the above book.

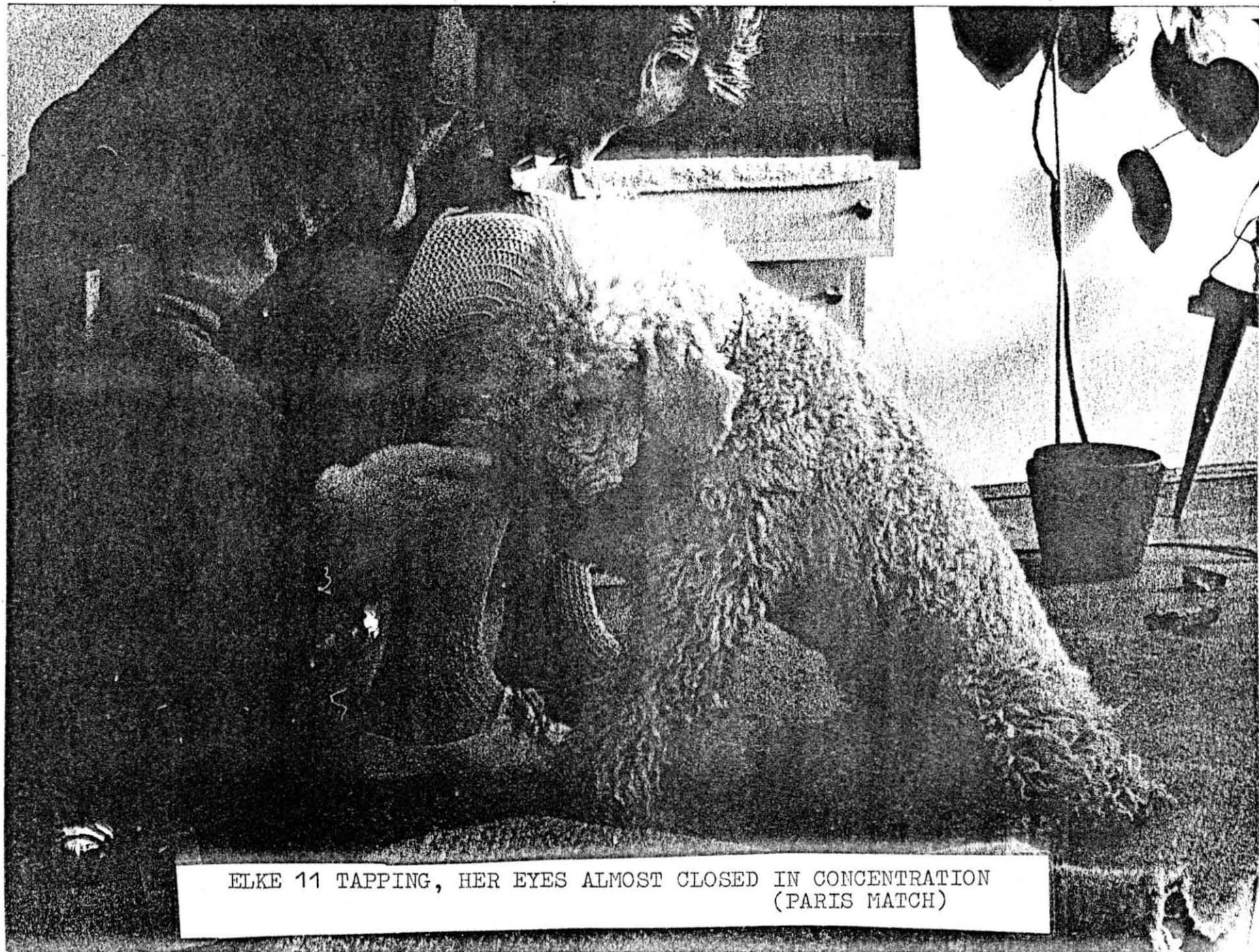
His address by the way is Delfinstrasse 1ⁿ, Zurich 8008, and his telephone number Zurich 32582ⁿ.

Yours sincerely,

Maurice Rowdon



ELKE 11 TAPPING, HER EYES ALMOST CLOSED IN CONCENTRATION
(PARIS MATCH)



ELKE 11 TAPPING, HER EYES ALMOST CLOSED IN CONCENTRATION
(PARIS MATCH)

3.10.1975

THE THINKING DOGS

Dear Mark,

As promised, I enclose a First Draft Excerpt from the above book for the attention of Maurice Temple Smith.

The name of the firm holding the world rights is given on the title page, and of course it is understood that there is no question of his talking directly with me about either his negotiations with the Swiss firm or the script itself.

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

Maurice Rowdon

17.10.1975

Dear Christopher,

I am on contract to a Swiss firm Orbis Sound AG (a cassette and record business) for a 'special' at present called THE THINKING DOGS. Werner Schmid, whose firm it is, will be promoting the book worldwide as he did Uri Geller.

I have no right to be telling you about this but next week about half the book will be ready and I wonder if you would like to seize a very quick, unofficial look at it. I suspect it will be very expensive to buy but the promotion will make it worthwhile. I can only leave it with you two days. No agents. British and Commonwealth rights only. If you expressed interest I would then make a confession to Werner Schmid and he would no doubt contact you.

Yours,

Maurice Rowdon

7.1.1976

Account No. #21-229-985-5

Dear Miss Shillitoe,

Further to my phone conversation with one of your colleagues I would be grateful if you could send me a breakdown of the outstanding bills, since the wrong billing of nearly £3000 some weeks ago has thrown my calculations into confusion. Has the matter of the wrong billing been cleared up by the way?

I shall be out of the country until January 1st coming and will settle the outstanding amount in full immediately on receipt of your letter.

Yours sincerely,

Maurice Rowdon

Harcourt Brace Jovanovich Limited



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DW/MG

6th April 1976

Mr. Maurice Rowdon,
5 Tamworth Street,
London,
SW6 1LB.

Dear Mr. Rowdon,

THE THINKING DOGS

Further to your letter dated February 12th, I am returning the typescript of The Thinking Dogs since it does not fit into our current publishing programme.

I found it most interesting and I am sure that you will have considerable success elsewhere.

Kind regards.

Yours sincerely,

Dinah Wiener

George Weidenfeld and Nicolson Limited

Weidenfeld & Nicolson

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20 October 1975

Maurice Rowden, Esq.,
5 Tamworth Street,
London SW6 1LB

Dear Maurice,

Thanks a lot for the tip about THE THINKING DOGS but we really do not do much in the way of books of this kind unless we have world rights. I think it would be misleading if I said we could initially consider it but I am grateful to you for letting me know.

Yours,



CHRISTOPHER FALKUS

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TELEPHONE 01-242 6281/7856

CABLES CASPEG LONDON WC1

Maurice Rowden Esq.,
5 Tamworth Street,
London SW6 1LB.

12th January 1976

Dear Mr. Rowden,

I am sorry it has taken us so long to give you a verdict on *THE THINKING DOGS*, especially since we have finally decided against making an offer to publish the book. I am returning the material to you with many thanks for letting me see it.

Yours sincerely,



M.R. Legat
Editorial Director

W. H. ALLEN & CO. LTD.

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M Rowdon Esq
5 Tamworth St
SW6 1LB

4 November 1975

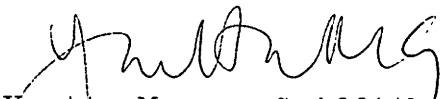
Dear Mr Rowdon,

I have now had a chance to read THE THINKING DOGS and would like very much to talk to you. I tried to ring you today but there was no reply from your number. Perhaps you could give me a ring.

I have not contacted Orbis Sound as yet, as I thought I would like to chat with you first. In any case I would like to know who I should talk to.

I look forward to hearing from you.

Yours sincerely,


Yvette Morgan-Griffiths
Managing Editor

W. H. ALLEN & CO. LTD.

A division of Howard & Wyndham Ltd.

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Publishers since



the 18th century

Maurice Rowden Esq
5 Tamworth Street
London SW6

9 December 1975

Dear Mr Rowden,

As I explained to you I have 'Thinking Dogs' with a vet for consideration and I should have an answer for you soon.

I am afraid that we know that Richard Buckle is working on a book on Diaghilev and I am afraid that we do not think that any other book could compete with this. It is a great shame and I am very sorry.

Yours sincerely

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'Yvette Morgan-Griffiths', with a large, sweeping flourish at the end.

Yvette Morgan-Griffiths
Managing Editor

W. H. ALLEN & CO. LTD.

A division of Howard & Wyndham Ltd.

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Publishers since



the 18th century

YMG/FK

13th January, 1976.

Maurice Rowden, Esq.,
5 Tamworth Street,
LONDON, S.W.6.

Dear Mr. Rowden,

It is with regret that I return "Thinking Dogs"
to you.

As you know, I was fascinated by the material,
but after talking to several people and having
had it read again, we regretfully decline as we
feel it is probably more suitable as an extensive
magazine series.

The manuscript is returned herewith.

Yours sincerely,

Yvette Morgan-Griffiths,
Managing Editor.

Victor Gollancz Ltd

14 HENRIETTA STREET LONDON WC2E 8QJ
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TRADE AND DELIVERIES 30 Maiden Lane

Maurice Rowdon Esq
5 Tamworth Street
London SW6 1LB

19 November 1975

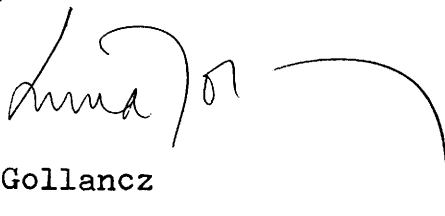
Dear Mr Rowdon,

It was awfully good of you to let me see the material on THE THINKING DOGS - and quite fascinating I found it, too.

It reached me just in time to discuss at our editorial meeting this week, and two of my colleagues were able to read parts of the typescript, as I did myself. Regretfully we have decided that we don't feel we should compete for this book. I am sure it is going to be a very big seller. But equally it is not the sort of book in which we have in any way specialised, and I feel that, in the unlikely event of the sort of offer we might put up being accepted, it would use too much of our firm's editorial and promotional resources. We also have a full list of non-fiction books for the next eighteen months, and it will include many "big" books. So somewhat regretfully I am returning to you the material.

You must be having an absolutely fascinating time writing the book. I wish you and it every success.

Yours sincerely,



Livia Gollancz

General Book Division

McGraw-Hill Book Company



1221 Avenue of the Americas
New York, New York 10020

December 1, 1975

Mr. Maurice Rowdon
5 Tamworth Street
London SW6 1LB, England

Dear Mr. Rowdon:

Many thanks for yours of November 11 and for sending us
your manuscript, THE THINKING DOGS.

While the project is certainly an interesting one (I myself
am a dog lover and owner) our publication list is tightly
scheduled for the next two years, and we don't quite see
how we could fit in THE THINKING DOGS.

Many thanks though for giving us the opportunity of considering
your material. We're returning the manuscript to you by
airmail.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read 'B. Loo'.

Beverly Jane Loo
Executive Editor,
General Book Division
Manager, Subsidiary Rights

BJL/vsg



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Telephone: 01 - 493 4141

Telegrams: Sunlocks London W1

DGB/re

6th November, 1975

Maurice Rowdon, Esq.,
5 Tamworth Street,
London SW6 1LB

Dear Mr Rowdon,

THE THINKING DOGS

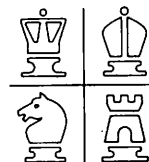
Thank you very much for sending me this manuscript. I have read the material with interest, but I do not think that it would make a book for our list.

Could I suggest that you consider discussing the project with Ernest Hecht of Souvenir Press? He has just moved offices to Museum Street, WCl.

Yours sincerely,

David Burnett

Hodder & Stoughton



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Warwick Lane
London EC4P 4AH
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MB/LH

13th November 1975

Maurice Rowdon Esq.,
5 Tamworth Street,
London. SW6 1LB

Dear Mr. Rowdon,

Thank you for the opportunity of seeing your material on The Thinking Dogs. I am afraid we have, in the end, decided this is not really a project for us. My apologies for the delay in coming back to you on this.

Yours sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Margaret Body".

Margaret Body
Managing Editor

Ps. To avoid further delay your typescript is coming back to you under separate cover.

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5.11.1975

Dear Dorothy,

First of all I omitted to ask you to thank Mr Storz deeply from me for all the work he has done for us, and to please keep his eye open for anything interesting about tapping animals that comes his way in the future.

I have just had a phonecall from a publisher saying they want to buy the book and asking that there is more in it about the actual way the dogs are in their home lives, how they play together and live together and the kind of walks they go on etc. You will understand that I have to make the first part of the book more personal in this way, in order to break up the lessons and avoid it being just a repetition of mathematical sums. So would you please over the next few weeks try to think OF ALL THE LITTLE STORIES you can remember about their habits, and walks they go on, and the fights and so forth. From that period in which you were teaching them, namely for the first part of the book. The publisher especially liked the story about where you chased Belam round the apartment. It is just the kind of thing the reader will need.

For behind this is the question everyone will want to know the answer to, Are these dogs different from other dogs? do they have something special that makes them not play like others? We have to show that they are dogs like other dogs, and perfectly natural.

The interest in Mrs Heilmeyer is very great, I find, when people have heard of her. I am often asked many questions. The young people who have half-wrecked their lives with drugs seem to listen most carefully and in a mood full of belief.

Love and prayers,

2.12.1975

THE THINKING DOGS

Dear Mrs Wiener,

I enclose the sample from the above project which we discussed by phone earlier today.

As I pointed out this is on offer to two other British firms, one of whom has promised an offer within the week. A German firm has declared the same intention.

The research material is in the hands of Orbis Sound AG, Zurich, to whom I am on contract. Werner Schmid, a director of Orbis Sound, will be conducting promotion worldwide on the dogs. He was the promoter of Uri Geller, and he originated THE GOLDEN SHOT series on television.

I have been at pains in this sample to show the absolute authenticity of the Berchtesgaden experiment. Of course the final book will give much more of a portrait of the dogs, with less emphasis on the routine of the lessons, above all to show that they are not in any way 'performing animals' but just like others.

Please call me if you have anything to ask.

Yours sincerely,

Maurice Rowdon

27.11.1975

Dear Mrs Heilmaier,

I think it right that I should keep you informed of the progress on THE THINKING DOGS here, so that you have a complete picture. Publishing is as you probably know a highly specialised industry, and finding the publisher who is interested in one's theme, who is expert at the particular market for that theme and who has the promotional facilities is sometimes long and difficult unless one has an agent working on it.

W.H.Allen was the first publisher I chose for THE THINKING DOGS because I thought they combined all these elements. As you probably know, I had a response within a few days. I enclose two letters from them, the later one received only yesterday morning.

I also took the book to Gollanzz, and enclose a letter from Livia Gollanzz because it gives us a good picture of the status of the book. Livia Gollanzz has been in publishing since childhood, she knows no other life, and her judgement is therefore a most reliable one. Her father Victor, now dead, established me as a writer, and proved that the best publishers are the most intelligent ones. He used his publishing house for good ends, and was always lecturing for some cause, usually an anti-war one. He played a great part in getting capital punishment abolished in this country, and after the last war he almost killed himself working for starving people in Germany, though he was Jewish.

Werner Schmid had an interesting suggestion last week that in view of the delays over finding a publisher I should write the whole book at once and find the publisher later. From my point of view this would be impossible because

1) Mr Schmid and I are going through another financial crisis on this book: I have by now, through concentrating on the book since the summer at the expense of all my other projects (a commissioned writer usually works on two or even three projects concurrently), built up a vast debt at the bank, and immediate new finance is essential. This can only be adequate if it comes from a publisher.

2) Presenting a complete book to a publisher and finding a the right publisher is a matter of at least two months, before the contract is actually signed, and probably much more. The publisher would



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7.12.1975

Dear Mrs Heilmaier,

I enclose a cablegram from Doubleday in the USA, and I believe Ekon Verlag in Germany are also interested in your dog project.

As I believe I told you in my last letter, I have involved myself in an enormous debt to make the writing of the book possible, and the time came, about three weeks ago, when the debt was rising beyond the permitted level.

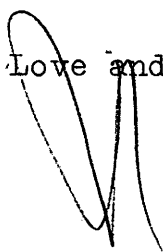
Last week I told Werner Schmid the situation, and that I could not hold out any longer (having spent nearly half the previous money on various expenses connected with the book), and he told me that he would send £1000 telegraph to reach me by the end of the week (Friday 6 December), to cover the debt, and asked me to speak with my bank to arrange a further debt to carry me through the last stages of the book.

The £1000 did not arrive, though I had told my bank, and given my absolute word, that it would do so, and when I telephoned Zurich this afternoon to enquire about it Werner Schmid told me that he was unable to send me the money and moreover did not know when he would be able to do so.

By that time I had enquired at the bank about a further debt to cover the rest of the book, and they had told me that they would enter discussions on this only after they had received the £1000. Thus I now risk losing the confidence of a bank which has stood by me for fifteen years in the uncertain business of being a writer. And I am unable to draw any further money for day to day living. I am of course deeply ashamed to Annette to have involved her in a situation like this.

I am desperately seeking about in the publishing world for another contract, and another book, as soon as possible, but this is a matter which usually takes 2/3 months.

Love and prayers



Maurice Rowdon

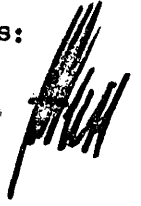
- VI. Orbis Sound AG, Kilchberg, (the publishers) must stipulate on all its contracts with other publishers or sub-publishers concerning the said work the name and the afore-mentioned Oribis Sound AG account (paragraph IV) at the Union Bank of Switzerland. A copy of all contracts concluded with publishers or sub-publishers in Switzerland and in all other countries around the world, together with all royalty statement shall be sent to the address to be decided by the author.
- VII. The negotiation and completion of all contracts with publishers and sub-publishers in Switzerland and in all other countries around the world, together with the production and promotion of said work (when this is not contracted out to other publishers or sub-publishers) shall be solely in the hands and under discretion of the publishers.
- VIII. All moneys in respect of the said work, whether published in Switzerland or in any other country in the world, shall be paid without delay into the afore-mentioned account of Orbis Sound AG, at the Union Bank of Switzerland, Zürich, Switzerland.
- IX. This agreement shall be subject to and constructed according to the laws of Switzerland, and the parties hereby submit to the jurisdiction of the Court of Justice in Zürich, Switzerland.

For and on behalf of the author:

Maurice Rowdon

For and on behalf of the publishers:

Andreas Weiss, Geschäftsleiter.




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For and on behalf of the author:

Maurice Rowdon

For and on behalf of the publishers:

Andreas Weiss, Geschäftsleiter.



MEMORANDUM OF AGREEMENT

made this 21st day of July, 1975 between

MAURICE ROWDON, Casa Campardi, San Gimignano (Siena), Italy, (hereafter called the author) for himself, his personal representatives and assigns, of the first part, and

ORBIS SOUND AG, Schützenmattstrasse 16a, 8802 Kilchberg, Zürich, Switzerland (hereafter called the publishers) for themselves, their successors and assigns of the second part.

Hereby is mutually agreed as follows respecting a work to be written by the said author at present entitled E L K E hereafter referred to as the said work.

- I. The publishers shall during the legal term of copyright have the exclusive licence to produce and publish the said work, and deal with the rights in the work or any abridgement of the work, any substantial part of the work through-out the world.
- II. The author agrees to complete and deliver two copies of the said work, which shall be about 60 000 to 80 000 words in the length, ready for the printer within six months of the signature of the contract. The publishers shall publish the said work within twelve months of such delivery, unless prevented by circumstances beyond their control.
- III. The copyright line to be printed as by law on every copy of the said work issued by the publishers shall be as follows:
©19 xx MAURICE ROWDON (xx indicates the year of first publication).
- IV. The publishers shall make up accounts of the sales of the said work (excluding copies given away in the interest of the said work and copies accidentally destroyed, on which no royalties shall be paid). The publishers and the author will open an account with the Union Bank of Switzerland, Zürich, Switzerland, and will instruct said bank irrevocably to transfer 15 % of all incoming moneys to this account to the author's account at the Union Bank of Switzerland, Zollikon-Zürich, Switzerland. These 15 % shall be deemed to the author's royalty in consideration of all rights connected with production of the said work.
- V. The publishers shall pay according to paragraph IV. A payment against royalty in the amount of engl.£ 2.000.--; First payment on September 30th, 1975, of engl.£ 1.000.--; second payment on December 15th, 1975, of engl.£ 1.000.--.

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then have to find a place for the book on his list, and this would almost certainly be at the end of his current production-programme, which is usually booked one year or eighteen months ahead. We would have to wait between one and two years for publication, from the date of the signature of the contract. The delay would thus be very much greater. When, on the other hand, a publisher works closely with a writer on a book from the beginning, and finances the project himself, he organises his production-programme and his promotional programme round it, so that the complete work can be published within six months of being written.

3) A project of this kind needs an editor so that the promotion and publicity may be tied in at an early stage with the actual style in which the book is written. For instance, W.H.Allen feel that there should be many more illustrations than I had in mind, together with colour plates. Thus, since this would mean a more expensive book, they have already chosen the market they wish to aim at, and when they do it in collaboration with the writer it is always much more effective. I am not speaking here of the promotional programme on behalf of the dogs but the promotional programme purely for the sale of the book.

I am very much hoping for a woman-editor on this project (I don't know quite why) and for this reason I contacted Miss Beverley Loo of McGraw Hill in New York, who is reading the sample now.

Love and prayers,

Maurice Rowdon

27.11.1975

Dear Mark,

Last year I gave up my book-agent David Bolt in order to concentrate my affairs with Robin Dalton. But the contracts he negotiated continue to be his concern, by a clause in the contract. Messrs Weidenfeld and Nicolson sent him a statement of account on my LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT at the beginning of October, together with a small cheque, and he has failed to pass this on. He has also failed to pass on a statement from Messrs Constable on my SPANISH TERROR. Could you please write and ask him to forward them to me through you?

Temple Smith says I must have known what kind of books he publishes but once when I asked him in a letter from Italy to give me a more precise idea he hedged and said that it was up to me to suggest a subject! Of course he publishes 'specials' like anybody else. I now feel I've been weak in letting him get away with it, but I suppose I would have to commit myself to another book for him one way or another.

Yours sincerely,

Maurice Rowdon

PS David Bolt's address is Bolt and Watson Ltd.,
8 Storey's Gate, London, SW 1.

DOUBLEDAY

A COMMUNICATIONS CORPORATION



January 27, 1976

Mr. Maurice Rowdon
5 Tamworth Street
London SW 6, England

Dear Mr. Rowdon:

I'm terribly sorry it has taken me so unforgivably long to get in touch with you about your ideas for a book on the "Thinking Dogs," a subject which my associate, Eve Roshevsky, expressed an interest in.

I could not respond because I was on a prolonged trip abroad. Now that I am back and I've had a chance to calmly study the entire proposal including the latest outline which you prepared for Econ Verlag, I must unfortunately state that even though the subject matter still sounds interesting, the way you approach it seems rather less than promising for marketing the book in America.

I'm sure we could sell a book in America which would concentrate on proving, by way of some reasonably credible scientific or quasi-scientific evidence, the point that dogs are capable of thinking and experiencing their thoughts. It seems to me that what you are developing is a book that would more or less start with the assumption dogs cannot only think but also communicate and go on recording in great detail exactly what the dogs owned by Mrs. Heilmayer were saying or tapping. I may be wrong of course, but I cannot see how we could successfully market a whole book which in your outline you indicate would consist mostly of recorded dialogues between the dogs and their owner.

Having just said that I might be wrong, let me add that if indeed Econ approves of this outline, you should certainly

Mr. Maurice Rowdon
Page Two

January 27, 1976

go ahead with the book that way for them, on the assumption that they are German book dogs and hence this should probably be a German book.

On the other hand, I cannot see how Doubleday could follow up our expression of general interest in this subject with a concrete offer for the book unless you should let me know that you changed your emphasis completely to write a book which would be based on some credible evidence other than Mrs. Heilmaier's word and enthusiasm for it. Especially I would think the book would stand or fall on your ability to come up with some good readable stories about experiments designed to test the method used in communicating with dogs.

In the meantime I shall hold on to the various materials which you forwarded to us, pending your advice.

Yours sincerely,



Alex Liepa
Editorial Director

AL:ak
cc: Werner Schmid
cc: Eve Roshevsky
cc: R.E. Banker

15.1.1976

THE THINKING DOGS.

Dear Mr Banker,

Thankyou for yours of the 5th.

I've just returned from Paris and I believe Mme Barrat, the wife of the PARIS MATCH editor who visited Berchtesgaden, is sending you the photographs you asked for. She is under great stress as her husband is a very sick man indeed but I hope they reach you soon. You will please understand any delay.

I feel sure you would like to see the chapter breakdown on THE THINKING DOGS which Ekon Verlag asked us for. So I enclose a copy. It gives a much clearer overall impression of the coming book and its style than the sample. You will see I mention Mrs Heilmaier frequently (the owner of the dogs). I am afraid she will not agree to any details of her life being set down. Most people would be afraid even to ask her, she has such an aura of integrity and truthfulness round her. I do know from my own conversations with her that she worked 'with the Americans' immediately after the war. She has a son at the university, has bred dogs for years, and now has a healing programme which takes up most of her time, one of her most ardent devotees being Hildegarde Knief who feels her whole life has been changed by her. In fact Hildegarde telephoned her at least once a day while I was in Berchtesgaden last time. Once she phoned from the Kempinsky in Berlin and said 'I'm sitting on the lavatory because there are so many guests next door and they'd think I was crazy if I said the things I say to you.' As you may know, Knief thinks little of current medicine, having had dozens of operations. I think she plans to write a book about Mrs Heilmaier, to follow her bestseller about doctors, but Mrs H. is rather forbidding it.

MEMORANDUM OF AGREEMENT

made this 21st day of July, 1975 between

MAHRICE ROWDON, Casa Campardi, San Gimignano (Siena), Italy, (hereafter called the author) for himself, his personal representatives and assigns, of the first part, and

ORBIS SOUND AG, Schützenmattstrasse 16a, 8802 Kilchberg, Zürich, Switzerland (hereafter called the publishers) for themselves, their successors and assigns of the second part.

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Maurice Rowdon Esq.,
5 Tamworth Street,
London SW6 1LB.

4th June 1974

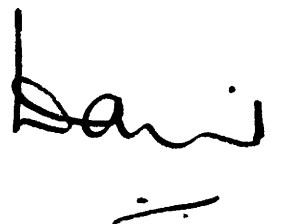
Dear *Maurice,*

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Yours,



DLB/BSH: encl. cheque



IT'S COLIN REID

IT'S MONDAY

A paw man's guide to doggy talk . . . !

WHAT are we to make of a claim that two dogs have been taught to 'talk' to people, using an alphabet of taps with their paws?

And not only talk in constructed sentences, but also speak English and German; solve complicated equations, do square roots and expound on their own reincarnation and the nature of death—a soft dark mist with eternal genuine lustre, remarked a Poodle poet called Elke!

That many strange and

wonderful things go on in the animal world: I am prepared to admit—but this?

The claim is seriously made in a book called 'The Talking Dogs' (Macmillan, £5.95), and I confess that my first thought was to chuck it at the cat and say: 'Oh, come on, come on! Next we'll be asked to believe that little dogs laugh (pax Fred Bassett) and cows jump over the moon.'

But I didn't. I began to read it again. There was something creepy about it.

The author, Maurice Rowden, visited the dogs

—Belam, a Saluki, and Elke the Poodle—at their home in Southern Germany where they live with their teacher, Fraulein Dorothy Meyer.

In painstaking detail he documents the paw-tapping interviews on many subjects over many months. Each letter of the alphabet is given a specific number of taps and the dogs communicate by tapping their thoughts into their teacher's hand.

A Swiss TV producer tried to persuade them to use a large, doggy typewriter instead of their teacher's hand (and the

same test occurred to suspicious little me), but they wouldn't buy it. Which did nothing to dispel doubt.

That the dogs tap answers to questions seems certain (so have many circus animals—there was even 'a tapping horse' in Shakespeare's day, as mentioned in 'Love Labour's Lost'), but how does one explain the tapped thoughts of Elke and Belam?

Involuntary signals from the teacher to give the required number of taps? Or could it be telepathy? Can our domestic pets read and

(oh, creepy thought!) even influence our minds?

In a riveting essay at the end of the book the author argues that 'our claim to superiority over animals rests on our having developed the brain more than any other species. But is reason necessarily intelligent? Is intelligence necessarily mental?

'The western (chiefly 19th-century) view of the human organism as a physical apparatus governed by the brain, supplied with sense messages by the nervous system, seems to have taken us

far from nature (including our own nature).'

With our minds carefully circumscribed by reason, he asks, have we blocked out other areas of consciousness, other energy fields of an invisible world still intact in the animal kingdom?

'Western man is still perhaps waiting to reach an adequate animal level in spiritual and psychic powers, while deceiving himself that the cultivation of the brain puts him far beyond the animal kingdom.'

Psychic powers? Invisible worlds? I began to think of the way our

old cat Smokey would suddenly stare alertly at seemingly empty spaces in the room (what on earth is going on there?); and the way she could send telepathic messages from her empty plate in the kitchen. I would rise and open a tin without knowing why.

Suddenly, I tell you, goose pimples began to rise on my neck. I decided not to chuck the book at her after all. I went over to her, stroked her head and said: 'Now then, Smokey, are you all right? Is there anything I can do for you at all? Just send me a message.'

Daily Mail, Monday, September 18, 1978

elaine markson literary agency, inc.

44 Greenwich Avenue • New York, N. Y. 10011 • Phone: 212-243-8480 • Cable: MARKLIT

June 28, 1979

Maurice Rowdon
5 Tamworth Street
London SW6 1LB
ENGLAND

Dear Maurice:

I will be talking to Lucy Kroll about Christopher (did I tell you I think it is brilliant!) and the option and then be in touch.

ONE has arrived and I shall read it this week. And the revised outline is here. I've just finished and I think it's remarkably improved. With the right editor, you can have a very commercial book.

New American Library is starting a new hardcover line, bringing over an editor from Simon & Schuster to act as editor-in-chief. So I'd like to start with Joan, making this her first submission. It's a good hardcover/ softcover book. Do you understand that principle (100% of all royalties, hard and soft)? If I talk publishing-ese and you are puzzled, do holler.

Best regards,



Elaine Markson

EM:lh

elaine markson literary agency, inc.

44 Greenwich Avenue • New York, N. Y. 10011 • Phone: 212-243-8480 • Cable: MARKLIT

June 12, 1979

Maurice Rowdon
5 Tamworth Street
London SW6 1LB
ENGLAND

Dear Maurice:

The new book proposal is an interesting one but it needs some rethinking with respect to motivation.

James El departs the U.S. very tidily. I think his relationship to Laura should have been longer (in the past) than it was. This might explain his obsession for her.

Once James El gets to Italy he's too innocent. Perhaps he should be more ambivalent or his obsession more total or is he a dying man seeking the final happiness (cancer?) with no special moral compunction? If he were dying, it would certainly explain his departure from the U.S. and his fixation to find happiness with Laura.


I don't know why James El goes to the church to meet Ralph, whom he has never trusted. Though I believe he'd go if Laura summoned.

Why doesn't he try to prevent the Pope's death? Should the final section of the book be the steps leading to the Pope's death as well as to James El's?

I ask these questions to strengthen the story because I think it's a good one. And because James El is the central character, he needs a persona that is clear and strong. Though the central figure in Spy Who Came in from the Cold is a "failure" he is a fascinating obsessed man. Ditto the anti-hero of Jackal (not a failure but fascinating).

Lucy Kroll wants to know whether you've submitted the play in this country. I didn't know the answer. Jones is committed to a series for a year but does love your play. The option, I expect, will not be grand but we'll see. Can you tell me who has seen the play?

Best,


Elaine Markson

EM:lh

Lucy Kroll Agency

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May 30, 1979

Mr. Maurice Rowdon
5 Tamworth Street
London SW6, ENGLAND

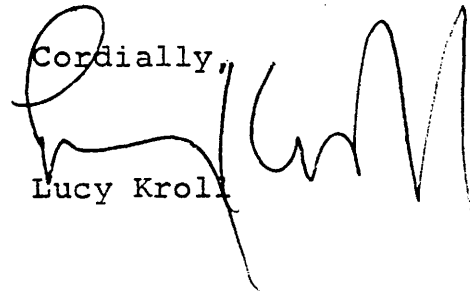
Re: CHRISTOPHE

Dear Maurice Rowdon:

Thank you for your letter of May 19. I'm overjoyed we made a connection. I am awaiting your copies of the play. I have not yet heard from your agent Elaine Marksens and would hope she'll call me soon.

Cordially,

Lucy Kroll



LK/vl

MAHLER at the Arts

' It happened that a few weeks ago I read the script of MAHLER by Maurice Rowdon and reported that while a play for two characters was generally very difficult to put over, this play, though it had a few "contrivances," ran very smoothly, had great zest, a delight in its two characters, and a feeling of rapture for the music that enslaved them . . . a moving play . . . '

THE JEWISH CHRONICLE Feb 23

' Anne Mahler, the daughter of the composer, will not be going to see MAHLER, the new play about her father by Maurice Rowdon . . . ' ' I know the play,' she said. ' Mr. Rowdon sent it to me some time ago and I sent it back as being beneath discussion. I am scandalised that anyone should put it on.'

THE TIMES Jan 31

' MAHLER covers an infinity of time, during and after the characters' lives . . . Alma sits and faces death with the screaming of a jungle cat . . . the assurance of the young woman who knows that she is secure socially and attractive physically Edith Macarthur handles beautifully.'

THE STAGE Feb 22

' Kit Surrey has designed a structure of wood and gauze that takes John B. Read's evocative lighting well . . . As Mahler Vladek Sheybal nicely understates the 42 year old honeymooner with a book in his hand.'

THE TIMES Feb 15

' Edith Macarthur is very much all-woman, beautiful to look at, graceful in stature and good to hear. Vladek Sheybal is cunningly self-effacing as Mahler, the man who is not of this world but who has to live in it . . . I see that Mahler's daughter Anna, having read the script of this play, described it as inept. It isn't.'

THE EVENING NEWS Feb 15

Veterinary Drug, February 1979

FOR YOUR BOOKSHELF

THE TALKING DOGS. By Maurice Bowden.
(Macmillan, £5.95.)

THE German nation has always regarded the dog as a sort of handicraft material, a kind of modelling clay to mould to their own design. We owe to them some highly successful man-made breeds, among them the Boxer, the Dobermann and the varieties of Dachshund.

Now we have the story of two German ladies who seem to have made it their full-time occupation to delve further into the intelligence potential of dogs. The animals were invited to express their thoughts about their owners, their way of life, their mood, temper and religion.

Although the book is called *The Talking Dogs* they do not talk; it might have been easier to expand barking and grunting into vocal comment.

A Saluki and a Poodle made paw taps into their teachers' hands, a specific number for each phonetic sound. The sound SCH, for instance, involving 22 taps, makes any comment

an agonisingly long process.

Not surprisingly the dogs often lost the thread of what they were "saying". They sometimes refused schooling entirely and lay exhausted on the carpet.

Strangely these philosophical animals, given to pithy social observation, were not reliably house-trained. Many was the time that they urinated on the carpet. (Perhaps that was the most scathing comment they could make?).

These pioneer German ladies seem to know little about dog psychology. They confront the male animal with mathematical problems to solve while a bitch on full heat is in the same room.

Arithmetic is not a compelling interest to the male at such times and I am glad to say that he won. To the consternation of his teachers, six puppies were born and soon recruited to the school.

IL MONDO DELL'ARTE

GLI ARTISTI SI CONFESSANO

MARINO MARINI

Alla base della sperimentazione c'è l'inquieto esigenza che l'uomo ha di capire la ragione della sua esistenza, ma lo lascia perplesso la ricerca per la ricerca o l'esperimento fine a se stesso che può spesso finire nel divertimento - I giovani e i loro problemi

Forte dei Marmi, agosto. Quando non gira in bicicletta per le strade dell'interior, Marino lo si può scorgere immobile, in piedi nel grande prato della sua villa di Forte dei Marmi. Fermo e vivo come una divinità etrusca lo scultore può stare così per delle ore; come un albero.

— A quale opera stai lavorando? — A nessuna. E se stessi creando qualcosa non lo saprei nemmeno io. Sono come in incubazione; annuso, guardo, ascolto, incontro gli amici e la natura di questi luoghi, mi riempio di nuova linfa.

— E' una scultura che ho finito quest'inverno per l'università di Princeton: la metteranno nella grande piazza dove gli studenti si riuniscono. E' l'ultima della serie dei « miracoli » ma non il cavaliere né il cavallo si riconoscono più; sono come spariiti, il cavallo è quel missile che tu dici impennato e l'uomo il suo contrappeso; sono ormai forme astratte. Ma non credo che sia sparito nulla; sotto c'è ancora il seme, l'essenza dei due termini universali (l'uomo e la natura) ma nelle tensioni di questo nostro momento il seme si raffina, diviene l'essenza, la sintesi della sintesi.

— Credi ancora, allora, nei grandi valori classici dell'umanità, nel suo futuro, nelle sue radici naturali, nelle sue « forme »? Tu credi che l'arte possa ancora raffigurare la ricerca e le tensioni di un'epoca facendo riferimento al cosmo dei miti o invece deve ormai negarla? A Venezia, alla Biennale di quest'anno, la sperimentazione nell'arte sembra ormai travalicare tutto ciò.

— Non ho visto ancora la Biennale di Venezia e non posso quindi dare un giudizio. Certo è che lo sperimentare, la ricerca, nell'arte sono sempre esistite; alla base di essa c'è l'inquieto esigenza che l'uomo ha di capire la ragione della sua esistenza. Anche io ho fatto e continuo a fare esperimenti e continuo anche a cercare. Ma mi lascia perplesso la ricerca per la ricerca o l'esperimento fine a se stesso che può spesso finire nel gioco o nel divertimento; i tubi, le facciate dei palazzi incartati, le sfere di plastica sono un mondo affascinante ma pericoloso che può condurre fuori dell'umanità; comunque, bisogna anche pensare che quella lì, quella dei tubi o dei tubi di perspex è una strada più lunga che magari rientrerà nell'arte, più tardi. Forse a un certo momento saranno studi, e ritorneranno alle forme più umane. Comunque avranno avuto il coraggio di esaurire un ciclo di ricerca, di sperimentazione anche a costo di vedere che alla fine la natura è sempre la più moderna. Certo, lo è se la si sa osservare e con il cuore sensibile e cociente alla nostra epoca che è piena di confusione, di ansia, di superficialità senza avere più tempo per nulla ma con in fondo una drammatica esigenza di ritrovare delle verità. L'arte può ancora essere la depositaria di queste verità, e soprattutto di quelle future.

— Non trovi che l'Italia sia uno strano paese dove si susseguono più o meno passivamente la sistematica distruzione del paesaggio per motivi di errata speculazione e poi ci si appassiona invece ad una polemica come quella per le porte di Greco nel duomo di Orvieto? Marino sorride, ma con la sagacia furibonda dei contadini toscani aggira la domanda di « cronaca » e torna a parlare della « storia »; a quella che maggiormente lo appassiona:

la storia contemporanea della umanità.

— Oggi molte, troppe cose restano e sono in superficie e pochi vanno in profondità dove invece è possibile trovare gli elementi più nutritivi per l'uomo; è vero, forse finiremo per distruggere il nostro paesaggio ma quello che più mi inquieta è vedere in atto una sorta di distruzione del paesaggio intimo, di quello dell'anima.

Allora il problema dell'inserimento di una scultura moderna in una facciata antica diventa un problema minore, anche se l'ideale forse vorrebbe che la scultura e l'architettura moderna fossero create insieme e lasciare lisce, per riposo, le parti non finite dei monumenti antichi. Non è forse meravigliosa la facciata incompiuta della chiesa brunelleschiana di San Lorenzo? Ma il paesaggio dell'umanità è oggi confuso, senza armonia. I giovani sono inquieti, oggi forse sentono di meno e parlano di più mentre la nostra generazione parlava assai meno ma sembrava ricevere più.

Oggi i giovani sembrano aver capito già tutto senza magari nemmeno averlo ancora sofferto né goduto. Ma nel mondo conviene talvolta non capire tutto; capire a metà. Magari è meglio avere l'intuizione di capire perché c'è anche un limite fisico nel cervello dell'uomo al comprendere. E poi c'è la gioia di non capire; se la realtà è troppo chiara non fantastichi più; e allora muore la fantasia nella quale invece è insita la seconda realtà dell'uomo; quella immaginata che è una realtà vivissima, la realtà della realtà. I giovani dicono che sono più chiari di noi e forse hanno ragione, ma anche prima l'uomo ad esempio amava l'amore ma non ne parlava troppo; oggi invece se ne parla tanto ma forse ci si crede meno. Comunque io ho fiducia nell'uomo; l'umanità resta l'unica materia prima nella quale l'artista può continuare ad essere uomo e viceversa.

E del suo museo a Firenze? Vorremmo chiedere a Marino, ma in verità non sta davvero a lui il rispondere, bensì alla città. Firenze, dopo tante travagliate vicissitudini, sembra questa volta pronta ad offrire al grande scultore toscano una sede bellissima per il museo delle sue opere: la chiesa sconsacrata di San Pancrazio, architettura purissima di Leon Battista Alberti a pochi passi da via Tornabuoni. Firenze sembra finalmente voler affermare questa grande occasione.

— Lorenzo Papi

La storia contemporanea della umanità.

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Nella Fortezza del Girifalco Cortona scopre sei secoli d'arte

Una mostra che esprime la civiltà dell'intera Valdichiana con testimonianze formidabili - L'indagine completata da tesori « minori » che chiariscono il panorama ampio e stupendo raccolto nel recuperato monumento cortonese

In questo tempo d'estate particolarmente adatto alla ricerca di luoghi da scoprire e visitare, ecco una tappa eccezionale da consigliare: Cortona, che nella sua restaurata e riaperta Fortezza del Girifalco presenta una splendida mostra d'arte antica, che va sotto il titolo di Arte in Valdichiana.

Circa duecento pezzi tra dipinti, sculture, affreschi, oreficerie e paramenti che vanno dal XIII al XVIII secolo, componendo un insieme che non è casuale raccolta di oggetti più o meno preziosi ma soprattutto un coerente e legittimissimo excursus di grande civiltà, una testimonianza storica in più aperta sul cammino glorioso delle manifestazioni artistiche della nostra regione. Una testimonianza e una documentazione quanto mai vive e approfondite di quanto, pur nella varietà degli aspetti, ca-

ratterizzi la Val di Chiana, che da Cortona alta a dominarla sul suo antico cippo etrusco ebbe lungi vividissimi nel lungo volgere dei secoli grazie alla eccezionale presenza di almeno tre suoi nobilissimi figli, Luca Signorelli, Pietro Berrettini e, ai nostri giorni, Gino Severini.

I movimenti

La mostra segue precisi limiti cronologici, si è visto, dal XIII al XVIII secolo proprio perché entro questi confini (i più continuativi e coerenti della storia artistica di questa terra) ebbero aspetto definitivo i suoi centri e le sue campagne. Le divisioni amministrative odierne in due provincie, di Arezzo e di Siena, non incidono sulla unità estetica della valle.

Ciò avviene nell'architettura, come documentano i mo-

numenti: avviene nel mondo figurativo come attesta la mostra. Cortona ha realizzato questa iniziativa per la sensibilità e l'alcantaria dei suoi dirigenti e dei suoi amministratori, delle sue forze culturali più vive e attente. Ma a nulla sarebbero valsi gli sforzi di loro se ancora una volta non li avesse diretti e convogliati Mario Salmi, questo gran vegliardo giovanilissimo, inesaurevole coordinatore, vivificante di entusiasmi e di valori, guida sicura dei più meritori studi e difensore profondo e acutissimo del nostro patrimonio artistico. Quel Mario Salmi che per altro verso è oggi sulla cronaca, pronto come non mai a difendere la libertà del suo pensiero di studioso e che già a Cortona direbbe due altre grandi manifestazioni nel 1953, con la mostra monografica dell'opera di Luca Signorelli e nel 1956, con quella di Pietro Berrettini.

Crediamo proprio di cogliere uno degli aspetti più drammatici della rassegna se affermiamo di vedere in essa anche uno « speculum tristissimae veritatis » quando si pensi a quanto poco (e quel poco male) si è fatto in sede politica per la difesa di un pur così ricco patrimonio; e come mostre simili finiscono nel dimenticatoio e non sortano quanto invece dovrebbero nel fare affiorare alfine su un piano di serietà quello che è uno dei nostri più gravi problemi del nostro tempo: il salvataggio cioè, oculato e ben discriminato dei veri valori della nostra civiltà altrimenti in sfacelo. Tutt'altro: acuiranno, se mai, l'estro diabolico di qualche ladro a tentare domani, magari, quel furto che diviene sempre più fatto di costume nel nostro triste momento.

Tornando alla mostra, sottolineeremo la bellezza prepotente di tante opere esposte. Bellezza da recepire non solo dall'esercizio filologico di quattro spartiti storici dell'arte, bensì bellezza da recepire da tutti: insegnamento, storia, civiltà che non si chiude né si deve chiudere entro le mura dei musei; per ricoprirsi di polvere, ma che deve essere continuo viatico anche e soprattutto per la nostra attualità. Percorrere le sale della restaurata e recuperata Fortezza del Girifalco — che l'acuta e sensibilissima attività del soprintendente aretino Albino

Secchi ha restituito a noi tutti con un puntuale lavoro rispettoso e nitido. Osservare le opere ora qui esposte e vederle anche nella proiezione e entro le atmosfere particolari del paesaggio stupendo (uno dei più belli di Toscana) che dall'alto della rocca si gode, è veramente non assentarsi dalla vita e dalla sua realtà quotidiana.

E non mancano, per il comune visitatore come per lo esperto, le novità e le scoperte che un eccellente catalogo dovuto a Luciano Belloni, a Giuseppe Cantelli e a Margherita Lenzi Moriondo sottolinea e discute con puntualità e precisione: un apporto di più e un approfondimento di una materia che già singolarmente e a più riprese era stata ed è oggetto di studio.

Dai lontani esemplari di Margario alla splendida Maestri di Segna di Bonaventura, da Pietro Lorenzetti a Taddeo Gaddi, da Lippo Vanni a Luca di Tommè e a Lorenzo di Niccolò è un intrecciarsi di testimonianze aretine, senesi e fiorentine che finiscono col creare una norma e dare una individualità tutta nuova alla intera zona. Cui poi danno nuovi apporti e lumi Lorenzo Montano e l'Angelico, il compatto nucleo dei quattrocentisti senesi e il grande Barolomeo della Gatta del quale la mostra espone, a mezzo del lavoro di restauro e del recupero, un testo fondamentale e tutto da riscoprire quale è l'Assunzione da S. Domenico di Cortona. Seguono i capitoli di Luca Signorelli, le vibratissime presenze manieristiche con alla testa il Beccafumi superbo di Sarteano; meno rappresentativa e qualificata è la schiera nutrita del tardo cinquecentisti, dall'Alfieri a Santi di Tito e, poi, più tardi, al Cigoli e all'Empoli. Veni e propria perla, di questo primo tempo seicentesco, un inedito rame nel quale Luciano Belloni ha creduto di ricostituire un'opera perduta e già citata dalle fonti di Annibale Carracci.

Una testimonianza

Nè minore è forza di testimonianza tra Seicento e Settecento, con Lorenzo Lippi e Pietro da Cortona, con l'altissimo Sargentini, con il Ferretti e gli eccezionali esemplari turchi eccosa confluiti nella cortonese che già Proccac-



Il « Noli me tangere » di Battistello Caracciolo (Museo Civico di Prato)

ci analizzò del Piazzetta e del Cappella.

« L'excursus è tutto corredata, confortata, rafforzata e chiarito, nella sua costante storia di reale civiltà, dalle oreficerie, dai paramenti da un complesso cioè finissimo di opere d'arte minore cui fa capo il celeberrimo Albergo di Lucignano.

Una mostra, una città, una terra, tutta da vedere. In un luogo, secondo quanto anche ha auspicato Salmi stesso il giorno inaugurale, che può e deve aprirsi a divenire sede permanente di una mostra che illustri sinteticamente la storia di Cortona e della intera Valdichiana: la storia civile, politica, economica, agricola (con la imponente bonifica), artistica. In una parola, la sua civiltà.

Umberto Baldini

che vuol dire che, dai depositi delle gallerie fiorentine, studiosi attenti e severamente impegnati in questo prodigio della resurrezione dei quadri dimenticati hanno estratto una valanga di opere degnissime, le hanno restaurate con l'intervento del Laboratorio della Fortezza divenuto quasi leggendario per il recupero e il ripristino dei capolavori colpiti dall'alluvione del 1966, le hanno riproposte con sche-

de documentatissime al pubblico italiano e straniero che in questa estate calda seguita ad affollare i musei di Firenze.

La mostra è straordinariamente bella, soprattutto interessante per gli studiosi ai quali essa offre un capitolo nuovo di un libro che ha sempre avuto un fascino singolare come può averlo solamente quello dedicato all'arte del Caravaggio e dei suoi seguaci italiani e stranieri. Da Battistello Caracciolo (uno dei più suggestivi continuatori del Maestro, o meglio della tarda maniera di lui, e del quale è qui esposta l'unica opera non proveniente dalle Gallerie fiorentine: il « Noli me tangere » ripescata da Giuseppe Marchini in un locale del Palazzo comunale di Prato ventuno anni fa) all'Artemisia Gentileschi, figlia di quell'Orazio Gentileschi pisano che fu tra i primi toscani ad accendersi all'imprevisto naturalismo caravaggesco (una stupenda « Santa Caterina » si erge per forza espressiva sulle altre opere e una immensa « Betsabea al bagno » viene presentata al solo scopo documentativo — date le condizioni paurose in cui ci è pervenuta — a fianco dell'arazzo tratto dal quadro del fiammingo Vermeer); da quel Gherardo Honthorst conosciuto come Gherardo delle Notti che ripropone temi dello stesso Caravaggio assai incisivi, come « La buona ventura », al Guido Reni la cui unica opera qui presente costituisce materia di studio appassionante: il « David e la testa di Golia » era collocato in un ufficio della Soprintendenza e la patina nera che lo copriva lo aveva sempre fatto passare per una copia del dipinto esposto al Louvre mentre oggi, a restauro completato, si vuole che sia di mano del grande bolognese; dall'« Annunciazione » del Vouet alle opere del senese Rutilio Manetti; dal Ribera a Mattia Preti; dagli approssimativi caravaggeschi fiorentini (bellissimi il « convito di

Baldassarre del Martinelli e l'« Angelica e Medoro » del Fidami) alla scoperta dell'arte pittorica del medesimo Cardinale Leopoldo de' Medici del quale è qui presentata una tela di non grandi dimensioni che si vuole rappresenti il cantante Martelli nell'atto di suonare un liuto appena abbozzato; una serie assai lunga di meravigliose rivelazioni.

Di scoperte, attribuzioni nuove, precisazioni storico-scientifiche la mostra è piena. Il merito va ascritto alla dottoressa Evelina Borea la più ostinata e perspicace in questo lavoro di recupero, di documentazione e di classificazione. Un merito che, in primo luogo, va segnalato per la parte assunta nel muovere dal torpore i depositi delle gallerie di Stato di Firenze: una miniera immensa e sconosciuta che va vuotata pazientemente e i cui preziosi reperti devono essere messi in condizioni di essere ammirati e goduti dal pubblico. Un esempio, comunque, che va imitato. E non soltanto a Firenze.

Tommaso Paloscia

E' MORTO A FIRENZE CIPRIANO MANNUCCI

E' morto lunedì a Firenze il pittore Cipriano Manucci. Aveva 88 anni essendo nato a Nizza nello stesso anno in cui il contrerone Garibaldi si spingeva a Capraia. Fiorentino di adozione, aveva qui portato le esperienze vissute a Parigi alla scuola impressionista e che la critica del tempo lo aveva definito « l'ultimo post-impressionista ». A quella scuola era rimasto fedele per sincerità con se stesso, per amore verso un modo di vivere e sentire la realtà fino al rimpianto.

Una mostra recente alla « Leonardo » di Firenze aveva riproposto agli ammiratori: di ieri e ai disincantati collezionisti d'oggi le cose più belle del suo lungo ammirabile repertorio.

FURTI COL SILENZIATORE

Tempo di furti d'arte, come le cronache riferiscono ogni giorno, certe volte con ritrovamenti quasi immediati, quasi miracolosi, altri con perdite sicure, specialmente se il dipinto, pur avendo valore, non ha un gran nome.

Un esempio per tutti: il furto del dipinto di S. Maria e S. Angelo in Argiano, presso Sancesciano, di cui è stata data notizia recentemente da « La Nazione ».

Sul Crocifisso tra San Giacomo e Sant'Antonio Abate in S. Maria e S. Angelo in Argiano rammentato già dai Caraccioli, il primo a porre risolutamente attenzione fu nel 1927 il Marangoni, che lo assegnò a un eccelso influenzato dal Ghirlandajo dal Verrocchio dal Pollaiuolo e dal Baldovinetti.

Dopo di lui il Van Marle, e l'Offner ne rilevarono la grande qualità, e il Gamba pensò di assegnarlo al Gionio Ghirlandajo, allievo di Leonardo. Poi il Ragghianti ne dette una ottima descrizione, riferendolo al giovane Perugino, e la tesi fu condivisa dallo Zeri e dal Camasseua. In ultimo Günther Passavant l'ha attribuito al Verrocchio.

Da questa sequela di nomi, e dal fatto che si sia pensato con insistenza agli inizi di un grande artista, s'intende facilmente l'eccezionalità del dipinto. Eppure quanti lo avranno visto direttamente? Tranne gli abitanti del luogo, credo pochissimi. Comparve in S. Marco alla Mostra del Tesoro di Firenze Sacra nel 1933. Poi ritornò in Argiano e da lì il più non s'è mosso fino a qualche giorno fa il fatto che non sia stato mai ritirato per la pulitura di cui assolvono, essendo per il resto, salva una vecchia barbara rasecatura in basso, in ottime condizioni di conservazione, non è dispero certamente da scarsa importanza che gli venisse attribuita.

Tutti sanno che ancora opere di gran valore rimangono in chiesette di campagna senza che nessuno si assuma, altro che a parole, la responsabilità di salvaguardarle. Anche tutti sanno che le campagne sono e saranno sempre più spopolate. Non riusciremo certo il dipinto di Ambrogio Lorenzetti o di Taddeo Gaddi che si conserva nella chiesetta, a fermare questo esodo. Cosa

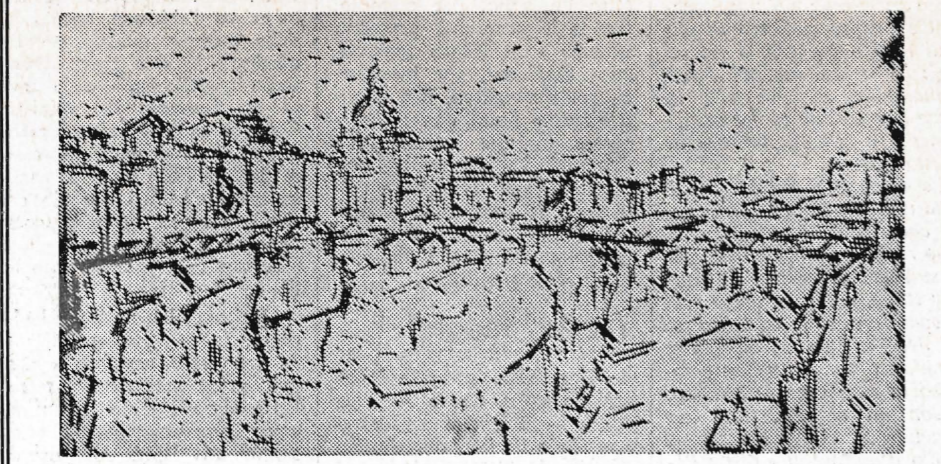
aspettano le autorità ecclesiastiche a consentire l'ordinamento di un museo diocesano che raccoglia tutti questi oggetti che corrono continuo pericolo? Si potrebbero sostituire in loco i più preziosi con altri di minore importanza e sicuramente di maggior effetto decorativo di cui abbondano i depositi delle gallerie.

Siamo, ormai, agli sgoccioli, non resta che l'attacco massiccio alle opere conservate nei musei. E chi ruba, non ha dubbi. Per il furto di Argiano, avvenuto certamente su commissione, è stato scelto il momento più opportuno, il momento delle ferie, quando, per di più, era appena morto il vecchissimo pastore della chiesa e parrocchia erano deserte. Questo fa temere sulla sua sorte Sarra entrato nella collezione privata di uno di quegli spregevoli plutocrati che per lusso e ostentazione ornano le loro abitazioni private di capolavori sottratti all'ammirazione, all'educazione, all'amore dell'umanità. Tra cinquanta anni potrà essere messo in un museo straniero.

Potranno sempre dirlo: era in casa vostra e nessuno di voi lo conosceva. Giaceva nel più grande abbandono in questo do loro pienamente ragione. Che sia all'estero non mi importa. Purché sia visibile. Ma non lo tireranno fuori. Se Svieter non riesce a ripescarlo in tempo non lo quadro non lo vediamo più.

Alessandro Parronchi

Opere grafiche di Bruno Rosai



Opere grafiche di Bruno Rosai sono state raccolte in un prezioso volume della Foglio Editrice di Macerata nel quadro di un panorama dell'arte moderna cui è dedicata la collana. Il testo scritto da Umberto Baldini, penetrante e acuto, è un esame critico dell'impostazione disegnativa di Rosai e costituisce forse la prima valida puntualizzazione di questo particolare aspetto dell'attività dell'artista toscano.

T. P.

L'INUTILE RIVOLTA

La rivolta di Reggio Calabria sembra caduta nella boccia di mezzo agosto, mentre il PCI, giustamente preoccupato che le rivolte prendano strade diverse dalla sua, ha deciso di scendere in campo coi grandi nomi nazionali per innescare questo moto popolare che d'altra parte, stando alle apparenze, sarebbe del tutto stupido. In verità la pretesa di fare di Reggio la capitale della regione calabrese è, almeno per chi si trova al di fuori delle passioni locali, pretesto troppo magro per un così grande baccano, sicché conviene cercare origini più ragionevoli.

Tuttavia pare anche eccessiva l'opinione di coloro che, nella rivolta di Reggio, vedono il cominciamento della controvolluzione. Sarebbe, tra l'altro, un gran brutto cominciare, né si vede come la restante parte dell'Italia, per la quale la sommossa calabrese è solo un fastidio poco serio, potrebbe unirsi ai rivoltosi. L'Italia di questi tempi fastidi ne ha anche troppi per aver voglia di andarsene ad immischiare in un bistoccio regionale che trae forza, se non dalla mafia, da quel malcostume politico che la maggioranza degli italiani vorrebbe eliminare e non alimentare.

Nell'Italia Meridionale ogni cosa che venga dall'alto è frutto di calcoli e mercanteggiamenti o addirittura ricatti politici. Questo, è chiaro, accade dappertutto, ma nel Sud accade più largamente e più vistosamente che altrove, anche perché allo infuori delle forme politiche, la economia non ha altre forme. Spesso la scelta del tracciato di una strada, o della località in cui far sorgere un'università o un aeroporto o uno stabilimento, dipende non dal buonsenso e dalle scienze economiche, statistiche, sociali, geografiche che dovrebbero fargli da sostegno, bensì dagli elaborati calcoli degli eminenti uomini politici che, arrivati al potere, se ne servono per accrescere il proprio prestigio e il proprio peso. Ora è accaduto che la provincia di Reggio Calabria, a differenza di quella di Cosenza e Catanzaro che hanno attivissimi rappresentanti ai posti chiave del governo, ha un sottosegretario che non è stato capace, finora, di far giungere a Reggio sostanziose fette di benefici.

Calabresi il senso della rivolta e delle lotte di campanile ce l'hanno nel sangue, e da ciò si vede che sono essi i veri discendenti di quegli abitanti della Magna Grecia che, a forza di farsi guerre tra di loro, arrivarono a cancellare dalla faccia della terra le loro splendide città. Basta che sospettino un'offesa di quel particolare senso della giustizia che, sebbene dall'esterno appaia un po' sorprendente, da loro è profondamente sentito, perché scendano in campo con le armi in pugno. Come, Cosenza ha questo e questo, Catanzaro ha questo e quest'altro, e noi niente? Neppure la soddisfazione d'essere la capitale della regione e di ospitare tanti piccoli deputati, tanti begli uffici, e tante categorie di nuovi burocrati? E giù, la città si muove contro i poliziotti, le linee ferroviarie, i cartelli stradali. E' bello combattere per una causa giusta, stare sulle prime pagine dei giornali nazionali, preoccupare la nemica Roma, dare grattacapi ai notabili che, dopo essersi preso il voto, si scordano delle promesse.

Però sono passati i tempi in cui queste genti avevano tutto da guadagnare e niente da perdere. Anche qui esiste una economia, per quanto primitiva. Ogni città calabrese, grande o piccola, vive, oltre che di stipendi statali, di commerci e di piccoli lavori alla giornata. Un commerciante, un operaio che non sempre trova da lavorare, può godersi una rivolta con tutto il cuore per un giorno o due, magari per una settimana se il morale sorregge, ma poi il danno si fa sentire, cominciano i tenennamenti e i ripensamenti, le defezioni si moltiplicano e in breve sulla strada, ad impegnare i poliziotti con sistemi da guerriglia, rimangono i magnifici adolescenti, patiti di Mao o del Che o anche di Benito Mussolini, per i quali una rivolta è una rivolta, un'occasione da non perdere.

Alle spalle, gli uomini politici interessati cercano di tenere accesa la fiamma, mentre da lontano altri uomini politici più importanti approvano o disapprovano, premono in un senso o nell'altro. Ora ci saranno gigantesche trattative, presumibilmente Reggio non sarà la capitale della Calabria ma avrà in compenso dallo Stato un grande stabilimento, o un grande aeroporto, fa lo stesso, e

tutto continuerà a camminare come prima, o peggio. E' un vero peccato che queste sommosse, le quali scoppiano per protestare contro un malcostume politico, mirino semplicemente ad invocare un malcostume analogo, a vantaggio di chi protesta, si capisce. Le nuove strade e superstrade e autostrade hanno fatto della Calabria una regione che si può percorrere in poco più di due ore da un capo all'altro, ma non c'è segno di cambiamento nella mentalità dei calabresi; essi continuano a pensare come quando vivevano isolati. Non esiste una visione unitaria, regionale, dei problemi. Ogni città, ogni borgata, pensa soltanto al proprio particolare, ciascuna vorrebbe per sé l'ospedale, l'aeroporto, l'autostrada, la università.

Ora c'è il problema della capitale regionale. E' evidente che nessuna delle tre città capoluogo di provincia ha la struttura urbanistica e culturale necessaria per poter divenire capitale d'una regione moderna. Sono, francamente, piuttosto brutte e scomode: tre grossi borghi gonfiati a dismisura, intasati di automobili. Secondo benenso la capitale bisognerebbe costruirla altrove, in una zona centrale, bella, salubre. Costruirla ex novo, anche nella speranza che possa in qualche modo svincolarsi dagli ambienti politici locali, tutti più o meno strutturati a clientela. E poiché è facile prevedere che Sant'Eufemia, ove si congiungono l'autostrada e la ferrovia e dove stanno costruendo un aeroporto, diventerà il centro commerciale della regione, la nuova città potrebbero farla nascere sulle alture circostanti, che sono bellissime, a non più di mezz'ora di macchina. E vicino, ma non troppo affinché non ne sia disturbata o contagiata, potrebbero costruire la nuova università residenziale, per la quale i denari necessari sono già stati stanziati da tempo e che non è stata ancora costruita per il solito motivo che tutti la vorrebbero a casa loro.

Ecco, se la sommossa di Reggio avesse messo in giro qualcuna di queste idee, si potrebbe anche dire che non sarebbe stata inutile. E il paese avrebbe avuto il conforto di costare che i molti denari che si spendono per dare una struttura moderna alla Calabria cominciano a far del bene. Ma io temo che siamo ancora lontani da simili consolazioni.

Giuseppe Berto

L'INGRATA MODA FEMMINILE PER L'INVERNO 1970

LA DONNA NON PIU' LOLLO



Due creazioni per l'inverno '70: un'elegantissima «pastrano» di Courreges e un insieme da sera riservato alle magrissime da Lola Prugac

Il tipo latino, prospero e con curve, cerca disperatamente di adeguarsi a un prototipo che praticamente non esiste. Come trasformano il proprio fisico le dive e le regine - Dieta e champagne per Orietta Berti - Si chiamava Giovanni l'esemplare della bellezza muliebre in voga in questi mesi

(Dal nostro inviato)

Milano, agosto. «Questa carnevalata deve finire; basta con il caos; dobbiamo richiamare le donne consapevoli, alla realtà e al senso del limite» affermava, autorevolmente convinta, l'anno scorso di questi tempi, la Biki, sarta di fama e di prestigio mondiale.

E Mila Schoen, il cui verbo — peraltro — costosissimo — nessuna donna avrebbe osato mettere in discussione, incalzava: «Se Dio vuole, la bizzarria sta per finire; siamo a una svolta; le signore camuffate da chissà che cosa, torneranno a essere donne; la follia va bene per le giovinette; ma le altre niente dovranno concedere a questa moda sgraziata».

Erano i tempi degli abiti a sacco, delle gonne ultracorte, dei tailleur pantalone, delle prime «zingarelle» mescolati alla rinfusa nel guardaroba femminile e con effetti spesso disastrosi.

E' passato appena un anno da queste sentenze, pronunziate con una punta di sdegno ammonitore che aveva mortificato le signore, richiamandole alla realtà. E le signore, preso atto del rimbroto, fatto l'esame di coscienza e l'autocritica, avevano ammesso che la rampogna era giusta e che dovevano fare ammenda, adottando i provvedimenti del caso.

Carnevalata

Se — come diceva la Biki le donne consapevoli dovevano fare argine alla carnevalata, loro avrebbero fatto di tutto per mimetizzarsi da inconsapevoli. Se — come ammoniva la grande Mila — la follia andava bene per le giovinette e non per le altre, loro avrebbero rinunciato a essere «le altre» per cercare di avvicinarsi il più possibile ai canoni estetici delle giovinette. E sono partite, lancia in resta, alla ricerca della perduta morfologia giovanile che ha, oggi, un suo standard ben preciso e codificato: corpo asciutto, muscolo guizzante, gamba soda, seno piccolo e fermo.

L'esempio della femminilità classica di questi tempi, se sotto altre lune fu dato dalla Venere di Milo o dalla Lollobrigida, ci viene oggi infatti dalla folla di ragazze che circolano per le strade e dagli stereotipi della pubblicità: fotomodelle a loro modo favolose, longilinee, tutte un solo osso con curve essenziali anche se oculatamente mortificate sui valori minimi indispensabili.

Mortificazione

Siamo al punto che uno dei più ammirati (dagli uomini) e invidiati (dalle donne) esempi di femminilità modernamente intesa (spalle strette, seno minuscolo che appena si intravede, senza suscitare concupiscenza, dalla scollatura profonda, volto affilato sotto il casco ricciuto della parrucca) e che trionfa suadente e aggressivo sul maschio italiano dalle immagini dei caroselli e dalle pagine pubblicitarie dei rotocalchi, è costituito da un'affascinante fotomodelle inglese che va per la maggiore e alcuni credono di poter identificare in un tale che, prima di sottoporsi a delicate operazioni a Casablanca, si chiamava Giovanni.

E' chiaro che per la donna italiana — inevitabilmente di tipo latino e quindi piuttosto tendente al corto, fianco largo da efficiente riproduttrice, seno opimo, coscia raramente lunga — raggiungere lo standard estetico di un ex Giovanni è traguardo difficile.

Ma lei, piena di buona volontà e decisa a sottrarsi di dosso il peso di una condizione somatica che, in confronto agli ideali estetici di moda, la indurrebbero a nascondersi, ci prova. E del resto il tentativo, per cui versi commovente, è la sola strada che le resta — nella codardia che le impedisce di rifiutare una moda che non le sia adatta per crearne una che la avvantaggi — per cercare di sopravvivere esteticamente al confronto di esemplari di altra razza.

Si getta, la poverina, nell'affannata corsa alla mortificazione del suo corpo e della sua esuberanza, deprecando il momento sfavorevole che ha fatto tramontare la Lollobrigida come simbolo di un'epoca felice e appagata.

Il futuro non è certo dalla sua parte. Gli stilisti — autentici, sconosciuti tiranni del pubblico gusto — le sono decisamente contrari e hanno tolto anche alla grassocchia, in ottimismo attesa del proprio momento di modernità, ogni speranza a tempi corti.

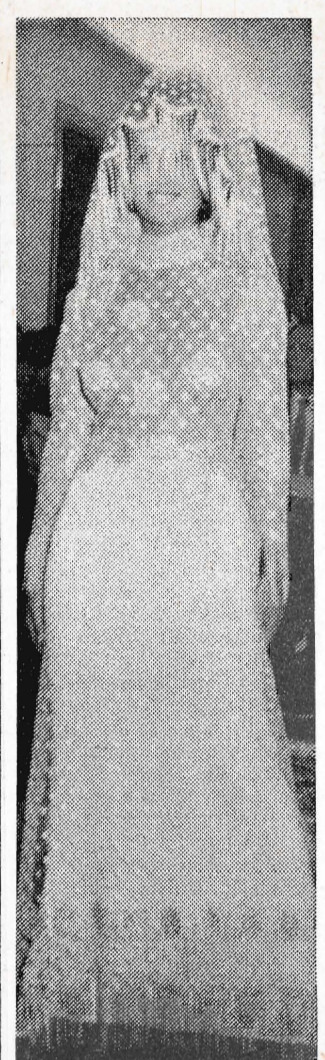
Sono, gli stilisti, uomini raffinatissimi (raramente la professione è abbracciata da donne) e se succede, sono donne decise e volitive) di grande autorità che tutelano i sarti creatori a corto di ispirazioni e impongono il loro stile nel disegno delle collezioni, nei metodi di realizzazione dei modelli, nella scelta del tipo «umano» da vestire, facendo quasi sempre astrazione, tuttavia, della realtà nella quale operano.

Gli stilisti, dopo un momento di incertezza, hanno deciso che la moda dissadatta alla donna italiana, dovrà continuare e accentuarsi. Albin, uno dei più quotati, apprezzato e conteso per la sua autorevolezza e per il suo gusto sicuro, aveva già deciso da oltre un anno, per esempio, per la signora del prossimo inverno «un futuro romantico». Qualcosa, per intenderci, sul rievocativo, che inevitabilmente finirà con il degenerare in una rissumazione dei modelli delle nonne, con pizzi macramé, scialletti e colli arricciati, anche se il programma del creatore dello stile non appare, nella enunciazione, così pericoloso.

Tessuti leggeri

«Romantico come valorizzazione della donna», dice Albin. «Ne potrei né pizzi San Gallo né fiori di rosa, ma una femminilità valorizzata al massimo, con tessuti leggeri, trasparenti, a colori splendidi e gonne lunghe con spacchi laterali».

D'altra parte — aggiunge Albin — subire ogni, come un tempo, a occhi chiusi, la legge della moda non è più logico. Le donne sono libere di scegliere e di autoamministrarsi: debbono anche seguirlo l'estro, cercando di sentirsi vestite giuste al momento giusto». Come se fosse possibile a una donna, dotata di spirito di imitazione quanto



Molyneux suggerisce un abito da sposa con molte frange per il matrimonio invernale 1970-71

le scimmie, vedere circolare per le strade modelli che non le si addicono, e rinunciare a indossarli.

Il primo obiettivo da raggiungere è la conquista di una «linea» che assomigli più possibile a quella delle giovinette androgine, dalla bellezza studente, anche se un po' equivoca, di un ex Giovanni riuscito a imporsi come prototipo di fascino.

Gli esempi, del resto, vengono dall'alto della piramide sociale; e le preziose indiscrezioni, carpite alla masseuse o divulgate dai rotocalchi, vengono accettate come Vangelo dalle floride che non si arrendono.

La giovane regina di Grecia, che si dice affligge le amarezze che la procura il trono sovralimentandosi con robusti

piatti di spaghetti alla carbonara ha promesso al marito di perdere almeno sette chili. Si è affidata a un noto dietologo napoletano che riduce di solito esilissime le attrici e che ha sentenziato, contro l'adiposo regale, una dieta a base di sole proteine (carne, pollo, pesce magro).

Orietta Berti, la melodiosa cantante emiliana adorata da milioni di fans che provvedono, mediante l'acquisto di dischi e accorrendo ai suoi recitals, al suo sostentamento, ha deciso di dire addio, per qualche tempo, alla saporosa cucina di casa sua e al lambrusco, per mortificarsi con piatti insipidi confortati da champagne. Ha già perso otto chili, il florido usignolo, ma insiste nella dieta. Non perché ci provi gusto — dice — ma per dimostrare agli ammiratori che si inebriano del suo canto che anche lei può essere, volendo, una cantante sexy.

Dieta rigorosa

Grace di Monaco, pur senza preoccuparsi degli ammiratori, segue, qualche giorno ogni mese, la rigorosa dieta imparata ai tempi di Hollywood, che disintossica l'organismo, mette il fegato a suo agio e dona splendore alla pelle preservandola dalle rughe.

Mina, che ostenta da qualche tempo minigonne ormai proverbiali, ha battuto ogni possibile record, perdendo, in meno di un anno, venti chili. Si è astenuta sui cinquantasei, dopo aver sfiorato gli ottanta, ed è fermamente decisa a non recuperare nemmeno un grammo. Segue la dieta punti, divulgata recentemente da un settimanale femminile: libertà assoluta di mangiare quel che si vuole e in quantità anche enormi, purché si eliminino verdure, pane, frutta, zucchero e farinacei. Una dieta, finalmente, che permette di mangiare e bere a sazietà assistendo, senza alcuna frustrazione derivante dalla rinunzia, al dissolvimento della parte superflua del nostro corpo.

La rivista femminile che aveva pubblicato il manuale del pettegoleggiare dei cibi rievocando un linguaggio da tessera anonima, ha dovuto, a futuro di popolo, stamparne un altro milione di copie per placare le lamentele di chi si era lasciato sfuggire la prima edizione velocemente esaurita.

Laura Griffo

Guerra per le vie di Londra chiedono gli estremisti negri

Anche una democrazia come quella inglese, dove l'uguaglianza è assoluta per tutti i cittadini, vede crescere la tensione razziale - I disordini di dieci giorni fa nelle valutazioni dei protagonisti - «Siamo individui repressi e ogni forma di repressione suscita una rappresaglia»

(Dal nostro corrispondente)

Londra, agosto. La «Black House» di Holway Road, nel quartiere londinese di Islington, può essere considerata come il polo d'attrazione delle immigrazioni di colore in Gran Bretagna. Vi sono andato all'indomani degli scontri avvenuti domenica 9 agosto fra polizia e dimostranti negri a Portnall Road, che si sono conclusi con diciassette poliziotti all'ospedale e diciannove manifestanti in carcere.

Organizzata sotto forma di «comune», la Casa Nera ospita gli uffici della Racial Adjustment Action Society, società d'azione per l'adattamento razziale. Il portavoce della RAAS, Vince Hines, è un giovane giornalista negro: grossi occhiali sotto un cespuglio di capelli crespi, baffi sottili e una barba appena accennata. Accanto a lui, adagiato contro la parete, fa bella mostra un fucile modello 303. «Non si preoccupi», dice, «è soltanto un giocattolo».

Ma con i tempi che corrono — ribatte — c'è da preoccuparsi come. Il capo dell'organizzazione «Black Power» per il Regno Unito, Michael Abdul Malik, più speditamente denominato Michael X, ha preannunciato che la lotta sarà portata nelle strade di Londra, per liberare i territori dei negri ancora soggetti all'occupazione britannica, come la Giamaica, le Bahamas, Bermuda e le Barbados.

Hines mi spiega che il messaggio di Michael X è stato deliberatamente frainteso. Il leader ha invitato i suoi seguaci alla calma e si è limitato a dire che i negri dovranno difendersi quando vengono attaccati. «Non possiamo subire indefinatamente le violenze della polizia».

In che consistono queste «violenze»? Il portavoce della RAAS prende lo spunto dai gravi disordini del 9 agosto per sostenere che furono i poliziotti a scatenare l'ira dei dimostranti, strappando i cartelli che questi avevano innalzato. D'accordo, ma sui cartelli era scritto «Uccidete i maitai», un epiteto rivolto agli stessi poliziotti.

Mappa colorata

Forse i manifestanti avevano esagerato — ammette il portavoce della Società per l'adattamento razziale —; bisogna però riconoscere che Scotland Yard applica un atteggiamento quasi «segregazionista» accentuando i suoi controlli sui locali pubblici frequentati dai negri e cercando le droghe soprattutto nei ritrovi della gente di colore. «Fra l'altro una qualsiasi dimostrazione in piazza organizzata dai bianchi viene assediata e protetta dalla polizia mediante un adeguato servizio d'ordine; le proteste dei negri sono, al contrario, boicottate ed ostacolate, come gli spiacevoli fatti di Portnall Road dimostrano».

Su una parete della Black House è attaccata una grande mappa di Londra nella quale le aree dei disordini razziali appaiono cerciate a matita rossa e blu, a seconda che vi siano stati registrati incidenti di lieve entità o gravi forme di violenza. «Il pericolo di cui i bianchi sembrano ignari», dice Hines, «è che l'attuale situazione potrebbe degenerare verso una atmosfera di odio totale. La gioventù di colore diventa sempre più disillusa e frustrata».

Sull'esempio di quanto è accaduto in varie parti dell'Africa e dell'America, comincia a credere che le prove di forza possano dare frutti migliori».

Quel che non si capisce, signor Hines, è l'origine delle tensioni razziali in un paese come l'Inghilterra, di provata democrazia che assicura una perfetta uguaglianza a tutti i cittadini.

«E' vero che a scuola i ragazzi bianchi e negri siedono sugli stessi banchi ma le differenze cominciano a manifestarsi dopo, nella vita da adulti. L'uguaglianza sui posti di lavoro, nelle prospettive di carriera e nell'assegnazione degli alloggi è solo teorica».

Ascolto discorsi analoghi nel Mangrove Restaurant di Notting Hill, il locale intorno al quale dimpararono gli scontri del 9 agosto. Sulla tettoia di stoffa lisa che protegge l'ingresso al ristorante è ancora visibile la scritta «giù le mani dal Mangrove».

Intorno ai tavoli siedono decine di immigrati, quasi tutti provenienti dalle Indie occidentali. Il proprietario negro, Frank Crichtlow, vuole innanzi tutto precisare che questo esercizio conta trentacinque anni di attività. «Noi non odiamo i bianchi», dice, «ma abbiamo buoni motivi per odiare la polizia che ci perseguita. Negli ultimi diciotto mesi abbiamo dovuto subire tre perquisizioni e non sappiamo cosa volessero trovare, se armi o cocaina. Ci tengono gli occhi addosso solo perché siamo uomini di colore».

Crichtlow ha inoltrato formalmente al ministero degli interni, al Race Relations Board, l'ente governativo per la tutela

delle buone relazioni razziali, e al consiglio nazionale per la libertà civili. «Finora, non ho ottenuto niente e i miei affari continuano a ricavarne danni dalla persecuzione poliziesca», aggiunge.

Adesso, signor Crichtlow, mi dica: lei aderisce all'organizzazione del Black Power? «Ogni negro deve appoggiare il Black Power. Siamo individui repressi e ogni forma di repressione suscita una rappresaglia».

Vivere in pace

Non tutti gli avventori si professano seguaci di Black Power; alcuni asseriscono che preferirebbero vivere in pace nella comunità dei bianchi, purché questi ultimi non tentassero di opprimere le minoranze di colore. «Lo spettacolo è appena cominciato», dice uno tranquillo del suo gin, «e durerà a lungo».

Nella sede londinese del consiglio inter-razziale per il Regno Unito, che fu costituito tre anni orsono dagli stessi immigrati per promuovere «l'armonia razziale», i commenti agli scontri del 9 agosto sono ispirati da tutt'altro tono. Un addetto alla segreteria del consiglio mi dice: «Non creda che gli stati d'animo da lei registrati nelle visite alla Black House e al Mangrove restaurant siano emblematici. Anche in seno alle

minoranze di colore si agitano gruppi di estremisti, dai quali la nostra organizzazione si è formalmente dissociata. Incidenti come quelli avvenuti nel quartiere di Notting Hill costituiscono per noi motivo di sdegno e di allarme, perché temiamo che l'esempio degli elementi facinososi possa trovare proseliti».

Voi del consiglio inter-razziale siete dunque convinti che tutto vada per il meglio? «Il mio interlocutore risponde senza esitazione: «Naturalmente, c'è sempre qualcosa di più o di meglio da fare, a favore degli immigrati. Ma noi siamo fermamente convinti che la razza negra possa vivere pacificamente e armoniosamente in questo paese».

La medesima convinzione è stata espressa dai numerosi negri che, isolati o a gruppi, si sono recati in questi giorni nella stazione di polizia di Harrow Road, presso la quale prestavano servizio quasi tutti i feriti del 9 agosto, ad esprimere rammarico per l'accaduto e solidarietà alle forze dell'ordine.

Con un ragionamento che pretende di essere lineare ed è solo primitivo, il «Black Power» vuol dare ad intendere che gli arresti dei negri siano sempre arbitrari e ingiustificati. Ma basta sentire l'altra campana, che è quella degli amministratori della giustizia in Gran Bretagna, per convincersi del contrario. Ecco perché un'inchiesta giornalistica sulle tensioni razziali che si sono manifestate a Londra e in altre parti dell'Inghilterra deve registrare molteplici voci discordi nella speranza di captare un barlume di verità.

Luigi Forni

PAROLE

LA CASA SOSPETTA

Se è importante usare la parola giusta al momento giusto, come raccomandava anche il titolo di un giovane dizionario del sinonimi, è altrettanto importante usarla al posto giusto. Ma nella costruzione del periodo c'è ancora parecchia durezza d'orecchio; cosicché il cartello «Si vendono letti per bambini di ferro», e la frase del tema di uno scolarotto «Ho visto una bambina sul tram che piangeva», esempi clamorosi citati da Franco Fochi, sono stati emulati più d'una volta. Confessiamo che qualche colpa ce l'abbiamo anche noi delle gazzette, quando per far quadrare le due righe di un titolo pubblicitario «Un invito al risparmio del ministro Colombo»; ma persino il grammatico è da chiamare in causa, se in un libro per le scuole superiori c'è questo titolo che si dà la zappa sui piedi come peggio non era possibile: «Collocazione dell'aggettivo poco felice».

Qualcosa dal nostro schedarietto. In una rassegna di moda sono stati ammirati «mantelli senza maniche di seta». Un ragazzo è stato denunciato «per avere lanciato un petardo contro una lapide che ricorda i caduti nella strada principale del paese». Un altro giovane, invece, «è stato denunciato dai carabinieri a piede libero». Sempre in fatto di gente nei guai con la giustizia, è da prevedere che se la caverà piuttosto male quel mezzadro che alcune settimane fa «è stato denunciato per lesioni alla procura della Repubblica».

Nell'esempio che segue c'è per fortuna una virgola, a salvare il salvabile: un industriale, raccontò un comunicato dei sindacati, «ha sparato un colpo di fucile contro i picchetti

di sciopero, fortunatamente andato a vuoto». Ma in quest'altro esempio si salva ben poco, e c'è da piangere sulla miserevole dissoluzione dell'istituto familiare: narrano i giornali che un avvocato andò in carcere a visitare il suo cliente e gli disse: «Ha ricevuto l'incarico di difenderti da tua madre e da tua sorella». A proposito di generici fuori del comune, fu chi intervenne «a favore di una madre malata di undici bambini». D'accordo, costruzioni come l'ultima non possono dar luogo a equivoci. Ma il sorriso è inevitabile, perché dopo «malata di ci si aspetta il nome della malattia; e così sembra che avere undici bambini sia una malattia (spesso, è vero, siamo lì). Ugualmente, dopo un colpo di pistola nel ci si aspetta il nome della parte del corpo colpita: un colpo di pistola nel fegato, nel torace. E perciò suscita il riso anche quest'altro titolo citato da Fochi: «Uccide l'amante con un colpo di pistola nel Grossetano». Chissà che male.

Ma torniamo ai nostri esempi personali; abbiamo quasi finito. E' in libreria il volume «Mobili imbottiti di stile»; e anche qui bisogna mettersi d'accordo nella costruzione, perché è come dire «Un uomo innamorato di Monteverchi», dove non sai se l'uomo sia arso da normale passione amorosa per una donna o da un meno travolgente campanilismo madre e patria. Ma tiriamo avanti. C'è un rinomato «detergente per la casa dai mille usi», che può anche insospettire la squadra del buon costume. E infine non sappiamo se sia una nota agenzia di stampa sia stata denunciata per aver dato del demente a un consigliere comunale genovese; giacché costui «si è recato al capezzale del Venturini e, in un momento di lucidità, è riuscito a parlare con il ferito».

Luciano Satta

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Maurice Rowdon, Esq.,
Church Cottage,
Church Hill,
Midhurst,
Sussex, GU29 9NX.

September 19th, 1990

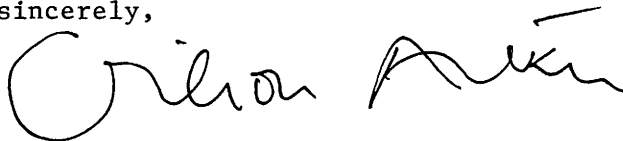
Dear Mr Rowdon,

Thank you for writing. Sadly, your letter catches me at the wrong time, since we are, if anything, trying to "cut back." I am not sure, too, whether I'd be the right agent for THE MAD APE.

You might think of approaching a young agent who went out on his own a couple of years ago. He is called Andrew Lownie, and his address is: 122 Bedford Court Mansions, Bedford Square, London, WC1B 3AH - Telephone: 071-636-4917. If you decide to approach him, feel free to mention my name.

Best wishes,

Yours sincerely,



Directors: Gillon Aitken Brian Stone Sally Riley Andrew Wylie (USA)

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February 28, 1990

Mr. Maurice Rowdon
125 Crescent Road
San Anselmo, California 94960

Dear Mr. Rowdon,

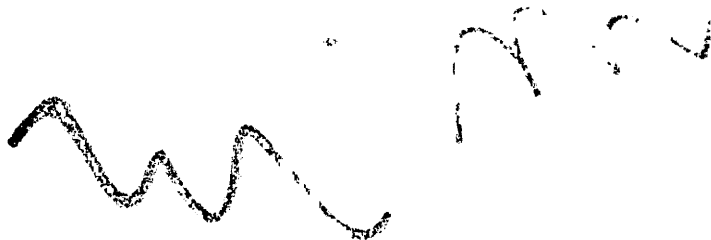
Thank you for your letter of February 14. I would like to see TIDES OF MADNESS IN THE HUMAN BRAIN if you would send it to me after March 19th. I will be on vacation out of the country until that time.

Regards,



Julian Bach

JB:lf





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Surname

Address

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**B Date of Birth
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I, declare the particulars contained in this form to be true, also that I satisfy the residence and personal qualifications and that the books satisfy the eligibility qualifications required by the Public Lending Right Scheme, 1982. I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true and by virtue of the provisions of the Statutory Declarations Act, 1835.

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Mrs
Miss

Forenames

Surname

Address

Post Code

Published Pseudonyms
or other Writing Names

B Date of Birth

DAY MTH YR

Is this your main or only home?
(Please mark YES or NO)

NB. If your reply is 'NO' please
explain residence on separate sheet.

C Payment Details:

Tick here if you are willing to accept payment direct
and complete the details below.

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same to be true and by virtue of the provisions of the Statutory Declarations Act, 1835.

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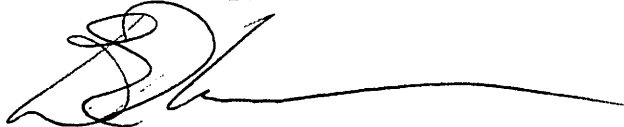
19th June 1990

M Rowdon Esq
Church Cottage
Church Hill
Midhurst
Sussex GU29 9NX

Dear Mr Rowdon,

I write to acknowledge receipt of your letter to Howard of the 15th June. Howard is presently away from the office on vacation for a week, returning next Monday 25th June. Your letter will receive his attention then.

Yours sincerely,



Ms D E Thomas
Secretary to H M Field

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12
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Original

The Russians had moved out Of Graz, further north, and our job was to occupy it and establish some sort of 'deNasification' system, more lenient than it would be in Germany, because the Austrians had shown themselves less bitter enemies. My regiment took billets in a small valliage outside Graz called Maria Trost, a quiet, sweet place full of wooden, balconied houses and inns.

The War had not long ended. News had come through of the concentration camps. Hundreds of thousands of people had been put in gas ovens, tortured, burned to death, starved and mutilated in experiemnets. These included women and children. We heard the story of a woman whose feet had been tied together a few minutes before she was due to give birth to a child. Nearly all y e Jewish population of Europe had been wiped out. It was nearly the extermination of a whole people.

We had come to Maria Trost from Carinthia, near the Yugo-slav border, where we had lived in barns, with hay being gathered all round us. We took our meals, about eight of us, in a room of a farmhouse, and used to watch the hay being brought in, across the space in front of the house, where two elm trees grew, with wooden benches and a table under them. At this table, nearly all day, an old man used to sit, the owner of the farm. He also watched the work, saying hardly anything, his eyes small and bloodshot, staring like gritty little pellets straight before him. He said he thought these stories about rhe concentration camps were ridiculous, and laughed. We said that too many reports were coming in, from all over Germany and Poland, from too many sources, from English, French, American and Russian troops, for them to be doubtful. And there were photographs. There was also a film being shown at every town and village in Germany, to which attendance was compulsory, but it hadn' reached Austria yet. But the old man still laughed, and shook his head. He spoke slowly to his daughters and seemed to be mocking us in a quiet way. He wasn't the slightest bit afraid of us, though we were the first foreign troops in his area. He told us that every army brought its own propaganda, and this was ours. Only a fool would believe it. The Germans had had their propaganda, and this was ours. It was quite absurd to imagine that Germans or Austrians would organise camps in which thousands and thousands of people were left to die of starvation, much less tortured ~~and~~ or put into gas ovens. They were children's tales, like all propaganda tales, fit for the very simple, whom they were intended for in any case. But he had lived too long, and had seen too much. We were young, he said, and our credulity was understandable. His little pellett eyes didn't change. They had a certain sly, side-glancing quality which made me distrust him, but perhaps this was because he refused to believe in the camps.

After two or three weeks we were moved to Graz and never saw him again. In Graz there were different stories. The Russians had raped most of the women, and over ninety percent

had venereal disease. In Maria Trost where we billeted a drunk Russian soldier had emptied a magazine of machine gun bullets into the church of the top of the hill and then fired four or five shots into a bedroom where a woman and her child lay. The bullets had missed them, it was said. There were piles of filth outside some of the buildings. Over Graz there was a dry, surfeited air. Everything was pretty and in order, the damage was slight, but a desolation had taken hold. This seemed not to be real time, but a period of waiting for the future, when peace would really come. The sky seemed very open, waiting.

One day my driver took me into Graz---I was an officer and I had to visit another regimental headquarters. We were in a jeep. The end of the war made me feel rather tired. We had raced back into Italy for a last campaign in the north, our third, after a rest in the Lebanon, and the war had ended before our columns reached the B Echelons of the forward troops. This was what we had wanted---it was reasonable to predict from the way battle lines had been moving during the past few weeks, in precipitous jumps---but at the same time the happiness didn't seem enough to match the occasion. The heart was quite still. I even had a sense of disappointment. I had wanted to do something really remarkable in this last campaign, and felt thwarted of something essential that I would always miss---perhaps it was death, which I had been sure, having had as many lucky escapes in the first two campaigns as a man can hope for, that death would this time get me. It was a giddy and ridiculous feeling, of a relief conceived in the brain rather than felt, and a sense of having been thwarted. It made me restless, and life seemed quite meaningless without war. But for the first time in nearly three years my stomach felt easy. There would be no more front-line assignments. There would no longer be that special dark smell of rotting cattle which had pervaded all of Italy. ~~xxxxxx~~ A long time had passed since I had watched a batman---my own, and my first---die, with great red wounds in his back. I couldn't believe my eyes. I told one of the men to give him a last cigarette, and he did so, bending down. The batman was lying on his stomach and took the cigarette with his mouth feebly. But just as someone was about to strike a match he coughed and a great spurt of blood filled the cigarette, making it swell up, and it fell with a plop to the floor. For years I have carried this memory about with me. Yet when the war was over my heart was cold to the relief.

it had been easy to

precious

I was even aware of a slight resentment of peace. All the work had been done now, and it would pass unrecognised. Too many people had been involved for there to be anyone about ~~xxxxxx~~ to give the recognition. There were no fathers or governments safe at home to give thanks, as in the old days. And peace was like an impostor. It offered no distinction as to who had the secret stigma of suffering, who had seen, and who hadn't. All sorts of people with proud chests would step forward now---like the brigade who had taken a camp full of SS soldiers from us near Udine in the north of Italy and instituted, with a show of contempt for us, new harsh measures of discipline, to make the Germans feel who had won the war, which the brigade had happened to escape entirely. That was the sort of bitter thing that happened.

It was a fine morning and we had just come into a wide avenue, on the outskirts of Graz, which led back to Maria Trost, between hills. There was a large bend in the road, then we could see the first green hills. But just as we began to turn this bend I saw two figures strolling along on the right, both of them dressed in ~~the~~ British uniform, but clearly not soldiers. ~~They were~~ I at once became furious. They had no shoulder markings, no signs of rank, no divisional badges, nor any caps. They were rather slouching along. But the uniforms were new. I told the driver ~~to~~ to pull over to the right at once, and he did so, bringing the car to a skidding halt. It was absolutely preposterous that only a few weeks after the war ended people should be strolling through the streets in our uniform, having picked it up at an arm stores for perhaps a couple of dozen eggs or a horse or a car or a huge bag of sugar. It was prepestorous that so soon after the war the uniform should have become quite meaningless, and all distinctions vanish. ~~They were~~ The car stopped at the kerb quite close to them. They were young, with fair hair, and quite clearly not English or American. They were probably Austrians. They were certainly no older than I was. When they heard the skid of our tyres they at once stopped and stepped back a little, close together. I shouted at the top of the voice.

"Where did you get those uniforms?"

They said something in German which I couldn't understand, and I repeated my question in an equally loud voice, making my face as hard as possible. One of the young men blushed, and his eyes seemed to grow sightless in a most strange way. But I went on shouting. Where did they get those uniforms? They seemed to bump together as they stood on the pavement. I noticed for the first time that they had rather shy, delicate faces. They could have been students. But I thought again of the war in Italy, and the imposture of peace, and didn't care. And I also noticed that they were looking at me, not only with fear, but with horror, ~~their~~ their mouths slightly open, almost precisely the same expression on both their faces, whereas I expected them to behave in a surly way, like most local populations to the western, democartaic armies. I had never known this look of spellbound horror to be directed at me before.

There was a brief silence, and my driver tugged my arm slightly. I was trembling. 'Sir, sir' he was whispering. I felt he was embarrassed for me, but I was determined not to be lackadaisical about this, as no doubt he would have been.

'Sir, sir', he said, 'they're Jews. They've just been release from concentration camps.'

I stared at them and after a long pause, in a quite absent minded voice, hardly above a whisper, I said, "What....?"

Then I tried to smile at them. I put my hand out of the car, though they were standing some yards away, and said, with a ridiculous sort of nod, "It's all right, I didn't know, I'm sorry, please go, it's all right". But they went on staring at me. The horror didn't leave their face for a moment. I tried to smile more, but my mouth shivered. 'It's all right', I said, 'I didn't know'. Then, after another silence, in which they stood quite still, clearly not understanding a word I said,

4.

I told the driver to move, and he quickly put the car in gear and drove away, his head slightly down. Even as we moved away they were still standing there, and they continued to gaze follow me with their look of stupefied horror, which I have never forgotten.
