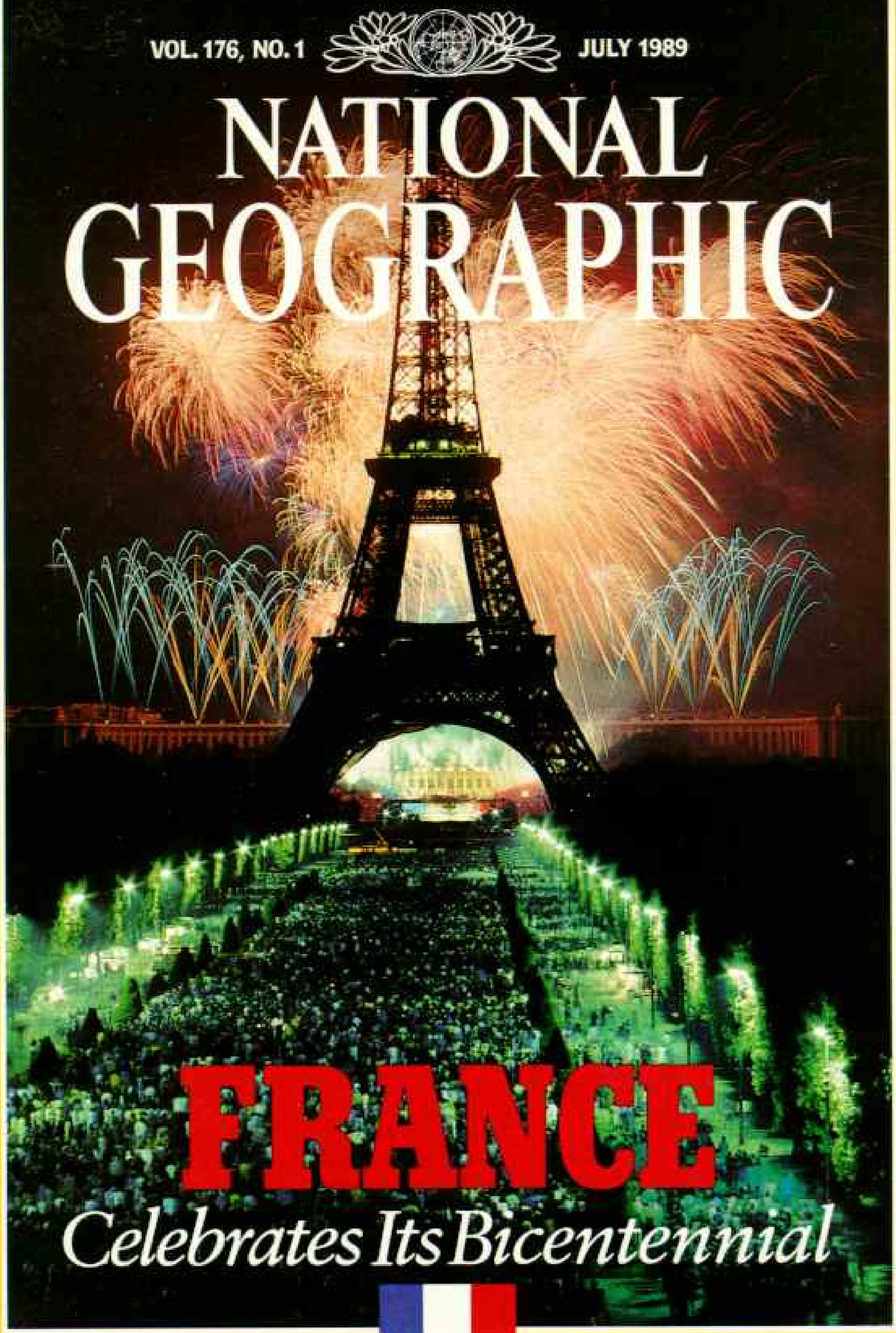
DOUBLE MAP SUPPLEMENT: FRANCE—EVOLUTION OF A NATION

VOL. 176, NO. 1 JULY 1989

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC



FRANCE
Celebrates Its Bicentennial

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC

JULY 1989

FRANCE

BICENTENNIAL OF THE GREAT REVOLUTION

"The French are at once the most brilliant and the most dangerous of all European nations, and the best qualified to become, in the eyes of other peoples, an object of admiration, of hatred, of compassion, or alarm—never of indifference." —ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE, 1856

COVER: *Fireworks flash above the Eiffel Tower, finished in 1889 to celebrate the centennial of the French Revolution.*
LEFT: *Inspired by bold architecture such as the glass pyramids of the Louvre's new entrance, Paris clicks its heels in salute to the past 200 years. Both by National Geographic Photographer James L. Stanfield.*

Liberté, Égalité,

Fraternité . . .

JOIE DE VIVRE in any other language just means "joy of life." In France when times are good, it speaks to an instinctive élan, a calculated chic, an obsession with style—bedamn the cost. To Cartier, Chanel, Baccarat, Hermès, Romanée-Conti, Christian Dior, the Ritz Hotel. It explains an enthusiasm—some would say arrogance—for challenging and changing what is. For record-breaking plunges down the ski runs of Chamonix; daredevil Paris driving, joining the Foreign Legion, nouvelle cuisine, Eiffel towers, Concorde jets, 168-mile-an-hour trains, beaux arts balls, the brasserie and the brassiere, enfants terribles. Just speaking the word "joie" puckers the lips into a Brigitte Bardot pout.

Two centuries ago beginning this July, when times were not good, "joy of life" turned to "joy in death"—to the brutal killing that marked the French Revolution. Heads rolled like overripe apples in a fall storm. When the guillotine couldn't keep up, shootings and drownings by the bargeful took up the overload while crowds cheered.

The Revolution gave us words and concepts that will not die: guerrillas, revolutionary armies, leftists and rightists, counterrevolutionaries. More important, it gave the world the goal of liberty, equality, and fraternity for all.

But extremes always marked the history of France. Low when Julius Caesar conquered Gaul in the first century B.C., but high under Roman civilizing. Low when the barbarians invaded from the east. High when Charlemagne built his empire. Bad when the English invaded in 1337, starting the bloody Hundred Years' War. Good when Joan of Arc inspired the French to victory in 1429. Low during the brutality of the Counter-Reformation in the late 1500s. High under the Bourbon kings. Elegant under Louis XIV's reign. Good and bad in the French Revolution, and under Napoleon in the 1800s. Bad with loss of the Franco-Prussian War in 1870-71. Good as France consolidated its colonial empire in the late 1800s. Very bad with the massive loss of life in World War I, followed by the Depression and defeat again by Germany in World War II. Good with liberation, but bad again with the losing colonial wars in Southeast Asia and Algeria. Good since de Gaulle's Fifth Republic set France on its present path to *la grandeur*.

In preparing this issue on France to commemorate the bicentennial of the Revolution, dozens of writers and photographers found France on a high—full of joy and a prosperous calm. Peaceful marches even plead for restoration of the monarchy. The anti-Americanism of a few years ago is history. The Fifth Republic enters its fourth decade—amazing longevity in a country with 15 new constitutions or charters in 170 years.

Despite the apparent calm, we found a revolution—or evolution—that may bloodlessly change France more than the traumatic events of 200 years ago. Three years from now 12 European sovereign nations will have abolished remaining barriers between themselves that restrict the movement of people, goods, and services. They will share a common passport and surrender national control in many economic matters. In creating the world's largest common market with 324 million consumers, they will offer a united front against American and Asian trade dominance.

Will 1992 prove to be as significant politically to these 12 states of Europe as 1789 was to the 13 original United States of America? Whatever, France seems united on the advantages of 1992. A recent survey showed 69 percent of the French thought membership in the European Community was good—only 5 percent thought it bad. Is chauvinism dead? Have the good life, the social welfare net, and decades of peace hypnotized the French?

No one knows the answers any better than the man I am about to meet—François Mitterrand, now in his second seven-year

Paris celebrates the reelection of President François Mitterrand in 1988.

BRUNO BARBEY, MAGNUM

. . . Unité!

term as the Socialist President of France. I wonder if the office decor reflects a designer's whim or the personality of the occupant. The walls and ceilings—opulent 18th-century tapestries and ornate Empire paneling decorated with carved cherubs. The desk—a blue lacquered table with no drawers. The lamps—black designer versions of halogen units that might light a draftsman's worktable. Is it the eclectic mix of a man rooted in the past but at ease with the future?

He's known to be brilliant, author of 14 books, a passable poet. Persistent for sure. As a wounded prisoner of the Germans (Stalag prisoner number 21716), he failed at two escapes—succeeded on the third. Likewise, as a presidential candidate he was defeated twice—won on the third try.

I find him a warm, if reserved, host. Quick, precise, moderate, concerned, and sure of himself. Not surprisingly, as a key draftsman of 1992 he talks more about the future of Europe than the past of France.

"As of the first of July, I will be presiding over the European Council. I have set myself four goals. First, encourage the monetary union. Second, develop social protection. Third, initiate real environmental protection, and fourth, develop a European culture through the audiovisual media. We have satellites that will cover all of Europe."

Was that rumble the Métro passing or de Gaulle tossing in his grave? A common culture for all Europe?

"Yes," answers the president. "First we must learn to be Europe, to say what is specific to us, and second, to protect the diversity among Europeans. Take the Gaelic language. Who will save it if Europeans don't? And Flemish. Hungarian. Finnish. The first important language that would be threatened is German, then French. . . . All this is liable to be lost with total saturation by American films and Japanese technology."

It's true that the French now see as many American films as their own. In an attention-getting non sequitur the president included TV as one of the pollutants in the earth's atmosphere.

"Images come to us from space. They are thrown to whom? By whom? We don't quite know. These people and organizations respond to criteria that have nothing to do with the aesthetic or the ethical. Neither beauty nor morality—no morals. We must do something about it immediately. The intelligence and sensitivity—especially of a child—are shaped by these pictures."

FOR THE EUROPEAN SPACE PROGRAM, 1992 has already arrived. France provided the technical know-how and political impetus for the European Space Agency to develop the Ariane rockets. These are marketed by Arianespace, the world's first commercial space transport company. When an Ariane 4 is launched from French Guiana, it carries parts supplied by 11 of the 13 member nations of ESA. And even though French and English are the two official languages of ESA, its day-by-day lingua franca is English.

Not just the English language is coming to France. With work only half done on the "Chunnel" under the English Channel, money is already crossing. In 1987 English investors bought 50 pieces of property near the French end of the Eurotunnel at Sangatte. In 1988 they bought 550.

Mitterrand repeatedly returned to European or worldwide issues and his four points. "Environmental problems should get more attention than others, because it is a question of survival. . . . As man is ultimately stronger than nature, he tends to forget that he is part of nature, that he *is* nature. And so, in fact, is committing suicide."

"Does the world know that?" I ask.

"Not yet. Neither the industrialists nor the peasants. Everyone wants to produce more. No one realizes what's at stake. When factories pollute and the fish die, the penalties are minute compared with the damage. But at least there is awareness in government.

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER JAMES L. STANFIELD

Lover of maps, keen environmentalist, French President François Mitterrand (right) studies National Geographic's "Endangered Earth" map with Editor Wilbur E. Garrett (left) at the Élysée Palace. Interpreter Christopher Thiery looks on.

Mr. Kohl talks about it. When I was in the Soviet Union recently, the environment was one of Mr. Gorbachev's main subjects. Mrs. Thatcher is beginning to broach the subject. One of the lessons in politics: There are no frontiers. No frontiers for the pollution of the rivers, the forests, the atmosphere.

"With our prime minister, Michel Rocard, I had France adopt last March the Declaration of The Hague, which was signed by 24 countries from the world over. The signatories to this declaration wish to set up a supranational authority to monitor the protection of our atmosphere. I have further suggested that the summit meeting of the industrialized countries this July be devoted to environmental issues."

In commenting on a NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC article on population trends, the president was aggrieved at the poverty depicted.

"There is madness in not striving to reduce the gap between rich and poor. This gap is more dangerous than nuclear bombs. When people do not have enough to eat, and this will soon be the case of eight out of ten human beings, their revolt can prove impossible to check. Developed countries have to be very attentive to the plight of poor countries."

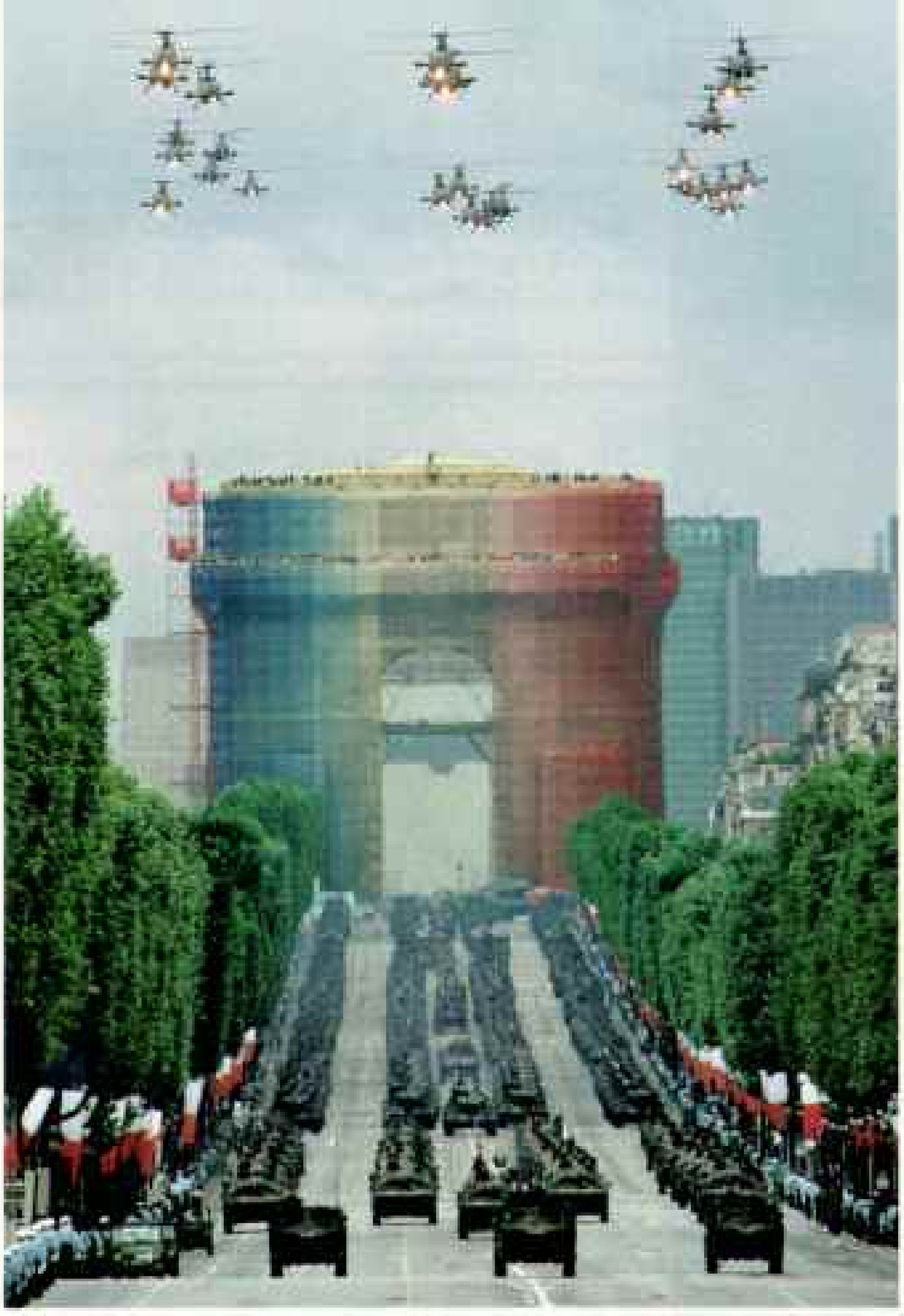
I ask, Will we ever learn from our past errors, or will more revolutions be required to achieve liberté, égalité, fraternité worldwide? Is the president optimistic?

"I believe in the future of the human race," he said. "There is a surprising strength. Man is indeed capable of overcoming any difficulties. We are still—in fact—in the era of prehistory. My optimism is made up of a myriad of pessimisms."

Optimism? Or joie de vivre? Whatever, as France enters the third century of the modern era, it's the mood of the land.

Wilbur E. Garrett

EDITOR



The New, the Enduring

PARIS

Photographs by
JAMES L. STANFIELD
NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER

Anchor of old Paris, the Arc de Triomphe frames last year's Bastille Day parade. Beyond that monument, begun by Napoleon in 1806, rises a bold new Paris—office towers and the Grande Arche de la Défense, a symbol of the bicentennial. Shockingly modern when dedicated in 1889, the Eiffel Tower (overleaf) embodies the elegant flair of the capital.


gan
PEUGEOT

Like a brash visitor from the future, the new glass-pyramid entrance to the Musée du Louvre sparked controversy when introduced. Topping a concourse under the courtyard, it was commissioned by President François Mitterrand as part of an enlargement of the museum. Designed by American architect I. M. Pei, its sides reflect the mood of the Paris sky.

Storm clouds darken the Seine as a bateau-mouche *passes beneath the Pont des Arts, with Île de la Cité in the background. Showcase of hundreds of bicentennial events, Paris is ready for the party of the century.*

By MERLE SEVERY
ASSISTANT EDITOR

Photographs by
JAMES L. STANFIELD
NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER

The Great

Galvanizing symbol of the collapse of the ancien régime,

"CAPTURE OF THE BASTILLE," MUSÉE CARNAVALET, PARIS

Revolution

the Bastille prison fell to Parisians and militiamen on July 14, 1789.

Haunting image of a new order that called for "the first holocaust to Liberty," the guillotine casts a shadow on the legacy of the French Revolution. Yet this decapitation machine also represents the Revolution's reforms: It was adopted as humane capital punishment—"a cool breath on the back of the neck," said proponent Dr. Joseph-Ignace Guillotin.

A paradoxical saga of social and political upheaval, compounded by international and civil war, the Revolution transformed the French from subjects of an absolute monarch to citizens of a nation. "It roused passions such as the most violent political revolutions had never before excited," wrote 19th-century historian Alexis de Tocqueville.

Why was it so violent? The question divides scholars—and the French. Like Pandora's box, the Revolution unleashed horrors but also hope—for liberty, equality, and fraternity. And, writes historian Robert Darnton, "a conviction that the human condition is malleable, not fixed, and that ordinary people can make history instead of suffering it."

MUSÉE DE LA VIE WALLONNE, LIÈGE, BELGIUM

BAM! A firecracker explodes close to my ear. *Bam!* Another at my feet. I am jostled by the roistering crowd, some shouting, some waving bottles of wine. It is late on the eve of July 14 last year, and all over France people are dancing in the streets in celebration of the Great Revolution, which France honors as independence day and other nations regard with mixed feelings as the birth pangs of our modern world.

Here in the Place de la Bastille, stones embedded in the pavement outline where that hulking fortress stood on the edge of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, in 1789 the most crowded and impoverished quarter in Paris. Amid the tumult in the vast, half-dark square I can envision those days and the great event.

The quarter was then a warren of tenements, craft shops, lodging houses, and charity workrooms on dark, fetid alleys. Their garrets were filled with workers, seasonal laborers, peasants, vagabonds—without work or bread—filtering in from the "floating population" of millions of indigents who roamed the countryside of that restless, suffering land of 28 million—then the most populous in Europe.

Bad harvests in 1787 and '88 and recessions had provoked riots in Rennes, Besançon, Orléans, Lyon, Aix-en-Provence, Marseille. Desperate people had sacked food shops and storehouses, assaulted grain merchants, hijacked convoys on road and river, torn down toll barriers that checked smuggling and hiked prices. Just days before the storming of the Bastille, furious mobs wrecked 40 customs posts in the 18-mile wall surrounding Paris. Just weeks before, they had sacked the house and factory of a wallpaper manufacturer, Réveillon, rumored to have said a worker could live on 15 sous a day—when his daily four-pound loaf of bread alone cost half that. Guards were called out to quell the riot. Pelted with roof tiles and stones, they opened fire, and in the fighting several hundred were killed or wounded.

The public forum, the center of rumor and plotting in Paris, was then the great Palais Royal, its arcades and apartments filled with shops, clubs, bistros, gambling and bawdy houses. Here many of the city's 30,000 prostitutes plied their trade among its 650,000 inhabitants.

In July tension mounted. On the 12th, the radical journalist Camille Desmoulins leaped onto a table in the garden to harangue a growing throng: The king has dismissed the popular finance minister Necker; royal troops surround the city; German and Swiss battalions are coming to massacre them. "To arms! To arms!"

The mob scoured the city. They found few weapons but much drink. (Building workers, we know, claimed they needed pay to cover 12 pints of wine a day each, plus "a measure of spirits.")

Early on the 14th a swollen crowd burst into the Invalides, the old soldiers' home and weapons depot across the river, and carried away 30,000 muskets and five cannon. But they needed powder. Powder was stored in the Bastille; there they converged. By the end of the afternoon, with 170 casualties, the old fortress was theirs.

They emerged with the governor of the Bastille, whose head they cut off with a pocketknife and impaled on a pike. The prisoners they freed: four forgers, two lunatics, a debauched count imprisoned at his family's request. In the days that followed, delirious crowds would parade the streets with other heads on pikes, including those of high officials. The French Revolution was in full sway. . . .

Bam! Bam! More firecrackers, even Roman candles swishing through the crowd. It is early morning now in the Place de la Bastille, and a heavy

Spirits of the 18th century dance at the Palace of Versailles in a performance of Pygmalion *in the Royal Opera, built for the May 1770 marriage of the future Louis XVI and Austrian princess Marie Antoinette. The wedding bills were still being paid*

when the Revolution began. Assuming the throne in 1774, the kind but ineffectual Louis concentrated on hunting. Of Marie Antoinette, "No queen of France has been less liked," wrote one of the thousands of nobles at Europe's most influential court.

rain falls. I pull my collar closer around my neck and, my head filled with images, duck into a subway station.

I HAD COME to explore the French Revolution, the most passionately controversial complex of events in modern history. I sought its roots, course, personalities, contradictions, and consequences not just in Paris but also in towns and countryside and in the still amazing Versailles of Louis XIV and his descendant Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette.

One thing I found: The trauma that split France 200 years ago divides it still. In this bicentennial year, waves of celebration break on rocks of contention.

Some French are throwing their biggest party in a century to the birth of a kingless, secular, republican nation, filling the air with balloons, lights, celebrative music, drama, and historic reenactments.

Others parade, print, and proselytize views of an Anti-'89 movement. Along with bicentennial tributes to freedoms given the world by the Revolution, there are blasts against this "scandalous commemoration" that in the name of rights of man glorifies massacres, crimes, destruction.

Perhaps on one thing we can agree: The revolutionary world in which we live—with all its political and social upheavals—harks back in one way or another to the French Revolution. From it many historians trace the foundations of our 20th century—least stable, most violent, cataclysmic, and, in some ways, most satisfying of centuries.

In the Marais district of Paris, close by the Place de la Bastille, I asked one of France's leading historians why the Revolution occurred when it did.

"Nothing was inevitable about it," he said. "A striking feature was the unpredictable nature of events—unforeseen, uncontrollable. The French are volatile, energetic, unruly. There were lots of peasant and urban revolts under the *ancien régime*. The Revolution could have begun at any time."

Louis XVI a tyrant? He was a pussycat. Out hunting most days—when not puttering with locks or woodworking or gorging and guzzling at table—he would note in his diary his take of game. The day the Bastille fell, he records "nothing." ("You don't need a good honest man as king, you need a competent one," another French historian told me. "Louis XVI didn't do his job.")

"Le déficit" triggered the French Revolution. Government debt tripled between 1774 and 1789, much of it incurred by supporting the American Revolution. Facing bankruptcy, Louis decreed that the Roman Catholic Church and the nobility—less than 2 percent of the population, owning a third of France—would pay land taxes. Challenging his authority, the nobility forced Louis to convene the Estates General, a body of clergy, nobles, and commoners that had not met since 1614.

With great pomp the Estates General opened in Versailles in May 1789. Representatives of the third estate—commoners—declared themselves the National Assembly and urged clergy and nobility to join them. Barred from their chambers on June 20, the insurgents gathered in an indoor tennis court (right) and took an oath "never to separate . . . until the constitution of the kingdom shall be laid and established." Louis reluctantly accepted the Assembly, and France cheered the prospect of constitutional monarchy.

ATTRIBUTED TO JACQUES-LOUIS DAVID, "LE SERMENT DU JEU DE PAUME," MUSÉE NATIONAL DU CHÂTEAU DE VERSAILLES; FROM PHOTO RMN/ARNAUD

The queen? Yes, she *was* frivolous, extravagant, pretty, and influenced the king to resist reforms—but not cruel. An earlier princess had responded "Let them eat cake" to the breadless in Rousseau's *Confessions* while Marie Antoinette was still a spoiled child in Austria.

As for the nobles, they were neither idle nor foppish, said Robert Forster, a Johns Hopkins University professor who has made studies of 18th-century nobility in the regions around Toulouse, Bordeaux, Versailles, and in Burgundy and Brittany. "These were a hard-driving bunch,

overseeing their estates to ensure they got everything out of their lands and tenants they could."

The peasants weren't enraged that the nobles were salon dandies or poor managers who would let things slip, but because they tightened things up. "Nor did the peasants burn châteaus indiscriminately. They targeted the towers holding manorial records of rents and dues."

The immediate problem was that France was bankrupt and in turmoil, and the king did not know what to do. Deficits rose, especially with

The March of Revolution

Heady patriotism united Europe's most populous country, 28 million strong, under a new flag that joined the blue and red of Paris with the white of the royal Bourbon family. The *bonnet rouge*—a cap like that worn by freed Roman slaves—became the rage. Alarmed by foreign threats to counter the Revolution, France declared war on Austria in April 1792. By spring 1793 France was fighting most of Europe—wars that ended with Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo in 1815.

1788 *Louis XVI summons Estates General to effect tax reform; a disastrous harvest and severe winter wreak famine and discontent.*

1789 *May 5: Estates General meets.*
June 20: Newly declared National Assembly takes Tennis Court Oath to create a constitution.
July 14: Fall of the Bastille.
August 4-11: Manorial fees and aristocratic privileges abolished.
August 26: Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen.
October 6: Royal family brought from Versailles to Paris.
November 2: Church land nationalized for sale; later used as collateral for paper money—a novelty—called assignats.

1790 *July 12: Civil Constitution of Clergy requires election of clergymen as state employees; unpopular with conservative Catholics from peasants to the king.*

1791 *June 21: Royal family attempts to flee France.*
October 1: Legislative Assembly meets under first constitution. King has power of veto. Male suffrage determined by income level.

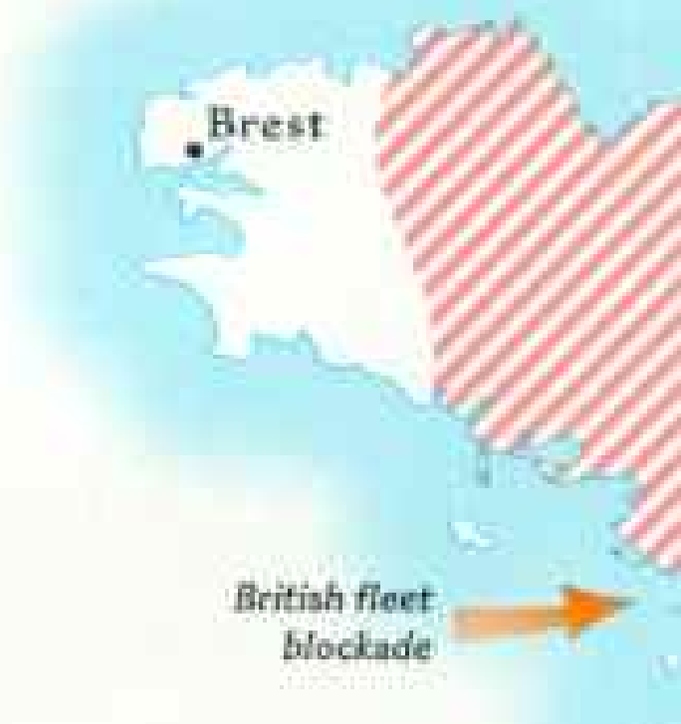
1792 *April 20: War declared on Austria, allied with Prussia.*
April 25: Guillotine first used in France.
August 10: Tuileries attacked; royal family imprisoned on the 13th.
September 2-7: Massacre of 1,200 Paris prisoners, most common criminals.
September 20: French victory at Valmy.
September 21: National Convention declares France a republic.
December: Louis on trial.

1793 *January 21: Louis guillotined.*
February 1: War declared on Great Britain and the United Provinces.
March 7: War declared on Spain.
March 10: Revolutionary Tribunal established for political crimes. Vendée revolt begins.
March 28: More than 100,000 émigrés declared legally dead; property later confiscated by government.
April 6: Committee of Public Safety created.
June 2: Moderate leaders expelled from Convention; most guillotined in October. The Terror—trial and execution of political prisoners—reigns until July 1794.
August: Metric system adopted.
August 23: First modern conscription—single men 18 to 25.
October 5: Revolutionary calendar adopted; this date becomes 14 Vendémiaire (grape harvest), Year II. Months named for seasonal characteristics and divided into three ten-day weeks. Revoked 1806.
October 16: Marie Antoinette, age 37, guillotined.
November 10: Festival of Reason celebrated in Notre Dame.

1794 *February 4: Slavery legally abolished in colonies.*
June 8: Festival of the Supreme Being, promoted by Robespierre to discourage atheism.
June 10-July 27: The Great Terror—tribunal condemns nearly 1,400 in Paris.
July 28: Robespierre guillotined.
December 24: Price controls end; wild inflation and food shortages.

1795 *May-June: The White Terror—retaliatory killings of thousands of radical republicans.*
November 1: An elected bicameral directory convenes.

1799 *November 9-10: Coup d'état by Napoleon Bonaparte—emperor in May 1804.*



British and allied ships blockaded France's Atlantic and Mediterranean ports, interrupting commerce and threatening famine. Britain also spread counterfeit French currency to boost inflation.

NGS CARTOGRAPHIC DIVISION
DESIGN: DAVID R. GRAHAM
RESEARCH: ROSS M. EMERSON
PRODUCTION: VICTORIA M. ANALLEN, NICKI MORAN, RAMSEY MURRAY
MAP EDITOR: BOB PLATH

GREAT BRITAIN

London ★

UNITED PROVINCES

Weakened by loss of aristocratic officers who had fled the Revolution, the French faltered against Austrian and Prussian forces in the spring of 1792 but rebounded with autumn victories at Valmy and Jemappes. Declaring its "duty to give freedom to other peoples," France occupied Belgium (the Austrian Netherlands) in 1792 and annexed it and part of the United Provinces in 1795.

Austrians

Waterloo

Jemappes

Koblenz

"To engage the people in a war against kings," France declared war on Britain, the United Provinces, and Spain after the January 1793 execution of Louis XVI.

Arras
(Birthplace of Maximilien Robespierre, 1758–1794)

AUSTRIAN NETHERLANDS

Austrians
Prussians

Prussians

Reims

Varennes

Valmy

St.-Denis

Paris ★

Versailles

Louis XVI escape route

Metz

Nancy

Strasbourg

HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE

Arcis
(Birthplace of Georges-Jacques Danton, 1759–1794)

Mayenne

Rennes

Bignon
(Birthplace of Comte de Mirabeau, 1749–1791)

Le Mans

Orléans

Angers

Savenay

Nantes

SWITZERLAND

Dijon

Besançon

Boudry
(Birthplace of Jean-Paul Marat, 1743–1793)

The Vendée

Disenchanted with the Revolution, peasants of the Vendée rose in civil war in spring 1793. Within two years perhaps a third of the population had been killed in the fighting or in the retaliation dealt by the government.

FRANCE

Cluny

Ferney
Geneva
(Birthplace of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, 1712–1778)

La Rochelle

Saintes
(Birthplace of Dr. Joseph-Ignace Guillotin, 1738–1814)

Lyon

SAVOY

Chambéry

Savoy and Nice — states of Austria's ally Sardinia — annexed in 1792 and 1793.

Grenoble

Sardinians

Bordeaux

Labrède
(Birthplace of Baron de Montesquieu, 1689–1755)

SARDINIA

After staging a counter-revolution against the 1792 republic for a return to constitutional monarchy, thousands were executed in 1793 in Lyon, Marseille, Toulon, and Bordeaux.

Chavaniac
(Birthplace of the Marquis de Lafayette, 1757–1834)

Papal State Comtat Venaissin annexed in 1791.

Orange

COMTAT VENAISSIN

Avignon

NICE

MONACO

Nice

The Great Fear — a rumor that aristocrats were hiring brigands to attack peasant villages — spread panic in July and August 1789. In the agrarian revolt peasants ransacked châteaus holding records of the hated manorial fees.

Nîmes

Sommières

Toulouse

Aix-en-Provence

Fréjus

Marseille

Toulon

British and Spanish fleet blockade

Perpignan

ANDORRA

Spaniards

SPAIN

MEDITERRANEAN SEA

Challenging Paris's control of the Revolution, Toulon opened her harbor to British ships in August 1793. A young Corsican artillery captain, Napoleon Bonaparte, helped reclaim the port for the republic in December.

CORSICA

Ajaccio
(Birthplace of Napoleon Bonaparte, 1769–1821)

Agrarian revolt just before the Great Fear

The Great Fear of 1789

Center of counter-revolution and rebellion

Enemy attacks and pressures

French Army thrusts

the crippling cost—first secretly, then in open war—in support of American independence against France's traditional rival, England.

Finally, credit gone, reforms blocked by his most powerful notables, Louis XVI took a remarkable step. On August 8, 1788—11 months before the storming of the Bastille—he summoned the Estates General.

This body, which represented the three traditional orders of French society—clergy, nobility, and commoners—had not been convened for 175 years. Not since 1614.

"The first bomb thrown at the ancien régime," one scholar described the work of Voltaire (1694-1778), whose estate is preserved at Ferney. Embodying the Age of Enlightenment, he argued for political and religious tolerance and believed the purpose of life was to improve the human condition—not to suffer penance for heaven. Locked in the Bastille in 1717 for satirizing the government, the philosophe *was later the toast of France and all Europe.*

Even more remarkable, he instructed them to poll their communities and compile *cahiers de doléances*—notebooks of grievances. What an incredible thing! A nation examining itself to tell its king what was wrong in his realm! The results he could not foresee—or survive.

Delegates, many of them lawyers, came from all over to meet at Versailles in early May 1789. They had read their Montesquieu, Voltaire, and Rousseau and were imbued with the Enlightenment's belief that society's problems could be solved by rational thought.

While the complaints of the delegates were many—the salt tax, unpaid labor on roads, aristocratic privilege—the tone was respectful. Even that of the impetuous delegate from Aix—Mirabeau—who had been imprisoned without trial or appeal under the hated *lettre de cachet*. Of course there was a wild discrepancy in representation. The clergy and nobility together numbered only about 500,000; the third estate, the rest of France, more than 27 million. Since they traditionally sat as separate bodies, the two upper orders could always outvote the lower.

This time it would be different. Amid the maneuvering, the voice of

the Abbé Sieyès was heard. Delegate from Fréjus on the Riviera, he answered the question raised in his powerful pamphlet, "What Is the Third Estate?": the nation. Boldly constituting itself as the National Assembly, the third estate soon drew the others into a unified body.

This first Assembly produced enduring contributions we honor today. Many came in a rush at the start. Here Lafayette, a marquis from the rural Auvergne, played a key role. Happily he writes to his adoptive father, George Washington, "I persuaded the Assembly to begin with a Declaration of Rights . . . consonant with the most perfect principles of Natural Rights" (and, of course, with his friend Thomas Jefferson's Declaration of Independence).

On August 26, 1789, the Assembly adopted the landmark Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen. It proclaims in its 17 articles that laws are the expression of the general will and that all men, born equal in the eyes of the law and in opportunity, have rights to liberty, property, security, and resistance to oppression; have freedom of opinion, religion, speech, writing; are taxed according to capacity to pay; and are presumed innocent until proved guilty.

One glows with this idealism born of the Enlightenment—a beacon that shines down the centuries. Then one winces at the travesty the growing radicalization and terror made of these words as the Revolution, like a ship without a rudder, tossed on the stormy seas of unforeseen events.

"Men are born and remain free and equal in rights." Like the U. S. Declaration of Independence, this keystone of the Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen—adopted by the Assembly in August 1789—reflects the influence of philosophe Jean-Jacques Rousseau (1712-1778). At Les Charmettes near Chambéry he learned to see God through the eyes of his mentor and lover, Madame de Warens. Rejecting the idea of original sin, he came to believe that unjust social institutions corrupt natural human virtue. "Fix your eyes on nature," he advised, "follow the path traced by her."

ONE EVENING I settled into the glorious opera house at the Palace of Versailles to listen to music that had entertained Louis XVI: the florid strains of Rameau and Charpentier. How much history this house holds! Louis XIV, the Sun King, had begun construction of the palace in 1661—he had wanted to put himself and his court out of the reach of the mobs in Paris, 12 miles away.

The opera house was built to celebrate the wedding in 1770 of the future Louis XVI to the 14-year-old Austrian princess Marie Antoinette. Another feast in this opera house—19 years later—had tragic results for the royal couple. Officers of the Flanders Regiment, summoned by the king after the fall of the Bastille, with disturbances spreading through the countryside and the Assembly demanding reforms, rose to pledge loyalty to the monarchy—then trampled underfoot the blue, white, and red cockade, the badge of the Revolution.

In Paris, angered that the king brought in troops instead of food and outraged at the desecration of the Tricolor, a crowd of women—fishwives and stall keepers, harlots and seamstresses of Paris—streamed toward Versailles, 6,000 armed with pikes, cudgels, and scythes. Milling around the palace gates, demanding bread, they shouted for "the baker" and "the baker's wife"—the king and queen.

Next morning, October 6, 1789, they found a side gate open and burst into the palace. Waving the heads of two guards on pikes, they escorted

Hero of the American Revolution and member of the National Assembly, the Marquis de Lafayette commanded the National Guard at the gala first anniversary of the fall of the Bastille. A popular and powerful backer of constitutional monarchy, he fell from grace as radical republicans gained power. Fleeing France in 1792, the liberal aristocrat was captured by the Austrians and spent five years as a prisoner of war.

the royal family to Paris and installed them in the Tuileries Palace, where they could keep an eye on them. Parisian mobs ensured that Louis XVI would never see Versailles again.

In time the king makes an attempt to escape, but the royal carriage is intercepted 40 miles from freedom. With the royal family brought back in disgrace, the Assembly completes its long deliberations on a constitution. In September 1791 France becomes a constitutional monarchy.

In the following months, under pressures from émigrés and monarchies abroad and counterrevolutionaries within, and with moderates increasingly cowed by the mob, the Revolution takes a radical turn. Three representative leaders emerge: Danton, Marat, and Robespierre.

None can inflame a throng more effectively than Danton—whether in the Cordeliers Club he leads or in the street. He's a giant of a man, robust, sensual and swaggering, outgoing in personality and purse, a booming, flawed, florid-faced man of the people, dressed like an unmade bed.

No journalist calls for blood more copiously than Marat, whose *L'Ami du Peuple* is one of a growing number of radical newspapers. The Swiss-born doctor, propagandist, and scientist was described as a "sallow man with pock-pitted countenance, black flat hair, bloodshotten eye and

spasmodically twitching mouth." He suffers from an incurable skin disease, can find relief only in warm medicated baths in a boot-shaped tub.

But no one is more effective in making himself the interpreter of "the will of the people" than Robespierre, least flamboyant of the three—basing his power on a network of activist Jacobin clubs organized all over France. Named for the former monastery where they met in Paris, the Jacobins came to represent the radical left.

Slight, squeaky-voiced, prim and powdered, frugal, perfectionist, self-righteous, intolerant, sexually repressed, Robespierre dresses like a gentleman, whose "de" he added to his signature when an idealistic young lawyer. As a boy, deprived of parental affection by death and desertion, he lavished loving care on sparrows and pigeons he raised in his native Arras, with its Flemish gables and great arcaded squares.

After France declares war on Austria (allied with Prussia) in April 1792, Danton's oratory and Marat's printed harangues help incite the August 10 storming of the Tuileries Palace, from which the royal family escape with their lives—though 600 Swiss Guards do not. In the panic caused by Prussian victories on the frontier, their diatribes unleash early September's orgy of slaughter among royalists and counterrevolutionary

"When they starve, then we will starve," Lafayette is said to have replied as a boy when chided for his interest in peasant tenants on his family estate at Chavaniac. Most peasants owned tiny plots but had to lease more land to feed themselves. Burdened with France's heaviest taxes and a church tithe, many also paid fees to château owners. In the wake of peasant uprisings in summer 1789 the Assembly abolished the fees and tithe and reformed taxes.

suspects in prisons. "Let the blood of the traitors flow," crows Marat.

The day after the French surprisingly stop the Prussians at Valmy in late September, both Danton and Marat join members of the new National Convention in abolishing royalty and proclaiming France a republic. Thus begins Year I of "the One and Indivisible Republic." In January they vote for the death of the king.

Both are members of the radical Montagnards (who sit on "the Mountain"—the highest benches on the left side of the Convention), and their last action together is when they spur the mobs that purge the moderate Girondist faction in June 1793.

"Remember the horrors." Protesters in Grenoble demand that the bicentennial celebration be tempered with remembrance for "martyrs" such as the Vendée genocide victims. Faced with "an endless number of miscreants," the deputy sent to prosecute Vendée peasant counterrevolutionaries concluded that "the guillotine is too slow, and . . . shooting wastes powder and shot." He drowned thousands by scuttling barges in the Loire.

But it is Robespierre, also a Montagnard, who outlasts the other two more popular men. He has spoken against slavery and capital punishment and for the right to vote without property qualifications, and has opposed those who would export the Revolution by war: "No one likes armed missionaries." He no longer settles for the constitutional monarchy that satisfied many. He pushes the Revolution onward, calling for the monarchy's overthrow, sweeping aside proposals for pardon or exile to vote relentlessly for the king's death.

The republic proclaimed, it declares war on Britain and the United Provinces. Spain joins France's foes.

Making the war a crusade, the Committee of Public Safety, dominated by Robespierre, introduces mass conscription, economic mobilization, ruthless centralization, and crushes evil forces, real and imagined, that endanger *la patrie:* "Domestic enemies, more formidable than foreign armies, plot its ruin in secret!"

Meanwhile, taking his cue from Rousseau's *Social Contract* ("Man is born free, and everywhere he is in chains"; the only true sovereign is "the will of the people"), Robespierre and his Jacobin disciples, such as the fanatical Saint-Just, attempt with increasing frenzy to create a new world in which good men, rid of the corrupting influence of aristocratic and ecclesiastic oppressors, will find utopian happiness.

A new republican calendar features months named for nature's moods (Thermidor for July-August heat, Brumaire for November's fog), each with three *décades* of ten days. It gives all citizens—now equally *citoyens*—three holidays a month. The five extra days at year's end are called the *sans-culottides* (for the crowds, who did not wear aristocratic breeches). These are festival days named Virtue, Genius, Labor, Opinion, and Rewards. The metric system is introduced as part of the celebration of reason and logic. Prostitutes are rounded up as corrupters of Robespierre's "republic of virtue." And in the spring of 1794 he introduces his new religion—the Cult of the Supreme Being—to discourage atheism and to replace Christianity as a bond of citizenship.

Reality fades as fantasy becomes obsession. Zealots commit unspeakable horrors in single-minded devotion to principles. Maximilien Robespierre, though gentle with birds, purifies men with "prompt, severe, and inflexible justice" to make France worthy of his perfect society.

PARIS, 1793-94: To the rumble of the tumbrils and the thud of the guillotine, the Reign of Terror mounts to a climax as the interpreters of "the people's will," like weasels thrust into a single cage, turn on each other and rip themselves apart. Except that it is more cold, calculating, clandestine. And after Robespierre cuts down his most formidable rival, Danton, he presents himself at the altar of the "half-completed" Revolution: "Oh! Sublime people! Receive the sacrifice of all my being. Happy is he who was born in your midst! Even happier is he who can die for your happiness!"

Robespierre's man for all ceasings is Antoine Fouquier-Tinville. The implacable public prosecutor lives in the conical Caesar Tower of the Conciergerie, seat of the Revolutionary Tribunal. He has only to go up to the Liberté or Égalité Hall of the Palace of Justice to send the condemned to cells below or to the Abbey or other overflowing prisons. Their final letters, often written on scraps of paper or cloth, he has intercepted and brought to him:

"Farewell, for ever. . . . Embrace my children for me." "Farewell . . . I am going to die. Tell my father that innocence has an easy conscience, even at the foot of the scaffold." "Do not weep over your daughter, my dear mama, she has died worthy of you. . . ."

Only we in the 20th century and Fouquier-Tinville in the 18th have read these letters—not those to whom they were tearfully addressed.

As the condemned—aristocrats, priests, young women, commoners, a general who lost a battle, women's rights activist Olympe de Gouges, counselor Dupin, age 97, Charles Dubost, 14, the astronomer Bailly, first president of the Assembly and former mayor of Paris, the famous chemist Lavoisier, the young poet André Chénier, one father who has taken the place of his son—ride unsteadily backward, standing, hands tied, in the tall red horse-drawn carts, crowds in the streets scream insults and pelt them with rotten fruit. Some curse back, others weep or pray. The Duke of Orléans and the Maréchale de Noailles remain impassive. The Girondist leaders sing "La Marseillaise." Madame du Barry, former royal mistress, pleads, "Save me, friends . . . I beg you!"

The king magnanimously asks that his death not be avenged. Marie Antoinette, her shorn hair turned white, politely apologizes for stepping on the executioner's foot. Madame Roland calls out, "O liberty, what crimes are committed in your name!" The irrepressible giant Danton, jesting with the crowds that line the way, ascends the scaffold and demands, "Show my head to the people. It's worth a look!"

Lucile, the 23-year-old wife of Desmoulins, pleads with Robespierre to spare his friend from school days, a staunch Jacobin supporter. But Desmoulins has published his—and Danton's—view that the Terror should be moderated. Robespierre has him guillotined. Lucile soon follows.

Amid the growing paranoia, Robespierre urges that the reign of virtue will finally triumph with one last weeding. Overnight the "impure"

The man who would be king—Prince Henri Robert Ferdinand Marie Louis-Philippe d'Orléans—comforts a friend in the nursing home of the Fondation Condé, a 17th-century charity he heads. The Count of Paris, he can conceive of the day French voters would return his family to a "constitutional and democratic monarchy." Much of his life has been spent outside France; the 1886 Royal Families Exiles Law, repealed in 1950, banished would-be monarchs.

Promenade of power, the Versailles Hall of Mirrors reflects the reign of the Sun King, Louis XIV. Between 1661 and 1715 he transformed a hunting lodge 12 miles from Paris into his capital and showcase. French language, thought, and style set the

international standard of 18th-century upper-class living. "We believed [it] to be indestructible," an aristocrat reminisced after the Revolution. "Never was there a more terrible awakening preceded by a sweeter slumber and more seductive dreams."

deputies who anticipate being weeded plot to strike first. On 9 Thermidor (July 27) with cries of "Down with the tyrant!" they seize him, along with a hundred "Robespierrist conspirators." The sans-culottes, who have become disenchanted, do not rise to save them.

Now it is the turn of the executioners themselves at Dr. Guillotin's humanitarian beheading machine: Saint-Just, who has envisioned all France clothed in white togas, a modern Sparta purified.

The "incorruptible" Robespierre, not the primly dressed and powdered prig but a gory shambles, his jaw shot away—in agony, speechless for once. Failed by the French people in fulfillment of his dream, he has failed himself in a suicide attempt to cheat the dripping blade.

Finally . . . Fouquier-Tinville—one execution I might have perversely relished watching, amid the women knitting stockings for the war effort as the internal conspiracy is annihilated before their eyes. In 11 months the Terror arrests 300,000, condemns 17,000 to death. Another 35,000 perish in prison and summary executions. The majority of deaths occur in five of the nation's 86 departments.

All subjects of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette were welcomed to tour Versailles if they were decently dressed and did not beg. The queen granted private audiences in her bedroom. On the morning of October 6, 1789, she escaped through a passageway to the king's apartment as a mob of women threatening to "make lace out of her entrails" burst into her quarters. Enraged by lack of bread and by rumors of the queen's indifference—the unfounded "Let them eat cake" retort—as many as 6,000 women had marched from Paris the day before. With Lafayette's National Guard desperately trying to keep order, they escorted the royal family back to Paris to live in the Tuileries Palace, next to the Louvre. "We will not lack for bread in the future," they told the waiting crowd. "We are bringing you the baker and the baker's wife."

LIKE A GENIE released from a bottle, the Revolution's energies, once unleashed, were hard to control. Throughout France the breakdown of old-regime institutions and the upsurge of radicalism created a political caldron that gave opportunists an unprecedented chance to seize power and institute local reigns of terror.

The Convention sent "representatives on mission" to the departments. They set up revolutionary tribunals, recruited 57 revolutionary armies to extract food supplies for towns and for the war effort from reluctant peasants, enforced price and wage controls—and eradicated treason with portable guillotines they occasionally trundled along. Some *représentants* were conscientious public servants like Robert Lindet, who pacified rebellious Normandy with moderation; others severe like Billaud-Varenne in the north or savage like Joseph Fouché, the first "butcher of Lyon"; some were drunken bullies like Claude Javogues in the upper Loire region, who was convinced that "those miserable reptiles," the rich, were in league with priests and grain hoarders to assassinate millions of the poor.

In a de-Christianizing crusade, statuary was smashed, the tombs of scores of kings and queens in Saint-Denis Basilica were desecrated,

churches and monasteries were closed, sold, and subsequently quarried for their stone. Today at Cluny, whose abbey church stood second in size to St. Peter's in Rome, just a fragment remains. Notre Dame in Paris was spared only because it was converted into the Temple of Reason, Reims Cathedral into a storehouse.

Cities hated the dictatorship of Paris; the countryside resented the domination of towns. All saw personal liberties and regional autonomy eroded by Jacobin concepts and control. At one critical juncture, with the

war in full swing, the second city of the realm, Lyon; the third and fourth cities, Bordeaux and Marseille; the leading naval base, Toulon; and a large section of western France were all in violent revolt against the revolutionary dictatorship. Repression was savage.

The longest, most searing of the counterrevolutionary struggles ravaged the Vendée region of western France. South of the Loire and bordering the Bay of Biscay, the Vendée is hedgerow country of small holdings contrasting with open wheatlands that roll away to the east.

ARCHIVES NATIONALES (ABOVE); BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE (BELOW)

In servants' disguise Louis and Marie Antoinette slipped their family out of the Tuileries just after midnight on June 21, 1791, for a 200-mile dash to Austrian territory ruled by the queen's brother. But en route a postmaster identified Louis "by his resemblance to the effigy" on an assignat *(top) and sped to Varennes. There, 40 miles from the border, a bridge barricade halted the royal carriage.*

At its center rises an old château, the Puy du Fou, partly destroyed in the Revolution. Today it is a museum and the scene of a great summer pageant that commemorates the Vendée's history. I drove there, four hours from Paris. By day I studied its exhibits. By night, seated beside the small lake behind, I was startled by the roar of cannon, struck by the crowd scenes with people and animals in the hundreds, the intimate vignettes of family life, the squadron of horses spotlighted in white emerging from the darkened castle and circling the lake to thunder past—the whole panoply of a region bursting to life.

Even more moving was seeing, behind the artifice, the 1,800 Vendéans who merge their talents and efforts to re-create their own heritage. "My grandfather was a peasant here, and his grandfather before him," Huguette Pasquier, a young teacher of English, told me after a performance in which she—like hundreds of others—played six roles that involved four rapid costume changes. "So this is my history too."

Why such solidarity? Because of the shared tragedy. Each French village has its monument to World War I dead, with perhaps a shorter list on a second side for World War II. Here they fill a third side with those fallen in the Vendéan terror of 1793-96. Vendéans live with their memories.

THE REVOLUTION'S AGENTS thought they had come to a different planet. There was no spanning the gap between the rationalizing, centralizing Parisian dedicated to building a better future and the conservative, circumscribed peasant subject to forces and fears beyond his control. To the peasant the Parisian had killed his king and outlawed the priest who shared his privations and understood his mix of folk animism and faith. To the Parisian the peasant was a benighted religious fanatic holding on to backward ways.

Elegant, white-haired Jean Lagniau, president of the local historical society, explained why the Vendée is so religious. A major missionary effort had been mounted in the early 18th century to eradicate Protestant influence from the former Huguenot stronghold of La Rochelle nearby. So when a "constitutional priest" arrived, who had forsworn the pope and sworn allegiance to the revolutionary state, the people recoiled from his unholy hands. The Revolution stripped the church of its properties, which financed education and relief for the poor, closed abbeys and convents, forbade monastic vows, and even forced priests to marry. It would also eliminate Sunday worship and saints' days from the newly named ten-day week with its hundred-minute hours. Mothers had midwives

"I realized during the journey that public opinion had decided in favor of the constitution," Louis told a suspicious Assembly after National Guardsmen and thousands of armed citizens marched him back from Varennes (above) to Paris. Posted warnings to the crowd reflected the Assembly's ambivalence: "Anyone who applauds the king will be beaten; anyone who insults him will be hanged."

BERNARD FRESSON AS DANTON (ABOVE) IN ROBERT HOSSEIN'S LIBERTÉ OU DEATH. JEAN BOUROHI AS ROBESPIERRE (BELOW)

"Boldness, more boldness, always boldness." Exhorting the country to arms against invading Prussian troops in September 1792, orator Georges Danton (top) came to power with former Assembly member Maximilien Robespierre (above, at center), during what has been called "the second French Revolution." Portrayed here by actors, both men were lawyers in their early 30s and active in political clubs that advocated the overthrow of constitutional monarchy for a republic. Louis's attempted escape, the war, and continuing economic hardship aided the cause.

On August 10, 1792, republican forces attacked the Tuileries Palace and killed 600 of the king's Swiss Guard. The Assembly imprisoned the king and the royal family and called for the election of a National Convention.

The Paris city government fell to radical bourgeois and sans-culottes *—shopkeepers and artisans "without knee breeches," who wore working-class trousers. Incited by propaganda that "the prisons are full of conspirators," sans-culotte mobs slaughtered some 1,200 Paris inmates—30 aristocrats, 250 priests, the rest mostly common criminals—between September 2 and 7. "The fortunate ones were shot," writes historian Simon Schama of the atrocities. A shrine preserves blood shed by 116 priests jailed in a Carmelite convent (above).*

On September 21, deputies of the new National Convention proclaimed the French Republic and later declared September 22, 1792, the first day of Year I.

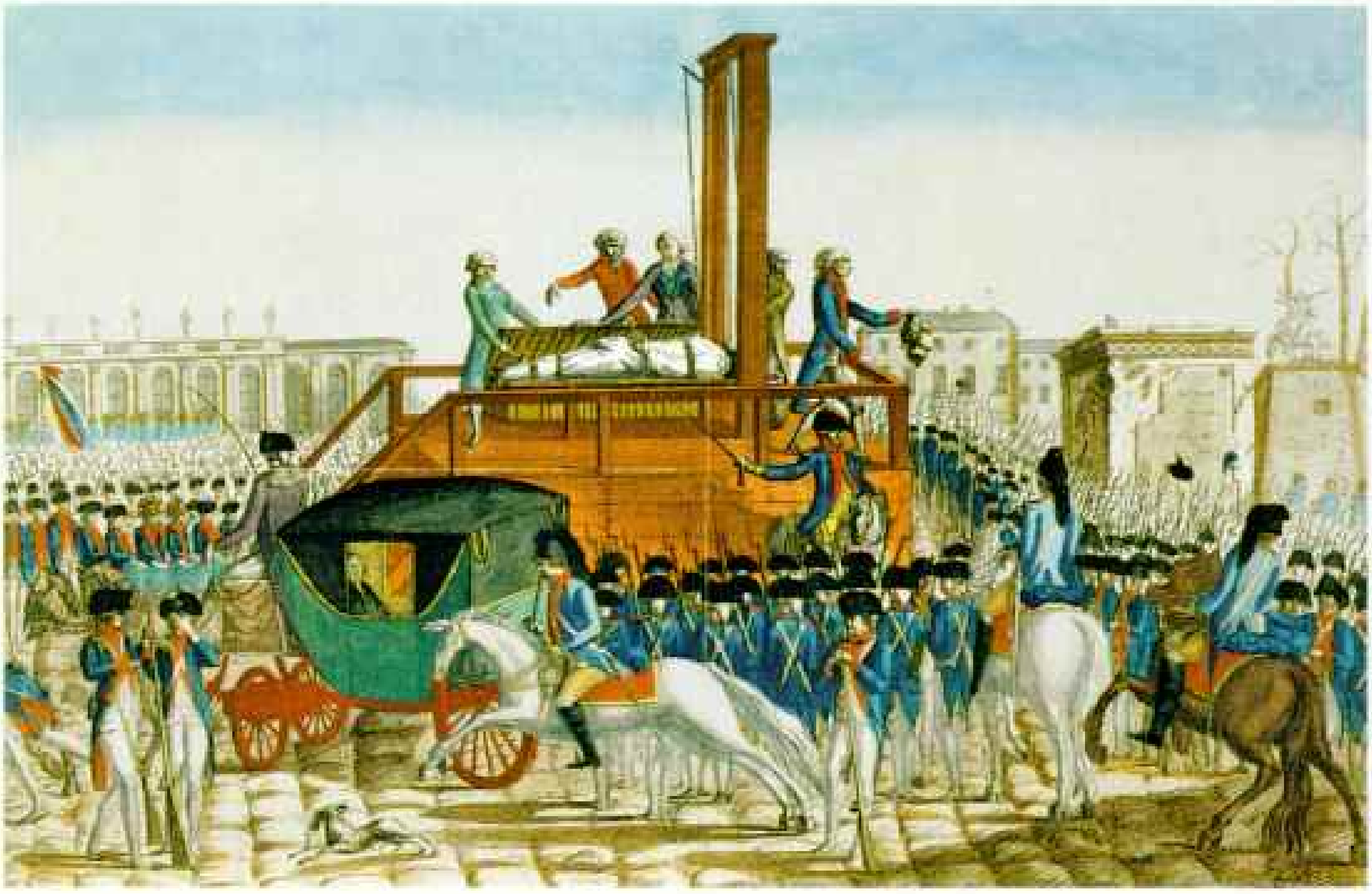
MUSÉE GRÉVIN, PARIS

All titles, including monsieur *and* madame, *were abolished in favor of citizen and citizeness. Pushing increasingly radical ideas, rabid journalist and Convention deputy Jean-Paul Marat was stabbed in his bath on July 13, 1793, by 24-year-old Charlotte Corday, a moderate who accused him of "perverting France." Young wax artist Madame Tussaud cast Marat's death mask (left). Four days later she cast the guillotined head of citizeness Corday.*

take their newborn for baptism to the nonconforming priest in hiding.

Then came another threat from the outside world: conscription. Now Vendéan youth would be swept up to fight on distant frontiers for a republic that was anathema to them. Towns and villages rose in revolt, and the Vendéan Wars began—a brutal seesaw of attack and counterattack, pitched battles, dispersals in "the labyrinth" and sudden regroupings, climaxing in a punitive invasion by a score of "infernal columns" of revolutionary armies that burned and slaughtered everything in their paths.

In October 1793 as many as 90,000 Vendéans—men, women, and children—crossed the Loire and headed north for the English Channel in the



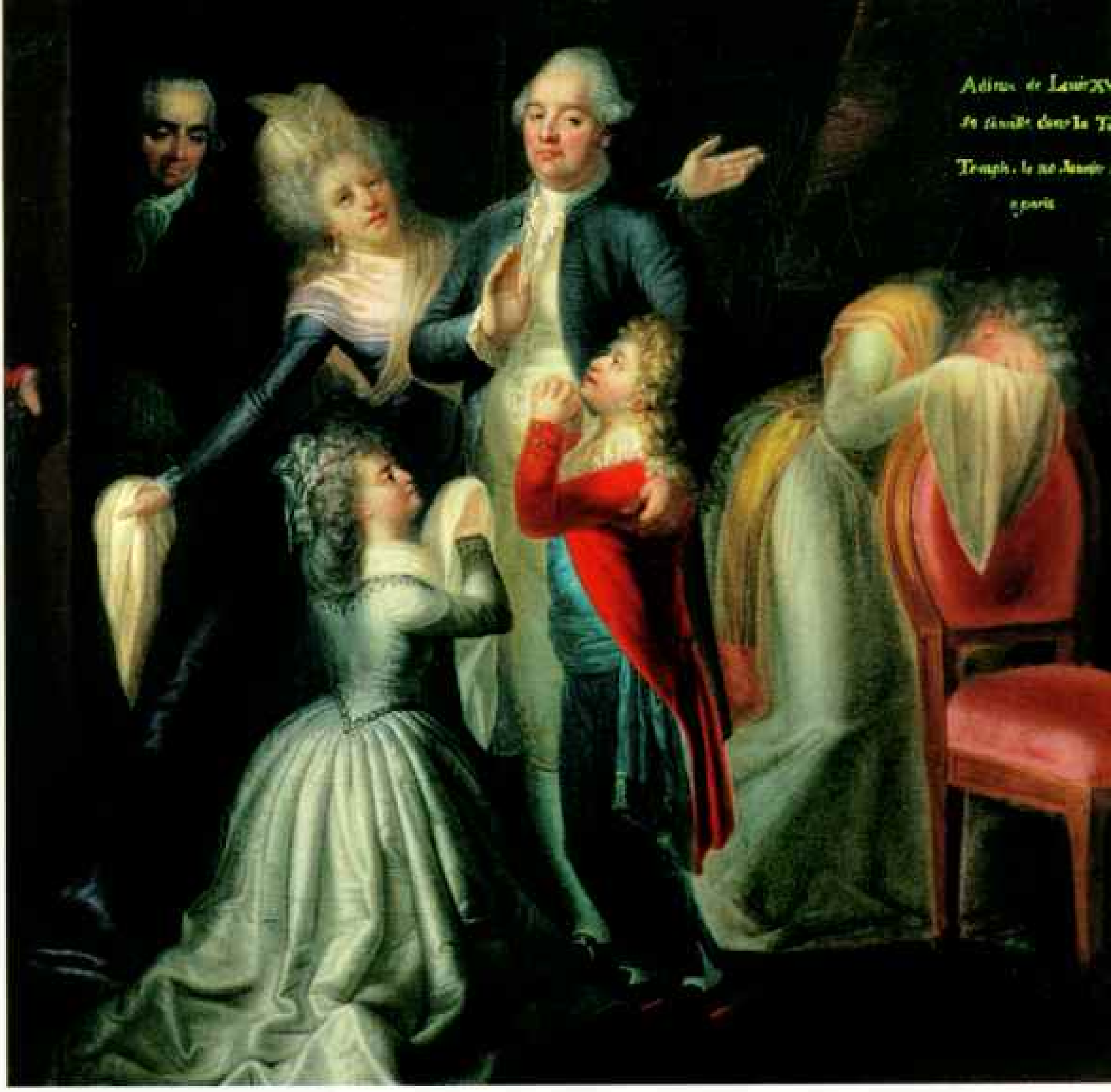
For treason and tyranny "citizen Louis Capet" was guillotined on January 21, 1793. The gates of Paris were shut, and 20,000 spectators filled the Place de la Révolution, formerly named for Louis XV and today Place de la Concorde. "I die innocent," the king said calmly from the scaffold; a drumroll drowned him out. Though the National Convention unanimously found him guilty, the final vote for his death was split, 380 to 310.

BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE (ABOVE); BIBLIOTHÈQUE MUNICIPALE, CHÂLONS (OPPOSITE, BELOW)

hope of receiving British support. Decimated by battles and dysentery, only 4,000 made it back to the Vendée. After the culminating battle of Savenay on December 23, General Westermann exulted to the Convention: "There is no longer a Vendée. . . . I have crushed the children under the hoofs of my horses and massacred the women. . . . I have no prisoner to reproach myself with. I have exterminated all!"

I strolled through Nantes, admiring its fine 18th-century buildings, many built by merchants and shipowners when Nantes was the first port of France, its merchant fleet numbering more than 1,300 vessels before war with Britain crippled its trade. I paused in the Place du Bouffay, where the guillotine had been set up. Now market stalls crowd it—stalls where you can buy heads of lettuce and cabbage.

In 1793 revolutionary authorities had filled the prisons with so many Vendéans, priests, and suspected royalists that the guillotine could not work fast enough to make room for new arrivals. The zealot Jean-Baptiste Carrier abandoned trials, enlisted local radicals to thin the prison populations, and shot suspected counterrevolutionaries en masse. Then he thought of new refinements.



"My father cried on account of us, but not out of fear of death," the 14-year-old princesse royale *wrote of their last meeting. She was traded to Austria for war prisoners. Her brother died in prison in 1795. Before going to the guillotine on October 16, 1793, the queen thanked Louis's sister, at right, for sacrificing "everything to be with us" and inscribed her prayer book: "My God, have pity on me! My eyes have no more tears to cry for you my poor children; adieu, adieu!"*

JEAN-JACQUES HAUER, "THE LAST FAREWELLS OF LOUIS XVI TO HIS FAMILY," MUSÉE CARNAVALET, PARIS (1817)

From the picture window high in my hotel I looked out on the Loire flowing peacefully seaward. It was hard to reconcile that scene with the horrors committed by Carrier. First the "republican marriage": nude couples bound together and thrown into the water. Too slow. So he filled barges with priests and laymen to be scuttled in midstream, sinking in the swirling depths with their praying, screaming cargoes. In short order he clogged mass graves and the river with 8,000 corpses, including thousands of women and children. "We shall turn France into a cemetery," he proudly reported to Paris, "rather than fail in her regeneration."

"A vast antechamber of death," one prisoner called the Conciergerie. Seat of the Revolutionary Tribunal, the palace is today leased for lavish Paris parties. "A scandalous practice," says France's last executioner, Marcel Chevalier (right), who operated the guillotine until the death penalty was abolished in 1981.

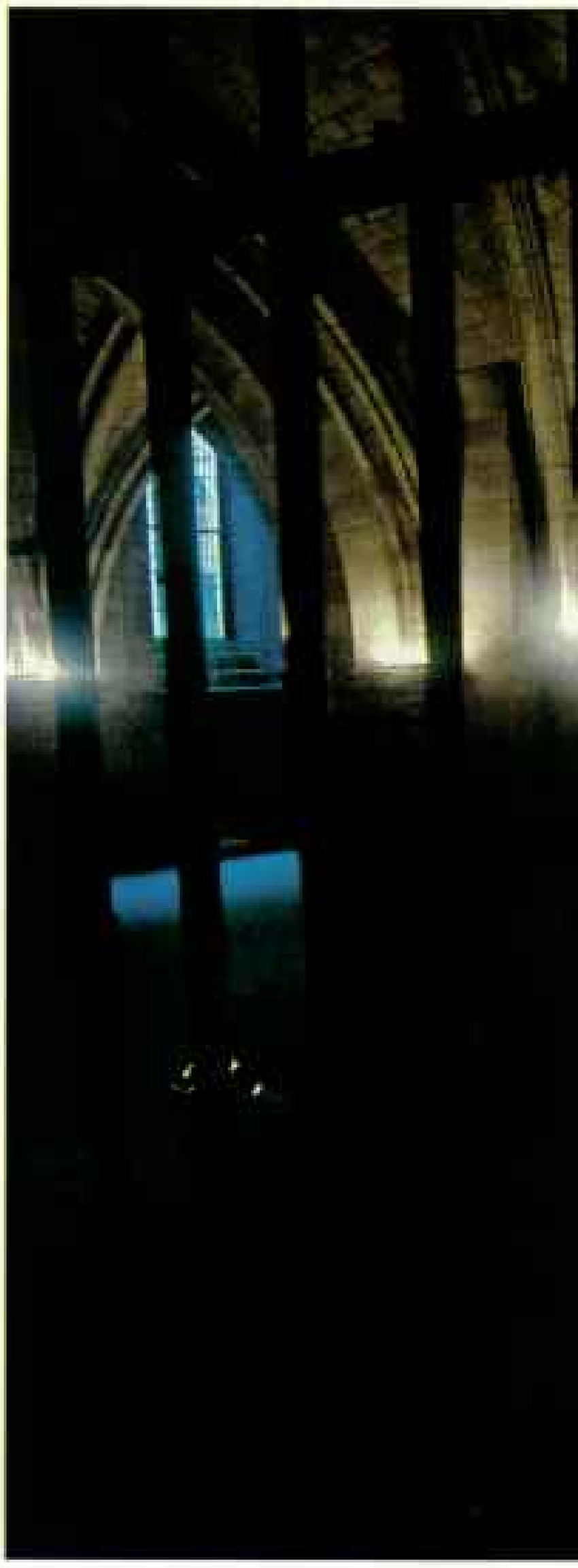
"We must annihilate the enemies of the republic," said Robespierre. During the Reign of Terror, June 1793 to July 1794, 2,500 people were carted from here to the guillotine. All told, the Terror claimed some 50,000 victims, 85 percent of them commoners.

Robespierre and Danton were prominent members of the Committee of Public Safety—the executive council of the Convention. As events tipped in the republic's favor, Danton proposed a relaxation of the Terror. The committee disagreed. He was guillotined on April 5, 1794. Within weeks antipathy grew toward Robespierre. On July 27 "the tyrant" was arrested. Failing at suicide, he was guillotined the next day.

AS REACTION to the Revolution grows—the armed resistance against it, the fall of Robespierre, the purge of the radicals—much of the scaffolding of the utopia is dismantled. War with England and continental powers continues fitfully.

Endless stoking of the fires of ideological ardor wearies the populace—festivals, meetings, speeches, posters, pamphlets, denunciations. Only propaganda plays? Only patriotic songs to sing? Even committed revolutionaries get bored and hack down liberty trees they themselves had piously planted.

Near the end of 1799 a coup d'état by Napoleon Bonaparte overthrows the government and establishes the consulate with himself as first consul. Some scholars stop the story of the French Revolution here, considering Napoleon the consolidator of revolutionary reforms and codifier of French law. Others see him as the "Revolution betrayed"—subverting its humanitarian, egalitarian, and universal principles by bringing back the church establishment and the trappings of monarchy, and feeding his megalomania with blood-drenched wars of conquest. Many consider this dictatorship, xenophobic nationalism, and imperial expansion a natural outgrowth of the Revolution. Napoleon considers himself "the Revolution in boots." And the upstart Corsican brings to heel most of Europe, first in the guise of liberator, then as forger of chains.



The Revolution, as everything, had its price. Economic historian René Sédillot added it up in his *Cost of the French Revolution*. "For two centuries we have been living with a legend," he tells me in his quietly elegant apartment near the Champ-de-Mars in Paris. "Now historians are dealing with facts, not poetry." He details staggering loss of life (two

million French slaughtered in the revolutionary, imperial, and civil wars from 1789-1815) and the destruction of art and architecture. In the name of liberty, liberties disappear. In the name of equality, he says, the rich become richer, the poor poorer. This era sets French industry back 20 years, racks the nation with inflation, takes steps backward in women's and workers' rights, suffrage, learning, the arts and sciences. Rival England pushes ahead in industry and world trade while France stagnates.

And yet there's no going back from the Revolution: Many of its goals

have been achieved through a century and more of social, economic, and political struggle, with France itself undergoing the pendulum swings of revolutions, monarchies, empires, and republics before arriving at relative stability under the constitution of its Fifth Republic today. In an era when revolution is all about us—in science, fashion, communications, in every aspect of our daily lives—we tend to take for granted the hard-won gains in political democracy, the personal rights and freedoms that are our heritage from the great 18th-century revolutions.

The pulse of 650,000 Parisians energized the City of Light during the Revolution. As traffic to the guillotine ceased from the conical-towered Conciergerie, at center, youths mocked the Terror by tying red ribbons around their necks. Chronic food

shortages sparked riots, and discord sat "more firmly than ever within the Convention," one resident wrote in 1795. "Too much favor shown to enemies of democracy, too much harshness and cruelty to former patriots, too much personal bitterness."

Replacing a hereditary divine-right monarchy with an elected constitutional government that fervently believed it could create a new society by human will set a portentous example for the world. Change became a virtue rather than a threat, the idea of progress a creed, fanning the faith that technological, economic, educational, and political innovation would bail mankind out of any dilemma, and that the good life could be legislated—or decreed and drilled. Even those who deny freedoms absorb the labels. Few modern regimes, no matter how dictatorial, fail to include "democratic," "republic," or "people's" in their official titles.

"It sends a shiver down the spine," a Paris newspaper reported in 1792 of a new song brought to town by the Marseille National Guard. Written that year as a war march by Rouget de Lisle in Strasbourg, "La Marseillaise" was adopted as the French national anthem. It became known across Europe when Napoleon seized control in 1799 and conquered the Continent. It echoes through Tchaikovsky's 1812 Overture, *which celebrates the emperor's retreat from Moscow. It was banned along with the Tricolor when monarchy was restored in 1814. It stirred subsequent French revolutions in 1830, 1848, and 1871. Today the anthem of France's Fifth Republic, "'La Marseillaise,'" observes one writer, "is the one thing every Frenchman agrees on": "Le jour de gloire est arrivé—the day of glory has arrived."*

ARCHIVES NATIONALES

"THE LEGACY OF THE REVOLUTION is still very much alive," said Jean-Noël Jeanneney, energetic director of the bustling Bicentennial Mission, headquartered near the Eiffel Tower. "A nation is rich in its memory. And the roots of 20th-century France are in its founding myth. I'd like all the youth of this nation to know its story—so full of passion and surprise."

I brought up the Anti-'89 movement.

"Why has the Revolution been dividing so long? What can unite us?" he lamented, telling me he had received a sinister variation of the poison-pen letter—a dead viper in a bottle.

Not that there was unanimity from the start. English poet William Wordsworth rejoiced that it was blissful at "that dawn to be alive." Edmund Burke denounced the Rights of Man as a "monstrous doctrine" that "endangered every nation in Europe." Count Paul Stroganov wrote from Paris, "The best day of my life will be that when I see Russia regenerated by such a revolution." His sovereign, Catherine the Great, frowned: "Better the foolishness of one than the madness of many." And today, Russia, like France, is subjecting her revolution of 1917, offspring of France's "mother of revolutions," to painful reexamination.

"We are not going to hide that the Revolution denied what it approved," said Jeanneney. "We shall try to explain what went wrong. Nor are we interested in a chauvinistic celebration. We're not extolling the Terror of 1793-94. We hail 1789 and its Declaration of the Rights of Man—the year when so much good emerged for France and the world."

How will you celebrate the 200th Bastille Day? I asked friends of my journey.

"I will dance in the streets," replied the sprightly septuagenarian Sédillot. "This really commemorates the first Bastille Day festival in 1790—the king still alive; king, people from all over the nation celebrating a Mass and reform."

"I shall only cry," said the fervent Vendéan Reynald Secher, whose family lost 14 out of 15 members in the exterminations.

"Playing tennis; it's a holiday," said Jean-Louis Renard, a practical merchant of the walled riverside town of Sommières in Languedoc.

"Nobles will wear black armbands," a Parisian duke told me, adding: "Don't use my name if you say anything good about the Revolution."

"I'll celebrate the shared idealism of the 18th century," the American-born Baroness de Montesquieu told me as we raised glasses of Bordeaux to toast the 300th birthday of the political philosopher so influential to both the French and U. S. Constitutions.

Clearly, debate about the Great Revolution is not over, indeed may never end. We know only that it changed our world and our lives. As for me, after all the months in France pursuing the Revolution, I think I will wonder about it always.

And what about you, *citoyen?* □


MARSEILLOIS
Par Mr Acart Rue du Chant
du Saumon
le jour de gloire est arr

Two Revolutions

Down with kings, up with the inalienable rights of the citizen! Revolutionary ideas—and men who espoused them—crisscrossed the Atlantic, inspiring America's revolt against England, then France's overthrow of its king.

By
CHARLES McCARRY
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

IN THE COURSE of her long and passionate history France has made many conquests, but in 1776 she fell in love with America and with the idea of liberty that America symbolized. This infatuation resulted in the two greatest events of modern times—the birth of the United States, for the American Revolution almost certainly would have failed without the military and financial support of France, and the French Revolution, in which France herself was reborn while bringing forth political forces that have shaped the world ever since.

One revolution followed closely after the other, and some saw a moral connection between the two. The Bastille fell on July 14, 1789, only 75 days after George Washington's first inauguration. Marie-Joseph-Paul-Yves-Roch-Gilbert du Motier, Marquis de La Fayette, a hero of the American Revolution who had been made commander of the Paris National Guard, sent the key to the fortress to President Washington from "a Missionary of Liberty to its Patriarch."

Lafayette (the usual American form of his name) proposed combining the colors of Paris, blue and red, with the royal white into the famous tricolor cockade of the French Revolution. These were, of course, the same colors as the flag of the new American nation.

Lafayette and many other Frenchmen were enamored of an exciting new idea that might be called the divine right of the people, mixed with another, more durable theory that primitive societies are naturally more virtuous than civilized ones.

Jean-Jacques Rousseau, a Frenchman from Geneva who popularized the latter paradox as a means of winning an essay contest, touched a peculiarly French nerve by suggesting that injustice was wrong not only because it was cruel, but also because it was stupid. In 1754 Rousseau wrote, "The first man who having fenced in a piece of land said, 'This is mine,' and found people naive enough to believe him, that man was the true founder of civil society."

The French were great admirers of the ancient Romans, to whom they owed their culture and their language. The greatest king of the Franks, Charlemagne, attempted to reconstruct the Roman Empire, and nearly a thousand years later Louis XVI commissioned heroic paintings depicting Roman virtues in the hope that the French would imitate them. The American Revolution, fomented by men in simple garments who wrote like Cicero and were as thrifty, brave, and patriotic as Cincinnatus, seemed to be the fulfillment of a French prophecy. "At the first news of this quarrel," Lafayette wrote, "my heart was enrolled in it."

Louis XVI forbade Lafayette to go to the war, and Benjamin

The Marquis de Lafayette, shown here at right at Valley Forge, served on George Washington's staff—emblematic of the French aid crucial to the American Revolution.

PAINTING BY JOHN WARD DUNSMORE, COURTESY SONS OF THE REVOLUTION, FRAUNCES TAVERN MUSEUM, NEW YORK CITY

Franklin, the American envoy in Paris, also discouraged him. But in 1777 Lafayette slipped out of France in disguise and sailed for America from a Spanish port aboard the *Victoire*, a ship he had fitted out at his own expense. (He had a yearly income of 120,000 livres, at a time when a master craftsman might earn 500 or less.)

He was coolly received by Americans, who had grown skeptical of foreigners wishing to be paid handsome wages to fight in a war to which they had not been invited. Lafayette, insisting that he wished to serve at his own expense without pay or command, was commissioned a major general in the Continental Army and attached to Washington's staff.

Lafayette was then only 19 years old. Washington took a great liking to him at their first meeting, at a Philadelphia dinner party, and afterward was a father figure to the youth, whose own father died when he was two years old. Lafayette wrote home about Washington's "majestic figure and deportment," and when his first son was born, named him Georges Washington.

Lafayette had practically no military experience—in his own army he had been a captain of dragoons. Thomas Jefferson, less impressed by him at first than Washington was, believed that Lafayette was possessed of "a canine appetite" for fame and popularity. Certainly he became a favorite of the American people: He ranks with Washington himself, Jefferson, and Franklin in the number of places named for him in the United States.

The French force of 7,800 regulars, splendidly uniformed in white broadcloth, fought

alongside an ill-clad American contingent of roughly equal size under Washington at the decisive Battle of Yorktown, Virginia, in 1781.

More French troops (186) than American (76) were killed or wounded at Yorktown. French engineers designed the siege that rained some 3,000 artillery shells and cannonballs in a single day on the British fortifications. A powerful French fleet of 24 ships and 1,700 guns under Adm. François Joseph Paul, Comte de Grasse, prevented a somewhat smaller British naval force from sailing into Chesapeake Bay to relieve Lord Cornwallis's troops. This was the key to victory.

George III's prime minister, Lord North, is said to have taken the news of Cornwallis's surrender "as he would have taken a ball in his breast," crying, "Oh God! It is all over!" On March 4, 1782, the British Parliament advised the crown to sue for peace.

American history books have never insisted on these facts, any more than the French make a point in their classrooms of emphasizing the role played by American arms in the 1944 liberation of France. Still, most would agree with Lafayette's estimate of the meaning of the American Revolution: "Humanity has won its battle; Liberty now has a country."

FRANCE'S AID to the rebellious Colonies was not, of course, entirely altruistic. Louis XVI's foreign minister, Charles Gravier, Comte de Vergennes, perceived practical advantages for his country should the Americans win: "The power of England will be reduced, and ours will increase . . . her commerce will be irreparably damaged, while ours will be increased, and it is very probable . . . we could recover a part of the possessions that England took from us in America."

The cost of France's seemingly endless global war with England had virtually bankrupted her. Nevertheless, she provided the American rebels with 40 million livres in grants and loans; total French expenditures on the American war probably exceeded one billion livres—a sum roughly equal to 200 million dollars at the time, but difficult to calculate in terms of today's money.

Envoy to France, Thomas Jefferson privately advised Lafayette and other French reformers.

PAINTING BY MATHER BROWN, 1786, COURTESY CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, BOSTON

Between 1776 and 1783 France also sent tons of war matériel, including the uniforms (blue or brown coats with red facings) worn by Washington's ragged army; 12,000 French regular soldiers (of whom 2,000 died, compared with 6,800 Americans killed); and 63 fully manned warships.

Along with French aid came French crisis management. Louis XVI's second ambassador to Philadelphia, Anne-César, Chevalier de la Luzerne, behaved like a proconsul, interfering in military policy, dictating high appointments, manipulating votes in the Continental Congress, paying a delegate from New Hampshire the huge sum of 5,000 livres a year to report on the secret proceedings of Congress, planting stories in the patriot press that supported French policy. He used or withheld French money to bring about results desired by Paris. Luzerne's methods would not seem strange to the ambassador of a 20th-century superpower posted to a Third World country.

AMONG FRANCE'S GIFTS to America was the warship *Bonhomme Richard*, from whose bloody deck John Paul Jones uttered his legendary cry of defiance, "I have not yet begun to fight!" The name of this ship was an allusion to Benjamin Franklin's *Poor Richard's Almanack*, one of the most popular foreign works ever published in France.

The Continental Congress had sent Franklin to Paris in 1776, and no American has ever been so lionized by the French. He seemed to have stepped out of the pages of Rousseau speaking with the clarity of Voltaire, and he did nothing to dispel the illusion. "[Franklin's] dress, the simplicity of his external appearance, the friendly meekness of the old man . . . procured for Freedom a mass of votaries among the court circles," wrote a contemporary.

In fact Franklin was one of the most famous men in the world, the subject of countless popular portraits and medallions, a scientist, the investigator of electricity, a philosopher who was compared in his lifetime to Socrates, whom he consciously sought to emulate.

His prose—not only the *Almanack* but also his scientific works—translated beautifully into French. Franklin was a member of the Royal Academy of Sciences in Paris. A French historian paid Franklin the ultimate Gallic compliment of writing that the statesman was "of a mind altogether French in its grace and elasticity."

Franklin was in fact supremely American in his character and purposes. "It is my intention," he wrote, ". . . to procure what advantages I can for our country, by endeavouring to please this court." Though he beguiled Parisiennes with the charm of his personality, his fellow envoy in Paris, clerkish John Adams, sent worried letters home describing Franklin's untidy business methods and eccentric personal habits (the old man read and wrote his daily letters in the nude before an open window so as to expose his skin to the benefits of "ventilation," and contrary to the fashion of the day, he wore a beaver cap to cover his balding head).

Nevertheless, acting almost alone, at first as a secret agent raising money for arms from sympathizers (principally Pierre-Augustin Beaumarchais, the author of *The Barber of Seville* and one of the most clever radicals in Europe) and later as the official representative of a nation that did not yet exist, Franklin persuaded the king of France to finance a revolution of commoners against a fellow monarch. Louis XVI thereby hastened his own fall and that of the Bourbon dynasty. He was guillotined by revolutionaries in 1793, and so was his queen, Marie Antoinette, after she was twice rescued from the mob by Lafayette.

France herself trembled on the brink of revolution, and the king was warned that so much money was being sent to America that none was left over to carry out necessary reforms in France. Why Louis XVI and his advisers were so driven by national interest, by their hatred of England, and by their belief in themselves as the enemies of tyranny that they did not see the danger in what they were doing is puzzling in the light of history. Possibly Franklin's very simplicity was a factor in leading the king and his court into unexpected difficulties.

Louis XVI received Franklin for the first time with nonchalance: The king did not bother to dress for the occasion as he would have done for any other envoy; his hair hung "undressed" to his shoulders. Marie Antoinette was amused by Franklin's stocky figure and by his court nickname, *"l'ambassadeur électrique."*

Voice of liberty in America, Thomas Paine sought to curb the excesses of the revolt in Paris.

PAINTING BY JOHN WESLEY JARVIS, COURTESY THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, D. C., GIFT OF MARIAN B. MAURICE

When Franklin arrived at Paris, he was 70. The king and queen were only a couple of years older than Lafayette. The old man's powers of persuasion, the romantic appeal of his cause, and his reputation and connections in Paris gave him great influence. The royal treasurer, A.R.J. Turgot, was forced to resign after he opposed loans sought by Franklin on the entirely realistic grounds that America had no credit and no means of repaying the money. Shortly after Jefferson arrived in Paris in 1784, he was asked if he had come to replace Franklin. He replied, "No one can replace him, sir; I am only his successor."

From first to last the Americans acted strictly according to their own interests. Soon after Yorktown they secretly agreed to a separate peace with Britain. This violated a solemn written promise to the French "to undertake nothing in the negotiations for peace or truce without their knowledge or concurrence." Franklin objected to the separate peace but tried to obtain Canada, France's principal lost American territory, for the United States as part of the settlement. Another American negotiator, John Adams, bargained tenaciously in behalf of American rights to fisheries along the east coast of North America—another very valuable asset that formerly belonged to France.

Vergennes received this American perfidy with equanimity. "We have never based our policy toward the United States on their gratitude," he wrote. "This sentiment is infinitely rare among sovereigns, and unknown to republics."

DESPITE THESE EVENTS many in France continued to regard the American Revolution as a noble cause and a model for France and the world.

Lafayette and many other French reformers loyal to the

king clung to the idea that the monarchy could be influenced by its subjects through practices and institutions inspired by the new U. S. Constitution.

Days after the opponents of the monarchy precipitated the French Revolution by forming a National Assembly that challenged the power of the king, Jefferson was invited to advise those members who had been appointed to draft the Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen. Although he had worked privately with Lafayette, Jefferson declined

The original American in Paris, Ben Franklin charmed the court of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, and in 1778 forged the first Franco-American alliance. In 1790 France eulogized him as the "model of the common man."

ENGRAVING BY W. O. GELLER, COURTESY THE OLD-PRINT SHOP, NEW YORK CITY

on grounds that his open participation would violate his diplomatic status.

No group of men resembling Lafayette's American friends yet existed in France, a country made up of many peoples, many classes, and many undying enmities. The American Revolution produced Franklin and Washington, but no figure remotely resembling Maximilien Robespierre.

A British historian has observed that Robespierre belonged to a circle of extremists who "were sons of the bourgeoisie, men who having been educated at college, thanks to some charitable agency . . . were ready for anything but had achieved nothing. They had plenty of talent at command, were full of classical

tirades against tyranny, and, though sensitive enough in their private life, were bloodthirsty butchers in their public relations."

Compared to the multitudes that died in the religious wars of earlier centuries, the toll taken by the Reign of Terror was small. Its architects killed in the name of political belief with the express wish of utterly dismantling the past—laws, church, monarchy, social classes, art, the ancient customs of ordinary people, the very meaning of words—and replacing it with a revolutionary order.

They did not prevail. Over the next generations the French nation struggled to drive out these demons, and, despite bloody setbacks, largely succeeded. In France, and in the opinion of the world, the great principle of the struggle—that a nation can remake itself on the basis of liberty, equality, and fraternity—is the one that triumphed in the end.

It was elsewhere, and not until the 20th century, that men of the Robespierrean type came into their own, seizing power first in Russia and then in many other countries. These modern despots acted with the same savage violence as the Paris archetypes to destroy their enemies, shatter the past, and impose the total authority of the revolution.

It was Robespierre, among others, who demanded the death of the king, an act that demonstrated, as did the murder of Tsar Nicholas II and his family by Russian Bolsheviks in 1918, that there was no limit to the power of the leaders of the Revolution—and no going back to the old order. Tom Paine, who propagandized for the French Revolution with the same enthusiasm as he had earlier for the American, stated that the execution of Louis XVI would alienate American sympathy. Robespierre had him thrown into prison; Paine managed to escape the guillotine by luck alone.

THE STRUGGLE against totalitarianism has been pursued by heirs of the American Revolution, who owe at least as much to the best instincts of France as the political descendants of Robespierre owe to her darker impulses. Certainly the 20th century would have been a different time, and the world a far different place, if high-minded Frenchmen and practical Americans had not met 200 years ago at a moment when each needed the other.

The reasons of state that created this relationship are far less important than the human memory of it across the generations in both countries. When America was very young, France taught her how to be generous. No nation has ever bestowed a greater gift upon another, or one that made a larger difference in the condition of mankind. □

Letters from

France

ADAM WOOLFITT

Beneath the cool disdain, imperious as the withering look of a maitre d', there is warmth. As disarming as the delight of the Renoir-like child at the next table tasting her first artichoke.

Beneath the stiff formality, fussy as a Louis XIV armchair, there is earthiness. Blunt as the tight-lipped housewife trudging crosstown, instead of next door, to a boulangerie *where loaves are a centimeter longer.*

So, too, you turn a corner in the Loire Valley town of Azay-le-Rideau and find a begonia casually planted in a gardener's shoe. How endearingly French—testament not just to the artist in the gardener but to the soul of a society incapable of passing this treasure of vermilion, torn shoes, and stone without a grateful smile.

Text by
DON BELT, CATHY NEWMAN,
and CLIFF TARPY
ALL NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STAFF

A nation's love for precision and grace finds expression in the French Air Force aerobatic team and in the grand geometries of Château de Chambord.

ALAIN ERNOULT

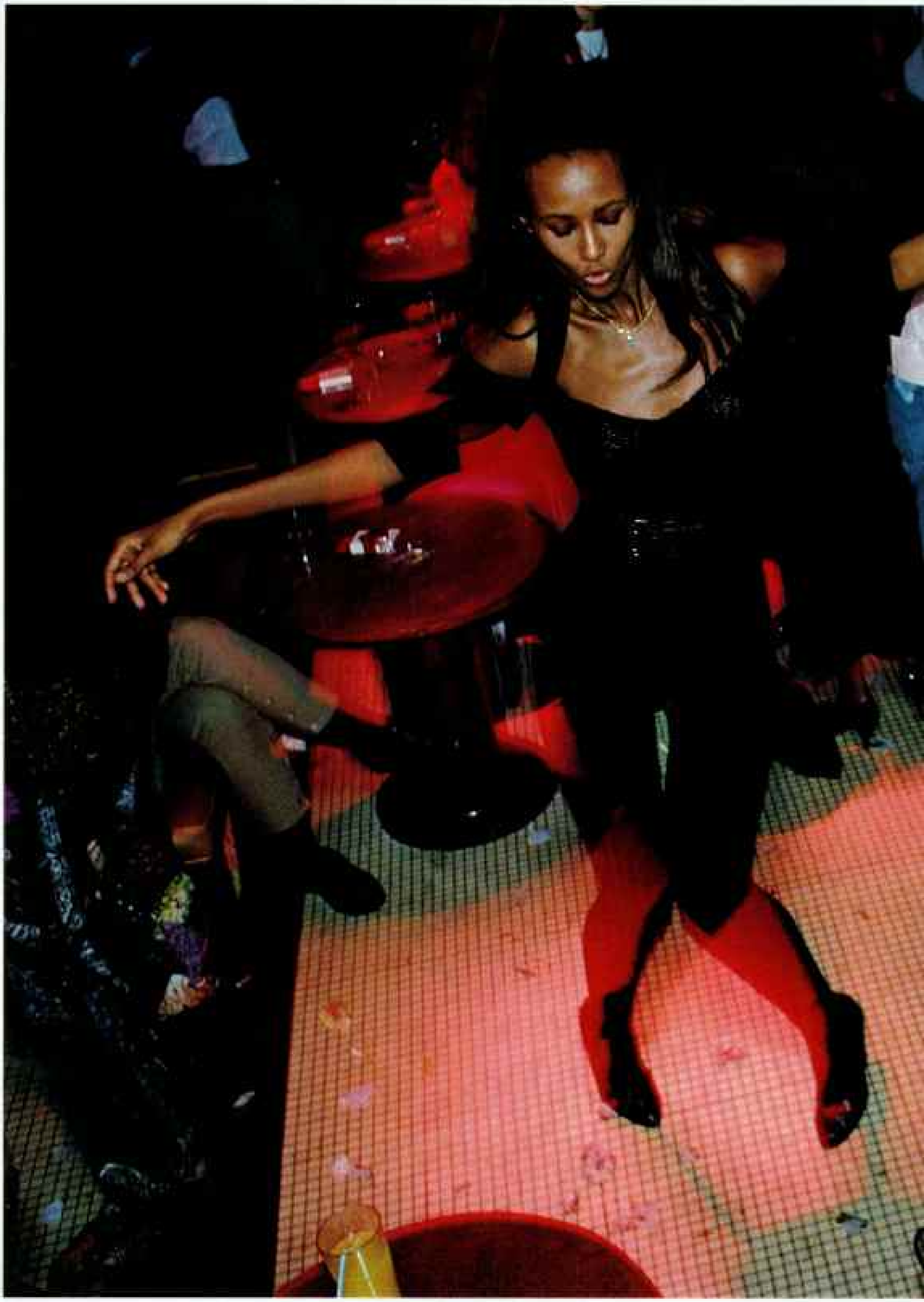
Royalty once dispatched falcons to soar above the grounds of this Loire Valley estate, used as a hunting lodge and now a national game reserve.

One French home in three shelters a dog, and that dog can do no wrong. Not even in Paris, where someone once calculated that pedestrians step in dog droppings every 286th step. The city sends pooperscoopers (left) to clean up.

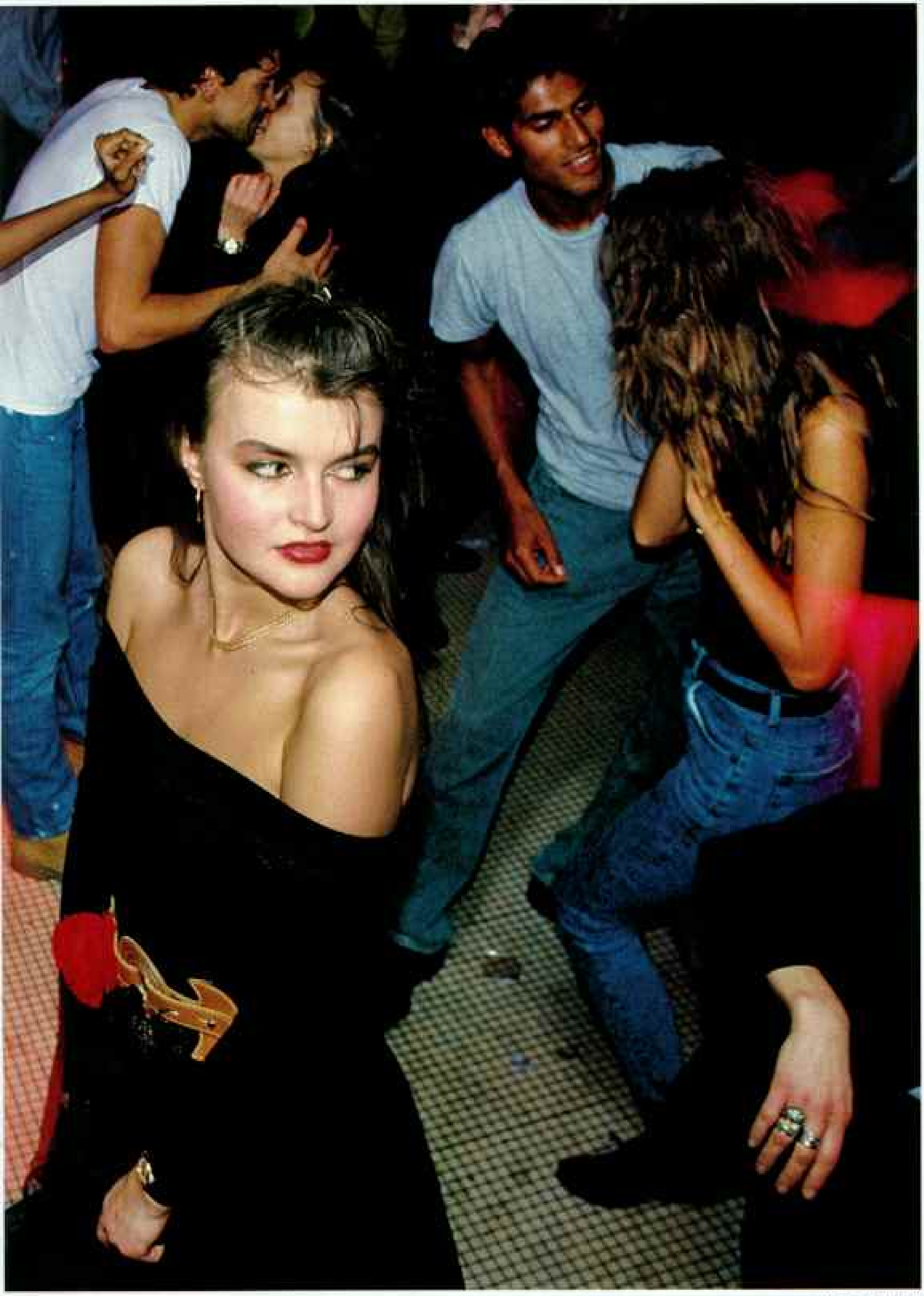
PREPARING FOR THE HUNT AT CHÂTEAU DE CHEVERNY IN THE LOIRE VALLEY. PHOTOS BY ANNIE GRIFFITHS BELT (ABOVE) AND PATRICK ROBERT, SIPA (LEFT)

The hounds of Cheverny (above) have been leading hunter to stag for more than a century, while more refined pursuits occupy a cat named Caramel (right), a regular at Le Louis IX in Paris.

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER JAMES L. STANFIELD



Dress with chic, be famous, or simply look amusing, and the physionomiste *at Les Bains in Paris just might let you in the exclusive club. Soviet-born singer Iness*



JAMES L. STANFIELD

sizzles on the dance floor, while Somalian model Iman does a graceful turn. When the site was a public bath, it claimed Marcel Proust among its patrons.

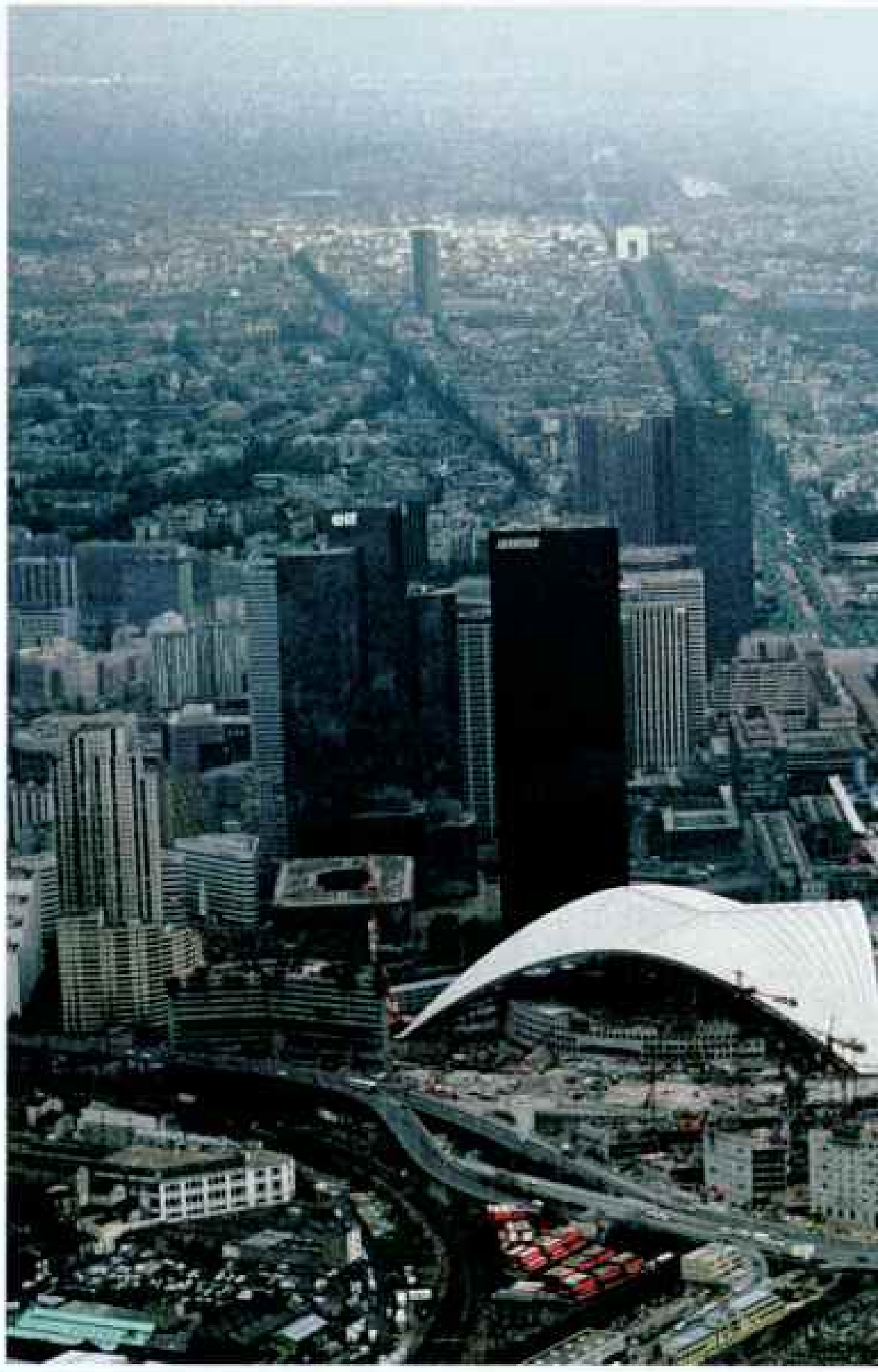
Sometimes they seem more like poets than builders, these young designers turning French architecture upside down.

"My inspiration!" says Paris architect Denis Laming, snatching a

LES ARÈNES DE PICASSO (PUBLIC HOUSING) BY MANUEL NUÑEZ. PHOTO BY NATHAN BERN

piece of quartz from his worktable. Thus the crystal-like Kinemax (below center), a theater he designed for Futuroscope, the theme park and high-tech complex near Poitiers. His concept for the project's school (below left) sprang from the delta wing.

Flights of fancy are becoming routine around the perimeter of Paris, at "new towns" like Marne-la-Vallée (above, and far right) or la Défense (top), the booming business district just outside Paris. In its midst rises the Grande Arche de la Défense office building.



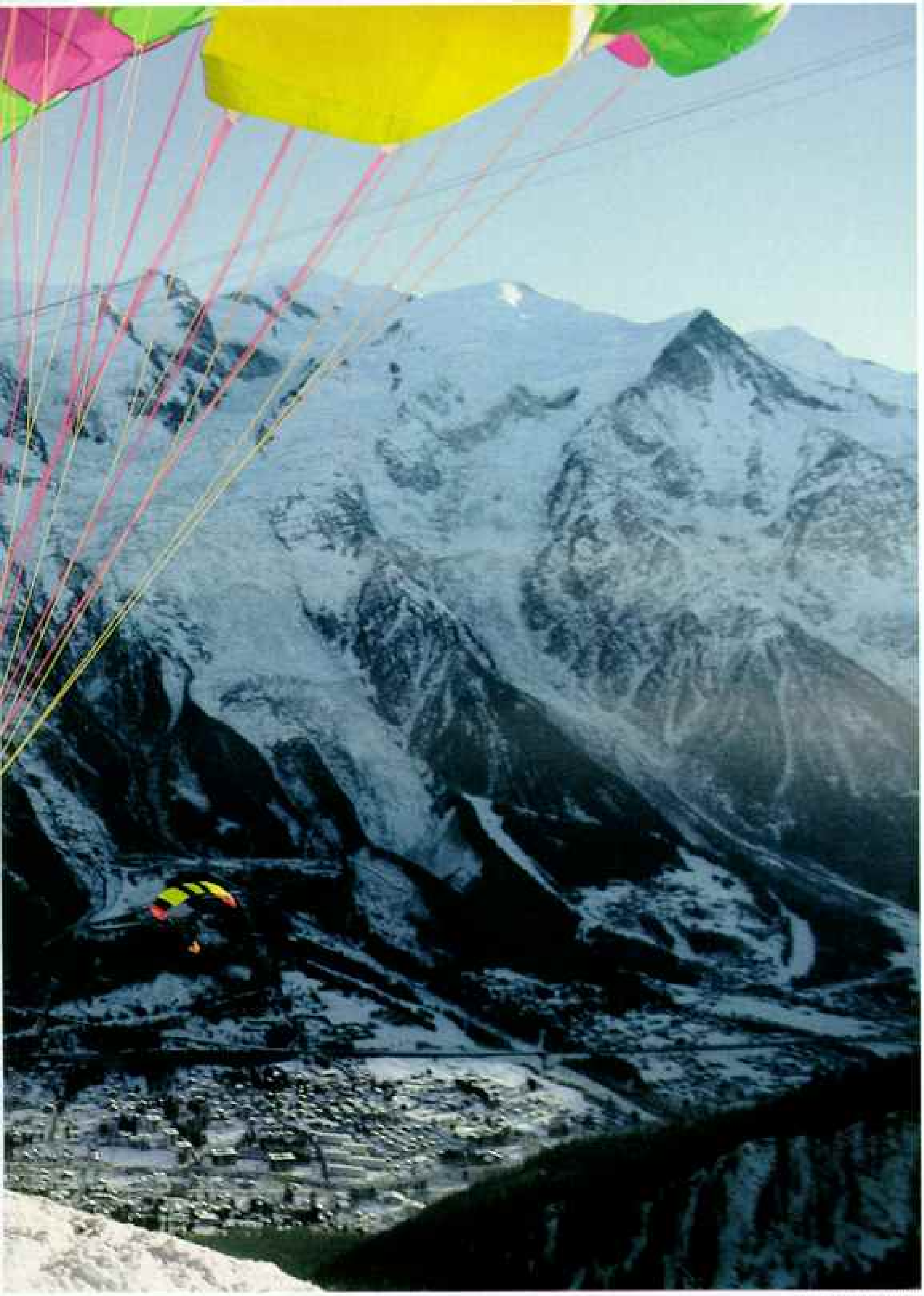
HIGH-TECH COLLEGE AT FUTUROSCOPE BY ARCHITECTURE STUDIO. CHARLES O'REAR, WEST LIGHT

GRANDE ARCHE DESIGNED BY JOHAN OTTO VON SPRECKELSEN. PHOTO BY JAMES L. STANFIELD

ALAIN ROQUEL: STEMA

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING SCHOOL BY DOMINIQUE PERRAULT. PHOTO BY NATHAN KERN

With a running start and a flash of designer colors, a new breed of jet-setter soars over Chamonix in the heart of the French Alps. In the valley below, the



BRUNO BARBEY, MAGNUM

grande dame of European ski resorts dresses for dinner in the shadow of Mont Blanc, highest point in western Europe.

JAMES L. STANFIELD

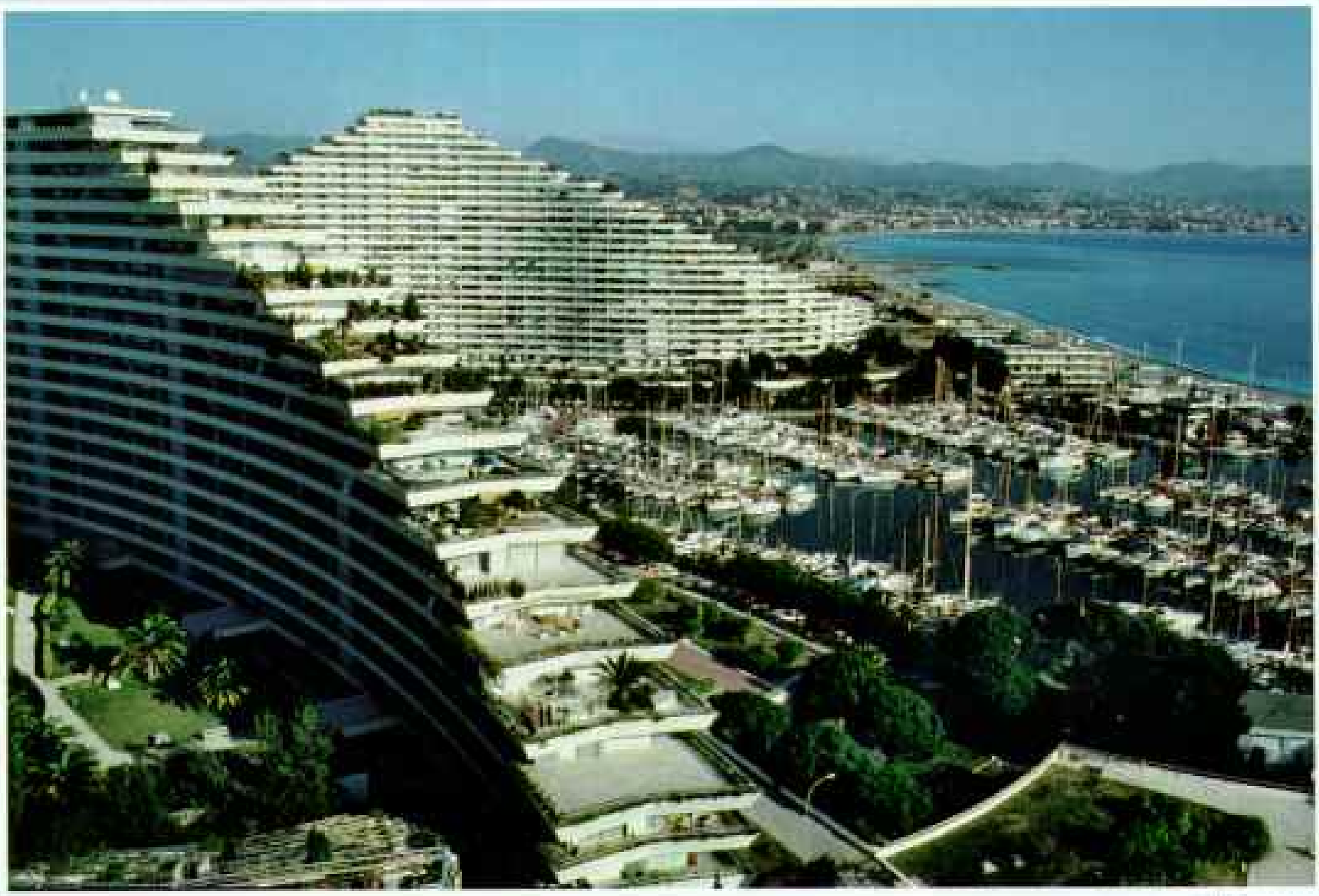
Traditionally France's second city, Lyon rivals her big sister Paris as a commercial crossroads and may outdo her in the kitchen.

ADAM WOOLFITT

Leveled in the 13th century, despoiled in the 14th, destroyed in the 15th and 16th—Château de Montfort was rebuilt each time by Dordogne optimists.

JAMES L. STANFIELD

Come back at high tide. Most of what you see will be submerged, except for a medieval island of faith, crowned by the abbey of Mont-Saint-Michel.



BRUNO BARBEY

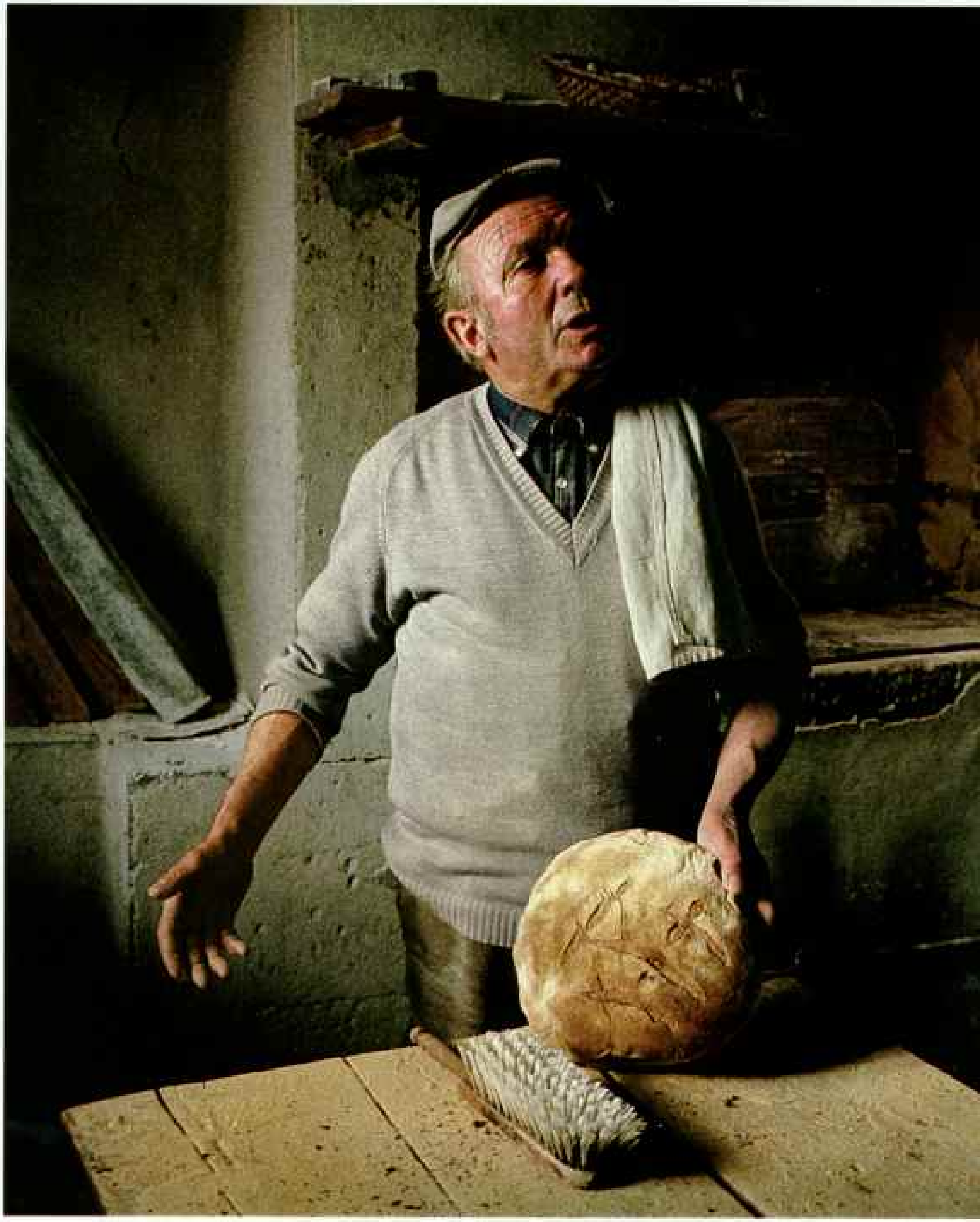
Crowding the beaches near Nice, high-rise apartments stir uncharacteristic controversy on the laid-back Côte d'Azur, along France's Mediterranean coast.

A PICADOR WAITS OUTSIDE THE RING; THE FINAL MOMENT NEARS (BELOW).
ALL BY WILLIAM ALBERT ALLARD

Arles at Easter. The cracked blare of small bands on cobblestone streets. Spain's influence announces itself in small bars that serve Spanish tapas *washed down with French* pastis. *In the Roman amphitheater, soaked in light the color of pale champagne, witness a dreadful beauty: the ballet of man and bull. Perhaps it is the swirl of scarlet cape, the suits of light that allow us to forget the gleam of steel until the end.*

MATADORS, OPENING PROCESSION

BULL'S HEAD IN FRONT OF A BUTCHER SHOP



There is a tender magic to the coaxing of bread from flour, wine from truffle from the ground (by proxy of a pig's nose) that repays the conjurer reverie of Châteauneuf-du-Pape, cheeses fragrant with the flowers of pastures, shower over a slice of foie gras. Such passionate commitment to the stomach, has given us a litany of towns that trumpet their specialty: Roquefort,

RENÉ NEUVILLE, BAKER IN TERRASSON

WINE CELLAR IN TAIN-L'HERMITAGE

OLIVE, OILLET AND TRUFFLE-HUNTING PIG IN THE PÉRIGORD

PAMPERING CHEESE IN UNDERGROUND CAVES NEAR CANNES. PHOTOGRAPHS BY NATHAN BENN (TOP LEFT), BRUNO BARBEY (TOP RIGHT), AND JAMES L. STANFIELD

grapes, cheese from milk, or a
with these: a farm-fresh loaf, a
a knob of black perfume to
and the debt it incurs to the land,
Dijon, Bordeaux, Cognac.

THE KITCHEN OF PIERRE TROISGROS IN ROANNE

JEAN-PAUL LACOMBE'S VEAL SWEETBREADS AND VEGETABLES IN CHARTREUSE

The French do not eat, they dine, taking equal comfort from a simple cloud of omelet or a dessert so exquisite one hesitates to mar it with a spoon. Whether prepared by a grand master, like Paul Bocuse, or a doting grandmother, a meal is a celebration—be it for a marriage, a birth, the first asparagus of spring, the last raspberries of summer.

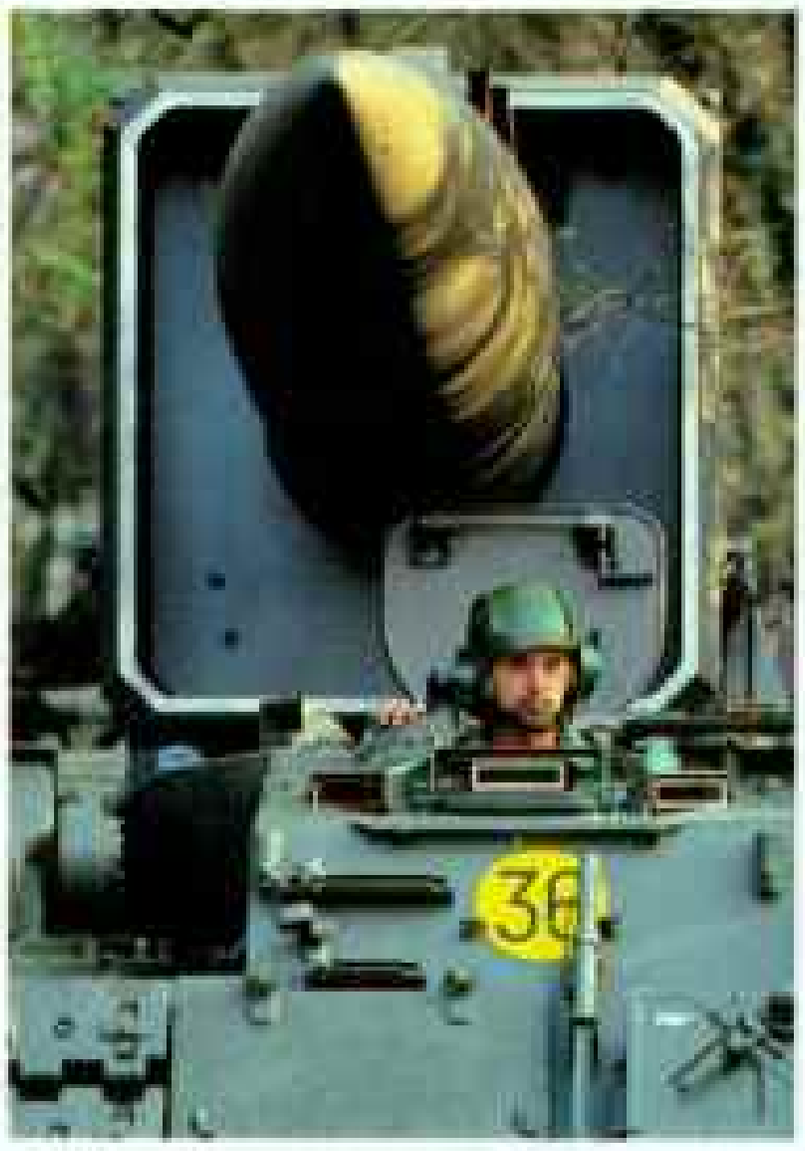
Such fixation on food wells from a culture that has weighed its priorities and sided with 19th-century epicure Anthelme Brillat-Savarin, who opined that the discovery of a new dish did far more for human happiness than the discovery of a star.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NATHAN BENN (BOTTOM RIGHT) AND JAMES L. STANFIELD

CHEF BLAIR CHAPEL'S ASPIC OF WILD GAME WITH BELUGA CAVIAR

CHEFS JEAN-PAUL LACOMBE, LEFT, AND PAUL BOCUSE AT MARKET

LUNCH AT CHÂTEAU ROYEAU



Showing their famous independent streak, the French decline to team with NATO in a joint military command, though they cooperate in defending Europe.

A powerful punch in the French arsenal comes from the tank-mounted Pluton nuclear missile (left) and the new Mirage 2000N nuclear attack fighter, skimming the treetops near the West German border (above). The Sioux emblem on the plane's tail identifies the Lafayette Escadrille, in which American volunteers flew during World War I.

Struggling in a swamp in Gabon, marine commandos practice evacuating wounded (right). Though its former colonies in West Africa have matured into independent nations, France still treats them as part of the family.

ALL BY NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER STEVE RAYMER

In the heart of Brittany there lives a family that seems to have stepped out of a storybook. Their home is a dreamy, spired castle, its rooms richly appointed with reminders of a nobility traceable to the year 1128. Yet Josselin de Rohan, the Duc de Rohan (the 14th to hold that title), and the duchess do not shut out the present. They welcome 75,000 visitors a year. Deeply attached to the Breton soil, the duke serves as mayor of the town of Josselin and in the national Senate. Joking with villagers (above), he campaigns also for a county council post. One goal: to help farmers stay on the land. "The aristocratic spirit is no longer a way of life," says the duke, "but rather an attitude, a way of behaving in the world."

ALL BY JAMES L. STANFIELD

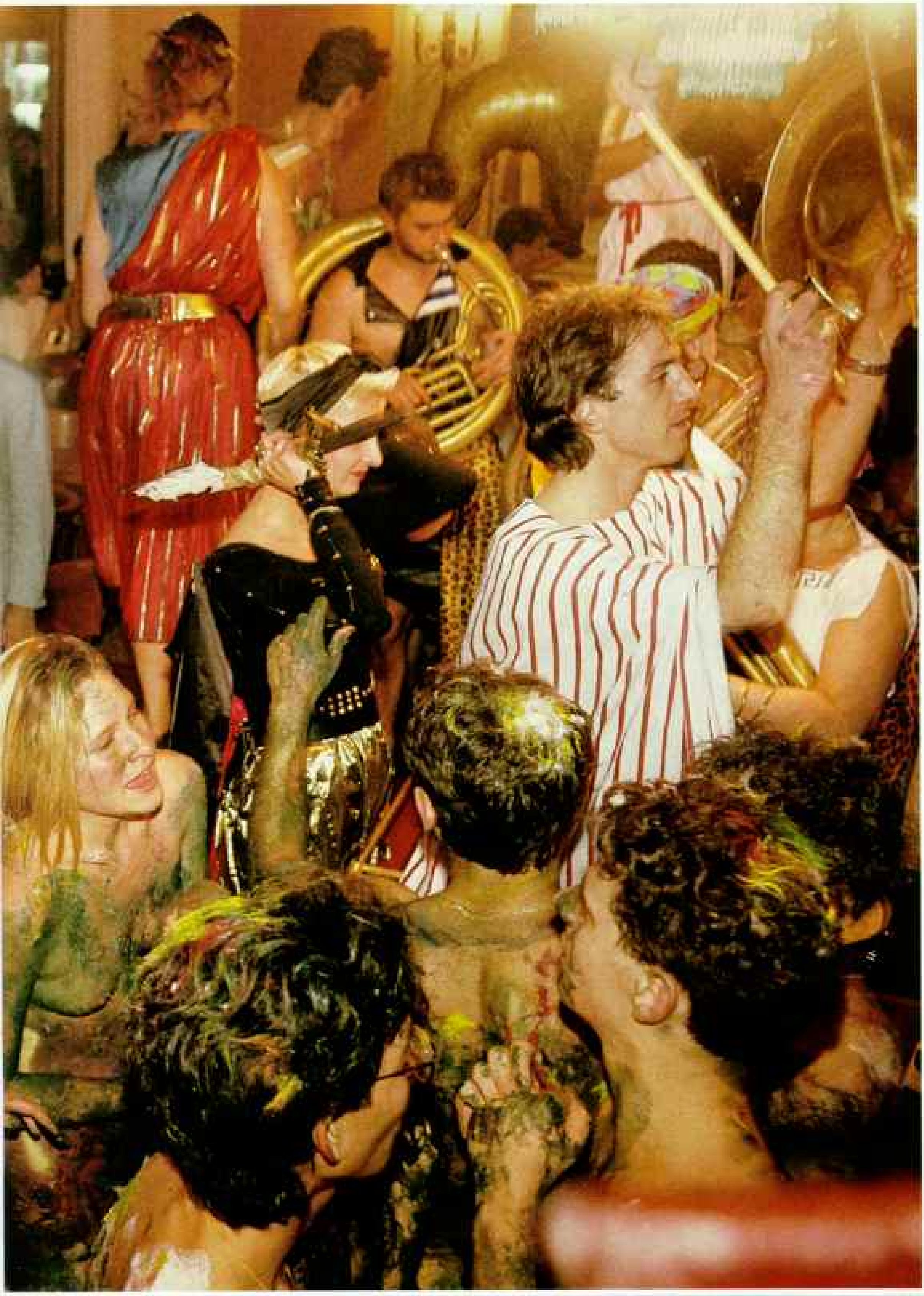
Summer in Paris and school is out. Close friends celebrate with a cruise down the Seine. Eric Geneste greets Julie Bhaud with a kiss (right), while Judith Remy visits with Crystel Chambaudet. Crystel, now 18, wants to become a press agent in the music industry. But she waits for the results of the extremely difficult baccalauréat *exam, which she needs for admission to a university.*

An anguished Crystel gets her first look at the exam results, held by Judith. Crystel has failed. Later at a café (left) Judith tries to comfort her dazed friend, who vows to retake the test the following year.

ALL BY DAVID ALAN HARVEY

For a young man the rite of passage into adulthood means a year in the military. At a Paris train station, Eric prepares to leave after a visit home. As his mother looks on, a stranger gives the sailor a good-luck smile.

A splash of green here. A spot of yellow there. Only daubs of paint cover what God gave first-year architecture students at the National Fine Arts School.



WILLIAM ALBERT ALLARD

Pressured by upperclassmen to streak through Paris as an initiation, they found a refuge in that haven for the literati, the café Aux Deux Magots.

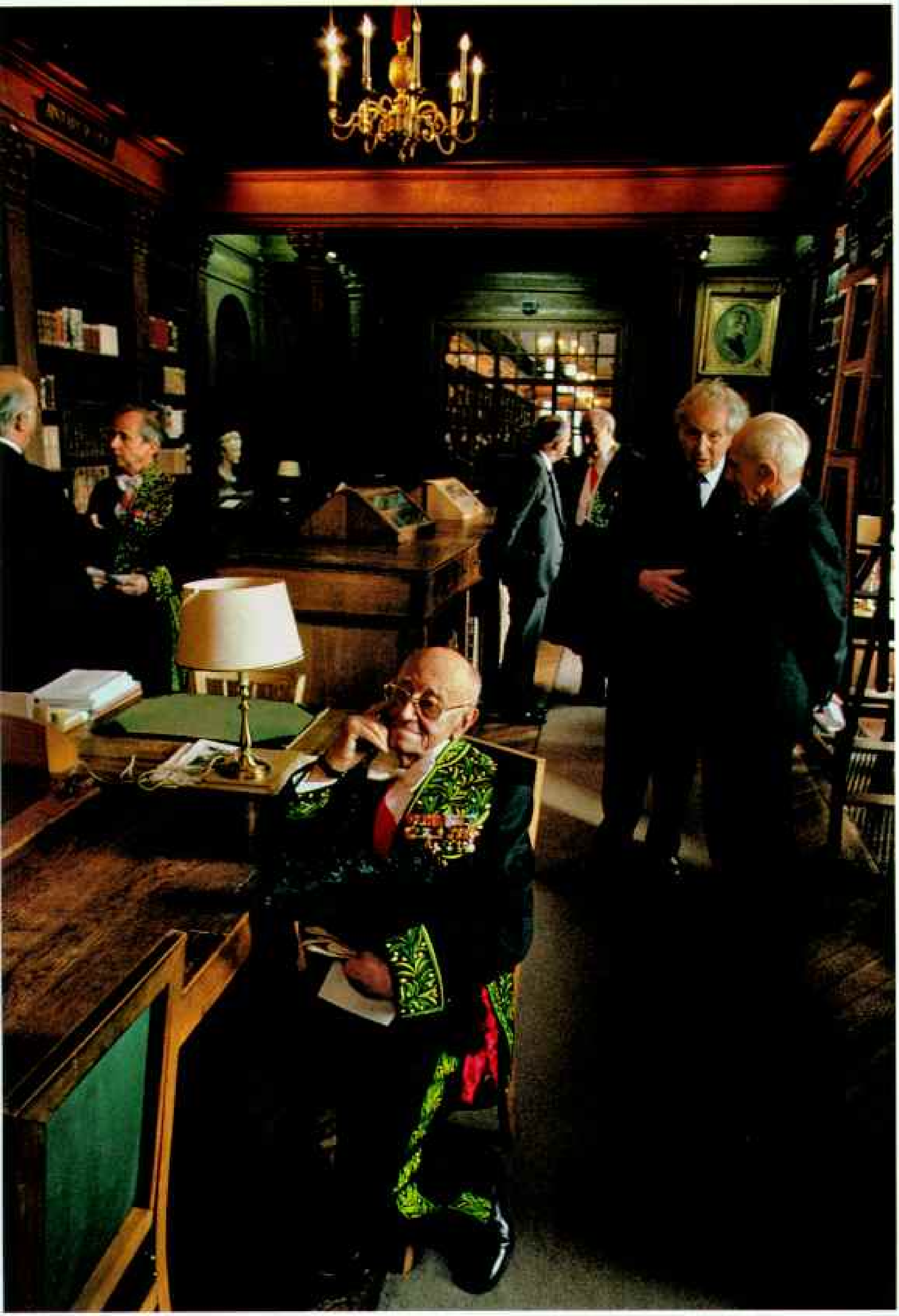
BRUCE DAVIDSON, MAGNUM

After descending into the dank, silent labyrinth of old quarries that form the Paris Catacombs, you notice the sign over your head: STOP! HERE IS THE EMPIRE OF DEATH.

The bones of six million souls have been transplanted here from overcrowded cemeteries during the past 200 years. For a time Henri Rochon served as a warden and guide, showing visitors the carefully stacked remains of some of those who died during the French Revolution. Henri took curious comfort from his work: "I felt more secure down with the dead than up with the living."

The French guard their culture as Americans guard Fort Knox, and their citadel is the Institut de France. The late Gen. Fernand Gambiez (right), commander of French forces in Algeria in 1961, was elected to one of the institute's five academies as a distinguished military historian. Keeping alive a celebrated military tradition, Ludovic Bietti (left) portrays one of the militiamen of Saint-Tropez, who ousted Spanish invaders in 1637. The image of the city's patron saint adorns his tassled hat. Far from the homeland the seeds of French culture blossom in tropical Polynesia as churchgoers attend a christening in Papeete, Tahiti.

BRUNO BARBEY (TOP); STEVE RAYMER (ABOVE)

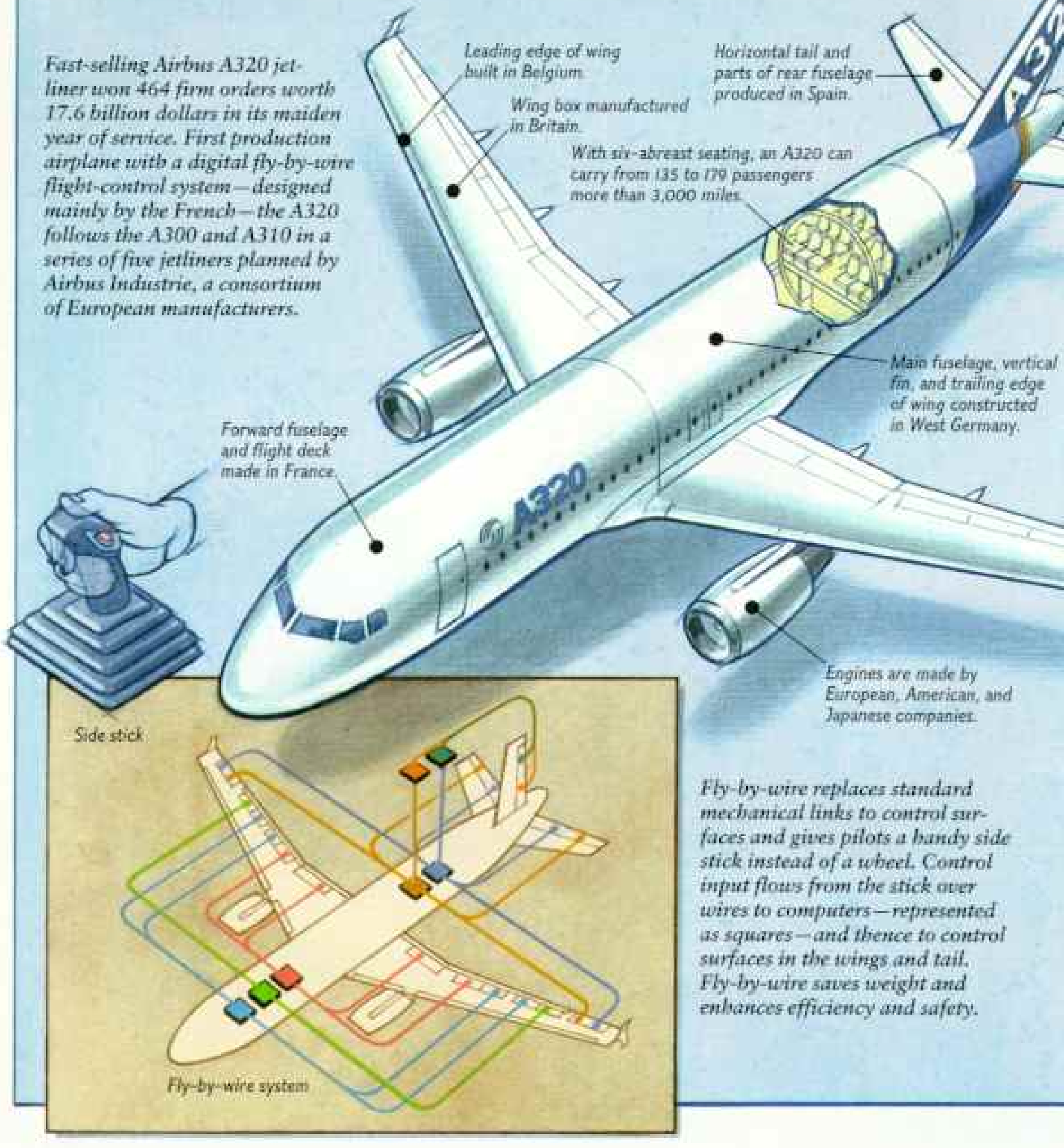


No city seduces as skillfully as Paris. Linger too long on the Pont des Arts and passion may nudge your slumbering spirit awake, or kiss your lips, or

JAMES L. STANFIELD

turn you into a whimsical work of art. With a sly, knowing wink, the City of Light steals your heart with one clear, small, joyous moment after another. □

Fast-selling Airbus A320 jetliner won 464 firm orders worth 17.6 billion dollars in its maiden year of service. First production airplane with a digital fly-by-wire flight-control system—designed mainly by the French—the A320 follows the A300 and A310 in a series of five jetliners planned by Airbus Industrie, a consortium of European manufacturers.



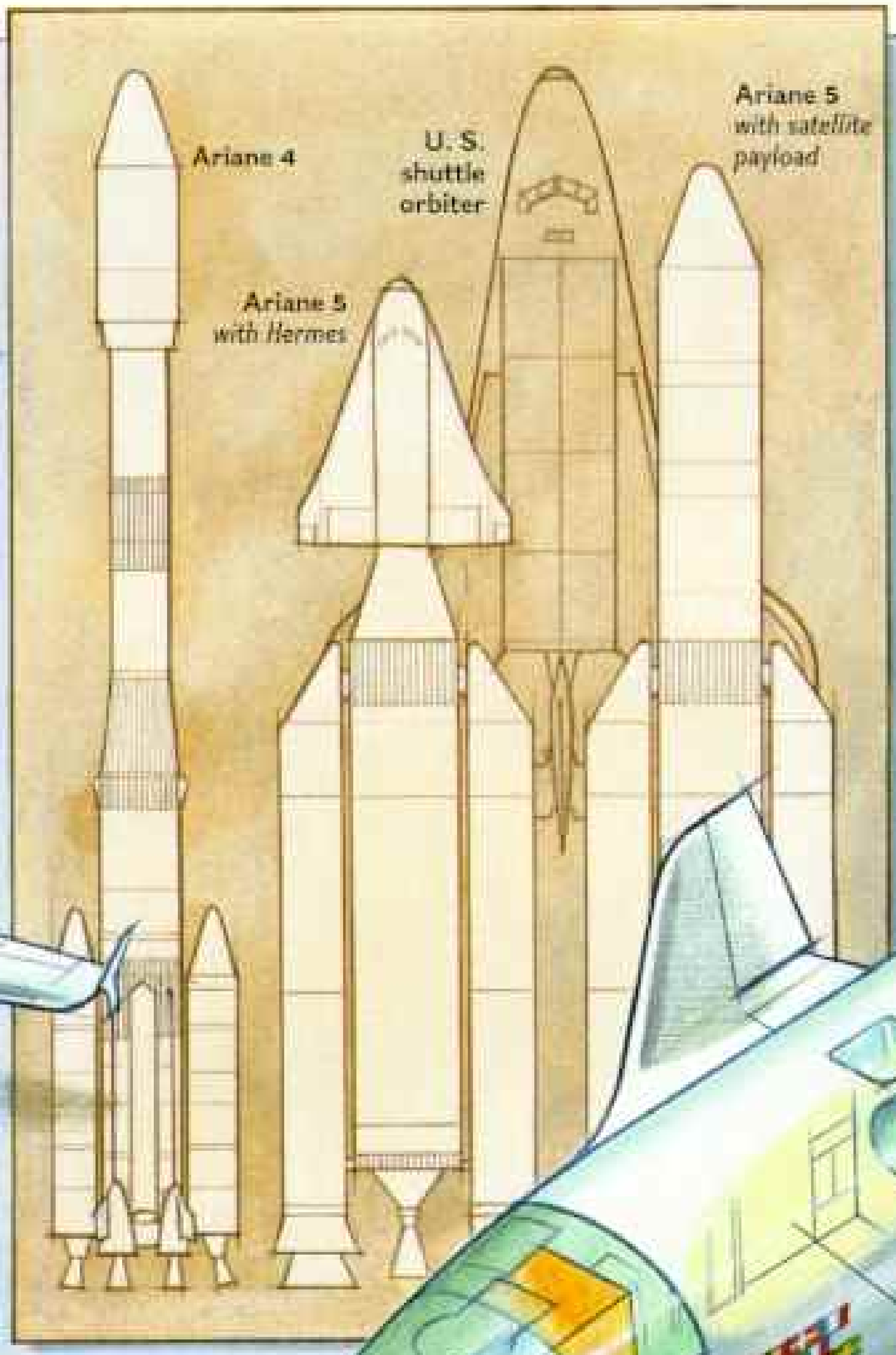
Fly-by-wire replaces standard mechanical links to control surfaces and gives pilots a handy side stick instead of a wheel. Control input flows from the stick over wires to computers—represented as squares—and thence to control surfaces in the wings and tail. Fly-by-wire saves weight and enhances efficiency and safety.

High Tech: The Future Is Now

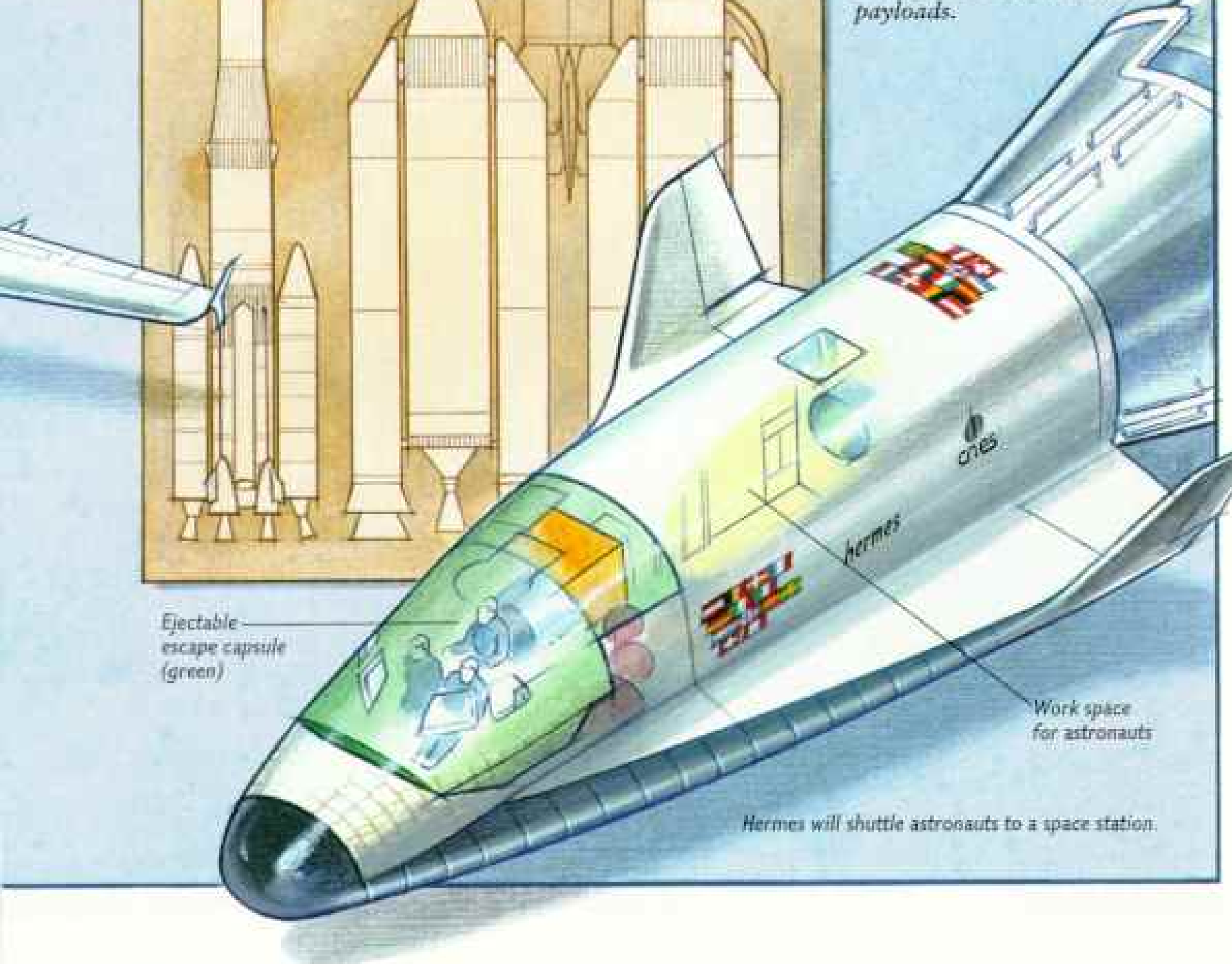
By MICHAEL E. LONG
NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SENIOR WRITER

Photographs by CHARLES O'REAR WEST LIGHT

Paintings by WILLIAM H. BOND NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC ARTIST



The Ariane 4 launches payloads from Kourou, French Guiana, for the 13-member European Space Agency. France spearheaded the formation of ESA and is the majority shareholder. Ariane 5, planned for the nineties and shown for size against the U. S. shuttle, will launch the planned Hermes shuttle and other satellite payloads.



Hermes will shuttle astronauts to a space station.

AS I ADVANCE the throttles, 50,000 pounds of thrust accelerates the new Airbus A320 jetliner with inexorable power. The runway becomes a silken blur, and I rotate the nose 15 degrees. The 150-passenger twinjet, pride of the French, German, British, and Spanish manufacturers who make up Airbus Industrie, fairly springs into the air from Blagnac Airport at Toulouse.

Despite thousands of takeoffs as a U. S. Marine Corps pilot and flight instructor, I experience exhilaration—soon eclipsed by a visceral surge of horror: A stealthy hand is closing the throttle of my starboard engine. Airbus test pilot Udo Guenzel, who has invited me to fly the airplane to get a taste of current French technology, now

confronts me with a pilot's nightmare, an engine failure on takeoff.

With the remaining thrust on one side of the airplane, the imbalance should precipitate an unnerving yawing motion, prelude to many crashes. The A320, however, keeps climbing safely, on rock-steady wings.

A glance at Captain Guenzel's Cheshire-cat grin confirms my suspicion—fly-by-wire, the A320's remarkable new digital flight-control system designed largely by the French, has unobtrusively intervened. He explains that during the first milliseconds of thrust imbalance the system's laser gyros diagnosed our engine failure and alerted computers, which repositioned control surfaces on the wings and tail to countermand yaw.

The A320 fly-by-wire also helps prevent stall and overspeed and will position the wing for a maximum performance climb during a wind-shear encounter. Throughout, Guenzel notes, the human pilots have the

Windsurfers, like most people in France, seem unconcerned about nuclear power, symbolized here by a cooling tower of a 900-megawatt reactor at Saint-Laurent-des-Eaux. Modifying U. S. reactors, the French emphasize standardization in hardware and training programs to achieve a level of economy, safety—and popular support—that other nations envy.

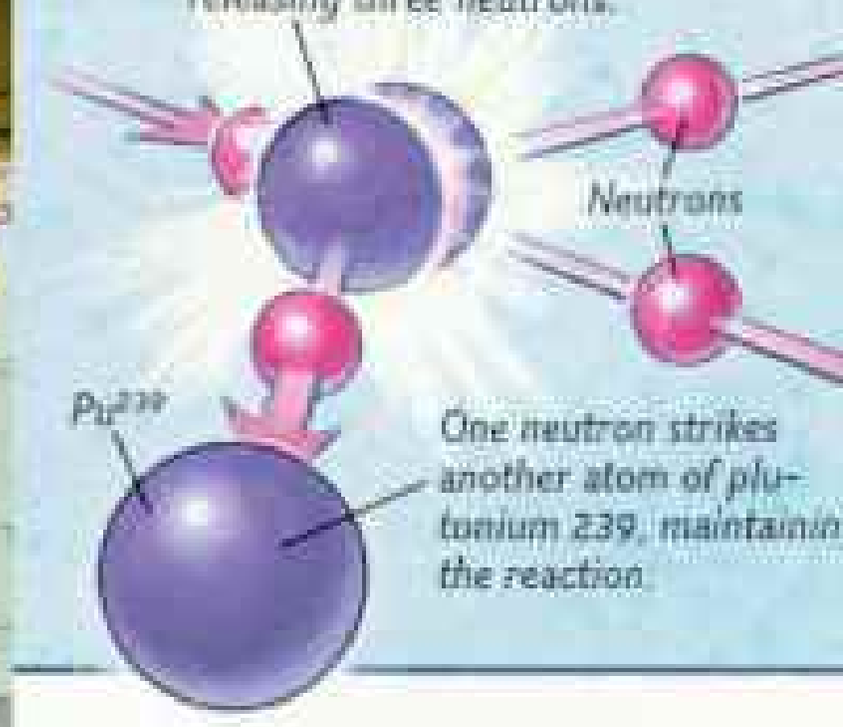
chance to judge, oversee, and manage these situations, something a computer cannot do.

With 464 firm orders, airlines seem to be standing in line to buy the A320 with its French-speaking, fly-by-wire brain. But Frenchmen in the street, at least those I met during weeks of travel, while respectful are not overly impressed. It's what they have come to expect from their technological establishment since President Charles de Gaulle exhorted his countrymen to cease

Equipped with a microchip, a telephone company "smart card," brainchild of Parisian Roland Moreno, debits charges after insertion in phone.

Fingers walk through electronic yellow pages in a Paris post office. A woman punches the keypad of a Minitel computer —whose small screen lies below a daily TV advisory— for phone numbers, train and plane reservations, or information on consumer goods from antiques to zimmias.

A neutron strikes and splits plutonium 239 in the core, releasing three neutrons.



being dependent on the United States and shape their own destinies.

France accepted that challenge and, 25 years later, now enjoys:

□ the world's second largest nuclear power system, with French-modified versions of American reactors that produce 75 percent of the nation's electrical energy. Power is also sold to Britain, Italy, West Germany, and the Netherlands.

□ the world's fastest in-service passenger trains that clip along at 168 miles an hour between Paris and Lyon.

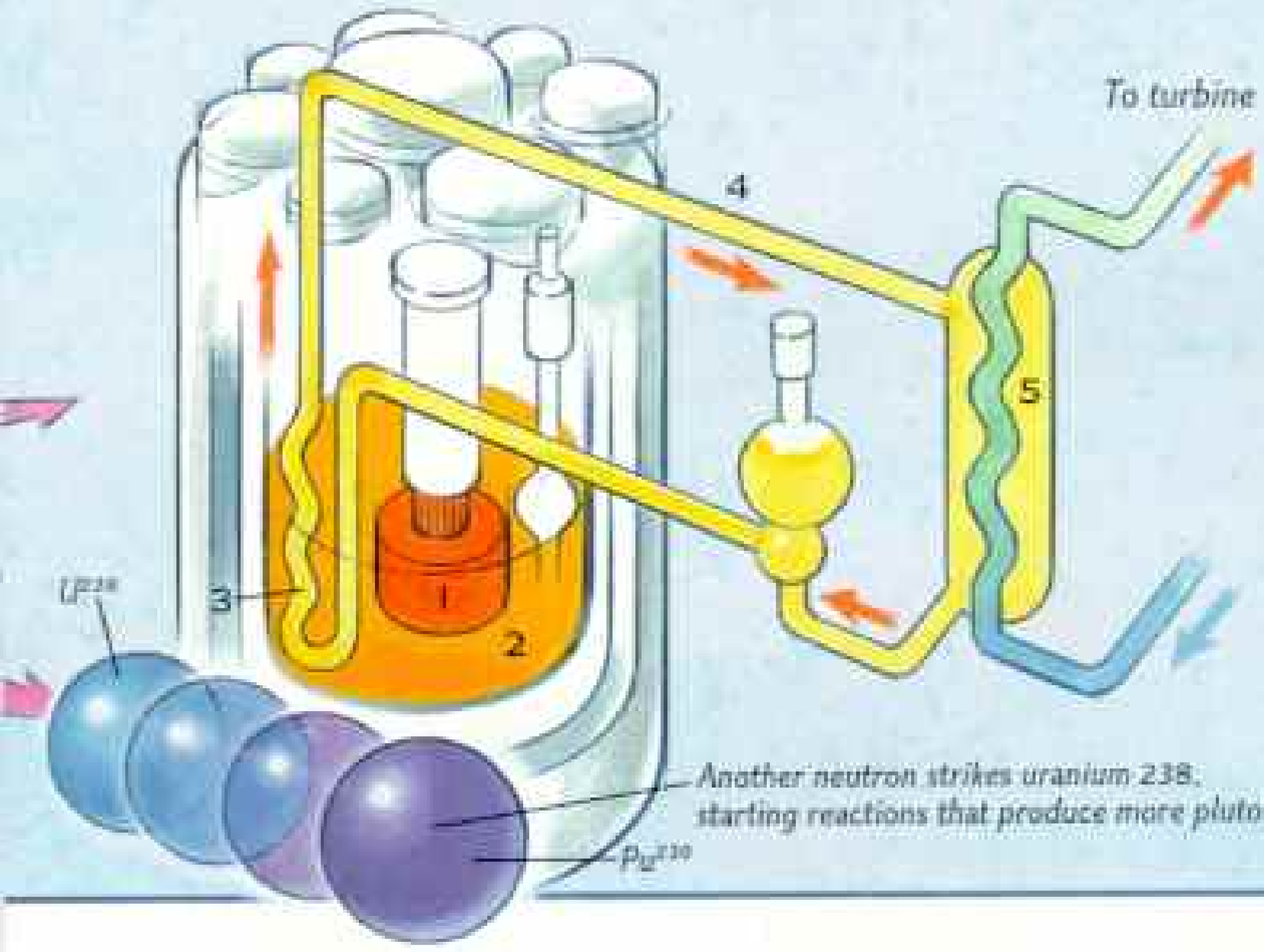
□ with other European states, a privately funded space program that launches commercial payloads and now plans its own shuttle.

□ with her Airbus Industrie partners, 18 percent of the world airliner market and a goal of 30 percent by the year 2000.

□ the SPOT imaging satellite that gave the world its first detailed look at the Chernobyl nuclear disaster in the Soviet Union. In the next decade France plans to orbit its own defense intelligence satellite.

France manufactures practically all its military hardware: frontline fighter and attack aircraft, a missile menu that includes an

After the oil crisis of 1973, France initiated a nuclear energy program whose power output from 55 reactors (left) now ranks second only to that of the United States. Looking to the future, France has a majority interest, and Italian and German partners, in the prototype Superphénix fast-breeder reactor (right) at Creys-Malville. The process produces more nuclear fuel than it consumes.



Fast-breeder reaction heats core (1) to 1000°F, a temperature maintained by a pool of liquid sodium coolant (2) that also enables neutrons to keep their high speed. A heat exchanger (3) transfers heat from the sodium pool to an intermediate sodium circuit (4) and thence to a steam generator (5). Hot sodium turns water into steam that runs a turbine to generate electricity.

agile, supersonic version of the dreaded Exocet, and nuclear weapons capable of delivery by land, undersea, and air—the so-called strategic triad hitherto possessed only by U. S. and Soviet nuclear forces.

"France is an ambitious country," says Frédéric d'Allest, chairman of Arianespace and another of the bright young technical managers who all seem to have graduated from the prestigious École Polytechnique. "To keep its place in the world," d'Allest continues, "de Gaulle felt France should become a nuclear power and should have access to space." With men like d'Allest on point, France pushed for the creation of the European Space Agency, underwriting nearly 60 percent of the first Ariane rocket.

Today few Parisians think about the horrors of the French telephone system of 20 years ago. Back then, a local comedian said he had to call a nearby suburb via New York City. That way, he explained, he could avoid wrong numbers and outrageous delays. His audiences roared with recognition.

No more. Next year France will become the first country to transform its phone system from analog to digital. A single phone line will simultaneously transmit voice, fax, photographs, computer software, and other material that can be expressed in digital fashion. Some Paris businessmen are already using the new system, called Numéris.

Though in Nobel Prizes France runs a persistent fourth in the physical sciences, behind the United States, Britain, and West Germany, her sons and daughters have always seemed to have the acumen to make things work. In 1642 Blaise Pascal created a mechanical calculator of brass for his father, who was a tax collector. In 1769 artillery officer Nicolas Cugnot fashioned a 24-foot-long, steam-powered, front-wheel-drive vehicle to haul cannon. Though the device never got past the prototype stage, it later caught Napoleon Bonaparte's eye, and it is regarded as a progenitor of the automobile.

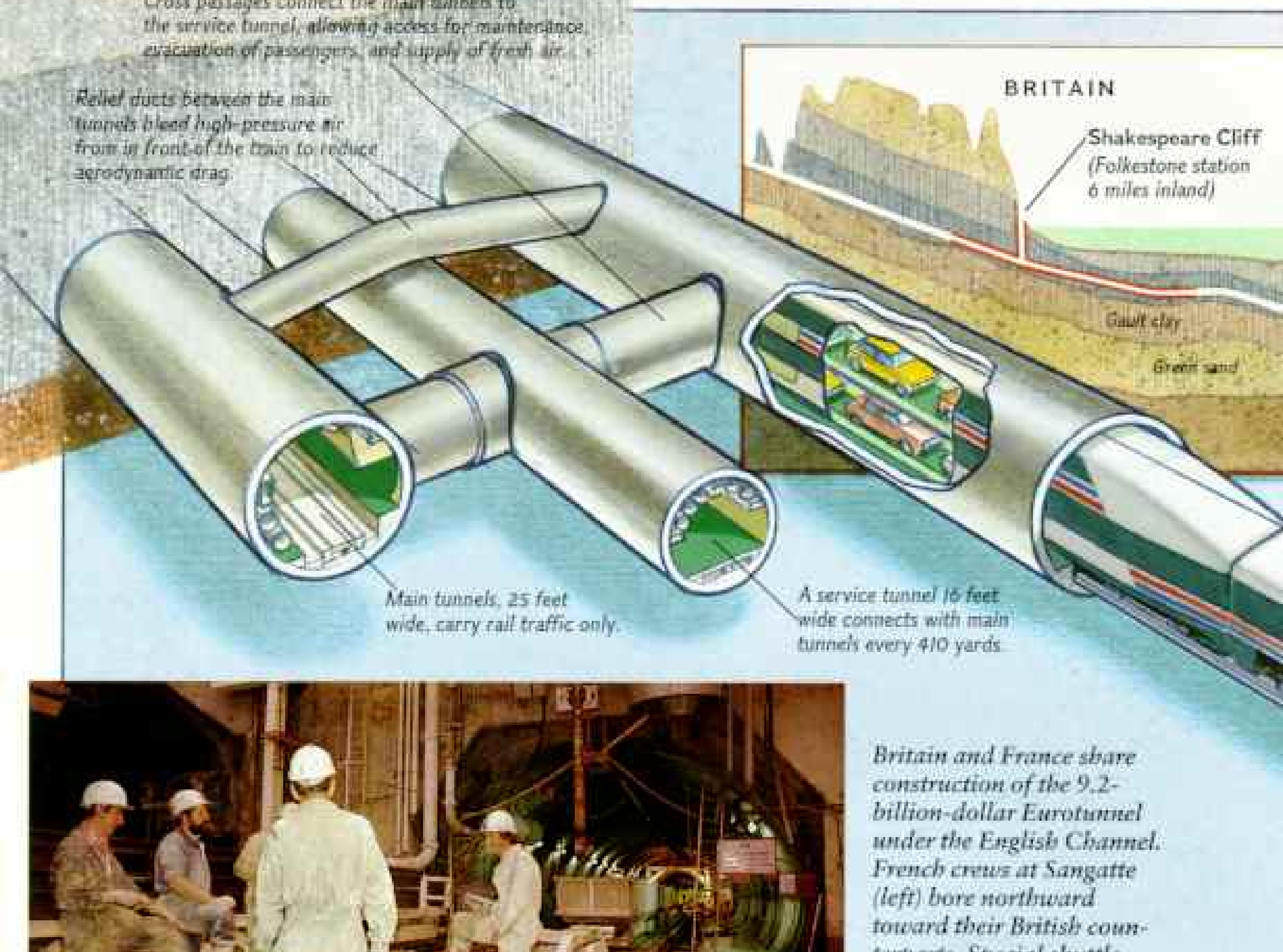
Louis Daguerre found in 1839 that silver iodide was the key ingredient for a practical method of making photographs that were soon called daguerreotypes. Auguste and Louis Lumière, the "light brothers," exploited the technology of moving pictures by making the first movie, in 1895, followed by the first newsreel and first documentaries. In

FRENCH NATIONAL RAILROADS

Like reptiles at rest, TGV trains in a Paris yard become ribbons of speed on the rail, carrying passengers at 168 miles an hour between Paris and Lyon without accident since operation began in 1981. With more powerful motors the next generation Train à Grande Vitesse—train of great speed—will achieve 186 miles an hour. Switching off the power on downhill grades, engineers get an assist from gravity to maintain speed while conserving electricity.

a plane he designed, built, and flew, Louis Blériot crossed the English Channel in 1909.

In these achievements one senses seed elements that have engendered the French technological vision of today. I would describe that vision as the genius to see possibilities, the flair to diagnose and fix, the discipline to avoid technological traps, the skill to persuade, the urge to organize, and, sometimes, the courage to laugh. Brig. Gen. Alain Crémieux, of the Ministry of Defense, harked



MICHEL SETBOUN, RAPHO/ © PICTURES

Britain and France share construction of the 9.2-billion-dollar Eurotunnel under the English Channel. French crews at Sangatte (left) bore northward toward their British counterparts. Special shuttle trains will ferry vehicles and freight. High-speed trains will carry passengers between London and Paris and many other destinations.

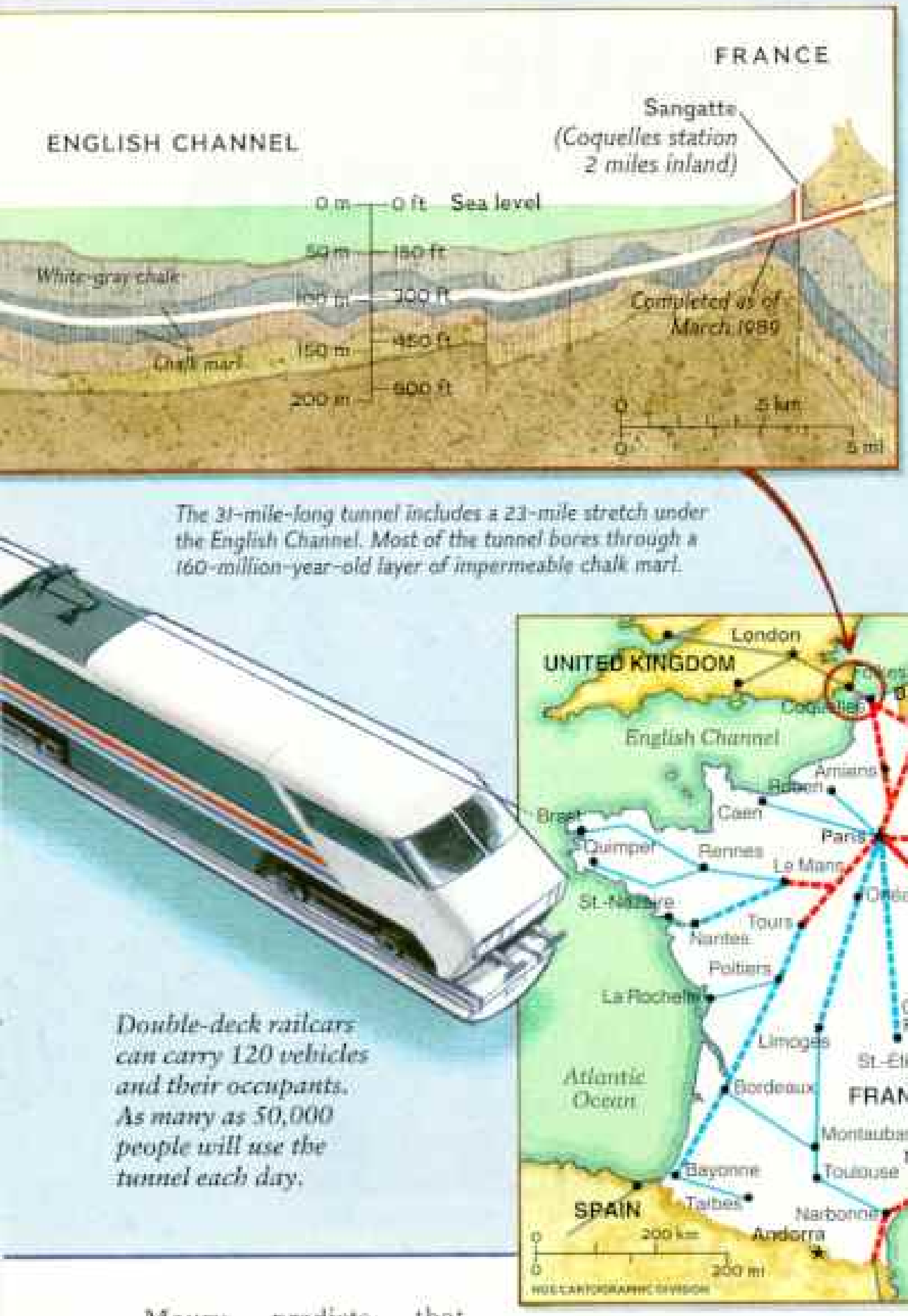
back to the much criticized Maginot Line that invading German forces simply skirted. "The Maginot Line worked fine," he told me. "It just wasn't long enough."

Exercising the French passion for organization, France Telecom—the government-run phone company—took basic computer technology and created Minitel, a computer that it provides free to 4.4 million subscribers. Minitel offers access to what is billed as the world's largest data base: an electronic countrywide phone book; plane, train, and theater reservations; and every butcher, baker, vintner, and purveyor of goods and services in Paris and some other cities.

Telecom invites entrepreneurs to provide services on Minitel, thus giving rise to the famous *messageries roses*, networks that link lonely hearts who tap out messages by Minitel to one another's pseudonyms. Let the tapper beware. One evening with the help of Jean-Paul Maury, a Telecom official, I addressed "Krokodil." I queried, "I am a lonely American in Paris. Who are you?"

The reply: "*Un reptile dégueulasse*—A disgusting reptile."

Invoking the spirit of *liberté*, Maury shrugged his shoulders. Moving right along, I noted that most Frenchmen seem pleased with their Minitels, except perhaps mothers of small children, who view it as a video toy with *maman* on-line to pay the charges.



Shuttles will make the run between terminals at Folkestone and Coquelles in about 35 minutes, high-speed trains from London to Paris in about three hours, when Eurotunnel opens in June 1993. With French TGVs already branching out from Paris, the tunnel has spurred plans for a high-speed, trans-Europe rail network.

- Present high-speed rail
- Future high-speed rail
- Line to be upgraded for high speed
- Conventional line
- Suggested European extension of high-speed network

The 31-mile-long tunnel includes a 23-mile stretch under the English Channel. Most of the tunnel bores through a 160-million-year-old layer of impermeable chalk marl.

Double-deck railcars can carry 120 vehicles and their occupants. As many as 50,000 people will use the tunnel each day.

Maury predicts that youngsters like these who grow up with the machine will exploit its full possibilities as adults, perhaps in conjunction with Numéris. As a seminal event, Maury claims, "Minitel is as important as the invention of printing."

When in need of software, call Ada, a French computer programming language chosen by the Pentagon as the standard to replace the babel of 400 different languages used in American military applications. Want a battlefield telephone system with impressive networking and survival capabilities? Call RITA, bought by the U. S. Army in 1985. To help Army assault helicopters during their night runs, call ROMEO, a radar system that can see a two-centimeter cable from a thousand meters.

Or call Dr. Francis Mouyen. A Toulouse oral surgeon, he tired of the development time for dental X rays and invented a real-time imager. Composed of a tiny fluoroscope connected by fiber optics to a charge-coupled device—all about as big as a fingertip—the imager fits comfortably in the mouth. It does its job in unobtrusive fashion, yet another sign that when it comes to amour, cuisine, wine—and now technology—56 million Frenchmen could be right. □

A Castle Under the Louvre

In the heart of Paris a medieval fortress is unearthed beneath the renowned museum and former palace of kings.

By PETER MILLER
ASSISTANT EDITOR

Photographs by JAMES L. STANFIELD
NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER

PATRICK THOMAS, EXPLORER AGENCY

THEY FOUND IT just below the surface of the Square Court (above), unmolested by the centuries. No army had assaulted it. No wrecker had pulled it down.

It was the foundation of the original Louvre, erected at the close of the 12th century by the great fortifier King Philip Augustus. Strategically positioned on the western wall of Paris, the first Louvre was a square citadel with a great tower at its center and ten smaller ones around its perimeter. The towers were spaced no more than 80 feet apart to maximize the firepower of the French crossbow with its range of some 200 feet.

Spires added by Charles V in the 14th century lend a fairy-tale quality to the castle in a scene from *Les Très Riches Heures* (facing page), an illuminated manuscript commissioned by Charles's brother Jean, Duc de Berry. In this miniature depicting the labors of October, the Louvre is viewed from the duke's residence, the Hôtel de Nesle, across the Seine.

The old fortress was excavated as part of a 12-year, billion-dollar campaign to reorganize the Louvre from top to bottom. Begun in 1983, the Grand Louvre Project envisions a museum more than twice as large as before, with a better organized collection and such comfort-oriented new facilities as a cafeteria and restaurant, a museum shop and bookstore, and a 420-seat auditorium. The centerpiece of the project, the celebrated glass pyramid over the main entrance, opened its doors in late March, inaugurating a new era for the palace, which has already witnessed 800 years of French history.


Libra.
Scorpionis.
Arabus.
Virgo.
Septembris.
Octobris.
Pisces.
Aries.
Arabus.
Gradivus.
Aquarius.
Capricornus.
Sagittarius.

THE GREAT TOWER of Philip Augustus' fortress, founded on a massive round base (above), was a monumental symbol of royal authority rising a hundred feet high. Surrounded by its own moat, the tower was designed to be the king's last refuge. It also served as a prison, arsenal, and treasury.

By the time of the Renaissance, however, when French kings had begun to use the Louvre as a residence rather than a fortress, the tower was no longer needed. Francis I pulled it down in 1528 and filled in the surrounding moat to create more open space in the courtyard.

Dug out again under plans supervised by Pierre-Yves Ligen, president of the Grand Louvre Foundation (right), the moat has been transformed into part of an underground gallery. Those who enter may notice marks on the walls in the shapes of Maltese crosses or hearts (far right), which were left by master masons to guide laborers in the construction of the most difficult sections.

Unlike the outer moat, which was filled with water from the Seine and periodically sluiced, the tower moat was always dry. For that reason, odds and ends tossed into it were left relatively undisturbed. French archaeologists have recovered from its

bottom some 250,000 fragments of pottery—jugs, jars, cups, cooking pots, pitchers, and saucepans—all of which may be safely dated to the decades just before 1528, since the moat was cleaned out every 40 years or so. They have also found in the two moats pieces of windows, tiles, clothing, baskets, leather, coins, and other discarded items of daily life, including part of a bird-shaped whistle. There was even one cooking pot with the bones of a pigeon still in it.

Cooks tossed scraps of food into the moat, revealing a varied menu: farm-bred animals such as cattle, goats, and poultry; game such as wild boar, deer, and hare; carp, pike, ray, turtle, mussels, and oysters. The castle occupants also enjoyed apricots, peaches, grapes, plums, figs, melons, and chestnuts.

The biggest surprise came from the tower well, where workers retrieved 155 fragments of a late 14th-century gilded bronze helmet.

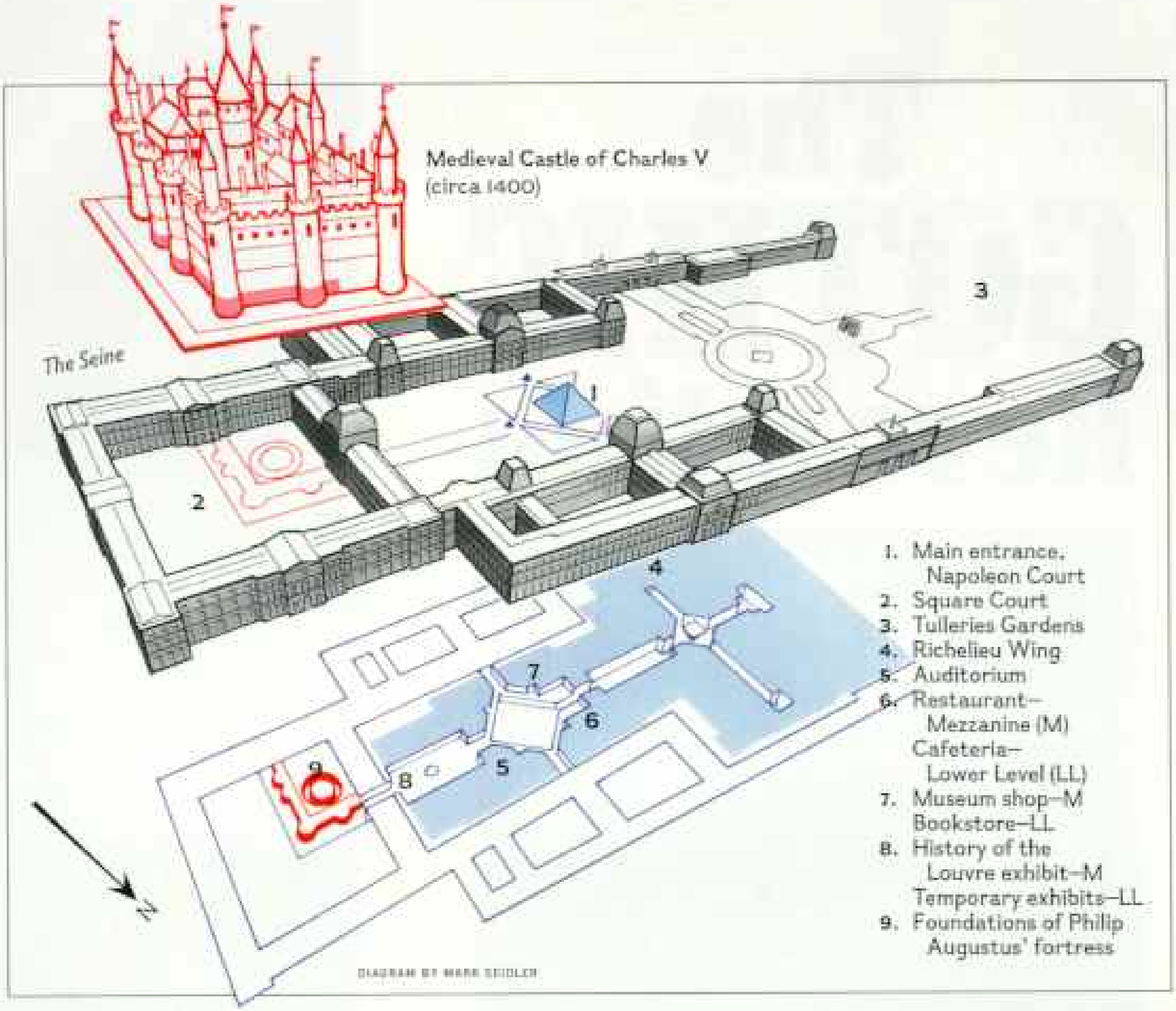
"They were thrown in there by a thief," says archaeologist Michel Fleury (above), who identified the ceremonial helmet as belonging to Charles VI. "You can see the scratches the thief left on the metal. When he realized it was bronze, not gold, he broke it up and dropped the pieces into the well."

Fleury recognized the helmet from a description in a royal inventory prepared in 1411. It was said to have a distinctive crest and to be covered not only with the fleur-de-lis, the traditional symbol of French royalty, but also with the winged stag, Charles's personal emblem.

"To me the helmet represents the despair of the Hundred Years' War," says Fleury. "The monarchy had been weakened by the long struggle with England, and the young king's uncles were vying for power. Charles was also known to suffer bouts of insanity. So it was very important that his helmet display both the royal symbol and his own to show the people that he was truly king."

Besides fragments from the gilded helmet, hundreds of other bits of metal were discovered in the old castle, including part of a scabbard from a 14th-century sword and a piece of a second helmet belonging to Charles's son, the Dauphin Louis.

"When we started," says Fleury, "everybody told us we wouldn't find a thing. We've gotten a wonderful revenge on them!"



THE IDEA of redesigning a national treasure was "daunting," says American architect I. M. Pei (right). But he accepted the challenge when it was offered to him by President François Mitterrand in 1983.

Mitterrand had made a key decision: To move the Ministry of Finance out of the Richelieu Wing of the palace, where it had been located since 1871, thus adding 60 percent more exhibit space to the Musée du Louvre and dramatically changing its geometry.

"The Louvre's new center of gravity will be smack in the middle of the Napoleon Court," explains Pei. "So that was where the new entrance had to go to distribute people to the three wings of the museum."

Pei's design for the entrance, a 71-foot-tall glass pyramid, provoked wild debate at first. "It was a real scandal," says art historian Bruno Foucart. "But it doesn't seem so frightening now. The surrounding buildings are still quite strong." Despite being underground the new entrance hall creates an elegant, open feeling (left). Video monitors announce the day's menu of exhibits to visitors, who are expected to increase in attendance from 3.5 million last year to 6 million next year.

What would Philip Augustus think of the art palace that has evolved from his castle?

"I believe he would understand," says Pierre-Yves Ligen, "because his fortress expressed its own epoch, and the pyramid does the same for ours. It has purity of form, clarity of design, and expresses a clear function: To welcome people to the Louvre from all over the world." □

The GOTHIC Revolution

French builders of the 1100s first dared to fashion heaven's image in soaring cathedrals of stone. Entrance was by portals worthy of paradise, and the sanctuary was charged with light pressed through glass tapestries radiant with faith.

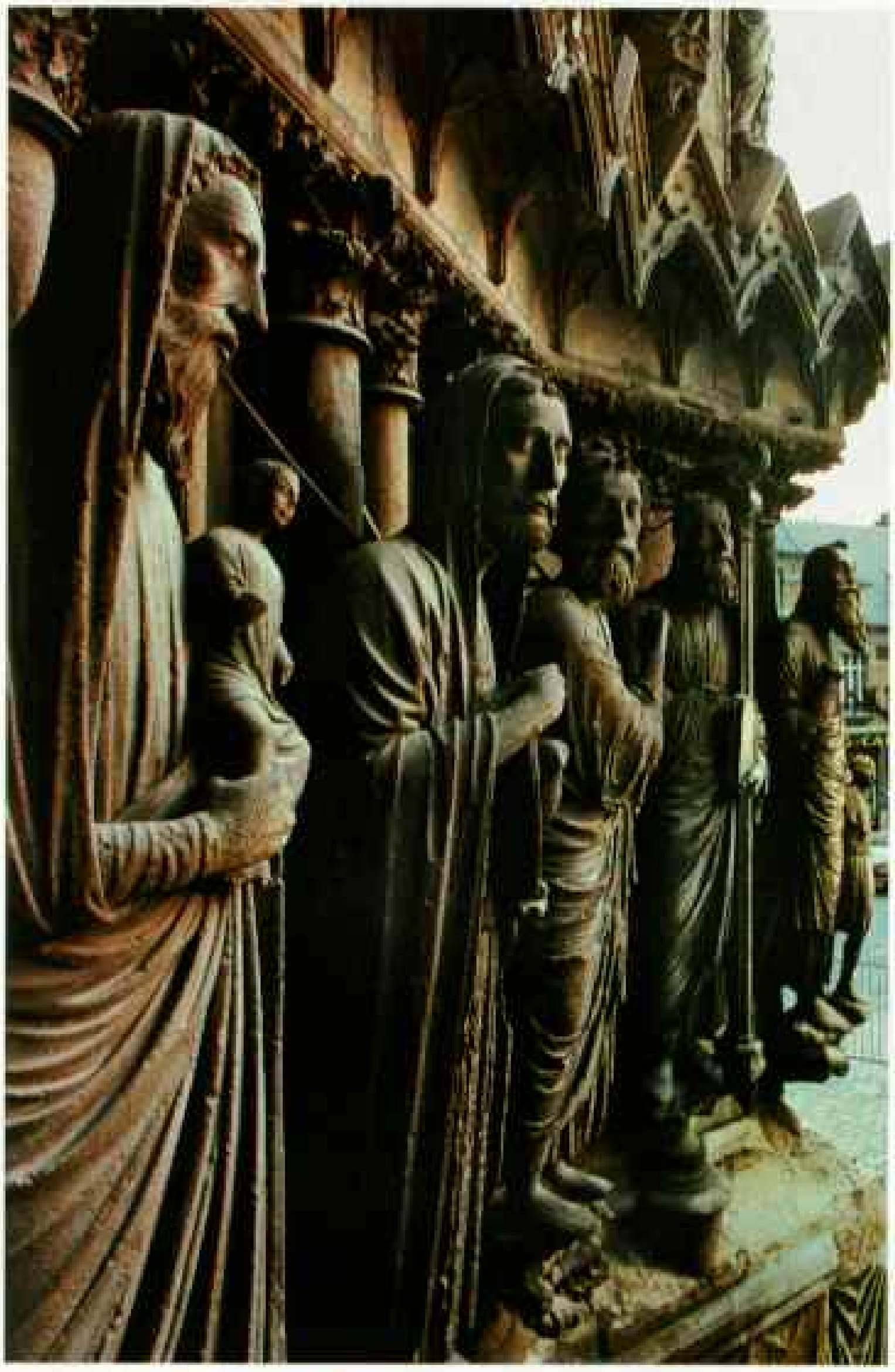
Photographs by
JAMES L. STANFIELD and VICTOR R. BOSWELL, JR.
BOTH NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHERS

The biblical marriage at Cana is deeply carved on a wooden choir stall (above) in the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Amiens. The west facade and portals embody the French high-Gothic style of the early 13th century.

TALLEST nave in a French Gothic cathedral, the vaults of Amiens rise 139 feet. Commenced in A.D. 1220 by Robert de Luzarches, the nave took 16 years to complete.

The city of Amiens was a commune, a status conveying municipal independence under the feudal system. By definition the seat of a bishop, cathedrals were built with funds often donated largely by nobles and merchants. At Amiens merchant wealth came from two main sources: wine and woad, a plant used to make a blue dye popular throughout Europe.

The Gothic building boom reflected an era of growing power for the monarchy, the cities, and the bourgeoisie, and the cathedrals expressed civic pride fully as much as ecclesiastical glory.



WHEN WALLS became glass and building heights mounted ever upward, how could Gothic cathedrals—each more daring than the last—still be supported? Only a hundred years ago architects of commercial buildings began to solve that problem with internal steel frameworks, and skyscrapers arrived. More than 800 years ago Gothic architects put much of their framework, of stone, on the outside.

Flying buttresses were constructed of vertical masonry piers with arches curving out from them like fingers. The fingers pressed against remnant wall sections between the great windows. The function of buttresses was to absorb thrust from the main body of the church, a serious threat to the structure during high winds.

How best to design buttresses was based on experience and trial and error rather than calculated engineering.

With time, systems tended to become less massive and more fanciful. At the Cathedral of Saint-Julien in Le Mans, buttresses came in clusters of three (right), interlocked in a Y shape when seen from above.

All this was done to hang the great tapestries of stained glass, best exemplified at Chartres. In one window a tree that represents the lineage of Christ, from the kings of Judah through Mary, grows from the loins of Jesse, father of David (detail, left).

In the Gothic scheme the grandest sculptures were most often placed on facades—at the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Reims more than 500 figures. Among the finest from the Reims workshop, begun in 1211, are (left top, from left): Simeon with the infant Jesus, St. John the Baptist, Isaiah, Moses, and Abraham with Isaac.

Small yet perfect, Sainte-Chapelle was built in Paris in the 1240s by order of the saintly Louis IX to enshrine relics from Christ's Passion.

Massive standing, rather than flying, buttresses hold the chapel erect and allow glass to span the uttermost extent for the most ethereal of effects.

FORTRESS OF FAITH rose on the Île de la Cité, the island in the Seine where Paris was founded. That island, in turn, stood at the heart of the Île-de-France, a runtish territory held under the direct control of the French monarchy.

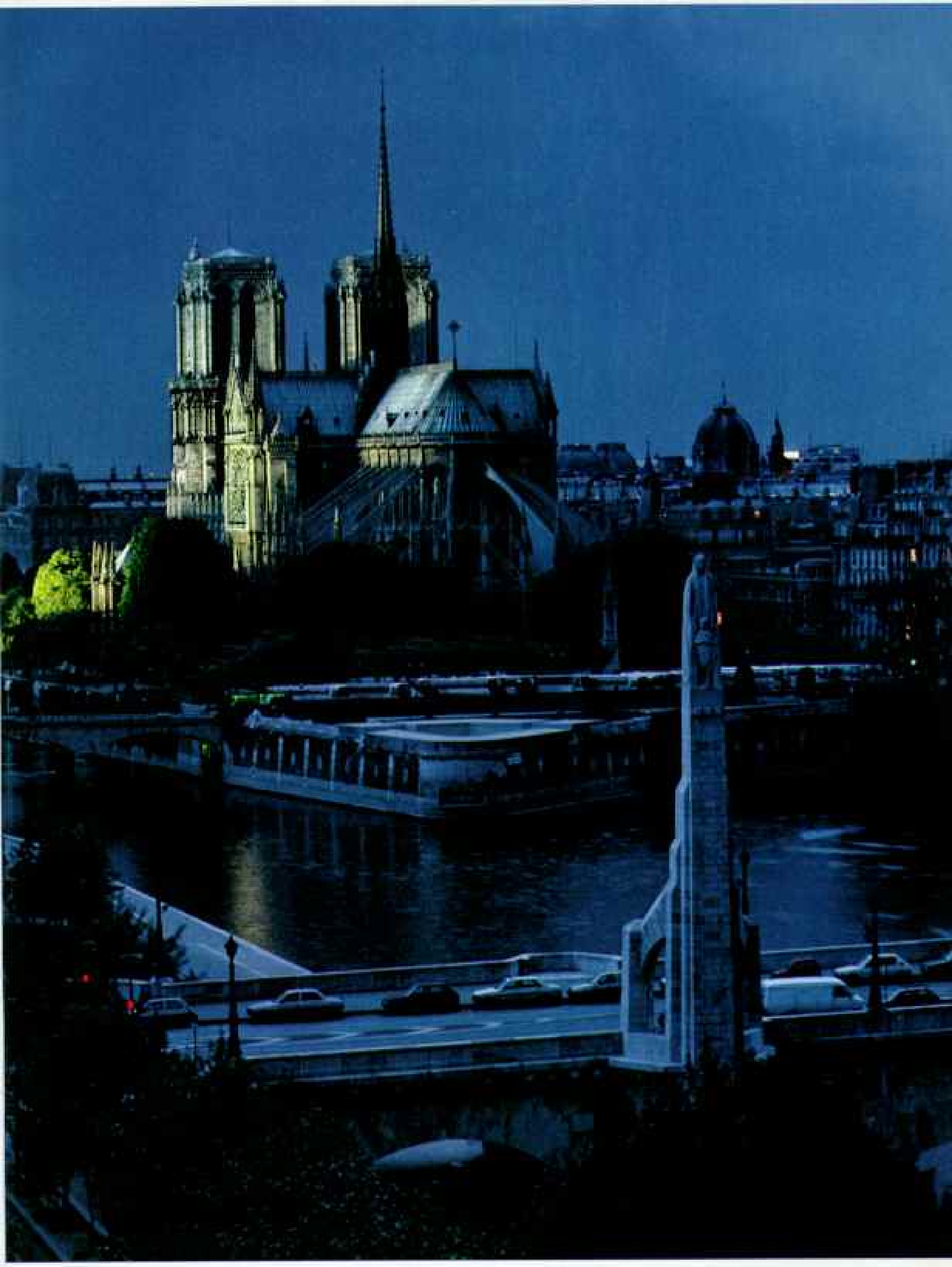
When the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris was begun in 1163, King Louis VII was consolidating his power at the expense of feudal lords and vassals. In the next decades the territory of the monarch would expand, through the cathedral's consecration in 1189, the death of its founding bishop, Maurice de Sully, in 1196, the completion of the west front in 1240 and the towers in 1250.

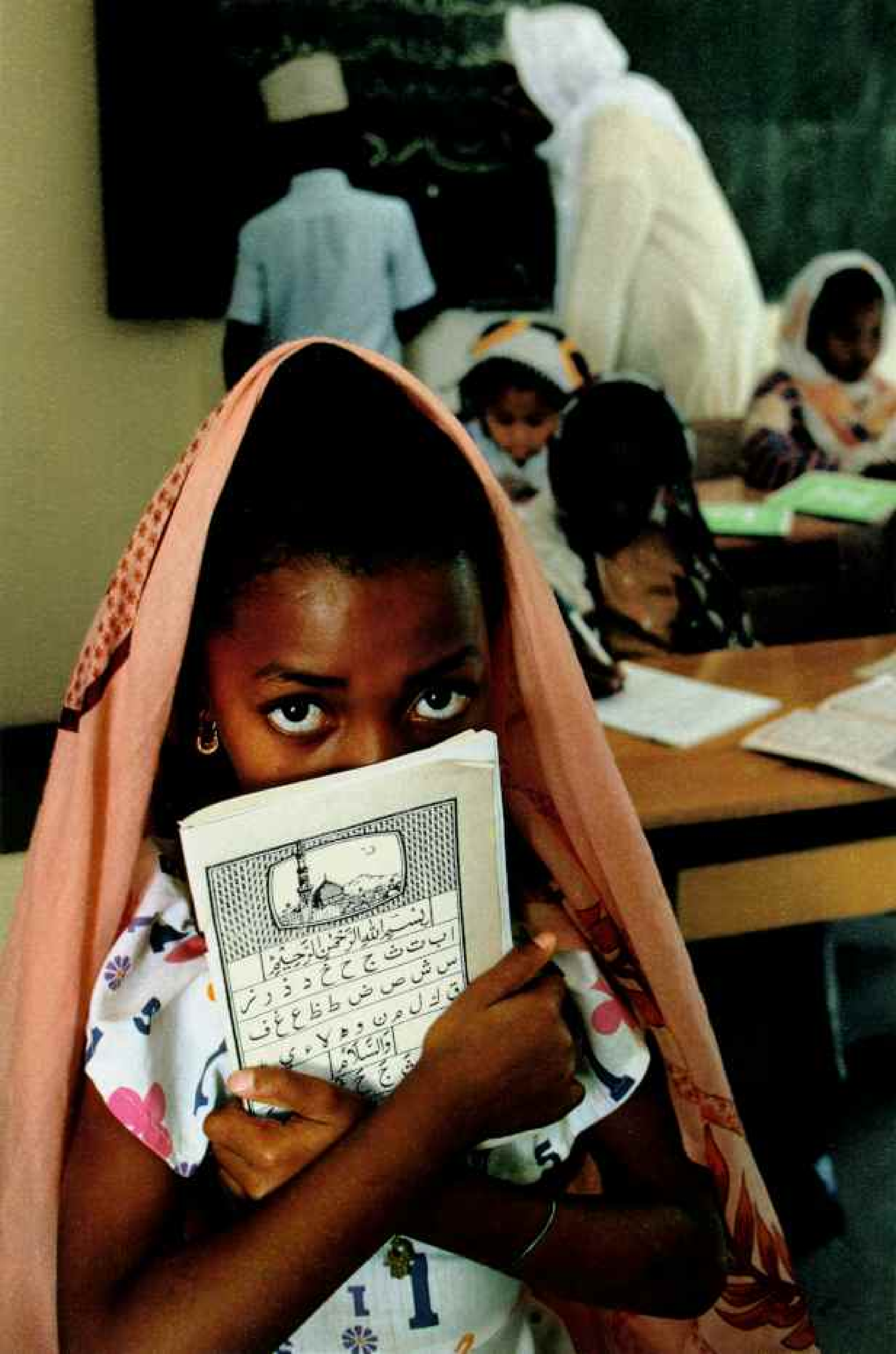
The most colossal church of its generation, the cathedral was the first to employ flying buttresses as part of its original plan, although those earliest examples are not visible in this distant view.

As the first cathedral to make use of a full Gothic vocabulary—flying buttresses, rose and other windows of stained glass, pointed arches, and rib vaulting—Notre Dame anchored a style both distinctively French and truly novel. From the hub of the Île-de-France the Gothic manner rapidly spread across much of Europe to become the characteristic church architecture of the high Middle Ages.

As for the cathedral itself, its simple but stately ground plan was soon altered. Other revisions, additions, and desecrations (especially during the French Revolution) took place down through the centuries.

Like other great Gothic churches in France, Notre Dame reflects the genius of a moment in time that aspired, and aspires, to the eternal. □





A generation of foreign workers and their children have not been fully assimilated. Caught between two cultures, they are the. . .

Unsettled Immigrants

By THOMAS J. ABERCROMBIE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SENIOR WRITER

Photographs by STEVE McCURRY MAGNUM

PICK ANY DOZEN Frenchmen and one will be a foreigner. Pick any twenty and one will be a Muslim. Go to the great Mediterranean port of Marseille and pick any six. One will be *Arabe*.

Those numbers, especially the last, have in recent years tested France's long tradition of accommodating foreigners. Marseille, after all, was settled by foreigners: Anatolian Greeks some 25 centuries ago settled there and called it Massilia. They may have chosen a site occupied earlier by Phoenicians.

Some of France's most celebrated figures, past and present, have sprung from foreign ancestry. Designer Pierre Cardin and actor Yves Montand hail from Italy. Picasso was born in Spain. Charles de Gaulle had a German branch in his family tree. The literary genius of existentialism and Nobel laureate in 1957, Albert Camus, had a mother of Spanish descent, and he was born in Algeria.

After the 1789 Revolution the young French republic became known as a "land of asylum." Today it shelters 140,000 political refugees: Vietnamese, Chileans, Iranians, Poles, Palestinians.

After both World Wars, workers flowed in from Italy and Spain and Portugal to help rebuild, and share in, France's prosperity. They blended in; perhaps 750,000 Portuguese remain.

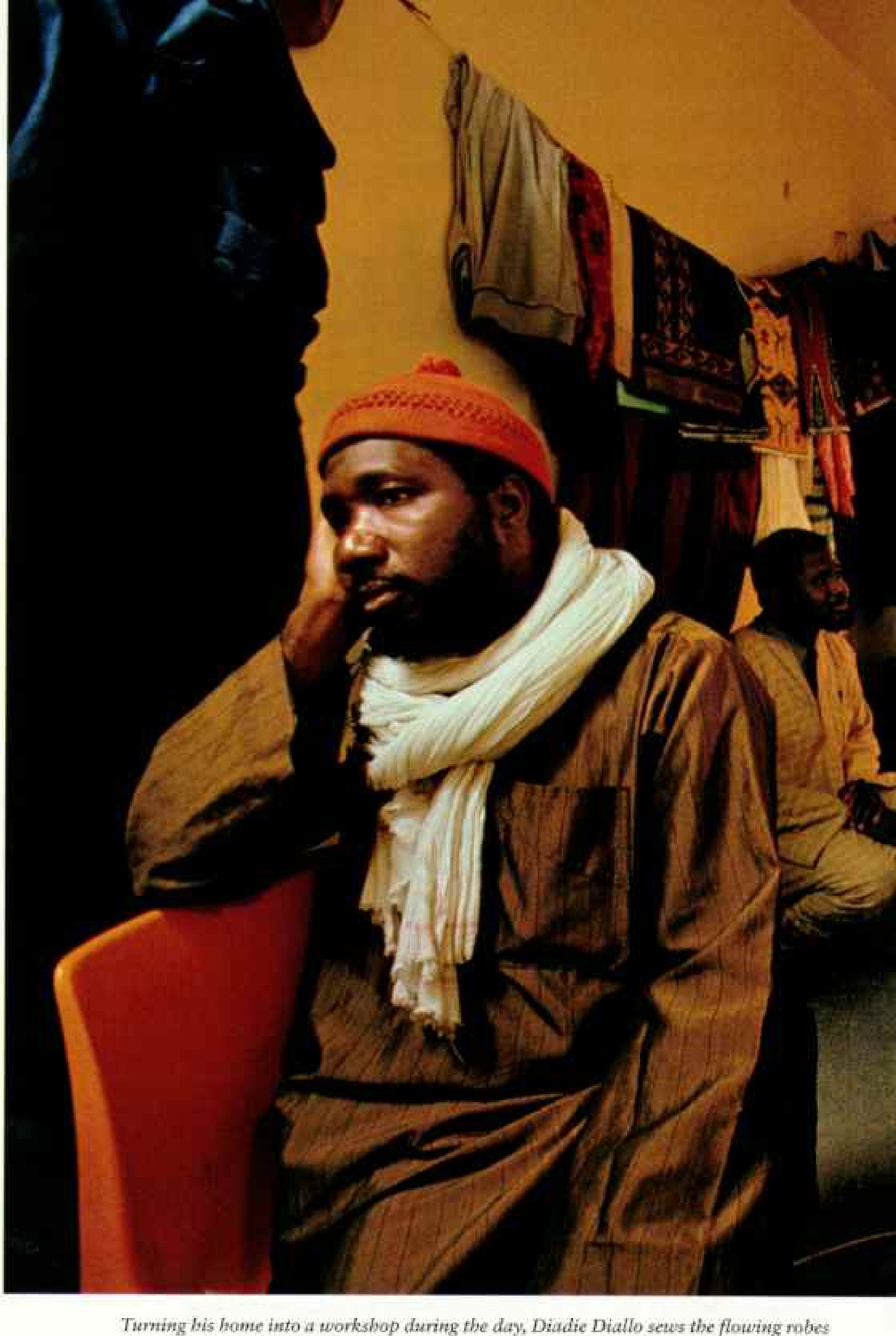
Then came the revolts in Indochina and Algeria and the ending of France's empire. French colonials came home, many of them bitter. After them came thousands upon thousands of former colonial subjects in search of work—perhaps a million and a half from Algeria, Morocco, and Tunisia alone.

They were welcomed at first, since France had a labor shortage. The labor shortage evaporated, but the population of Muslims in France continued to grow.

Marseille is the clank and drone of cranes and conveyors, the hum of pipelines, and the curses of longshoremen in a dozen languages along 40 miles of modern docks and yards that dominate commercial shipping in the Mediterranean.

Marseille is the Vieux-Port (Old Port) that

Hiding shyly behind a lesson book, a young Muslim in Marseille spends summer vacation studying the Koran. Her family, from the Comoros in the Indian Ocean, figures among the 4.5 million immigrants—many from overseas French departments and former colonies—who are changing the face of France.



Turning his home into a workshop during the day, Diadie Diallo sews the flowing robes that he sells to fellow Africans in Paris. At night he cleans the Métro, the city's subway. Working both these jobs allows him to send money to his two wives and eight children in

Mauritania. Diadie rents this one room in an all-male foyer, or dormitory, in Belleville, an immigrant neighborhood in eastern Paris now being gentrified. His visitors, all unskilled laborers holding jobs the French disdain, occupy rooms nearby.

More than the mosque can hold, Muslims crowd Rue du Bon-Pasteur in Marseille during midday prayer (facing page). In a Renault plant near Paris an assembly-line worker prays alone. With some three million believers, Islam is France's second largest religion.

WILLIAM ALBERT ALLARD (OPPOSITE)

once harbored creaking caravels plying routes to Africa and the Orient. At the foot of La Canebière, Marseille's main street, fishing smacks crowd the quay in early morning, their captains hawking mackerel, tuna, and conger eels fresh from the nets to housewives or to chefs from waterfront restaurants.

But Marseille is the gateway for the Arab influx. Some of the immigrants entered illegally. Many more were legal but have remained strangers to almost all aspects of French society. Yet others have become fully acclimated and find themselves strangers to their North African or Islamic heritages. Who is then a foreigner and who French?

SHE WAS LOADED DOWN with books when friends introduced us at the Café l'Express, across from the Musée des Beaux-Arts. A graduate student in sociology at the university in nearby Aix-en-Provence, she wore her hood of bouncing curls over a chic leather jacket, designer jeans, and red heels. And when Malika Chafi spoke, her dark Arab eyes danced to the beat of her rapid-fire French.

"My father has lived here 50 years," Malika said. "He fought in the French Army against the Germans, then spent all his working life here in the dockyards.

"Every August he would take us on a big white ferryboat, the *Liberté* or the *Napoléon*, back to his native Oran in Algeria.

"I felt strangely at home there, the food, the cozy family life, speaking my native tongue, Arabic. Still, I was ill at ease.

"My aunt once decorated my hands and feet with traditional tattoos, using henna, a temporary dye," she said. "Still, I was horrified by what friends would think when I got back to Marseille."

Malika later took me to the Arab wedding of a friend in Berre-l'Étang, a refinery town northwest of Marseille. I caught only a glimpse of the bride in the doorway, radiant in her Western-style, white silk wedding gown, before her proud father, Rahib Slimani, led me around to the garage where a banquet was set for the menfolk.

"Living here, surrounded by a new culture, we work all the harder to guard our traditions," Slimani said. "We even brought over an imam from a mosque in Algiers for the *kitab*, reading the rites from the Koran."

After the ceremony Malika spoke little during the dark drive back to town.

"I was born here. I can have French nationality. But still I keep my Algerian passport. Sometimes I feel like that white ferryboat, sailing the blue sea in between."

From the vantage point of Marseille's hilltop basilica, I had seen those white ferryboats cutting wakes in the turquoise sea. Smiling down from behind me, the golden colossus of Notre-Dame-de-la-Garde (Our Guardian Lady), Marseille's patron saint, keeps her vigil where red tile roofs spread across chalky promontories between a dazzling sun and the bright Mediterranean.

That radiance renders all the darker Marseille's shadows.

"Each of those ferryboats brings another 800 problems into the country," complained a journalist acquaintance when we talked about France's immigrants. The conversation was disquieting. Jean-Paul was an educated man, well traveled, articulate in French and English. Yet he was convinced the "foreigners" were a menace.

"Unlike the earlier, Christian immigrants, these North Africans are different—different race, different languages, different values.

"Their birthrate is twice as high as ours. They'll change our way of life. They'll take over. We should deport as many as we can, isolate the rest," he concluded, then urged me to visit South Africa to see how effectively a race problem can be solved.

In the 1970s France's ultraright National Front Party began raising a racist cry. "Tomorrow, if you are not careful, they'll be moving into your house, eating your supper, sleeping with your wife . . . ," preached Jean-Marie Le Pen, the party's founder and leader.

IN LAST YEAR'S presidential elections, Le Pen and his followers captured 15 percent of the vote countrywide, a surprising performance. Street talk was laced with racial slurs like *melon, frisé, bronzé:* "melon," "curly head," "darkie." A Marseille taxi driver taught me one more when he cursed over his shoulder at a caftaned old man he nearly ran down. *"Fils de chameau!"* he snarled: "Son of a camel!"

Alarmed, a group of students formed SOS Racisme. It organized protest marches, television panel shows, and a Paris benefit concert that drew 400,000 to the Place de la Concorde. SOS Racisme sold campaign buttons with the motto *"Touche pas à mon pote"* or "Hands off my buddy!" They sprouted on two million lapels across the country.

From his city-hall office overlooking the Old Port, Philippe Sanmarco directs Marseille's city planning. The energetic, Socialist vice mayor also commutes to Paris as a Marseille deputy to the National Assembly.

"Integration, not apartheid, will solve Marseille's problems," Sanmarco insisted. "But for integration to work, we have to raise the living standard, and with it the dignity, of our immigrant population.

"Above all, integration takes time. The newest wave always takes the brunt of it. My grandfather was born in Palermo,

but today the Sanmarcos are totally French.

"One," he added with a wink, "even sits in the parliament."

He and his American-born wife, Stephanie, led me on a brisk walking tour of projects to revitalize Belsunce, a heavily Arab quarter. A new covered bazaar encouraged smaller vendors off already crowded streets.

In Belsunce I was to find shish-kebab delis and open-air bazaars overflowing with shoes, dresses, spices, lamps, and radios that spilled into narrow streets. Arabic signs advertise Egyptian movies, couscous restaurants, or modest inns like the aptly named Funduq Al-Alamain (Hotel of the Two Worlds).

Television intrudes on the Id al-Adha, or Muslim feast of sacrifice, in the apartment of a Tunisian family in Marseille. As the electronic images hold the attention of Farid Ganzouai and his sister Anissa, a sheep—killed in the kitchen that morning in customary fashion—waits to be cooked and eaten. This major festival marks the end of the annual pilgrimage to Mecca.

Rue du Bon-Pasteur, named for Christ, "the Good Shepherd," is the soul of Muslim Marseille. Near the Islamic school I browsed in a bookstore that sold finely bound Korans and collections of the *Sayings of the Prophet*, prayer beads, and compasses that point a believer toward Mecca. Down the street cages of chickens and rabbits cluttered a butcher shop, whose Arabic sign advertised its meats were *halal*, slaughtered according to Islamic rites. At number 22 I entered the mosque.

"*As-salaam alaykum.*"

"*Wa alaykum as-salaam.*"

I exchanged greetings with the aged muezzin who showed me through the two-story sanctuary, newly painted in shades of green.

"Our first mosque was in a rented garage. In 1977 we dedicated this larger one, a former perfume factory," the old man said.

"It is still too small for our growing community," he said, then excused himself to call the Friday prayer.

WILLIAM ALBERT ALLARD

Toasting their future happiness, Miloud Toula and his bride, Khetra Gueten, celebrate the first stage of a traditional wedding. Both from Algerian families in Marseille, the couple is in the minority—about 80 percent of North Africans in France who marry choose a non-Arab mate.

Outside, the street was already closed off, and merchants were paving it with bright red carpets from their shops, fitting them around parked Citroëns and Renaults. The street soon filled with rows of men bowing toward Mecca. Some protested when photographer Steve McCurry turned his cameras on the scene. I tried to calm them, pointing out that the photographs would show the need of more facilities for the city's Muslims.

"True, pictures of praying in the street signify not enough mosques. But we have seen many captioned 'too many Muslims,'" explained Abd-el-Maguid Sultani, a trustee of the mosque.

"For years now we have been trying to build a permanent mosque in Marseille," he explained. "Paris has had its Islamic Center since 1926. We have come up with several ideal locations; the bishop even offered us an unused church on Place Marceau, but the municipality has yet to grant us a permit."

EVEN strong Arab roots can wither in the vast *cités*, or public-housing blocks, of Marseille's Quartier Nord. Many have deteriorated into ghettos festering with resentment and violence.

Bellevue, for instance. Jutting out of the bare hillside, like tombstones in some giant potter's field, the housing project's 12-story gray slabs hold 840 families. Here elevators rarely function, and water trickles down dark, deserted stairwells that open on trash-littered parking lots. People pass without a greeting; half are unemployed. During sunny midday Bellevue's mood is somber; at night it becomes a glaring no-man's-land.

"It is often a rendezvous for drunks and drug dealers. Even police are afraid to come here after sundown," one resident said.

Less extreme is La Savine, another nearby complex, which reserves a fourth of its 1,370 units for immigrants. As older, more successful immigrants move on, flats are snapped up by newcomers. Mailboxes in the hall of block 23 read like a UN roll call: Ait Ammar, de Planque, M'Bae, Bonifacio, Jimenez.

I struck up with a group of teenagers in jeans and jogging suits loitering in the parking lot. Ahmad, a tall, clean-cut lad, did most of the talking.

"As you can see, there is not much for young people to do around here," Ahmad said, his hand sweeping the barren panorama. "Downtown is far away and expensive.

"I did well as an auto mechanic," Ahmad continued. "But I was laid off three months ago. Most of us here are out of work."

France's unemployment rate is 10 percent; Marseille's is 12 percent. Foreigners are the first to be laid off.

"That's why a lot of young people here are on drugs," he said. "It's one escape from the boredom—and a way to turn a quick franc."

"You want cocaine? Just talk to that guy

over there on the red Honda bike," joked another boy, Hicham.

Ahmad cut in: "Knock it off!"

"Look, we don't go to the mosque or pray five times a day. That's for the old folks, but we still believe in Islam," Ahmad said as we rode the shuttle bus together down to Bougainville Métro station. "And we were taught to obey the law."

"We do, but what does it get us?" Hicham complained.

"Never mind. Right now what we need most are jobs, some money," Ahmad cut in. "When you have money in your pocket, you'll get the respect."

Proof of that is Algerian-born Nasser Sabeur, at 33 already a merchant legend in this city of merchants. I met him at his warehouse headquarters near the port. Stacks of letters, catalogs, fabric samples, and contracts had piled up on his desk, burying the telex, the fax machine, and his computer. Somewhere under the drift a phone was ringing.

"I came to Marseille from Algeria's Kabylie mountains when I was 17," Sabeur said. "Notre-Dame-de-la-Garde has entranced me since I was a kid, drew me like your Statue of Liberty draws immigrants to America.

"I started by selling jeans and T-shirts over my arm along the street and in hotel lobbies," he continued. "Two years later I opened my shop in Belsunce. I called it Papi, 'grandpa' in the local Provençal dialect.

"Today there are 17 Papis in Marseille, a new one in Paris. We are planning others."

The phone again. A real estate deal. The conversation was mostly in francs, lots of francs, about four million dollars' worth. While Sabeur negotiated, I studied his wall. A framed gold medal from the city's chamber of commerce was dwarfed by a six-foot-long photograph of a blue tennis shoe.

Later I traded 59 francs for my own pair of those blue Super Saber shoes at a Papi store, and the salesman plopped them into a plastic bag. No advertising marred the outside, just a picture of Notre-Dame-de-la-Garde, looking down on her city, and the motto *J'aime Marseille*.

FRANCE'S RINGING national anthem, "La Marseillaise," immortalizes the people of this city, and it is so named because Marseille's regiments sang it so enthusiastically during the Revolution.

Winner of France's top literary prize, the Prix Goncourt, in 1987, Moroccan Tahar ben Jelloun is a hero to fellow North Africans slowly adapting to this foreign land.

And on Bastille Day its people still do.

Close by the reviewing stand I squeezed in among some of the darker faces that peppered the crowd. From where we stood, the famous anthem was nearly drowned out by a group of striking coal workers. Denied a place in the parade, they gathered on the quay in their coveralls and hard hats, brandishing miners' lamps and red flags of their Communist union, and chanting *its* anthem.

Squads of young soldiers and sailors passed in smart revue followed by blue helmeted gendarmes on motorbikes, lumbering tanks, and a convoy of polished red fire trucks.

A stern regiment in spotless white kepis drew the loudest applause—the famed Foreign Legion (a force made up of 100 nationalities) come from headquarters in nearby Aubagne. They slid by in precision slow march, singing dirge-like *their* anthem that seemed to mourn past glories in empires lost.

Through it all a young Algerian father next to me watched passively. His thoughts were easy enough to divine. These proud regiments once occupied his country; one man's patriotism is often another man's tyranny. Hospitality here has done little to thaw his soul.

But the toddler aloft on his shoulder enjoyed a different perspective. He wiggled his toes, chewed a croissant, and in his brown fist fluttered a tiny French flag. □

The Fine Feathered Nest—'La Protection Sociale'

By CATHY NEWMAN NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SENIOR STAFF

SCARCELY three days old, Thomas Meilleroux slept softly in Paris's Hôpital Saint-Vincent-de-Paul, a pink shell of tiny fist tucked under his head. He had every right to wear an air of blissful unconcern.

The moment Christine, his mother, announced her pregnancy, social security mailed a thick folder, the *carnet de maternité*.

It bought medications, exams, childbirth classes, and—from the sixth month—a monthly pregnancy allowance of 812 francs (about $135 U. S.). Afterward: ten visits to a physical therapist to tone the stretch-marked tummy. "They make it so easy, you don't even have to think," says Christine. "I never paid a cent."

Mother, son, and 54 million others have the ultimate security blanket—a French social welfare system that provides medical care for 98 percent of the population, underwrites family and child-care benefits that Americans only dream about, and guarantees those over 65 a monthly income, even if they've never worked.

The net held out by this social welfare Nanny has holes. Nanny is not perfect, and she's grown a little shaky lately. But she is loved, passionately. A poll claims the French would relinquish their right to vote before they'd change one hair on her head.

Nanny costs dearly. Her yearly tab, 250 billion dollars, is three times the defense budget. Who pays? Employees and employers, mostly. Social security deducts an average 20 percent from a wage earner's paycheck. The employer pays as much as 50 percent of the employee's wage on top of that. Other government revenues make up any deficit.

Though it may seem like semantic sleight of tongue, these are contributions, not taxes. Even more than most, the French loathe taxes; evasion is practically a patriotic duty. Social security payments differ. They're the price of admission to a fairground of womb-to-tomb benefits.

Now our little bundle of *joie* is three months old. Young Thomas happens to be a firstborn. If he were a second child, Christine would collect a hundred-dollar-a-month family allowance until his 18th year. Were he the third, she'd pocket $200. For a fourth, $330. Single parents, low-income families, and handicapped children get more.

The largesse tempts. A while back a Gypsy forged birth certificates, claimed 3,000 children, and pocketed millions before hotfooting it out of France. It won't happen again, officials say stiffly.

The goal is to raise the birthrate and ensure a decent living standard. But the biggest benefit of the free care lavished on expectant mothers (and a legally enforced maternity leave of at least 16 weeks at 80 percent pay) is an infant-mortality rate of 7.6 per thousand, among the world's lowest—well below the United States' 10.4.

The basic family allowance is not tied to income. Even the matron who shops for her precious heirs in Christian Dior Bébé collects. After all, *c'est son droit*—it's her right.

In France social welfare is not a charity but a right of citizenship inviolable as the August vacation. Though rooted in the social reforms of the 19th century, its soul reaches back to Rousseau and ideals of the French Revolution: *liberté, égalité, fraternité*.

"Security is liberty," says the modern system's architect, 81-year-old Pierre Laroque. "Equality: Everyone benefits. Lack of money is not a barrier to health care."

Then there's fraternity, the Gallic sense of community that says we're all in this together, *mes amis*, so we'd better take care of one another. In France that sentiment burns so bright you can go to jail for failing to aid a drowning man. "Naturally, that doesn't obligate us to simpler civilities, like giving you the time of day," says a Paris lawyer.

Because the system depends on workers' contributions, nonworkers can slip through the cracks. A recent minimum-resource bill may patch things, but, so far at least, those unemployed for several years, the young who never found a job, and widows have fallen out of the system. Illegal immigrants never get in.

TIME for *maman* to return to work. A mother in the blue-collar town of Villefranche-sur-Saône, near Lyon, enrolls her baby at the Crèche Collective L'Île aux Enfants, a nursery of 60 children. Time for lunch. Menu: Home-cooked *poireaux gratinés, crudités avec yaourt au persil, crème caramel*. Where's the baby food in jars? The two cooks widen their eyes in horror at the

thought. The crèche's solicitude encompasses more than the young belly. A pediatrician visits once a week; care givers are trained in child psychology. The model crèche is funded mainly by social security and the community. Parents pay $14 a day or less.

Bad news: This crèche lists 25 applicants for six slots. The squeeze is nationwide. Though France last year counted 150,000 in crèches, the head of children's services in Lyon estimates that the day-care demand is double the supply. Confesses a government official's wife: "When I returned to work, it was impossible to get my son into the excellent crèche nearby. I hate myself, but I made a few phone calls. . . ."

Once little Thomas Meilleroux turns three, his mother gets a free ride. Preschool, the *école maternelle*, marks a toddler's first step into a free education system that runs through graduate study, assuming he can make the grade.

At the Hôpital Necker in Paris, a receptionist in the endocrinology department discourses on forms. "One for archives, one for the patient, one for records, one for the cashier, the doctor fills out these," she chirps, spreading them out like a bridge hand. "And this one. . . ."

"The price one pays for liberty," sighs Laroque. He refers to a bureaucracy as layered as *mille-feuille* pastry. To help citizens wrestle claims, the regional office in Nanterre, a Paris suburb, dispatches two vans carrying social workers to shopping centers twice a week.

Despite such frustrations, the system works. The ailing Frenchman can pick a physician from either the public or private sector. He pays the doctor and files for reimbursement from social security. Public doctors' fees are subject to government control; social security reimburses some 70 percent. Private doctors can charge more; reimbursement will be less. Patients choose, and pay accordingly. Many workers belong to *mutuelles*, insurance funds, that cover the balance unpaid by social security. Hospitalization is usually 100 percent covered.

Public or private patient alike, victims of specific digestive or rheumatic diseases may merit treatment at one of France's watering holes like Vichy or Évian-les-Bains. For those who qualify, a 21-day cure is on the house.

A soft gauze of autumnal light filtered into the marble-floored solarium of the spa at Évian-les-Bains in the French Alps. Several patients in wicker chairs gazed at Lac Léman, sipping water from cups marked in milliliters.

"Well, by the third week it can be boring," complained a man in a jogging suit, knocking back his tenth glass of the day. "And not even a drop of wine," mourned a woman from Alsace. "That's for after the cure. But some of us keep a bottle of something *other* than water under the bed."

C'est drôle, but ponder a statistic. Those lacking medical insurance in the U. S.: 18 percent. In France: 2 percent.

Years from now, when young Thomas Meilleroux becomes old, social security will be there again. Minimal pensions once consigned retirees to a life of poverty. Now the pension nearly equals the average wage. Workers may retire at 60 on a pension of 70 percent of the highest wage earned.

It's all *merci beaucoup* to Nanny. But her deficit last year topped 1.3 billion dollars. This year's may be 3.3 billion. The pension branch digs the deep hole; with high unemployment, not enough people pay in to balance what retirees take out.

Rising health costs also hurt. So, bit by bit, benefits are pared. Arthritis, once covered 100 percent, no longer is. Even the right to send mail free to social security offices has been revoked. The French, who sometimes hold small perks dearer than large ones, huffed predictably. Some still sent letters without stamps.

The feast seems to have lasted too long. But while politicians right and left debate the mechanics of belt-tightening, the check arrives. Someone has to pay, but the political risk of tampering with social security might daunt even a de Gaulle.

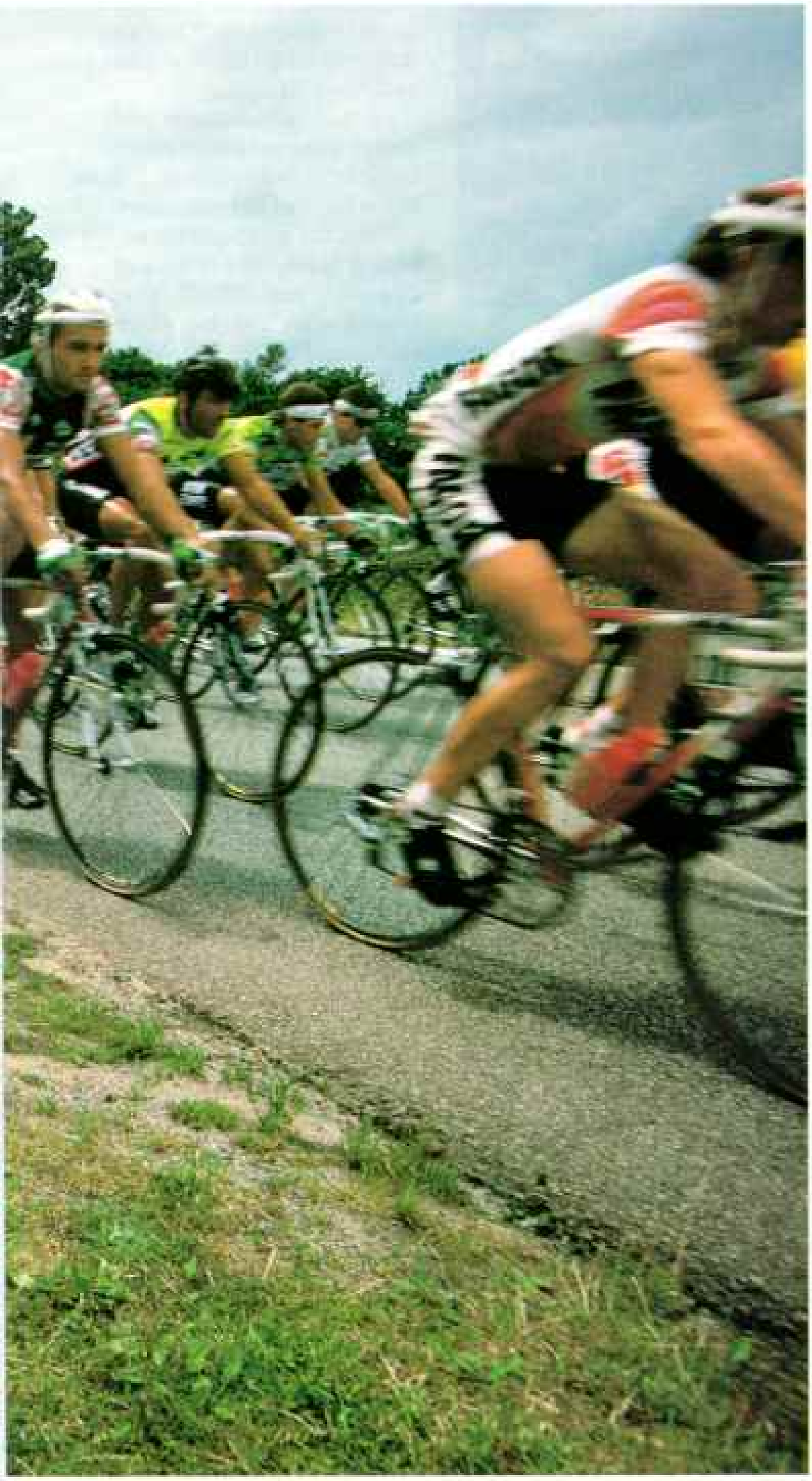
Mess with Nanny? *"Mais, non!"* says Yvon Chotard, president of a group of corporate executives who fret about their huge payments. "We don't want a second French Revolution!" □

Tour de France

By GILBERT DUCLOS-LASSALLE

An Annual Madness

Photographs by YANN ARTHUS-BERTRAND



THE HEAD does not turn to see the couple with roadside seats, but only to monitor a rival's pursuit, to note another's crash, ah, an opening—can I slip through?

This is no picnic, not for those of us in the Tour de France, a 2,000-mile whirlwind race that spins around France in three breath-squeezing weeks in July.

Last year, of 198 riders who started, 151 finished. The route, raced in daily doses called stages, climbed over France's toughest mountains. Some stages are 140 miles long.

At the end of each stage the leader carries off a yellow jersey. The Tour winner, the rider with the best time over the entire course, gets *the* jersey. But he pays, day by punishing day.

Fatigue abrades mind and body. When the legs and spirit start to wobble, the thought seeps through. Quit. Go home. But you don't. It's the Tour de France. So you learn to suffer. After all this isn't soccer. You can't pass the bike off.

1989 Route

WEDGED shoulder to shoulder (below) midway through the stage from Limoges to Puy de Dôme, we're pals, gossiping about the race, women, politics. Out of town we focus on racing.

Riders don't sabotage rivals, but good manners never won the yellow jersey. To be a bit *méchant*—mean—on the bike is no disadvantage. But off the bike is another thing.

Because we must finish in three weeks, we bridge several stretches by rail, plane, or car. Last year we put our feet up on a train (right) from Strasbourg to Belfort. After the Alps stage we flew across the Midi to pick up the trail near the Pyrenees.

Because it costs millions to maintain a team, the sport is unabashedly commercial. Our jerseys trumpet car companies,

supermarkets, clothing manufacturers, and everything else.

It's up to the team—mine has nine riders—to maneuver the leader to first place. So, in the Alps, a teammate who excels in mountain climbing will ride in front of our leader to pace him. On flat stretches others will lead, taking the wind. The winner owes the team; prize money is divided. He'll earn big money later in endorsements.

Sometimes it seems the only thing that keeps a rider going is the support of fans. Sometimes it is. Fans will push a struggling biker along, but too much help could penalize him. They also throw water on passing riders to cool them off.

Occasionally national pride shoves good judgment aside. Once an onlooker lobbed pepper in the faces of Belgian riders.

From the air the climb to Alpe d'Huez, nine miles and 21 hairpin turns (right), wraps around mountain slopes like a chest-crushing python. Nearly 500,000 fans line this Alpine route. Many camp here the night before to claim a spot. They stand inches from us as we swirl by. Such a long wait for so brief a moment: a blur of spokes, a flash of jersey . . . an empty road.

Professional cyclist GILBERT DUCLOS-LASSALLE of France finished 36th in last year's race.

VANDYSTADT PHOTO AGENCY (ABOVE), GERARD VANDYSTADT (RIGHT)

THE TOUR wheels by, relentless as a ticking stopwatch. In this portable sovereignty with its own police, doctors, and bank, virtually everything happens on the run. You're handed a sandwich or fruit to eat on the run. You drink on the run and urinate on the run (not in town limits, rules say). Gears need adjusting? A mechanic does the repair, hanging out of a car that pulls up alongside. Our mechanic, an acrobat with a wrench, can change a front wheel in ten seconds, the back in 15.

The race waits for no one.

Fall, and you get back on, bloody knees and all (lower left). One of many occupational hazards, a saddle sore, is treated en route by a doctor (below)—a minor inconvenience compared with the broken collarbone suffered by a rider six years ago. He raced for three days before pain overwhelmed him.

Allez, allez, shout the fans. So you do. Lose too much time and you're out of the Tour, swept up like stray dust by a small blue van called the broom wagon.

Coming off a mountain, Norwegian Dag-Otto Lauritzen stuffs papers under his shirt to insulate against the chill (left). Because of breakneck speeds the risk of a crash increases during descent. Topple, and seven or eight others go down. With luck, a fellow rider extends a steadying hand to prevent a fall, more out of self-preservation than magnanimity.

Better not to dwell on fears of fractured bones and torn-up knees. The minute you lose your nerve and hesitate to attack as you rush down a mountain, you might as well quit and open a bike shop.

The secret to winning: Turn and smile as you pass your rival. Let him think you're invincible, even if it takes your last breath.

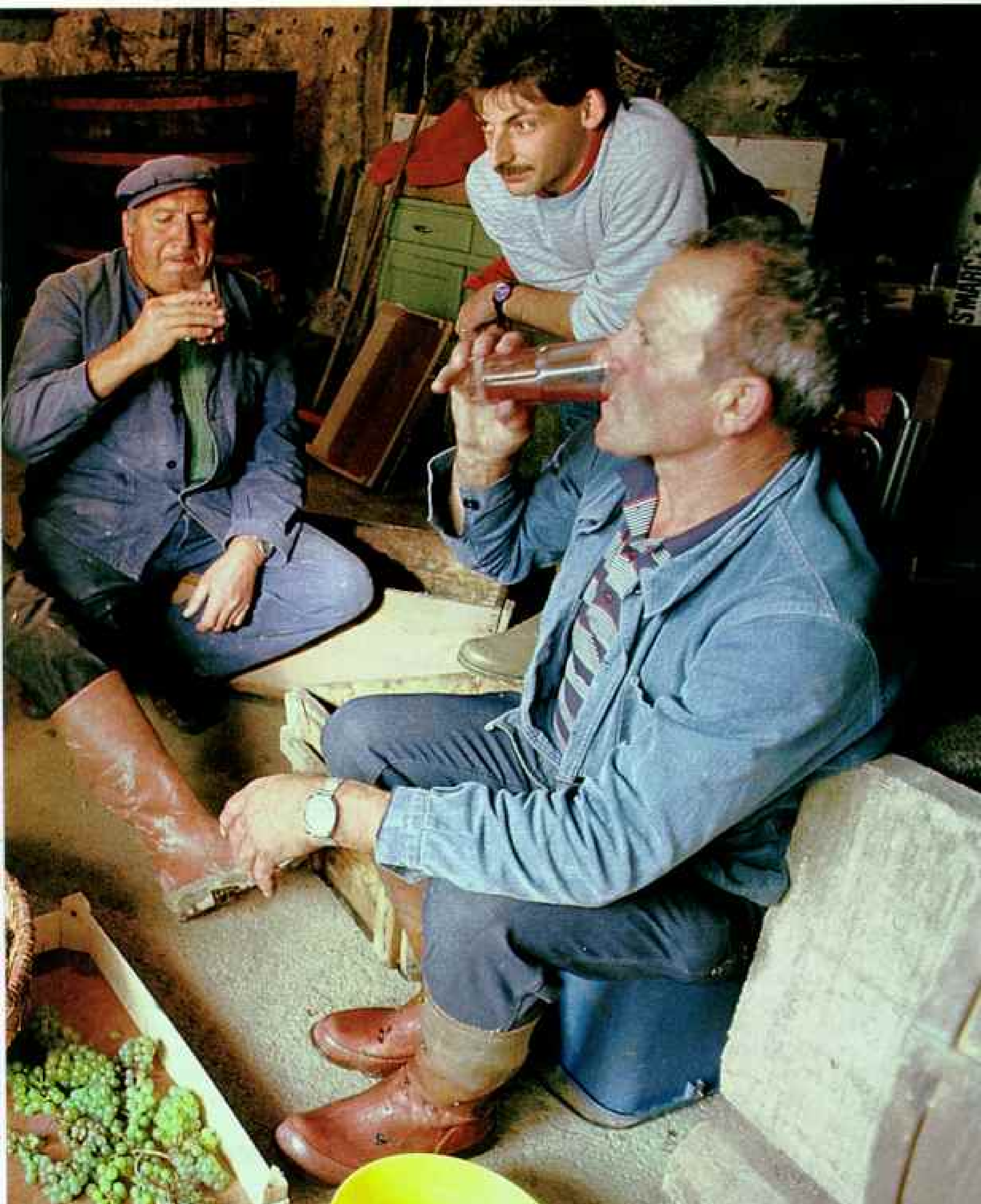
Some people put on a tie and go to an office. I get on my bike and ride 22,000 miles a year. It's a job. I spend more time with my bike than with my family. The bicycle is my first wife. One season I left when my daughter was two months old. On my return she was crawling.

Why bear the unbearable? Why stay indentured to a featherweight frame with cobweb wheels? Why, to sweep through the Arc de Triomphe on the last day. To be able to say you finished the Tour de France. □

Darcey: A Village That Refuses to Die

By WILLIAM S. ELLIS ASSISTANT EDITOR Photographs by STEPHANIE MAZE

Savoring the taste of fall, friends sample the first pressing from a family vineyard in Darcey. As it struggles to survive in an ever more urbanized nation, this small village in Burgundy still takes pleasure in the small comforts of life.



IT IS GOING ON six o'clock in the morning, and from the small room where Monsieur Mouchot bakes his bread (as good as any to be found on the Côte d'Or, it's been said), the light reaches through a window to take a bite from the chilled darkness of the village square.

At dawn, which will not be long in coming, many of the people of this place in a valley will come for their loaves, down to the shop where a full night with the sweet yeastings of dough, and the browning and crisping of crusts, has left the air heavy with pleasing smells. Only then will Bernard Mouchot, village baker for 43 years, wash the last traces of flour from his hands and go to bed.

The name of the village is Darcey, and by its hills and fields of green you will know it to be in Burgundy. In the plow-worn ground there lies the soul of a France that was Gaul, a France also of today, two centuries after the Revolution—a France for all its richness of being still inextricably bound to tradition.

The land has always exercised a mystical pull on the French, and the village is their "roots." But since the 1950s the mechanization of farming, the reparceling of land into larger and more efficient units, and the growing lure of the cities have sucked population from the villages. The number of people working on the land has fallen from 25 to 7 percent.

Many villages now stand deserted; the houses in others have been bought by city dwellers for weekend retreats. But Darcey is a village determined to survive—and in the traditional way.

One way to get to Darcey from Paris is by driving southeast with a bearing for Dijon, but stopping 50 miles short of that to be drawn onto another, narrow road. And then the routing is through the lacy shade of beech and poplars and across checkerboards of pasture where Charolais cattle of excellent market weight graze. It is hereabouts that the source of the River Seine is found and that Caesar crushed Gaul on the battlefield at Alesia.

There are seminarians walking along the road here, somber young men shrouded in rough wool. The black shoes they wear are so thick and heavy as to suggest a state of orthopedic penitence. But they are members of a dissident branch of the Roman Catholic Church and so are looked upon by villagers in the region with more curiosity than reverence.

Such abnormalities are to be expected, say many of the 365 people who live in Darcey. Times are not good now: There is too much (or not enough) government interference in the peoples' lives, the leftists (or the rightists) are swine with no regard for human welfare, the curia has strayed too far from (or is too slavish to) papal dogma.

Whatever the pronouncement, it is made with a shrug, always a shrug, and a small explosion of breath through pursed lips. For example: "It is a scandal [shrug] to cook an oyster [phoosh]."

The baker's shop fronts on the village square, as do the school, café, grocery store, and the shop of Odette Matruchot, the hairdresser. The grocery and the café are closed now, and that is working a hardship on the people, especially the elderly who must depend on others for transportation to Venarey-les-Laumes, six miles away, the nearest town with a grocery store.

Pierre Arbey mourns not so much for the empty shelves of the store as he does for the loss of companionship that binds best in a café where the *vin ordinaire* is tolerable and the talk is a blend of gossip, wit, and cynicism. "It is not civilized, a village without a café," Arbey said, moving the short, brown stub of a cigarette from one side of his mouth to the other without touching it by hand. He was a farmer and a postman, and after he retired he spent his time tending his grapevines. Now 82, he

Village patriarch Georges Mazué, pausing before an old château, is kin to 40 of Darcey's 365 residents.

longs for someone to come and reopen the café. "I suppose it's better for my health, having no place to get a drink. So what is there to do? Vote, that's all. Vote, vote, vote. We French do nothing but vote. It's so boring."

There has been considerable speculation as to why the last owner of the café failed to make a success of the business. Some say that he didn't understand the nature of Darcey and its people. Being Burgundians, they like a rich sauce with their food, not sparse fare set adrift in a sea of spriggy garnishes. It was rumored too that he sometimes used a microwave. A *microwave!*

The end came quickly. One day there was a menu with offerings of snails, chicken, salmon, and poached eggs, and on the next day the ovens at Le Relais des Sources were cold.

"A TIME IS COMING when the only shop left in the village will be that of the baker," said Jean Louis Mazué, a cabinetmaker and the mayor of Darcey. "Traditional village life in France is undergoing many changes. If we could look ahead 200 years, I'm sure we would find that village life as we know it will no longer exist. Yes, the only shop certain to remain is that of the baker."

Rabbit hunters enjoy a midmorning casse-croûte *of cheese, pâté, bread, and wine. In the 18th century grain and cattle began to supplant grapes in village fields.*

But the name Mouchot will come off the sign over the front door, the same door that has been opening to the same tinkle of bells for as long as most people in Darcey can remember. Before he began to attend the business nearly half a century ago, Bernard Mouchot was an apprentice to his father, but the line of succession is soon to end.

"Traditional breadmaking is disappearing," he said. "Some bakers buy frozen dough. I still make mine by hand. I have a son who is in the army and isn't interested in coming in here. My son-in-law is a baker, but prefers to work in a big shop in Dijon. So next year, when I retire, I will sell the business."

The house where he and his wife, Paulette, will live in retirement is now under construction. It will be on a hill, back a short distance from the road that carries to the top, up to where the village cemetery sits, where the wind ruffles the little flags and flowers, and where many of the markers are engraved with the phrase that is parsed of pride and sorrow: *"Mort Pour la France."*

The terrain rises steeply to the rear of the village before it flattens out into a broad, high shelf of rolling land. Once there were grapevines on much of the shelf, but most of them were destroyed by phylloxera in the late 19th century. The ground there looks good but is substandard for farming. The topsoil is no more than eight inches deep, and water retention is so poor that it would have to rain hard at least once a week to ensure crop survival.

It is ironic, then, that the major business activity in Darcey is a farmers cooperative, the Société Nouvelle des Grains et Approvisionnements de Darcey (New Group of Grains and Provisions). It is headquartered in an old château. There are 450 members of the co-op, representing farming operations in a wide area around Darcey. The business serves mainly as an agent for the sale of grains and other agricultural products.

In Darcey itself there are fewer than a dozen full-time farmers. Among them is Madeleine Nocquard, a woman superbly suited to stand as a commemorative French villager during this bicentennial year of the Revolution. She is a person of wisdom and gentle manner, but Madame Nocquard also has an aura of the barricades about her; it is as if there are faint strains of "La Marseillaise" escaping from her lips at all times.

The Nocquards—her husband, Bernard, and their son, Claude—are dairy farmers with more than 20 cows. Milk production averages

Bring your own container to Darcey's wineshop, where Valérie Bois fills an order. Some residents still make wine, but merchants rely on shipments from Beaune and other wine centers.

200 quarts a day, and it is easy to believe that the cows would give more if they could in order to please Madeleine. "I have a name for each of them," she said as we stood at dusk on the road outside her house, waiting for her husband and son to bring the animals in from pasture for milking. "After I am gone, there will be no more milk cows in this barn."

Madeleine Nocquard decided once that she was devoting too much time to the cows; she suspected that women on other farms were doing the same. "I thought it would be a good idea to get the wives interested in something else," she said. "We started a program; it has to do with farmers inviting tourists into their homes. We don't want to be like hotels, but rather just hostesses. We people on the farm can learn a lot from people who travel."

Bernard and Claude came into sight then, driving the cows along the narrow street, through the night-breeding shadows of late afternoon. (I would walk along the same street the next morning with Mayor Mazué, and, watching carefully where he stepped, he would say, "I wish the cows wouldn't use this street.")

There was grain in the barn for the animals and something to tide Claude over until the work was finished and he could sit down at the table with his parents to share the *pot-au-feu* that was on the stove. It is one of Madeleine's best dishes, a pot roast done in the Burgundy style—tender but with staying power, like an embrace by an obese aunt.

Claude is 24, an age of some rarity among those living in the village. As they do in villages and small towns the world over, the young leave Darcey in large numbers. France's high-speed train, the TGV (Train à Grande Vitesse), travels past here, and it is like a beckoning hand to be grabbed and held for the trip south to Dijon or north to Paris.

"I really have no great desire to be a farmer," Claude said, "but if I have to do that kind of work, I prefer to do it here at home." During part of the winter he attends vocational school in Dijon, but most of his days are village-bound, up at six o'clock and to bed by 9:30. "I have few friends in Darcey. When I went to school here, it was the same in all my classes—seven girls and me. It was awful. Now they're all married and living in other places. I tell you where I would like to go: Germany. I spent time there when I was in the military."

He can say that now about Germany and not draw expressions of astonishment from his mother, whose father was taken away by the Nazis as a prisoner in World War II, or indeed

from any of those in Darcey who lived through the occupation. For most, time has served to temper the emotions that stirred the souls of the people here in the 1940s. But while the hatred and resentment may be gone, the memories remain.

At 72, now retired after a working lifetime of carpentry, Georges Mazué tends to his vegetable garden and fruit trees. One window in a front room of his house frames a view of a pear tree, and in the spring, when the blossoms are out, it is grand.

But the French, as capsuled in the people of Darcey, are good at that—at seeing to it that life is made sweet with blossoms and flowers. No family here is so poor as to not have a box full of geraniums in bloom on the front porch or a bed of dahlias in the side yard.

And has a Saturday in summer ever passed in this village without someone heading up the steep hill in late afternoon with arms full of freshly cut peonies to be put at the altar for tomorrow's Mass?

The flowers help, certainly, for the church is old and rarely bathed in shafts of golden sunlight. Original parts of the structure go back, probably, to the 13th century, about 500 years after the vague beginnings of Darcey. The church tower rises above all else in the village. It is only by chance, however, that bells still ring and that a priest still celebrates Mass.

Retired farmer and postman Pierre Arbey, 82, leaves the bakery, one of Darcey's few remaining shops.

For a time the village was without a priest. There was no inclination on the part of the archdiocese to appoint one (bishops, like government officials, count heads in apportioning resources). In Paris, meanwhile, a priest and university professor named Jean-Claude Rochet was giving thought to getting out of the city on weekends and perhaps being of assistance in a village parish. A tall, slim man who smokes a pipe and wears a suit and necktie rather than the turned collar of the priest, Rochet came to serve not only the church in Darcey but also the ones in five surrounding villages. And during the week he teaches theology at the Catholic University of Paris.

"I asked the people of Darcey and the other villages to help me because I would not be in residence," he said. "And they did. There may be a shortage of vocations to be priests, but there is no shortage of vocations to be lay workers. It is coming more and more to that. The day of the resident village priest in a black cassock is over."

Father Rochet takes the train down on Fridays. "When I get there, I eat with a family," he said. "There is always at least one family I can have a meal with without notifying them beforehand—no, not one, at least five."

Still, church attendance in Darcey has declined sharply in recent years, though not so much among the elderly. They need the church in their lives. When all else fails—the café, the butcher shop, maybe even the bakery—it will be there, but not necessarily with a priest in attendance.

"It has been decided that there may not be another priest here after I leave," Father Rochet told me. "So an important part of my job is to prepare people to retain their religion without a priest, to encourage them to conduct catechism classes for young people and organize self-run prayer groups."

And if it should come to that, will Les Accordéonistes de Darcey be expected to turn to liturgical music? There are about a dozen members of the ensemble, each of whom plays an accordion. Sometimes they go through a songbook from start to finish with only a brief pause between numbers. The accordion has become the instrument of choice in Darcey.

There is also a village chorale. Indeed, music is important to the life of the village, and without question to the life of Micheline Vidal,

wife of Henri Vidal, the butcher and maker of superb pâté. She sings, plays the piano, and now takes violin lessons in Dijon.

THE VIDALS are people of manners, and Henri, having studied business and economics, sometimes reveals dissatisfaction with the career he followed. "I think back and say maybe I would have been happier in other work," he said.

But it was expected of him that he join his father in the butcher shop, and so for more than 30 years now he has appeared in his crisp, white apron behind the refrigerated case. He is a former mayor of Darcey, and he counts among his achievements the success of his efforts to prevent the village school from closing (children in Darcey attend school there until the age of 11, when they go to high school in Venarey-les-Laumes).

It seems as if there is always a threat of a public facility or a business in Darcey closing down for good. Vidal feels that his butcher shop may survive, but not under his ownership. "People now own freezers," he said, "and so they butcher their own cattle and store the meat. It is having an effect on my business."

Maurice Buffy and his wife, Ida, saw the family business switch from blacksmithing to farm equipment.

Vidal's shop is small and glistening clean. It is just off the village square, and it is there that his grandfather opened the first Vidal butcher service many years ago. Now that name, like that of the baker's, will be retired as ownership changes. Henri Vidal said that neither of his two children is interested in joining him in the shop, so he will sell it to an outsider.

Maybe it will come to itinerant butcher service, offered once a week by someone who comes in from Dijon or Venarey-les-Laumes to deal sirloins from a truck. Such is now the case for groceries being sold in the village.

It is a converted bus, really, and it comes every Friday to Darcey, driven by Pierre Moret, a man with the air of a boulevardier. The inventory of groceries in the vehicle is sizable, and there is hardly room to move about. (It makes little difference to two of the older men in Darcey, crowded together by the vegetable bins, as one says to the other, "I'm not a bigot, but you know, don't you, that those men in France from Algeria have three wives?") There is another truck that comes to Darcey carrying frozen foods. Insult to the French palate or not, frozen foods are coming more and more into use in the kitchens of Darcey.

Yes, but still many kitchens remain great workshops. Significant change comes slowly to Darcey. In this century population has changed little. In 1901 the census recorded a figure of 470 as compared with the 365 of today.

To go back even more years, it is not likely that the population has changed much since part of the village was acquired by the Duke of Burgundy more than seven centuries ago. Before that, the territory was owned by the abbey in nearby Flavigny-sur-Ozerain. At the time of the Revolution in 1789 it was under private ownership, but the holding did not survive the uprising. Darcey became the property of the people.

The legacy of the Revolution is represented in Darcey today by little more than partisan politics—leftists versus rightists. And even that is at a near standstill since the vote on either side, in local elections, is about the same in number. In national elections the villagers tend to favor the left. There are some loyal to the extreme right; a dozen or so Communists stand on the other fringe.

José Marquez Da Silva doesn't vote because he doesn't hold French citizenship. He has lived in Darcey for 23 years.

"I don't need French citizenship now," he said, "because starting in 1992, there will be no borders in Europe." Indeed, in that year, the ties that bind the nations of the European

Community will be strengthened with the removal of many restrictive barriers.

Da Silva came to Darcey from Portugal. There are now six families of Portuguese living in the village. It wasn't that each came at random; rather, it was a pipeline among relatives—a letter written to a cousin describing the beauty of the grottoes on the high plateau, at the source of La Douix River. It may have been written too that ivy rambles over the sides and fronts of many houses in Darcey, and that it is called *vigne vierge*, and that it sets the whole village ablush with the turning of the leaves in summer to a red like that of fresh rust.

Anyway, they came, and some married natives of the village. If any had second thoughts about having left Portugal, it was because of Darcey's winters, a time of harsh cold and heavy snows. Da Silva worked as a carpenter, but now he is more or less retired, or, as he put it, "For the moment I am at ease because of a problem with my heart."

A quiet night falls on the village square. To save money, streetlights shine only briefly. Ever marshaling its resources, Darcey hopes to maintain its claim on this small corner of France.

THE CLOSING of the café may have aggravated his heart problem, since he and a group of his friends had played cards there every Saturday for many years. José Llorente, who somehow found his way to Darcey from Spain, also played cards in the café when he wasn't working in his vegetable garden or taking long walks in the woods in search of snails.

"One Saturday, two years ago, we were playing cards, and one of our friends at the table was very quiet," Llorente said, putting a bottle of *eau-de-vie* (life's water), made of fermented plums, on the table. "He was also very pale. He was leaning over his cane. I touched him, patted his chest, and found he was dead. He had said his wish was to die while playing cards with his friends, and that is how it happened. His wish was granted. I didn't go back to the café after that."

Sitting in his house on a hill above the old grain mill not more than 50 yards from the village square, Llorente may not be aware that the life he and all the others in Darcey have known is threatened with further change. More and more of the villages in the country are consolidating now to become what Jean-Pierre Lozato-Giotart, professor of geography at the Sorbonne and at the Catholic University of Paris, calls a "village center."

"For statistical purposes this center is regarded as a village, but the activities there are not those of a village," Lozato-Giotart said. "They are the activities of a small town. We see the same thing happening in other parts of Europe, in Canada, in the United States, in Japan. The same thing—depopulation of old villages, growing big cities, and between big cities and the old villages, we now have the apparition of village centers. OK?"

Of course. But what does it matter what they call it? If Darcey survives, it will be not as a designation but as a binding place of tradition. Listen to his footsteps as Pierre Arbey walks across the village square every afternoon to see if someone has opened the café. Listen to the clop of Madeleine Nocquard's cows coming home in the evening.

Listen, and hear the heartbeat of France. □

Before the unveiling of a new season's collection, designer Yves Saint Laurent adds the final touch to a gown. Anchored in a classic, comfortable-to-the-eye look, Saint Laurent is the golden mean of French fashion. Because of his genius and that of others, Paris continues to command the center stage of the fashion world.

The Business of Chic

By NINA HYDE
Photographs by
WILLIAM ALBERT ALLARD

IT IS 15 MINUTES PAST THE HOUR when his show is scheduled to begin, but the guests of Paris *couturier* Yves Saint Laurent are still pouring through the door. Mme François Mitterrand, wife of the president of the republic; Catherine Deneuve, the most beautiful woman in France; and jewelry designer Paloma Picasso, the daughter of the celebrated painter, drift to the gilt ballroom chairs that have been reserved for them in the front row. An American movie star is shown to her seat on the other side of the room.

In homage to Saint Laurent most of the fashionable women up front are wearing several thousand dollars' worth of his creations. Any single part of an original Yves Saint Laurent outfit sewed for the wearer—a skirt, a jacket—costs not less than $3,000. These prices seem fair to his clients, not only for the luxurious fabrics, the matchless workmanship, the perfect fit of the garments themselves, but also for the tradition (Marie Antoinette often exceeded her annual clothing allowance of 120,000 gold livres) and the security of knowing that they look perfect.

Beyond a door framed in grapevines at the far end of the room, Yves Saint Laurent himself waits nervously, surrounded by the wand-like young women who will model his new collection. He makes the final adjustments in feverish silence.

The runway is already lined with photographers, each equipped with several cameras, poised to capture the first moment of glory or disappointment. The world fashion press are poised with notebooks and pencils to record their judgments. Selections from grand opera issue from loudspeakers. At last, after a further 15-minute delay, the first model appears in a sweeping royal blue cape over a bronze suit. The audience breaks into loud applause.

With minor variations this scene is duplicated each July and January in the salons of the other designers of the high-fashion clothes for women that the French call *couture* (literally, "sewing"). For 150 years Paris has been the mecca of couture. Designers have come here from all over the world to show their collections: Charles Frederick Worth (who opened the first couture house in Paris a hundred years ago) from England, Schiaparelli from Italy, Balenciaga from Spain, Mainbocher from the United States, Karl Lagerfeld from Germany, Hanae Mori from Japan.

Needless to say, you can't simply open a shop in Paris and get on the couture calendar. The Chambre Syndicale de la Haute Couture defines a couturier as one who has his own *atelier* (workroom) employing not fewer than 20 people and presenting at least 75 designs on at least three models in each collection. *Haute couture*, the name for the product of

---

NINA HYDE, fashion editor of the *Washington Post*, has contributed articles on silk and wool to the GEOGRAPHIC. She was recently named a chevalier of the French Order of Arts and Letters. This is the 19th GEOGRAPHIC byline for WILLIAM ALBERT ALLARD, who started writing and photographing stories for the magazine in 1964.

such ateliers, can be used only by the 22 members of the Chambre Syndicale.

Newcomers do exist. In January 1989 the Italian designer Valentino, who has been showing his ready-to-wear clothes in Paris for 15 years and his couture in Rome for 29 years, presented his first couture collection in Paris. "I have *dreamed* of showing my couture collection here," he told me.

Valentino's earlier work may have made him a rich man, but his Paris couture show was the ultimate endorsement of his craft. The couturier is bound by no creative restrictions, no concern for price, no worry as to who will buy the new styles. Originality is all.

En route to a grand entrance, a model awaits her cue from an assistant at Christian Lacroix's couture show. Noted for encrustations of braid, torrents of chiffon, and knife-sharp colors, Lacroix draws inspiration from his native Arles. Twice yearly the world of haute couture, *or high fashion, unfurls its banners of the exquisite. But couture's extravagance, with gown prices in five figures, relegates it to a limited clientele. Fashion's money is made in ready-to-wear and licensing.*

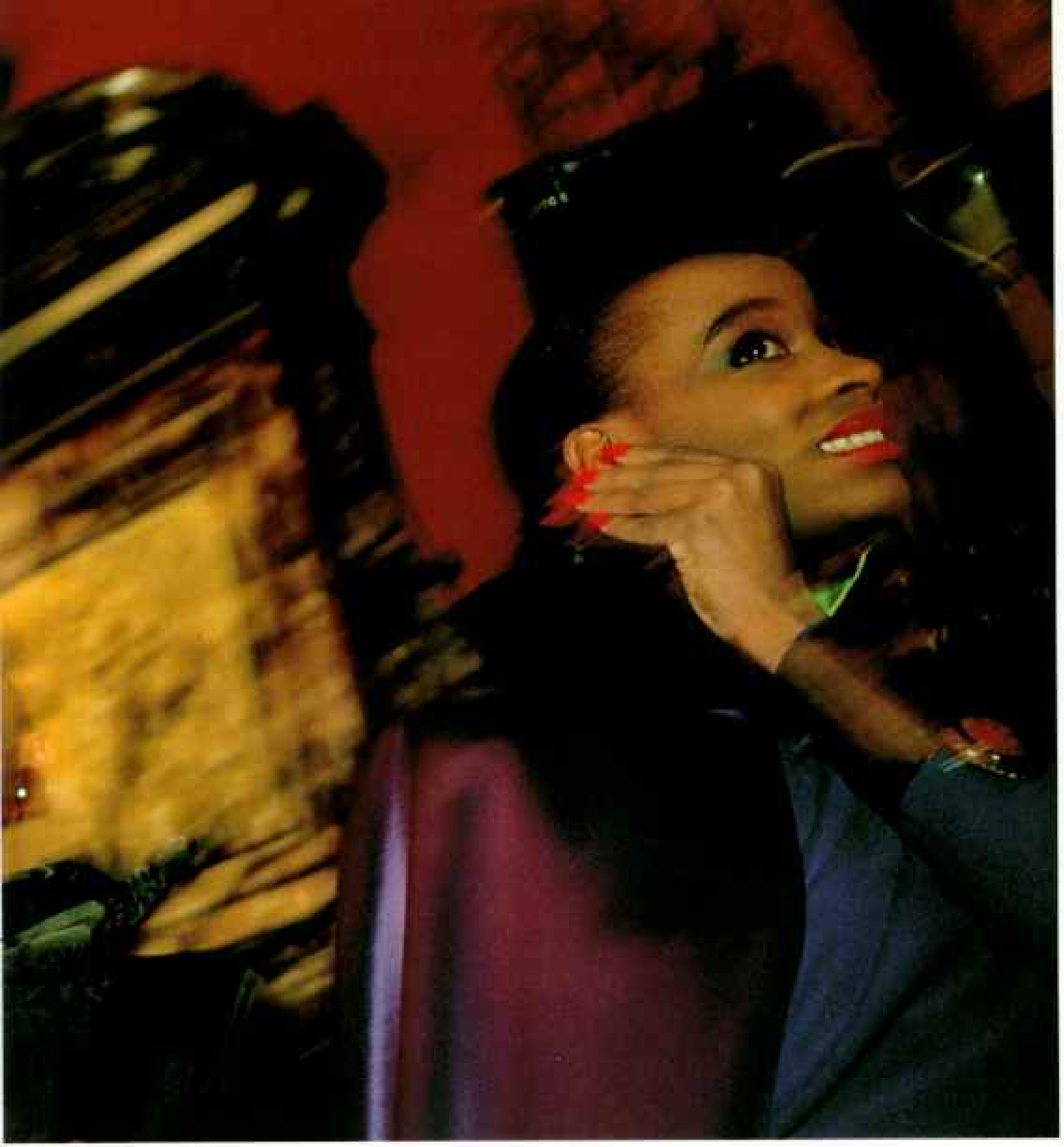
Preceding pages: Models wait backstage at Emanuel Ungaro's ready-to-wear show.

PERHAPS, HOWEVER, couturiers are more aware of their customers than other artists: "When there were beautiful bodies to dress, it was my greatest pleasure to dress them," Mme Vionnet, whose venerable couture house was at its peak in the 1920s and 1930s, said to me 15 years ago, just before she died at 98. "For the others I did my best."

Couture now caters to "the others." In the mid-1970s Saint Laurent became the first designer to move his shows from his fashion house, where couture clothes had always been made, to the more spacious ballroom of one of Paris's grand hotels. Before that, models resembled statues, and the audience stared at them in solemnity and silence—no music ever played, and applause was seldom heard. Except for the irrepressible Coco Chanel, who watched her shows from the top step of the stairway in her famous house in the Rue Cambon, designers stayed behind the scenes.

Even today applause is saved for the most spectacular creations. But sometimes the simplest garment—an impeccable black suit, for example—will inspire a burst of applause. At the Saint Laurent show last July, the audience clapped for the Lesage grape embroideries on some of his creations.

Only once in 23 years of covering the Paris shows do I recall a negative reaction. That was in the early 1970s, when Christian Dior



showed leopard-skin coats in his collection, and American editors and photographers hissed this exploitation of an endangered animal species. Coats made of the skins of leopards and other great cats were shown the next season, but never again.

Customers possessed of the sort of figure admired by Mme Vionnet can buy the clothes worn by models in the shows for half price. Most require different sizes, and these are created, one at a time, by the couturier's seamstresses and tailors. It may take as many as six fittings to make sure that the dress is perfectly draped for the body, that the covered snaps are in precisely the right place, that the gold metal chain (at Chanel) anchors

Spun of dreams and silk, the art of Yves Saint Laurent finds form in three couture gowns about to be paraded down the runway. Beneath the models' light footfall lurks the tread of big business. Saint Laurent and several other designers are tucked under the wing of conglomerates. Phenomenally successful in the licensing game, Saint Laurent makes most of his money from perfume; he once turned down an offer to add his YSL imprint to automobile tires. Earnings in 1988 from the French fashion industry amounted to an estimated 9.5 billion dollars.

Among fashion's high priests, Karl Lagerfeld, at left, accepts kudos after a ready-to-wear show. He designs for Chanel, Fendi in Rome, and his own label. Historically couture scribed a line between the privileged and the rest. Fashion edicts were meticulous: In medieval France a prince's shoe could boast a 24-inch point, a gentleman's a mere 12 inches. Louis XIV mandated fabrics and colors worn by royalty and, on his deathbed, the length of trains ladies could wear to his funeral.

the jacket precisely as it should, that the supple silk lining doesn't pull.

Nothing in a house of couture carries a written price. If the customer thinks that the price is too high, she can say so; occasionally it will be adjusted.

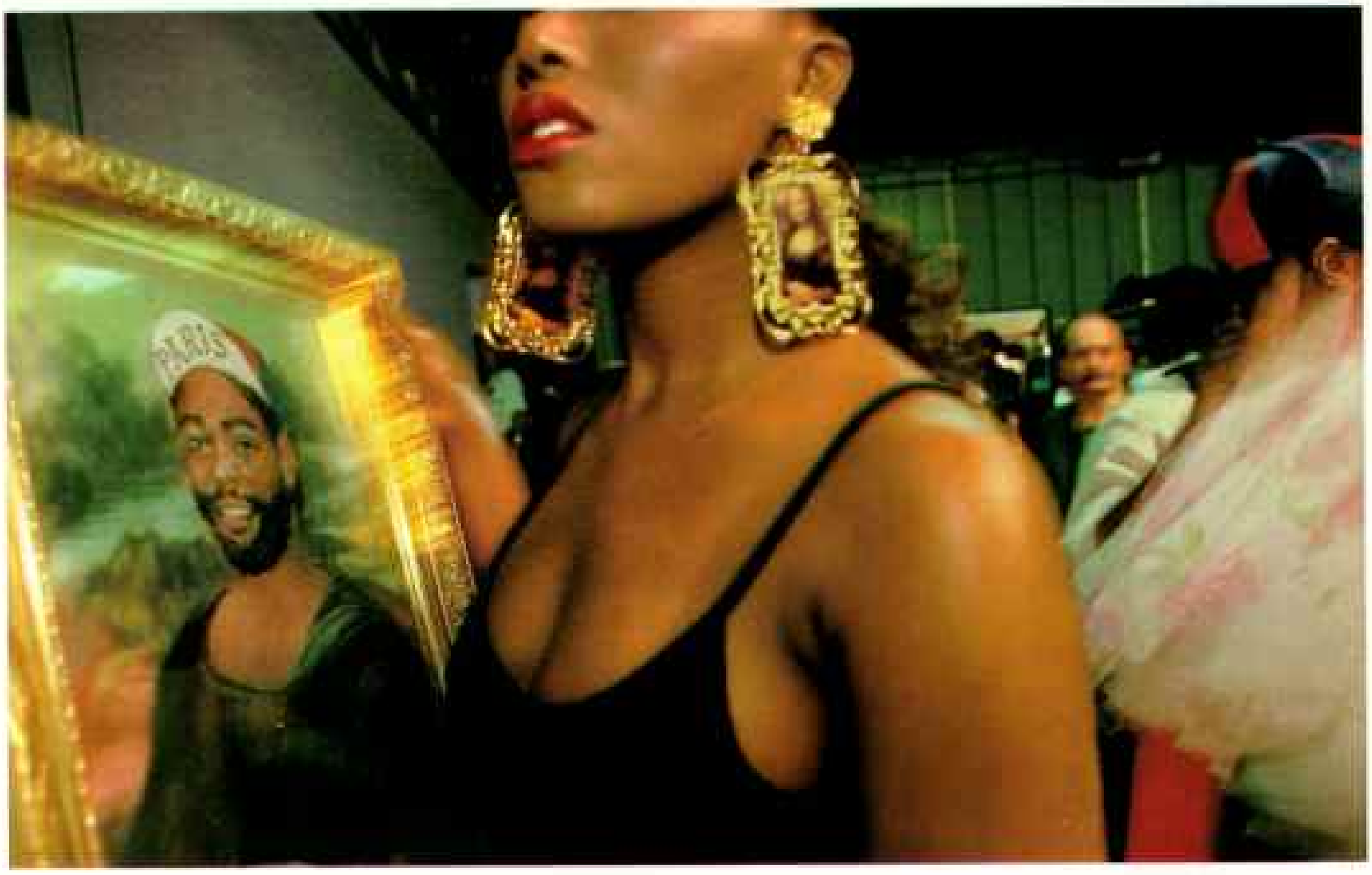
It is a brave soul who suggests changing the look of a design. The rare victories of customer over designer are justly celebrated. Gloria Guinness, wife of the heir to a vast Irish fortune, scandalized fitter and *vendeuse* by demanding changes in the late Balenciaga's pyramid-shaped dress. "Gloria, how dare you change one of my designs?" Balenciaga asked her sternly. "I dare because my husband will be paying the bill and will not like the dress precisely as you have designed it," Mrs. Guinness replied spunkily. "You are absolutely right," Balenciaga agreed with a grin. Mrs. Guinness was photographed frequently in the adjusted style.

Gloria Guinness's triumph was perhaps unique, but regular customers do have certain privileges in addition to a seat in the front row. The Duchess of Windsor, who did as much for the French fashion industry in her time as Nancy Reagan did for its U. S. counterpart in our own day, often benefited from a 40 percent discount. Regulars who missed a collection used to be sent sketches, descriptions, and prices. Nowadays fashionable women who can't attend the shows are more likely to order from videos or photographs.

MOST WOMEN treat their couture purchases like the treasures they are. Deeda Blair, a medical-research consultant from Washington, D. C., who wears some of her Paris dresses for as long as 16 years, donates garments she knows she will never wear again to museums. Ivana Trump, wife of New York tycoon Donald Trump, packs older designs off to her mother in Czechoslovakia. But the late Lorraine Rowan Cooper, wife of former Kentucky Senator John Sherman Cooper, would occasionally use the sturdy wool from a couture skirt to cover an ottoman.

"Couture is necessary and must be

The American in Paris fashion, Mississippian Patrick Kelly, whose portrait is held by a model, came to France in 1981 on a ticket provided by an anonymous benefactor. Last year he became the lone American among ready-to-wear designers recognized by the elite Chambre Syndicale. Though foreign talent is readily adopted, the fine-tuned French instinct for style is nearly a birthright. "One isn't born in Paris to stop thinking about clothes for one minute," says fashion grande dame Diana Vreeland.



preserved, because it is the last refuge of the craftsman," Yves Saint Laurent once told me. "The rich woman must preserve couture. Maybe that is not a law, but it is her duty. Otherwise couture and its crafts will die, and rich women will be responsible for the decline of this art *extraordinaire!*"

Already some of the crafts are dying out. Saint Laurent is finding it increasingly difficult to get high-quality *passementerie* (trimming) to replace the original trim on clothes inspired several years ago by the costumes of the Russian peasants of tsarist times or the raffia used in his African designs. The fine satin and taffeta needed to stitch together the 16 parts of a glove are also becoming scarce.

Designers live not by couture alone, but by the things that couture makes possible in the mass market—fragrances, ready-to-wear clothes for men and women, shoes, scarves, and other items with the designer's brand on them. This business started less than 25 years ago, when Saint Laurent kicked off his ready-to-wear line. Other designers followed, to their immense profit: Such products are estimated to bring in nearly 200 times the 50 million dollars earned each year by couture itself.

Buyers from all over the world flock to the official ready-to-wear shows that take place twice a year in tents set up in the courtyard of the Louvre. There is nothing ladylike or gentlemanly about these crowded, market-driven shows. Rock music blasts, and ten models come down the runway at one time, wearing fantastic outfits. A designer has to be director and producer, or hire someone who is, in order to compete.

Clothes are often exaggerated, overaccessorized to beam the message loud and clear to the professional audience in the back of the tent. The designer's chosen team of hairstylists and makeup artists changes the models' look to suit the designer's choice of image. At least 50 other designers show their clothes in schools, restaurants, theaters—even their apartments. The first American to make it big in the ready-to-wear shows is Patrick Kelly, originally from Mississippi, who like a coach before the big game always

Last year Karl Lagerfeld showed a pink so hot it singed the senses. Next year's creation lies embedded in the imagination. The hat and gloves are an exaggerated effect for the runway audience. Ephemeral as a kiss, fashion's perishability allows a seasonal revolution in hemlines, shapes, and colors. Said French playwright Jean Cocteau, "Fashion dies very young, so we must forgive it everything."

engages his models, assistants, and dressers behind the scenes in a brief prayer session before the show begins.

READY-TO-WEAR may not be genteel, but it's good business for French fashion and good business for France. The French government and fashion industry are attached by a strong and ancient thread. President Mitterrand encouraged establishment of the Musée de la Mode in the Louvre and still worries whether the elevators work properly.

Louis XIV established dress edicts for his court that pushed upwardly mobile nobles to the edge of bankruptcy. Like the modern designers who loaned dresses to Mrs. Reagan, he understood the trickle-down theory of fashion—that if someone in a special position wears something, others will imitate. The Sun King decreed that only noblemen of a high rank could wear silver bullion on their waistcoats. "This created a vast popularity for lumps of silver," says Harold Koda, curator at the Fashion Institute of Technology in New York City.

Traveling aristocrats brought the styles of the French court to other European courts. French ambassadors carried books of swatches and designs as a way to boost the silk and other luxury industries.

Napoleon understood that the Revolution had virtually destroyed France's silk industry, which was essential to the nation's economy. "I saw you in the same dress two weeks ago," he might say, beginning a conversation with a young noblewoman in the simple cotton dress popular at the time. "Don't you think it would be better to dress more richly, like some of the others who are bedecked in silk and embroidery and lace?" The emperor ordered butlers to keep the fires in the court banked, so that the chill would encourage women to cover themselves with more silk.

One wealthy 19th-century American, a Mrs. Moulton, who had been invited to Napoleon III's court at the Palace of Compiègne, bought 21 dresses from Worth: "Eight day costumes (counting my traveling suit), the green cloth dress for the hunt, which I was told was absolutely necessary, seven ball dresses, five gowns for tea."

About such lavish wardrobe expenditures she once grumbled, "Some compliments were paid me, but unfortunately not enough to pay the bill."

OTHER AMERICAN WOMEN have been at the very center of couture. Early in this century Paris designer Jean Patou decided that his "sporting look" was particularly suitable to the long-legged, athletic American woman. According to Patou's grandnephew, Jean de Mouy, who now runs the house on the Rue Saint-Florentin, Patou went to New York City in 1926 and made a deal with Florenz Ziegfeld to hire showgirls to use in presenting his collection. Today many leading models are Americans.

If all this history and current turmoil tells us anything, it tells us that fashion may change, but it never dies. The healthy overstatement of the ready-to-wear shows reassures us on that score, as people come from all over the world in search of clothes that people will buy in the hope of looking perfect.

At the Claude Montana ready-to-wear show last October, there was a wait of more than an hour and a half from the time the show was scheduled until it finally began. Scattered handclapping gave the first hint that the crowd was restless, and before the show started, the rhythmic pounding of feet seemed to rock the tent. But once the show began with a parade of models in wide-legged pants, see-through blouses, jackets, and coats, the audience cheered and the delay was forgotten.

Even the couturiers seem to be getting into the spirit of the future. "It was your best, your best!" one retailer told a dazed Saint Laurent after a recent show. A member of the press kissed the couturier on both cheeks and said, "It's hard to imagine you could do such a brilliant collection again!" And Saint Laurent agreed, "You are probably right."

But he probably will do it again. As the French say, it is his *métier*. □

Paris

La Belle Époque

By EUGEN WEBER

ROGER-VIOLLET

It was the best of times in Paris in 1900 when a crowd enjoyed the cancan at the Moulin Rouge. As the nation celebrated the onset of the new century, the French toasted material progress and easy pleasure, and artists of every genre were intoxicated by new ideas.

ON APRIL 24, 1900, at four in the afternoon, a balloon rose from the Tuileries Gardens, while 15,000 Parisians craned their necks to watch. On board was an early cameraman, Raoul Grimoin-Samson, who had bought the right to show his new invention, the Cinéorama, or cinema-in-the-round, at the International Exhibition that was just about to open on the Left Bank. As Grimoin went up to film Paris, "the ground seemed to fall away, and the Eiffel Tower glided past, then fell below our feet, as if we looked down from a balcony. A light wind pushed us eastward. . . . It is from 1,200 feet that Paris looks its best. Knotted around the ribbon of the Seine, one saw it all, cut up by avenues and boulevards, gullied by its streets and lanes."

As the balloon continued to ascend, swaying, Grimoin noted: "The earth's surface seemed to lean now to one side, now to another, to the point where it showed up vertical. At 2,000 feet I stopped filming." After which the balloon soared to 3,000 feet, eventually bumping down rather sharply in a field not far from where Orly Airport stands today.

The city Grimoin filmed held two and a half million people. It was a gigantic building yard then, as it has remained since. Ever in flux, Paris has always been the site of giant projects preceded by giant potholes and no less vast discomforts: from the great swaths that city planner Baron Haussmann began cutting for boulevards and parks in the 1850s; through the real estate developments of the Second Empire and the Third Republic and the rebuilding of the blackened ruins that the great popular uprising, the Commune of 1871, had left behind; to the underground Métro, whose first line opened in 1900, for the exhibition, to great success and somber predictions that the Métropolitain would prove a Nécropolitain.

But 1900 was a special moment

RD-VIOLLET (ARCHIVES); ROGER-VIOLLET

Turn-of-the-century god, technology, was glorified on a heroic scale at the International Exhibition of 1900, admired by boaters on the Seine (above). A million visitors ascended the Eiffel Tower, completed 11 years before, and many rode a 350-foot-tall Ferris wheel. The fair's 277 acres were crowded with some 80,000 exhibits, including a Palace of Electricity, a re-created Swiss village, and a mock naval battle staged by 30 warships that bombarded and burned a model maritime city.

MIMI BATY COLLECTION

in Paris. The International Exposition of that year was the greatest in a series held in the city. Everything was gigantic: The Ferris wheel, 350 feet high, could carry 1,600 people at one time. Camille Saint-Saëns' "Heavenly Fire," a hymn to the glory of the electricity that glowed over the fairgrounds, was performed by 2,000 massed musicians, who also belted out a rousing "Marseillaise." The president of the republic entertained 20,000 of France's mayors at a Pantagruelian banquet, the waiters on roller skates. (It seemed only Grimoin's Cinéorama came to grief: His first show was his last. The intense heat of the arc lamps used for the projection led to accidents. The show was canceled; he went bankrupt.)

The guide to the exhibition called the century ending "the most fertile in discoveries, the most prodigious in sciences" that the world had known, and it spoke of "a revolution in the economic order of the universe."

Paris was the cultural capital of the world: It set fashions in dress, art, the pleasures of life; its vitality was everywhere envied. Artists, writers, painters, musicians were busy laying the foundations of the modern, 20th-century consciousness to come.

But there was another feeling, even more widely shared; the French of the 1880s and 1890s had referred to themselves as *fin de siècle*, "end of the century," and in a way that came to mark not just the end of a century but the end of an age, an era, a way of life, a world.

That world would come crashing down 14 years later with World War I, not only with death and financial ruin but also with new and therefore frightening ways of thinking, seeing, acting. In time the French would look back on those three decades around 1900 as *La Belle Époque*, "the good old days."

Celebrities were part of the spectacle in 1920s cafés like La Coupole. Denizens included painter Moïse Kisling, at far right, and Japanese artist Foujita.

Guillaume Apollinaire (top right), a literary apostle of cubism, sought to do in his poems what Picasso accomplished on canvas. Both befriended a notable American in Paris, writer Gertrude Stein (bottom, at left), and her companion, Alice B. Toklas.

LET ME TAKE YOU into that Paris, where our world was reshaped: Let me tell you how people lived and how the changes came about. Regimes pass; the city endures and, with it, certain constants. Food is one of these: gigantic meals in Flaubert's *Sentimental Education*, dreary ones in Huysmans' *En Ménage*, grandiose in Zola's *La Curée*, promiscuous in Maupassant's *Bel-Ami*, exquisite in Huysmans' *À Rebours*. . . . Eating and drinking are matters of consequence: "I eat, therefore I am." The poor feast excessively when they can. No matter if they vomit, provided that they do it in the street. But, for all, eating long, solidly, and richly is a symbol of well-being and, more important, of success. Of moral balance too: Zola's negative characters pick at their food.

Another constant is the dirt. Not only when servants throw peelings and offal out the window to annoy the concierge. The sordid haunts all sides of life. In the new department stores, we are told, women who undress to try on a corset are nearly always dirty. Streets, air, food, homes, people, all are tainted; breath, clothes, courts, and buildings reek; shirt cuffs are as black as fingernails; heroes blanch at the thought of the filth within the little boots that trot so prettily; others quake at their laundry bills: "Another 5 francs 85 centimes this week. The laundry was killing him!" Most, of course, survive by dispensing with it.

The model of the bourgeois apartment house that is the center of Zola's *Pot-Bouille* reveals no taps or sinks, let alone lavatories. The bathroom of the mansion built by Saccard, a wealthy banker in another Zola novel, was the talk of Paris: "like that of a *cocotte*." And, indeed, the superior

EUGEN WEBER, winner of the 1984 Prix de la Société des Gens de Lettres, is professor of modern European history at the University of California, Los Angeles.

HARLINGUE-VIOLLET (1931). YALE COLLECTION OF AMERICAN LITERATURE, BEINECKE LIBRARY

cleanliness of prostitutes was a commonplace—presumably confirming the dangers of ablution.

Although administratively one, the city was practically a puzzle of separate *quartiers:* a congeries of quasi-provincial villages within which most lives were led. The quartier was an island whose inhabitants seldom ventured forth even on brief forays to foreign parts, let alone to the far bank of the Seine. And the poorer you were, the more quartier-bound you were likely to be; many a workman's child grew to adolescence before World War I without getting out of Ménilmontant or Belleville.

This, even though Paris was much smaller in 1900 than it is today. The Champs-Élysées lay at the edge of the town, so that when Marcel Proust's fictional Swann courted his ladylove near the Étoile, he risked himself that far in a cab only with a delicious sense of adventure. Beyond the Étoile lay areas still close to the countryside. The great avenues Napoleon had laid out around his Arc de Triomphe, like that where Victor Hugo died in 1885 and that bears his name, ran through orchards and past chicken roosts.

It was well that Paris was smaller, because means of communication were limited. A lot of the avenues that Baron Haussmann had planned were still not finished by 1900; some of the most familiar (the Boulevards Saint-Michel and Saint-Germain on the Left Bank, for instance) would not be finished until just before and after World War I. The single subway line apart, would-be travelers depended on cabs, trams, or buses, all of them horse drawn. In 1871 the first *chemin de fer à l'Américain* had been set up, in effect a tram drawn by horses, as were the large, expensive, double-decker omnibuses that, in 1906, were endowed with engines and with a new name: *autobus.*

A cab ride cost about the equivalent of a workman's daily wages; disputes with cab drivers embittered many an outing, and romantic trysts in cabs figured in a song the popular chanteuse Yvette Guibert launched about this time, called "Le Fiacre."

All of which made for a lot of horses. But horses, unfortunately, were expensive, inefficient, and messy. Each horse dropped six to seven tons of dung a year, which would have been useful as fertilizer if suburban market-gardens had not kept moving farther away from the source.

On the other hand, if horses meant manure, manure attracted birds. The traditional Paris sparrow, the cheeky *moineau de Paris,* would not have prospered without its dung-manufacturing friends—not just horses but also the goats and cows that provided milk on the hoof into the 1920s. And it was more than a coincidence that the swallows disappeared from Paris and the sparrow population began to fall when 200,000 horses no longer shed their tons of manure on the city streets.

BOTH FROM RD-VIOLLET

Each day, it was said, Victor Hugo wrote 100 lines of verse or 20 pages of prose. A populist, his social conscience is reflected in his epic novel, Les Misérables. *Politics led to 19 years of exile under Napoleon III. Hugo's funeral in 1885 engulfed Paris. Two million joined the procession. His body lay in state at the Arc de Triomphe before being taken to the Panthéon in a pauper's hearse—a final statement of solidarity with the common man.*

PROGRESS, however, heeds no sparrows, and progress was clearly at work in a generation that had seen tricycles equipped with engines turn into motorcars, which by 1898 drew 40,000 a day to view them in the first *Salon de l'Automobile.* By 1906 automobile exports, mostly from works situated in or near Paris, had climbed to a value of 140 million francs, and vehicle traffic had increased tenfold. Despite the driver's licenses introduced in 1899 and a speed limit of 30 kilometers an hour (18 mph) imposed in 1901, pedestrian casualties soared to 1,700 wounded and 75 dead a year. The socialist *Petite République* editorialized against "this sport of millionaires."

But a sporting journalist knew better. "To the car we shall owe the conquest of the air." The gasoline engine developed to run cars was adapted to fly other contraptions. By 1906, three years after the Wright brothers got the first airplane off the ground, an aircraft factory in Paris was turning out serviceable biplanes.

Fashion too advanced. By 1900 tailored suits suggested a more streamlined humanity, bodies more slender and more free to move. Skirts still hobbled, as society did. But even skirts had to adjust, and petticoats had to adapt, to new means of transportation. Or simply to the need of perfectly respectable women to ambulate in the urban environment, to trot and window-shop, without sweeping up too much mud or dust in the process. And without stumbling. So, by 1910 even the hobble skirts designed by the master *couturière* Jeanne Paquin hid pleats that made them

easier to walk in. And beneath the dress boned corsets began to give way to more elastic girdles, bodices, and bras.

ALL THIS, it seems, was part of American influence: welcomed by some, deplored by others. Right or wrong, much that was new was alleged to be American. Brash transatlantic females, assertive and "feminist," threatened to Americanize French women; American gold perverted French taste; American scale sapped the French sense of measure. The Eiffel Tower, completed in 1889, was denounced as "American"; so were traffic jams and "politicians"—a new word for our other oldest profession, imported from the United States in the 1870s.

As the 19th century ended, the Yankee menace began to vie in French demonology with the *Anglicke* threat. American prosperity and transatlantic steamers began to funnel in a stream of visitors. Now foreigners by definition were American, flourishing gross cigars, calling for ice water, demanding unfamiliar creature comforts like baths or phones that worked.

Tourists, American and other, could enjoy another spectacular

JANE Avril

The mad whirl of Parisian life reached an exuberant crest in the music hall and theater. A Moulin Rouge singer, Jane Avril, was part of the risqué world painted by Toulouse-Lautrec.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK

Swashbuckling Cyrano de Bergerac, here sketched by playwright Edmond Rostand, leaped into theatrical immortality in 1897. All Paris was a stage for actress Sarah Bernhardt, whose Hamlet was an 1899 tour de force.

facility inspired by American models: International exhibitions spurred the rise of grand hotels. César Ritz opened his in 1898. He brought Auguste Escoffier with him from the Savoy in London, where the great chef had invented *pêche melba* and melba toast. The Ritz was where the American financier Berry Wall liked to dine, together with a chow chow that wore a dinner jacket and Charvet stock tie to match those of his master.

Telephones, typewriters, the electric telegraph, and the tailored suit all came from across the ocean. So did new rhythms, whether in work (Frederick Winslow Taylor's *Principles of Scientific Management* was translated into French in 1912, but French automaker Louis Renault got wind of it years before) or in leisure—for sports too were of Anglo-Saxon inspiration. And though it was Pierre de Coubertin, a Frenchman, who in 1896 revived the Olympic Games, the 1900 version of Coubertin's Amateur World Championships Called Olympic Games, which took place under the aegis of the Paris Exhibition, demonstrated how little the French public cared for such trivial pursuits. The only popular sport at the turn of the century was cycling: a rich folks' game, played on expensive machines, but one that soon provided the less rich too with means of locomotion.

FOR THE EYE and the mind, Paris was stimulation. The strolling, ambling, rambling pedestrian could gaze for hours on the theater of the street and boulevard and the brash posters of Toulouse-Lautrec, Willette, Chéret. And even better were the theaters and dance halls.

At the turn of the century, half a million Parisians went to the theater once a week. Well over a million went once a month to see a play. "The population of Paris lives in the theater, lives by the theater, lives for the theater." And thousands from all over France, from all over the world, came to join them there. "If you really want to be known in literature," noted the novelist Edmond de Goncourt, "you have to be on the stage. Because the theatre is all the literature a lot of people know."

For spectators it meant an evening's entertainment, available even to the lower classes, perched in the gallery, throwing their orange peels or peanut shells over the railings and proffering comments that could make or break up a show.

Entertainment was not confined to the stage. Built in a horseshoe shape, their lights undimmed or only slightly lowered while the show went on, theaters were designed to give the public the spectacle of itself.

When people stopped looking at one another and looked at the stage, they could enjoy *féeries* like Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird*, the great success of 1908; vaudeville and melodrama, vehicles for sophisticated, witty repartee; or performances in the grand style provided by stars like Sarah Bernhardt or Eleanora Duse. Rostand's brilliant, romantic *Cyrano de Bergerac* was a great success in 1897, but no greater than the soft porn of bedroom comedies that featured heroines dressing, undressing, being undressed, or searching for a flea in suggestive places. New plays, more sober, more demanding, featuring minimal scenery, truculent language, and shocking ideas, attracted tiny minorities. These are the plays the history of the theater has retained.

"THE THEATER of the poor," and of the not so poor, was to be found in music halls and in their more modest counterparts, *cafés-concerts* or *cafés-chantants*, of which the capital boasted nearly 300 at the turn of the century. Between 1893 and

1913, while the population of Paris grew 18 percent, attendance at such festive halls more than doubled: evidence of popular favor but also of more people with more free time, more money to spend, more choice about how to spend it.

Since the 1870s popular dance halls had learned how to turn their activities into spectacle. For a minimal entrance fee one obtained access to a dance floor and had an orchestra. But one could also watch acrobats, magicians, comedians, singers, mimes. The great attractions of such places were the rough popular capers of the 1840s turned into spectacular shindigs: *cancan* or *chahut*. Foreigners seem to think, grumbled *Le Figaro* in 1882, "that all Parisians dance the cancan every evening after work."

In an age when few decent women wore drawers, the high-kicking cancan exploited the thrill of skirts raised and legs waved to reveal knee-length pantaloons. But the cancan was only one offering in a broad menu designed to tease the senses. Dances, sketches, and *tableaux-vivants* were largely meant to display women's bodies, enticingly bared in whole or part.

Colette, while gaining fame with her novels, simultaneously won success as a music-hall artist from the display of a provocative body in provoking scenes.

The scent of scandal (in Colette's case, the flaunting of fashionable lesbianism) enhanced the allure of a show. But show-biz success is often a *succès de scandale*. And the fin de siècle savored scandal, on the stage as in society. Witness the smash hit of the Pétomane, a title one can only translate as Fartomaniac. For several seasons everybody who was anybody, and who could afford it, flocked to the Moulin Rouge to hear the wonders that he produced with wind.

In time popular favor shifted to the *cinéma*, which had, from its birth, found a home in music halls. By 1914 Paris cinemas were making more money than halls and *bals* took in.

MUSIC WAS MADE outside music halls, of course: in middle-class homes where learning music was no more exceptional than learning arithmetic and by bands playing in the street, in the square, or in the new bandstands going up in public parks. But the serious French music of this era was written and performed for cognoscenti.

Claude Debussy, who wanted to keep the insensitive many from soiling beauty with their vulgar ears, succeeded only too well. In 1913 Igor Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring* challenged the pale tones favored by the likes of Debussy.

The model of public music, of course, was the opera. In Charles Garnier's new opera house that opened in 1875, opera found a home appropriate to its grandeur. But an expensive one. Unable to afford its prices, most music lovers looked elsewhere—to concert series where tickets could be bought for as little as 50 centimes. There, at least every Sunday, performances offered access to a symphonic repertoire hitherto priced out of reach and also to novelties like the music of Richard Wagner.

Over Wagner music lovers split as they had over politics. Some thought his melodic spells did not make up for wastes of dreariness; others thought him the best thing since Calliope and had themselves buried or married to his strains.

Before long, Russian music brought to Paris by the impresario Sergey Diaghilev in 1907, then Russian ballet, and finally the ballets that young Stravinsky wrote for Diaghilev and for Diaghilev's star, Nijinsky (*Firebird*, 1910; *Petrushka*, 1911), were going to shake up French music far more than Wagner had done. The exotic music, the "barbarian" tints and

There was only one Colette, France's outstanding early 20th-century female writer and feminist symbol. She cropped her flowing tresses to resemble the schoolgirl heroine of her Claudine novels and courted scandal—parading her lesbianism and performing erotic music-hall dances.

Showing her famous legs, the dance-hall performer Mistinguett (right) poses with her shoe collection. Attendance at Paris music halls more than doubled between 1893 and 1913, although the city's population increased by only 18 percent.

ROGER-VIOLLET (TOP); RENÉ DAZY COLLECTION

ornaments, the colorful costumes, the unexpected scenery that Diaghilev orchestrated ushered in modernity.

By 1913 Stravinsky's dissonant music, Nijinsky's dancing, and the new Théâtre des Champs-Élysées made *The Rite of Spring* the musical event (and scandal) of the year. Four years later, in the midst of World War I, the inspiration that *The Rite* provided would produce the program work of a new musical era: *Parade*, with music by Erik Satie, plot by Jean Cocteau, choreography by Léonide Massine, sets and costumes designed by Picasso, and program notes written by the poet Apollinaire.

MEANWHILE, avant-garde painters had taken up new positions. They moved from painting as the public saw it (the academic style), to painting as the artist saw it (the Impressionist school), and toward painting as the artist felt. Impressionism had gained wide acceptance before the century ended. Manets, Monets, and Sisleys that had sold for a few hundred francs in the 1880s now went for tens of thousands. True, respectable bourgeois continued to spurn the school. "When one has a daughter to marry, one has to have a serious home."

Then, in 1905, a new wave exploded in the public face when the Salon d'Automne exhibited a roomful of pictures by Matisse, Derain, Marquet, Vlaminck—at once described as the hall of the wild beasts *(les fauves)*. The attention the Fauvists attracted was not wholly favorable. Their explosive colors reeked of rebellion and of anarchy: "Shapeless daubs . . . barbaric games . . . pictorial aberrations . . . bad jokes . . . orgiastic debauch of color, nightmare, or hoax." What had these scrawls to do with art? asked the critics.

It was in this context that a Montmartre neighbor of the

LIPNITZKI-VIOLLET (BOTH)

ROGER-VIOLLET

Spoofing critics, writer Roland Dorgelès—who hated abstract art—tied brushes to a donkey's tail to create "And the Sun Set Over the Adriatic." It sold for 400 francs at an avant-garde show. Artist-writer Jean Cocteau (left, at left) wrote the libretto for Antigone, *a 1927 opera by Arthur Honegger, at right. The 1928 reunion of the 1911 Ballet Russe cast (bottom) that had premiered Igor Stravinsky's* Petrushka *had tragic undertones. Vaslav Nijinsky, second from right, the original Petrushka, suffered from schizophrenia and had retired. Impresario Sergey Diaghilev, his arm around Nijinsky, arranged the photograph for history and Nijinsky, hoping the familiar faces would spark recovery. They did not.*

leading Fauvist, Roland Dorgelès, himself a writer, induced the pet donkey of a local innkeeper to paint a picture of his own. Gorged with carrots, spinach, and cigarettes at one end, his lively tail leaving trails of multicolored paint at the other end, Lolo swished his way over a canvas that Dorgelès and his friends entitled "And the Sun Set Over the Adriatic."

The pictorial exploit, witnessed by a notary public, was signed Boronali (from Aliboron, the foolish donkey immortalized by La Fontaine) and exhibited at the Salon des Indépendants.

Boronali's "excessivist" style drew criticism for the excessive personality it reflected, but the canvas sold for 400 francs. None of which prevented the Fauvists' explosion of color from being assimilated, as Impressionism had been. In 1908 Matisse, regarded as leader of the School of Paris, opened an academy of his own, attracting many foreign students.

The essence of modern art no longer lay in one particular style but in change itself, the quest for the unexpected novelty that startles and astounds. In 1905 Vlaminck picked up three traditional African carvings in a *bistro*. The images profoundly influenced him and Derain. Two years later Picasso was painting his controversial "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon." He wanted to show that art is "our concept of what nature is not." Under his leadership cubism proceeded to reorder form and motion on a flat surface, even as Stravinsky's music at that time reordered tone and redefined melody.

Prophets of surrealism emerged, foes of popular and commercial vulgarization for whom the purpose of art was to shake up society and the purpose of artists was first to shock and then to self-destruct.

Among the most obviously self-destructive of such figures was Alfred Jarry, fascinated by guns, boxing, cycling, pranks, and scatological language. Jarry's famous play, *Ubu Roi*, perpetrated in 1896, shown once and never forgotten, turned him into a myth of the avant-garde. Provocatively grubby and ill-dressed, determined to live down to his reputation, Jarry painted his hands and face green and once turned up to see a play with a bow tie painted on his shirt. Before he died of tuberculosis and alcoholism in 1907, his sympathy for hallucinations and for fantasy had clearly marked him as one of the patron saints of surrealists.

There was more to the avant-garde than asinine daubs or cashing in on fame wrought by excess. Before the Irishman James Joyce (who only settled in Paris after the war and did not publish his *Ulysses* until 1922), Marcel Proust was experimenting with narratives that wove together inner and outer time, subjective feelings and objective reality.

Not even science seemed stable. Formulated in 1900, the quantum theory cracked the Euclidian edifice. Relativity fissured reality. Unconscious forces raised doubts about reason. The stable, constant, harmonious world was falling to pieces all around: Its literary and pictorial image fell to pieces too. The philosopher Henri Bergson called attention to the irrational and the unconscious. Miguel de Unamuno, the Spanish Francophile, would echo him: "All that is vital is irrational."

WITH WORLD WAR I, a frivolous, anxious, self-satisfied world gave way to a frivolous, anxious, deeply troubled world. As poet and philosopher Paul Valéry put it, our civilization had found out that it was mortal. In that perspective the years before the war (with all their drawbacks, and these had been many) began to look like the good old days, less anxious, less inflation-ridden, when domestic help had been available and amenable, when the lower orders had known their place.

While the delicate Marcel Proust stood on a balcony of the Ritz to watch German planes bomb Paris, a young priest, Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, was serving as a stretcher bearer in the trenches. The future paleontologist and philosopher wrote home that the front was "the extreme boundary between what we already know and what is still taking shape."

The four years of senseless slaughter accelerated the transmutation. War cracked the confidence of those who guarded the official culture and confirmed the argument of the avant-garde: The old order was bankrupt, ready to be replaced. After 1917 the Dada movement, which stressed absurdity, revolted against the discredited wisdom of the older generation. Its weapons were irreverence, incoherence, aggressive ugliness. After 1920 surrealism, spurred by Dada's excesses, revealed the mystery of familiar forms, the ambiguities of clarity, the poetry that hides behind the commonplace: for some a lot of nonsense, for some a potent drug.

HARLINGUE-VIOLLET

It began in 1909 with a childhood memory evoked by the taste of tea-soaked pastry. Not until five years after his death in 1922 was publication completed of Remembrance of Things Past, *by Marcel Proust, perhaps France's greatest modern novelist.*

Expatriate writers swarmed to Paris after World War I. Many of the best borrowed and bought books from Sylvia Beach (right, third from left), who owned the Left Bank bookshop Shakespeare and Company. "You saw books that you had never seen before," wrote Ernest Hemingway, at right, recently injured by a falling skylight inadvertently broken by guest F. Scott Fitzgerald.

More deadly injuries followed dueling, which had seen a resurgence in the late 19th century. By 1900 duels were being listed in the press.

The poet T. S. Eliot demanded an art that simplified modern life into something rich and strange. Instead of simplifying, postwar art was going to amplify. Everything suddenly became louder, more clamorous, shrill, discordant, crude. Still wounded by the war, Paris did not shamble toward a new age—the 20th century in full cry—but strutted into it.

As for the Belle Époque, the good old days, well, there was now to be an echo. Into this postwar Paris of Dada, cubism, and all kinds of "modernism," a new tide of Americans now flooded, inspired by the passage of U. S. Prohibition in 1919 and encouraged by a postwar European inflation that made it possible for two to live comfortably on three, four, or five dollars a day.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES had been the first to declare that good Americans when they die go to Paris. Now, after World War I, there were lots of young Americans, good and not so good, dying to go to Paris. Rebellion came cheaper there; beauty, truth, and unprohibited drink were available in abundance; and a portable typewriter guaranteed creativity. That was the "moveable feast" Hemingway wrote about, the age of long-haired men and short-haired women, when "Paris wore its greatness like makeup" and F. Scott Fitzgerald introduced Hemingway to the Ritz bar. For those whom Gertrude Stein dubbed a lost generation, culture now went with cubism and cocktails, free love and free verse, modern furniture or none; feminine self-expression went with smoking as many cigarettes

ROGER-VIOLLET (ABOVE); SYLVIA BEACH COLLECTION, PRINCETON UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

ROGER-VIOLLET

Above and below the banana belt, there was only delightful scandal for Paris audiences when Josephine Baker took over the stage. Escaping an East St. Louis, Illinois, ghetto, she joined La Revue Nègre, a troupe of black American entertainers who made their Paris debut in 1926. The city went wild over her sizzling Charleston danced with bottom-slapping antics and dubbed her "La Baker." She strolled the Champs-Élysées with a diamond-collared pet leopard, adding her own piquancy to that "moveable feast," Paris.

as men did; emancipation went with beach pajamas and cosmetics.

But a moveable feast gathers no moss. Americans talked mostly to one another. They drank at the Closerie-des-Lilas but did not know that Marshal Ney's statue in front of the café stood on the place where the marshal had been executed for following Napoleon in 1815. They drank at the Boeuf sur le Toit but did not know the ballet for which it had been named (the ballet was situated in a bar). They admired Coco Chanel, the general of *haute couture*, dressed all in black and surrounded by Stravinsky, Picasso, Cocteau, Diaghilev—but did not know enough French to communicate. They patronized declining music halls and café-concerts because they found them exotic, while French contemporaries welcomed American jazz, American bars, American pancakes at Le Quick Lunch, where painters such as Pascin and Kisling liked to eat.

The French ignored Hemingway and Ezra Pound and Scott Fitzgerald. They applauded Josephine Baker's "primitive" exotic dancing in La Revue Nègre. It was a long step from East St. Louis to Paris, an even longer one from goofy pickaninny roles through jungly *femme fatale* in a banana skirt, and not much else, to becoming a national idol by the Seine. But, in Paris, women like Baker (or Colette or Chanel) could, with luck and talent and hard work, escape from convention and be themselves. It was harder, somehow, for men to do this. The image of Bohemia (reinforced in 1896 by Puccini's *La Bohème*) was an encouragement to play at art rather than work at it.

HENCE, the age of *An American in Paris*, when so many hearts were young and gay and so many heads hung over, was less an age of learning from Paris than one of emancipation in Paris. Because, as they compared the provincialism they had fled with the provincialism that dazzled them in Paris, a lot of these expatriates grew up, innocence waned. "The burden of inferiority," recorded the critic Malcolm Cowley, "leaked away." They were ready to go home, be themselves, do their work. Which was just as well, because in 1929 the moveable feast ended, and those Americans who had not gone home before went home after the stock market's black Friday. It had been, reflected Cowley looking back on it, "an easy, quick, adventurous age, good to be young in." A belle époque for those who had not known La Belle Époque. □

CAMERON
DANIEL

GLORIA
LACEY

IN

RENDEZVOUS

. . . A DREAM COME TRUE

A STEVEN CAPP PRODUCTION

There's a company that produces happy endings. And it's not in Hollywood.

In the movies, happy endings look easy.

But in the real world, happy endings don't just happen. They take solid planning. Hard work. And a little imagination.

That's why so many people turn to the companies of The Prudential to help make their biggest dreams come true.

Peace of mind

Consider Prudential Insurance. For over 110 years, Prudential Insurance has been helping families just like yours. Today, millions of Americans depend on The Rock® for the peace of mind that comes from solid protection.

Financial security

Prudential-Bache Securities is known for its rock solid resources and market wise investment advice. Advice that's helping investors all over America reach their financial goals. And, feel a little more secure and confident along the way.

The home of your dreams

Now you can also turn to The Rock when you're buying or selling a home. Because some of the best names in residential real estate have joined The Prudential.

Backed by the strength of The Rock, The Prudential Real Estate Affiliates can help make the home of your dreams become a reality.

So if your plans call for insurance protection, investment advice, or even buying or selling a home, look to the companies of The Prudential to help you with your most important financial needs.

Because, no matter how your script reads now, with the strength of The Rock it could have a much happier ending.

Build your future on The Rock.℠

ThePrudential

O beautiful fo

Wide open spaces have quite a way of moving people. Reason enough to stretch out in the Honda Accord. After all, our 4-Door Sedan is surprisingly expansive. It has more front headroom and front legroom than a long list of luxury cars.

Of course, the LX model shown above is an excellent place to introduce your lap to luxury. Air conditioning is what you'd expect. Standard. As are power door locks and windows. And cruise control.

With a Honda-like eye for ergonomics, the seats are sculpted and supportive. Assist handles are appropriately located.

r spaciousness.

The steering column is adjustable to maximize your personal space. And an electronically tuned stereo system takes full advantage of the fine acoustical space that is the Accord LX.

No doubt, you'll find yourself singing a praise or two.

Accord LX HONDA

Vive la différence

THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

THERE'S A SCENE in the movie *Three Men and a Baby* that raises an interesting question: Why do Americans and the French react differently to the same situation?

The film, as you may recall, is a Hollywood version of the French comedy *Three Men and a Cradle*. It begins with the misadventures of two bachelors when a baby is left at their door. A note identifies the child as belonging to a third bachelor who is out of town. So his roommates take the infant in, only to have their lives upended by dirty diapers and midnight feedings.

When the natural father returns, unaware of the misery his friends have gone through, he's surprised by the welcome he receives: They pummel him and make a loud scene.

In the French version they react quite differently, however. Instead of shouting, the roommates respond with an icy silence. Seated stiffly in their chairs, they refuse to answer their friend's questions or even acknowledge his presence.

America meets France as vacationer Mike Rock of Washington, D. C., asks directions of a villager in the Pyrenees.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SUSAN MEISELAS, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STAFF

"Two cultures, two responses," explains Raymonde Carroll of Oberlin College. "The French friends express their extreme anger with silence and lack of physical contact, the Americans just the reverse."

Carroll cites many examples of such differences in her book *Cultural Misunderstandings: The French-American Experience*. She points to the ways French and Americans use the telephone, to our attitudes toward money, to the expectations we have of friends.

"American children are spoiled," a Frenchwoman told Carroll. "They're ill-bred, undisciplined, with no manners. They are constantly moving, running all over, touching everything, making noise."

"French people are rude," countered an American. "They don't let you get a word in edgewise. They interrupt you all the time. They ask you questions and never listen to the answer."

What do such statements really mean? asks Carroll. Are they valid accusations, or do they demonstrate instead that the French need to learn more about American ways of parenting and that Americans know too little about the French art of conversation?

"When I meet someone from another culture, I behave in the way that is natural to me, while the other behaves in the way that is natural to him or her," she says. "The only problem is that our 'natural' ways do not coincide."

Every culture has its own ways. If we would truly understand the French—or Italians, or Japanese, or Egyptians—we must do more than study their geography, history, and literature or learn to speak their language. We must make an effort to see the world from their point of view.

It's the differences among us, after all, that make life interesting. They define us and enrich us. And as long as we try to recognize in our behavior our own hidden cultural assumptions, perhaps we can avoid those awkward situations that keep us from getting to know one another better.

So here's to France and America, and to the things that distinguish us—*haute couture* and blue jeans, Burgundy wine and Kentucky bourbon, croissants and cheeseburgers, Yannick Noah and Jimmy Connors, and filmmakers on both sides of the Atlantic—*vive la différence!*

Gilbert M. Grosvenor

Climb Aboard The Most Awesome Combat Aircraft in the World. Be there...

IN THE COCKPIT

The Video Library of Today's Airpower

Attack Aircraft in Action! Carrier Launched Strikes!
Soviet Aircraft Up Close! High Flying Spy Planes!...And Much More!

Stand an F-15 Eagle on its tail, and feel its twin 23,000 lb. thrust engines and afterburners rocket you to 60,000 ft.! Catapult off a flat-top in an F-14 Tomcat, roaring from 0 to 170 mph in just 3 seconds!

Now you can experience the thrill of flying the most formidable combat aircraft in the world—planes of electrifying capabilities, astonishing supersonic speeds, and dazzling arrays of weaponry. It's all in a new, all-action video library, *IN THE COCKPIT*. Featuring spectacular combat footage and narration written by leading experts on military aviation.

Six Action-Packed Videos

You'll receive six exciting videos, filled with authentic, breathtaking action. Go on a mission aboard the finest reconnaissance aircraft built, the incredible SR-71 Blackbird in **Spies in the Skies.** Fly with dedicated spy planes like the ones used over Cuba and Vietnam. In **Red Star** see close-ups of the new Soviet MiG-29. See the Famous Hind and Halo attack helicopters in remarkable footage from Nicaragua and Afghanistan. Fly carrier launched air strikes against North Vietnam in **Flat Tops,** and search for Soviet submarines in the Hawkeye.

In **Eagles in the Sky,** fire Phoenix missiles from the Navy's F-14 Tomcat, and fly the Air Force's F-15 Eagle and F-16 Falcon on air superiority missions. In **Fly Low, Hit Hard** see ground attack action in Vietnam with the nimble A-4 Skyhawk and the most feared ground attack aircraft in the world: the Thunderbolt II and the battle-proven Israeli Kfir. And in **Target Tank,** witness combat helicopter action on the modern battlefield.

Attractively Priced, Convenient Monthly Installments

IN THE COCKPIT is available exclusively from Easton Press Video. Each set of six videos - 60 minutes each - comes in a handsome library case and is priced at just $149.75† payable in convenient monthly installments. To order, simply return the attached coupon or call the Toll-Free number. If you are not totally satisfied, return your set within 15 days for a full refund. Order today to avoid disappointment!

† plus 4.75 shipping/handling per set

CALL TOLL FREE: 1-800-367-4534

©1989 MBI

Easton Press Video
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, Conn. 06857

Satisfaction Guaranteed

For Fastest Service Call Toll-Free: 1-800-367-4534

Yes! Please send me the *IN THE COCKPIT* video library. I understand only VHS format is available.

Name _____
(Please print clearly)

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Signature _____
(All orders subject to acceptance)

Charge each of 6 equal monthly installments of $25.75* to my credit card.

☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club

Credit Card No. _____ Exp Date _____

☐ I prefer not to use a credit card and will pay by check. Enclosed is my deposit of $50.00*. I will pay the balance of $104.50* in three monthly installments of $34.83* each.

Allow 2 to 4 weeks for shipment.
*CT residents add 7½% sales tax. TN residents add 7¾% sales tax.

JULY 1989

GEOGRAPHICA

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

PANJAB, INDIA PHOTOGRAPHS

Restoring the Splendor of Angkor Wat

Restoration is under way at Angkor Wat (above), the largest and finest temple in the complex of Kampuchean monuments erected by Khmer kings at Angkor between the 9th and 13th centuries.

French archaeologists, who had worked for decades at Angkor, were forced to leave in 1972 when the Vietnam War spilled across the border into Kampuchea, then known as Cambodia. In 1981 a visiting NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC team found minor damage caused by gunfire during the previous violent decade, structural decay, and some vandalism (GEOGRAPHIC, May 1982). But the main problem was neglect.

In 1986 the Archaeological Survey of India began a six-year restoration project at Angkor Wat under an agreement between India and Kampuchea. A Polish team will also begin work on another temple, the Bayon, this year. Though many who fear for Angkor's future would like to see a larger multinational effort, there is relief that work is being done at all.

Part of the restoration involves replacing stones in Angkor Wat's East Gallery, which contains a magnificent bas-relief depicting a Hindu creation myth. David Feingold, an anthropologist on assignment for National Geographic EXPLORER television, says that the Indians are temporarily dismantling part of the temple to prevent it from collapsing and also removing lichens that eat away at the stone.

A UNESCO exhibit of Angkor photographs by the GEOGRAPHIC team continues to tour worldwide. It has been seen in New York City at the United Nations and in Austria, France, Spain, and Korea.

JAMES E. FAHEY

World War I Memories Live in French Caves

Early in 1918 New England's 26th Division was sent to northern France. Its members literally left a mark that lasted long after World War I ended. The 26th, known as the Yankee Division, was deployed along the Chemin des Dames (Ladies' Road), an area that included many caves.

Some were so large that troops actually lived in them; one unit's history called the caves "snug and cozy retreats . . . a safe haven from shell fire and after doorways were made tight with heavy curtains . . . immune to gas."

The caves were rediscovered in 1980. Explorers found that American doughboys, like the French, British, and German troops that had also used them, had carved initials, names, addresses, unit designations, mottoes, and patriotic, fraternal, and religious symbols in the soft limestone walls. James E. Fahey, a Natick, Massachusetts, military archivist who is documenting the cave inscriptions, is working to make the area a memorial to the Yankee Division.

One name on a cave wall was "W. D. Bertini, Compass #9, Wallingford, Conn., K. 102nd Inf." Fahey called Wallingford and reached Lake Bertini. Yes, he said, his late father, who was 22 years old in 1918, talked often of serving along the Chemin des Dames.

Disease Still Killing Mexico's Palm Trees

"For the immediate future, prospects are bleak," Randolph E. McCoy wrote about an outbreak on Mexico's Yucatán Peninsula of a palm-tree disease called lethal yellowing (GEOGRAPHIC, July 1988). "Millions of producing coconut palms will die before the epidemic runs its course." The prediction of McCoy, a plant pathologist and expert on palm diseases, has proved grimly accurate despite attempts to treat the infection with antibiotics.

Lethal yellowing (LY) has spread southward along the Caribbean coast almost to Mexico's border with Belize. Unlike areas affected earlier, which contained primarily small coconut farms, the newly stricken region is a major commercial production zone. "It's wreaking havoc there," Dr. Manuel Robert of Yucatán's Center for Scientific Investigation told McCoy recently. LY has also spread westward through the state of Yucatán to Telchac Puerto, 35 miles northeast of Mérida. Its effect there is "overwhelming," Robert said. And, evidencing the disease's disdain for borders, it has leapfrogged Belize and Guatemala to attack coconut palms in Honduras.

Why Is The American Express Card Green?

Envy.

The fact is, with an impressive array of products and services like this, Visa could make anyone a bit envious.

Visa Gold Card. Outdelivering American Express.

Visa Gold provides full value auto rental insurance,* emergency travel and medical assistance, and at least $150,000 in automatic travel accident insurance—$50,000 more than American Express. Plus Purchase Security and Extended Protection* which covers most of your purchases against theft, fire, loss, or breakage. And Visa Gold will bring both emergency cash and a replacement card right to you anywhere in the world. Something American Express just can't deliver.

Visa Travelers Cheques. Better To Travel With.

Visa can promptly refund lost or stolen cheques at over 248,000 locations around the world—twice as many as American Express. Which gives you twice as much reason to travel with Visa Travelers Cheques.

Visa Business Card. Better For Business.

Visa's Business Card offers deferred payment plans, emergency travel assistance services, convenient cash access, and specifically tailored expenditure reporting services. And it is accepted at more than six million merchants—that's almost three times more than the American Express Corporate Card.

Visa Cash Access. Easier Access Worldwide.

If you need cash from just your Visa card, you're covered with over 248,000 banking branches around the world. In addition, with your Personal Identification Number provided by your issuing bank and your Visa card you can get cash at over 32,000 cash machines around the world. Combined, this is more than ten times as many places as American Express.

Visa Classic Card. The Accepted Leader.

Visa Classic is the accepted leader because it's honored at nearly three times as many places as American Express. And six times as many Visa cards are used throughout the world.

So next time you have to choose, remember which card is green.

And why.

It's Everywhere You Want To Be.®

VISA

*Excess reimbursement insurance, certain conditions and exclusions apply.

FROM PETER BOONISAR

Crossing Australia in a Camel Caravan

With only camels for company, Robyn Davidson crossed Australia's outback (GEOGRAPHIC, May 1978). Last year three Americans and an Australian woman mail carrier made what is thought to be the first complete west-to-east crossing of the continent, again aided by camels.

The trip was organized by Rex Ellis, who began operating Australian camel treks in 1976. He strung together ten journeys and provided supplies, camels, and cameleers for the trekkers. The result: a 198-day, 2,946-mile trek from Steep Point, the westernmost tip of the Australian mainland, to Byron Bay, at the easternmost edge of the continent. Though a number of others joined portions of the trek, only Pat Dysart of Pennsylvania, Peter Boonisar and Dave Cebulla of California, and Karen Jeffery of Wollongong, New South Wales, traveled the entire distance.

"Basically we went straight across the country with just a few detours," said Boonisar. The longest stretch, more than nine weeks, took the group 784 miles across the Great Victorian Desert. Davidson's account "seemed courageous before," Boonisar said. "Afterward it seemed even *more* courageous." Boonisar knows about courage: Six weeks before he left for Australia, surgeons removed his spleen after discovering he had a rare form of leukemia.

Is That a Planet Circling HD 114762?

Does earth have a giant cousin somewhere in space? A team from the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory has reported that a planet ten times more massive than Jupiter may be orbiting the star HD 114762, about 90 light-years from earth in the constellation Coma Berenices.

Another team of astronomers, Bradford Smith of the University of Arizona and Richard Terrile of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, had obtained the first photographic evidence of what may be a very young solar system (GEOGRAPHIC, January 1985) around a star known as Beta Pictoris, which is 50 light-years away. Images showed a disk of matter 20 times the diameter of our solar system. Both teams have been adding details to their observations—and David Latham, who led the Smithsonian group, is trying to find signs of a second planet that may be circling HD 114762.

Estimates of the mass of a planet outside our solar system contain an element of guesswork because the orientation of the planet's orbit is not known. The planets appear a billion times fainter than the stars they orbit, and astronomers must use indirect means to estimate their size. To see them directly would require a powerful telescope above earth's atmosphere. Such a telescope is to be installed aboard an American space station that is planned for the 1990s.

Nostalgic Dives Yield New Shipwreck Finds

Nearly three decades ago George F. Bass directed the excavation of a Bronze Age shipwreck off Cape Gelidonya, Turkey (GEOGRAPHIC, May 1960 and May 1962), in a pioneering demonstration of how traditional archaeological techniques could be used underwater.

In 1987, well into a remarkable career, Bass and a group of longtime colleagues returned to Cape Gelidonya and found evidence to help date the wreck. "We were working elsewhere in Turkey, and on the spur of the moment we said, 'Wouldn't it be fun to go back to Cape Gelidonya?' " Bass recalled. "So we did, and we found all this stuff we had overlooked 27 years earlier."

When the group returned in 1988, Donald Frey, one of Bass's associates at the Institute of Nautical Archaeology at Texas A&M University, discovered two baked clay stirrup jars (below), each about a foot and a half high. They "seem to date back to the 13th century B.C.," Bass said.

"I'd always thought the wreck was from that period, but some scholars believed it was from the 12th century," Bass said. "These jars probably provide the most precise date of any object on the wreck and put the weight of evidence on the side of the 13th century."

DONALD FREY, INSTITUTE OF NAUTICAL ARCHAEOLOGY

Lux One-Fam, 138 Cu Ft, W/W Carpet, Magnif Liv Spce, 4-Drs, Hi Ceil, Easy Commute City/Shppg/Wilderness. New.

It's good to find something that rewards your investment as handsomely as the new Montero.

Consider it just as a 4x4: automatic-locking hubs, 4-wheel drive, and a 3.0-liter, 143 hp, V-6 powerplant are all standard. They let Montero take you out where the *Grt Vus* are.

In comfort. "Off-road, the Montero handled the rough with grace," reported *Motor Trend*, "courtesy of its independent suspension with unequal-length A-arms, torsion bars, and anti-roll bar in front and solid axle with coil springs in back."

But there's no sense in achieving such comfort and control off-road, only to feel sorely out of place on the highway. So the Montero's sophisticated suspension system is designed to be smooth-riding on the paved roads.

Add the fact that the 4-door Montero provides nearly a third more interior cargo space than Jeep Cherokee or Isuzu Trooper II, and you'll see why *Motor Trend* ultimately chose it Top Buy in the Sport/Utility Class for 1989.

All this, and so *Vry Rsnably Prcd* at only $17,099.*

Call 1-800-447-4700 for your nearest Mitsubishi Motors dealer.

*Mfr's sugg. retail price. Actual price set by dlr. Tax, lic., freight, dlr options and charges extra. (Montero shown with optional alloy wheels—M.S.R.P. $454.)

MITSUBISHI MONTERO

SUDDENLY THE OBVIOUS CHOICE

Some Of The Reasons For Saving Tropical Forests Are Disappearing.

Catharanthus roseus
Rosy periwinkle of Madagascar, is used to treat Hodgkins disease, leukemia, other cancers, and diabetes.

Zea diploperennis
Teosinte of Mexico is a perennial disease resistant wild corn that may make it possible to raise corn without yearly plowing or sowing.

Cacao species
Wild cocoa plants (on which the future of chocolate depends) grow in the threatened rain forests of South America.

Vermivora chrysoptera
Golden-Winged Warbler, which winters in Cuba and the Bahamas, is now dangerously close to extinction.

Dioscorea species
This Mexican yam has yielded numerous pharmaceutical treatments for arthritis, rheumatic fever, allergies and skin diseases.

Rauwolfia verticillata
Native to China, this plant yields reserpine, used to produce tranquilizers and drugs to treat both hypertension and schizophrenia.

Phyllotreta species
The South America flea beetle destroys alligator weed, which clogs U.S. waterways and costs millions of dollars to control.

Amaranthus species
Native to Central and South America, fast growing amaranths are promising protein-rich food crops.

When an ax rings in some remote tropical forest, it strikes all too close to home. When the habitat of half the world's plant and animal species is destroyed at a rate of 50 acres every minute, we all pay the price.

Tropical forests have yielded precious medicines, food crop varieties and much more. They are habitat for many rare birds and other wildlife. And the lives of hundreds of millions of people depend on these forests for survival.

Continued deforestation at the current pace—which will lay waste to an area as large as one third of the continental U.S. by the year 2000—will rob us of these and other as yet undiscovered benefits.

But it need not continue. Write in order to find out how you can help keep tropical forests alive, before the reasons disappear.

Keep Tropical Forests Alive.

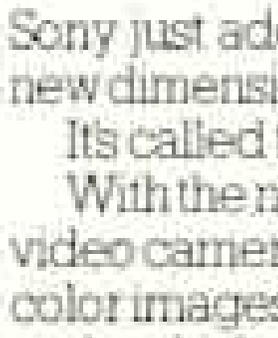
Tropical Forest Project, World Resources Institute, 1735 New York Avenue, N.W. Washington, D.C. 20006/Prepared by Richardson, Myers & Donofrio, Inc.

SONY MAVICA FOREVER CHANGES THE WAY YOU LOOK AT PHOTOS.

Sony just added a startling new dimension to photography.

It's called television.

With the new Sony Mavica® still video camera, you can now capture color images electronically. Then just connect the camera and multi-featured playback controller* to any TV and see instant magic right on the screen.



Using the same technology Sony invented for photo journalists, the Mavica is an amazing advance that fills the void between still and video cameras. And since this sleek, simple device is as portable as a 35mm camera, photo opportunities will abound.

Unlike film cameras, the Mavica records 50 images on a 2" reusable Mavipak® disk. With no processing and no waiting.

Nothing could be easier for people on the go who want to stop and see life one moment at a time.

The new Mavica camera.

Once again, Sony's vision improves your vision.

SONY
Mavica®

Keep the fire burning in glass of Venetian red.

Since the 7th century, artisans on the island of Murano in Venice have been making fine glassware.

The use of gold salts to produce the rich, transparent color 'Venetian red' dates from the 15th century.

At the 65 foundries on Murano, kilns are kept fired constantly to maintain the 800°C heat needed to produce workable molten glass.

From spheres of glowing glass, Maestro Boscolor crafts the delicately ornamented forms characteristic of Murano.

Simulated TV picture.

From the fiery glow of Murano's glass kilns. To the cool emerald green of the Grand Canal. With Hitachi's VM-S7200A, the hi-fidelity of Super-VHS will preserve the trip's highlights in vivid color, with breathtaking realism.

Technology: the system by which society provides its members with those things needed or desired.

At Hitachi, we believe in putting technology to work for our customers. To satisfy their needs and desires. To provide products that enrich their lives, in ordinary — and extraordinary — ways. Like recording an experience of *la dolce vita* during the Venetian summer. A triumph of technology we put in the hands of people like you.

For further information please contact:
Hitachi Sales Corp. of America 401 West Artesia Blvd., Compton, CA 90220 Phone: (213) 537-8383

HITACHI

Final exams at Le Cordon Bleu.

Honors awarded in St. Louis.

"...and then he said my terrine aux foies de volaille was superb."

"What's that?"

"What's that? How can my own little sister be such a philistine?"

"Is it like chopped liver?"

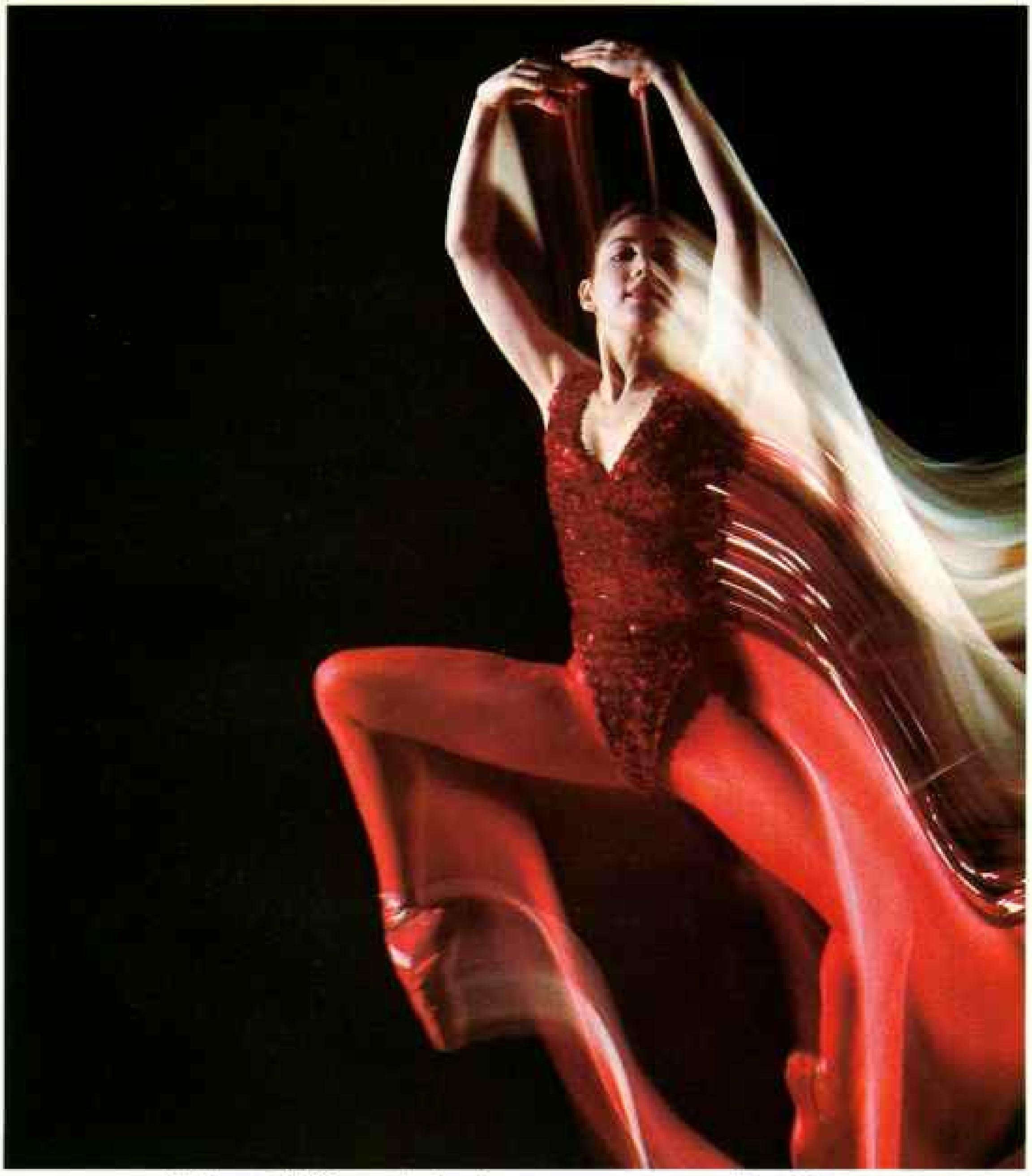
"Yes. The way chocolate mousse is like mud pie."

"Have you finally learned how to make a good mud pie?"

Just because your sister's in France doesn't mean you can't give her a taste of home. With AT&T, it costs a lot less than you'd think. So go ahead. Reach out and touch someone.®

AT&T

The right choice.



The difficult it does automatically. The impossible takes a few more seconds.

With the Nikon N8008, things that routinely used to drive photographers up the wall are now matters of mere routine.

Difficult lighting situations, for example.

Nikon's five-segment Matrix Metering can solve problems like severe backlight, harsh contrast and deep shadows, all automatically.

To get a perfectly exposed picture, all you have to do is push the shutter button.

On the other hand, some things aren't that easy. Take something like synchronized, cybernetic, rear-curtain fill-flash (what it took to produce the picture above). To accomplish that, you actually have to do something: like push an extra button or two.

The point is, highly creative pictures that used to be difficult to impossible for anyone less than a professional photographer are now within your grasp.

So look for this symbol, and let a Nikon Advanced Systems Dealer put something else in your grasp. The slightly miraculous N8008.

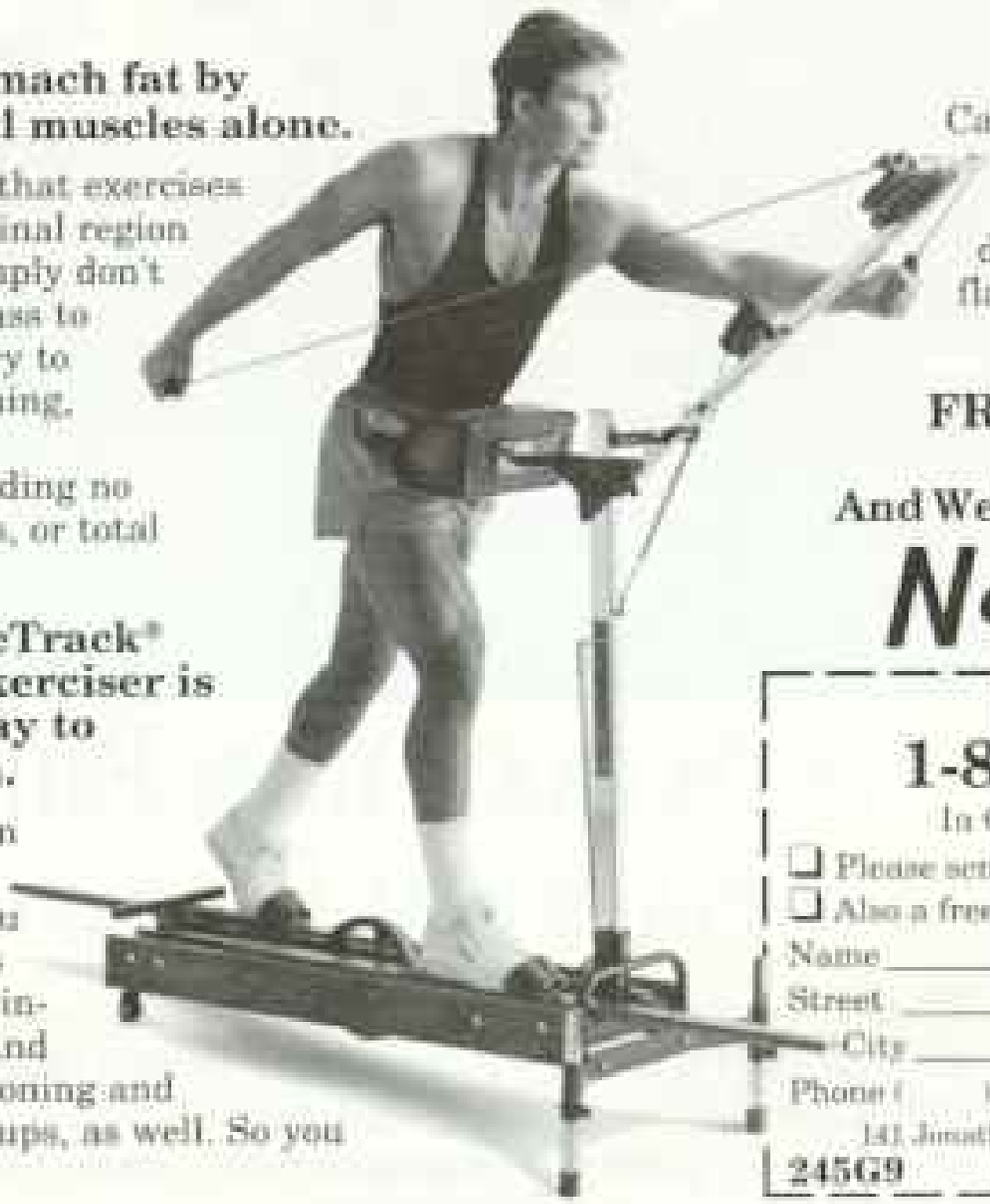
Nikon
We take the world's greatest pictures.®

The Nikon N8008 and SB-24 Speedlight.

Why it takes legwork to flatten your stomach

You can't reduce stomach fat by exercising abdominal muscles alone.

Research has shown that exercises that work only the abdominal region are not effective. They simply don't involve enough muscle mass to burn the calories necessary to trim fat. Instead of flattening, they merely strengthen underlying muscles, providing no reduction in girth, fatfolds, or total body fat percentage.



The exclusive NordicTrack® total-body aerobic exerciser is the most effective way to flatten your stomach.

The total-body motion involves *all* major body muscles. Which means you burn more body fat in less time than with any other in-home exercise machine. And while you're at it, you're toning and defining those muscle groups, as well. So you feel as good as you look.

Free information.
Call today. Or fill out the coupon below. We'll send you a free brochure and video that describe how NordicTrack can flatten your stomach and make you look and feel your best.

FREE BROCHURE AND VIDEO
And Weight-Loss Test Results

NordicTrack
A CML Company

Call Toll Free
1-800-328-5888
In Canada 1-800-433-8582

❑ Please send me a free brochure
❑ Also a free video tape ❑ VHS ❑ BETA

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State ____ Zip _____
Phone ( ) _____

141 Jonathan Blvd. N. • Chaska, MN 55318

245G9

WANTED: Eager Amateur Explorers

WE SPONSOR EXPEDITIONS. YOU GET TO GO.

Working with volunteers of all ages, help uncover tools and other evidence of prehistoric man in Africa . . . Help monitor huge leatherback turtles laying their eggs . . . Help survey Inca architecture and landscaping in mountainous Peru . . .

Right now, over 100 EARTHWATCH expeditions are being mounted in every scientific discipline, bound for points throughout the world. They'll be led by outstanding people, scientists who need your help.

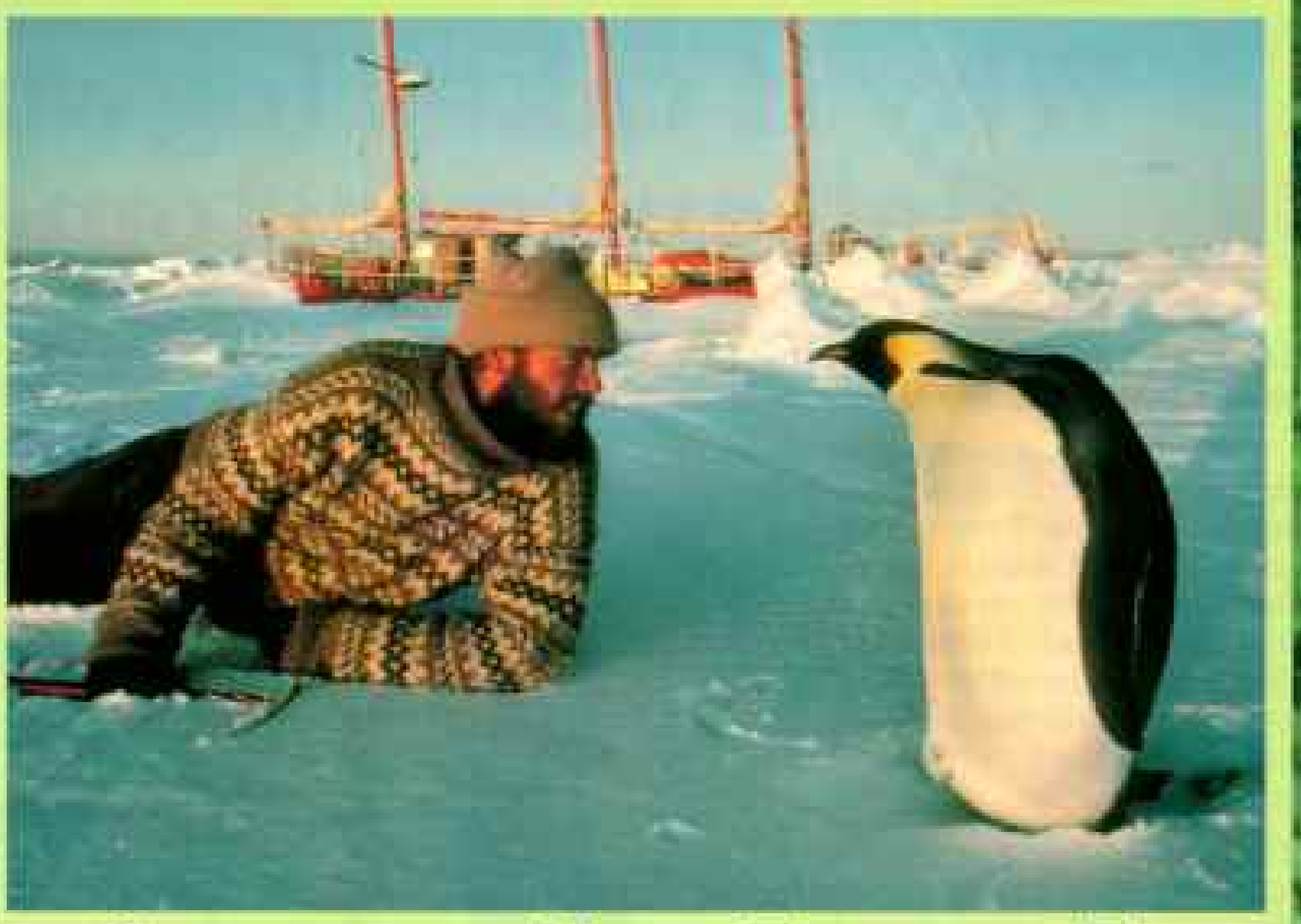
As a team member, you help fund the expedition you accompany. You contribute a fixed share of the expedition cost. But your share is tax-deductible as a charitable contribution in support of scientific research.

EARTHWATCH, a nonprofit organization, has been sponsoring scientific expeditions for 17 years. Last year, 2,700 EARTHWATCH volunteers helped out on expeditions. This year, you can help make the discoveries others will just read about. The next discovery could be yours.

Write or call for more information.

EARTHWATCH

680 Mt. Auburn Street, Dept. A, Box 403, Watertown, MA 02272 (617) 926-8200



INTRODUCE YOUR FRIENDS TO NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC.

Share the wonder of the National Geographic Society. Each month your friends will meet new people from around the world and discover fascinating new facts about science, nature, and wildlife. To give gift memberships, mail this form (or a copy of it) and your check today!

National Geographic Society
Washington, D.C. 20036 U.S.A.

ONLY $25.50
for 15 months
beginning October 1989

☐ Send a 15-month gift membership and magazine subscription to the person named below. Enclosed is $25.50.*

☐ I'd like to join the National Geographic Society. My dues are enclosed.

MY NAME (Print full name of an individual only: Mr., Mrs., Miss, Ms.)

STREET

CITY, STATE/PROVINCE

COUNTRY, ZIP/POSTAL CODE

Please send a gift membership to:

NAME (Print full name of an individual only: Mr., Mrs., Miss, Ms.)

STREET

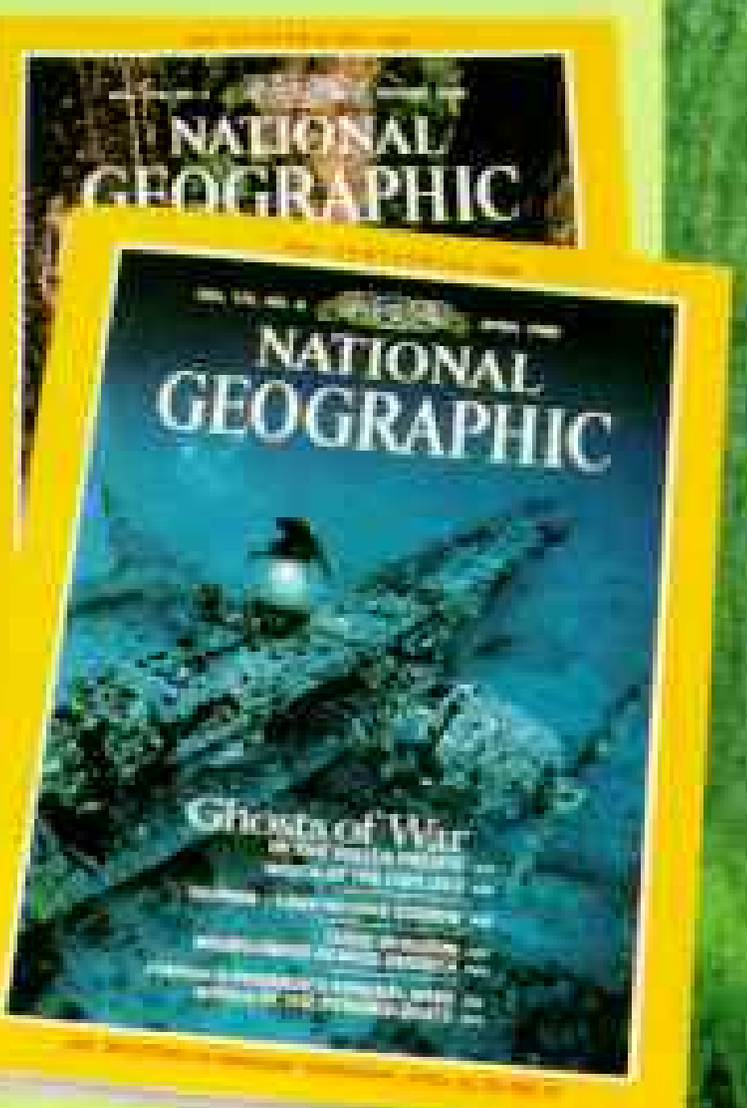
CITY, STATE/PROVINCE

COUNTRY, ZIP/POSTAL CODE

Gift card should read: From _____

U.S. rate; for Canada remit $35.25 ($39.90 Canadian funds). For all other countries remit $37.45 U.S. funds, payable to National Geographic Society by bank draft on U.S. funds or a U.S. bank or by international money order in U.S. funds. Please add 4% sales tax for membership being sent to any Maryland address. Eighty percent is designated for subscription to the magazine. 90788

Mail to: National Geographic Society, P.O. Box 2895, Washington, D.C. 20013 U.S.A.



Lenox.

The Wings of Winter

Shown smaller than overall height of 8 1/4". Hardwood base included at no additional cost.

A vision of majestic beauty—stunning realism in classic porcelain sculpture

Snowy Owl

With powerful wing strokes, the dazzling white bird breaks his flight—coming to rest on a ledge of frozen granite.

Now Lenox, renowned for the realism of its fine bird sculptures, has captured this dramatic moment in a new and original work of art.

Sculptured with lifelike detail, *Snowy Owl* is crafted in fine bisque porcelain and painted entirely by hand. An impressive display for your home or office, this handsome imported sculpture is a Lenox® exclusive. Just $136. Order by August 31st. On credit cards, call **TOLL FREE**, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, **1-800-533-8810 ext. 833.** 65226

Please mail by August 31, 1989.

Please accept my order for *Snowy Owl* by Lenox. I need send no money now. I will be billed in eight monthly installments of $17* each, as follows (check one):

☐ BILL my first installment before shipment.

☐ CHARGE each monthly installment to my credit card, after shipment.

☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA ☐ American Express

Acct. No. _____ Exp. _____

Signature _____

*Plus $4.25 per sculpture for shipping and handling. Sales tax will be billed if applicable.

Name _____
PLEASE PRINT

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

65226

Mail to: Lenox Collections
P.O. Box 3020, Langhorne, Pennsylvania 19047-0620

LENOX. SINCE 1889.

Members Forum

Who Owns Our Past?

Harvey Arden's thought-provoking article on Native American burial grounds (March 1989) spurred me to introduce national legislation, H. R. 1381, the "Native American Burial Site Preservation Act of 1989," which would make it illegal for an individual without proper permits to excavate or remove any remains of a Native American or any materials that were buried or deposited with such remains.

CHARLES E. BENNETT
Third District, Florida
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

Three bills are now before Congress to penalize looters of archaeological sites and deal with reburials of Native American remains.

We are very pleased with your report on the complex issues involved in resource protection of significant sites on private lands and the treatment of human remains from archaeological sites. I can say from experience that improving public awareness about looting and vandalism is important in combating the problems.

BENNIE C. KEEL
Consulting Archaeologist
National Park Service
Washington, D. C.

If the professional world has its way, many thousands of collections and millions of artifacts will cease to be available as collectors fearfully hide and hoard their collections. Collecting will not stop; it will simply go underground, and prices will continue to soar.

GARY L. FOGELMAN
Indian-Artifact Magazine
Turbotville, Pennsylvania

Over the past 12 years the Coquille Indian tribe and my research group have studied their present and past cultures in a spirit of friendship at Bandon, Oregon. Our project is a model of how prehistoric studies should be done. We involve volunteers, and passersby are encouraged to sift dirt and look for artifacts at our site. Tribe members are present at all times and participate in the work. Last summer's two-week excavation coincided purposely with the tribe's salmon bake.

ROBERTA HALL
Department of Anthropology
Oregon State Univ., Corvallis

"Grave desecration" is often charged by self-appointed activists who claim prehistoric remains for political, financial, or religious reasons. Though some are sincere, too often skeletons are reburied under inappropriate religious ceremonies, precluding medical study, identification, and consultation with next of kin who may want different disposition according to their own faith and conscience. Remains should be safely stored and studied pending this identification, not given to any self-appointed activist who claims to speak for Native American people.

E. J. NEIBURGER
Ethnic Minority Council of
America, Grayslake, Illinois

In the early 1970s the city of Mitchell became concerned about the damage done by pothunters to remains of a prehistoric Indian village on the shores of Lake Mitchell. Steps were taken to protect the eight-acre site, a national historic landmark. We organized a preservation society soon after that. The area has been fenced and signed, archaeological projects undertaken, and a preservation center built to display artifacts, a reconstructed earth lodge, and information on the science of archaeology. This makes the fascinating story of these early people of 900 years ago come alive to thousands of visitors each year. Through cooperative efforts we have stopped wanton destruction. May we suggest the same efforts to others who wish to ensure the future of the past.

AUDREY M. KINSELLA
Mitchell Prehistoric Indian
Village Preservation Society
Mitchell, South Dakota

Faulkner's Mississippi

This is the work of a literary jeweler. Willie Morris may not rank with Faulkner in myth and legend, but he approaches him in understanding their shared southern world.

A. C. GREENE
Dallas, Texas

The article (March 1989) proved that one of the great facets of literature, particularly in Faulkner's case, is that it stands up to the test of time and will always mirror life. By grouping together old and new photographs, this point was proved quite elegantly. Too often we are treated to airbrushed, Hollywood-style glossy portraits that create a huge distance between the reader and the author. Faulkner's world never vanished into obscurity, but lives and breathes.

JOHN LANE
Baltimore, Maryland

I note the quote from Faulkner's *Sartoris*: "Some Homer of the cotton fields should sing

Why wait for expert fabric care? Whirlpool has it today.

The day may come when every washer will help you take expert care of all your fabrics. But if your laundry can't wait that long, Whirlpool has a washer with all the choices you need today.

Our electronic control panel is the key to this innovative washer. We didn't add electronics just for their high-tech look. We added them because they're so flexible and easy to use.

First, set the water level for your load. Even big loads will get really clean. Use Pre-Wash, Soak, and Super Wash to help with tough stains and heavy fabrics. Care for delicates with Gentle. And let Permanent Press and Regular/Heavy do the rest.

Six temperature combinations for wash and rinse let you match every fabric. You can also lengthen or shorten the time of wash cycles. Add extra rinse cycles. And dispense bleach and fabric softener automatically.

We stand behind every Whirlpool® washer with our toll-free, 24-hour Cool-Line® service to answer your questions. Just call 800-253-1301. And if there's ever a problem, over 5,000 factory-authorized Whirlpool service centers are trained and ready to help.

So why wait for a quality washer that helps you care for your clothes like an expert? Whirlpool has it today.

Whirlpool
Home Appliances

Quality you can count on...today.

the saga of the mule and of his place in the South." I recommend a delightful little book by Joshua A. Lee: *With Their Ears Pricked Forward: Tales of Mules I've Known* (Winston-Salem, N.C., 1980).

PAUL A. FRYXELL
College Station, Texas

I was not brought up on American literature, but first discovered the truth of America's heart in Faulkner's novels. In 1972 when I was in the agriculture ministry in Vietnam, I had translated into Vietnamese "A Rose for Emily" to introduce Faulkner to Vietnamese readers. I admired his novels, which expressed the capacity to endure grief, misfortune, and injustice, then endure again. That is a fundamental virtue of humanity. I found these characteristics shared by Faulkner's farmers and Vietnamese farmers.

KHOI TIEN BUI
Houston, Texas

South Georgia

Sally Poncet's beautifully atmospheric chronicle highlights the urgent need for Britain to protect the island's incredible wildlife and history by nominating South Georgia and its waters as a world heritage site.

ROBERT MANN
Norwood Green, Middlesex

Having just returned from a trip to Antarctica, I had an intense interest in the area. But I just

could not get past the breakfast menu. I expect the publication of the Society to be informative and written in a scholarly manner. I really don't care what the author had for breakfast.

EUGENE V. KOSSO
Verdi, Nevada

Since the world is becoming filled with endangered species, you might want to encourage photographers to give a fellow mammal a helping hand every so often. How can someone just watch an elephant seal fail in a mudhole and insensitively take its picture (page 364)?

JIM SIMMEN
U. S. Naval Air Station
Bermuda

Frans Lanting climbed into the mud and rescued one of two stranded pups. Others are not so fortunate. They leave the beaches to avoid being crushed by larger seals, only to perish in deep mud wallows.

Above China

Georg Gerster's extraordinary photographs of China testify to the intensiveness of China's use of her land for millennia. Once, when asked what contrast he found between Italy and the U. S., the art historian Leonardo Olschki observed that America seemed so untouched by human hands.

What would the Italian have said of Europe if he had seen these photographs of China?

LEONARD B. KIMBRELL
Portland, Oregon

The photograph on page 299 shows patterns of shafts for subterranean aqueducts, "thought by most scholars to have originated in Persia more than 2,000 years ago." In his book *Blind White Fish in Persia*, Anthony Smith describes these channels still being built in Iran. They have the same names as in Xinjiang. "This type of water channel is definitely Persian in origin and was originally called *kares*. Polybius [refers] to them in describing the wars of 209 B.C."

BEN KING
Washington, D. C.

One photograph (pages 296-7) shows a cement plant blessing the land with alkali dust that counteracts the effects of acid contaminants. Obviously the land around the plant is benefiting from the so-called dust burden, evidenced by the green grass and foliage. There is a parallel to our own northeastern U. S. and eastern Canada, where there has been a clamor to clean up the environment. The Environmental Protection Agency has added to the problem of acid rain by shutting off alkali dusts from cement plants.

STEWART S. FRITTS
Houston, Texas

Small-Town America

We of Glasgow, Missouri, were distressed at your characterization of our river community: "Manhattan-style graffiti," indeed. Shortly after publication last February (page 193), the graffiti quietly disappeared from the library wall—in fact, from the town. Could you come back and lambaste our riverfront? Then our historic, picturesque community will be near complete.

WILLIAM J. MEYER
Glasgow, Missouri

Geographica

Your summary of new data on Olmec life should have credited the La Venta Archaeological Project's director Rebecca Gonzalez Lauch and Mexico's National Institute of Anthropology and History. Begun in 1985, the research has made many exciting discoveries and saved that ancient Olmec city and its stone monuments from imminent destruction by industrial and urban growth.

DAVID C. GROVE
Department of Anthropology
University of Illinois, Urbana

Letters should be addressed to ***Members Forum****, National Geographic Magazine, Box 37448, Washington, D. C. 20013, and should include sender's address and telephone number. Not all letters can be used. Those that are will often be edited and excerpted.*

Blakiston's Fish Owl **Genus:** *Ketupa* **Species:** *blakistoni* **Adult size:** 70cm tall; 1.8m wingspan **Adult weight:** 3.15-4.60kg (females normally larger than males) **Habitat:** Forests along rivers; small and fragmented populations occur in areas of the Soviet Far East, Manchuria, North Korea and Hokkaido Photographed by Sumio Yamamoto

Wildlife as Canon sees it

On spotting a fish in shallow waters, the Blakiston's fish owl may jump on it or swoop down like an eagle, scooping the fish out of the water. This unusually large owl has specific habitat needs—inland rivers, forests for nesting, and an alternative food source to prey upon when the rivers freeze over. Although rare throughout its range, the Blakiston's fish owl may be in imminent danger of extinction on Hokkaido in Japan where its habitat is shrinking. Mature trees that once offered plentiful nesting cavities are now less available, but the provision of artificial nest boxes offers hope for the fish owl's survival.

To save endangered species, it is vital to protect their habitats. Understanding the fragile balance of our world's ecosystem holds the promise for the future. Expressive color images, with their unique ability to reach people, can help promote a greater awareness and understanding of the Blakiston's fish owl and how it lives within its natural environment.

And understanding is perhaps the single most important factor in saving the Blakiston's fish owl and all of wildlife.

FROM SEA TO SHIN
SUCCEED IS PART OF

NG SEA, THE WILL TO THE AMERICAN SPIRIT.

The instant you become an American, whether by birth or by choice, you are guaranteed a particular freedom that is nowhere mentioned in the Constitution, but in fact flows from it.

You are guaranteed the freedom to succeed.

You are free to dream your own dream of success, to study, to work, to create and discover and build, for yourself and your children, the success you want.

Our deep belief in that idea is one reason that our company—Citicorp and Citibank—has grown to become by far the nation's largest financial services organization.

For over 175 years, our freedom to innovate, to create new financial ideas and services, has led to an unbroken line of initiatives allowing us to help countless millions of individuals.

Today, more Americans are pursuing college education and graduate degrees with help from us than from any other private lender.

More are getting what they want with the help of MasterCard® and Visa cards from Citibank than from any other company.

And more Americans who once dreamed of "some day" owning their own homes now own them, or are buying them, with help from Citicorp and Citibank.

Meanwhile, here at home and in 90 other countries, Citicorp and Citibank serve over 25,000,000 customers, companies and governments, in every major world marketplace.

We can help you, or your company, achieve success, here and abroad.

Whether you get to know us as Citicorp or Citibank, we'd like you to get to know us better.

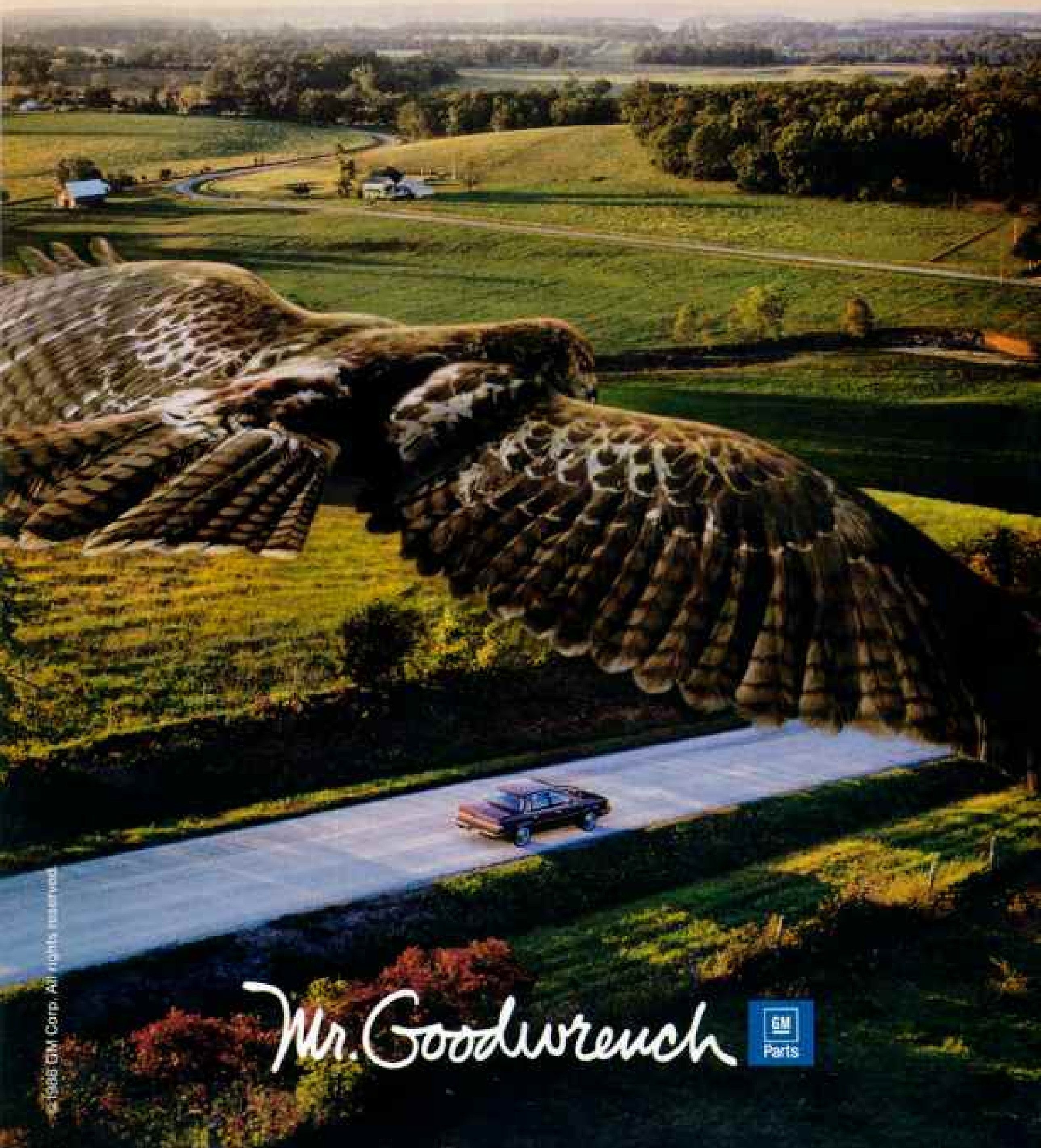
CITICORP

BECAUSE AMERICANS WANT TO SUCCEED, NOT JUST SURVIVE.™

It's not just a car. It's your freedom.

It's the freedom to visit close friends in far-off places. The freedom to go into the neon city...or escape to a mountaintop retreat. The freedom to go across country or just across town...without a second thought. And that's where Mr. Goodwrench comes in.

Mr. Goodwrench takes pride in taking care of your GM car. He's factory-trained by GM to know how it works. And he uses genuine GM parts, to keep it working the way it should. So you can drive with confidence. Anywhere, anytime. Whether you own a Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac or GMC Truck, take it to Mr. Goodwrench. You'll find him at over 7200 General Motors dealerships, coast to coast.



Mr. Goodwrench

GM Parts

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

"For the increase and diffusion of geographic knowledge"

THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY is chartered in Washington, D. C., as a nonprofit scientific and educational organization. Since 1890 the Society has supported more than 3,700 explorations and research projects, adding to knowledge of earth, sea, and sky.

The microwaver's home companion.

When all those microwave lunches and dinners start to taste like Siberian cooking school, liven them up with a little Louisiana accent. The one and only Tabasco® brand pepper sauce.

The lively taste of Tabasco® sauce.
Don't keep it bottled up.

For the recipes of Walter McIlhenny in "A Gentleman's Guide to Memorable Hospitality," send $2.25 to McIlhenny Co., Dept. GG, Avery Island, Louisiana 70513

A QUICK RETURN FOR YOUR INVESTMENT.

The reason so many people invest in a Toyota Corolla LE is that it gives you so much in assets. Like a powerful 16-valve engine for rapid acceleration, front-wheel drive, and legendary Toyota reliability. Best of all, Corollas have the type of resale that can prove to be a valuable commodity in the long run, as well. So why not invest in a Toyota Corolla, today? Because you stand everything to gain.

A **36-month/36,000-mile** basic new vehicle limited warranty with no deductible and no transfer fee applies to all components other than normal wear and maintenance items.

Call 1-800-GO-TOYOTA for more information and the location of your nearest dealer.
Get More From Life...Buckle Up!

TOYOTA QUALITY
WHO COULD ASK FOR ANYTHING MORE!

On Assignment in France

THE IDEA came with a bang just a year ago. Editor Bill Garrett, noting that the bicentennial of the French Revolution coincided with preparations by the European Community for further integration in 1992, said, "We'll never have a better moment to devote an entire issue to France." *Alors!* Quickly we mobilized: More than a score of photographers and writers were dispatched, and during the next nine months, assisted by Claudine Ripert in Paris, crisscrossed the nearly Texas-size nation by air, train, auto, and bicycle. Senior Assistant Editors John Putman and Mary Smith, who coordinated the issue, recall, "Our team found the French less aloof than reputed, upbeat, and keen on getting an American view of their lives and their country."

JAMES L. STANFIELD BY KENT J. KOBERSTEEN

STEVE RAYMER BY STEVE RAYMER

MERLE SEVERY BY ANNE GUERLIN SEVERY

CANDACE ROPER BY JAMES L. STANFIELD

WILLIAM ALBERT ALLARD, JOHN PUTMAN, BRUNO BARBEY, AND NINA HYDE BY JAMES L. STANFIELD

YANN ARTHUS-BERTRAND BY PIERRE CORNEVIN

CATHY NEWMAN BY CLAUDINE RIPERT

MICHAEL S. LONG BY DAVID VELUPILLAI

STEPHANIE MAZE WITH SON TONY, PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEXANDRA MAZUE

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC (ISSN 0027-9358) IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY, 17TH AND M STS. N.W., WASHINGTON, D. C. 20036. $21.00 A YEAR, $2.95 A COPY. SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT WASHINGTON, D. C., AND ELSEWHERE. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, P. O. BOX 2174, WASHINGTON, D. C. 20013