



Drops & Dribbles: Wine Trade Through Civilization

Rev. F5A

Raising the dearly departed with
an unpretentious perspective of the paradigm
which or witch haunts fine wine conversations nightly & globally

The Count of Monte Cristo
duly requests we ignite his namesakes cigar and prepare for
an intimate account of the reverently admired

1855 Classification of Bordeaux
inspired by the Consummation of the Second Empire of
Napoléon III, 'The Liberal Emperor'

An unsolicited review of its origin, impact and consequences for mortals

The ghosts at the table beckon and "toes-t" us to stay seated to listen to their
unique stories, henceforth, unmatched in human history
in both prize, size and scope ever since

Prince Napoléon

by

Don Elam
"California's Finest Wine Exporter"
sans Charles Dutoit, conducting

February 2018

Warning:

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

The Bottom of France Exposed Bare

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

Hugh Johnson, MW

On the 1855 Classification of Bordeaux

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

By Jonathan Fenby [Simon & Schuster] 2015

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When Ferry denounced him as a scheming, impetuous, facile rabble-rouser,

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



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

Grand Exhibitions showed off French technology, inventions, manufacturing products and the arts, attracting such eminent guests as the Tsar from Russia, the Prince of Wales from Britain and King William and Bismarck from Prussia. **The visitors went to a comic operetta by Offenbach and were served a special**

dinner at the Café Anglais consisting of escalopes of turbot, sole fillets, chicken, lobster, duckling, ortolans **and eight wines**. Paris became a major tourist destination for travelers from across the Atlantic as well as from Europe. New hotels boasted lifts and ice-making machines.

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France faced a slave revolt in its Caribbean colony of Saint Domingue in April 1791, which would lead to the creation of the independent state of Haiti twelve years later. A good harvest helped to achieve temporary stabilization and a degree of relaxation- the restaurateur- **Méot opened a luxurious Parisian establishment in a former ducal palace with more than fifty red and white wines.**

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A Taste of The Terror

...The *chouans** of the Army of Saints in the Vendée marched with primitive guns and pitchforks, wearing religious badges under white flags decorated with lilies and royalist slogans...But there were no ships, and the ensuing retreat through the winter cold was a desperate affair with huge loss of life as **the *chouans* were picked off by revolutionary troops under the ruthless General Westerman, and their civilian companions massacred.** ‘The Vendée is no more,’ Westerman told Paris. **‘I have buried it in the woods and marshes...I have trampled the children beneath our horses’ feet; I have massacred their women...I do not have a single prisoner to reproach me. I have exterminated them all.’**

* The term was taken from the *nom de guerre*, Jean Chouan (‘the silent one’), adopted by a counter-revolutionary leader from the Mayenne department, Jean Cottereau.

Lyons, France's second city, was a particular problem for Robespierre and his colleagues...While some local priests made their peace with the régime, other organized resistance decreed from Paris, leading crowds of mainly female faithful in meetings which Jacobins tried to break up. **The Temple of Liberty was attacked** and the bust of Rousseau removed as demonstrators chanted 'Long live Louis XVI! Down with the council!'

One of Robespierre's most zealous associates, the former seminarist turned violent anti-clerical Joseph Fouché, supervised a reign of terror in which 2,000 people died following summary trials without any appeals. After the executions and the tearing down of the buildings of the rich', Fouché announced '**Lyons made war on Liberty. Lyons no longer exists.**

Still, Fouché declared that 'Terror, salutary terror, is the order of the day. We are causing much impure blood to flow, but it is our duty to do so, it is for humanity's sake.' **Mercy, declared Westerman, was 'not a revolutionary sentiment', a statement he might have recalled when he, too, was beheaded.*** The model of totalitarian terrorist state had been born in a terrible perversion of the ideal of the perfectibility of mankind.

The Revolution is frozen, said Saint-Just. 'All its principles are grown weak. There remain only intriguers sporting the red cap of liberty.'

* General Westerman's last words...perhaps...

'Now wait! I was just joking, guys. I didn't really mean it. Honest! Where's your sense of humour? You guys are just playing a mean prank on me... Now, wait... Can we just talk this over?...Maybe we have a bit of a misunderstanding...It couldn't have been me? Look! Damn it! I think you got me confused with somebody else... *Did I say that?...*I don't remember...No...'

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As well as giving us such everyday innovations as the metric system, the Revolution set out to forge a new kind of human being with **the opening proclamation of the Rights of Man that**

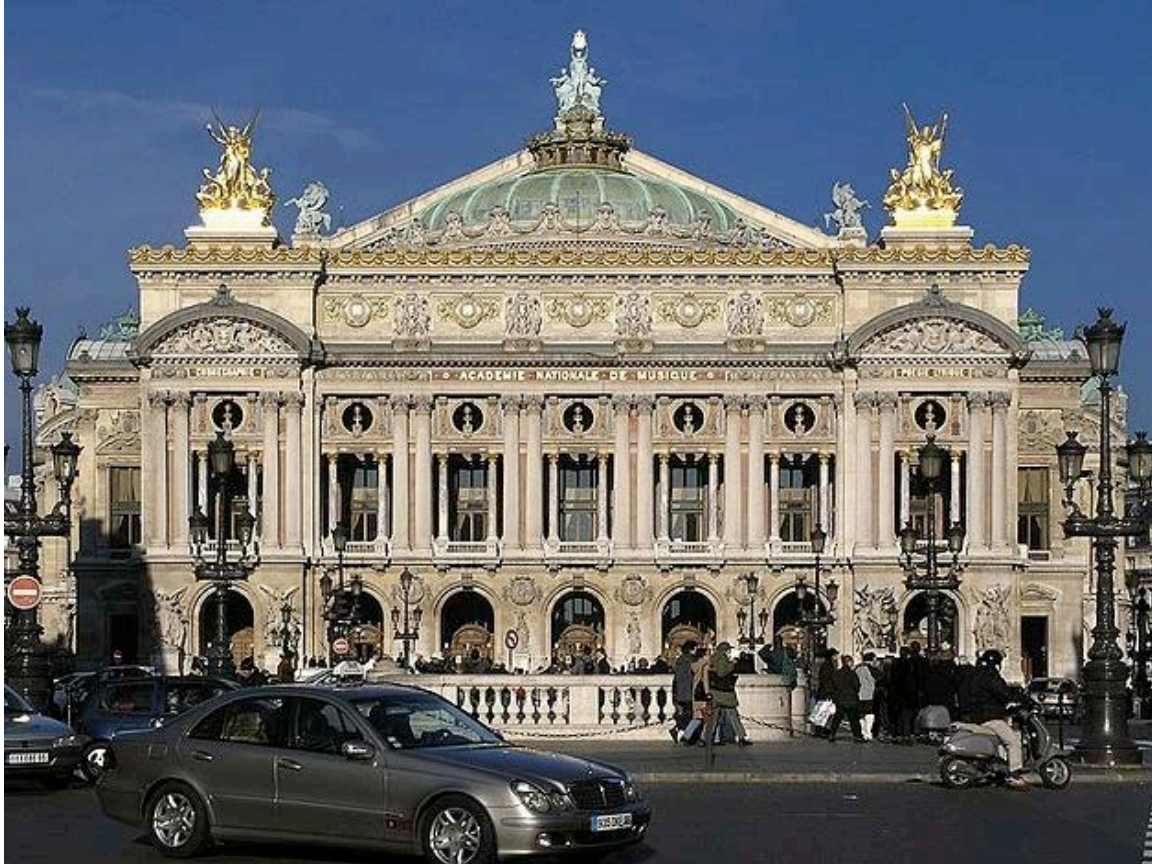
'Men are born and remain free and equal in rights' and its declaration that 'Liberty consists in the ability to do anything which does not harm others'

as well as the statement, crucial for the concept of nationhood and popular rule, that the 'principle of all sovereignty resides in the nation. No body of men, and no individual, can exercise authority which does not emanate directly from it.'

The Directory 1794

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Smart salons flourished in Paris. One was hosted by the beautiful **Thérèse Tallien**, whose survival reflected the vicissitudes of the age. At fourteen, she had been married to an Old Régime aristocrat described as 'old, red and ugly', and was then saved from the guillotine by a commissioner of the Convention whose mistress she became and whom she subsequently wed – **a flamboyant character of a liberal disposition, she was said to bathe in the juice of strawberries and appeared at the Opéra with no underwear beneath her white silk dress.**



End

Yes, those were the days when people had real class- such as being classical- with a keen sense of style...now you can't damn tell the boys from the girls....

The Courtesans
The demi-monde in 19th century France
By Joanna Richardson (Phoenix Press) 1967, 2000

“Mademoiselle Maximum”
Léonide Leblanc

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...She was the daughter of a local stonebreaker. When she was five or six her father, weary of his lot, decided to take his wife and child to Paris; **and since he could not afford transport, they set out, with their few belongings, on foot.** One night, during their long walk, they were caught in a thunderstorm, and Léonide had to throw away her sodden, useless shoes and ragged stockings. **She entered Paris barefoot.** A historian later recorded the fact.

Esther Guimond

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...Next morning, one of her friends, who lived at the end of the rue du Bac, took her off to breakfast with some other women she knew. They breakfasted and chatted and dozed; it was noon, but she had to go home. It was pouring with rain, **she hadn't got the money for a cab, in fact not even for an umbrella: she had spent her last sou** on the taffeta pierrot's dress and the satin slippers. You can imagine the girl of twenty going from the rue du Bac to the rue Saint-Lazare, with nothing to protect her from the jibes of passers-by but a black pelisse which only half covered her. It couldn't be helped, a carnival was a carnival. And then, on the Pont-Royal, one of the notable figures of the time, **a peer of France** and mayor of one of the first three cities in the country, **passed by in his carriage drawn** by three horses. **He smilingly observed the pretty feet, shod in white satin, and all splattered with mud.** 'What's that?' he said. He couldn't believe his eyes: the girl was pretty, devilishly pretty; she was gaily braving wind and rain; she was slanging the passers-by with diabolical wit. The peer of France, a bored man if ever there was one, got out of his carriage and went up to Esther Guimond:

'Why the devil are walking on a day like this, and in white satin slippers?'

Esther Guimond, who had all her wits about her, answered then and there:
'Because I knew perfectly well you'd tell me to get into your carriage.'

And so he did. The peer of France took the young lady home- not to her home, but his own. He had money, and gave it to her; he had no wit, and she gave it to him. So it was that Esther Guimond made her first appearance on the stage of *la haute galanterie*.

Blanche d'Antigny

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...In 1870 in that sensual anthology, *Les Jolies Femmes de Paris*, Charles Diguët drew her portrait:

Blanche had the bosom of Antiope and the head of Bacchante. The famous head is proudly attached to plump, milk-white shoulders, moulded like those of Ruben's goddesses. The brow keeps a quasi-serenity, a relic of the chastity which sits upon the brow of every young girl. The cheeks have cast the lilies to the winds and kept only the roses, those flowers of passion. The eyes, almost childlike, have the fixity of sparkling minerals....They are two marcassites which gleaming facets...**The sensual mouth is made to sing or to drain a glass of champagne, the wine of love.**

Such a diamond-covered diety need to have her décor; and in September 1868, Blanche d'Antigny rented a charming *hôtel*, 11, avenue de Friedland.

In the hall, which was hung with tapestries, and decorated with exotic plants, two liveried footman received the visitors and led them to the salons. Chandeliers shone from the ceilings, tapestries lent mystery to the walls, and heavy blue velvet hangings on the doors were redolent of patchouli and vetiver. In the drawing-room,

a bust of Dante gazed into space; and, on the clock in the mantelpiece, a figure of Peter the Great recalled the scintillating past of St. Petersburg. Here, among the palms and hydrangeas the fancy-dress balls were held. The drawing-room led into the oriental smoking-room, furnished with low, red-lacquered tables encrusted with sliver and mother-of-pearl; and on the tables were cigarette-holders (Blanche enjoyed cigarettes) and golden boxes filled with exotic tobaccos. Then came the lovers' room: the little *salon des amoureux*, where the curtains softened the light, and a large portrait of Blanch smiled down on the deeply cushioned divans.

The dining-room, next to the smoking-room, looked over the avenue de Friedland; and here, on tables illuminated by candelabra each with fifteen candles, and decorated with large baskets of out-of-season flowers, the glasses glittered, the crystal glowed with a thousand fires. Bischoffsheim presided over these banquets, **where the demi-monde, the half-world, entertained the world of literature:** where Caroline Letessier and Léonide Leblanc inspired the admiration of Houssaye and Banville. The apéritifs were served with blinis and caviar. **Saint-Émilion and Volnay** accompanied the *terrine de foie gras*, **Chablis and Château-Yquem** escorted the lobster and the peacock in galantine. **Then came Château-Lafite**, *les asperges sauce aurore*, and *poulardes a la gelee*. Then, enhanced by marsala, malmsey and sherry, came *fraises au kirsch*, *bavarois aux fruits*, *napolitains* and *mille-feuilles Pompadour*. Champagne sparked in silver-gilt goblets, each of them in the shape of an animal's head: stag, fox, or wolf, or boar. If, for a moment, it ceased to flow, a butler would be summoned by a silver bell: a reproduction of the famous bell in Moscow; and **champagne would flow again, like the Neva** [the famous river passing through St. Petersburg].

The *hôtel* in the avenue de Friedland was not only devoted to Comus; it was, above all, a temple to Venus. In the bedroom, hung with turquoise satin, the four-poster bed, under its enormous baldquin with blue silk, lace trimmed curtains, looked like a throne half half-hidden under the clouds. A broad white bearskin served as carpet.

On a console table stood an ivory statuette of the flagellated Christ. In Blanche d'Antigny's bathroom, the bath was made of the finest Carrara marble. (The Figaro reported that **she had had two hundred bottles of Montebello poured into it: a mineral bath which she found reviving**). From time to time, no doubt, Blanche d'Antigny would slip into her boudoir, which was hung with blue silk; she would take her jewels out of a little Boule writing desk, and admire them. And yet she remained, at heart, as simple as a peasant girl from her native Indre, and she was never without her little gold crucifix. She was both religious and superstitious. And, unlike, some of her fellow courtesans, she did not know the value of money; she merely reveled in life, and wanted to please her numerous admirers.

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...She reveled in her diamonds. She bought clothes regardless of cost. Most of them were created by Mme Laferrière, in the rue Taitbout, and Blanche never missed a chance of advertising her couture on stage. In the summer of 1868, at the Palais-Royal, she played the part of the Vicomtesse de la Farandole on *Le Château à Toto*, an opéra-bouffe by Meilhac and Halévy, with music by Offenbach. In the second act she wore a dress worth 16,000 francs; in the third act she wore a largely transparent peignoir, trimmed with Bruges lace, worth 6,000 francs...

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In the spring of 1868 Blanche d'Antigny returned to Paris, and established herself in a small apartment at 36, rue de Écuries-d'Artois.

One morning, at Dinochau's, the bohemian restaurant on the corner of the place Breda, Carjat the photographer and his friends saw Godfrin, an actor from the Gymnase, make his appearance with a handsome woman. She was wearing a fur toque, and she was wrapped in a blue fox-fur pelisse. **She sat down smiling at the**

table, sipped a glass of wine, 'and lit up the room with the sparkling gaiety of her blue eyes'. When she reached dessert, she went to Carjat's to be photographed. She took the arm of a journalist whom she addressed by the familiar 'tu', though she had only known him for ten minutes. It was typical of Blanche d'Antigny.

...When summer came, however, and brought the great annual exodus from Paris, she allowed him to take her to Wiesbaden. Like Homburg and Baden, Ems and Spa, it was one of the watering places in fashion. She gambled wildly, patronized fêtes which were given her honor, and received the dedication of a waltz. The prince was relieved, when the season ended, to take her to St. Petersburg at last.

...The elite of St. Petersburg would assemble round her samovar at eleven o'clock at night; and at five the next morning, continued gossip, **the silent moujiks would pick up the guests who were snoring in corners, besotted with French wines and kümmel, and take them home.** Blanche could hardly remain content with a single lover' she captivated Mezentseff, the chief of the secret police, and General Levachoff, the Governor of St. Petersburg. Levachoff wanted her to join the French theatre in the city; she did so, and appeared triumphantly on the stage.

After four years and more in Russia, the constant applause and adulation finally went to her head. In wild defiance of protocol, she decided to attend the traditional gala performance which ended the winter season at the Opéra. She was also determined to wear a dress in which she might outshine both play and audience. **At the couturier's she found exactly what she wanted.** The dress was naturally superb: it had in fact been ordered by the Empress. But the couturier made his protests and explanations in vain. Blanche thrust a bundle of notes in his hand, and hurried out with the dress. That evening, she wore it in view of the Empress's box.

Next day Mezentseff was commanded to expel her from Russia.

Before she went to Russia in 1863, Blanche had already been a celebrity in the demi-monde. Now, nearly five years later, in the spring of 1868, she was more seductive and prosperous than ever. **'She was simply smothered in diamonds that her Russian admirers had given her,'** remembered William Osgood Field, in *Things I Shouldn't Tell*, **'and she used to put them on all together and look like a jeweller's shop window.'** One day, as Field was passing the door of her entresol apartment with a friend, a Miss Reed, 'this little door opened, and Blanche appeared- one mass of diamonds! She saw us, winked at me and disappeared, closing the door. Miss Reed, who was just ahead on the stairs, turned and looked at me and said with a comical smile: **"Who would be virtuous?"**

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She left her love-letters to Henri Meilhac, one of the authors of *La Vie Parisienne*. 'All the great names were there, and so was that of Luce, the tenor.' She remains in the repentant Magdalen of Baurdry's painting, in Zola's *Nana*, and, above all, in the criticism of Thèodore de Banville. Banville had loved her as a poet who appreciated her beauty; he loved her more than most of the men who had possessed her. And perhaps the most touching tribute to Blanch d'Antigny was the tribute which he paid her in his first article after her death:

I am not one of those who say 'It's nothing!' By dying so young, in all the brilliance of her swift, frivolous life, Blanch d'Antigny has taken with her one of the smiles of Paris, a city which does not have too many smiles...As an actress, she had nothing, in fact, except those robust arms, those crimson lips and white teeth, and the beauty of a Rubens nymph who wore fiery diamonds and rich clothes like the natural accessories of her triumph. She had nothing except the white shoulders and the radiant face of a young Gallic woman of the *Heptameron* or the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*; but isn't that enough for us to cast at least a humble little flower on the

tomb where she lies asleep, now that she has so cruelly expiated the triumphs of Mimi Bamboche and the brief intoxications of her carefree hours? How charming she was! I can still see her under the helmet with the floating plumes, under the damascened cuirass of a Pallas of fantasy...She had at least the happiness of not feeling her brow torn by the nail of old age, and of passing, like a brilliant apparition, quickly fled, through this city which forgets its idols and its toys.

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The courtesan is a type as old as humanity itself; she will last as long as men are fascinated by the sexual arts, as long as women choose to exploit their powers. She will last as long as they are ready to buy experience. Yet though the courtesan existed before the Second Empire, though she existed since it fell, the Second Empire was her golden age. **The courtesan is, by her nature, a woman in search of a fortune; and this was the epoch of the fortune-seeker.** Parvenus were on the make, in the reign of a parvenu; fortunes were being made and lost, fortunes were being spent. And if diamonds were made to glitter, as Pearl observed, if golden louis were meant to change hands, she was quite entitled to enjoy them. The courtesan profited from passing millionaires, from mushroom fortunes; she profited from the nouveaux riches, and from the bourgeoisie. Sexual license had always been a privilege of the aristocracy, an element of their education; but now it was claimed by the middle-class, who had risen to wealth and power. *Les Mangeuses*, as the middle-class women called the courtesans, indulged their boundless appetites with the fortunes which the middle classes had patiently and laboriously acquired.

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Most of them (but one except Madame Sabatier) were entirely without morals. **They lived for money, and for money alone; they would readily ruin men and, if need be, their wives and families, for the sake of increasing their fortune.** They rarely loved a man for himself, they loved the material benefits we would bring to enhance their professional status, and to gratify their self-esteem. They strove to inspire the envy of their colleagues and le grand monde: of the honest, or more honest, women would not accept them. **Cora Pearl. Who was one of the hardest of all courtesans, would readily abandon a lover when she had exhausted his fortune.** She had made her conquest and bought her pleasure; his future did not concern her.



Cora Pearl

Human relationships hardly concern the woman who sells herself, but **Esther Guimond was said to have built a fortune on blackmail, and to have caused at**

least one suicide. La Paiva loved no living creature, man, woman, child or beast, and the whole of her long life, which like a romance by Rider Haggard, was designed to proclaim her triumph, to give her splendour and satisfaction. **No speculator on the Bourse, no industrial magnate could have exploited men with such inhumanity, with such effect.**

Such women only confirm the theory that the century enjoyed its pleasures to the limit: it was an age for spectacular liaisons, and for women of unmistakable individuality. The great courtesans were not merely pretty women, they were not merely purveyors of physical pleasure. They were not even all of them beautiful. But they shared a belief in the pleasure of love, in the art of making love, in the joy of living; and **most of them showed a spiritual energy and a shrewd and versatile intelligence which would have done much credit to honest women.**

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

By Jonathan Fenby [Simon & Schuster] 2015

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The Paris stock market expanded as the money supply rose and industrial groups floated shares; **the Bourse, said Alexandre Dumas *films*, was the 'cathedral' of the age.**

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Prominent women used their own political salons to attain a degree of influence denied to them in the world of male politics One of the most celebrated was hosted by the Baltic German Princess Lieven, who moved to Paris after a long spell as wife of the Russian ambassador to London and formed a close association with Guizot.

Marie-Madeleine Poutret de Mauchamps used her drawing room to press the case for greater freedom for women to pursue artistic activities and, with her husband, edited the *Gazette des femmes*. The Countess of Agoult, who had separated from her husband and wrote not very good novels before becoming an excellent recorder of contemporary events, held regular receptions attended by leading figures of the epoch, the men in white tie and tails paying court to elegantly gowned ladies. The countess believed that **'flirtation has become a science as deep as the science of politics. Since society leaves [women] outside the real action, they have easily learned to make use of a man's desire to make him, at least temporarily, their slave.**

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... The woman who makes it her profession to please men can hardly be prudish: she may, indeed, welcome freedom of language as a sign that men feel happy and unembarrassed in her company. Verbal license may, after all, be a tribute to her powers of attraction; and Princess Mathilde, the cousin of Napoléon, who the name of Notre Dame des Arts, was not averse to frank conversation. **Art, like love, demands emotional liberty.** And the liberty which allowed Gautier to write to write his *Lettre a la Presidente* allowed him, also, to address her a delicately sensual poem in *Emaux et Camees*. A *une Robe rose* is his verbal tribute to a magnificently desirable woman. He presents Apollonie in perpetuity: her rose-pink dress revealing her superbly sculpted lines, and caressing her with all the warmth of his own unassuaged desires.

La Païva

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The nineteenth century was an age for fabulous careers, for unbelievable, well-nigh outrageous triumphs; and some of the courtesans who were humbly born lived to

dazzle and infuriate honest women. **The most successful courtesan, in material terms, was, without question, la Païva. She was also the one *grande horizontale* who appears to have had no redeeming feature.**

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The history of la Païva (as she would henceforth be called) fascinated Horace de **Viel-Castel***, the historian and man of letters; he duly recorded it in his **memoirs of the Second Empire.**

***Refer to Pages: 239, 248 & 278**

On the top of the scum of the Parisian society [he wrote in 1857], there is a certain Madame de Païva who is the queen of kept women, the sovereign of her race. This woman, who is of Russian origin, was for a long while the mistress of Herz, the pianist, the mistress of the Duc de Guiche (now the Duc de Grammont), and then the mistress of a number of more or less notable notabilities. However, as the years went by without bringing her either position or fortune, she firmly resolved that she would win them both.

To begin with she made a Portuguese fall madly in love with her: he was the Marquis de Païva, a cousin of the present envoy, and she made him so loving and so mad that the wretched man offered to marry her and, as you can imagine, was accepted.

The morning after marriage, when the new husband and wife awoke, Madame de Païva addressed her satisfied lover more or less as follows:

' You wanted to sleep with me, and you've done so, by making me your wife. You have given me your name, I acquitted myself last night. I have behaved like an honest

woman, I wanted a position, and I've got it, but all you have is a prostitute for a wife. You can't take me anywhere, and you can't introduce me to anyone. We must therefore separate. You go back to Portugal. I shall stay here with your name, and remain a whore.'

Ashamed and confused, Paiva took the advice of his wife. In the solitude of a Portuguese castle he buried the memory of his deplorable adventure.

“Mademoiselle Maximum”

Léonide Leblanc

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Les Femmes de Théâtre proved to be ephemeral; but the preface itself is still worth recalling, for Alice, the courtesan, giving advice to Lucie, the would-be courtesan, is probably expressing Léonide's own views on her profession. And coming, as it does, from one of the *la garde* in the Second Empire, this advice cannot be dismissed as simple fiction. It is a kind of social document:

'To begin with, my dear,' said Alice to Lucie, 'have you a heart?

'I think so,' answered Lucie, innocently.

'So much the worse for you,' Alice went on. 'If you have one, wrap it up in your handkerchief and put it in your pocket. The heart, you know, is an extra you must dispense with if you're going to be happy in this world...

But above all, before you grant anything

See that you are given:

- (1) A nice apartment
- (2) A few expensive clothes
- (3) Some splendid jewels.

Then, **when you're chic**, when you have your lackeys, carriages, etc., don't gaily throw your money out of the window, lay by something for a rainy day. Invest your capital!

Buy shares, speculate, speculate...Woman are terribly lucky on the Bourse.

And when you are no longer twenty, you will at last be able to console yourself for your vanished charms with a handsome income, thanks to which you will marry Monsieur Someone-or-other...who will give you his name and his youth...and that's enough!

Modern writers always predict us a future as door-keepers or box-openers at the theatre. Prove them wrong.

When we have been easy women, we shall be honest women.

We shall end as we should have begun.

But alas! We aren't made of wood. You may fall in love. If you do, just remember this: if it's a poor young man, take care that you always put usefulness before pleasure.

The most delightful passions don't last any longer than the loveliest flowers...

Let me repeat, have a single aim: money, and more money, always money.

It's money that rules the universe, the real, the only king in the world.

I've said my say.'

And, at a draught, the bacchante drained her glass of champagne.

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

By Jonathan Fenby [Simon & Schuster] 2015

Pg. 07

Despite all the vicissitudes and upheavals of two centuries, this book will argue that common themes run through France's modern history, the main one being that a nation which takes its revolutionary and republican legacy as constituting its core values had never, in fact, fully digested that heritage because it never wanted to shed its other, more conservative character...The past is a constant element in the present especially for a country as aware of its history as France and which prides itself on its exceptionalism. But bringing the two into harmony is a problem hardly any easier at the start of the twenty-first century than it was at the end of the eighteenth.

'World's oldest wine' found in 8,000-year-old jars in Georgia
13 November 2017

www.bbc.com/news/world-europe-41977709

Scientists say 8,000-year-old pottery fragments have revealed the earliest evidence of grape wine-making. The earthenware jars containing residual wine compounds were found in two sites south of the Georgian capital, Tbilisi, researchers said.

Some of the jars bore images of grape clusters and a man dancing.

Previously, the earliest evidence of wine-making was from pottery dating from about 7,000 years ago found in north-western Iran.

The latest finds were published in the journal Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences (PNAS).

"We believe this is the oldest example of the domestication of a wild-growing Eurasian grapevine solely for the production of wine," said co-author Stephen Batiuk, a senior researcher at the University of Toronto.

"Wine is central to civilisation as we know it in the West. As a medicine, social lubricant, mind-altering substance and highly valued commodity, wine became the focus of religious cults, pharmacopoeias, cuisines, economies and society in the ancient Near East."

Traditional methods

The pottery jars were discovered in two Neolithic villages, called Gadachrili Gora and Shulaveris Gora, about 50km (30 miles) south of Tbilisi, researchers said.

Telltale chemical signs of wine were discovered in eight jars, the oldest one dating from about 5,980 BC.

Large jars called qvevri, similar to the ancient ones, are still used for wine-making in Georgia, said David Lordkipanidze, director of the Georgian National Museum who helped lead the research.

Mr Batiuk said the wine was probably made in a similar way to the qvevri method today "where the grapes are crushed and the fruit, stems and seeds are all fermented together".

Previously, the earliest evidence of grape wine-making had been found in the Zagros Mountains of Iran and dated to 5,400-5,000 BC.

In 2011, a wine press and fermentation jars from about 6,000 years ago were found in a cave in Armenia.

The world's earliest non-grape based wine is believe to be a fermented alcoholic beverage of rice, honey and fruit found in China and dating to about 7,000 BC.

Ancient wine found in China
by Jannat Jalil

BBC News 21 June, 2003

news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/asia-pacific/3010170.stm

There is a saying that fine wine improves with age. But does this apply to a wine that is 2,000 years old. Well, archaeologists in China may soon be able to tell us.

State media said that when Chinese archaeologists unearthed a large bronze jar in the Western city of Xi'an they discovered about five litres of light green rice wine inside.

The jar shaped like a phoenix head was found in a tomb. One archaeologist was quoted as saying that the high purity of the wine indicated the owner was a nobleman.

Wine from the period has been found in other tombs but this is the best-

preserved and the largest quantity ever discovered.

It is thought the find will significantly help in the study of how ancient China developed wine making technology.

It is thought to date back to the early Western Han dynasty which held sway over much of China 2,000 years ago.

There is no information yet on what this wine tastes like. The archaeologists have stored it in a glass container for further study.

Civilisations rose and fell, but the wine remained unsampled.

Does Shiraz wine come from Iran?

by Anahita Shams BBC Persian
3 February 2017

www.bbc.com/news/world-middle-east-38771806

Until the Islamic revolution, Iran had a tradition of wine-making which stretched back centuries. It centered on the ancient city of Shiraz - but is there a connection between the place and the wine of the same name now produced and drunk across the world?

"I remember my father bringing in the grapes and putting them in a big clay vat," says California-based wine-maker Darioush Khaledi, recalling his childhood in pre-revolutionary Iran.

"I would climb on top and smell and enjoy the wine."

Darioush's family was from Shiraz, a fabled city in south-western Iran, whose name was once synonymous with viticulture and the poetry and culture of wine.

He remembers happy evenings when the family would gather, sipping wine from clay cups, and reciting lines from the 14th Century Persian poet Hafez.

"It wasn't just about drinking wine," he says. "It was an adventure."

The world Darioush remembers came to an end in 1979 when Iran's new Islamic rulers banned alcohol.

They shut down wineries, ripped up commercial vineyards and consigned to history a culture stretching back thousands of years.

Ancient residue

An ancient clay jar has pride of place at the University of Pennsylvania museum in Philadelphia in the US. It was one of six discovered by a team of American archaeologists at a site in the Zagros mountains in northern Iran in 1968.

The jars date back to the Neolithic period more than 7,000 years ago, and provide the first scientific proof of the ancient nature of Iranian wine production.

Chemical analysis on one of them revealed that a dark stain at the bottom was actually wine residue.

"This is the oldest chemically-identified wine jar in the world," says Prof Patrick McGovern.

The first evidence of grape cultivation in Shiraz came around 2,500 BC, when vines were brought down from the mountains to the plains of south-west Iran, the professor says. By the 14th Century, Shiraz wine was immortalised in the poetry of Hafez, whose tomb in the city is still venerated today.

"Last night, the wise tavern master deciphered the enigma," he wrote. "Gazing at the lines traced in the cup of wine, he unravelled our awaiting fate."

In the 1680s, a French diamond merchant, Jean Chardin, travelled to Persia to the court of Shah Abbas. He attended elaborate banquets and recorded the first European account of what Shiraz wine actually tasted like.

"It was a very specific red," says French historian and Chardin expert Francis Richards. "It was a wine with good conservation because generally the local wines very quickly turned to vinegar."

But is there a connection between the "dark red wine that smells like musk" immortalised by Hafez, and the Shiraz wine drunk across the world today?

The first stop in my research is one of France's most famous vineyards in the Rhone valley in the south and home to the Syrah vine. According to local legend, the Hermitage vineyard was founded by a 13th Century knight called Gaspard de Sterimberg, who brought back a Persian vine from the Crusades.

The names Syrah and Shiraz are often used interchangeably. Could Syrah be a corruption of Shiraz and prove a Persian connection? The definitive answer came in 1998 when DNA testing was carried out on the local vines to pinpoint their origin. "Some people think it comes from Persians and others from Sicily where you have Syracuse city," says grape geneticist Jose Vouillamoz. "But today we know all of that is wrong.

"Testing was done by two different labs," he continues. **"And it was really a surprise to find out that Syrah is a natural spontaneous crossing between two**

local vines from this area." So wherever the name came from, it seems there is no genetic connection between Syrah grapes and the wines of ancient Shiraz.

But the trail does not end there.

Outside of France, the biggest producer of Syrah in the world is Australia and the wine is always called Shiraz.

This can be traced back to a Scot called James Busby who exported Syrah vines from the Hermitage to Australia in the 19th Century. His first consignment of vines was labelled "scyras" which many thought was a misspelling of Syrah. But when I re-read his journal, I came across a line which proved he knew about the Hermitage Persian vine legend.

"According to the tradition of the neighbourhood," he wrote. "The plant - scyras - was originally brought from Shiraz in Persia."

At that time European wine-makers sometimes imported wine from Persia to add sweetness and body. So perhaps Busby hoped the ancient name Shiraz would add some Persian mystique and flavour to his New World wine-making endeavour.

Echoes of Persepolis

The United States imported Syrah vines in the 1970s and the wine is always marketed under the Syrah name - with one notable exception.

Darioush Khaledi, a son of Shiraz, is the proud owner of a 120-acre vineyard in **California's Napa Valley** producing what he insists on calling Shiraz wine.

"My French friends say Shiraz/Syrah comes from the Rhone and [has] a 500-year-old history," he says. "But if you open an atlas of the world there's only one place in

the whole world called Shiraz and it has a **7,000-year-old history of wine growing.**"

He highlights his Iranian heritage in the vineyard. The entrance to the main building is lined with Persian-style columns reminiscent of the ancient city of Persepolis. The day we visit, his marketing manager Dan de Polo is **holding a wine tasting for a group of Chinese buyers.**

"What's great about Shiraz is that it's always been a very soulful wine," he tells them.

Soulfulness, spirit and poetry - words that come up time and again when talking about Shiraz wine. And for Darioush, and for me, I think that is what matters most. It is not about the DNA of the grapes, it is about the link Shiraz offers us to the spirit of our faraway homeland and the romance of its fabled wine.

Jerusalem reference found on ancient wine ledger

26 October 2016

www.bbc.com/news/world-middle-east-37773748

Israeli archaeologists have discovered an ancient wine ledger they believe contains the earliest written reference to Jerusalem outside the Bible.

The Israel Antiquities Authority (IAA) seized the **2,700-year-old papyrus** from thieves who had taken it from a desert cave near the Dead Sea. Two lines in Hebrew detail the shipment of wine from the king's household.

"From the king's maidservant, from Na'arat, jars of wine, to Jerusalem," it reads.

"The document represents extremely rare evidence of the existence of an organised administration in the Kingdom of Judah," said Dr Eitan Klein of the IAA.

Archaeologists dated the 11cm by 2.5cm (4.3in by 1in) piece of papyrus to the 7th Century BC and say it is the earliest mention of the city of Jerusalem from a source other than the Bible.

The weather in the Dead Sea region appears to have helped preserve the document.

"Organic material, such as documents, particularly delicate paper like papyrus, perish over time due to their sensitivity to moisture," the IAA's Amir Ganor said. "The dry climate of the desert is exceptional in that it facilitates the preservation of documents that provide invaluable information regarding the way of life in antiquity and the early development of religions," he added.

The discovery was announced on Wednesday shortly after the United Nations Organisation for Education, Science and Culture (Unesco) adopted a second resolution in a week that Israel said denied Judaism's ties to Jerusalem.

The resolution, according to copies seen by news agencies, mentions only the Islamic name for a key holy site in the city known to Jews as the Temple Mount and al-Haram al-Sharif (Noble Sanctuary) to Muslims.

Israeli Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu criticised the "absurdity" of Wednesday's decision and said he would recall his country's ambassador to Unesco for consultations on how to proceed.

Senior Palestinian official Saeb Erekat said the resolution was aimed "at reaffirming the importance of Jerusalem for the three monotheistic religions".

King Tut's tippie 'was red wine'

26 October 2005 BBC News

news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/middle_east/4379286.stm

King Tutankhamun was a red wine drinker, according to scientists who have been studying residue left in wine pitchers in the ancient pharaoh's tomb.

Wine was a luxury drink in ancient Egypt and **bottles were labelled with the wine's name, year of harvest, source and even vine grower.**

Until now the colour of the wine was unknown, as it dried out over time. A team of Spanish scientists developed a new technique able to pinpoint an acid left by compounds in red wine.

New method

The boy king Tutankhamun, who died in 1352BC, was, like his counterparts, buried along with all of the goods and provisions that the ancient Egyptians believed their pharaoh would need in the next life.

"In death, the king had to have the same things he had in life," Maria Rosa Guasch-Jane, the leader of the Spanish research team, said. "The Egyptians wanted the dead to have the same food and objects that they had in life." These included a number of pitchers containing wine, marked with details about the wine's provenance, just as a modern vintner would include today.

A jar from Tutankhamun's tomb was marked:

"Year 5. Wine of the House-of Tutankhamun

Ruler-of-the-Southern-on, l.p.h (in) the Western River.

By the chief Vintner Khaa."

Over the thousands of years between the jars being placed in the tomb and their being removed and placed in the British Museum in London and the Egyptian Museum in London, the wine had dried out completely, giving little clue as to what had once lain within.

Light shed on Shedeh

Archaeologists had thought for some time that the wine drunk by ancient Egyptians may have been red - tomb paintings showing grapes being pressed into wine were illustrated with red and purple grapes. But final proof came with the invention of Ms Guasch-Jane's technique, which uses both liquid chromatography and mass spectrometry together. It revealed syringic acid in scrapings taken from two jars in King Tutankhamun's tomb. Syringic acid is released by the breakdown of the compound malvidin, found in red wine. The scientists were also able to use the tool on residues left in other jars to establish that the drink Shedeh, the most precious drink in ancient Egypt, was made from grapes, rather than pomegranates, as previously thought.

The Great Sea
by David Abulafia (Penguin) 2014

Pg. 72-73 (1,000 BC to 700 BC)

All this points to a real increase in carrying capacity in the trade of the Mediterranean at this period. The vessels themselves were not significantly larger

than those of ancient Byblos: some ships of Ugarit, around 1200 BC, could carry 45 tons of cargo and the maximum capacity of Phoenician ships was only a little more. What improved capacity was the stability of the ships. It was this that made voyages as far as Atlantic ports such as Cadiz and Mogador realistic, and perhaps even enabled the circumnavigation of Africa, attributed by Herodotos to the 6th century BC. The rounded ships used for long and medium-distance trade were 3 or 4 times as long as they were broad, and could achieve a length of as much as 30 meters, though the Ashkelon wreck were about half that length. Portrayed on the Balawat gates, they have high prows, decorated with the image of a horse's head (perhaps in homage to a god of the sea similar to Poseidon, who was also a horse-lover); eyes might be painted on the bows, while at the stern, beyond the quarterdeck, the planking was gathered together in what looks like a fish-tail. A square sail was raised on a mast which, the biblical prophets say, was often made of cedarwood from Lebanon; some ships also made use of oar power. The rudder consisted of a broad oar attached to the port (left) side. **The impression is of sturdy boats with good carrying capacity, well suited to the trade in grain, wine and oil, and not simply fast flyers carrying small quantities of exotic luxury items.** This is confirmed by the two early wrecks, which, between them, carried 800 wine amphorae, making a cargo (if the amphorae were full) that weighted 22 tons.

Pg. 78 (1,000 BC to 700 BC)

...Greek writer such as Strabo (writing early in the 1st century AD) insisted on the importance of Southern Spain as a source of silver...An early Phoenician settlement existed on Ibiza, within distant sight of the Iberian mainland; **the usual exchanges for metals for oil and wine took place**, though another asset of Ibiza throughout its history has been its gleaming salt pans.

Pg. 90 (800 BC – 550BC)

There is a mystery at both ends of the route linking Euboia to Ischia. Why Euboia should have emerged as the first significant centre of overseas trade and settlement long after the recession of the 'Dark Age' is far from clear. Euboia is a long, well-wooded island that flanks mainland Greece; the distance from the mainland is only a few miles at most, though Hesiod described his unreasonable terror at crossing even that narrow channel. The most likely explanation is that its two major cities, Chalkis and Eretria, commanded excellent natural resources and began to exploit them in local trade down to Athens and Corinth. Euboia was rich in timber, essential for its shipbuilders; indeed, one of the Homeric Hymns – a series of poems in praise of the gods written in the 7th or 6th century in what passes for a Homeric style – dedicated to Apollo, described it as 'famous for its ships.' **Wine as another resource- the early Greek word *woinos* was transmitted to Italy, where the Etruscans transformed it into a word the Romans heard as *vinum*.**

Pg. 124 (1,000 BC- 400 BC)

All this did not make Massalia into a hive of Ionian irredentists. Massalia was a special place, whose inhabitants managed to keep their heads down when their compatriots were fighting the Etruscans; and one explanation for this was the intimate relationship the Massaliots enjoyed with the peoples of the western Mediterranean- not just the Etruscans, but the Carthaginians in Africa and Spain and the less sophisticated Ligurians who inhabited northwestern Italy and southern France. Massalia became a point of contact with the Celtic peoples of western Europe, so that Greek and Etruscan pottery and other goods were funneled northwards and from there into the centre of Gaul. Meanwhile, the Greeks, Etruscans and Carthaginians traded side by side in the region; Pech Maho, which has been mentioned already was used by Carthaginian merchants as a trading station, and yet was evidently visited by others as well, as the Etruscan inscription scratched

on lead found there makes plain. Rather than lead, it was tin that attracted merchants to southern France, for they sought access to the tin supplies of northwestern France and possibly even Britain, reached by Phoenician sailors out of Cadiz. Finds of Greek and Etruscan bronzes and pottery along the Seine, notably a massive Greek bronze *krater* found at Vix, dating from about 530 BC, give some clues to the lengthy routes that goods (though not necessarily individual merchants) followed deep into the interior of Gaul. **This great mixing bowl for wine serves as a reminder that the wine trade was one of the great strengths of Massalia. It could contain 1,100 litres of liquid, the custom among the Greeks being to mix one part of wine with two of water.** Indeed, the 6th century was the golden age of Greek trade in the far west. Although an Ionian colony in Corsica was throttled at birth by the Etruscans and Carthaginians, small settlements came into being for a while at Malaga and elsewhere in southern Spain and, more illustriously, at Emporion, the emporium par excellence, now known as Empuries. Nearby, traders from Rhodes may have founded Rhode, the modern Roses in Catalonia.

Massalia maintained its links to the eastern Mediterranean, whose bronze foundries were hungry for tin. **Large quantities of 6th century Greek pottery have been found during excavations in Marseilles [formerly Massalia],** from Euboea, Corinth, Athens, Sparta, Ionia and, closer at hand, Etruria. The wealthy merchants of Massalia endowed a treasury at Delphi. This was no colonial backwater. The culture of southern France became Hellenized. A late Roman writer, Justin, summarized the words of an earlier writer, *Pompeius Trogus* (whose *Philippic Histories* are now lost), as follows:

From the people of Massalia, therefore, the Gauls learned a more civilized way of life, their former barbarity being laid aside or softened; and by them they were taught to cultivate their lands and to enclose their towns with walls. The too, they grew accustomed to live according to laws, and not by violence; then they learned to

prune the vine and plant the olive; and such a radiance was shed over both men and things, that it was not Greece which seemed to have immigrated into Gaul, but Gaul that seemed to have been transplanted into Greece.

Of course, this encomium was written many centuries later, and it is doubtful whether the Greeks really introduced the olive and the vine. Still, a good claim can be made that it was the Greeks and Etruscans who fostered the intensive exploitation of vineyards, and introduced a more advanced technology of olive-pressing and wine production. **Sir John Boardman insisted that 'the first wine drunk in Burgundy was Greek wine from Marseilles', and the Athenian, Phoenician and Etruscan wine jars found on many sites in Languedoc and Provence support Boardman's contention.** Justin was right: it was not necessary to conduct a conquest in the style of the Roman legions to draw this region into the cultural orbit of Greece.

Pg. 157-58 (350BC – 100BC)

One of King Ptolemy's II's, administrators, named Apollonios, appears in a series of papyri from the Egyptian desert. Among them is a ship's manifest of the middle of the 3rd century BC, recording a cargo sent to Apollonios's household from Syria to Alexandria, and it provides rich evidence of the variety of goods that were being traded: nuts from the Black Sea, always a favorite of Mediterranean trade routes; cheese from Chios; olive oil, figs, honey, sponges and wool. There was also wild boar meat, venison and goat's meat aboard. **But what filled most of the hull was wine- 138 amphorae and 6 half-amphorae of ordinary wine, and 5 amphorae plus 15 half-amphorae of sweet dessert wine. This commerce was carefully and accurately taxed. The Ptolemies inherited from the Pharaohs a tight system of control of trade that they had not intention of relaxing. Ships arrived at designated ports and their cargoes were closely examined.** It was an ancient

system of commercial taxation that continued under the Romans, Byzantines and Arabs: ad valorem taxes, representing a percentage of the estimated value of the cargo, sometimes as much as 50% (on wine and oil), sometimes merely a 3rd or 4th; taxes were levied not just at the ports but at internal customs stations along the Nile, as goods moved up to Alexandria. Although this forced up the price of goods by the time they reached the quayside, demand for Egyptian grain and other products was generally so strong that these goods could still find purchasers in the eastern Mediterranean. In addition, the Alexandrians profited handsomely from their role as middlemen in the trade linking the Indian Ocean to the Mediterranean.

...New opportunities arose on the export market: a series of invasions of the Black Sea region, by Celtic and Scythian tribes, was endangering the sources and supply route on which Athens and other Greek cities had been relying for food. Seeing a chance or enriching themselves from the grain trade, the Ptolemies worked hard to increase the quality and quantity of grain production. They also extended the areas under cultivation and encouraged the use of iron implements as a way of improving efficiency and yields: 'so extensive a use of iron in Egyptian agriculture almost amounted to a revolution'. Irrigation was improved, and among the contraptions used to water the land appeared the Archimedes screw, still favored by Egyptian *fellahin*, and known in those days as the *kochlias*, or 'snail'. The Persians had introduced a new type of wheat, superior to traditional Egyptian varieties, and the advantages of this were seized upon while Alexander was still alive. The cultivation of vines was greatly extended on the shores opposite Alexandria, and some good wines were apparently produced; more important, perhaps, was the development of an oil industry, since before the Ptolemies olive trees had not been widespread in Egypt. In doing all this, the Ptolemies laid the foundation of a new prosperity that would last until the Byzantine period.

Pg. 238 (1,000 BC – 600 AD)

The eastern Mediterranean shipwrecks suggest more intensive contact, linking the islands and the coasts. **A ship wrecked off the southwest Turkish coast, at Iskandil Burnu, and dating from the late 6th century, was carrying wine from Gaza and what has been indentified as a kosher casserole pot, so it is quite possible that the vessel was owned by a Jew.**

Pg. 456-57 (1350 -1830)

As early as the 1520s, raiders from Senj had begun to threaten Turkish ships in the Adriatic. The Venetians too were easy prey because of their willingness to enter into treaties with the Turks, and because of occasional hostilities between Venice and the Habsburgs in the Slovenian borderlands. In the early day the Uskoks were content to seize cargoes of fish, wine, oil and cheese carried on local boats, but they soon graduated to attacks on large roundships bound for Dubrovnik and Ancona, threatening the line of communication that stretched by land and sea from Tuscany to Constantinople. **In 1599 the Venetians were so exasperated by the Uskoks that they sent a cargo of poisoned wine into Uskok-infested water, let it be captured, and hoped to hear that the Uskoks had all died from drinking it.** Since they all remained full of life, however, the ruse obviously failed.

The Uskoks probably said the wine was the best ever
and sorely wished they could steal more of it. – DE

Pg. 629 (1950- 2014)

By 1970 it was not too difficult to find aubergines and avocados in the groceries of Britain, Germany or Holland; and by 2000 the idea that Mediterranean diet rich in fish, olive oil, and vegetables is far healthier than traditional northern European

diets often based on pork and lard took hold. Interest in regional Mediterranean cuisines expanded all over Europe and North America- not just Italian food but Roman food , not just Roman food but the food of the Roman Jews, and so on. **Interest also grew in Mediterranean wines** from as far south as Apulia and Alicante, **under the influence of sophisticated California viticulture**, with constant talk of promising new areas along the Croatian coast or in Turkey, not to mention vineyards old and new in the Bekaa Valley the Golan Heights. Bland northern European menus (France and Belgium apart) became a distant memory. These changes in diet are far more than anecdotal significance: old ethnic identities have been broken down as the cuisine of the Mediterranean has become globalized.

Dynasty: The Rise and Fall of the House of Caesar

By Tom Holland (Abacus) 2015

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Indeed, the Princeps was widely known as a man who could enjoy a joke against himself. Meeting a young man who looked just like him, he asked, "Tell me, was your mother ever in Rome?" "No," came the answer. 'But my father was - often.' Anecdotes such as these did wonders for the Princeps image. It helped as well that he could give as good as he got. Augustus's sense of humour, like that of the vast mass of his fellow citizens, inclined to the raucous. Dwarves, cripples, people with gout: all prompted him to celebrate witticisms. Maecenas was joshed by the Princeps for his 'loose, effeminate and languishing style', Horace for being fat. Augustus meant it affably enough. That he addressed the poet as 'the very cleanest of pricks' was a mark of affection, not contempt – and he was perfectly capable, in his dealings with those he cherished, of displaying sensitivity and charm. Yet, there remained a toughness, as asperity about his character that reminded those with a taste for snobbery of the small-town conservatism from which he had sprung. Whether cheering boxers in back streets, sporting a battered sunhat or roaring with

laughter at the sight of a hunchback, Emperor Caesar Augustus retained just a hint of the provincial.

None of which did him any harm among the mass of the Roman people. It gratified them to think of the Princeps as a man without airs and graces. Intimate personal details, carefully leaked, helped to cast him as a citizen of honest, simple tastes. **It was common knowledge that a man whose name served to place him midway between the earth and the heavens ate much like a peasant, that his bread was coarse and his wine of an unfashionable vintage. Divine appetites, even in the son of a god, were capable of causing bitter resentment.** Augustus had discovered the hard way. In the aftermath of Philippi, when the world had seemed abandoned by the gods, aping the absent immortals had become quite the craze among ambitious warlords. A former consul might think nothing of painting his body blue, putting on a fish's tail appropriate to a sea god and flopping around on all fours. Augustus, in the first throes of his passion for Livia, had staged a particularly provocative masquerade. **At a time when Rome was in the grip of famine, he had held a drinking party to which all the guests had come dressed as immortals.** The groom himself had starred as the golden and eternally youthful god of light and music, Apollo. Down in the streets of the starving city, outrage of the news had blended with bitterness and scorn. 'Yes, to be sure,' men had cried, 'Caesar is Apollo-Apollo the Torturer.'

The people of Rome had particular reason to associate a god more commonly worshipped as a patron of prophecy and self-discipline with vicious cruelty. **In the Forum, next to the sacred fig tree, there stood the statue of a pot-bellied man with a wine-sack on his shoulder. This was Marsyas, a satyr who had once challenged Apollo to a music contest, been cheated of the victory that was rightfully his, and then been flayed alive for his presumption.** Such, at any rate, was the version of the story told by the Greeks- but in Italy an altogether happier ending was reported. Marsyas, they claimed, had escaped the irate Apollo and fled to

the Apennines, where he had taught the arts and augury to the natives and fathered the snake-charming Marsians. Rome was not the only city to commemorate him. Statutes of Marsyas were to be found in public squares across Italy. For all that the satyr might be shown with leg irons on his ankles, he stood defiantly unchained. He had slipped the bonds of his divine master. **So it was that he served Italians as ‘a symbol of liberty.’**

Augustus, who in almost everything save his ambition was deeply conservative, had far too much respect for tradition ever to think of having such a venerable memorial removed from the Forum. Nevertheless, the statue of Marsyas was troubling to him on a number of levels. At Philippi, where his own watchword had been ‘Apollo’, that of his opponents had been ‘**liberty**’. Not only that, but **Marsyas was believed by his devotees to have been sprung from his would-be flayer’s clutches by a rival god named *Liber*, an anarchic deity who had taught humanity to enjoy wine and sexual abandon, whose very name meant ‘Freedom’,** and who – capping it all – had been worshipped by Antony as his particular patron. The clash between the erstwhile Triumvirs had been patterned in the heavens. Antony, riding in procession through Cleopatra’s capital, had done so dressed as Liber, ‘his head wreathed in ivy, his body draped in a robe of saffron gold. Visiting Asia Minor, where in ancient time the contest between Apollo and Marsyas had been staged, he had been greeted by revelers dressed as satyrs. The night before his suicide, ghostly sounds of music and laughter had filled the Egyptian air; ‘and men said that the god to whom Antony had always compared himself, and been most devoted, was abandoning him at last.’

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That it was indeed the Princeps, with his healing hands, who had salved the bleeding state back to health was a conceit that few, in the wake of the civil wars, had any great interest in disputing. When a golden shield listing Augustus’s cardinal

virtues was hung inside the Senate House, the inscription recorded that it had been placed there by *Senatus Populusque Romanus*, “The Senate and the Roman People’. Yet this fine sounding slogan, even as it proclaimed harmony between the city’s elite and its masses, hinted as well at division. The commitment of Rome’s citizens to the common good, so precious to them as an ideal, had been accompanied right from the beginnings of their city by a rival drumbeat. When Romulus, standing on the Palatine, witnessed twelve eagles passing overhead, he had been in competition with his twin. Remus, from his own vantage point just south of the Palatine on a summit named the Aventine, had seen a paltry six birds; and from that moment on, the rival destinies of the twin hills had been fixed. Just as the Palatine had always provided the city with its most exclusive hub of power, so did the Aventine serve as the stronghold of the disadvantaged, of the poor – the plebs. Always, behind the civic unity which was the proudest boast of the Republic, there had throbbed the pulse of class resentments. The poor, sneered at by the upper classes as *plebs sordida* – ‘the great unwashed’ – had a long and proud tradition of standing up for their rights.

Repeated attempts to crush their freedoms had been heroically resisted.

The most venerable monument to such resistance, built on the lower slope of the Aventine centuries before Antony had thought to co-opt it, was none other than the **Shrine of Liber**. It commemorated an occasion way back in 494 BC when the plebs, oppressed by debt and the exactions of the rich, had staged a mass walk-out. Heading up river from Rome, the strikers had camped on a hill overlooking the Tiber. Here, in a pointed retort to the institution of the consulship, they had elected two officials of their own – ‘tribunes’- to serve as guardians of their interests. The tribunes, the plebs had agreed, were to be regarded as sacrosanct. The life of anyone who laid so much as a finger on them was to be forfeit. Blood-curdling compacts to that effect had been sworn. The Roman upper classes, with great reluctance, had been brought to swallow these terms. Centuries on, and the tribunate had emerged to become one of the most potent offices in the entire Republic. It remained sacrilege to assault any citizen who held it. A tribune could impose the death penalty on those

who challenged his authority; veto legislation of which he did not approve; summon the Senate and introduce measures of his own. Privileges of this order, freighted as they were by tradition and potentially awesome in their scope, could hardly help but pique the interest of the Princeps.

Also visit: <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Marsyas>

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Only menace a man with violent death, and his struggle to evade it could provide rich entertainment – no matter the victim’s rank. Who better to put this proposition to the test than Caligula, whose sense of humour was as malicious as his powers were absolute? His chosen victim, an equestrian by the name of Atanius Secundus, was guilty of little more than excessive flattery. Back when the Princeps was on his sickbed, Atanius had sworn an extravagant oath. Only restore Caligula to health, he had promised the gods, and he would fight as a gladiator. Naturally, he had not expected to be taken up on this vow. His aim had been merely to stand out from the other sycophants. Once back up on his feet, though, the Emperor took Antanius at his word. With a perfectly straight face, Caligula ordered the wretched equestrian into the arena, to fight there for the amusement of the crowds. Predictably enough, paired against a trained killer, Atanius did not last long. The spectacle of his body being dragged away across the sands of the arena on a hook provided Caligula’s joke with more than just a cruelly emphatic punchline. It also delivered a threat. No equestrian could sit in an amphitheatre, in one of the seats reserved for him by law, and watch in equanimity as one of his own was made an object of public diversion. Senators too were bound to feel unsettled. The menace was implicit. No one so high-ranking, it seemed, but Caligula reserved for himself the right to make sport with his death.

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...Many decades before, at the wedding feast of Caligula's great-grandfather, the guests came dressed as gods, provoking indignant crowds to riot; but now Augustus himself ascended to the heavens. How, then, when Caligula appeared in public dressed as Jupiter, complete with gold beard and thunderbolt, were people to react? A cobbler from Gaul, laughing at the spectacle and telling to the Emperor to his face that he was 'utterly absurd', was sent on his way with a smile; but when a famous actor, an intimate of Caligula's named Apelles, was asked who seemed greater, Jupiter or Caligula himself, and could only swallow or stammer, the reprisal was swift. The Emperor appreciated quick thinking as well as respect, and Apelles had failed him on both counts. The whipping given the actor was apt as well as cruel. Not only did Apelles in Latin mean 'skinless', but Caligula was able to inform the wretched man, as the hide was flogged of his back, that his screams were so exquisite as to do him perfect justice as a tragedian. Between the reality and illusion, between the sordid and the fantastical, between the hilarious and the terrifying, lay the dimension where it most delighted Caligula to give his imagination free rein. It took a man of Vitellius's rare perspicacity to appreciate this, and follow the implications through. 'I am talking to the moon,' Caligula once casually informed him. "Can you see her?" Vitellius, dropping his eyes to the ground, smoothly played along. 'Only you gods, O Master, are visible to one another.'

Because Vitellius understood the rules of the game, and was skilled at it, he as admitted to the highly exclusive circle of senators whom the Emperor was still prepared to acknowledge as friends. Most, bewildered by the sheer ferocity of the assault upon their dignity, found themselves helpless to serve anything save the butts of his malevolent humour. Nothing entertained Caligula more than to fashion situations in which the elite would be obliged to humiliate themselves. Like the connoisseur of suffering that he was, he relished the opportunities to subject his

victims to careful study. When he abolished reserved seating that Augustus had instituted in arenas, it amused him in the extreme to observe senators and equestrians scrabble after places along with everyone else, 'women next to men, slaves next to free.' Equally, there were times when he might enjoy a more intimate perusal of the extremes of misery to which a man could be reduced. On the same day that he had executed on a trifling charge the son of an equestrian named Pastor, Caligula invited the father to a banquet. Guards were stationed with orders to watch the wretched man's every last facial tic. **Caligula, toasting his health, gave him a goblet of wine to drink** – and Pastor drained it, 'although he might as well have been drinking the blood of his son'. Whatever was sent Pastor's way- whether perfume, garlands or lavish dishes- he accepted with a show of gratitude. Onlookers, not knowing his son's fate, would never have guessed the depths of misery masked by his frozen expression. The Emperor knew, though – and he knew the reason why Pastor wore such a fixed smile on his face. 'He had another son.'

Pg. 250

Emperor Tiberius

Once, back in the time of Aeneas, a second hero – a Greek – had come sailing past Spelunca. Although called Odysseus by his own people, in Latin he was known as Ulysses. Famously crafty and famously long-suffering, he had spent ten long years struggling to get home from the sack of Troy- fighting off monsters and negotiating with witches as he did so. Tiberius, who knew for himself what it was to struggle against debacles and domineering women, clearly felt an affinity for the hero. Down by the sea, where a natural cave looked out onto the waters once plied by Ulysses, Tiberius had fashioned the most remarkable dining space in the world. **Haute cuisine was one of the few extravagances on which the notoriously stingy Princeps delighted in lavishing his wealth. A noted wine snob, with a taste for vintages that had been treated with smoke**, he also took a particular interest in vegetarian cooking – whether it was discovering a new variety of asparagus,

sourcing exotic root vegetables from Germany, or insisting over the heads of rival gourmands that cabbage was far too delicious to rank as vulgar.

Nowhere, though, had his fascination with the arts of the table expressed itself more innovatively than at Spelunca. Pools washed with sea water enabled fish to be cooked fresh on site; pontoons over the shallows permitted guests to enjoy their banquets directly in the mouth of the cave, to the lapping of the sea all around them; flickering torches lit the inner depths of the grotto. "There, nature had ingeniously imitated art' – but not so ingeniously as art had then embellished nature. Immense statutes illustrating various exploits of Ulysses provided diners with an incomparable tableau. A monster rose out of a pool inside the cave; a one-eyed giant sprawling on his back filled its innermost recess. Fine food, spectacular sculpture and a setting pregnant with myth: even Tiberius could feel happy at Spelunca.

Perhaps, though, it was possible to be too close to the world of the epic. The giant eerily illuminated by torches in the rear of the cave had been the son of Neptune, god of the seas, who was known, thanks to his habit of lashing out periodically with his trident, as 'Earth-Shaker'. The tremor, when it came that evening, hit Spelunca without warning. Boulders began to fall, crashing down, crashing down on the mouth of the grotto. Numerous attendants bringing food were crushed in the avalanche, while the guests, rising in panic, fled for safety across the shallows. The elderly Tiberius, struggling to his feet, was unable to make his escape from the cliff face- and the Praetorians, when they came hurrying to the scene of the disaster and saw only rubble where the Princeps had been lying, inevitably feared the worst. Clambering over the debris, they heard the voice of their prefect calling out to them; and when they pulled away the boulders, it was to find Sejanus crouching over his master on hands and knees, the embodiment of a human shield.

A miracle – and pregnant with meaning, clearly. Tiberius himself took away two lessons from the episode. First, that he had in Sejanus an incomparably trustworthy

servant, a man who could be trusted with anything. Second, that the gods had delivered him a warning never again to set foot in Rome.

Pg. 321-26

...He remained under Claudius where he had been under Caligula: at the heart of power. Like Caecina Largus, the senator who owned one of the few private residences on the Palatine, he was too shrewd, too knowledgeable, too valuable an ally to be cast aside. Caecina claimed his reward a year after the coup, when, as the new emperor's colleague, he served as a consul of the Roman people. Callistus, by contrast was granted no such honor. His role remained, to outward show, far humbler. As Caecina strode through the Forum to the Senate House, guarded by his lictors, Callistus was up on the Palatine surrounded by scrolls, vetting petitions to the Emperor. Yet the rewards enjoyed by the secretary were, according to many measures, no less than those enjoyed by the consul. Just as Caecina could boast a garden famous for its lotus trees, so had Callistus commissioned thirty pillars fashioned out of an eye-wateringly expensive brand of marble for his dining room. Although not a consul himself, he thought nothing of vetting candidates for the office. 'Indeed, so great was his wealth and the dread which he inspired that his power verged on the despotic.' Yet this man notorious for his 'arrogance and the extravagant uses to which he put his authority' was neither a senator nor an equestrian- not had he even been born a citizen. **Callistus, the man who helped to topple one emperor and who controlled access to another, had spent his early life as the lowest of the low: a slave.**

The clue lay in his name. 'Callistus' meant 'Gorgeous' in Greek. And as the kind of thing that no self-respecting Roman would ever allow himself to be called. As a name given to slave, though, it was the height of fashion- partly because it provided a hint of foreign sophistication, and partly because **everyone knew that Greeks made the best slaves.** The real giveaway, though was that Callistus had also

adopted Caligula's first two names, Gaius Julius. Wearing these marked him out as a man who had been set free by an emperor- as an *Augusti libertus*. Hardly a status to impress a senator, of course –except that even the grandest of noblemen knew, to their agonized regret, that lineage was no longer everything. Having the ear of Caesar might count for at least as much. As in the Senate, so in the back rooms of the Palatine: climbing the rungs of the ladder promised splendid rewards to those who could make it to the top.

Most, of course, were never in a position to try. Caesar's household teemed with slaves, and if many of these were employed in the basest of menial tasks, then other specialized in duties that offered them little better prospect of promotion. To be stuck with responsibility for the polishing of the emperor's mirrors, or the care of his perfumed oils, of the making of his fancy dress was hardly to be on the high road to influence and wealth. Secure a post handling his finances, though, and opportunities were altogether more promising. Even out in the provinces, the slaves who handled Caesar's accounts or dispensed cash to the legions on his behalf often did well for themselves. One accountant in Gaul was the owner of sixteen slaves, including a doctor, two cooks and a man charged with looking his gold, while a steward in Spain was notorious for dining off silver plates, and ended up so fat that he was nicknamed 'Rotundus'. Unsurprisingly, though, it was in Rome that advancement could be quickest. On the Palatine, 'ever at Caesar's side, tending to his affairs, privy to the holy secrets of the gods, a slave was as well qualified as anyone to fathom the *arcana imperii*. Play his hand wrong and might end up like the secretary of Augustus who, caught red-handed selling the contents of a letter, had his legs broken. Play it skillfully and he might end up like Callistus: not only rich, powerful and feared, but a freedman.

That they were willing to make citizens of slaves had always been a sacred tradition of the Roman people. Even their penultimate kings, a much admired warrior and administrator by the name of Servius Tullius, had allegedly once been of servile

rank. It was true that Claudius himself- whose private interests included ancient history as well as gambling – disputed this tradition, and claimed that the king had originally been an Etruscan adventurer named Mastarna; but most Romans had not time for such scholarly pettifoggery. **That Servius had been born into servitude was evident both from his name and from his insistence, made in the teeth of aristocratic opposition that the Roman people would be strengthened, not weakened by welcoming into their ranks such slaves as they chose to liberate.** ‘For you would be fools,’ he had told his fellow citizens, ‘to begrudge them citizenship. If you think them unworthy of its rights, then do not set them free- but why, if you think them estimable, turn your back on them solely because they are foreign?’ The logic of this had seemed unanswerable; and so it was, over the course of the centuries, that slavery had served many an able man as a staging post on a journey to becoming Roman. When a law was passed in 2 BC, limiting how many slaves could be set free in a citizen’s will, it made explicit what had always been a guiding principle of slave-owners in the city: that only the talented were qualified to join their ranks.

To walk the Forum, then, and to see foreigners for sale at the foot of the Palatine, their limbs shackled and their feet chalked white to mark them as imports, was, just perhaps, to see the high achievers of tomorrow. ‘No one knows what he can do until he tries. Such had been the maxim of a celebrated wit named Publilius Syrus, who as his name implied had originally been brought in chains to Italy from Damascus, but had gone on, after winning his freedom, to become Rome’s leading dramatist, and to be crowned as such by Julius Caesar himself. His cousin, similarly enslaved, had ended up the city’s first astronomer. Another freedman, originally transported in the same slave ship as the two cousins, had founded the study of Latin grammar, teaching Brutus and Cassius, no less. **Rome, over the years, had measurably benefited from the influx of foreign talent.** ‘It’s no crime, as Ovid put it, ‘to have chalked feet.’

Even the right to run for office, although denied to freedmen themselves, was open to their sons. Many had taken advantage. Although the magistrate who could trace his lineage back to a slave would naturally do all he could to hush it up, everyone knew that ‘numerous equestrians, and even some senators, were descended from freedmen.’ **Augustus himself, so stern in his insistence upon the proprieties of status, has been perfectly content to count the sons of one-time slaves as his friends.** Vedius Pollio, the financier with the notoriously extravagant home furnishings, had been one such. So too had been an altogether more estimable adornment of the Augustan régime, the man entrusted by the Princeps with the hymning of the Rome’s rebirth, a poet still admired and treasured decades after his death. ‘I am the son of a man freed from slavery.’ Horace, certainly, had never thought to deny it.

Yet even while honouring the debt he had owed his father, whose devotion and financial backing had given him such a stellar start in life, he had never entirely been able to escape a certain queasiness. ‘No amount of good fortune can change a man’s breeding.’ Horace had been sufficiently a Roman to dread that slavery might leave an ineradicable taint. The surest measure of a freedman’s achievement was to father a son who despised what he had been. Perhaps, this was why, far from being a soft touch, the slave-owning sons of former slaves tended to be notorious for their cruelty. Vedius Pollio, excessive in all things, had enjoyed feeding clumsy pageboys to enormous flesh-eating eels. Even Augustus had been shocked. Yet, however novel a spectacle a fish tank flecked with human body part might be, it only made manifest what it was about slavery that made freedmen so keen to demonstrate that they had escaped it for good. **To be a slave was to exist in a condition of suspended death.** Such was the law. Although, under normal circumstances, it was forbidden a master kill his slaves, there was otherwise no form of violence so terrible that it could not legally be inflicted upon a human chattel. The maid who inadvertently yanked her mistress’s hair might well expect to have a hairpin jabbed into her arm; the waiter who stole from a banquet to have his hands cut off and slung around his neck.

Dream of dancing, and a slave was bound to be whipped. At its most brutal, the scarring from such an ordeal would leave a permanent fretwork upon the back. Thongs tipped with metal were designed to bite deep. Unsurprisingly, then, it was required by law of a slave-dealer to state whether any of his wares had ever sought to kill themselves. Barbarians who committed suicide rather than suffer to be enslaved, as did an entire tribe taken prisoner during Augustus's Spanish campaign, were rather admired. Equally, by the same reckoning, those who submitted to servitude showed themselves fitted to be slaves. The baseness of it could never entirely be escaped. Freedom was like an unscarred back: one lost, it was lost for good.

The presence of a man such as Callistus at the heart of power was, then, profoundly disturbing to many Romans. Everyone took for granted that slaves, by nature, were prone to any number of contemptible habits. Rare was the owner who did not complain about their tendency to lie and steal. It was evident from his obscenely well-appointed dining room that Callistus was no less inclined to pilfer as a freedman than he had been a slave. Indignation, though, was not the only response to the spectacle of his wealth. There was anxiety as well. The man who sold Callistus to Caligula was often to be seen standing outside his house, waiting in line for the chance to beg a favor- and being turned away, to rub salt into the wound. **Such a sight served to remind slave-owners of a truth that few of them cared to dwell upon: that fortune was fickle, and that just as a slave might become a free man, so might a free man become a slave.** 'Scorn, then, if you dare, those to whose level, even as you despise them, you may yourself well descend.' Many centuries before, while lecturing the Roman aristocracy on the need to accept freedmen as fellow citizens, Servius Tullius had made a similar point: that of **'how many states had passed from servitude to liberty, and from liberty to servitude.'** It was perhaps no coincidence that Servius should also have prescribed that slaves, during the festival of the Compitalia, be the one who made sacrifice to the Lares- and that they be permitted, what was more, to dress and behave like free men for the duration of

the festivities. Other days of the year witnessed similar scenes of misrule. Early in July, slavegirls would put on their mistress's best clothes and offer themselves up for wild sex to passers-by; in December, the cry of 'Io Saturnalia!' would herald and even more riotous celebration of role reversal, in which slaves were allowed to out-aside their work and be feasted by their masters. It was, most agreed, 'the best day of the year'- and yet a world in which every day was Saturnalia was hardly one in which even the most party-loving citizen would care to live. Proprieties had to be maintained- for if they were not, then who could say where things might not end?

The Courtesans
The demi-monde in 19th century France

By Joanna Richardson (Phoenix Press) 1967, 2000

Pg. 61

La Païva

Her one resource remained her wealth. She was conscious of every franc she possessed, and of every single centime that she spent. Émile Bergerat, the journalist, a son-in-law of Gautier, wrote the simple truth when he called her

The archetype of those courtesans who are only courtesans for money, and fall in love with money alone. La Païva was a coffer. She was never known to have a passing fancy...She had a horror of dogs and cats and birds and children, of everything that is an expense and brings in no reward, and may divert one from the hunt for the Golden Calf. But she would have given herself to a miner for a nugget. **She was harder with her household than a Roman patrician, implacable about their slightest failings, magnificently hated...**

The Great Sea

By David Abulafia (Penguin) 2014

Pg. 248

One group of adventurous, multilingual Jewish merchants known as the Radhaniyyah, or 'Radhanites', was described by the 9th century Arab writer ibn Khurdadbih. He listed four routes along which these merchants traveled, some overland through Gaul and past Prague to the kingdom of the White Bulgars that stretched over vast open spaces north of the Black Sea, others by sea from Provence to Egypt and then down the Red Sea to India, or from Antioch in the Levant to Iraq, India, Ceylon and by sea once again to the Far East. Some, however, set out from Spain and made their way to the Levant by following the North African coast, a route easier to follow by land than by sea, because of shoals and contrary winds and currents. Radhanite merchants returning from the Nile Delta might take ship from Constantinople, or they might find a route back to Gaul. These descriptions of their routes cast the Radhanites in the role of spice merchants, carrying condiments, perfumes and drugs, though their northern contacts enabled to bring them to bring iron weapons, furs and slaves down to the Mediterranean, where Muslim buyers were short of iron and glad to purchase swords from the north. **Alongside the Radhanites there were many other slave traders, Christian and Muslim;** by 961 there were 13,750 *Saqaliba*, Slav slaves, living in Muslim Cordoba [Spain]. Warfare between Germanic and Slav peoples in the Wendish lands in what is now eastern Germany ensured a plentiful and regular supply of captives, and the terms of *sclavus* and 'slave' recall the Slavonic origin of very many of these slaves. Slaves from the Slav borderlands arrived in Syria and Egypt as well, along with Circassians brought down from the Black Sea. **Though horrible, the fate of these slaves, even those who survived the trauma of castration, was not always comparable to the fate of slaves carried in such vast numbers across the Atlantic towards the Americas in later centuries.** Strong looking young men were not emasculated but entered the emir's guard in Cordoba, sometimes rising to high military command. On the other hand, women might enter the closed world of the harem; and

handsome boyes fell into the possession of pederast princes. One merchant who fit the Radhanite label well was Abraham of Saragossa, a Spanish Jew who benefited from the personal protection of the Frankish emperor Louis the Pious. He was active around 828 and was exempt from the payment of tolls; he was explicitly permitted to buy foreign slaves and to sell them within the Frankish lands [Gaul/France], but in 846 Jewish merchants were accused by the archbishop of Lyons of looking no further than the cities of Provence for their source of supply, and of selling Christian slaves to buyers in Cordoba.

Mark 2:22 [The Bible: New Int'l Version]

And no one pours new wine into old wineskins. Otherwise, the wine will burst the skins, and both the wine and the wineskins will be ruined. No, they pour new wine into new wineskins.

The Atlantic

by Simon Winchester (Harper Collins) 2010

The British in particular enjoyed an early edge in suppressing the activity. But there was another evil that was much more insidiously dreadful than piracy. By chance one of the most famous British piracy trials, and one not conducted at the Admiralty in London but in a corner of West Africa, shed some long-needed light on it. It was a curse of the high seas that was eventually to be among the most severely policed as well. Such that in time it was finally abolished. **Yet it was an extraordinarily long-lived maritime cargo-carrying phenomenon, the memory of which scars and shames the world: the unseemly business of the transatlantic slave trade.**

The Trial of Black Bart's Men, as it came to be known, took place in 1722, in the dauntingly magnificent-looking, pure white cliff top building that still stands well to

the west of the capital of Ghana: the famous Cape Coast Castle. It was adventurous Swedes who first built a wooden structure here, near a coastal village named Oguaa, as a center for gold, ivory, and lumber trading; it next passed into the hands of another unlikely Scandinavian colonizing power, the Danes; and then in 1664 it was captured by the British, who had an enduring colonial interest in West Africa and held on to the Gold Coast-as Ghana was then called-for the next three hundred years. At the beginning- and at the time of the piracy trial- the Castle became the regional headquarters of the Royal African Company of England, the private British company that was given “for a thousand years” a British government monopoly to trade in slaves over the entire 2,500 mile Atlantic coastline from the Sahara to Cape Town.

The monopoly ended in 1750, slavery endured for another sixty years and British colonial rule for another two hundred. The British turned the Castle into the imposing structure that remains today- and it has become sufficiently well known and well restored that it attracts large number of visitors, including many African-Americans who naturally have a particular interest in its story. The American president Barack Obama visited with his family in 2009, to see and experience what remains one of the world’s most poignant physical illustrations of the evils of slavery. The dire reputation of the place is reinforced by its appearance: though Cape Coast Castle is the smallest of the three surviving slaving forts on the Bight of Benin, it was designed to be by far the most austere and forbidding. It also has the infamous “door of no return” through which tens of thousands of hapless African men, women, and children were lead in chains and shackles onto the ships that then crossed the Atlantic’s infamous Middle Passage, eventually bringing those who survived the rigors of the journey to the overcrowded barracoons of eastern America and the Caribbean.

The trial, in which piracy and slavery overlapped in a way that intrigued the faraway British public, involved one of the Atlantic’s more notorious and commercially successful brigands, Bartholomew Roberts, a Welshman who was

better known after his death as Black Bart. He had worked as third mate on a slave ship, the Princess, and in 1719 was lying off the Ghanaian coast when his vessel was attacked by two pirate sloops, captained by Welshman also. A connection was duly made; Roberts joined one of the pirate crews and over the next three years captured and sacked no fewer than 470 merchant vessels- making him one of the most successful pirates in Atlantic history, and grudgingly admired even by his most implacable enemies.

His luck run out while we was careening his ships after a successful raid on a slaving convoy, once again off the Ghanaian coast. A Royal Navy antipiracy patrol, led by HMS Swallow, duped him into battle, and Roberts was fatally wounded in the neck by grapeshot. The 268 men on the three pirate sloops were taken away by the Swallow and her attendant vessels, and sent to the dungeons in Cape Coast Castle to await their sensational trial.

Back in England the men's fate drew the most excited comments because among the captives were 187 white men, all alleged pirates, and seventy-seven black Africans, who had all been taken as booty from the captured slave ships. Of the white men, nineteen died of their battle wounds before the trial, fifty-four others were found guilty of piracy and were hanged from the cannons on the castle walls, twenty were sentenced to long prison terms in colonial African jails, and the remaining seventeen were sent back to London, to be detained in prisons there.

The seventy-seven black African slaves, innocent victims of all this mayhem, were not treated with any great leniency. They were returned to the castle dungeons, were forced to walk once more in shackles and chains back through the door of no return, and were put on another slave ship and sent back across the Atlantic for a second time. This time they encountered no pirates and were delivered to the slave markets in the coastal cities, and became fully a part of the still-growing slave population of colonial America. A poetic injustice, it ever there was one.

And though many thinkers at the time recognized this, and though a tide of common opinion was beginning to turn, at the beginning of the 18th century there was still enormous official and intellectual support for the trade, in England and elsewhere. The better read of the slave traders were content to note that 2,000 years before no less a figure than Aristotle had written of mankind that “from the hour of their birth, some are marked out for subjection, others for rule.” And even though some critics pointed out that the trade required that “none treat men of one’s own tribe as no more than animals,” still both the Church and the state accepted slavery as part and parcel of human behavior, part of the natural order of things. As an example: John Newton, an 18th century clergyman of considerable piety- and talent: he composed, among other well known pieces, the hymn “Amazing Grace”- was a slaver of some prominence and found no difficulty coming to terms with the fact that, as the Dictionary of National Biography has it, he was “praying above deck while his human cargo was in abject misery below.” **Thus cleansed of any moral ambiguity, slaving could be an exceptionally profitable business.**

11,000,000 Africans were carried westward across the Atlantic between the middle of the 15th century and the end of the 19th century. 3,000,000 were carried in British ships, owned by slave traders based in Liverpool, Bristol, London, and such smaller west coast ports as Lancaster and Whitehaven. **(The comparable French slaving ports were Honfleur, Le Havre, and the biggest, Nantes.)** The entire British establishment- from the royal family to the Church of England- won dividends from the business. And even beyond the rarefied world of an aristocracy who risked money to back the slavers, everyone else in Britain who used such mundane products as sugar, tobacco, or rum benefited from the slave trade as well. It was not just a singular evil: it was a singularly pervasive evil.

The so-called triangular trade was arranged so that goods were taken from Britain to the African ports or slave castles, like that Cape Coast; slaves from these ports

were then shipped across the infamous Middle Passage to the American slave depots; and then, once the vessel has been emptied and cleansed, New World cargoes went from there back to Britain.

And so, in small vessels called snows, in barques and brigs or in three-masted square-rigged vessels that, somehow oddly to modern ears, were formally known as ships, the slave-ship captains set off fully laden from England. Their orders were quite simply to proceed to West African ports and, using the cargoes they had shipped with them from England as barter according to their standing orders “to procure as many good merchantable slaves as you can.” With most of their crewmen pressed into service through the work of crimping gangs who found drunken and persuadable young seamen in the shoreside inns, **the ships set sail filled to the gunwales with Africa-bound trade goods. They took such marketable items as muskets, felt hats, iron knives, brass casks, gunpowder, cotton, and gun flints and on one ship, the Pilgrim, which left Bristol in 1790, the somewhat more bizarre inventory of “1 trunk East India goods, 4 chests bugles, 12 cases of calicoes, 2 puncheons rum and 15 dozen bottles wine.** Hugh Crow, a successful (albeit one-eyed) slaver from the Isle of Man, always **made a point of first calling in at Rotterdam and Jersey to buy extra spirits (more cheaply than he could in England) to use as trade goods for the African slave merchants, who like nothing better than a drink.**

Most vessels took what the French called *la petite route south*, sailing via the Canary and the Cape Verde islands before turning inland along the now-east-trending African coast. They first bartered their goods, usually for some rather prosaic set of objects- iron bars, brass bars swatches of cloth- that had become crude currency for the buying of slaves. The prices in this currency- the iron bars looked rather like stair rods- remained fairly constant for years: a male slave bought on the Senegal River in the mid-18th century fetched seventy bars; a woman, somewhat more costly despite being offered “with a bad mouth,” went for sixty-

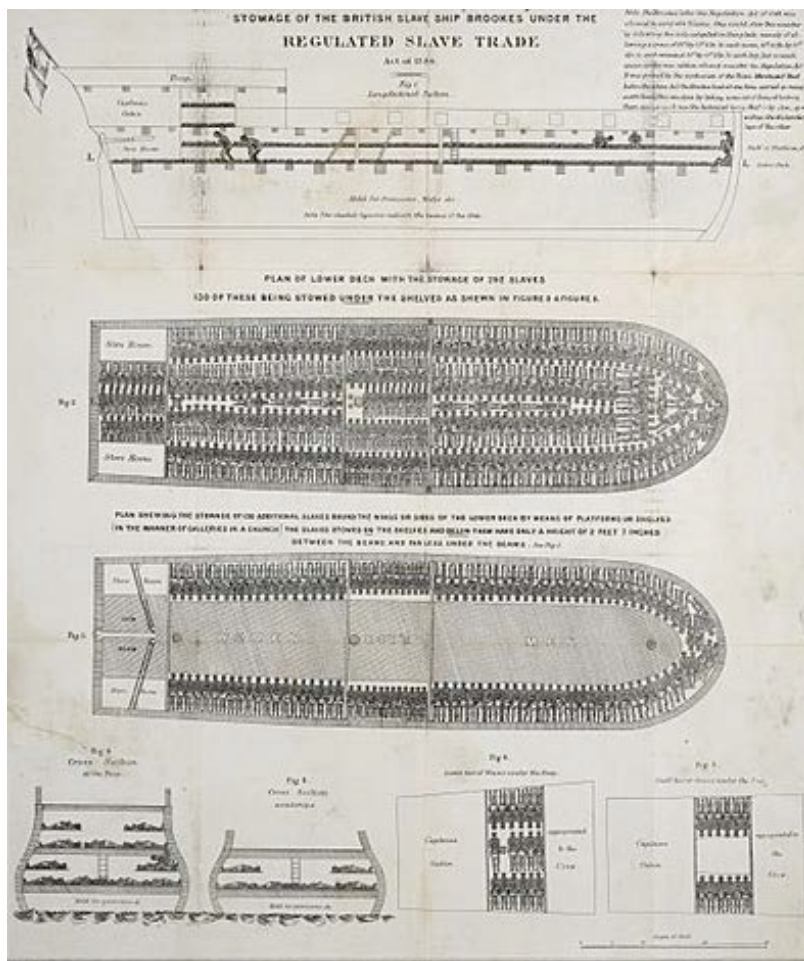
three bars, another for “the excessive price of 86 bars,” according to the famous journal kept by the Reverend Newton. (For purpose of comparison, a two-pound bag of gunpowder went for one bar.)

And then, armed with wagonloads of such bars or swatches, the British captains went either to the slave castles, which were run by the Royal African Company, and bought officially sanctioned and price-regulated slaves, or else threw aside convention and visited the more competitive (and in later years, ore commercially successful) upriver slave markets, where they bought a clutch of such black-skinned humans, either men, women, or young boys who seemed most suitable for work on the far side of the ocean.

Whether these unfortunates came from the rivers, or through the doors of no return found in the Gold Coast castles and the other slave factories, they were first marshaled roughly on the waiting boat. Next they were branded- often with the initials “DY” for the Duke of York- and shackled into pairs, the left wrist and ankle of one to the right wrist and ankle of the next. They were then taken belowdecks in the storage areas, where, it was hoped, they would survive the crossing- a hope born not of compassion, but of commerce.

Normally slave merchants were allowed- for there was regulation- to carry some two slaves for every ton of the ship’s burthen, later raised slightly to five slaves for every three tons up to 207 tons, and one slave per ton thereafter. A 500 ton ship was permitted to carry more than 360 slaves- and for reasons of commercial efficiency these beings were stacked like so much tightly packed lumber, lying on shelves with no more than 30 inches of headroom. Even in water and cool days, the conditions were intolerable; when it was hot and the waters rough- which was common the eight-week voyage- they were insufferable. The sanitary conditions were excreable. Privacy was nonexistent. Security was everything: the men closely watched and guarded and any attempt at insurrection or mutiny was put down with terrible

force. The slave were fed two meals a day- yams, rice, barley, corn, and ship's biscuit boiled up together into an unattractive mess- and to guard against scurvy (for the contracts with the American and Caribbean slave importers specified that the slaves be delivered in good physical good condition) they were made to wash their mouths with lime juice or vinegar. They were also made to “dance”- being bought up on deck to be exercised, jumping on the deck to the extent that their shackles allowed, crew members armed with whips standing nearby to make sure everyone moved with equal energy and kept their muscles in tone.



The ferocity of the slave masters is legendary- men were brutalized, women sexually assaulted, sick slaves thrown overboard (as long as they were covered

by the ship's insurance policy). One passage will serve to illustrate the piteous conditions under which the human freight had to live, and on all too many occasions, die. It comes from evidence given to a British House of Commons committee by a crewman named Isaac Parker of the Liverpool slave brig Black Joke, and of his commander, a certain Captain Thomas Marshall. There were ninety slaves aboard this fifty-six ton ship, all collected from a castle in Gambia and headed for South Carolina.

What were the circumstances of this child's ill-treatment? The child took sulk and would not eat...the captain took the child up in his hand, and flogged it with the cat. Do you remember anything more about this child? Yes; the child had swelled feet; the captain desired the cook to put on some water to heat to see if he could abate the swelling and it has done. Then he ordered the child's feet to be put in the water, and the cook putting his finger said, "Sir, it is too hot." The captain said, "Damn it, never mind it, put the feet in," and so doing the skin and nails came off, and he got some sweet oil and cloths and wrapped them round the feet in order to take the fire out of them; and I myself bathed the feet with oil, and wrapped cloths around; and laying the child on the quarter deck in the afternoon at mess time, I gave the child up again, and flogged it, and said, "Damn you, I will make you eat," and so he continued in that way for four or five days at mess time, when the child would not eat, and flogged it, and he tied a log of mango, eighteen or twenty inches long, and about twelve or thirteen pound weight, to the child by a string around its neck. The last time he took the child up and flogged it, and let it drop out of his hands, "Damn you, (says he) I will make you eat, or will be the death of you; and in three quarters of an hour after that the child died. He would not suffer any of the people that were on the quarter deck to heave the child overboard, but he called the mother of the child to heave it overboard. She was not willing to do so, and I think he flogged her; but I am sure that he beat her in some way for refusing to throw the child overboard; at last he made her take the child up, and she took it in her hand and went to the ship's side, holding her head on one side,

because she would not see the child got out of her hand, and she dropped the child overboard. She seemed to be very sorry, and cried for several hours.

Whether or not Parker was telling the entire truth we shall never know. All that is certain is that this account is to be found in official British parliamentary papers for the year 1790 and that the child in question was said by Parker to have been indecently young, little more than an infant.

End

The Zong Massacre

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Zong_massacre

The ***Zong* massacre** was the **mass killing of 133 African slaves by the crew of the British slave ship *Zong*** in the days following 29 November 1781. The Gregson slave-trading syndicate, based in Liverpool, owned the ship and sailed her in the Atlantic slave trade. **As was common business practice, they had taken out insurance on the lives of the slaves as cargo.** When the ship ran low on potable water following navigational mistakes, the crew threw slaves overboard into the sea to drown, partly in order to ensure the survival of the rest of the ship's passengers, **and in part to cash in on the insurance on the slaves, thus not losing money on the slaves who would have died from the lack of drinking water.**

After the slave ship reached port at Black River, Jamaica, *Zong's* owners made a claim to their insurers for the loss of the slaves. **When the insurers refused to pay, the resulting court cases (*Gregson v Gilbert* (1783) 3 Doug. KB 232) held that in some circumstances, the deliberate killing of slaves was legal and that insurers could be required to pay for the slaves' deaths.** The judge, Lord Chief

Justice, the Earl of Mansfield, ruled against the syndicate owners in this case, due to new evidence being introduced suggesting the captain and crew were at fault. Following the first trial, freed slave Olaudah Equiano brought news of the massacre to the attention of the anti-slavery campaigner Granville Sharp, who worked unsuccessfully to have the ship's crew prosecuted for murder. Because of the legal dispute, reports of the massacre received increased publicity, stimulating the abolitionist movement in the late 18th and early 19th centuries; the *Zong* events were increasingly cited as a powerful symbol of the horrors of the Middle Passage of slaves to the New World.

The non-denominational Society for Effecting the Abolition of the Slave Trade was founded in 1787. The next year Parliament passed the first law regulating the slave trade, to limit the number of slaves per ship. Then in 1791, Parliament prohibited insurance companies from reimbursing ship owners in cases in which slaves were thrown overboard. The massacre has also inspired works of art and literature. **It was commemorated in London in 2007, among events to mark the bicentenary of the British Slave Trade Act 1807, which abolished the African slave trade.** A monument to the killed slaves on *Zong* was installed at Black River, Jamaica, their intended port.



J.M.W. Turner, *The Slave Ship* (1840). Oil on canvas. 90.8 × 122.6 cm, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

The Atlantic

By Simon Winchester (Harper Collins) 2010

Some fifty days after leaving West Africa, the American coast came into view, and the second leg of the triangular voyage of what the French called *le traffic Négrier* was over. Most of the slaves had already been spoken for under contract, and the masters orders had him head for a seasoning camp at certain island distribution centers- in Barbados, say, or Jamaica- or to one of the mainland slave ports, such as Norfolk or Charleston. Perhaps the master would be fortunate and the

American slave factory would manage both to clear the holds of their human cargo- to buy the merchandise in bulk and wholesale, and sell them individually at retail prices at a market later on- and then to arrange for other freight to be carried home on the empty ship. Maybe there would be an auction, held either aboard the vessel or on the quayside below.

Or perhaps the slaves would be subject to the final indignity of their passage- the so-called slave scramble. The waiting merchants would have been told that each of the Africans aboard could be had for a certain price; and at a given signal, usually the stroke of a drum, they would all rush aboard the ship, and like the crazed mob at a department store sale would feverishly make their selections from among the terrified men and women who, still in shackles, had been herded up onto the quarterdeck. Families would be inevitably broken up, with one merchant demanding the man, another the female partner, still others the children.

And then the ship would be off again, its decks fully cleansed with vinegar and lye, the shelves on which close-packed black humanity had been crammed for the previous weeks now jammed solid with tobacco or furs or the manufactured products of the settlements. Some weeks later the Head of Kinsale would be sighted off the port bow, and a day or so beyond that, the lighthouses off the Mersey, or the Avon, and the long trick would at last be over. There were wives and children to be seen once again, lanes to be walked and churches to attend, and the matter of the black cargo- morally vexing to some, but merely routinely unpleasant to others- could be safely shelved in the very back of the mind, until the next journey.

Slave traders remained cunningly determined for many years- most notably by buying shares in Portuguese slaving boats, since Lisbon kept slavery legal in its African colonies until 1869 and continued to supply Brazil with slaves from Angola until Brazil banned the trade in 1831. But over the years the West African Squadron of the Royal Navy did gain the upper hand; and though service in its enormous

Portsmouth-based fleet was wildly unpopular- mainly because of the deeply unpleasant tropical diseases that killed so many seamen- by the middle of the 19th century the men of the so-called Preventative Squadron had captured some 1,600 slave ships and freed 150,000 slaves. The final slave ships to cross the ocean were American, the Wanderer and the Clotilde, and they managed to get through the various cordons and blockades in 1858 and 1859 respectively. The last surviving slave from the last arriving slaver died in 1935, in a suburb of Mobile, Alabama. And with the death of this dignified old man from Benin, **a 94 year old named Cudjoe Lewis, so was severed history's final living link to the transatlantic slave trade, which had begun with the French in Florida and the English in Virginia in the beginning of the 16th century and had endured for more than 400 years.**

Civilization

By Niall Ferguson (Penguin) 2011

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To the revolutionaries of 1848, it seemed self-evident that colonial subjects should be transformed into Frenchmen with the maximum possible speed. In the jargon of the time, Africans were to be 'assimilated'. At the same time, intermarriage (métissage) between French officials and African women was positively encouraged. This progressive imperialism was personified by Louis Faidherbe, an experienced soldier who became governor of Senegal in 1854. In Saint-Louis Faidherbe oversaw the building of new bridges, paved roads, schools, quays, a fresh water supply and the introduction of a regular ferry service on the river. **'Villages of Liberty' were founded throughout Senegal for emancipated slaves. In 1857 Faidherbe set up a Senegalese colonial army- the Tirailleurs Sénégalais – transforming the African soldier from indentured military laborer to fully fledged regular infantryman. A school was established for the sons of native chiefs. Faidherbe himself married a fifteen-year-old Senegalese girl.**

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The following insight has not been historically taught to maintain a patriotic front for quick and easy digestion most often in America's schools. Why? It doesn't cast an especially *enlightened* light on the nation's Founding Fathers as it is rife of the leader's dark hypocrisy. It also is designed to minimize if not disparage the relevance of black contribution to the revolutionary cause; American history has been totally whitewashed to diminish the contributions of people of color. The inconvenient component of blacks required was tantamount to break from British control and, as well, the British need for ready manpower to repel the rebels in the southern colonies. Remember Britain's textile industries were dependent on American cotton first and foremost. This was, in the context of times, much like our modern world dependent on oil. Though tobacco, sugar and rice were important for imports, cotton was king. In desperate times, both camps were willing to go to desperate measures which, of course, was to use blacks for their own purposes. Arms in the hands of blacks was an exceedingly dangerous proposition but as the stakes were raised, using blacks became a viable option as a means to an end. The real complex issue of race in the Revolutionary War has been wholly nonexistent, if not a distant footnote, when in actuality it was a highly explosive matter. The topic of race has been deliberately tamped down by American historians because it muddies the water of a glorious legacy to be sold by the victors. The British were offering slaves freedom in the colonial South for fighting the American rebel forces; **the British loss, with the aid of French forces, kept slavery however in the South unabated until the South's defeat in the Civil War eighty years later!** It is a well-known fact that whoever wins the war has a strong inclination to re-write the narrative as they wish, as opposed to how it really was. The burning topic of liberty was paramount to more than just Patriots (as applauded in America's textbooks) but also deeply to those enslaved to finally gain their freedom. May you find the following passages *liberating* to read as it is pertinent to both British and American history with ramifications for much of the world in the years to follow. **The folk histories are drawn and integrated since both the Revolutionary War and the**

Civil War share a common denominator in slavery. The passages are from former slaves interviewed decades after the Civil War to give us a living taste of those times. As much as the wine trade has been throughout thousands of years of human history, so has the diabolical specter of slavery. This pernicious construct has not been cast to the past entirely but has morphed and lives with us in the present with wrong attitudes, legal loopholes, implicit biases and ingrained prejudices that continue to torment and terrorize to the present day. The topic of race is indeed relevant to our own times. So let's taste the bitter hemlock brew so toxic that it is still served conspicuously well-chilled in our advanced yet primitive age.

African-American Humor:
The Best Black Comedy from Slavery to Today

Colored in America

Queried about his thoughts on being a Negro in America, the laconic, ever tactful Ziegfeld follies star Bert Williams replied,

“It's no disgrace to be colored, but it is very inconvenient.”

Lay My Burden Down [Delta] 1945, 1973, 1989

Edited By B. A. Botkin

Cussing Master

...Well, all Master Ed Mobley's niggers like to stay with him after freedom. They just stay on without the whippings. Instead of whippings they just got cussings, and good ones too. There was two old men, Joe Raines and Joe Murray, that he was particular fond of. Maybe he more love Joe Raines the bestest. One day Joe Murray let the cows get away in the cornfield. At dinnertime Master Ed cuss him before the whole crowd

of hands, laying around before dinner; and he cuss him powerful. After dinner Joe Murray grieve and complain much about it to the crowd. Joe Raines up and allow: "Next time he cuss you , do like I do, just cuss him back. This is a free country, yes sir. Just give him a good cussing as he give you."

Not long after that, the boar hog get out the lot gate, when Joe Murray was leading his mule out. Master Ed lit out on Joe Murray a-cussing, and Joe Murray lit out on Master Ed a-cussing, and then Master Ed catch Joe and give him a slavery-time whipping and turn him loose. Joe Murray take his mule on to the field, when he glum with Joe Raines. Joe Murray tell about the boar hog getting out and the cussings and whippings. Joe Raines allow: "You didn't cuss him right. You never cuss him like I cuss him, or you'd-a never got a whipping." Joe Murray allow: "How you cuss him then, Joe?" Say Joe Raines very slow: "Well, when I cuss Master Ed, I goes 'way down in the bottoms where the corn grow high and got a black color. I looks east and west and north and south. I see no Master Ed. Then I pitches into him and gives the worst cussing a man ever give another man. Then when I goes back to the house, my feelings is satisfied from the cussing I have give him, and he is sure to make up with me, for Master Ed don't bear anger in his bosom long. The next time cuss him, but be sure to go 'way off somewhere so he can't hear you, nigger."

Turn the Tray Around

Just 'fore the war, a white preacher he come to us slaves and says: "Do you want to keep your homes where you get all to eat, and raise your children, or do you want to be free to roam around without a home, like the wild animals? If you want to keep your homes you better pray for the South to win. All they wants to pray for the South to win, raise the hand." We all raised our hands 'cause we was scared not to, but we sure didn't want the South to win.

That night all the slaves had a meeting down in the hollow. Old Uncle Mack, he gets up and says: "One time over in Virginia there was two old niggers, Uncle Bob

and Uncle Tom. They was mad at one another, and one day they decided to have a dinner and bury the hatchet. So they sat down, and when Uncle Bob wasn't looking Uncle Tom put some poison in Uncle Bob's food, but he saw it and when Uncle Tom wasn't looking Uncle Bob he turned the tray around on Uncle Tom, and he get the poison food." Uncle Mack, he says: "That's what we slave is gwine do, just turn the tray around and pray for the North to win."

Rough Crossings

By Simon Schama [Penguin] 2015

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It stopped raining in Charleston just long enough for the freshly hanged black man to be properly burned. It was the 18th of August 1775, and Thomas Jeremiah, fisherman, pilot, man of property, had been tried just a week earlier, accused of being the very worst thing imaginable in South Carolina: a fomenter of negro rebellion. Still more diabolical, Patriots believed, he had planned this infamy with the British. For there was nothing to which the royal government would not stoop—not even the liberation of slaves – to prevent revolution in the South.

Desperate to shore up the crumbling power of the Crown and Parliament, but with the precious few soldiers to do it (for General Gage in beleaguered Boston could spare none), the royal governors of the Southern colonies had resolved, so it was said in places such as Charleston's Corner Club, to play the savage card. Secret caches of arms were to be off-loaded from British ships and delivered to Indians and blacks. **Once the slaves had slaughtered their masters and burned their houses, they would be rewarded with their liberty.** This nightmare is what Thomas Jefferson meant in the Declaration of Independence when referring, otherwise cryptically, to the king having "excited domestic insurrections." In the world of slaveholders, nothing demonstrated so well the transformation of royal paternalism

into brute despotism as this plot to arm slaves; there could be no more self-evident cause for revolutionary separation.

...Evidence of a plot was needed to demonize British power, and so it was that the unfortunate Thomas Jeremiah had become a victim of the “accursed politicks of this Country.” By the time the governor moved into his residence at 34 Meeting Street on the 18th of June for what would be an exceptionally brief and unhappy tenure, Jeremiah was already incarcerated in the city workhouse while his prosecutors were busying themselves finding evidence against him.

...With virtually no troops available to enforce the will of the Crown, he was forced to depend on His Majesty’s ships, such as the sloop of war *Tamar* anchored beyond Charleston harbour and unable for the moment to sail over the bar.

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Which is why the case of Thomas Jeremiah had caused such agitation. For “Jerry” was a pilot, perhaps the best and certainly the most independent, in Charleston. Jerry was also a free black- indeed, one who owned seven slaves himself, not to mention property worth close to 1000 {pounds}; a king’s ransom, one might say. Henry Laurens, by no means the most rabid negrophobe in the town, disliked him intensely and described him to his son John, then in London, as “puffed up by prosperity, ruined by Luxury and debauchery and grown to an amazing pitch of vanity and ambition; a silly coxcomb withal.” To Governor Campbell it seemed as though Thomas Jeremiah’s real crime was social temerity. When he got into a fight with a white captain he had been put in the stocks, a serious ordeal in a place like Charleston, where delivering salutary correction to an uppity nigger would qualify as civic duty. He had been conspicuous in helping to put out Charleston’s many fires; why then should he not, when time and occasion presented itself, set them? And since it was known that he had expressed willingness to pilot the *Tamar* [ship] over

the bar (in fact royal authorities had made it plain that pilots had no choice in the matter), Jerry was evidently a mortal threat to the Congress and the Council of Safety and everything they represented.

And now, another couple of tickles with a smile and wink from our sponsor, **the gift of France, the Statue of Liberty:**

African-American Humor:

The Best Black Comedy from Slavery to Today

The Ducks Get the Cotton

The way it was, this man named John sharecropped cotton for Old Boss, but whenever he sold his cotton it seemed like he owed Old Boss more than he got for it. If John made a hundred dollars on his cotton, well, then, Old Boss looked at his papers and made black marks all over 'em with his pencil. He'd say "John, 'pears to me you got a balance to me of one hundred sixty-seven dollars and fourteen cents." And John say, "Old Boss, that seem a mite more'n I get for the cotton." Old Boss tell him, "Don't worry on it too long, John. Just give me the hundred and we'll let the rest on it ride over till next year."

Now, one time John was getting the wagon ready to take in some cotton and Old Boss come by. "That's a nice load of cotton you got there, John," he say "How much you reckon it'll bring?" But John was tired o that balance he always got on Old Boss's bookkeepin' books. He say, "Well, now, the way things is this year it hard to tell." And Old Boss say, "John, what you mean it's hard to tell? John scratch his head and look mournful. "They tell me," says John, "that they's a' epidemic of ducks this year." Old Boss say, "That don't make no sense, John. What you mean about a epidemic of ducks? I can't rightly tell you 'bout that," John say, "but I just hear tell that the ducks

is hell on cotton prices.” “That’s just nonsense, John,” says Old Boss. “You just come on past my place on your way home and we’ll settle up.”

John went in to town, spent the day there and sold his cotton. He bought a few victuals at the town store and then come on back. When Old Boss saw him comin’ along the road he went out to meet him. He said, “John, ‘spect you did real good with your cotton. How much you make on it?” John say, “Old Boss, like I tell you, they’s a duck epidemic goin’ on over there, and I didn’t come out good at all.” “I heard you say about a duck epidemic before,” says Old Boss, “and it don’t make no more sense now than then. What you talkin’ about, John?”

Well, to be particular short about it, Old Boss, I sold the cotton all right, and I had the money in my, but before I knowed it the ducks got it all. They deducks for the rotten bolls, they deducks for puttin’ my wagon in the wrong place, they deducks for the commission, they deducks for the taxes, they deducks for this sugar and flour I bought, they deducks for this thing and that thing till by the time it’s all o’er the ducks get it all. So I reckon we got to settle up some other time.”

John said giddap and let Old Boss standin’ side of the road. And when he get home he take his cotton money out his shirt and put it in the jar. “All Old Boss want is to settle up,” he say. But what I need a little bit of is to settle down.”

John in Jail

One time Old Boss get a call from the sheriff say that John was in jail and did Old Boss want him out on bail. Old Boss, he was mad that John give him so much trouble, but he got to get John out cause they was work to be done. So he went down the sheriff’s place and put ten dollars on the line, sign some papers and take John home with him.

“How come they put you in jail?” the Boss say.

“Spect it was ‘count of Miss Elizabeth’s petunias,” John say.

“Old Miss Elizabeth Grant? What’s her petunias got to do with it?” Old Boss say.

“I hear tell Miss Elizabeth want a man to trim up her petunia garden,” John say. “I got a little time now and then between workin’ in the fields so I went up there to Miss Elizabeth’s place to see could she use me. I knock on the back door and Miss Elizabeth come and ask me what I want. I tell her I’m the man to work in her petunia garden. She ask to see my testimonials, and then when I make my mistake.”

Old Mistress’ Pet

When Miss Jane’s husband died, he willed the niggers to his children and Mandy Paine owned me then. When I was one month old they said I was so white Mandy Paine thought her brother my father, so she got me and carried me to the meat block and was going to cut my head off. When the children heard, they run and cried, “Mama’s going to kill Harriet’s baby. Old Mistress, Jane Davis, heard about it, and she come and paid Miss Jane \$40 for me and carried me to her home, and I slept right in the bed with her till the war ceasted [ceased].

Her children was grown, and they used to come by and say, “Ma, why don’t you take that nigger out of your bed?” and she’d reach over and pat me and say, “This is the only nigger I got.”

Now, ah um, we again resume to more pressing matters...

Rough Crossings

By Simon Schama [Penguin] 2015

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...John Adams, writing in his diary while staying in South Carolina later that year, learned that **“negroes have a wonderful art of communicating intelligence among themselves; it will run several hundred miles in a week or fortnight.”** There seemed no question but that the slaves, more of whom were escaping from plantations with every month that passed, were in a state of heightened expectations. In late 1774 James Madison had reported that, **in anticipation of the liberty that would be brought by the British**, some negroes had secretly met and chosen a captain who would lead them to the safety of the king’s army and to freedom. In Charleston, according to William Henry Drayton, the slaves **“entertained ideas that the present contest was for obliging us give them liberty”** and the rumored arrival of arms with Lord William Campbell had **“occasioned impertinent behaviour in many of them.”**

Pg. 66-67

In late April 1775 the governor of Virginia, Lord Dunmore, had barrels of gunpowder taken from the Williamsburg “Powder Horn” to the safety of HMS Fowey off Yorktown lest they should fall into the hands of forces ill disposed to maintaining the British connection. As a result **a group of blacks came to his house and asked for arms with which they would fight for the Crown in return for their liberty.**

...But news of Lexington and Concord changed Dunmore’s mind fast. His own position at Williamsburg was not much better than Campbell’s in Charleston, protected as he was by a mere handful of troops. He would, he wrote to Dartmouth, in early May, arm all his own negroes **“and receive others that will come to me whom I shall declare free.”** At the very least, he calculated, **the threat to liberate slaves** would give the rebels pause in their headlong rush to arms, and at

the worst, if they could not or would not be stopped, it would supply him with a black army that might hold the fort until regulars arrived.

...The strategy backfired, as it did throughout the South. Instead of being cowed by the threat of a British armed liberation of the blacks, the slaveholding population mobilized to resist. Innumerable whites, especially in the habitually loyal backcountry of Virginia, had been hitherto skeptical of following the more hot-headed of their Patriot leaders. But the news that **British troops would liberate their blacks, then give them weapons and their blessing to use them on their masters**, persuaded many into thinking that perhaps the militant Patriots were right and the British government, in tearing up the “bonds” of civil society (as Washington had put it), might be capable of any iniquity. It is not too much, then, to say that in the summer and autumn of 1775 the revolution in the South crystallized around this one immense, terrifying issue. **However intoxicating the heady rhetoric of “rights” and “liberty” emanating from Patriot orators and journalists**, for the majority of farmers, merchants and townsmen in Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia (the vast majority of whom owned between one and five negroes), all-out war and separation now turned from an ideological flourish to a social necessity. **Theirs was a revolution, first and foremost, to protect slavery.**

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...Later in the year Washington, who had already heard from Virginia friends and neighbours of their evaporating labour force, was just as apprehensive about the potential threat posed by **a combined force of liberated blacks and redcoats [British]**.

Lay My Burden Down [Delta] 1945, 1973, 1989

Edited by B. A. Botkin

Poor White-Trash Paterollers*

My pappy name Jeff and belong to Marse Joe Woodward. He live on a plantation 'cross the other side of Wateree Crick [Creek]. My mammy name Phoebe. Pappy have to git [get] a pass to come see Mammy, before the war. Sometime that crick git up over the bank and I, to this day, 'members one time Pappy come in all wet and drenched with water. Him had made the mule swim the crick. Him stayed over his leave that was writ on the pass. Paterollers come ask for the pass. They say: "The time done out, nigger." Pappy try to explain, but they pay no 'tention to him. Tied him up, pulled down his breeches, and whupped him right before Mammy and us children...Marse Tom and Miss Jane heard the hollering of us all and come to the place they was whupping him and beg them, in the name of God, to stop, that the crick was still up and dangerous to cross, and that they would make it all right with Pappy's master. They say of Pappy: "Jeff swim 'cross. Let him git the mule and swim back." They make Pappy git on the mule and follow him down to the crick and watch him swim that swift muddy crick to the other side.

I often think that the system of paterollers and bloodhounds did more to bring on the war and the wrath of the Lord than anything else. Why the good white folks put up with them poor white-trash paterollers I never can see or understand. You neer seey classy buckra men a-paterolling. It was always some low-down white men, that never owned a nigger in their life, doing the paterolling and a-stripping the clothes off men like Pappy right before the wives and children and beating the blood out of him. No, sir, good white men never dirty their hands and souls in such work of the devil as that.

*Former slave's mispronunciation of "patrollers"

They Think Too High of Themselves

Most of them patrollers was poor white folks, I believes. Rich folks stay in their house at night, 'less they has some sort of big frolic amongst theirselves. **Poor white folks had to hustle round to make a living, so they hired out theirselves to slaveowners and rode the roads at night and whipped niggers if they catch any off their plantation without a pass.** I has found that if gives to some poor folks, white or black, something a little better than they is used to, they is sure gwine to think too high of theirselves soon, that's right. I sure believes that, as much as I believes I's setting in this chair talking to you.

Go Figure: Things You Didn't Know – You Didn't Know The Economist Explains (2016)

By Tom Standage

How America's Police Became So Well-Armed

In May 2015, Barack Obama barred the federal government from providing some military equipment to American police departments. The extraordinary arsenal maintained by some departments- which includes body armour, powerful weapons and armoured vehicles- had become highly visible over the previous year, as a result of outbreaks of unrest in response to police violence. In August 2014 Darren Wilson, a police officer, shot and killed Michael Brown, an unarmed 18-year-old black man in Ferguson, Missouri, sparking large local demonstrations. Two days after the shooting, tactical officers – paramilitary police generally referred to as SWAT (for Special Weapons and Tactics) teams- were called in to help clear protestors from in front of Ferguson's police department. They arrived dressed for war, in riot gear and gas masks, bearing long truncheons and automatic weapons. Americans have grown used to seeing police respond to protest with tear gas, carrying automatic weapons

and sniper rifles, and riding in vehicles that would not look out of place in Baghdad or Aleppo. The days of the beat cop walking the street with nothing more than a trusty old revolver seem distant indeed. How did America's police forces become so heavily armed?

As with so much else in American governance, the explanation starts with federal cash. Every year Congress passes the National Defense Authorization Act, which sets out the Defense Department's budget and expenditures. **The version passed in 1990, in the wake of a sharp rise in drug-related violence, allowed the Defense Department to transfer military gear and weapons to local police departments if they were deemed "suitable for use in counter-drug activities"**. Between 2002 and 2011 the Department of Homeland Security, established after the attacks of September 11th 2001, disbursed more than \$ 35 billion in grants to state and local police forces. In addition the "1033 program" allows the Defense Department to distribute surplus equipment to local police departments for use in counter-terrorism and counter-drug activities. The American Civil Liberties Union found that the value of **military equipment used by the American police departments has risen \$ 1 million in 1990 to nearly \$ 450 million in 2013.**

And that equipment has been used. In 1980 SWAT teams across America were deployed around 3,000 times. Deployments are estimated to have risen nearly 17-fold since to, 50,000 a year. Tactical police units are not just common in big cities: thought nearly 90% of American cities with populations above 50,000 have SWAT teams, so do more than 90% of police departments serving cities with 25,000 to 50,000 people- more than 4 times the level from the mid-1980s. **The tremendous rise in paramilitary police forces has occurred as violent-crime levels have fallen.** And while SWAT teams remain essential for high-risk and dangerous situations, **most SWAT teams are deployed to serve routing drug-related warrants on private homes, often with disastrous consequences.*** Radley Balko, a journalist who wrote the essential book on police militarization, has found at least 50 cases where innocent people died as a result of botched SWAT raids. **Tactical**

teams have been deployed to break up poker games, raid bars suspected of serving under-age drinkers and arrest dozens of people for the distinctly non-life threatening crime of “barbering without a license.” Such tactics often draw contempt from members of the armed forces. Veterans criticized police in Ferguson for intimidating the crowd rather than controlling it, for failing to share information with citizens and for escalating the standoff. **One veteran noted that “we went through some pretty bad areas in Afghanistan, and we didn’t have that much gear”.**

Americans, at last, appear to have had enough. A Reason-Rupe poll released in December 2013 found that 58% of Americans believe police militarization has gone “too far.” Politicians are finally paying attention. Rand Paul, a Republican senator from Kentucky and a contender for his party’s presidential nomination in 2016, has argued that it is time to “demilitarize the police.” Yet legislation has not been forthcoming. Money may have something to do with that. In June 2014, Alan Grayson, a liberal Democrat from Florida, sponsored an amendment that would have forbidden the Defense Department from transferring to local police “aircraft (including unmanned aerial vehicles), armored vehicles, grenade launchers, silencers, toxicological agents (including chemical agents, biological agents, and associated equipment), launch vehicles, guided missiles, ballistic missiles, rockets, torpedoes, bombs, mines, or nuclear weapons”. **It failed: not a single House leader of either party voted for it. America’s defense industry donates millions of dollars to politicians, and spends even more on lobbyists.** Those who opposed Mr. Grayson’s bill received, on average, 73% more in defense-industry donations than those who voted for it. Mr. Obama, with no more campaigns to run, faced no such constraints, and issued an executive order in an effort to stem the flow of military gear to America’s police forces.

* We can assume with good measure that these tactical teams are used disproportionately against people of color with the most grievous results. The police

are selective on where and whom they go after with excessive force. Under petty circumstances, the force applied will not be used against white communities.

Combat grade weapons and troop carriers will not be seen driven especially in affluent suburbs for poker games nor minor drug raids- and a lot of drug use is in safe upscale communities. Careers would be jeopardized if whites of means were inordinately targeted so they attack primarily poor citizens of color. Police are inclined less about general public safety and protection and more about keeping their own steady employments secure and departments well funded for primarily the poignant benefit of an unwritten yet obviously specific demographic segment of society: white. **Today's policing is about securing income first and hardly the reverse as they would prefer us all to believe.** Policing is about increasing access for more federal and state funding therefore the most vulnerable segments of society are put the most at risk by blatantly racist law enforcement and judicial proceedings. The more arrests and convictions made qualifies police departments grants for more funding. They don't advertise that fact but always bellow the need for law and order, being tough on crime. The current drug crisis in America draws far more compassion for whites addicted to opioids with loud calls for their need for community support and rehabilitation as victims of the pharmaceutical industry, not to be rushed into incarceration. **Whites are more apt to receive medical/ rehabilitative treatment with a judge's wink and far too often people of color for the same offenses, apple to apple, are handed another kind of hard sugar-free *mint* to swallow: it's called imprisonment.** The judicial systems operate with a detectable double standard geared in large part by race. This is why black and browns are incarcerated at rates per capita that would raise alarms if applied to white populations. You have to really work and give an honest effort at crime to be incarcerated if you are white. Studies have proven that whites are far less likely to be pulled over driving or just stopped on the street without probable cause. It's a numbers game so follow the money for the answers. American police are not going to bite the hands that feed in the corridors of power otherwise there would be a severe blowback to careers. Hence, they pursue the weakest prey on the street and

are therefore more circumspect- far less cavalier- to pursue big fish with money and real legal means behind closed doors. These are in many respects modern day slave patrollers: whites of meager financial means and most with minimal educations from scrappy backgrounds performing duties with reckless abandon under the pretense of sage and sober law enforcement. It is all unsurprising when one sees the big picture. I am certain the author knows, but chose not to mention explicitly but took the tacit route, to point to what demographic in society is sharply targeted. It is an old story just with bigger and better modern weapons in the hands of basically the same type of characters in contemporary times. These are often misguided unprivileged narrow-minded whites with a wide latitude of authority abusing, of course, their street power just as slave patrollers back in the day: old wine, new bottles. The good guys are often not as good as the propaganda leads us to believe if color is of consequence, as it so often is. -DE

Gone to the Woods

If a nigger ever run off the place and come back, Master'd say, "If you'll be a good nigger, I'll not whip you at this time." But you couldn't believe that. A nigger run off and stayed in the woods six month. When he come back, he's hairy as a cow, 'cause he lived in a cave and come out at night and pilfer around. They put the dogs on him but couldn't cotch him [catch]. Finally he come, and Master say he won't whip him and say "Tom, I's change my mind; you have no business running off, and I's gwine take out just like you come into the world. "

Master gits a bottle of whiskey and a box of cigars and have Tom tied up out in the yard. He takes a chair and say to the driver, "Boy, take him down, 250 licks this time." Then he'd count the licks. When they's 150 licks, it didn't look like they is any place left to hit, but Master say, "Finish him up." Then he and the driver sot [sat] down, smoke cigars and drink whiskey, and Master tell Tom how he must mind he

master. Then he lock Tom up in a log house, and Master tell all the niggers if they give him anything to eat he'll skin 'em alive. The old folks slips Tom bread and meat. When he gits out, he's gone to the woods 'gain. They's plenty niggers what stayed in the woods till surrender.

Rough Crossings

By Simon Schama [Penguin] 2015

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In December 1775, Lund Washington wrote to his cousin George of both blacks and indentured servants, who were departing from the Washington properties at speed, that “there is not a man of them but would leave us if they believ'd they could make there [sic] escape...**Liberty is sweet.**

In all, between 80,000 to 100,000 slaves left plantations during the war. The more sententious the noises coming from the Patriot leaders about American enslavement to the odious Hanoverian tyrant [king of Britain], the more the slaves voted with their feet. Ralph Henry, for example, evidently took his master Patrick Henry's theatrical announcement of “**Give me Liberty or give me death**” very much to heart, but not quite in the way its author intended, since he ran way at the earliest opportunity to the British lines. (Ironically, that same slogan would be invoked as a rallying cry by black abolitionists in the 19th century and black liberators such as Malcolm X in the 20th!) **Others among the signatories of the document which asserted that “all men were born free and equal” and who lost slaves were James Madison and Benjamin Harrison (father of the 9th president, William Henry Harrison), who lost 20...**

Lay My Burden Down [Delta] 1945, 1973, 1989

Edited by B. A. Botkin

He Sold Him Over and Over

There was a white man live close to us, but over in Louisian'. He had raised home a great big black man what brung fancy price on the block. The black man sure love that white man. The white man would sell Old John- that's the black man's name- on the black to some man from Georgia or other place far off. Then after while the white man would steal Old John back and bring him home and feed him good, then sell him again. After he had sold Old John some lot of times, he coaxed Old John off in the swamp one day, and Old John found dead several days later. The white folks said that the owner kilt him, 'cause a dead nigger won't tell no tales.

African-American Humor:

The Best Black Comedy from Slavery to Today

Baby in the Crib

John stole a pig from Old Marsa. He was on his way home with him and his Old Marsa seen him. After Jon got home he looked out and seen his Old Marsa coming down to the house. So he put this pig in a cradle they used to rock the babies in them days (some people called the cribs), and he covered him up. When his Old Marster come in John was sitting their rocking him.

Old Marster says, "What's the matter with the baby, John?" "The baby got the measles." "I want to see him," John said. "Well you can't; the doctor said if you uncover him the measles will go back in on him and kill him." So his Old Master said, "It doesn't matter; I want to see him, John." He reaches down to uncover him.

John said, "If that baby is turned to a pig now, don't blame me."

Old Marster Eats Crow

John was hunting on Old Marster's place, shooting squirrels, and Old Marster caught him, and told him not to shoot there any more. "You can keep the two squirrels you got but don't be caught down here no more." John goes out the next morning and shoots a crow. Old Marster went down that morning and caught him, and asked John to let him see the shell. And Old Marster put the shell in the gun. Then he backed off from John, pointing the gun, and told John to pick the feathers off the crow, halfway down. "Now start at his head, John, and eat the crow up to where you stopped picking the feathers at." When John finished eating, Marster gave him the gun back and throwed him the crow. Then he told John to go on and not let him be caught there no more.

John turned around and started off, and got a little piece away. Then he stopped and turned and called Old Marster. Old Marster said, "What you want, John?" John pointed the gun and says, "Lookee here, Old Marster," and throwed Old Marster the half a crow. "I want you to start at his ass and eat all the way, and don't let a feather fly from your mouth."

Hopping John*

My father belonged to Judge Prioleau and was trained to wait on the table from the time he was a boy; and this is how he nearly got a whipping. His master like hopping John, and there was some cold on the table- you know hopping John? Mis maser told him to "heat it"; he thought his master said "eat it," so he took it out and sat down and eat it. When he went back, his master asked him where as the hopping John. Paris say he eat it. His master was mad after waiting all the time- and say he should have a whipping. But Mistress say, "Oh, no, he is young and didn't understand; so he never got the whipping.

*Cowpeas, with or without rice, boiled with bacon or pork.

Malitis

...I remember Mammy told me about one master who almost starved his slaves. Mighty stingy, I reckon he was.

Some of them slaves was so poorly thin they ribs would kinda rustle against each other like corn stalks a-drying in the hot winds. But they gets even one hog-killing time, and it was funny too, Mammy said.

They was seven hogs, fat and ready for fall hog-killing time. Just the day before Old Master told off they was to be killed, something happened to all them porkers. Once of the field boys found them and come a-telling the master: "The hogs is all died, now they won't be any meats for the winter."

When the master gets to where at the hogs is laying, they's a lot of Negroes standing round looking sorrow-eyed at the wasted meat. The master asks: "What's the illness with 'em?"

"Malitis," they tell him, and they acts like they don't want to touch the hogs. Master says to dress them anyway for they ain't no more meat on the place. He says to kep all the meat for the slave families, but that's because he's afraid to eat it hisself account of the hog's got malitis.

"Don't you all know that is malitis?" Mammy would ask the children when she was telling of the seven fat hogs and seventy lean slaves. And she would laugh, remembering how they fooled Old Master so's to get all them good meats.

"One of the strongest Negroes got up early in the morning," Mammy would explain, "long 'fore the horn called the slaves from their cabins. He skitted to the hog pen with a heavy mallet in his hand. When he tapped Mister Hog 'tween the eyes with

that mallet, 'malitis'; set in mighty quick, but it was a uncommon 'disease,' even with hungry Negroes around all the time.

Rough Crossings

By Simon Schama [Penguin] 2015

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Hundreds now, not scores, made their way towards the British ships....In anticipation of ships and troops arriving up and down the coast, slaves began disappearing from plantations in the Carolinas and Georgia, even in Maryland and New York. This is the moment when the leaders of the revolution, in Charleston, Williamsburg, Wilmington and Philadelphia, saw their own blacks take off from the plantations of the Rutledges, the Middletons and the Harrisons, the moment when Henry Washington deserted General George for King George.

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Put on the defensive, fearful that their world might go the way of the Dutch Surinam where a slave army was still unvanquished, **painfully conscious of the drainage of manpower to the militias**, the plantocracy of the South did everything in its power to counteract the Dunmore effect.

Pg. 9

And, not least, while **George Washington** was encamped in early 1776 on Cambridge Common, wrestling with arguments, pro and con, about the desirability of recruiting blacks, **his own slave, Henry Washington, born in West Africa**, was finding his way to the king's lines...

Pg. 8

...Seeing the Revolutionary War through the eyes of enslaved blacks turn its meaning upside down. In Georgia, the Carolinas and much of Virginia **the vaunted war for liberty was, from the spring of 1775 to the late summer of 1776, a war for the perpetuation of servitude.** The contortions of logic were so perverse, yet so habitual, that **George Washington could describe Dunmore** [Lord, Colonial Governor of Virginia] **as “that arch traitor to the rights of humanity” for promising to free slaves and indentured servants, whilst those who kept them in bondage were heroes of liberty.**

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By the late spring and summer of 1776 [year of America’s Declaration of Independence] both sides were making grand **promises of liberty** while both were delivering death.

Lay My Burden Down [Delta] 1945, 1973, 1989

Edited By B. A. Botkin

Chop

One day when an old woman was plowing in the field, an overseer came by and reprimanded her for being slow- she gave him some back talk, he took out a long closely woven whip and lashed her severely. The woman became sore and took her hoe and chopped him right across his head, and, child, you should have seen how she chopped this man to a bloody death.

The Courtesans

The demi-monde in 19th century France

By Joanna Richardson (Phoenix Press) 1967, 2000

Cora Pearl

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'Cora delighted- positively reveled- in the most wild and reckless extravagance', wrote William Osgood Field, who knew her well, 'and no doubt she was quite right, for in her special profession it is more than half the battle to keep in the limelight, and have all the drums incessantly beating.' Once, when he lunched with her in the rue des Bassins, 'she put her hand into a dish of cutlets or something and put a large dripping piece of whatever it was on the head of Ferdinand Bischoffsheim (from the banking family). He took it very meekly and smiled a weak smile through the veil of thick sauce that covered his face. When Prince Paul Demidoff, a Russian of untold wealth, insisted on wearing his hat at the Maison d'Or, just to vex her, **Cora smashed his cane over his head- an incident which she regretted, because, she said, the cane was very fine.** When Demidoff claimed her pearls were not real, she threw her necklace on the floor, where it broke, and the pearls rolled in all directions. 'Pick up the pearls, my dear,' she said, 'I'll prove that they are real- I will leave you one for your cravat.' Demidoff sat transfixed. The nobility who were dining at the Maison d'Or went on their hands and knees to look for pearls. In 1863, it is said, Cora fought a duel in the Bois with another courtesan, Marthe de Vère, over the person of a handsome Serbian or Armenian prince. **Both women used their riding-whips freely, and did considerable damage to each other faces in the *rencontre*.** They did not reappear in public for a week, during which time their Adonis vanished.

Extravagant herself, Cora Pearl inspired outrageous extravagance in others. One of her lovers presented her with a box of marrons glacés, each marron separately wrapped in a thousand-franc note; another admirer sent her a massive silver horse, which was carried by two porter, and proved to be full of jewels and

gold. **Prince Napoléon offered her ‘ a large vanload’ of the most expensive orchids.** She gave a supper party, strewed the orchids over the floor and, dressed as a sailor, dance the hornpipe, followed by the cancan, over them. Albert Wolff, the journalist, remembered a similar occasion when **a prince had sent her a basket of flowers, and she threw them on the carpet and trampled on them, saying how tired she was of princely admirers.** No doubt, he reflected, she was tired of being taken twice a week to grand restaurants, and given *une indigestion d'homard a l'américaine.*

Lets get a quick glimpse of what kind of man Prince Napoléon was and the dynastic challenges he was born into:

Prince Napoléon Bonaparte

[truncated for relevancy]

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Prince_Napol%C3%A9on_Bonaparte



...(commonly known as **Prince Napoléon** and occasionally as **Prince Jérôme Napoléon**; 9 September 1822 – 17 March 1891)...

When his cousin became President [Napoléon III] in 1848, Napoléon was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to Spain. He later served in a military capacity as general of a division in the Crimean War, as **Governor of Algeria**, and as a corps commander in the French Army of Italy in 1859. His curious nickname, "Plon-Plon", derives from his pronunciation of his name when he was a child, while the **nickname "Craint-Plomb" ("Afraid-of-Lead") was given to him by the army due to his absence from the Battle of Solferino.**

As part of his **cousin's policy of alliance** with Piedmont-Sardinia, **in 1859 Prince Napoléon married Princess Maria Clotilde of Savoy**, daughter of Victor Emmanuel II of Italy. (Not for love- DE)

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

By Jonathan Fenby [Simon & Schuster] 2015

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Count Walewski, who served as both foreign minister and minister of state, as an illegitimate son of Bonaparte and Polish countess; his wife was one of the emperor's mistresses. **The stout and libidinous Prince Napoléon, known from the childhood pronunciation of his name as 'Plon Plon', urged his cousin to be 'revolutionary' abroad and anti-clerical at home while *advocating 'progress towards liberty through dictatorship.*'** As the ruler put it, 'The empress is a

Legitimist, Morny is an Orleanist, **Prince Napoléon is a Republican**, and **I myself am a Socialist**. There is only one Bonapartist- Persigny- and he is mad!

Wikipedia, Prince Napoléon, continued:

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Prince Napoléon was as promiscuous as his cousin, the Emperor.

He never shut the door [recorded Maxime du Camp, with indignation], and he hardly showed respect...Publically, and with no more shame than a Bohemian, he lived with whores, with Anna Deslions, with Cora Pearl, with Caroline Letessier, with Constance and with masses of other creatures whose names I do not know; he visited the little theatres in company Mme Arnould-Plessy, a wreck from the Comédie-Français, and with la Détourbet, who had sold one of her lovers to Mir e s as a son-in-law. He paraded himself, he compromised himself, he insulted himself. In the morning they was always some petticoat or other still trailing about in his private apartments.

The Courtesans

The demi-monde in 19th century France

By Joanna Richardson (Phoenix Press) 1967, 2000

Cora Pearl

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It was said that when she appeared at the Bouffes, **she dropped two diamonds on stage, and left them for the dresser to retrieve: they were worth four thousand francs, which was twice the dresser's annual wages.** (If the tale was true, Cora Pearl could spare the jewels: one critic remarked that she looked like a jeweller's window, with daylight lighting.) **Her performance at the Bouffes was witnessed**

by many *grandes cocottes*; it was created a sensation, and a count offered fifty thousand francs for the boots which Cora wore on stage. The astounding offer was made for some astounding footwear. 'I remember little of the performance,' wrote an Englishman then in Paris, 'except that Cupid played with great possession, that she was not much encumbered with garments, and that the buttons of her boots were large diamonds of the purest water.' Not only the buttons. 'In one last extravagant gambol,' recalled William Osgood Field, '**she threw herself flat on her back and flung her legs up in the air to show the soles of her shoes that were one mass of diamonds.**'

A French spectator took the occasion much more seriously. Paul Foucher saw it as the official recognition of vice. 'The moral history of the modern theatre was,' he wrote,

Completed by a celebrated evening at which I was present, and perhaps it would not be wrong to perpetuate the memory, because it alone would characterize an epoch. It is usual and so, so to speak, traditional, to see venal love in distress turn to the theatre for self-advertisement. When you stop finding protectors in the Bois, at the Champs-Élysées concert, in the gallery of the theatre, you seek them out by cultivating the dramatic art; you make the stage into a boarded pavement. But until that particular evening we had not often seen the theatre exploit the scandals of common alcoves and cosmopolitan suppers. We had not seen it engage... **a woman whose whole celebrity had so far consisted in the money she spent- I won't say exactly say without earning it, but at least without hiding the nature and the multiplicity of her collaborators...**At the reception at the Bouffes, vice was *presented*.

Cora could afford to ignore such criticism of her stage performance. Few women led so resplendent a career as a courtesan. **She visited the Universal Exhibition, where Prince Napoléon awaited her in his private waiting room, which was**

furnished in Turkish style. She sat, enthroned, in her box at the theatre; **she went to Monte Carlo, where she lost seventy thousand francs in eight months;** she visited Vichy, where her presence was 'an ear of benediction' for local tradesmen; she arrived, with a cart-load of luggage, six horses, and numerous retainers- 'an enormous staff,' she said- to gamble at Baden.

Among the satisfied admirers were Khalil Bey, the majestic and blue-spectacled old Turk, whose Parisian *hôtel* was filled with the wonders of the East. The Queen of Sheba, said Cora herself, 'would have found the bed and boards in his house, which was not less sumptuous than that of the divine Solomon. ' **James Whelpley, an Irish lover, gave Cora Pearl his fortune, 80,000 pounds sterling. She spent it in eight weeks.**

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She was, at first, obliged to live in a humble quarter of Paris, and to entertain undistinguished lovers. But Cora always had '**plenty of system**'; and since it has always been evident that success creates success, she determined to have the outward signs of wealth: dress by Worth and Laferrière and jewels from the rue de la Paix. It was Victor Massena (the grandson of Napoléon great marshal), third Duc de Rivoli and later fifth Prince of Essling, who obligingly bought them for her. Massena, her first important lover, not only bought her clothes and jewels, but maintained her servants. **He paid her chef, Salé, who sometimes spent thirty thousand francs on food in a fortnight.** He gave her money to lose at the Baden casino and racecourse (on their last visit to Baden, in 1869, she spent, apart from gambling losses, over fifty-nine thousand francs).

It was, naturally, impossible for Cora to content herself with one lover; and Massena found, to his anger, that his wildly expensive mistress was also giving her favours to Prince Achille Murat: a youth eleven years his junior. Murat was

not rich, but he was incapable of refusing Cora's slightest whim. She persuaded him to take her out hunting, and he gave her her first horse. (**Arsène Houssaye maintained that Cora, who rode like an Amazon, was kinder to her horses than her lovers.**)

...The *grande monde*, to their anger, saw themselves outclassed, and even Marie Colombier, one of the most spiteful of Cora's rivals, could only write that 'Cora Pearl personified what one might call the English type of courtesan. **She was essentially a sportswoman, who rode like a jockey and liked to swank by cracking a whip**...She had a perfect bust, it was worthy of being sculpted by some old master.'

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Every New Year's Day brought a queue of worshippers, bearing only costly offering to the goddess. At one moment, so it seems, Cora was conducting simultaneous affairs with Prince Napoléon, Demidoff, and Demidoff's compatriot Narischkin. She played her lovers against each other with fruitful calculation. Prince Napoléon would be told that Demidoff had given her a necklace worth 5,000 pounds sterling; he would immediately buy her, say, a *rivière* of diamonds worth twice as much. Narischkin, not to be outdone, would hasten to the jeweller's; and so *ad infinitum*. **As the Comte de Maugny said, Cora had plenty of system.**

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In the last five years of the Second Empire, **from 1865 to 1870, Cora reached her dazzling zenith. She was so rich that her jewels alone were worth a million francs, and she had two or three houses furnished quite regardless of expense,** and she showed the lavishness of all the *grandes cocottes*, choosing some of her clothes at Worth's, giving stupendous entertainments, grand dinners, masked balls

and impromptu suppers (at which the peaches and grapes did not rest on the usual vine leaves, but on fifteen hundred francs' worth of Parma violets). She threw herself into the febrile life of the Second Empire. Early in 1866 she appeared as Eve at a fancy-dress ball at the Restaurant des Trois Frères Provençaux. She looked very well, reported an English journalist, **'and her form and figure were not concealed by any more garments than were worn by the original apple-eater...**

Cora Pearl [snapped Philibert Audebrand] **made her appearance half-naked on the stage**, singing with quite a marked little Anglo-Saxon accent the couplets which begin I know Love. That evening the Jockey Club, in its entirety, graced the theatre. **All the names which are blazoned in the Golden Book of the French nobility were there**, complete with white gloves and ivory lorgnettes...it was success of a kind.

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She spent a small fortune on entertaining: there were rarely fewer than fifteen people to dinner, and her chef insisted that he could not buy less than a side of beef at a time. Cora was not content with such gastronomic extravagance; **one day she wagered her guests that she would give them some meat which none of them would dare to cut**. She had herself served up on huge silver salver, borne by four men. She was naked with a sprinkling of parsley.

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At the age of about thirty-seven, Cora captivated a rich young man, ten years her junior: he was Alexandre Duval, whose father had founded the chain of popular restaurants, known as the *Bouillons Duval*, in Paris. Alexandre Duval was invited to wear Prince Napoléon's nightshirt. 'With that crown on my stomach,' he said later, 'I felt I had arrived.' Duval was young, besotted, and rich enough to give Cora the sort

of presents she understood. Among them was a finely bound book; each of its hundred pages was thousand-franc note.

There is no doubt that she preferred the banknotes to the donor; and when, having given her some horses from the ex-Emperor's stables, not to mention jewels, bric-à-brac, and the money to keep up the rue de Chaillot and the château near Orléans, Duval reached the end of his resources, Cora dismissed him. At three o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday, 19 December 1872, returned to the rue de Chaillot with a revolver. It is said that he meant to shoot Cora; but the revolver went off, wounding him so gravely that he was in danger of death. **The affaire Duval caused such a stir that Cora was banished from France.** 'A singular thing,' observed Le Figaro, on 26 December. 'Since we have been a republic only two people have been banished from France, Prince Napoléon and Mademoiselle Cora Pearl.' **'I was paying dearly,'** wrote Cora herself, **'for someone else's unexpected moment of aberration.'**

She went to Monte Carlo, and on to Nice, where she stayed with another *grande cocotte*, Caroline Letessier, who was then kept by the Prince of Monaco's son. Then she travelled to Milan, where, by some happy chance, she found Prince Napoléon, **'still the same, very liberal,** very much above gossip, judging by his reason alone. He did not seem displeased to see me.

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In 1874, no longer able to solve the problems of separation and financial strain, Prince Napoléon had broken his liaison.

Prince Napoléon Bonaparte

[truncated for relevancy, continued]

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Prince_Napol%C3%A9on_Bonaparte

...When Napoléon Eugène, Prince Imperial died in 1879, **Prince Napoléon became, genealogically, the most senior member** of the Bonaparte family, but **the Prince Imperial's will excluded him from the succession, nominating Prince Napoléon's son Napoléon Victor Jérôme Frédéric Bonaparte as the new head of the family.** As a result, Prince Napoléon and his son quarrelled for the remainder of Prince Napoléon's life.

Prince Napoléon died in Rome in 1891, aged 68. Prince (Jérôme) Napoléon, upon being banished from France by the 1886 law exiling heads of the nation's former ruling dynasties, settled at Prangins on the shores of Lake Geneva, in Vaud, Switzerland where, during the Second Empire, he had acquired a piece of property. **The assets he left his heir were extremely modest:** Besides the Villa Prangins and the adjoining estate of 75 hectares, estimated at 800,000 francs of the time, approximately 130 million of France's old francs, they were limited to a portfolio valued at 1,000,000 (1891) francs, about 160 million old francs.

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Cora Pearl

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Cora's dog was no doubt the dog that died in Rome in 1873. **Cora had dyed it blue to match a dress. For she was apt to set strange fashions.** In 1867 she inspired a craze for a drink which the Parisians called 'Tears of Cora Pearl'. ...Cora not only dyed her hair, she painted her eyelashes, brightened her eyes, and used face-powders tinted with silver and pearl. 'She tanned her skin,' remembered Claudin, in

astonishment, 'and in spite of that many women copied her.' ...**As Gustave Claudin would recall, in *Mes Souvenirs*, she introduced modern make-up into France.**

Rosalie Léon

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So did the jeweler and the couturier [enjoyed their prosperity]. **Rosalie Léon was one of the most elegant demi-mondaines, and given to an originality in dress which had Mme Worth, the couturier's wife, up in arms.**

I remember [wrote Jean-Philippe Worth] that my mother once attend the races where Rosalie Léon appeared in a lemon coloured taffeta made entirely of tiny pleated flounces...About this yellow frock was tied a leaf green sash which was knotted at one side and its ends left floating. This combination of brilliant yellow and springlike green...created a sensation and scandalized my mother. When my father asked her upon her return if she had seen Madame Rosalie Léon's yellow and green dress, she snapped, 'I did. And I never saw anything so ridiculous. It looked just like an *omelette aux fine herbes!*'

The truth was that Madame Léon was very charming in her omelette dress and proceeded to set the fashion for wearing yellow trimmed with green, or vice versa. For by then people no longer shied at something new or different. My father had at last won the day...and banished banality and sartorial unprogressiveness from Paris forever.

...Perhaps the strictly conservative presence of Mme Worth sometimes kept the great demi-mondaines out of the shop in the Rue de la Paix. **But Rosalie Léon was not the only member of *la garde* who advertised the couturier's inspiration...**In 1867, Paris was laughing at the indignation of a princess who had

found herself face to face at a fashion house with Léonide Leblanc. They were both waiting to be received by the great *habilleuse*.

Their turn came [said La Vie parisienne]; but Léonide Leblanc was received before the princess. *Inde irae*, fury, rage. But then who do people expose themselves to such misadventures? **The tradesman only recognizes equality of wealth- and he is right.**

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...The creation of the demi-monde was the end of a world. In the days of Louis-Philippe, the courtesans did not appear in broad daylight; they did not have their civil status and the place in the sun. **But during the Second Empire, the mondaines and the demi-mondaines had begun to brush shoulders with each other at charity balls and races.** At first sight they were identical women, dressed by the same couturiers, with the subtle difference that the **demi-mondaines had more *chic*** than the mondaines (indeed, it was then that **the world *chic* came into fashion** among women). **By 1866**, in La Vie parisienne by Meilhac and Halévy, the Baronne Gondremarck **could not distinguish the aristocrat from the *cocotte*.**

Cora Pearl

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...By unanimous consent she became, for twenty-five years, the prototype of the modern courtesan.

From 1852, Cora Pearl set the tone for that world of gallantry whose eccentricities always **ended by leaving their mark on the real world.** People who went to the Bois were determined to have a carriage modeled on hers, with little *café-au-lait*

colored horses, as like as possible to the ones she drove herself. It went without saying that the women of Paris, beginning with those at Court, copied her clothes, her hair, her habits, and soon her fantastic behavior.

'Since this enchantress has the art of drawing all men to her, of course,' said Mme de P***, **'we must do every mortal thing to be like her.'**

Margaret Campbell, Duchess of Argyll
- Wikipedia

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Margaret_Campbell,_Duchess_of_Argyll



Margaret was the only child of Helen Mann Hannay and George Hay Whigham, a Scottish millionaire who was chairman of the Celanese Corporation of Britain and North America. She spent the first 14 years of her life in New York City, where she was educated privately at the Hewitt School. Her beauty was much spoken of, and she had youthful romances with playboy Prince Aly Khan, millionaire aviator Glen

Kidston, car salesman Baron Martin Stillman von Brabus and publishing heir Max Aitken.

In 1928, David Niven [famous actor] had sex with the 15-year-old Margaret Whigham, during a holiday at Bembridge on the Isle of Wight. To the fury of her father, she became pregnant as a result. Margaret was rushed into a London nursing home for a secret termination. "All hell broke loose," remembered her family cook, Elizabeth Duckworth. Margaret didn't mention the episode in her 1975 memoirs, but she continued to adore Niven until the day he died. She was among the VIP guests at his London memorial service.

In 1930, she was presented at Court in London and was known as the deb (or debutante) of that year. Shortly afterwards, she announced her engagement to Charles Guy Fulke Greville, 7th Earl of Warwick. However, the wedding did not take place, for her head had been turned by Charles Sweeny, an American amateur golfer from a wealthy Pennsylvania family.

On 22 March 1951, Margaret became the third wife of Ian Douglas Campbell, 11th Duke of Argyll. She wrote later in life:

I had wealth, I had good looks. As a young woman I had been constantly photographed, written about, flattered, admired, included in the Ten Best-Dressed Women in the World list, and mentioned by Cole Porter in the words of his hit song "You're the Top". The top was what I was supposed to be. I had become a duchess and mistress of an historic castle. My daughter had married a duke. Life was apparently roses all the way.

The Duke suspected his wife of infidelity; and, while she was in New York, he employed a locksmith to break open a cupboard at their Mayfair pied-à-terre, 48 Upper Grosvenor Street. The evidence discovered resulted in the infamous 1963 divorce case, in which the Duke of Argyll accused his wife of infidelity and included a

set of Polaroid photographs of the Duchess nude, save for her signature three-strand pearl necklace, in the company of another man... There were also photographs of the be-pearled Duchess (explicit) a naked man whose face was not shown. It was speculated that the "headless man" was the Minister of Defence Duncan Sandys (later Lord Duncan-Sandys, **son-in-law of Winston Churchill**), who offered to resign from the cabinet.

Also introduced to the court was a list of as many as eighty-eight men with whom the Duke believed his wife had consorted; the list is said to include two government ministers and three members of the British royal family. The judge commented that the Duchess had indulged in "disgusting sexual activities". Lord Denning was called upon by the government to track down the "headless man."

She once told the *New York Times*, "I don't think anybody has real style or class any more. Everyone's gotten old and fat." **More to the point, she described herself as "always vain"**. Another quote gives an insight into her personality: "Always a poodle, only a poodle! That, and three strands of pearls!" she said. "Together they are absolutely the essential things in life."

Margaret wrote a memoir, *Forget Not*, which was published by W. H. Allen Ltd in 1975 and **negatively reviewed for its name dropping and air of entitlement**. She also lent her name as author to a guide to entertaining. Her fortune diminished, however, and she eventually opened her London house — 48 Upper Grosvenor Street, which had been decorated for her parents in 1935 by Syrie Maugham — for paid tours. **Even so, her extravagant lifestyle and ill-considered investments left her largely penniless by the time she died.**

In her youth, Margaret's father had told Rosie d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, a close friend of hers, that he feared for what his high-living only child would do once she had her entire inheritance. Consequently, Whigham blocked his daughter's access to the

principal of her inheritance through various protective legal prohibitions. However, after his death, Margaret's lawyers successfully voided most of the safeguards. In 1978, her debts forced Margaret to move from her Belgravia house and relocate with her maid to a suite at the Grosvenor Hotel.

In April 1988, on the evening after the Grand National, she appeared on a Channel 4 *After Dark* discussion about horseracing "so she said, to put the point of view of the horse", later walking out of the programme "because she was so very sleepy". In 1990, unable to pay the hotel bills, she was evicted, and with the support of friends and her first husband moved to an apartment.^[14]

Her children later placed her in a nursing home in Pimlico, London. **Here she was photographed by *Tatler* magazine, for which she had previously been a columnist, sitting on the edge of her bed in a grim single room. Margaret died in penury in 1993 after a bad fall in the nursing home.** She was buried alongside her first husband, Charles Sweeny, in Brookwood Cemetery in Woking, Surrey.

The Courtesans

The demi-monde in 19th century France

By Joanna Richardson (Phoenix Press) 1967, 2000

Cora Pearl redux

Over dinner, Cora Pearl recalled her career. Late that night, while he was reading alone in the library, she entered in a borrowed dressing gown, and suddenly let it fall to her feet. **'A woman's vanity,' she said, 'should be sufficient excuse.** I found it difficult to rest until I had shown you that, if Cora Pearl has lost things else, she still retains that which made her famous – a form of loveliness.

In 1883, she was listed in the **Pretty Women of Paris**; but she figured there as a relic of the past.

One of the most celebrated whores of her time [noted the compiler]. She has charmed a generation of votaries to Venus, and still goes on undaunted...Now she is poor, almost friendless, and up to her neck in debt, but she has not lost her merry disposition. No woman was ever so really good-hearted and generous when she had money, and none of her old lovers ever speaks of her except in terms of praise. Her features are pleasing; her hair is dyed fair, but her teeth are magnificent and healthy; and her skin is dazzling milky whiteness. ...She has never omitted using cold water, and is continually drenching her frame with an enormous sponge. To these ablutions and healthy exercise on horseback, we may ascribe the marvelous preservation of her bodily beauty. **Every man of any note for the last fifteen years has passed a few hours with Cora...who after sleeping in black satin sheets, embroidered with the arms of the Empire, now sheds tears of joy when an amateur slips a bank-note in her hand.**

Cora Pearl, who had once charged as much as ten thousand francs a night, had fallen to the ranks of the women who accepted five louis or even less.

If I had to live my life again [she had ended her *Mémoires*], perhaps I should be less wild, and more highly considered, not because I should have been worthier of esteem, but because I should have proved myself less clumsy. Should I regret my actual situation? Yes, if I think of my poverty. No, if I understand what my peace of mind would have cost me...Honour and justice are satisfied. **I have never deceived anyone, for I have never belonged to anyone. My independence was all my wealth: I have known no other happiness.**

In his *Mémoires d'un Parisien*, Albert Wolff dismissed the book as worthless, as the last cry of a vanished Parisian gallantry. 'In our new way of life,' he wrote, 'if I may

be bold enough to say so, it has lost the importance it once possessed. **The courtesan of our day has gone democratic like everything else. Under the Empire, she belonged to a few; today, she belongs to everyone.'**

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Many of them were overwhelmed by the fortunes they acquired, the fortunes they squandered wildly like the nouveaux-riches they were. Their dresses were over-elaborate, their jewels far too many, their food too rich and spiced and abundant; their *hôtels* and *châteaux* often proved that they were blessed with wealth, but devoid of all aesthetic sense. They behaved not only as if they had just come into a fortune- which in fact they had; **they behaved like exhibitionist, petulant, pampered children. They would do anything for the *réclame*.**

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There were, of course, people who maintained that Cora Pearl was ugly. 'Cora Pearl,' noted Alphonse Daudet, the author of *Lettres de mon moulin*. 'A clown's head, a sewer of a mouth, a comic English accent. "Don't call me Cora! It's the name all the cabbies know...Call me Pearl...More *chic*....less dowdy...." A hideous head, a lithe young body.

Yet, despite the strictures of Daudet, it is not a plain but a piquant face which gazes out of the photographs. Cora Pearl, proved, if anyone proved, that conventional beauty was not the only means of attraction. Perhaps her piquancy, her exotic accent, her toughness, her independence, even her outrageous behavior, proved as seductive as her perfect figure. She found it easy to seduce the husbands and lovers of the most beautiful women in Paris. 'In those days she was as fresh as a moss rose,' recalled Gustave Claudin, the boulevardier, in the 1880s. **'Prince Gortschakoff used**

to say that she was the last word in luxury, and that he would have tried to steal the sun to satisfy one of her whims.

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

By Jonathan Fenby [Simon & Schuster] 2015

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...When France celebrated the new century at the Universal Exhibition of 1900, the symbolic figure over the monumental entrance was not Marianne the Republican, but *La Parisienne*, a typical young woman on the city dressed by Paquin. **Such figures of the modern age, a journalist wrote, had a special character marked by 'discreet elegance' in every aspect of her social life, sobriety, taste, innate distinction and *the indefinable blend of bearing and modernity we call chic.* ' But also with a touch of seduction as in Whistler's portrait of the wife of an artist friend who lets the shoulder strap of her dress slip.**

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France's epic history stretches back to the Gauls who resisted the Roman legions of Julius Caesar and is peopled by great figures: Joan of Arc, the 'Sun King' Louis XIV, Napoleon and de Gaulle. It was central to the Enlightenment of the eighteenth century, which provided the ideas for its first revolution. **Its cultural flourishing in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries was unparalleled** – Balzac, Flaubert, Baudelaire, Hugo and Proust in literature, the Impressionist painters and those who followed them, the sculptor Rodin. **Until the Second World War, Paris was the creative capital of the world, while the French were at the forefront of**

the development of aviation and the motor car, and led advances in medicine and science with Pasteur and the Curies.

Black Wings

By Von Hardesty

[Smithsonian National Air & Space Museum, Washington DC] 1996



Bessie Coleman

When Bessie Coleman traveled to France in November 1920, her first trip abroad, she was determined to gain a coveted prize: a pilot's license from the *Fédération Aéronautique Internationale* (FAI). Earning the FAI license brought special distinction but even more so for a woman. Coleman had traveled from Chicago to a distant aerodrome in Le Crotoy in northern France to inaugurate her unusual flying career.

For Coleman, the quest to become a licensed pilot reflected a deep and abiding passion. **As a young African American woman, she endured enormous racial prejudice at home. The prevailing Jim Crow practices in the United States had effectively denied her access to aeronautical training- as it had for all aspiring black aviators at the time.** She worked tirelessly to raise money for the trip and eventually enrolled in the *Ecole d'Aviation des Frères Caudron* (the Caudron Brothers Aviation School). The flight training curriculum at the Caudron Brothers' school was strict and unforgiving, especially for a female cadet who had so much to prove. The FAI license was hers if she could complete the rigorous course of study. Coleman understood this license was a ticket for her to pursue an aviation career in the United States.

The flight school was located near Le Crotoy in the Somme region of northern France. In fact, Bessie's flight training at the Caudron meant she would be flying in the same skies where many great air battles had raged during the Great War (1914-1918). Her flight training consisted of mastering the essential skills to control and maneuver an airplane. The Caudron school used the durable French Nieuport Type 82 trainer, a two-place, open cockpit biplane. Built of wood and fabric, the Nieuport biplane was highly nimble and forgiving, and therefore ideal for teaching the essential flying maneuvers. Bessie later described the maneuvers as "tail spins, banking and looping the loop."

Coleman earned her FAI license on June 15th, 1921. For the young American, this moment represented an important milestone. She took great pride in her achievement, as it had been a long and difficult road from rural Texas to Chicago to France for pilot training. Her passion for flying had overcome numerous challenges and barriers, culminating in a real individual triumph against considerable odds. On a larger level, the FAI license established an important precedent, one that would cast a long shadow for all African Americans seeking to enter aviation in the decades

ahead- **Bessie Coleman was the first African American woman to gain the coveted FAI license.**

...Despite the racial discrimination of the time, she persevered and worked effectively to dramatize her skills as a licensed pilot. Her debut as a stunt pilot came in September 1922, when she appeared at Curtiss Field outside New York City, an event to honor the veterans of the all-black 369th Infantry Regiment that had participated in the American Expeditionary Force in World War I (US armed forces were segregated). **Her patron, Robert Abbott, played a key role in arranging the air show, proclaiming Coleman as the “world’s greatest woman flyer.”**

Coleman planned to fly her airplane on May Day in an air show sponsored by the Negro Welfare League of Jacksonville on the day before the event, she joined Wells on a test flight. She asked the mechanic to take the front seat and guide the plane around the airfield so she could study the geography of the airstrip. Since she was small of stature, she unfastened her seat belt to allow her to see over the side of the airplane. Wells flew the JN-4 to 2,000 feet and circled for 5 minutes; then, he pushed the airplane up to 3,500 feet and banked toward Paxon Field. Some observers noted that the JN-4 abruptly gained speed and then nosedived to the ground, falling into a spin at around 1,000 feet. Once the aircraft started its uncontrolled descent, it suddenly flipped over- probably at an altitude of merely 500 feet. Bessie - who was flying without a seatbelt or parachute- fell to the ground in a series of somersaults. She was killed instantly upon hitting the ground; nearly every bone in her body was broken. Wells crashed with the plane and also died. **It was later discovered that an errant wrench had jammed the controls on the JN-4.**

Eugene Bullard

One of the first African Americans to fly was Eugene Bullard. A native of Georgia, Bullard emigrated to France, **where he joined the French infantry in World War I**. He then flew briefly with the French in 1917, the same year the United States entered the war.



http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Eugene_Bullard

Eugene Jacques Bullard (9 October 1895 – 12 October 1961), born Eugene James Bullard, was the first African-American military pilot. His life has been surrounded by many legends. **However, Bullard, who flew for France, was unquestionably one of the few black combat pilots during World War I**, along with the Ottoman Empire's Ahmet Ali Çelikten.

As a teenager, he stowed away on a ship bound for Scotland, hoping to escape racial discrimination. (He later claimed to have witnessed his father's narrow escape from lynching). Bullard arrived at Aberdeen and made his way south to Glasgow. On a visit to Paris, he decided to settle in France. He became a boxer in Paris and also worked in a music hall.

In the beginning of 1916, the 170th Infantry along with the 48th Infantry Division (French: *48^e Division d'Infanterie*) to which the regiment belonged from February 1915 to December 1916, was sent to Verdun. During convalescence, Bullard was cited for acts of valor at the orders of the regiment on July 3, 1917, and was awarded the *Croix de guerre*.

While serving with the 170th Infantry, Bullard was seriously wounded in action in March 1916 at the Battle of Verdun. After recovering, he volunteered on October 2, 1916 for the French Air Service (French: *Aéronautique Militaire*) as an air gunner. He was accepted and went through training at the Aerial Gunnery School in Cazaux, Gironde. Following this, he went through his initial flight training at Châteauroux and Avord, and he received pilot's license number 6950 from the Aéro-Club de France on May 5, 1917. Like many other American aviators, Bullard hoped to join the famous squadron Escadrille Americaine N.124, the Lafayette Escadrille, but after enrolling 38 American pilots in spring and summer of 1916, it stopped accepting applicants. After further training at Avord, Bullard joined 269 American aviators at the Lafayette Flying Corps on November 15, 1916, which were a designation rather than a unit. American volunteers flew with French pilots in different pursuit and bomber/reconnaissance aero squadrons on the Western Front.

When the United States entered the war, the United States Army Air Service convened a medical board to recruit Americans serving in the Lafayette Flying Corps for the Air Service of the American Expeditionary Forces. **Bullard went through the medical examination, but he was not accepted, as only white pilots were**

allowed to serve. Some time later, while on a short break from duty in Paris, Bullard allegedly got into an argument with a French commissioned officer and was punished by being transferred to the service battalion of the 170th in January 1918. He served beyond the Armistice, not being discharged until October 24, 1919.

For his World War I service, the French government awarded Bullard the *Croix de guerre*, Médaille militaire, Croix du combattant volontaire 1914–1918, and Médaille de Verdun, along with several others. After his discharge, Bullard returned again to Paris.

French Honorific Homage

In 1954, the French Government invited Bullard to Paris to help rekindle the everlasting flame at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier under the Arc de Triomphe. In 1959 he was made a *Chevalier* (Knight) of the *Légion d'honneur* by général Charles de Gaulle who made reference to Bullard as a « véritable héros français » ("true French hero", in English).

Eugene Bullard received fifteen decorations from the government of France. He was made a knight of the Legion of Honor, France's most coveted award. He also was awarded the Médaille militaire, another high military distinction.

In the 1950s, Bullard was a relative stranger in his own homeland. His daughters had married, and he lived alone in his apartment, which was decorated with pictures of his famous friends and a framed case containing his fifteen French war medals. **His final job was as an elevator operator at the Rockefeller Center, where his fame as the "Black Swallow of Death" was unknown.**

In 1972, Bullard's exploits as a pilot were retold in a biography, *The Black Swallow of Death*. Bullard is also the subject of the nonfiction young adult memoir *Eugene Bullard: World's First Black Fighter Pilot* by Larry Greenly.

On August 23, 1994, thirty-three years after his death, and **seventy-seven years to the day after the physical that should have allowed him to fly for his own country**, Eugene Bullard was posthumously commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the United States Air Force.

Civilization

By Niall Ferguson (Penguin) 2011

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In no theatre were the problems of communication more severe than in Africa and, in the absence of extensive railways and reliable beasts of burden, there was only one solution: men. **Over 2 million Africans served in the First World War**, nearly all as carriers of supplies, weapons and wounded, and although they were far from the fields of Flanders, these forgotten auxiliaries had as hellish a time with the most exposed front-line troops in Europe. Not only were they underfed and overworked; once removed from their usual locales they were every bit as susceptible to disease as their white masters. **Roughly a fifth of all Africans employed as carriers died, many of them the victims of dysentery that ravaged all colonial armies in the field.** In East Africa 3, 156 whites in British service died in the line of duty; of these, fewer than a third were victims of enemy action. **But if black troops and carriers are included, total losses were over 100,000.**

As we have seen, the familiar rationale of white rule in Africa was that it conferred the benefits of civilization. The war – which was fought in all Germany’s African colonies (Togoland, the Cameroons and East Africa as well as South-West Africa)- made a mockery of that claim. ‘Behind us we leave destroyed fields, ransacked magazines and, for the immediate future, starvation,’ wrote Ludwing Deppe, a doctor in the German East African Army. ‘We are no longer the

agents of culture; our track is marked by death, plundering and evacuated villages, just like the progress of our own and enemy armies in the Thirty Years War.'

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It is easy to forget that France lost two out of three wars against Germany between 1870 and 1940. In 1917 it seemed on the verge of losing the First World War too. Where should France turn to help? The answer was Africa. Although, as we have seen, most of them were denied full French citizenship, France's African subjects were still regarded as eligible to bear arms in the defense of *La Patrie*.

The Courtesans

The demi-monde in 19th century France

By Joanna Richardson (Phoenix Press) 1967, 2000

Blanche d'Antigny



Penitent Magdalene by Baudry, the model was Blanche d'Antigny

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...She was in Toulouse a month later, on the eve of the Franco-Prussian War. She came back to Paris for the siege, and turned part of her *hôtel* into a hospital, where forty Breton soldiers were cared for at her expense. She looked after them herself; and two years after the war, a journalist recorded that 'these soldiers have not forgotten their good little Sister of Charity, as they called her, and from time to time they send her chickens, pigeons, even potatoes...Often the presents arrived with charmingly naïve messages, like this: "We pray to the Virgin for you every day. Good-bye, dear lady! Our greeting to all your husbands." ' On the Eve of the Battle of Champigny, five hundred people, all that remained of *le tout-Paris*, assembled at Arsène Houssaye's to support a charity performance in the aid of the hospitals.

Blanche d'Antigny, in a white apron, helped to serve champagne and liqueurs, and sold her kisses at five louis each.

She also gave fêtes at her own *hôtel* in the aid of the wounded. The laughter and music and brilliant lights offended public feeling, and she was so attacked in the Press that she could not appear on the boulevards without being hissed and threatened. **The fall of the Second Empire had unleashed violent emotions, and there were many people who blamed the national débâcle, the tragic inadequacy of the old régime, on the courtesans, who had drained men of their willpower and moral sense.** When the bombardment of Paris began, Blanche d'Antigny felt obliged to ask the new Prefect of Police, Ernest Cresson, for protection. Her request was greeted with extraordinary vehemence.

Cora Pearl

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In July 1870 came the brief Franco-Prussian War; **in September the Emperor surrendered with his troops in Sedan, the Second Empire fell**, and the Bonapartes were scattered into exile: the Emperor imprisoned in Germany, the Empress and her son seeking traditional safety in England, Princess Mathilde in Belgium, Prince Napoléon in Italy. The Siege of Paris began. Cora's chief concern was her stables, and on the day when the gates of Paris were closed against the enemy, she contrived to smuggle out eight horses, 'for exercise'. **She turned 101, rue de Chaillot into a small hospital, and (like other *grand cocottes*) she ministered to the medical needs of the soldiers. Her fine linens were used for shrouds, and she herself paid all the expenses...**

"Mademoiselle Maximum"

Léonide Leblanc

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Léonide Leblanc was no doubt forgiven much by men, because of her beauty. **At the age of twenty-eight, she seems to have reached rare physical perfection:**

This is the dream made flesh [wrote Charles Diguët, in *Les Jolies Femmes de Paris*]. This is the celestial beauty which is not spoken of, but sung. This is the ideal which haunts the dreams of poets, enamoured of the impossible. This figure is a poem, all these curves are stanzas; stanzas written by God to astonish the children of men...

Such was Léonide Leblanc at the end of the Second Empire. During the Franco-Prussian War, she was in London, giving performances in aid of French prisoners.

...Léonide was obliged to stay at the Odéon, and she remained as audacious as ever. In 1873 she attended the trial of Marshal Bazaine, who had surrendered Metz during the war. The courtroom was full of spectators for **this cause célèbre, and among them was a society woman who claimed that Léonide had taken the seat given to her by the Président du Conseil**, the Duc d'Aumale. 'I am dining with Monseigneur this evening,' exclaimed the angry woman. **'I shall complain to him of this affront.'** 'Ah, so you're dining with Monseigneur,' said Léonide, imperturbably. 'I am having supper and sleeping with him.'

Caroline Letessier

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...When Caroline made her resplendent entry into the casino, the *jeunesse dorée* of Baden encircled her and gazed admiringly at her dress and jewels. Hortense Schneider, 'who was always "got up" like a bourgeoisie from the Marais', observed: **'I have seen fatted calves in my time, but never such a pretty one as this.'** The observation naturally hurt the foster-child of a butcher. 'And I've never seen such an ugly cow,' answered Caroline Letessier.

Uproar followed. The director of the casino to investigate, but the Grand Duchess of Baden's son intervened in favour of Caroline, and the matter was dropped. Except by Caroline herself: every time she saw Hortense Schneider on the arm of Lord Carrington, she asked Carrington: 'How's your cook-housekeeper?'

Apart from this incident, Baden enjoyed an uninterrupted kermesse; and even a tipsy, clumsy giant by the name of Bismarck danced the can-can.

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She appeared, in opulent glory, **at Longchamp**, at first nights, at the Opéra; her box at the Théâtre des Italiens faced the Imperial box. One evening, when the glare of the footlights hurt the Empress's eyes, la Païva offered her the delicate Japanese screen which she was using; the Imperial aide-de-camp took it to the Empress, but she 'swept it contemptuously out of her way.' La Païva remained untouchable.

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At the end of the nineteenth century, there were those who regretted the sparkle which les grandes horizontals had given to life. There would never be anything like the carriage procession in the Bois de Boulogne, where they dared to compete with, and often outshine, the Faubourg Saint-Germain. **There would never be another decade like the 1860s, when *la garde* paraded their jewels and clothes and equipages at Longchamp***, when they dazzled and infuriated the more decorous spectators at the Italiens; when, each September, they enthralled the inhabitants of Baden and Wiesbaden, of Homburg, Ems and Spa. Baden, with its clear hill air, had been the summer capital of Europe; it was Paris and its demi-monde (said *La Vie parisienne*), with a few foreigners to make it look respectable. 'Nothing,' wrote Marie Colombier, one of the *filles de joie*, 'nothing can give any idea of the first fortnight in September at Baden-Baden...It was the fantasy, the irresponsible madness of the *kermesses* of olden times.'



Feb 18, 2018 The Pavilion Mall, Kuala Lumpur Malaysia
 Lunar New Year, Photo by Don Elam, Nikon

* The fashion brand Longchamp can be visited today at fashion malls worldwide. Now we see the roots put down for *chic* by the *demi-mondaines* still verdant in our current epoch 150 years later. **Longchamp gives pedigree.**

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

By Jonathan Fenby [Simon & Schuster] 2015

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Among those who perished at the time [The Terror] was Orléans, **despite a desperate attempt to deny his royal birth** by claiming he was the offspring of his father's coachman- when his son urged him to flee to America, he had **replied "Live with black men! Oh no...at least here one has the Opéra."**

Civilization

By Niall Ferguson (Penguin) 2011

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World War 1, 1917

...The French built 300 miles of new railway lines to supply the offensive with 872 trainloads of munitions. Altogether more than a million men were massed in readiness for the assault, stretched along a 25-mile front. Days of artillery barrages were supposed to soften the Germans up. Then, at 6am on 16 April, the colonial troops advanced up hills that became mudslides in the rain and sleet. **Mangin had placed the Sengalese in the first wave of the attack. But he almost certainly had an ulterior motive: to spare French lives.** According to Lt. Colonel Debieuvre, commander of the 58th Regiment of Colonial Infantry, the Africans were 'finally and above all superb attack troops permitting the saving of the lives of whites, who behind them exploit their success and organize the positions they conquer'.

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On 18 February 1918 Clemenceau defended the resumption of military recruitment before a group of senators, making clear exactly how the French saw the Senegalese:

'Although I have infinite respect for these brave blacks, I would much prefer to have ten black killed than a single Frenchman, because I think that enough Frenchmen have been killed and that it is necessary to sacrifice them as little as possible.'

In all more than 33,000 West Africans died in the war, 1 in 5 of those who joined up. The comparable figure for French soldiers was less than 17%. By contrast, the mortality rate among British Indian troops was half that of soldiers from the United Kingdom.

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Although the racial theorist Eugen Fischer ended up on the losing side, the First World War proved surprisingly fruitful for his chosen field. **As colonial troops found their way into German prisoner-of-war camps, they furnished racial science experts like Otto Reche with a convenient supply of specimens.** Fischer's *Human Heredity and Race Hygiene*, co-authored with Erwin Baur and Fritz Lens and published in 1921, swiftly became a standard work in the rapidly expanding field of eugenics. Adolf Hitler read it while he was imprisoned after the failed Munich coup of 1923 and referred to it in *Mein Kampf*. **For Hitler, few ideas were more horrific than that Senegalese soldiers stationed in the Rhineland after the war had impregnated German women.** This was the notorious '**Black Shame**' that produced the 'Rhineland Bastards' – fresh evidence of the conspiracy to pollute the blood of the Aryan race. Given that he was now director of the new Kaiser William Institute for Anthropology, Human Heredity and Eugenics, founded in Berlin in 1927, Fischer's influence was as far-reaching as it was malign. He later served as one of the scientists on the Gestapo's Special Commission Number Three, which planned and carried out the forced sterilization of the 'Rhineland Bastards'. **Among his students was Josef Mengele, responsible for the notoriously inhuman experiments on prisoners at Auschwitz.**

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...Yet there was a shadow side to this extraordinary scientific success. Lurking in the real science was a pseudo-science, which asserted that mankind was not a single more or less homogeneous species but was subdivided and ranked from an Aryan 'master race' down to a black race unworthy of the designation Homo Sapiens. And where better to test these theories than in Germany newly acquired African colonies? Africa was about to become another kind of laboratory- this time for racial biology.

Each European power had its own distinctive way of scrambling for Africa. The French, as we have seen, favoured railways and health centres. The British did more than just dig for gold and hunt for happy valleys; they also built mission schools. **The Belgians turned the Congo into a vast slave state.** The Portuguese did as little as possible. **The Germans were the latecomers to the party. For them, colonizing Africa was a giant experiment to test, among other things, a racial theory.** Earlier colonizing powers had, of course, been bolstered by a sense of innate superiority. **According to the theory of 'social Darwinism' Africans were biologically inferior by more advanced whites 'Aryans.'** But no one turned that theory into colonial practice more ruthlessly than the Germans in South-West Africa, today's Namibia.

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The Germans did not just rely on the desert. Herero who had not participated in the uprising were hunted down by 'Cleansing Patrols' of settler Schutztruppen, whose motto was 'clean out, hang up, shoot down until they are all gone.' **Those not killed on the spot, mostly women and children, were put in five concentration camps.**

...The camp was located at the far end of the island to maximize its exposure to the wind. Denied adequate shelter, clothing and food, the prisoners were forced to build jetties, standing waist-deep in the ice-cold water. Those who faltered in their labors were mercilessly whipped by the *sjambok*-wielding guards (rough leather sticks)....**The surviving Herero and Nama were little better than slave laborers, liable to brutal corporal punishment for the most trivial insubordination...**One in ten Nama survived the camps.

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The Germans first laid claim to the bleak shores of South-West Africa in 1884. A year later **Heinrich Ernst Göring- father of the more famous Hermann- was appointed Reich commissioner.**

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For the many ex-colonial soldiers who joined the ranks of the Nazi party- their old uniforms provided the SA with their first brown shirts – it was entirely natural that theories born in the concentration camps of Africa should be carried over to the Nazi ‘colonization’ of Eastern Europe and the murderous racial policies that produced the Holocaust. **It was no coincidence that the Reichsmarschall in charge of the Luftwaffe was the son of the Reichskommissar of South-West Africa.**

Blitzed

Drugs in Nazi Germany

By Norman Ohler [Penguin Books] 2015

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An officer describes the Reich Marshal's appearance: 'We struggled to keep a straight face. He dons a white silk, blouse-like shirt with flowing sleeves, and over it a yellow sleeveless, fur-lined suede jacket. With this he sports long medieval looking bloomers, and around his waist a broad, gold studded leather belt, with a short Celtic sword jangling from it. Long silk stockings and golden-yellow Saffiano leather sandals complete the picture.'

The face of the powerful minister was covered in make-up, and his fingernails were painted red. Often during discussions Göring, once the opium content of his blood had dropped, felt so deranged that we would leave the room abruptly without a word of explanation, and not come back until a few minutes later, plainly much refreshed. A general describes one such surprising transformation: 'Göring had the air of being new-born, he looked magnificent and fixed his sparkling blue eyes on us. The difference in his whole appearance between the first and second parts of our conference was notable. For me it clear that he been taking some form of stimulant.

These frequent escapes from reality didn't help Göring's official duties. Soon the precondition for holding a senior post was not so much one's qualifications as one's entertainment value. He swept aside criticisms of one of his closest colleagues, Bruno Loerzer, **whom Göring himself described as his laziest general, with the remark: 'I need someone I can drink a bottle of red wine with in the evening.'** Similar considerations may also have played a part in the appointment of Ernst Udet as so-called 'Generalluftzeugmeister', or General Master of Aircraft, one of the most influential positions in the Third Reich. **Admittedly, after the Frenchman René Fonck, Udet was very popular as the most surviving fighter pilot of any nation in the First World War.** But this exceptionally gifted flyer and *bon viveur*, who enjoyed his cameo appearances in Leni Riefenstahl films, **struggled with his desk**

job at the top level of the leadership. Göring couldn't care less, however, and his treatment of Udet was a particularly impressive example of how capriciously he ran his ministry, where the concept of administrative supervision was unheard of...At his opening speech at the ministry Udet admitted, his face cloudy and terribly hung-over, that it would be unwise to expect him to perform many administrative duties. The only problem was that he was now in charge of up to twenty-four different offices, which were soon in a state of indescribable chaos. **Udet, who was known to serve cognac at meetings throughout the day, and to take methamphetamine in enormous quantities to balance the effects of the alcohol**, was notorious for extraordinary mismanagement even with the inefficient Reich aviation ministry

Ardennes 1944
Hitler's Last Gamble

By Anthony Beevor (Penguin) 2015

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Patton, instead of halting his army until the supply situation improved, had secretly stolen a march in his advance towards the Saar. 'In order to attack,' Patton explained in his diary, 'we first have to pretend to reconnoiter and then reinforce the reconnaissance and then finally attack. It is a very sad method of making war.' Patton was shameless in getting his own way. Bomber pilots did not grumble when switched to a fuel run, because sometimes when they delivered supplies to Third Army divisions, a case of champagne would be brought to the pilot 'with the compliments of General Patton'. Patton could afford to be generous. **He had somehow 'liberated' 50,000 cases.**

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The more prosperous classes increasingly **feared the tens of thousands of foreign workers** in and around the city. Some were volunteers, but most had been brought to Germany as forced labourers. The authorities were losing control of them. Barracks were often burned down, leaving the foreigners homeless. **German shopkeepers would claim that gangs of them had broken in to their establishments and stolen supplies, when in fact they themselves had sold the missing items on the black market.** Alongside food, cigarettes were the most sought-after commodity. In Berlin, according to one captured officer, a single English cigarette sold for 5 Reichsmarks, while a Camel went for twice as much. Real coffee was out of almost everyone's reach at 600 Reichsmarks a kilo. **According to one officer, most of the black market in coffee was organized by the SS in Holland.**

Coffee, because of its rarity, was the conspicuous consumption of choice for the Nazi hierarchy. A horrifying and bizarre conversation between two captured Kriegsmarine admirals was secretly recorded in their camp in England in 1945. Konteradmiral Engel told Vizeadmiral Utke about fellow admirals entertained by Arthur Greiser, the notorious Gauleiter of the Wartheland, who was later hanged by the Poles.

"Greiser boasted: "Do you know that the coffee you're drinking now, cost me 32,000 Jewish women?"

'Where did they go?' Vizeadmiral Utke asked.

"Into the incinerators probably," Greiser said to us at the time. "Let's hope we all get as easy a death as they had." That was first thing he said. **All the admirals sat**

around laughing themselves sick and thinking of the human suffering behind the coffee they were drinking.

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

By Jonathan Fenby [Simon & Schuster] 2015

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France's recovery from defeat and German occupation was remarkably swift. The first half-billion francs of reparations were paid only a month after the suppression of the Commune. The rest followed by 1873 and the Germans withdrew. **Three years after Sedan, the army paraded in all its pomp at Longchamp racecourse.** After the damage done during the suppression of the Commune, the Hôtel de Ville was rebuilt medieval style, the 2,156-seat Garnier opéra house was finished, Napoléon was put back on the top of his column, and the Tuileries was sold off for property development.

The loss of Alsace-Lorraine was ventilated by politicians as a constant cause for national anger and the region was depicted on maps in violet, the color of mourning, but **the decision of 90 percent of the inhabitants to remain under German rule indicated that pragmatism outweighed patriotism.** For most of the French, the lost lands in the east were far away and meant little. More important than revenge were the consolidation and stability that seemed possible after seven régime changes in less than a hundred years.

Colonialism in Africa and Asia became an important element in national recovery, justified by the claim to be spreading the virtues of French civilization and Christianity. Ferry called such expansion 'a right for the superior races, because they have...duty to civilize the inferior races.' Missionary

zeal and the spreading of French culture were certainly important and affected some younger army officers who went to serve in faraway lands. But economics was always a driving force and there was not much civilization evident in the way **French manufacturers saw the colonies as captive markets, or in how native workers were treated in rubber and rice plantations of Vietnam or in the development of farms in North Africa, where settlers held 1.6 million hectares by 1890** and used loans from **Paris banks to fund exports of wine, grain, fruit and olive oil across the Mediterranean.**

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The French empire was enlarged from Senegal and the Ivory Coast to take in Chad, French Congo, Dahomey, Gabon, French Guinea, Madagascar, Mauritania, Mauritius, Niger, French Sudan and Upper Volta, plus lands in Central Africa, Nigeria and Gambia. Islands in the Indian Ocean and the South Pacific were added, including New Caledonia and French Polynesia. French citizenship was granted in Guadeloupe, Martinique, Guyanne and Reunion and parts of Senegal together with **the right to elect representatives to the French Chamber of Deputies, most of whom were *white settlers*. Elsewhere, there was *strict separation* between indigenous people and the population of European extraction.**

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At the end of 1858, the emperor took a carriage ride in the Vosges Mountains with Count Camillo Benso di Cavour, prime minister of the Kingdom of Sardinia, as the region of Piedmont was known. Cavour was in France secretly on a false passport. **Driving through the woods, they agreed to provoke a war in Italy in which Austria would appear the aggressor.** France would intervene, and, after victory, Italy would be split into three kingdoms and the Turin-based régime represented by Cavour holding the upper hand. France would get Nice and Savoy.

Far from uniting Italy, the emperor aimed to keep it divided, with France as the dominant power.

Napoléon did not inform his government, but Cavour was spotted and news leaked out, causing the French ruler to delay. He sent his cousin [Prince Napoléon] to Russia to get the Tsar to agree not to support Austria in the event of a war in return for support from Paris for the revision of the Black Sea clauses of the treaty ending the Crimean war. He then planted an anonymous article in the official newspaper denouncing Austrian rule in Italy while saying publically that we wished to avoid military conflict and proposing his favourite device of a European congress on the issue. Vienna turned this down and invaded the North Italian kingdom. **France went to war, the emperor taking personal field command....French army won victories... to the surprise of the Piedmontese, Napoléon then called off the war** and engaged in negotiations with the Austrians...Napoléon's success vitiated, however, when he tripped himself up in attempting a double game on the papal lands...

...Though France got Savoy and Nice in June 1860, Garibaldi outflanked him with his campaign to liberate the south of the country. When Italy voted overwhelmingly for national union, Napoléon decided he had done enough meddling in its affairs and withdrew.

...Nor was he able to do anything about Poland...



Charlotte Corday, under the Second Empire

Marat was seen as a revolutionary monster and Corday as a heroine of France, 1860

Ardennes 1944 Hitler's Last Gamble

By Anthony Beevor (Penguin) 2015

Pg. 74-75 World War II Trading terror of war for Alsatian *terroir*?

The **liberation** of Strasbourg by General Leclerc's 2nd Armoured Division produced great joy in France, and for Leclerc it was the culmination of his promise at Koufra, in North Africa, that the *tricolore* would again fly from the Cathedral. **For them the liberation of Strasbourg and Alsace, taken by the Germans in 1871 and 1940, represented the final objective in France.** Leclerc was admired and

liked by senior American officers. The same could not be said of the mercurial and flamboyant General de Lattre de Tassigny, who believed it was his duty to keep complaining about the failure to supply enough uniforms and weaponry to his forces in the First French Army on the extreme southern flank. To be fair to him, he faced immense problems, integrating some 137,000 untrained and unruly members of the French Resistance into his army. **De Gaulle wanted to start withdrawing colonial forces to make the First Army appear more ethnically French, and the North African and Senegalese colonial troops had suffered terribly in the cold of the Vosges mountains.** In heavy snow, Lattre's First Army had finally broken through at Belfort Gap to the Rhine just above the Swiss Frontier.

End

With the chronic crisis of an industrial scale war and occupied by retreating German forces, especially as a global colonial power, the polluted concept of de Gaulle and men of his *métier* about fronting the army as being more ethnically French was not only reprehensibly delusional but patently morally abysmal. Perhaps, some courtesans with their own craggy personal shortcomings, as we can see, would not stoop that low and put their concerns about much more prescient matters such as vengeance and defeating an incarnated nightmare of a wicked régime. Notice that at least the courtesans were *frankly*- no pun intended- hardly deceptive in flagrantly corrupt conduct and exalted at flaunting social conventions, so much so, that they may have indelibly made their marks for women later to become increasingly independent on many strata; they even influenced fashion, in a sense, to what we see today. Perhaps, one may suppose, the healthy idea of the women's suffrage movement, could have somehow had a seed germinated by the characters of these iconic women. The courtesans were rebels in their own right! Sex was merely a tool in the workshops they possessed which they turned on just as a spinning butcher's saw to cut down their groveling lovers to digestible size. One has to admire the sheer audacity, skill and tact on preying on the weaknesses of

primitive human nature in such predatory delight for flagrant undiminished profiteering. It may not have looked bloody but ultimately it proved to be a wet business, ah um, of sorts. Consider that courtesans were often like surgeons, quick with dispatching a scalpel and probes, who deftly controlled the operating theatres with both their public and private antics; they could cut to the core as they relished and languidly tasted the approaching moments of finally hastening their victims to the streets in succinct coup de grâces from their hôtels. One should ponder that one must have a natural killing instinct to go for the jugular at will as only the true few do. You either become a legend, go to prison or be exiled, or maybe both, if less than lucky if born with this peculiar inclination.

I venture to say that the current woman of today who believes she may have some power over men when playing games of the heart hopefully has some reliable beauty at her disposal in her quiver - as plenty in our age of slothful obesity largely by over consumption don't- plus a modest dash or two of spiced wit much as cinnamon and nutmeg placed in the corner of the cupboard close at hand; in retrospect, now she may contemplate what flavorless hardtack for the sailor's taking she may be in comparison to the hot buttered flaky croissants of the courtesans from the Old School. These coquettes, moreover, allowed women of various milieus in the carnival of survival to envision themselves in charge of their lives in control of men of means. Think how *liberating* that must have been: what a game changer! Women- white women specifically- did not have the freedoms they take for granted presently. It took the clattering boxy Ford Model T to pave the way eventually for the appealing nearly silent Tesla. Their lovers, if not just wealthy but also worldly, knew that the price was steep to be paid handsomely and the frequency of fees to play in the game was often. And they got away with it in grand style!

Cora Pearl, was essentially an exhibitionist yet also an equestrian – she was athletic- with an evident prowess on and off the field. The courtesans, it appears, had the most unusual feminine temperamental touch of Spanish matadors (so often

wrongly portrayed as brutal and purely masculine) that sagely measures, cajoles and toys with their magnificent victims, ultimately baiting for the crystalline magical moment to ripen and run at the bull's horns initially in soft delicate short fleeting steps that transform soon into striding unbridled direct gallops and, with a lofty hoist seemingly divinely rendered as not to spoil the display of accounts now being reckoned just as Nero- he with his obsequious imperial entourage in view clamps down determinedly on the Hesperian crisp apple with his wolfish canines to the devil fruit's core- the courtesans would gracefully lunge themselves *in their art*- so much as Olympic divers with extemporaneous limbs tightly and neatly choreographed for proper entry - fly at unrivaled lengths over the swaying sharpened horns to finally dispatch the Toledo-tempered swords through the exposed rawhides deeply into the adrenaline surging hearts. The second after the tip's imposing arrival splits flesh between the ribs, it always drops the tongue-heavy slobbering beasts into the hot sands, as the courtesans or conquerors - as the reader may wish to call it as the noun of choice as it is only merely semantics now- watch the thunderstruck prey at first shudder, then buckle to their clumsy knees under their own weights while their perplexed big eyes under the sunny Spanish skies gaze with bovine heads on even par, no longer at the evocative sultry faces of their grave foolish desire, but now lowly at their magnificent comely knees: she, *le artiste*, finally achieving an honest orgasmic ecstasy as the last card of pretense of their joint pleasure, she and he, no longer needs to be deceitfully played as the royal flush has been selfishly and callously thrown down. This rupture was all to the adulating screams, hollerings and wails of an amused admiring public euphorically begging to see the cutting spectacle done, if only one more time, if only slow motion were possible as the prey lays prostrate surrendering to fate.

Begging to compare their favorites, the crowd would erupt into frenetic chants and artful demonstrations: who drops the best sword when the chips are down; which courtesan spins and thrusts the longest dagger so deftly; which one simply cuts the cleanest; who is the coldest pound for pound, kilogram to kilogram

heartbreaker and stone-cold family wrecker; who has the merely maimed dropped back to their wives' marbled doorsteps to serve perpetual bondage on their knees as a lasting painful penance for indulgent guilt; who pulls and twists the entrails the proudest for public inspection and digestion; who blackmails the high and mighty the best to the very last coin to drop; who castrates former amours with slashing wit in front of their rivals and friends if they are dare to be seen at the same royal balls; and, of course not to be dismayed, who cuts the bull's once proud flagellating fly tails and presses the dripping stench-laden souvenirs against the foreheads and cheeks of ebullient admirers with mystical hellish glee, striking away once and for all the festering inner pusses and bubbling sulfuric guilts of bestial boudoir sins with their absolutions; the bull's blood cleansing away the soul-strangling moral consciousness of the willfully damned. This macabre act could only be done from those free from the constricting simpleton Zoroaster balances of Libra weighing right and wrong when neither in their minds hardly, a or b exist, when playing the zero sum game of digging for diamonds with spades at posh city salons or verdant country clubs to run over men and attack hearts. Amateurs play right and wrong; professionals excel at kill or be killed. It pays to be a psychopath of sorts, to believe that as long as you get yours and if anyone else gets run over, then it's their problem. Don't hate the player, hate the game! The round applause and bouquets of roses strewn, for those in the know from the cruel crowd, may have been for the bulls too as they survived in the arena with such brazen trained killers for as long as they did. They could have had their throats slashed in the first minute without the pretense of any love or courtship. Once the accounts were drained, the diamonds and gems dispensed, then they were put on the butcher's block. They never honestly stood a chance!

Back at the estate, France was already occupied so I don't quite get the notion about de Gaulle working with saving face with race after a nation already disgraced. The Rossignol, pathetically, already got roasted again by Hitler's armies in relative swift process before the colossal collapse. The devastatingly agile German Sixth Army was soon triumphantly marching in lockstep under the Champs-Élysées to the

Arc de Triomphe. It took, if there is poetic justice, the Russian armies at Stalingrad to dispatch the tattered remnants of this proud and arrogant army to the wilds of winter Siberian camps with hardly a hope of repatriation. They too met their just winter Waterloo.

The issue of race is an indelible disgrace that anyone of French heritage and the flocks of pandering Francophiles need to reflect upon and to confront; no longer pretend otherwise that is all is fine, just as their best wine. Fortunately, the famous contemporary historians we observe, can now be far more candid about the machinations about leaders and their priorities: British, French or American. The current stream of books would not have been published of previous generations. **Once again, we see whites, worrying about race even under the most extreme circumstances.** For anyone even remotely rational, this should be not only disturbing but boggle the senses. The dark matter of race has been omnipresent even from the nation that birthed the Enlightenment. If France has and does suffer from severe double standards- Napoléon even advocating for the retention of African slavery in the Caribbean colonies to keep sugar and coffee flowing, economics trumping liberty- then why not much of the rest of the world follow its impoverished example?

For those tender souls, conspicuously so enamored by French wines of note and proliferate benefits blossomed of Gallic culture which are enormous to their credit without qualification, I also advocate them to be strong and steadfast as well to measure both the bitter with the sweet and stop cherry-picking what they *prefer* to know but to honestly discover the totality of actual truths and sacrifices made by men and women of color for France, which like the United States and throughout the Americas unfortunately, often have gone unheralded. **It's been engineered that way, as agendas have been actively made to disparage and suppress contributions by those of color. France needs to be taken in context of its entirety, not just what one wishes to like and deny what is not expedient.** Next

time those of privilege slurp and roll tongues about how wonderful French wines are, with too many foolishly putting on airs of pompous superiority at will as though these annoying contrivances make the wine taste all the better, step back a moment with the solemn sober courage to give a quiet thought, if not toast to be bold, **to those long forgotten souls- African, Arab and Asian in their millions** - who also fought gallantly and sacrificed for *La Patrie* so we can all taste tangibly the delusion that it is all purely French in nature. It is not! If you dug under some rocks, you may find some bones that would say otherwise. The oenophile fawns for Saint-Estèphe and Volnay as regal vin d'honneur but upon closer inspection, it's nearly always the vin de pays that foots the bill with little or no credit. A steep price was paid in the past for that conspicuous pleasure presently which goes beyond mere infatuation and wanton purchasing of jewels for witty manipulative women of the demi-monde, politely known as high-class harlots, flatly pink champagne grand cru whores in some circles- but, what is circumspect of argument is that they must have been of the rarest and finest cuts at the peaks of their primes which is why they achieved legendary status, even sprinkled with just parsley some evening, or some other devilishly inspired accoutrement to be left to imagination, then again sometimes not after all. **Perhaps Charles de Gaulle and other French generals should have learned a lesson or two from the courtesans of their collective past about setting proper priorities when going for the kill.**

Now pour and pour fully and don't spill a drop. Lick your lips and be grateful for the glass, as well as the past that was more than paid for in full for those devoted to France and France, ironically, not devoted to their contributions to save *La Patrie*. **I know many - even as Asian wine importers- refuse and run for shelter from these distasteful inconvenient truths. Ironically, many importers so beholden to French wines never, in my humble estimation, have demonstrably taken the next bold step and given any serious thought into contributions by other Asians, Arabs and certainly we of the African diaspora for France. After many years of wine sales, I have not ever heard a conversation nor read any wine**

publication in Asia, nor in North America, that has addressed the issue. Just by mentioning this topic, many in Asia—and we know the kind- will likely be the first to protect the legacy of the French and Europeans to try to deny or somehow defend their interests to remain in their good graces. Why exactly, is beyond my own limited comprehension. **The French played the same exploitative policies upon other cultures in other time zones and used global populations in their dire times of need.** In contrast, the descendants of color and immigration to France from predominately former colonies are vilified and unwanted. To touch the topic, I know, far too many feel is troublesome and should not be addressed but muffled. In fact, my tact would be to expose and educate the wine trade and public what has been done for France from those of us of color. It could only add more complexity to the menagerie of selections. **Raising the issue, I believe, adds to the majesty of French wines for us all to enjoy because we all taste and see we have skin in the game; color in France, far beyond any red wine, has always been important from colonial inception.**

Many in Asia are drawn to the silky fine pedigrees of Bordeaux and Burgundy with cloudy heart-warming fantasies of a medieval white France; they willingly, just as most whites conveniently too, refuse to contemplate the nation's multi-racial coarse and cold reality. France conjures images of châteaux when the truth for a vast majority probably has all the charm of city sidewalks and commercial grade freezers- not *fin de siècle* limestone cellars and spring gardens of generous distinction. Importers yearn for the France of the Impressionists with Debussy, Satie and Ravel lingering steadily in the background. That France gives comfort yet, that slice of France, is not the whole baguette for digestion. Who has fought, been enslaved and dearly exploited for France's benefit? By closing our eyes and ears to bitter truths, that is convenient for what many in France would prefer us to do: stay micro on the wine for sales, don't go macro on the debt of history. **The historical evidence clearly illustrates that the issue of race and France, like most any European power and nations of the Americas, is disreputably**

coupled. It's easier to buy into the delusion and pretend it's all white and color had nothing to do with the wine; however, the micro-element is enveloped by the macro-cloud. **The more we are aware about France's rather recent painful history, then the less delusions we can have about their regions and wines presently. We cannot dare have French wines without consideration of an honest reckoning of France's modern history.** Wine connoisseurs are quick to queue to esteem French pedigrees but are woefully selectively blind and deaf to continue to be ignorantly lost on France's past which is, on whole, the reverse of the aim to be achieved: it's conduct unrefined, uncultured and ultimately cowardly. It's high time for those in the wine trade to resist being sophomoric and demonstrate some maturity. If anyone is importing wines from Bordeaux and Burgundy, they should give consideration as well for the thousands of black deaths for France, and not from the medieval Black Plague. Much of the allure of France are the wines' pedigrees and tangible tastes of culture; however, I encourage all to have the audacity to reflect upon this topic honestly regardless of geography, race or ethnic identities. Biases and inclinations need to take a back seat to knowing what should be openly told. **Truths are bigger than wine we observe.** The Bordeaux bottles and crystal stemware are much easier and inviting to put fingers around than prickly historical facts. Enjoy the wine and demonstrate some intellectual curiosity to know the histories and social constructs as well. It will allow us fresh air to appreciate the wines from France with even more integrity and certainly humility. We need to put an end to the fear of keeping windows shuttered and doors barred to welcome bright light inside to put hands on the hard truths.

If this topic makes any persons or enterprises marginally uncomfortable that is a good thing for igniting further thought and discussions; raising awareness throughout the wine trade's spectrum. This is the opportunity to revisit France without propaganda and gain a deeper involved insight. -DE

Huguenots

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Huguenots>

The term has its origin in France. **Huguenots were French Protestants mainly from northern France**, who were inspired by the writings of theologians in the early 1500s, and who endorsed the Reformed tradition of Protestantism, contrary to the largely German Lutheran population of Alsace, Moselle, and Montbéliard.

Huguenot rebellions in the 1620s prompted the abolishment of their political and military privileges. They retained religious provisions of the Edict of Nantes until the rule of Louis XIV. Louis XIV gradually increased persecution of them until he issued the Edict of Fontainebleau (1685), ending any legal recognition of Protestantism in France and forcing the Huguenots to convert or flee in a wave of violent dragonnades. Louis XIV claimed the French Huguenot population of 800,000 to 900,000 individuals was reduced to 1,000 or 1,500 individuals; a huge overestimate, although dragonnades were certainly the most devastating event for the minority. Nevertheless, a tiny minority of Huguenots remained and faced continued persecution under Louis XV. By the death of Louis XV in 1774, French Calvinism was almost completely wiped out. Persecution of Protestants officially ended with the Edict of Versailles (Edict of Tolerance), signed by Louis XVI in 1787. Two years later, **with the Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen of 1789, Protestants gained equal rights as citizens.**

The bulk of Huguenot émigrés relocated to Protestant states such as England, Wales, Scotland, Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland, the Dutch Republic, the Electorate of Brandenburg and Electorate of the Palatinate in the Holy Roman Empire, the Duchy of Prussia, the Channel Islands, as well as majority Catholic but Protestant-controlled Ireland. They also spread to the Dutch Cape Colony in South Africa, the Dutch East Indies, the Caribbean, New Netherland, and several of the English

colonies in North America. Small contingents of families went to Orthodox Russia and Catholic Quebec.

Note: Many Swiss watch makers were Huguenots that fled France.

The quality of their timepieces were exported to royal courts in Asia where they were admired for the incomparable accuracy compared to native built clocks which suffered mightily in mechanics. It was a revelation that clocks of different sizes fitting in the same room could keep *the same* accurate time. Nothing in Asia compared. With their mechanical genius, the expertise was exported where they emigrated.

Chevalier de Saint-Georges

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Chevalier_de_Saint-Georges



Joseph Bologne, Chevalier de Saint-Georges (December 25, 1745 – June 10, 1799) was a champion fencer, virtuoso violinist, and conductor of the leading **symphony orchestra in Paris**. Born in Guadeloupe, he was the son of George Bologne de Saint-Georges, a wealthy planter, and Nanon, his African slave. **During the French Revolution, Saint-Georges was colonel of the Légion St.-Georges, the first all-black regiment in Europe, fighting on the side of the Republic.** Today the Chevalier de Saint-Georges is best remembered as the first classical composer of African ancestry.

Born in Baillif, Basse-Terre, he was the son of George Bologne de Saint-Georges, a wealthy planter on the island of Guadeloupe, and Nanon, his African slave. His father, called "de Saint-Georges" after one of his plantations in Guadeloupe, was a commoner until 1757, when he acquired the title of *Gentilhomme ordinaire de la chambre du roi* (Gentleman of the king's chamber)

In 1753, his father took Joseph, aged seven, to France for his education. Two years later, on August 26, 1755, listed as passengers on the ship *L'Aimable Rose*, Bologne de Saint-Georges and *Negresse* Nanon landed in Bordeaux. In Paris, reunited with their son Joseph, they moved into a spacious apartment at 49 rue Saint André de Arts....

In 1769, the Parisian public was amazed to see Saint-Georges, the great fencer, among the violins of Gossec's new orchestra, *Le Concert des Amateurs*. Two years later he became its concertmaster, and in 1772 he created a sensation with his debut as a soloist, playing his first two violin concertos, Op. II, with Gossec conducting the orchestra. "These concertos were performed last winter at a concert of the *Amateurs* by the author himself, who received great applause as much for their performance as for their composition." According to another source, **"The celebrated Saint-Georges, mulatto fencer [and] violinist, created a sensation in Paris ... [when] two years later ... at the *Concert Spirituel*, he was appreciated**

not as much for his compositions as for his performances, enrapturing especially the feminine members of his audience."

In 1773, when Gossec took over the direction of the prestigious but troubled *Concert Spirituel*, he designated Saint-Georges as his successor as director of the *Concert des Amateurs*. Less than two years under his direction, **"Performing with great precision and delicate nuances [*the Amateurs*] became the best orchestra for symphonies in Paris, and perhaps in all of Europe."** As the Queen attended some of Saint-Georges' concerts at the *Palais de Soubise*, arriving sometimes without notice, the orchestra wore court attire for all its performances. "

In 1776 the *Académie royale de musique*, the (Paris Opéra), was once again in dire straits. Saint Georges was proposed as the next director of the opéra. As creator of the first disciplined French orchestra since Lully, he was the obvious choice to rescue the prestige of that troubled institution. However, alarmed by his reputation as a taskmaster, three of its leading ladies "... presented a *placet* (petition) to the Queen [Marie Antoinette] assuring her Majesty that **their honor and delicate conscience could never allow them to submit to the orders of a mulatto.**" To keep the affair from embarrassing the queen, Saint-Georges promptly withdrew his name from the proposal. Meanwhile, to defuse the brewing scandal, Louis XVI took the *Opéra* back from the city of Paris - ceded to it by Louis XIV a century ago - to be managed by his Intendant of Light Entertainments. Following the "affair," Marie-Antoinette preferred to hold her musicales in the salon of her *petit appartement de la reine* in Versailles. The audience was limited to her intimate circle and only a few musicians, among them the Chevalier de Saint-Georges. "Invited to play music with the queen," Saint-Georges probably played his violin sonatas, with her Majesty playing the forte-piano.

Légion St.-Georges

On September 7, 1792, Julien Raimond, leader of a delegation of free men of color from Saint-Domingue (Haiti), petitioned the National Assembly to authorize the formation of a Legion of volunteers, so “We too may spill our blood for the defense of the motherland.” **The next day, the Assembly authorized the formation of a cavalry brigade of "men of color", to be called *Légion nationale des Américains & du midi*, and appointed Citizen St. Georges colonel of the new regiment. St. Georges’ Légion, the first all colored regiment in Europe, “grew rapidly as volunteers [attracted by his name] flocked to it from all over France.”**

Among its officers was Thomas Alexandre Dumas, the novelist’s father, one of St. Georges’s two lieutenant colonels. Colonel St. Georges found it difficult to obtain the funds allocated to his unit towards equipment and horses badly needed by his regiment. With a number of green recruits still on foot, it took his Legion three days to reach its training camp in Laon. In February, when Pache, the minister of war, ordered St. Georges to take his regiment to Lille and hence to the front, he protested that, “Short of horses, equipment and officers, I cannot lead my men to be slaughtered ...without a chance to teach them to tell their left from their right.”

That May, Citizen Maillard denounced St. Georges’ Legion to the Committee of Public Safety, for enrolling individuals suspected of royalist sentiments; **he did not mention their being “men of color.”** Meanwhile Commissaire Dufrenne, one of Pache’s henchmen, accused St. Georges as: “A man to watch; riddled by debts he had been paid I think 300,000 livres to equip his regiment; he used most of it I am convinced to pay his debts; with a penchant for luxury he keeps, they say, 30 horses in his stables, some of them worth 3000 livres; what horror...” Though Dufrenne’s accusations were based on mere hearsay, Saint Georges was called to Paris where, promptly established by the Committee of Public Safety that Pache never sent his regiment any funds, St. Georges was cleared of all charges and re-confirmed as Colonel of his Legion.

...Meanwhile the legion's colonel had other grievances. **On his return to Lille to rejoin his regiment on its way to the front, he found most of his black troopers and some of his officers gone.** It must have been a bitter moment when he realized that without them his legion had lost its *raison d'être*. Moreover, War Minister Pache, instead of sending him supplies and officers, decreed leaving for the front, the *Légion St. Georges* would be renamed *le 13e regiment de chasseurs à cheval*, and attached to the army of Belgium. Some of its men of color were ordered to embark for the West Indies "to defend our possessions in America." Only the Legion's first company, still called *l'Américaine*, retained some of Saint Georges' original staff: Lieutenant Colonels Champreux and Dumas, and Captains Duhamel and Colin, along with seventy three of his old troopers. With Lille virtually on the front lines, while patrolling in enemy territory, "Citizen Saint-Georges, was seen by some of his comrades standing up to the enemy with only fifty of his *chasseurs* and taking command of a passing column, on his own volition, purely for the pleasure of serving the Republic."

Saint-Domingue (present day named Haiti)

In Saint-Domingue, the news from abroad that the "whites of La France had risen up and killed their masters," spread among the black slaves of the island. "The rebellion was extremely violent...the rich plain of the North was reduced to ruins and ashes..." **After months of arson and murder, Toussaint Louverture, a black military genius, took charge of the slave revolt.** In the Spring of 1796, a commission with 15,000 troops and tons of arms sailed for Saint-Domingue to abolish slavery. Second to Léger-Félicité Sonthonax, leader of the commission, was Julien Raimond, the founder of Saint-Georges' Légion.

..In the late spring of 1799, there came bad news from Saint-Domingue: Generals Hédouville and Roume, the *Directoire's* emissaries, reverting to the discredited

policy of stirring up trouble between blacks and mulattoes, succeeded in starting a war between pro-French André Rigaud's mulattoes, and separatist Toussaint Louverture's blacks. It was so savage that it became known as the "War of the Knives." Hearing of it affected St. Georges, already suffering from a painful condition which he refused to acknowledge. Two of his contemporary obituaries reveal the course of his illness and death....

Quincy Jones

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Quincy_Jones

Quincy Delight Jones Jr. (born March 14, 1933), also known as "**Q**", is an American record producer, actor, conductor, arranger, composer, musician, television producer, film producer, instrumentalist, magazine founder, entertainment company executive, and humanitarian. **His career spans six decades in the entertainment industry, a record 79 Grammy Award nominations, and 28 Grammys, including a Grammy Legend Award in 1991.**

Raised in Seattle, Washington, Jones developed interest in music at an early age, and attended the Berklee College of Music. He came to prominence in the 1950s as a jazz arranger and conductor, before moving on to work prolifically in pop music and film scores. In 1968, Jones and his songwriting partner, Bob Russell, became the first African Americans to be nominated for an Academy Award for Best Original Song, for "The Eyes of Love" from the Universal Pictures film *Banning*. That same year, Jones was the first African American to be nominated twice in the same year, as he was also nominated for his work on the 1967 film *In Cold Blood* for an Academy Award for Best Original Score. In 1971, Jones was the first African American to be the musical director and conductor of the Academy Awards ceremony. In 1995, he was the first African American to receive the Academy's Jean Hersholt Humanitarian Award. He is tied with sound designer Willie D. Burton as the second most Oscar-

nominated African American; each has seven nominations (Denzel Washington has nine nominations).

Jones was the producer, with Michael Jackson, of Jackson's albums *Off the Wall* (1979), *Thriller* (1982), and *Bad* (1987), as well as the producer and conductor of the 1985 charity song "We Are the World", which raised funds for victims of destitution in Ethiopia.

In 2013, Jones was inducted into the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame as the winner, alongside Lou Adler, of the Ahmet Ertegun Award. Jones was also named by *Time Magazine* as one of the most influential jazz musicians of the 20th century.

At the age of 19, Jones traveled with jazz bandleader Lionel Hampton to Europe—and he has said that **his European tour with Hampton turned him upside down, altering his view of racism in the US.**

'It gave you some sense of perspective of past, present and future. It took the myopic conflict between just black and white in the United States and put it on another level because you saw the turmoil between the Armenians and the Turks, and the Cypriots and the Greeks, and the Swedes and the Danes, and the Koreans and the Japanese. Everybody had these hassles, and you saw it was a basic part of human nature, these conflicts. It opened my soul, it opened my mind.'

Genealogy

With the help of the author Alex Haley in 1972 and Mormon researchers in Salt Lake City, Jones discovered that his mother's ancestors included James Lanier, a relative of Sidney Lanier, the poet. Jones said in an interview, **"He had a baby with my great-grandmother [a slave], and my grandmother was born there [on a plantation in Kentucky]. We traced this all the way back to the Laniers, same family as Tennessee Williams."** *Learning that the Lanier immigrant ancestors*

were French Huguenot refugees, who had court musicians among their ancestors, Jones attributed some of his musicianship to them. In a 2009 BBC interview, Jones said Haley also helped him learn that his father was of part Welsh ancestry.

For the 2006 PBS television program *African American Lives*, Jones had his DNA tested, and genealogists researched his family history again. **His DNA revealed he is mostly African but is also 34% European in ancestry, on both sides of his family.** Research showed that he has Welsh, English, French, and Italian ancestry, with European ancestry in his direct patrilineal line (Y DNA). Through his direct matrilineal line (mt DNA), he is of West African/Central African ancestry of Tikar descent, a people centered in present-day Cameroon. He also has European matrilinear ancestry, such as Lanier male ancestors who fought for the Confederacy, making him eligible for Sons of Confederate Veterans. **Among his ancestors is Betty Washington Lewis, the sister of president George Washington.** Jones is also a direct descendant of Edward I of England; Edward's ancestors included Rurik, Polish, Swiss, and French nobility.

In 1994, rapper Tupac Shakur criticized Jones for having relationships with white women, prompting Jones's daughter Rashida to pen a scathing open letter in response, published in *The Source*. Rashida's sister Kidada developed a romantic relationship with Shakur and had been living with the rapper for four months at the time of his death.

Jones has stated he dated Ivanka Trump, despite expressing disdain for her father.

In Conversation: Quincy Jones - Truncated -

<http://www.vulture.com/2018/02/quincy-jones-in-conversation.html>

The music legend on the secret Michael Jackson, his relationship with the Trumps, and the problem with modern pop.

February 7, 2018 8:00 am

By David Marchese

- Truncated -

In both music and manner, Quincy Jones has always registered — from afar, anyway — as smooth, sophisticated, and impeccably well-connected. (That’s what earning 28 Grammy awards and co-producing Michael Jackson’s biggest-selling albums will do.) But in person, the 84-year-old music-industry *macher* is far spikier and more complicated. **“All I’ve ever done is tell the truth,” says Jones, seated on a couch in his palatial Bel Air home, and about to dish some outrageous gossip. “I’ve got nothing to be scared of, man.”**

Currently in the midst of an extended victory lap ahead of his turning 85 in March — a Netflix documentary and a CBS special hosted by Oprah Winfrey are on the horizon — Jones, dressed in a loose sweater, dark slacks, and a jaunty scarf, talks like he has nothing to lose. He name-drops, he scolds, he praises, and he tells (and retells) stories about his very famous friends. Even when his words are harsh, he says them with an enveloping charm, frequently leaning over for fist bumps and to tap me on the knee. “The experiences I’ve had!” he says, shaking his head in wonder. “You almost can’t believe it.”

If you could snap your fingers and fix one problem in the country, what would it be?

Racism. I’ve been watching it a long time — the ’30s to now. We’ve come a long way but we’ve got a long way to go. The South has always been fucked up, but you know

where you stand. The racism in the North is disguised. You never know where you stand. That's why what's happening now is good, because people are saying they are racists who didn't used to say it. Now we *know*.

What's stirred everything up? Is it all about Trumpism?

It's Trump and uneducated rednecks. Trump is just telling them what they want to hear. I used to hang out with him. He's a crazy motherfucker. Limited mentally — a megalomaniac, narcissistic. I can't stand him. I used to date Ivanka, you know.

Wait, really?

Yes, sir. Twelve years ago. Tommy Hilfiger, who was working with my daughter Kidada, said, "Ivanka wants to have dinner with you." I said, "No problem. She's a fine motherfucker." She had the most beautiful legs I ever saw in my life. Wrong father, though.

Is Hollywood as bad with race as the rest of the country? I know that when you started scoring films, you'd hear producers say things like they didn't want a "bluesy" score, which was clearly code-speak. Are you still encountering that kind of racism?

It's still fucked up. 1964, when I was in Vegas, there were places I wasn't supposed to go because I was black, but Frank [Sinatra] fixed that for me. It takes individual efforts like that to change things. It takes white people to say to other white people, "Do you really want to live as a racist? Is that really what you believe?" But every place is different. When I go to Dublin, Bono makes me stay at his castle because Ireland is so racist. Bono's my brother, man. He named his son after me.

What's something you've worked on that should've been bigger?

What the fuck are you talking about? I've never had that problem. They were all big.

How about a musician who deserved more acclaim?

Come on, man. The Brothers Johnson. James Ingram. Tevin Campbell. Every one of them went straight through the roof.

From a strictly musical perspective, what have you done that you're most proud of?

That anything I can feel, I can notate musically. Not many people can do that. I can make a band play like a singer sings. That's what arranging is, and it's a great gift. I wouldn't trade it for shit.

You hang out in these elite social circles and doing good has always been important to you, but are you seeing as much concern for the poor as you'd like from the ultrarich?

No. The rich aren't doing enough. They don't fucking care. I came from the street, and I care about these kids who don't have enough because I feel I'm one of 'em. These other people don't know what it feels like to be poor, so they don't care.

Are we in a better place as a country than we were when you started doing humanitarian work 50 years ago?

No. We're the worst we've ever been, but that's why we're seeing people try and fix it. Feminism: Women are saying they're not going to take it anymore. Racism: People are fighting it. God is pushing the bad in our face to make people fight back.

We've obviously been learning more lately about just how corrosive the entertainment industry can be for women. As someone who's worked in that business at the highest levels for so many years, do all the recent revelations come as a surprise?

No, man. Women had to put up with fucked-up shit. Women and brothers — we're both dealing with the glass ceiling.

Tennessee Williams

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tennessee_Williams

Thomas Lanier "Tennessee" Williams III (March 26, 1911 – February 25, 1983) was an American playwright. Along with Eugene O'Neill and Arthur Miller, **he is considered among the three foremost playwrights of 20th-century American drama.**

After years of obscurity, he became suddenly famous with *The Glass Menagerie* (1944), a play that closely reflected his own unhappy family background. This heralded a string of successes, including *A Streetcar Named Desire* (1947), *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* (1955), and *Sweet Bird of Youth* (1959). His later work attempted a new style that did not appeal to audiences, and alcohol and drug dependence further inhibited his creative output. His drama *A Streetcar Named Desire* is often numbered on short lists of the finest American plays of the 20th century alongside Eugene O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey into Night* and Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*.

Much of Williams' most acclaimed work was adapted for the cinema. He also wrote short stories, poetry, essays and a volume of memoirs. In 1979, four years before his death, Williams was inducted into the American Theater Hall of Fame.

Childhood

Thomas Lanier Williams III was born in Columbus, Mississippi, of English, Welsh, and Huguenot ancestry, the second child of Edwina Dakin (1884–1980) and Cornelius Coffin "C. C." Williams (1879–1957). His father was an alcoholic traveling shoe salesman who spent much of his time away from home. **His mother, Edwina, was the daughter of Rose O. Dakin, a music teacher,** and the Reverend Walter Dakin, an Episcopal priest who was assigned to a parish in Clarksdale, Mississippi, shortly after Williams' birth. Williams' early childhood was spent in the parsonage there...

Alexandre Dumas

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Alexandre_Dumas



Alexandre Dumas; born Dumas Davy de la Pailleterie [dyma davi də la pajətɔki]; 24 July 1802 – 5 December 1870), also known as Alexandre Dumas, *père* ("father"), was

a French writer. **His works have been translated into nearly 100 languages, and he is one of the most widely read French authors.** Many of his historical novels of high adventure were originally published as serials, including *The Count of Monte Cristo*, *The Three Musketeers*, *Twenty Years After*, and *The Vicomte de Bragelonne: Ten Years Later*. **His novels have been adapted since the early twentieth century for nearly 200 films.** Dumas' last novel, *The Knight of Sainte-Hermine*, unfinished at his death, was completed by scholar Claude Schopp and published in 2005. It was published in English in 2008 as *The Last Cavalier*.

Prolific in several genres, Dumas began his career by writing plays, which were successfully produced from the first. He also wrote numerous magazine articles and travel books; his published works totalled 100,000 pages. In the 1840s, Dumas founded the Théâtre Historique in Paris.

His father, General Thomas-Alexandre Davy de la Pailleterie, was born in the French colony of Saint-Domingue (present-day Haiti) to Alexandre Antoine Davy de la Pailleterie, a French nobleman, and Marie-Cessette Dumas, a slave of African descent. At age 14 Thomas-Alexandre was taken by his father to France, where he was educated in a military academy and entered the military for what became an illustrious career.

Thomas-Alexandre had been born in the French colony of Saint-Domingue (now Haiti), the mixed-race, natural son of the marquis Alexandre Antoine Davy de la Pailleterie, a French nobleman and *général commissaire* in the artillery of the colony, and Marie-Cessette Dumas, a slave of Afro-Caribbean ancestry. At the time of Thomas-Alexandre's birth, his father was impoverished. It is not known whether his mother was born in Saint-Domingue or in Africa, nor is it known from which African people her ancestors came.

Though married, in the tradition of Frenchmen of higher social class, Dumas had numerous affairs (allegedly as many as forty). In his lifetime, he was known to have at least four illegitimate or "natural" children; although twentieth-century scholars found that Dumas fathered another three "natural" children. He acknowledged and assisted his son, Alexandre Dumas, to become a successful novelist and playwright. They are known as Alexandre Dumas *père* (father) and Alexandre Dumas *fils* (son). Among his affairs, in 1866, Dumas had one with Adah Isaacs Menken, an American actress then less than half his age and at the height of her career.

Despite Dumas' aristocratic background and personal success, he had to deal with discrimination related to his mixed-race ancestry. In 1843, he wrote a short novel, *Georges*, that addressed some of the issues of race and the effects of colonialism. His response to a man who insulted him about his African ancestry has become famous.

Dumas said:

My father was a mulatto, my grandfather was a Negro, and my great-grandfather a monkey. You see, Sir, my family starts where yours ends.

In 2002, for the bicentennial of Dumas' birth, French President Jacques Chirac had a ceremony honouring the author by having his ashes re-interred at the mausoleum of the Panthéon of Paris, where many French luminaries were buried. The proceedings were televised: the new coffin was draped in a blue velvet cloth and carried on a caisson flanked by four mounted Republican Guards costumed as the four Musketeers. It was transported through Paris to the Panthéon.

In his speech, President Chirac said:

"With you, we were D'Artagnan, Monte Cristo, or Balsamo, riding along the roads of France, touring battlefields, visiting palaces and castles—with you, we dream."

Chirac acknowledged the racism that had existed in France and said that the re-interment in the Pantheon had been a way of correcting that wrong, as Alexandre Dumas was enshrined alongside fellow great authors Victor Hugo and Émile Zola.

Chirac noted that although France has produced many great writers, *none has been so widely read as Dumas*. His novels have been translated into nearly 100 languages. In addition, they have inspired more than 200 motion pictures.

The Courtesans

The demi-monde in 19th century France

By Joanna Richardson (Phoenix Press) 1967, 2000

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In a humble attic room, papered in black and red and hastily furnished, with a single window looking over the Seine, **lived Baudelaire, the art critic, and the translator of Edgar Allan Poe, already writing the poems of *Les Fleurs du mal*.** It was, however, Boissard's rooms, and especially his great salon decorated in the purest Louis XIV style, that have left their mark on literary history; for here the *club des haschichins* held their meetings, **and Baudelaire, Balzac, and Gautier,** the author of *Mademoiselle de Maupin* and *Giselle*, **drifted into their frenetic hashish dreams.** Indeed, it was in Boissard's salon, in the summer of 1843, that Gautier first met Baudelaire.

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...While Gautier celebrated her physical attraction and statuesque beauty, Baudelaire had long worshipped her in secret...And while her abundant gaiety, her radiant health had sometimes made him bitter, in his jealous and resentful moods, he was enthralled by the goodness of her nature. **With his mulatto mistress, Jeanne Duval, his *Vénus noire*, he had known all the torments, complexities and pleasures of physical love; but Apollonie was his *Vénus blanche*.** She was more: she was *la Muse et la Madrone*. She was an inaccessible woman: cut off from him by Mosselman, by her health and happiness, by the fact that she did not need him. She greeted him on a Sunday as she greeted any other visitor; and, moving in the same room, seated at the same table, she remained an unattainable ideal, a permanent, benign inspiration.

Foreign Soldiers Built the French Army

Not just the Légion Étrangère

By Kevin Knodell

May 11, 2017

<https://warisboring.com/foreign-soldiers-built-the-french-army/>

At the end of World War II, the French Army was the fourth largest military force on the European continent, behind the Soviet Union, the United States's expeditionary forces and Britain. **The Free French Forces under Charles de Gaulle had battled fascism alongside the Allied armies and marched straight into Paris.**

France remained one of the world's great powers, and received a permanent seat on the U.N. Security Council for these contributions. However, **while the French military played a significant role in the war, it's commonly overlooked that a**

generous portion of de Gaulle's troops during the war—as in well over half—weren't French.

Throughout much of France's history, foreigners have been regular fixtures fighting on the side of French armies at home and abroad. Some fought for money, others for citizenship and many were conscripted from colonies and thrown into battle to fight for the interests of a country they'd never seen.

The *Légion Étrangère*, or Foreign Legion, is well known to even the most casual students of military history. It's essentially a force for foreigners who agree to fight for France as mercenaries and has played a key role in French military history. But in addition to the legionnaires, the French military made liberal use of tirailleurs—units made up of troops recruited from colonies in Africa and Asia.

As the French began their conquest of Africa, they recruited Algerian Arabs and Berbers to fight for them. The French also relied heavily on Algerian troops to meet other commitments, utilizing them in the Crimean War, in Italy, Mexico and in the Franco-Prussian War.

As France expanded its reach in Africa, French commanders raised the Senegalese Tirailleurs corps. Despite its name, the corps drew in troops not just from Senegal but across West Africa and played a significant role in occupying territory throughout the continent.



During World War I, as casualties mounted, the French high command launched a major recruiting drive in the republic's African colonies to bring tirailleurs to fight in Europe. **On April 22, 1915, when German forces first used chlorine gas on the Western Front it was against members of the French 45th Division, which was composed in large part of Algerian tirailleurs and African light infantry.**

The majority of French colonial troops killed in World War I were Muslims. To commemorate their deaths, the French built the Great Mosque in Paris in 1926 as a place of worship for Muslims living in France. Thousands of tirailleurs remained in Europe to compensate for the heavy losses the military took during the war.

This wasn't without controversy. In 1919, the French Army occupied the German Rhineland with thousands of colonial soldiers among them. German nationalists were furious about the presence of Africans occupying German territories, whom they regarded as inferior.



However, in the Rhineland itself, locals often viewed the African troops differently. Compared to white French troops who were war weary and resentful of the Germans, the Africans were generally friendlier and more courteous in their interactions with the Germans. In some cases, African troops married German women or had liaisons out of wedlock. Some had children, who would come to be known as “Rhineland Bastards.”

Adolf Hitler wrote about them with vitriol in *Mein Kampf*, arguing that any relationship between German women and African troops amounted to the contamination of German bloodlines. “Jews were responsible for bringing Negroes into the Rhineland, with the ultimate idea of bastardizing the white race

which they hate and thus lowering its cultural and political level so that the Jew might dominate,” he wrote. When the Nazis took power, they targeted these offspring. **In truth**, they represented a small percentage of the already minuscule number of Afro-Germans—***most mixed race Germans were the offspring of white German missionaries and their African wives***. Nevertheless, the Nazi régime **ordered that all black and mixed race children in the Rhineland be sterilized.**

In May-June 1940, Germany unleashed the Blitzkrieg and decimated the French Army, overrunning thousands of colonial troops hastily deployed to bolster defenses. **In many cases the Germans refused to take Africans prisoners, opting to execute them for their “inferior” heritage on the spot.** The remaining French troops who didn’t surrender fled to Britain or became guerrilla fighters, leading to the creation of the Free French Forces. Others joined the collaborationist Vichy government and served the Nazis.

The Vichy government took control of colonial holdings in Africa and Asia, including most of the colonial troops that included French settlers, Foreign legionnaires and indigenous tirailleurs. However, when the Allies landed in North Africa in November 1942, de Gaulle absorbed many of these troops into his small army—greatly bolstering his forces.

These troops engaged in heavy fighting during the Italian campaign as members of the French Expeditionary Forces. **By this point well over half of all French troops were foreigners fighting under a French flag, and they were largely outfitted with American weapons and equipment. *As the Allied armies planned the liberation of France itself, de Gaulle made it known that he believed French troops should liberate the capital.***

The Allied High Command agreed but laid out a stipulation—***it would have to be liberated by a unit made up of white troops only.*** “It is more desirable that the

division mentioned above consist of white personnel,” U.S. Maj. Gen. Walter Smith wrote in a January 1944 memo. ***“This would indicate the Second Armored Division, which with only one fourth native personnel, is the only French division operationally available that could be made one hundred percent white.”***

“It is unfortunate that the only French formation that is 100% white is an armoured division in Morocco,” British Gen. Frederick Morgan wrote to the Allied High Command. **“Every other French division is only about 40% white. I have told Colonel de Chevene that his chances of getting what he wants will be vastly improved if he can produce a white infantry division.”**

French commanders tried to find white troops to replace African ones. But as it stood, many of the white troops weren’t French either, but Spanish Republicans or members of the Foreign Legion. **Finding a 100 percent French unit, let alone one that was all white, was going to be impossible.**

Eventually, Allied commanders decided that **they could accept allowing *light-skinned Arab troops* to fill the gaps as a mostly European unit entered Paris.** As a result, the 2nd Armored Division was selected.

After France’s liberation, de Gaulle began demobilizing many of the Senegalese Tirailleurs and returning them back to postings in Africa or discharging them outright, replacing many with French partisans—even openly communist ones—in a process called **“blanchiment” or “bleaching.”** It was a complicated, and frustrating process.

In November 1944, former Senegalese POWs who had been repatriated learned that they would not receive the same pensions as their white comrades—as recruiters had promised earlier in the war—nor would they receive back pay for time spent in enemy captivity. They mutinied against

colonial authorities, resulting in French troops killing dozens of still-serving tirailleurs. De Gaulle, worried about the possibility of wider revolt, ordered colonial authorities to quickly pay them.

While that was the beginning of end for the tirailleurs, French African troops would continue to play a role in the bloody last days of colonialism. **French commanders used them in the jungles of Indochina hunting for Vietminh guerrillas as well as in the bloody counterinsurgency campaign in Algeria.**

But the units were gradually disbanded as French colonies gained their independence, though several of these troops stayed on with the French military. **Some members of black and Arab communities in France today are their descendants. France has wrestled with how to recognize the legacy of these soldiers, particularly as anti-immigrant sentiment rises.**

In 2004, 60 graves in the Muslim section of a French war cemetery at Alsace were vandalized with swastikas and “SS” markings. In 2007, vandals struck Muslim war graves at the Notre-Dame de Lorette cemetery in Ablain Saint-Nazaire. And in 2008, vandals **put swastikas on 500 Muslim military graves along with slurs directed at Rachida Dati, a French-born politician and daughter of Arab immigrants from France’s former colonies.**

The recent French election that pitted the nationalist and anti-immigrant Marine Le Pen against independent centrist Emmanuel Macron *evoked virulent debate over whether Arab and African immigrants deserve a place in French society.* But many have already been buried there since long before either of them were born.

Laurent Wauquiez: Right-winger is French opposition hope against Macron

By Hugh Schofield BBC News, Paris

12 December 2017

<http://www.bbc.com/news/world-europe-42310937>

France's opposition Republican party has chosen a blunt-speaking young right-winger to be its new leader and start the fight back against President Emmanuel Macron.

Laurent Wauquiez, a former Europe minister under Nicolas Sarkozy and currently president of the Auvergne-Rhone-Alpes region, was chosen in an internal ballot of party members on Sunday. In the first of two planned rounds of voting, he won the support of nearly 75% of the 100,000 people who took part, easily beating his two rivals. Because he won more than half the vote, there will be no recourse to a second round.

The Republican party, which under different names has long been one of the two major forces in French politics, is in pieces following defeats in this year's presidential and parliamentary elections.

The previous generation of leaders - Nicolas Sarkozy, Francois Fillon and Alain Juppé - lost credibility after the fiasco of their presidential campaign, which for the first time in modern times saw the centre-right eliminated from round two of the vote. And in the National Assembly, the Republicans are reduced to a rump of fewer than a hundred deputies. Several leading figures defected to President Macron's government, including Prime Minister Edouard Philippe and Economy Minister Bruno Le Maire.

Another group of nine former Republican deputies has founded a new party, called Agir, which also supports the government.

Mr Wauquiez, 42, has promised to turn the Republicans back into a credible force by reclaiming the right-wing values which he says have been steadily abandoned by his predecessors.

"The right has to be quite clear that it is on the right!" he said in a recent interview with Le Figaro newspaper.

"By dint of telling everyone what they want to hear, the right has lost its soul - with the result that the French no longer really know what it stands for." On a number of policies, Mr Wauquiez has taken positions which put him clearly at odds with centrists within the party.

He is strongly hostile to a federal Europe. He voted against gay marriage. **He says welfare dependency is a scourge, and he uses strong language to decry uncontrolled immigration and the "Islamisation" of France.** Critics say this shows he wants to form a pact with the far-right National Front (FN), or at least to lure over its supporters. He says he is merely responding to the expectations of ordinary people, and would never ally with FN leader Marine Le Pen.

Born into a well-to-do family of northern industrialists (there is a Wauquiez brand of sailing boat) and educated in Paris, Mr Wauquiez made his home in the mountainous Auvergne region west of Lyon when he entered politics in 2004. Earlier he had a reputation as a high-flyer through a series of elite training institutions, culminating in the National Administration School, ENA. Profiles of Mr Wauquiez unanimously portray him as a man of exceeding ambition. An article in Le Monde in 2015 described the then rising star as the "bad boy of the right".

According to many commentators, he made himself enemies inside the Republicans thanks to his naked pursuit of advancement. Others have criticised him for changing policies to suit his career. **They say he began as a pro-European "social" conservative, but toughened his language when it was clear the far-right was gaining ground.**

He says he is not anti-European but believes the current EU system is a failure; that the existing French welfare system encourages dependency and needs to be re-thought; and that France needs to be tougher in defending its identity and institutions.

In an editorial following his election, Le Monde said Mr Wauquiez now had "uncontested legitimacy". However it warned that the hard task was now to come, as the new party leader tries to forge a consensus between the "open" and "closed" wings of his party.

Blitzed

Drugs in Nazi Germany

By Norman Ohler [Penguin Books] 2015

Pg. 67

One person saw things differently. **Hitler wanted to attack France as quickly as possible, ideally in the autumn of 1939.** But there was one problem: the Western Allies clearly had superior equipment and greater armed forces. **Contrary to what Nazi propaganda told the outside world, the Germans did not have superior armies.** Quite the opposite- after the Polish campaign their equipment urgently had to be renewed. Most divisions had poor equipment, barely half of it suitable for use. ***The French army, on the other hand, was considered the strongest in the world,***

and Great Britain, through its global empire, had access to infinite resources for its war economy.

End

Perhaps France in 1940: their defeat against the Germans came after only eleven days, the country has never recovered from that humiliation.

Frédéric Beigbeder

France Gives Citizenship to 28 African WW2 Veterans

15 April 2017

<http://www.bbc.com/news/world-europe-39608575>

French President François Hollande has given citizenship to 28 Africans who fought for France in World War Two and other conflicts. Mr Hollande said France owed them "a debt of blood". The veterans - many from Senegal, and aged between 78 and 90 - received their new certificates of citizenship at the Elysee Palace in Paris.

Campaigners have long been calling for the rights of the veterans, long-term French residents, to be recognised. "France is proud to welcome you, just as you were proud to carry its flag, the flag of freedom," said President Hollande.

More naturalisation ceremonies are expected to follow for other veterans in France.

One of those granted citizenship on Saturday, Mohamed Toure, said the gesture will go some way towards healing old wounds.

"President Hollande did what none of his predecessors ever imagined. And that repairs a lot of things," he said.

The granddaughter of a Senegalese soldier, Aissatou Seck, who is herself deputy mayor of a Parisian suburb, has been a lead campaigner for African veterans' rights. Last year, she started a petition that gained tens of thousands of signatures in less than a week.

The veterans have long been struggling for recognition and equality in France. Until 2010, they received lower pensions than their French counterparts. Their ambiguous status also meant they lacked access to other benefits and sometimes found it difficult to travel, said the BBC's Africa editor, Mary Harper.

In 1944, dozens of West Africans were shot dead by French troops when they mutinied over unequal pay and pensions. A few years ago, Mr Hollande acknowledged that French soldiers had gunned down their African counterparts.

But many war veterans are still demanding a full apology.

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

By Jonathan Fenby [Simon & Schuster] 2015

Pg. x

Dribbles of Savoir Faire
(Saying the Right Thing at the Right Time)

In November [2015] and again the following July, he [President François Hollande] adopted a martial tone, declaring the country 'at war with terrorism'. It was not simply a matter of the horrific death toll in restaurants, cafés and a concert hall or on a promenade. In words echoed by other political leaders, **Hollande called the attacks 'an aggression against our...way of life'**. National values inherited from the two and a quarter centuries since the first Revolution and embodied in the republics that had ruled since 1870 were at stake. France would fight back, the president told parliament, because it was 'a country of freedom, because we are the fatherland of the Rights of Man...**France is always a light for humanity**. And when she is attacked, the world finds itself for a time in the penumbra...**We will eradicate terrorism because we are bound to freedom and to the lustre of France in the world.**'

End

Sure. Yet reality *-not propaganda-* steadily drops on those of color from those pledged to protect the public of Paris. Do we see hypocrisy in play? The pretense to preach about the value of humanity, light and liberty seems patently barren:

Frenchman Describes Brutal 'Police Rape'

07 February 2017

<http://www.bbc.com/news/world-europe-38892302>

A young black man has given graphic testimony of his alleged rape at the hands of a police officer in a gritty suburb north-west of Paris.

One officer has been charged with rape, and three more with assault. Hundreds marched in Aulnay-sous-Bois on Monday in support of the man who has been identified only as Theo.

The 22-year-old said he left his house and found himself in the middle of a police identity check, targeting drug dealers, by chance last Thursday.

This story contains details that some readers may find disturbing. **Theo said he was sodomised with a truncheon, as well as racially abused, spat at and beaten around his genitals.**

He has undergone emergency surgery for severe anal injuries, and has been declared unfit for work for 60 days. He remains in hospital, where he spoke to his lawyer.

He said the police operation quickly turned violent and he was set upon by four officers. He struggled to make sure he was in the view of CCTV cameras, and asked the officers why they were doing this to him.

He said one officer proceeded to pull his trousers down and rape him with a truncheon.

"I fell on to my stomach, I had no strength left," he said. He was then sprayed with tear gas around the head and in the mouth and hit over the head, he said.

Theo was then taken to a police station where he said a "much friendlier" police officer saw his condition and sent him to hospital. Interior Minister Bruno Le Roux suspended the officers and said the facts of the case must be established with "no ambiguity".

A lawyer for the officer facing the rape charge said any injury inflicted during the operation was accidental and his client had "never wished at any time to cause any injury to the victim".

A police union chief, Yves Lefebvre, told AP the rape charge was lodged "to calm or to stop a violent outburst".

'Feeling of humiliation'

Unrest was reported in the neighbourhood over the weekend and continued on Monday evening. Reports said a dozen cars were set on fire, rubbish bins burned and arson attempts made on two restaurants. Twenty-four arrests were made.

"The feeling of humiliation is felt by people," Abdallah Benjana, a former deputy mayor who lives in the neighbourhood, told Associated Press news agency.

"What are [the police officers] seeking? To provoke a spark? Isn't there enough gunpowder in those neighbourhoods?"

"Unemployment, insecurity, high rents... no perspectives for future. They do that to a young man, it can only explode."

The tensions have revived memories of the 2005 riots around the French capital, when Aulnay-sous-Bois was one of the worst-affected areas.

Paris Clashes after French Police Kill Chinese man

28 March 2017

<http://www.bbc.com/news/world-europe-39416804>

Violence in Paris over the police killing of a Chinese man has left three police officers injured with at least 35 people detained. Demonstrators had gathered outside a police station on Monday to pay homage to the dead man. His family denies he attacked an officer with scissors as they responded to reports of a domestic dispute.

A French inquiry is under way. China has made a complaint and is calling for its nationals to be protected. Father-of-five Liu Shaoyo, who was 56, was shot dead on Sunday night in Paris's 19th arrondissement (district).

Police say he attacked an officer with a sharp object as soon as he came to the door and the officer was only saved by his bullet-proof vest. Another officer then shot him dead. But the family's lawyer says it "totally disputes" this account.

One of the man's daughters told French media that her father, who spoke little French, had gone to the door holding a pair of scissors he had been using to prepare fish.

"They smashed the door in, the shot went off and my father ended up on the floor," she told Le Parisien newspaper (in French).

China's foreign ministry lodged an official protest, urging a full French investigation and for **Chinese people's "security and rights" to be protected.** France's foreign ministry insisted the safety of Chinese people in the country was a high national priority.

China's intervention is unusual, says the BBC's Hugh Schofield in Paris. The government in Beijing has spoken out in the past about the threat to Chinese tourists in Paris from criminal gangs but this is the first time it has implicitly

criticised an action by French police. Estimated at more than 600,000 people, France's Chinese community is said to be Europe's largest. The police watchdog is due to interview the family later on Tuesday.

At least 150 people took part in Monday's protest, some shouting "murderers!" at baton-wielding police. There were accusations of police brutality last month, after a young black man accused police of sodomising him with a truncheon.

A Killing in Paris: Why French Chinese are in Uproar

By Kevin Ponniah BBC News, Paris

26 October 2016

<http://www.bbc.com/news/world-europe-37720780>

David Liu, a Chinese Frenchman, says he walks around Paris with "fear in his chest". The 22-year-old student was assaulted and robbed by a gang of youths in a side street when he was in primary school. It was a long time ago, but he still crosses the road if a large group of people are coming his way. After all, everyone in his family has been targeted in a similar fashion. **France's ethnic Chinese population have long suffered casual racism and been stereotyped as easy targets for crime. But they say they have now reached breaking point.**

In August, 49-year-old tailor and father-of-two Zhang Chaolin died in hospital after being attacked by three teenagers. He had been walking in a quiet street in the north Paris suburb of Aubervilliers. Zhang was reportedly kicked in the sternum and fell, striking his head on the pavement. The aim of the attack was allegedly to steal his friend's bag. The tailor had nothing on him except sweets and cigarettes.

In response, on 4 September, at least 15,000 ethnic Chinese turned out in Paris's Place de la Republique to give vent to their deep feelings of insecurity.

Estimated at more than 600,000 people, France has Europe's largest Chinese community. But they have not been in the country as long as more prominent migrant groups, including those from Africa.

David was born in Paris to parents who migrated from China in the early 1990s. **He says he has been asked publicly if he eats dogs, and has been called a "spring roll head". He has also been told to "go back to his own country" and "go and work with his little Chinese hands".**

Such jibes might be familiar to east Asian migrants and their descendants across the West. As with British Chinese, French Chinese say that racist comments toward them are tolerated, in a way that they are not for more established migrant communities. **But in France, there is a sense that Asian migrants are targeted with particularly nasty violence.** "[These attacks] are because of the beliefs they have about us," says David, who is too fearful to use his real name.

'Weak and cashed-up'

A working-class and immigrant-heavy area, home to more than 1,200 mostly Chinese wholesalers, Aubervilliers is an important European textile centre. Buyers come from far and wide to haggle over Italian-made coats and Chinese-made shirts. **Activists say at least 100 attacks against Chinese nationals were reported in the suburb in just the first seven months of this year. France does not keep statistics based on ethnicity, so it is difficult to know the real number of incidents.**

Meriem Derkaoui, the suburb's communist mayor, condemned Zhang's murder as "racist targeting". Community groups say such attacks are driven by a perception that Chinese people are weak, will not fight back and carry a lot of cash.

During a recent trial of three youths accused of 11 attacks in a three-month span in Aubervilliers, the defendants insisted the ethnicity of their targets was just a coincidence. But when interrogated by police, they reportedly admitted to seeing Chinese people as "easy targets" with money on them. In interviews with the BBC, several ethnic Chinese shopkeepers and residents of Aubervilliers said they felt that the level of violence was getting worse.

"It's getting out of hand. The situation had stabilised in recent years, but now it's broken out again," says Franky Song, 20, who works in a jeans shop in the CIFA Fashion Business Center. Inter-communal relations in the area have deteriorated, he adds. In this shopping centre, home to a few hundred clothing wholesalers, everyone would know someone who had been assaulted, he said. "We have the businesses, but not the build, so they take advantage of us."

Heng, a middle-aged lady who has run a florist's with her husband in Aubervilliers for 17 years, joined the recent protests because of the "horrible situation" in the suburb. Her shop has been broken into twice, and her insurer will no longer cover it. The anger of people like Franky and Heng is mostly directed towards the state, which they say has failed to protect them. Zhang's death was the final straw. It prompted a community normally regarded as quietly focused on work and family to take a public stand.

'We've had enough'

"Asian people are not used to being in the spotlight; they like to be in the shadows," says Frederic Chau, a well-known comedian and actor of Cambodian-Chinese

descent. He has played a high-profile role in the "Safety for All" campaign, which previously organised demonstrations in 2010 and 2011. "To be more than 20,000 people in the Place de la Republique to make this protest - it's not normal, for us, [especially] for my mother, my father, my uncles." But doing this is necessary because we have had enough. We have to do something to change the mentality in France."

As one of the Indochinese refugees who arrived in France in the 1970s with the legal right to residence, Frederic is part of an ethnic Chinese community considered better integrated in French society than their mainland Chinese counterparts.

France's colonial history meant that some of these refugees from Laos, Vietnam and Cambodia - many, like Frederic, of Chinese descent - already spoke French.

The Chinese wholesale trade in Aubervilliers, on the other hand, is dominated by migrants from Wenzhou, a city in China's southeast known for its entrepreneurial migrants. They mostly arrived in the late 1980s and early 1990s, with the first generation struggling with the French language.

Ya-Han Chuang researched the integration of Chinese migrants for her doctorate at Paris-Sorbonne University. She says that compared to the Indochinese, these mainland migrants have struggled to accrue "cultural capital." "The fact that they tend to work in and inherit family enterprises creates some more barriers," she says. But Rui Wang, the son of Wenzhounese migrants and president of the Association of French-Chinese Youth, belies the stereotypes. Born in China but raised in France, he casually quotes French philosophers and sociologists like Jean-Jacques Rousseau and Pierre Bourdieu. Articulate and driven, he has written to Prime Minister Manuel Valls to warn him that the situation in places like Aubervilliers is "explosive". He describes how husbands will pick up their wives and

children from metro stations and schools in groups of five to six people for safety reasons. In La Courneuve, near Aubervilliers, look-outs are posted near weddings to prevent robberies. Security information and patrols are coordinated via the WeChat messaging app.

"There is an anger that has accumulated for too long," Rui says. The association's immediate demands are straightforward: more police and security resources. Since the demonstrations in August and September, extra police officers have been promised for Aubervilliers. But according to Rui, city hall says it cannot afford to provide more security cameras.

The mayor did not respond to requests for comment on these issues.

The recent protests have captured rare media and political attention for a community unused to the limelight. Alain Juppe, a former prime minister and likely presidential candidate, visited the family of Zhang Chaolin in early September. **Speaking to French-Chinese in the area, he condemned rising incidents of "anti-Chinese racism" and spoke of France "finding harmony between its communities".**

This is equally important for Rui. He wants more support from the government for social projects that build links between different migrant communities. Frederic Chau, the actor, feels the same way. He describes his family home's doormat as being like a border between France and China when he was growing up: **"I rejected my origins, I wanted to be whiter than white"**. Now, he has fully embraced his Cambodian and Chinese origins, and is proud of them. **What France's Asians want now, Frederic says, is to be "considered French"**. When perceptions change, they hope a sense of security will follow.

Video of Israeli policeman hitting Palestinian driver draws anger

March 23, 2017 BBC News

<http://www.bbc.com/news/world-middle-east-39365158>

Israeli police are investigating after a video emerged showing an Israeli policeman beating up a Palestinian lorry driver. **In the footage, which has been widely shared on social media, the policeman headbutts, slaps and kicks the driver as they quarrel beside the lorry.**

The incident happened at Wadi Joz, an Arab area in occupied East Jerusalem. Police said the officer involved had shown "severe and unusual behaviour" and had been placed on forced leave.

The video, which was recorded by a Palestinian resident of East Jerusalem, has been passed to the police investigation unit. Apparently filmed on a dashcam of another vehicle, it shows the officer remonstrating with the lorry driver. The Jerusalem Post newspaper said the incident reportedly arose over an issue with the parking of the lorry.

'Brutal behaviour'

The Palestinian appears to be explaining something and emphasising a point, whereupon the officer headbutts him and slaps him back and forth across the head. As the driver clutches his head and bends over, the policeman knees him in the stomach then punches him on the back of the head. At this point, two more individuals arrive and start remonstrating with the policeman, who shoves one of them backwards. He pushes back at the policeman, who then kicks out at him. The edited video then cuts to a moment where the second man apparently strikes the policeman on the side of the face, before a third man steps in and tries to calm the policeman down.

The footage drew outrage from Israeli Arab politicians. Member of the Knesset Ahmad Tibi called for the officer to be arrested and prosecuted." **It is brutal behaviour of mafia and gang members, not people who are responsible for law and order,"** he said.

Israel's Public Security Minister, Gilad Erdan, condemned the officer's actions. "There is no place for such behaviour in the [police] force and I hope that the police investigation unit will prosecute him to the full extent of the law," he said.

Israel police chief: 'Natural' to suspect Ethiopians of crime

31 Aug. 2016 BBC News

<http://www.bbc.com/news/world-middle-east-37229668>

Israel's police commissioner has been criticised for suggesting **it is natural to suspect Israelis of Ethiopian descent of crimes more than others.**

"Ethiopian Jews are Israeli Jews in every way," said Roni Alsheich when asked to address allegations of police violence and racism against them. But, he added, "studies the world over... have shown that immigrants are invariably more involved in crime".

Mr Alsheich nevertheless stressed that he was working to curb "over-policing". Members of Israel's Ethiopian community, who account for about 130,000 of the country's eight million population, called for the commissioner to be sacked.

Last year, thousands took to the streets to protest against alleged police abuses after a video emerged showing two officers beating an Ethiopian-Israeli soldier.

At a meeting of the Israel Bar Association in Tel Aviv on Tuesday, Mr Alsheich was asked why Ethiopian-Israelis appeared to be singled out by his force. "Studies the world over, without exception, have shown that immigrants are invariably more involved in crime than others, and this should not come as a surprise," he responded.

Research had also shown that young people in general were more involved in crime and that "when the two come together, there's a situation in which a given community is more involved than others in crime, statistically speaking", he added.

The commissioner said this had been the case "in all the waves of immigration" to Israel, and "also with regard to [Israeli] Arabs or [Palestinians in] East Jerusalem".

"When a police officer comes across a suspicious person, his brain suspects him more than if he were someone else. It's natural," he continued.

"We know this. We have started to deal with this."

The Israel Association for Ethiopian Jews said the remarks were "intolerable" and reinforced "stereotypes that portray all young people from our community as delinquents and criminals".

The legal advocacy group Tebeka accused Mr Alsheich of "in effect declaring that the whole community was a community of criminals" and giving "justification to the police for their systemic racism and violence toward Ethiopian-Israelis".

"We are not migrant workers, we are Jews who returned to their country after some 2,500 years in exile," Gadi Yibarkan, an activist who was involved in last year's protests, told the Times of Israel.

He added that the commissioner had made it seem "understandable that police officers deal violently with black people and Arabs".

Following the criticism, the police force issued a statement saying that Mr Alsheikh "had no intention of offending Israelis of Ethiopian origin".

It added: "The remarks were said, openly, with the intention of correcting and improving [the force]."

Police Sergeant Acquitted in Killing of Mentally Ill Woman

By Joseph Goldstein and James C. McKinley Jr.

Feb. 15, 2018

<https://www.nytimes.com/2018/02/15/nyregion/police-sergeant-acquitted-in-killing-of-mentally-ill-woman.html>

A New York City police sergeant was acquitted Thursday of murder in the fatal 2016 shooting of a bat-wielding, mentally ill 66-year-old woman in the bedroom of her Bronx apartment.

The death of the woman, Deborah Danner, became **a flash point in the national, racially charged debate over whether police officers are too quick to shoot people** and whether they are adequately trained and sufficiently conscientious in their dealings with people suffering from severe mental illness.

The sergeant, Hugh Barry, 32, had also been charged with manslaughter and criminally negligent homicide and chose to have his case decided by a judge instead of a jury; he was acquitted on all counts by Justice Robert A. Neary of State Supreme Court.

Because the sergeant claimed self-defense, Justice Neary said that the prosecution needed to prove that he was “not justified in the use of deadly physical force.”*

“The prosecution’s evidence has failed to meet that burden of proof,” he said.

Sergeant Barry’s trial focused on the Police Department’s protocols for dealing with emotionally disturbed persons, or “E.D.P.’s.” Prosecutors argued that Sergeant Barry escalated the encounter by not proceeding as cautiously as departmental guidelines and his training demanded.

Some critics of the police said that Ms. Danner, a black woman who was shot by a white sergeant, was another casualty of a criminal justice system that values white lives over black ones.

But the sergeant’s lawyer, Andrew C. Quinn, argued that the department’s training set few hard-and-fast rules, often leaving decision-making to field supervisors, such as Sergeant Barry, a nine-year veteran.

Sergeant Barry remained suspended from the force with pay Thursday morning. Union leaders called for his immediate reinstatement. They characterized his conduct as not only legal, but entirely reasonable. “I think any sergeant, or officer, put in the same situation would react the same way,” said Ed Mullins, the president of the sergeants’ union.

Sergeant Barry shot Ms. Danner at about 6:30 p.m. on Oct. 18, 2016, in the bedroom of her seventh-floor apartment at 630 Pugsley Avenue. From the start, he maintained he had acted in self-defense. He said Ms. Danner refused his orders to drop a baseball bat and began to swing it at him.

The police had been called by a building security guard because Ms. Danner, a paranoid schizophrenic with a history of hospitalizations, had been ranting in a hallway and tearing posters off the wall. It was the third such call in two years. The previous two times the police had to break down her door to extricate her.

The shooting drew swift condemnations from Mayor Bill de Blasio and James P. O'Neill, the police commissioner, who said Sergeant Barry had failed to follow protocols, though neither said he had committed a crime.

On Thursday, the Police Department left unanswered the question of whether Sergeant Barry would be welcomed back into the force or disciplined. In a statement, Mr. O'Neill said the Police Department would now proceed with its own "disciplinary review of the tactical and supervisory decisions leading to the discharge of a firearm in this case."

The Bronx district attorney, Darcel Clark, expressed disappointment with the verdict, adding in a statement that Ms. Danner's death "illustrates the larger issue of how we need changes in the way we address people with mental health issues."

For many New Yorkers, the case echoed the 1984 shooting of Eleanor Bumpurs, another mentally ill woman killed by the police in her Bronx apartment. Ms. Danner, a former information-technology worker who lived alone, was well aware of Ms. Bumpurs's fate. She cited it in a 2012 essay about her struggles with schizophrenia. "They used deadly force to subdue her because they were not trained

sufficiently in how to engage the mentally ill in crisis,” she wrote. “This was not an isolated incident.”

Since the Bumpurs killing, officers have been trained to isolate and contain emotionally disturbed people, taking time and continuing to talk to them to persuade them to comply. **But the trial underscored the distinction between questionable tactics and criminal conduct that has made convictions of police officers rare even in killings where they deviate from protocol.**

At the three-week trial, prosecutors argued that Sergeant Barry had rushed to subdue Ms. Danner, forcing the fatal confrontation. They faulted him for not learning details of two recent encounters Ms. Danner had had with the police, despite riding the elevator to Ms. Danner’s floor with her sister. And once he entered the apartment, prosecutors said, he could have called for help from a police unit specializing in dealing with the mentally ill. But Mr. Quinn, the sergeant’s lawyer, argued that it was far from clear what Sergeant Barry should have done. If he had shut the bedroom door to isolate Ms. Danner, she might have stabbed herself with the scissors — in which case he might have been blamed for not intervening more resolutely, Mr. Quinn said.

After a few minutes, he said, she slammed the scissors down on a nightstand and came just outside her bedroom door.

Sergeant Barry said he figured Ms. Danner would not come any farther. He decided to grab her before she could return to the bedroom and grab the scissors again. He nodded to the other officers and rushed her. But Ms. Danner retreated to the bedroom, jumped on the bed, and pulled a baseball bat from the bedclothes. Sergeant Barry ordered her to drop it. She stood up in a batter’s stance and moved her foot toward him to start a swing. He fired twice into her torso.

He said he could not back up because his colleagues were crowded close behind him. The only other officer with a clear view, Camilo Rosario, said the bullets hit Ms. Danner before she swung the bat, though he added that he believed she was about to swing.

Members of the Episcopal churches Ms. Danner attended, her sister, and Black Lives Matter activists also filled the benches. As Justice Neary delivered his verdict, they sat with their hands at their mouths and closed their eyes.

The judge offered no detailed explanation.

Some of Ms. Danner's supporters criticized the verdict. **"Racism is still alive and kicking and anyone who tells you different is lying,"** said Wallace Cooke Jr., *a former city police officer whose cousin is Ms. Danner's mother*. Hawk Newsome, a Black Lives Matter activist, said the verdict felt "like somebody just ripped my heart out."

Sergeant Barry's supporters were jubilant. Officers hugged and clasped hands. Some wiped away tears.

Another Black Lives Matter activist, Joshua Lopez, 39, called after the president of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, Patrick Lynch, "What if that was your mother?" Matthew Heyd, a priest at the Church of the Heavenly Rest in Manhattan, recalled Ms. Danner as "always in church," and a frequent participant in knitting circles and discussion groups. "She always asked the tough questions," he said.

Sergeant Barry's account differed in *many small but significant ways* from those of some of the five other officers and two medics who were present.

Officer Rosario, for instance, recalled that it was he who persuaded Ms. Danner to put down her scissors and come to the bedroom door. Throughout the trial,

members of the Sergeants Benevolent Association union sat in the front row in a show of support. Several said they thought the prosecution was politically motivated.

In her own essay, Ms. Danner described schizophrenia as “a curse” that led to “a complete loss of control.” Her illness, she wrote, had cost her jobs and family ties. She described roaming through the streets with a knife in search of a public place to kill herself. When she was well, she wrote, she was constantly examining herself for signs of a relapse.

“Generally speaking, those who don’t suffer believe the worst of those of us who do,” she wrote. **“We’re asked to accept less than our natural rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.”**

*The same unimaginative lying reason by police- under attack by black: it works for all circumstances even if contrary to all physical evidence and witnesses. How could a man in good health with other police peers really feel compelled to shoot a woman regardless of how she is threatening? Race was calculated to make the shot. There is no way he would have shot the woman if white unless she had a firearm. Everyone should have honestly known in advance that the police officer wouldn’t be guilty. The judge wasn’t going to be neutral. The entire trial was just a legal circus to go through the motions under a corrupt big tent of biased justice. **No African-American police officer would dare shoot a white woman and expect to be acquitted because his life was in jeopardy regardless of the victim’s mental health challenges.** People would try not to laugh in court. Isn’t that a comfort? By the way, where’s the Mouton-Rothschild? Who moved the Aloxe-Corton? That’s far more important, we know. Chasing labels and chasing fleeting status is far more *enlightening* to have any real concern. **It wafts of a kindred spirit with the essence of the Second Empire to be proud of presently: self-absorbed,**

superficial and certainly racist while openly corrupt for consummate public display.

Algerians Angry at France over 'Traitors'

By Ahmed Rouaba BBC News

09 Dec. 2017

<http://www.bbc.com/news/world-africa-42280196>

A recent comment made on Twitter by France's President Emmanuel Macron has angered many Algerians on social media.

During an official visit to Algeria this week, President Macron touched on a topic which is sensitive for many in the country which fought a bitter war of independence against France.

"Coming to terms with our past means finding a way forward for those who were born in Algeria to be able to return, whatever their background," he wrote in a tweet.

It has been understood as **an appeal to the Algerian authorities to allow the return of two groups, known as Harkis and Pieds Noirs.**

<https://twitter.com/EmmanuelMacron>

Réconcilier les mémoires, c'est trouver le chemin qui permet aux femmes et aux hommes nés en Algérie de pouvoir y revenir, quelles que soient leurs histoires.

3:42 AM - Dec 7, 2017 · Alger, Algeria

Who are the Harkis?

Harki is the term used to describe to thousands of Algerians who fought for the French army against Algeria during the war of independence from 1954 to 1962. It has since become pejorative, meaning traitor or collaborator, and the majority fled hostility in Algeria at independence and settled in France with their families. Some of the older generations have expressed their wish to return to their country of origin and urged successive French governments to lobby Algeria for their return.

Pieds Noirs, meanwhile, are Europeans who lived in Algeria for generations but left the country with the colonial administration.

A sense of betrayal

President Macron had previously **called France's colonial war in Algeria "a crime against humanity"**, but on his first official visit to the country **he fell short of making the apology that many had demanded**. Algerians have taken to social media to express their outrage.

One Facebook user called Mr Macron a "master of deception":

Another said: **"France still hasn't apologised for the horrors and massacres it's responsible for. We won't stop talking about this until it does so".**

Sabrina Benmoumene:

Il faudrait dire à Emmanuel Macron qu'un âge ne détermine pas des convictions et que ces "jeunes" parlent encore de la colonisation parce qu'ils estiment que justice n'a pas été rendue à leurs aîné.e.s peut être? Je sais pas ! La France ne s'est toujours pas officiellement excusé pour les horreurs et les massacres qu'elle a commis. On en parlera encore et toujours jusqu'à ce que ça se fasse. Pendant la campagne ça parlait

de crime contre l'humanité aujourd'hui ça lâche des phrases comme ça, l'hypocrisie à l'état pur.

Mr Macron's demand that the Harkis be allowed to return to Algeria was described as "schizophrenic" by Algerian writer Abdelkader Dehbi.

Stronger still was the view of Salim Benkhada, professor of Cardiology at the University of Algiers, who said: "Officialising the return of the Harkis and OAS members would make the circle complete."

The OAS, or Secret Army Organisation, was a French paramilitary group which carried out terrorist attacks, bombings and assassinations to frustrate Algeria's struggle for independence. The group's attempted assassination of then-President Charles de Gaulle served as inspiration for the 1971 novel *The Day of the Jackal* which was later made into a film.

President Macron has expressed a desire for French-Algerian relations to be forward-looking despite historical enmities and past tragedies. After suggesting the Harkis should be given the right to return to Algeria, **Mr Macron offered to send back the skulls of Algerian fighters taken to France as trophies in the 19th Century.**

One of the 37 skulls housed at the National Museum of Natural History is that of Sheikh Bouziane, who led the colonial resistance **during the 1849 battle of Zaatcha, a village in northern Algeria where some 800 people were massacred.** Historians and intellectuals have been campaigning for years to return these skulls to Algeria.

But this gesture is not enough to placate France's many critics in Algeria.

French Muslim Graves Desecrated

19 April 2007

<http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/europe/6573669.stm>

Nazi slogans and swastikas have been daubed on about 50 graves in the Muslim section of a French WWI cemetery.

The military cemetery, near Arras in the north of France, is one of the country's biggest and is on the **site of some of the war's early battles.**

French President Jacques Chirac said the desecration "was an unspeakable act that scars the conscience".

About 78,000 colonial subjects of France, including many Muslims from North Africa, died in the war.

Rival presidential candidates Segolene Royal and Nicolas Sarkozy also condemned the vandalism.

"This desecration is all the more shocking because it affects the graves of fighters who gave their lives for France," Mr Chirac said in a statement.

The official prosecutor's office said none of the graves had been destroyed.

Dancing the Death Drill: The Sinking of the SS Mendi

by Bethan Bell & Marcus White

21 February 2017, BBC News

<http://www.bbc.com/news/uk-england-hampshire-38971394>

In the pre-dawn darkness of a February morning in 1917, a ship carrying hundreds of black South African men was sunk in the English Channel. But this was no act of war. A Royal Mail cargo ship had ploughed full speed into the SS Mendi - and its captain inexplicably did nothing to help.

Who were these men and - 100 years later - has there been a lasting legacy from their deaths?

The vast majority of those who drowned or died from hypothermia were South Africans recruited to work as manual labourers on the Western Front. **Many had signed up hoping they would win more political freedoms if they demonstrated their willingness to help the British Empire's war effort.**

The Mendi had already completed a 34-day journey from Cape Town when it sailed past the Isle of Wight in foggy weather on 21 February. At about 05:00 GMT, a Royal Mail packet-boat, the SS Darro, ploughed into the Mendi at full speed, smashing a 20ft (6m) hole on her starboard side. It ripped through to crowded holds where men were sleeping in tightly-packed tiers of bunks.

A total of 646 people died. Only 267 survived the sinking; 195 black men, two of the four white officers and 10 of the 17 white NCOs.

From the safety of the Darro, Captain Harry Stump stood by and watched - but for reasons that are still murky, did nothing to save the lives of the men.

Why didn't he help?

The SS Darro sustained only minor damage and there was plenty of room on board, according to the official investigation. Survivors were instead picked up by the destroyer HMS Brisk and then other ships.

South African historian Professor Albert Grundlingh, said it was difficult to explain Cpt Stump's actions.

"It's shrouded in mystery," he said. "At a tribunal Cpt Stump said it was dark, and he couldn't see in the conditions. Maybe he was confused or lost his nerve.

"Was it because the men were black? There has certainly been speculation to that effect, but no firm conclusion. In South Africa, people believed that."

What was the South African Native Labour Corps?

The SANLC was formed in response to a British request for manual workers on the Western Front. **The men were to have become part of a huge multinational labour force. Their role was to build the railways, trenches, camps and roads upon which the Allied war effort depended. They were not allowed to bear arms, were kept segregated, and were not eligible for military honours.**

Following the disaster, bodies continued to be washed up on both sides of the Channel for several weeks. The news of the sinking reached South Africa two weeks after it happened. Prime Minister General Louis Botha rose in parliament to inform the nation, and the house unanimously carried a motion conveying "parliament's sadness". Botha praised the labour corps for "doing everything possible" in the war and for their "loyalty to the flag and the King".

This deference did not stretch to awarding medals to any of the black servicemen - living or dead - from the South African Native Labour Force. **Such honours were reserved for white officers only.**

The bell has been moved to Southampton's museum service for safekeeping and will be put on display at the SeaCity Museum next week. The official Receiver of Wreck

said a decision about its permanent housing would be made in due course. The South African government, which is attempting to recover Mendi artefacts, has been approached for comment.

In the years that followed, the disaster was not made much of in South Africa. Indeed, some African National Congress (ANC) leaders viewed war veterans as "sell-outs", according to Prof Grundlingh, and felt "embarrassed" about black military service.

Col Daisy Tshiloane, a former member of the ANC's military wing, said she had learned the story of the Mendi in "ANC camps". **Speaking as a South African deputy defence advisor in 2014, she said she found it "very hurtful" that "so many black African lives meant nothing". The story was not included in school curriculums set by the country's white rulers but was passed on from generation to generation, says author Fred Khumalo.**

"It's a huge gap in our history," says the writer of *Dancing the Death Drill*, a novel based on the sinking. The book's title comes from an unconfirmed but persistent anecdote about Reverend Isaac Wauchope Dyobha, a pastor on the ship.

He was a prominent member of a group of East Cape African intellectuals, who encouraged their compatriots to join the Labour Corps in the hope the show of loyalty would benefit black people politically.

The story goes that he told the doomed men:

"Be quiet and calm, my countrymen, for what is taking place now is exactly what you came to do.

"You are going to die, but that is what you came to do.

"Brothers, we are drilling the drill of death.

"I, a Xhosa, say you are all my brothers, Zulus, Swazis, Pondos, Basutos, we die like brothers.

"We are the sons of Africa.

"Raise your cries, brothers, for though they made us leave our weapons at our home, our voices are left with our bodies.

He then led them in a barefoot dance -

Historians have varyingly described the legend as "pure nationalist mythology based on African oral tradition" or containing a "solid core of truth".

Other stories of heroism include that of Joseph Tshite, a schoolmaster from near Pretoria, who encouraged those around him with hymns and prayers until he died. A white sergeant was supported by two black compatriots, who swam with him and found place for him on a raft.

The site of the wreck was discovered by an English diver in 1974 and an official memorial was erected by the South African government in 1986 at Delville Wood in France.

By then, South Africa's black majority had lived under decades of apartheid rule, the hopes that loyalty in WW1 would lead to greater political rights having been long dashed. However, in post-apartheid South Africa, the story is now better known. A Mendi medal for bravery was established in 2003 and a modern South African navy ship bears its name.

And the controversy over the actions - or lack of - by Cpt Stump rumbles on. He was found entirely to blame for the sinking. An official report ruled he was going too fast and had not sounded a warning whistle in the fog. **According to Prof Grundlingh, the captain never explained why he did not help the stricken men on board the Mendi, nor express any regret or remorse.** Yet despite calls for him to be jailed, the only sanction he faced was to have his licence suspended for a year.

"He must have heard the cries proceeding from the water for hours [after the accident]," the report into the disaster said.

"There was nothing to have prevented him from sending boats on the then smooth water... had he done so, many more lives would have been saved.

"His inaction was inexcusable."

SS Mendi Tragedy Commemorated in Sussex 100 Years On

19 February 2017

<http://www.bbc.com/news/uk-england-sussex-39021119>

The lives of more than 600 men who died in the sinking of the SS Mendi in the English Channel have been commemorated 100 years on. The ship was hit in thick fog off the Isle of Wight by a cargo steamship.

The men on board were South Africans travelling to France to assist the allies in World War One.

Bodies were washed up along the Sussex coast and buried locally, including at Newtimber, near Brighton, where a memorial service was held on Saturday. Some of the men are buried in graveyards in Littlehampton, East Dean and Hastings.

The vessel sank on 21 February 1917.

There is a memorial in the churchyard at Newtimber to commemorate the event, as the Governor General of South Africa, Lord Buxton, lived in Newtimber Place at the time.

Saturday's service was attended by the Bishop of Chichester, the Archdeacon of Horsham, and guests from the South African High Commission.

The high commissioner Obed Mlaba said: "A lot of our young people over so many years in the past were not taught what the history was all about... we're now going to push that this history is known."

A total of 646 men died, most of them members of the South African Native Labour Corps.

SS Mendi: WW1 Shipwreck's Bell Handed to Southampton Museum

19 June 2017

<http://www.bbc.com/news/uk-england-hampshire-40329958>

A relic of one of Britain's worst shipping disasters, anonymously given to a BBC reporter, is to be put on display while its future is decided.

The bell of the SS Mendi, which sank off the Isle of Wight in 1917, was left in Swanage on Thursday. It is thought to have been stripped from the wreck by divers in the 1980s.

The sinking claimed the lives of more than 600 black South African labourers who were sailing to support British troops in the First World War.

BBC reporter Steve Humphrey found the bell in a plastic bag at Swanage Pier after the anonymous donor phoned him on Wednesday.

A note in the bag read: "If I handed it in myself it might not go to the rightful place."

"This needs to be sorted out before I pass away as it could get lost."

Maritime archaeologist John Gribble, who has surveyed the ship, said the bell was probably genuine.

"The bell has never been reported found, but given the extent to which the site was stripped of non-ferrous metals in the past I'd be very surprised if the bell was still on the wreck," Mr Gribble said.

"The bell looks right. It's the right sort of size for a bell of that period."

The SS Mendi sank on 21 February 1917 when it was accidentally rammed in thick fog by the Royal Mail packet-boat SS Darro.

A government inquiry said the Darro failed to lower lifeboats, leaving 646 men to drown. Most of the dead were members of the South African Native Labour Corps (SANLC), heading to France to carry out manual labour on the Western Front.

The Darro's captain, who was blamed for the tragedy by the Board of Trade, was handed a one-year suspension of his master's certificate.

The story became a symbol of racial injustice in South Africa, where successive white-led governments discouraged annual Mendi Day commemorations.

In 1995, the Queen and Nelson Mandela unveiled a memorial to the Mendi victims in Soweto.

The SS Mendi

17 February 1917 - SS Mendi sinks after a Royal Mail packet-boat, the SS Darro, ploughs into her at full speed in thick fog

1974 - Divers identify the wreck, 11 nautical miles (20km) south west of St Catherine's Point, Isle of Wight

1995 - Nelson Mandela and Queen Elizabeth II unveil the Mendi Memorial in Soweto

2003 - The Mendi Medal is introduced as South Africa's highest honour for bravery

2007-08 - Two surveys carried out by English Heritage

2009 - Ministry of Defence designates the wreck as a protected war grave, making it an offence to remove items

Adelaide man charged after beach brawl following teen's death

20 December 2017

<http://www.bbc.com/news/world-australia-42421169>

"Unless you have a board or something for the drowning people to hold on to, any swimmer would be more of a liability than help," one person wrote.

"How is it selfish to stay on the beach out of the way? It's 100x better than getting in the way of the rescue and putting yourself at risk."

In the event of an emergency, Surf Lifesaving New South Wales recommend members of the public alert lifeguards or call emergency services.

They do not advocate one way or the other for getting involved in rescues. However, the organisation recognises that surfers do perform rescues at beaches. It offers a

program which teaches board riders how to properly conduct rescues as well as CPR and first aid skills.

Beachgoers are advised to stay safe by swimming at a patrolled beach and between the red and yellow flags.

A man has been charged with disorderly behaviour after a brawl at an Australian beach following the death by drowning of a 15-year-old boy.

Eliase Nimbona, originally from Burundi, was pulled unconscious from the water at Adelaide's Glenelg Beach on Monday.

Video posted on social media appears **to show the man *yelling racial slurs* at a group of his friends** shortly after.

He calls them "dogs" and "weak", sparking a violent reaction. Some of the boys turn on the man, punching and kicking him.

Members of the public can be seen trying to break up the fight, with one woman yelling "Stop it, stop it".

Eliase had been attending a birthday party at the beach, local media reported. He was found floating face down in the water. Paramedics attempted to resuscitate him but he died at the scene.

The Facebook user who posted the video accused the man of "instigating" the fight, and said he had been "filming and mocking the grieving families".

Police confirmed they were aware of the video, which has been viewed nearly 400,000 times online.

They said fight had broken out shortly after Eliase's death, but could not confirm the incidents were directly related.

The 31-year-old man has been with charged with disorderly behaviour and carrying an offensive weapon after he was found with a knife.

Eliase Nimbona is the second person to drown at Glenelg Beach in the past two weeks, following the death of an Indian schoolgirl on 10 December.

He was described as a "good boy" by a spokesman from the Burundi Community Association of South Australia.

"It's very sad - he was too young."

Beach bystanders criticised in Christmas Day drowning

27 December 2017

<http://www.bbc.com/news/world-australia-42489758>

Two Australian surfers who tried to rescue a man from drowning on Christmas Day have angrily accused others of not helping their efforts.

Indian student Ravneet Singh Gill, 22, and seven friends were pulled out to sea by a strong current at Flag Staff or Duranbah Beach in New South Wales.

Lifeguards rescued the group but could not revive Mr Singh Gill.

Dean and Shaun Harrington, who said they assisted in the rescue, accused others of "standing around watching".

The brothers, who have an online following for their prankster acts, lashed out at other surfers in an Instagram post which has received more than 7,000 likes.

"If you see someone in trouble you HELP THEM," the post reads. It singles out a "a kite boarder who nearly ran me over twice when I had an unconscious man in my arms".

"Some poor family has lost a life because people were standing around watching and doing [nothing]."

Mr Singh Gill had been studying and living on the Gold Coast in Queensland for the past three years, according to the Gold Coast Sikh Council, which has paid tribute to the young man.

"As the eldest of his family, Ravneet was the pillar of hope and support for his parents and younger brother who reside in India," they said.

It is the latest in a string of drownings off the Australian coast, as summer begins and people head to beaches.

Should you intervene if you see someone drowning?

The Harrington brothers' comments sparked a fierce debate on their Instagram post.

Many praised the brothers' "brave" and "heroic" actions while others said attempting a rescue without the necessary skills or equipment just added to the danger.

Civilization

by Niall Ferguson (Penguin) 2011

Pg. 194-195

In many ways, then, the Nazi Empire was the last, loathsome incarnation of a concept that by 1945 was obsolete. It had seemed plausible for centuries that the road to riches lay through the exploitation of foreign peoples and their land. Long before the word *Lebensraum* was coined, as we have seen, **European empires had contended for new places to settle, new people to tax – and before them Asian, American and African empires.** Yet in the course of the 20th century it gradually became apparent that an industrial economy could get on perfectly well without colonies. Indeed, colonies might be something of a needless burden. Writing in 1942, the economist Helmut Schubert noted that Germany's real future was as 'a large industrial zone', dependent on 'a permanent and growing presence of foreign workers'. Germanization of the East was an impossibility; Easternization of Germany was far more likely as the shift of labour from agriculture to industry continued. The exigencies of the war economy vindicated this view. By the end of 1944 around 5 million foreigners had been conscripted to work in the factories and mines of the old Reich. By a rich irony, the dream of a racially pure imperium had turned Germany itself into a multi-ethnic state, albeit a slave state. The replacement of East European slaves with Turkish and Yugoslav 'guest workers' after the war did not change the economic argument. **Modern Germany did not in fact need 'living space'. It needed living immigrants.**

The French Empire was never so irredeemably barbaric as the Nazi Empire. If it had been, it would surely have been impossible to revive so much of it after the Second World War. – and even to reaffirm the old assimilationist ambition by rebranding it as a 'French Union'. **Even the ten years between the Brazzaville Conference of 1944 and the twin blows of defeat of Dien Bien Phu and revolt in Algeria** exceeded the total duration of Hitler's extra-German imperium. **Nevertheless, the world wars were the terrible nemesis that followed the**

hubris of the *mission civilisatrice*, as all the European empires applied the methods against one another that they had pioneered (albeit with varying degrees of cruelty) against Africans. Medical science, which seemed like a universal saviour in the war against disease, ended up being perverted by a racial prejudice and the pseudo-science of eugenics, turning even some doctors into killers. By 1945 'Western civilization' did indeed seem like a contradiction in terms, just as Gandhi had said. The rapid dissolution of the European empires in the post-war years appeared to be a just enough sentence, regardless of whether or not the majority of former colonies were ready for self-government.

The great puzzle is that, somehow, out of this atrocious age of destruction, there emerged a new model of civilization centered around not colonization but consumption. By 1945, it was time for the West to lay down its arms and pick up its shopping bags – to take off its uniform and put on its blue jeans.

End

Let us be grateful for Napoléon III for providing such *enlightened* foreign policies after bungling around in Europe which has had indelibly grave consequences leaning onto our present day. **His polluted régime activately supported a reeking breakaway régime established on continued African slavery in the American South and, which should be of poignant dismay in particular to the Chinese diaspora, only five years after the 1855 Classification of Bordeaux- in 1860 if the math is correct - has troops wrecking, burning, raping and looting outside Beijing. 1855 is also when a new word was birthed: demi-monde, which is quite indicative of the Second Empire.** He demonstrated what Liberty, Equality and Fraternity were all about, in his own *peculiar* style. **How grand is Napoléon III now?** Would one be pleased to share a bottle of Bordeaux with the emperor if they could sit with him? Personally, I would have to be held back from leveling a full magnum over his head with a vengeance. But that's just me.

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

By Jonathan Fenby [Simon & Schuster] 2015

Pg. 146

A more successful projection of influence [Suez Canal] was provided by Ferdinand de Lesseps, who had been forced out of the diplomatic service as **the scapegoat for French fumbling in Italy in 1849.**

Pg. 144-45 Support for American Slavery & Razing China's Summer Palace

So he looked further afield [Napoléon III], encouraging expansion in Algeria, sending an expedition to Syria to protect Catholic Maronites and expanding France's colonial presence in West Africa. After the murder of a missionary, **French troops joined the British in a punitive expedition to China in 1860 that included sacking the Summer Palace outside Peking and won France a naval concession in the south of the country. Imperial forces invaded Cochinchina in southern Vietnam, established a protectorate in Cambodia** and staged an unsuccessful naval attack on Korea. The import of Japanese silkworm eggs to save the silk industry was followed by arms sales, the dispatch of naval instructors, supervision of the building of a shipyard and the launch of a shipping line between Marseilles and Yokohama.

Looking west, the emperor met representatives of the Confederacy in the United States and sent an ironclad warship to help their cause. He cherished the idea of establishing a French-backed monarchy to replace the republic in Mexico and seized on a refusal by that country to honour its debts to send an army- the Civil War prevented the US from intervening to apply the Monroe Doctrine to keep European powers out of its hemisphere and **Napoléon banked on acquiescence**

from a victory Confederacy. The French were defeated at the Battle of Puebla [Mexico] in 1862...Faced with an American naval blockade [Confederacy lost, US in control again], Napoléon pulled out his forces in 1866.

Jules Ferry: Education and Empire

Pg. 210



Ferry was not one to court popularity. He was described s being 'always certain of himself, affirmative and peremptory' with his precise dress and mutton-chop whiskers, **pedantically superior as he exalted stern bourgeois values- not withstanding his visits to a blonde seamstress on the rue Saint-Georges**. He reconciled his attachment to republican virtues with a belief in spiritualism.

A lawyer and Freemason from the Vosges married to an heiress from Alsace, **Ferry made his name criticizing [Baron] Haussmann's financial affairs** and headed three governments, concentrating on educational reform and **the extension of France's colonies**.

Under him, free secular instruction was embedded as a core element in the régime. It was to replace religious teaching in instilling morality but also to act as a guard against revolution. He doubled the number of teachers. Still, standards of basic learning varied hugely and not only between employers and employed, civil servants and those they administered- fishermen were three times and peasants twice as illiterate as industrial workers.

Ferry believed that national and spiritual unity could be achieved only by a republic run by men as dedicated and rigorous as he, so he purged monarchist civil servants, judges and officers. He wanted to hold capitalism in check to balance the interest of the state and business and to avoid aggravating social tensions; he thought universal suffrage a useful force for conservatism since the politics of peasantry would remain 'local, narrow and self-interested' for a long time.

A convinced colonialist, he oversaw expeditions in West and Central Africa and the occupation of Madagascar. Imperial generals became national heroes. **The colonial lobby backed expansion for business reasons. The church welcomed the missionary opportunities and Ferry extolled France's *civilizing mission*.** But Clemenceau campaigned fiercely against colonialism as a diversion from the struggle with Germany and the Chamber refused credits for a joint punitive expedition with the British to Egypt in 1882. **Still, Ferry pressed action in Vietnam against local forces backed by China with an attack on the old imperial capital of Hue, earning himself the nickname of 'Ferry the Tonkinois' but bringing about his undoing.**

Though he lost office in 1885 and failed to win the presidency of the republic, he remained an influential figure as president of the Senate. He continued to attract hostility- a madman tried to shoot him and he suffered from the wounds until his death in 1893.

Pg. 212

As a French expedition in Indochina ran into difficulties against local resistance backed by Chinese troops, he [Clemenceau] tabled a motion calling for the impeachment of Ferry for abandoning the true interests of the nation pursuing colonial expansion.

...Ferry walked out through a hostile mob threatening to lynch him. His fall was ironic since French troops were in the process of winning several victories in Vietnam, leading China to agree to withdraw forces and the subsequent creation of any Indochinese Federation of Cochin, Tonkin, Annam, Cambodia and Laos. But the news arrived too late to save Ferry...

French Colonialism in Vietnam

<http://alphahistory.com/vietnamwar/french-colonialism-in-vietnam/>

The French 'civilising mission' was the transformation of subject peoples into loyal French men and women. Through education and examinations it was theoretically possible for a Vietnamese to obtain French citizenship, with all its privileges. *Yet in reality, the criteria for citizenship were manipulated to ensure that subject **citizens never threatened French political power.***"

- Melvin E. Page, historian

The *mission civilisatrice* was a facade: the real motive for French colonialism was profit and economic exploitation. French imperialism was driven by a demand for resources, raw materials and cheap labour. The development of

colonised nations was scarcely considered, except where it happened to benefit French interests.

Harnessing and transforming Vietnam's economy required considerable local support. France never had a large military presence in Indochina (there were only 11,000 French troops there in 1900) nor were there enough Frenchmen to personally manage this transformation. **Instead, the French relied on a small number of local officials and bureaucrats. Called *nguoì phan quoc* ('traitor') by other locals, these Vietnamese supported colonial rule by collaborating with the French.** They often held positions of authority in local government, businesses or economic institutions, like the *Banque de l'Indochine* (the French Bank of Indochina). They did this for reasons of self interest or because they held Francophile (pro-French) views. **French propagandists held these collaborators up as an example of how the *mission civilisatrice* was benefiting the Vietnamese people. Some collaborators were given scholarships to study in France; a few even received French citizenship.**

Colonialism also produced a physical transformation in Vietnamese cities. **Traditional local temples, pagodas, monuments and buildings, some of which had stood for a millennium, were declared derelict and destroyed. Buildings of French architecture and style were erected in their place.** The Vietnamese names of cities, towns and streets were changed to French names. **Significant business, such as banking and mercantile trade, was conducted in French rather than local languages.** If not for the climate and people, some parts of Hanoi and Saigon could have been mistaken for parts of Paris, rather than a south-east Asian capital.

...The political management of Indochina was left to a series of governors. Paris sent more than 20 governors to Indochina between 1900 and 1945; each had different attitudes and approaches. **French colonial governors, officials and bureaucrats**

had significant autonomy and authority, so often wielded more power than they ought have. **This encouraged self interest, corruption, venality and heavy handedness.**

... To minimise local resistance, the French employed a **'divide and rule' strategy**, undermining Vietnamese unity by playing local mandarins, communities and religious groups against each other.

... **Profit, not politics, was the driving force behind the French colonisation of Indochina.** Colonial officials and French companies transformed Vietnam's thriving subsistence economy into a proto-capitalist system, based on land ownership, increased production, exports and low wages. **Millions of Vietnamese no longer worked to provide for themselves; they now worked for the benefit of French colons. The French seized vast swathes of land and reorganised them into large plantations.** Small landholders were given the option of remaining as labourers on these plantations or relocating elsewhere. Where there were labour shortfalls, Viet farmers were recruited *en masse* from outlying villages. Sometimes they came voluntarily, lured by false promises of high wages; sometimes they were conscripted at the point of a gun. Rice and rubber were the main cash crops of these plantations. The amount of land used for growing rice almost quadrupled in the 20 years after 1880, while Cochinchina (southern Vietnam) had 25 gigantic rubber plantations. By the 1930s Indochina was supplying 60,000 tons of rubber each year, five per cent of all global production. **The French also constructed factories and built mines to tap into Vietnam's deposits of coal, tin and zinc.** Most of this material was sold abroad as exports. **Most of the profits lined the pockets of French capitalists, investors and officials.**

The French also burdened the Vietnamese with an extensive taxation system. This included income tax on wages, a poll tax on all adult males, stamp duties on a wide range of publications and documents, and imposts on the weighing and measuring

of agricultural goods. Even more lucrative were the state monopolies on rice wine and salt – commodities used extensively by locals. **Most Vietnamese had previously made their own rice wine and gathered their own salt – but by the start of the 1900s both could only be purchased through French outlets at heavily inflated prices.** French officials and colonists also benefited from growing, selling and exporting opium, a narcotic drug extracted from poppies. Land was set aside to grow opium poppies and by the 1930s Vietnam was producing more than 80 tonnes of opium each year. **Not only were local sales of opium very profitable, its addictiveness and stupefying effects were a *useful form of social control*.** By 1935 France's collective sales of rice wine, salt and opium were earning more than 600 million francs per annum, the equivalent of \$US 5 billion today.

Indochinese Workers in France

By Kimloan Vu-Hill

encyclopedia.1914-1918
online.net/article/indochinese_workers_in_france_indochina

About 49,000 Vietnamese workers went to France during World War I.

Although their jobs and their working experiences varied, they shared some common experiences which changed their outlook on life and their perception about their relationship with the French in Vietnam. **When the war ended, they returned home** and shared their experiences with the native workers who looked up to them as teachers and leaders. **In the following decades, these men created a labor movement that eventually led to the collapse of the French colonial enterprise in Indochina.**

Ethnic Conflicts

Between 1914 and 1918 France hired 662,000 foreign workers to work in war industries and the agricultural sector. The extensive use of foreign workers

triggered tension and conflict among different ethnic groups. **Brawls often broke out between Vietnamese and French workers because the latter were “ignorant” of the former’s customs. At Versailles, the French laughed at the Vietnamese’s blackened teeth and clothing. The Vietnamese feared to go out alone lest they be attacked by “French hoodlums.”** In groups they feared no one. After a Frenchman beat a Vietnamese worker, the worker’s friends “laid siege” to the man’s home and destroyed it, seriously injuring three persons in the house. However, four people on the Vietnamese side were also injured. Some prison workers slit a guard’s stomach when he beat them. They were executed the next day; the friend of one lamented: “We left our fathers and mothers only to be executed by those whom we came to save. Is that justice?” Tensions also existed between workers from different colonies: during a celebration of Tết [Lunar New Year] in 1918 a gun fight broke out between Vietnamese and Malagasies at Istres resulting in the death of a Vietnamese...

Does profiling make sense - or is it unfair?

By David Edmonds, BBC News

19 December 2017

<http://www.bbc.com/news/stories-42328764>

Whether we know it or not, our lives are influenced by profiling in many ways. You may think it's sensible, or that it's unfair... you may even be tempted to think that it's both at once.

Imagine you're a police superintendent in charge of security at a political rally at which the president is speaking. You have information that someone may attempt to assassinate her. You know nothing about the potential killer and as usual you're stretched for resources. Should the few officers you have at your disposal give equal attention to all members of the crowd? Or would it make sense for them to

concentrate more on men than on women? Might it be reasonable to conclude that those who appear to be over 75 years old pose less of a threat?

Profiling is always in the news. Racial profiling in particular has been held partially responsible *for riots from the UK to the US to France.*

Profiling is the practice of categorising people and predicting their behaviour on the basis of particular characteristics. We're profiled all the time - by businesses and insurance companies, for example. Companies that agree to give us car insurance want to know what we do for a job, where we live, our age and marital status. This information is a proxy, a clue to our lifestyle and behaviour. It helps them assess the likelihood that we will be involved in accidents. A proxy is a stand-in - a trait such as race, or sex, or religion, used as a short cut to judge something else.

Insurers would like to ask about the sex of the driver because women are safer drivers than men. But in the EU at least, that's no longer allowed (not that it seems to have reduced the gap between male and female premiums.) The puzzle is that profiling with certain proxies can seem at one and the same time both rational and unfair.

Of course, the belief that individuals within one group are more likely than others to have a certain characteristic or more prone to a particular type of behaviour, may not always be grounded in sound evidence. The view that one group is on average meaner with money, or richer, or more disposed to dishonesty, may be based on ignorance or prejudice.

But where there are statistical differences between groups, it seems logical to act upon them. Is it really worth the police stopping octogenarian women if they're hunting for criminals carrying knives?

The appeal of profiling is that it saves time and resources, says Tarun Khaitan, associate professor in law at Oxford and Melbourne universities. Take an airline that wants to make sure its pilots have 20-20 vision. "There is some statistical evidence that the eyesight of elderly people deteriorates," he says. "So instead of the airline having to figure whether their pilots retain good eyesight by testing everyone over 65, it may be cheaper to have a mandatory retirement age." Here age is a proxy for good vision.

Some proxies will be tougher than others to access. A genetic test may be an accurate proxy for predicting whether people will develop a certain disease, but it may be easier and cheaper to gather information on less precise proxies, such as diet or smoking habits. It's always important to interrogate the numbers, especially when using proxies such as sex and religion. First, how big is the statistical difference? If 50.1% of women are linked to behaviour X, and 49.9% of men, using sex as a proxy for X is going to be pretty useless.

Second, how many false negatives and false positives will there be? That is to say, how many threats will you miss if you target only one group, and how many innocent people will come under suspicion?

Suppose it is overwhelmingly the case that a particular crime is committed by people from a particular religious background. If nonetheless only 1% of people from that background are implicated in that crime the 99% end up being tarred with the same brush, despite being innocent.

Which brings us to the impact of profiling on the individuals being profiled. Tarun Khaitan says that groups in a "socially and politically and economically vulnerable position" will perceive profiling as "not just unfair but humiliating". He offers this example. If a person is profiled based on their star sign, Virgo or a Sagittarius and so on, they may regard that as eccentric and even unjust.

They probably won't feel it's demeaning. But we identify ourselves more closely with our ethnicity, religion, and sex, so when disadvantaged people are profiled on the basis of these characteristics it tends to have a far more noxious effect.

Obviously the impact of profiling will depend upon what is at stake. **If a person's job prospects are affected by profiling, that really matters.** If profiling only alters the likelihood of facing additional scrutiny at airport security on your annual holiday, that matters a bit less. Frequency is a relevant consideration too. **Innocent African-American males who are constantly stopped and questioned by police naturally feel a powerful sense of injustice...*In France too, minority groups have protested against aggressive stop and search operations* [subheading under photo of black male in article].**

Profilers should bear in mind that the policy may have one of two unintended consequences.

It could generate a vicious circle, entrenching the very pattern upon which it is based. For example, members of one race may become alienated at constantly being stopped and searched, and some innocent people within this racial group may be tempted into crime. If one group comes to believe it is being targeted by the state, that's almost bound to undermine its commitment to abiding by the state's rules. We should calculate the costs that racial profiling imposes on already vulnerable groups alongside the efficiency savings Tarun Khaitan, Philosopher

A different effect is also possible. If would-be terrorists become aware that young men of Middle-Eastern appearance are more closely inspected, then they could try to plant bombs or weapons on those arousing the least suspicion - children or old women. Targeting individuals in particular groups then becomes self-defeating. Despite the pitfalls, profiling can work.

Criminologists such as Bryanna Fox of the University of South Florida have used statistical techniques to investigate property and violent crimes. An ex-FBI special agent, Fox subdivided burglaries into various categories and analysed the characteristics of those convicted of committing these crimes. For example, where burglaries were clearly sophisticated and premeditated, the criminals tended to be older, male, white and with a long criminal history but few arrests. Police departments that experimented by using her profiles solved over 300% more burglaries compared to the departments that did not.

With that kind of success, profiling is not going to disappear. Indeed, in the digital age, as more and more data becomes available for analysis, profiling in its myriad forms is likely to become ever more prevalent.

But Tarun Khaitan warns us that "we should calculate the costs that racial profiling imposes on already vulnerable groups alongside the efficiency savings that might accrue". He believes that the benefits outweigh the costs only under exceptional circumstances.

Mister Owita's Guide to Gardening

By Carol Wall (2014)

I knew that Sarah's new gardener also worked with her at the Garden Shoppe, where she was assistant manager. She said he was industrious and talented. As I continued down the hill and pulled into my driveway, I followed his reflection in my rear-view mirror. I kept watching as he moved toward Sarah's boxwoods, where he let the mulch slide from his shovel into empty portions of the newly cut bed. He glanced down the hill, in my direction, as if curious himself. Or else he was wondering why that lady with the unfortunate yard was staring at him. That caught me up short. **I didn't want to be the white lady staring at the black stranger in**

the neighborhood. I'd encountered too many small minded people like that over the years, and I had a horror of seeming like one of them.

“ A true story of a unique friendship between two people who had nothing – and ultimately everything - in common.”

**Chinese Billionaire Killed in Helicopter Crash
as He Tours Newly-Acquired French Vineyard**

Businessman had been pictured outside a French vineyard he had bought hours before the helicopter he was travelling in crashed

By Josie Ensor and Colin Freeman

21 Dec 2013

<http://www.telegraph.co.uk/news/worldnews/europe/france/10532274/>

A Chinese billionaire and a French wine maker have been killed in a helicopter crash after going on a flight to celebrate the sale of an historic Bordeaux chateau. Lam Kok, 46, a hotel magnate who had diversified into the upmarket wine trade, was killed along with his 12-year-old son when the helicopter plunged into the Dordogne River near the town of Lugon-et-l'ile-du-Carnay.

The helicopter was being piloted by James Gregoire, who had sold Mr Kok the 150-acre Chateau de La Riviere just hours earlier on Friday. A further body, believed to be that of an interpreter, was recovered during police searches that continued yesterday.

Mr Gregoire's helicopter was on a short tour of the vineyard and the grounds of the chateau, which dates back to the 8th century and is associated with Emperor Charlemagne, also known as the King of the Franks.

Earlier in the day, Mr Gregoire had introduced Mr Lam to the chateau staff and hosted a dinner for him, as well as putting on a press conference for local media. When the helicopter flight did not return after 20 minutes, other people at the event contacted emergency services, who launched a search using emergency helicopters, police dogs and around 100 officers on foot. Witnesses to the crash said that shortly afterwards, they saw two people struggling in the river, which was in full winter flow.

Michel Galardini, 58, a local duck hunter, told the local newspaper, Sud Ouest: “The helicopter was flying very low, only 10 or 15 metres over the water. I thought that was a bit strange.”

A few minutes later, he added, he heard a “deafening crash”. “There was a huge amount of foam and I could see two people struggling in the water.” Officials from the French gendarmerie said that mangled parts of the chopper’s fuselage had been retrieved, but that strong currents in the icy waters were complicating the search for the three missing.

Hong Kong-based Mr Lam and his wife were chief executive and president respectively of Brilliant Group, which originally specialised in rare teas and luxury hotels in China. Their purchase of the chateau was the biggest Chinese investment to date in Bordeaux wine, reflecting a growing taste for luxury vintages in newly-affluent China that has pushed wine prices to record levels.

Chinese entrepreneurs have already snapped several dozen other French châteaux in Bordeaux, where well-known vintages such as Pétrus are now hugely in demand among status-conscious businessmen in Shanghai and Beijing. As Mr Gregoire, who bought the Chateau de la Riviere in 2003, remarked in

an interview in 2007: **“A bottle of Pétrus or a Château d’Yquem can sell at any price in China. It is a symbol of wealth.”**

The Chateau de La Riviere was also regarded as a highly prized piece of real estate in its own right. **Built in the 16th century on the remains of a fortified tower constructed by Charlemagne, it has turrets, gargoyles and commanding views of the Dordogne valley, a region known for its spectacular gorges and fine foie gras.** The chateau also has nearly 20 miles of tunnels running underneath it, which are used to store nearly a million bottles of wine, which sell at around £30 a time. Mr Lam and his wife, who are believed bought the Chateau de La Riviere for around £25 million, planned to turn it into a high class tea and wine tasting centre, and also build a hotel near its vineyard.

Mr Lam had also twinned his home town in China with the town of Libourne, 20 miles from the city of Bordeaux itself, and the regional centre for the Saint-Émilion and Pomerol vineyards. Otherwise, relatively little was known about him and his wife, who, like many Chinese plutocrats, guarded their privacy jealously. Mrs Liu grew up in the southwestern Chinese province of Yunnan, where she was also a helped advise the local Communist party. That also made her well-placed to trade in the province’s speciality, Pu’er tea. Together with her husband, she created a series of luxury resorts nestled in the tea plantations, with rooms at £400 a night complete with an English-speaking butler for foreign guests.

In a rare interview with Hong Kong’s New Weekly business magazine, Mrs Liu said of her husband: “He is in charge of managing the money. I know how to make the money.” Her husband added: “She sets the vision, I am more rational.”

A Chinese consular delegation was expected at the chateau yesterday to assist Mr Lam’s surviving relatives.

Fresh Wave of Chinese Owners in Saint-Émilion

By Jane Anson

17 June 2014

<https://www.decanterchina.com/en/columns/anson-on-thursday/fresh-wave-of-chinese-owners-in-saint-emilion>

Jane Anson is Bordeaux correspondent for *Decanter*, and has lived in the region since 2003. She is author of *Bordeaux Legends*, a history of the First Growth wines (October 2012 Editions de la Martiniere), the Bordeaux and Southwest France author of *The Wine Opus* and *1000 Great Wines That Won't Cost A Fortune* (both Dorling Kindersley, 2010 and 2011). Anson is contributing writer of the *Michelin Green Guide to the Wine Regions of France* (March 2010, Michelin Publications), and writes a monthly wine column for the *South China Morning Post* in Hong Kong, where she lived from 1994 to 1997. Accredited wine teacher at the Bordeaux Ecole du Vin, with a Masters in publishing from University College London.

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As I turned my car out of the dusty drive, clouds of dry red clay spitting up alongside the wheels, it occurred to me that things have reached a whole new level of cultural exchange. I had just spent a few hours in Saint-Émilion at a newly-Chinese-owned estate and come away with some fascinating insights into viticulture in Inner Mongolia.

If we just rewind a few years to 2008, when Haiyan Cheng bought Chateau Latour-Laguens just outside the pretty bastide town of Monségur, the script was entirely different. You know it as well as I do; Chinese industrialist who has made money in energy, manufacturing or real estate buys beautiful estate complete with towers and

turrets, in an entry-level appellation with cheap land values and wine that was having a tough time finding a foothold in traditional markets but that would from then on be distributed largely in China.

Of course it was never going to stay like that. Within a few years, as numbers of Chinese owned properties ticked upwards, commentators began anticipating an evolution from the less expensive appellations of Bordeaux to the more prestigious ones. We saw this happening slowly but surely, with names ticked off in the middling-prestigious places such as Lalande-de-Pomerol, Médoc and Haut-Médoc. But I think it's fair to say that upward-mobility has now become the rule. Two Hong Kong companies bought into Pomerol in 2012 and 2013 (Peter Kwok at Chateau La Patache and Grace Star Investment at Chateau La Commanderie), while February 2014 saw Chinese ownership arrive for the first time in AOC Margaux, with Luc Thienpont selling the majority stake in Clos des Quatre Vents to the state-owned Liaoning Energy Investment (it is being run by Lina Fan, the highly-qualified Chinese wine expert who was married to Peng Wang of Chateau de la Riviere).

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All of this has made individual purchases less newsworthy, but one in particular caught my attention this week, hence the drive out to the chateau under near-perfect June sunshine. Chateau Trianon, with its two new investors – one French but living in Hong Kong, and one Chinese – marks yet another evolution in the story of Bordeaux and China; because investor An Enda is one of the most ambitious wine owners in China. He not only owns the Jin Sha Winery in Inner Mongolia (the name means Gold Sands) but has plans for A LOT (capitals entirely called for) more. Chateau Trianon was an investment of funds, not a full transfer of ownership, and the (now minority) co-owner Dominique Hébrard has already worked with Enda as consultant on his Chinese estate for the past two years. This meant that they were already colleagues before joining together for Trianon, and inevitably the experiences in one will play into the other. There's no reason why this can't be seen as a joint venture between two winemaking families, in the vein of what Hébrard has achieved with Massaya in the Lebanon's Bekaa valley, which he farms alongside the Ghosn family, and the Brunier family of Le Vieux Telegraph; or his project with Hubert de Bouard at Chateau de Francs in Francs Cotes de Bordeaux. All joint ventures between skilled and knowledgeable winemakers.

Enda bought into the *terroir* and the possibilities of this site,' Hébrard told me as we walked through the vines. 'He trusts me to take care of the winemaking, as I have been doing here since 2000, but it's a great help that he understands the needs and challenges facing a wine estate without them having to be explained.'

Suzanne Mustacich, a China expert and author of *Thirsty Dragon* (out early 2015, Henry Holt) agrees, 'Here we have an investor who understands the essential challenge faced by winemakers everywhere – how do we grow healthy, ripe grapes? Saint-Émilion will certainly be easier than the Gobi Desert. The investment also makes sense financially. The premium wine producers in China helped open the market to imported wine. Of course, they want a part of the action. It's a prestigious investment – not to mention a safe place for their money.'

The interest in the value of the land itself may be why there is not a turret or moat in sight on your arrival at Trianon. It's on the lower slopes of Saint-Émilion, on the narrow winding road that takes you past Chateau Angelus and Chateau Bellevue. There is a very attractive *chartreuse* which is due to get a full makeover by 2018, as the third investor Marc Castagnet is a hotelier and developer, and has already enlisted the help of Yves Collet, the architect responsible for Smith Haut-Lafitte and Les Sources de Caudalie to create an eight-bedroomed luxury chambres d'hotes. But for now the building is obscured on arrival by rather more prosaic winery buildings. From the vineyards, stretching into the distance on a neighbouring property is a line of concrete grey buildings that could have stepped out of an early Lowry landscape. This is not a romantic view over the tumbledown medieval streets of Saint-Émilion, even though it was once the residence of an advisor to King Louis 14th and the name Trianon is given also to one of the wings of the Palace of Versailles.

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Enda's experiences in Inner Mongolia will only help so far; the differences are one of the things that make this project so fascinating. Trianon has just 10 hectares, compared to the expected 3,000 hectares in his new planting project in the Gobi desert, close to the Mongolian border. Recent years have seen new drainage channels inserted into the Saint-Émilion vineyards to ensure only the right amounts of water stress, while his vineyards in the Gobi desert would not exist without irrigation. And whereas the desert conditions mean organic farming is self-evident, as there is no pollution or pests and no need for chemical pesticides, here in Saint-Émilion there is the ever-present effect of Bordeaux's maritime climate, meaning

here Hébrard ensures sustainable farming but leaves a leeway for treatment against rot.

‘When I bought this property in 2000, it was entirely with the aim of turning it into a classified wine,’ Hébrard tells me. ‘My family and I had just sold Chateau Cheval Blanc, and I was deciding where to invest next. It would have been far easier to buy into another classified property, but I wanted to test myself, to show what I was capable of. It has meant that for the past 14 years, I have been entirely working on restructuring and replanting the vineyard, which had been neglected for years. I knew that the *terroir* was full of potential, and we are now seeing the wine fill out and respond to our investments.’

**Hong Kong Wine Entrepreneur Peter Kwok
on his Seven Bordeaux Estates**

<http://www.scmp.com/lifestyle/food-drink/article/2039939/hong-kong-based-wine-entrepreneur-peter-kwok-man-grounds>

PUBLISHED : Tuesday, 25 October, 2016, 5:32pm

UPDATED : Thursday, 27 October, 2016, 5:30pm

Peter Kwok was the first Chinese investor in France’s premier winemaking region, and after 20 years, he is concentrating on the limestone terroir of his Right Bank vineyards

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The Vietnamese-born, Hong Kong-based businessman invested in Bordeaux in 1997 with the purchase of Château Haut-Brisson in Saint-Émilion, back when Hong Kong was still taxing wine at 60 per cent. It would be another 11 years before Longhai Investments bought Château Latour-Laguens in Entre-deux-Mers and was the starting gun for Chinese investors in the region.

Since then Kwok has bought another five estates; Châteaux Tour Saint-Christophe in Saint-Émilion, La Patache and Enclos Tourmaline in Pomerol, Enclos de Viaud in Lalande-de-Pomerol, and a few months ago signed a deal for Chateau le Rey in Castillon. He did buy a sixth – Chateau Tourans in Saint-Émilion – but it wasn't for the chateau building, or the name. Kwok wanted something much more important, and something that says a lot about his journey over the past 20 years from wine lover to châteaux owner.

“I always knew that buying wine estates meant being in it for the long term,” Kwok tells me as we meet up in the beautiful village of Saint-Christophe-des-Bardes where Tour Saint-Christophe is located. “But maybe in the early days I was looking to make an impact through clever winemaking. Today I know that making great wine begins and ends with terroir. That's what it's all about.”

All of Kwok's estates are on Bordeaux's Right Bank, on the slopes and flat tops of the hills that hug the Dordogne Valley. Vines have been thriving here for close to 2,000 years, but not all spots are created equal. These are hills rich in clay and limestone, very different from the gravelly flatlands of the Médoc region on the Left Bank, and the best parts ensure the vines get just enough of what they need, regulating water supply and keeping a sense of elegance and freshness in the glass.

This is what Kwok means when he talks about terroir, and it's why he has also bought new high-quality plots to include in Haut-Brisson, and purchased Château Tourans, located close to Tour Saint-Christophe but with far more of its vines on Saint-Émilion's famous limestone plateau.

“We bought Tourans for its limestone soils,” director Jean-Christophe Meyrou confirms. “It brings us up to 34 acres of limestone, from vines that are in excellent condition, and we have included them in the Tour Saint-Christophe blend from the

2015 vintage, while at the same time creating a second wine from parts of the original vineyard that we find less impressive. It means we are voluntarily cutting volumes of our main wine in half to assure quality.”

The hunt for the best terroirs of the Right Bank has also led Kwok – this time in partnership with Meyrou and a Belgian investor – to Château le Rey, again set on limestone slopes in one of the most sought-after sectors of Castillon. The first vintage will be 2016.

Clearly this is a man with a mission. Tasting through the 2014 and 2015 vintages of both Haut-Brisson and Tour Saint-Christophe does reveal a clear step-up in quality, with sappier, sexier fruit in the most recent vintage. Besides the new plots of vines, Kwok’s approach to barrel ageing has changed, with 30 per cent new oak used now, compared to 100 per cent in 2009 or 2005, which again shifts the focus onto the quality of the merlot and cabernet franc grapes.

And now that he is confident in his terroir, he wants everyone to know it. When he first bought in Bordeaux, he concentrated on selling through his own direct channels to Hong Kong, Singapore and mainland China. It meant that prices were high, sales assured. But four years ago, with the 2012 vintage, that strategy changed and he began working with Bordeaux merchants to sell globally. Today, his wines have gone from 75 per cent being sold in Asia to less than 20 per cent today, with the rest present in more than 40 countries.

“It meant taking a drop in price per bottle while getting the name established in new markets,” Kwok confirms, “but I chose this route for the sustainability of distribution, and because I am proud of our wines. Anything worth doing involves a cost, and selling through the traditional Bordeaux system shows a confidence in the quality of our châteaux.”

Saudi Prince bin Salman 'was mystery buyer' of \$320m house

Dec. 19, 2017

<http://www.bbc.com/news/world-middle-east-42393148>

Saudi Arabia's Crown Prince Mohammed Bin Salman was the mystery buyer of a luxury French house, according to reporting by the New York Times.

The newspaper says a paper trail from a 2015 purchase leads back to him through several shell companies. The house, near Versailles, has a wine cellar, a cinema and a moat with koi, sturgeon and an underwater chamber.

It cost €275m (\$320m, £240m) and Fortune magazine called it the world's most expensive house. The buyer was unknown at the time.

But the New York Times reports that documents showed the house was owned by an investment company managed by Prince Mohammed's personal foundation. The Saudi government has declined to comment on the report. A spokeswoman for the Saudi embassy in Washington accused New York Times journalists of "subjective reporting" and serving a "personal agenda".

In recent months, Prince Mohammed has been leading an unprecedented drive against corruption and abuse of power and privilege in Saudi Arabia. He has had dozens of prominent Saudi figures, including princes, ministers and billionaires, locked up in Riyadh's five-star Ritz-Carlton hotel.

From the exterior, the Chateau Louis XIV appears to be a 17th-Century chateau, constructed in a similar style to the nearby palace at Versailles.

On closer inspection, however, this is not the case: it was built after developer Emad Khashoggi demolished a 19th-Century building that had previously stood on the 57-acre (23-hectare) site and is modern inside. According to reports, its fountains and air conditioning, as well as lights and music, can be controlled by smartphone.

A local official told the New York Times: "The idea is tacky, and then once you visit it isn't."

In 2015, Prince Mohammed reportedly bought himself a yacht from a Russian businessman for \$590m.

The New York Times has also reported that he was the true buyer of the Leonardo da Vinci painting *Salvator Mundi*, which was sold earlier this year for a record \$450m (£341m). It will be displayed at the new Louvre Abu Dhabi and although its buyer was anonymous at first and was then thought to be a different Saudi prince, the paper says it was actually bought by Prince Mohammed.

The Courtesans

The demi-monde in 19th century France

By Joanna Richardson (Phoenix Press) 1967, 2000

Alice Ozy

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...One might expect that Mlle Ozy was content to remain with her royal lover; but the Duc d'Aumale had one disadvantage: he was not yet entitled to spend his fortune. And when, one evening, a twenty-thousand franc carriage, complete with footmen with powdered hair, drew up on at the stage door of the Variétés, as an initial gift from a suitor, Mlle Ozy could not resist the attraction. She allowed herself to be

driven away to being a new liaison, this time with the Comte de Perregaux, the son of the King's banker....

Madelon, Alice Ozy, took a final lover: the prodigal, versatile artist, Gustave Doré . It was a gentle, winter love. Then she simply became a prosperous bourgeoisie. The actress had vanished, years ago, the romantic idol had gone, and the speculator came into her own. Long again, as a naïve debutante in the theatre, Alice Ozy had asked how she should invest in the Gruyere cheese mines at Montmorency. In her heyday as a courtesan, she had shown her native prudence, and asked not for diamonds, but for railway shares. **Now, with a Midas touch (and, perhaps, making use of a fortune which had been left to her by a Polish lover), she invested money through the Bourse.** 'My income is forty thousand livres,' she said in 1875. 'I am growing old with dignity.' She amassed such wealth that she kept an apartment in the boulevard Haussmann, and – an hour away, by train- a ch[^]let on the shores of Lake Enghein. (Villemessant observed what he called a 'characteristic detail: whenever she takes a train to the country, she always gets in the "Ladies only" compartment. At Enghein, Alice Ozy was known for the splendour and variety of her roses; and she would wander in summer, from room to room, scattering petals filling her ch[^]let with the scent of flowers.

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But time seemed to tick past more and more slowly, friends grew increasingly rare; only a few loyal admirers, like Gautier and Paul de Saint-Victor, the dramatic critic, still occasionally came to see her. Sad and lonely, seeing herself forgotten, she abandoned the name which had made her famous, and reverted to her real name, Madame Pilloy. She decided to retreat more completely to Enghein; and in April 1867, at the H[^]tel Drouot, some of her possessions were sold: jewels, *objets d'art*, porcelain, delftware, furniture, bronzes and paintings...

Age was unkind to her; at sixty-five she was photographed with a dog on her knees: dowdy and fussily dressed. The camera revealed a décolletage which was now pitifully gross. She had no relatives, except nephews and nieces who, she felt, were just waiting for her fortune....

Alice Ozy, who had loved Chassériau, died on 4 March 1893. She was seventy-two. Year ago she had adopted a child, the son of a Spanish woman, and promised to bring him up as an *honnête homme*. **As an old woman, still loving children, she left all her fortune, two million, nine hundred thousand francs, to a theatrical charity, the Société des Artistes dramatiques, for the upbringing and education of the children of needy actors.** She is buried at Père-Lachaise, and white marble statue of the Virgin and Child, by Doré, guards her tomb.

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Alice herself hardly needed a monument in the days of Louis-Philippe. **Her witticisms were the talk of Paris.** When she asked if a certain courtesan was to take the veil: 'No doubt she is,' said Alice, 'she just discovered that God took the form of a man.' When a pompous suitor declared that he loved her 'as the sun loves the rose', she answered: 'I hate you as the moon hate the sun: when you get up I go to rest, and when you rest I rise...**She was more gracefully remembered by her style and beauty: her blue coupé was instantly recognized on the Bois de Boulogne, she introduced the fashion for dressing in a single color: one day she would appear, clad entirely in blue, the next she would be a symphony in rose pink.** Roger de Beauvoir, the writer and dandy, caricatured her as a bacchante, holding a glass of champagne in one hand and a cornucopia in the other. 'I don't know,' confessed Victor Koning, the journalist, 'if Mademoiselle Ozy has as many admirers as the miller's wife in Pomponne, who was so pretty and so cruel that her lover's sighs were enough to turn the sails on her mills. **I can only say that Mademoiselle Ozy is sought after by the pleasantest and liveliest society in**

Paris. Théodore de Banville declared that she was the friend of all the gifted men of her time. She left her rooms over the Maison d'Or for the aristocratic rue de Provence; the child-sempstress of years ago now lived in enviable prosperity.

La Paiva

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Thérèse Lachmann was born into the Moscow ghetto in 1819 (**she born, said someone who knew her, of a witch and a broomstick-handle**)...After a year or two, it seems, she left her husband and infant son, and worked her way to Paris- for there, as Rivarol, the eighteenth-century wit, had often said, Providence was greater than anywhere else; and in Paris she lived in the slums near the Église Saint-Paul. Her education was minimal. She was far from beautiful: her hair was blue-black, her eyes were slightly protruding, her nose was Mongolian, while her mouth and chin suggested energy rather than gentleness. But is she was unlikely to attract conventional lovers, she possessed a flamboyant exoticism which appealed to more original men. She had some rare, disturbing quality which commanded the attention. She also had extraordinary willpower: some inner dynamism drove her on when any weaker woman would have failed.

By 1841 Mme Villoing [husband's surname from Moscow] had acquired a large enough wardrobe to try her fortune; and calculating, no doubt, **that a spa was likely décor in which to find a rich, désœuvré lover, she set out for Ems, in Prussia...**

Henri Herz was Jewish, like herself, and it is always possible that some semitic sympathy drew them together. It is also true that Henri Herz was gifted, affable, charming in the Viennese manner, and kind. It is, however, certain that Madame Villoing soon recognized the advantage of attachment to a rich and famous pianist.

Had she not heard of the Salle Herz, in Paris, the concerts which Herz himself gave to an eager and discriminating audience?

...When Monsieur and 'Madame' Herz returned to Paris, he took her to a reception at the Tuileries, and they were turned back at the ante-room. It did not suit King Louis-Philippe or the pious Queen Marie-Amélie to accept this irregular alliance.

The rejection was understandable; but it probably explained the profound aversion to France with Thérèse would feel for the rest of her life. She could achieve much with her willpower, and still more with money; **but she could not gain recognition in the highest French society. She would always want it, pretend to despise it, and try to make herself amends for her social failure...**

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The overwhelming proof of wealth was not the only proof which the mistress of Henckel von Donnersmarck could display. **Her devoted lover had presented her with that other essential sign of opulence: a château.** He had bought her (some said for two million) the sixteenth century chateau de Pontchartrain, on the road from Paris to Rambouillet. The park, designed by Le Nôtre himself, the château which had known the presence of Louise de la Vallière and le Roi Soleil, were **now the décor for the marquise of the demi-monde.** The hot-houses provided her guests with grapes and cherries and peaches in mid-winter...

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The fall of the Empire brought the final triumph of la Païva. On 28 October, when her marriage to Païva had been annulled [committed suicide], she and Henckel were married at the Lutheran Church in Paris. She was fifty-two. Jean Philippe Worth

recorded that Henckel had given her, as his wedding present, the Empress Eugénie's necklace, which the ex-Empress had been forced to sell. The three rows of diamonds were faultless, and this example of the jeweller's art was considered the finest of its time....

The von Donnersmarcks continued to hold their receptions, and to make appearances in Parisian life, though from time to time they were reminded of their unpopularity; **one day, the Marquis de Roux records, Henckel was horsewhipped in the Champs-Élysées. When his wife appeared at a performance of Offenbach's operetta, *La Périchole*, she was hissed by the audience** (Thiers, then President of the Republic, glossed over the situation by inviting her to dinner).

Chinese Wine-Tasters Scoop Surprise Win in France

9 October 2016

<http://www.bbc.com/news/world-asia-china-37601132>

Chinese wine-tasters have won a taste test in France, in what organisers call "a thunderbolt in the wine world". They came first out of 21 teams by identifying details of six white wines and six red wines without seeing the bottle or label. The French team came second and the US team came third, while former champions Spain slipped into 10th place and the UK only managed 11th. The Chinese competitors put their success down to knowledge and luck. But they did say competition was fierce to get on the team.

China's wine industry has grown in recent years as the country has begun to devote an increasing amount of its land to vineyards. Last year it had 799,000 hectares (1.97 million acres) of land dedicated to growing grapes, second only to Spain

worldwide. **In 2011, a Chinese winery beat a host of French rivals to collect an international gold medal for one of its wines.**

The Chinese team that competed on Saturday at the Chateau du Galoupet, one of France's biggest wine estates, included Liu Chunxia, Tze Chien Chen, Xi Chen, Xianchen Ma and coach Alexander Brice Leboucq.

Their surprise win saw them perform best at identifying the 12 wines' countries of origin, grape varieties, vintages, producers and appellation (geographical areas).

Organisers from the French specialist magazine La Revue du vin de France wrote that the "astounding Chinese team" were "humble even in victory".

They "conceded that in blind tasting, 50% is knowledge and 50% is luck," the magazine continued.

End

I do hope anyone who has afforded the time with the tenacity to peruse this compilation will reflect how the past and the present are so indelibly locked in an unbreakable bond of integrated circumstances, sometimes being sweet certainly other times tragic, with repeating themes occurring in the enduring cycles of our humanity's progress and, of course, retrogrades. France, riding high as ever with the breaking crest of prestige of wines in Asia is granted with the loftiest pedigrees of terroir yet, and undeniable so, their wines simply pale in comparison to the grudgingly acknowledgement of contributions with those of color and former colonial subjects in France's past who saved France's, I politely daresay, derrière. A dissonance is evident with what one wishes to know and what is the buffet, the

spread of historical facts, for total digestion. The wine trade absorbs the French pedigrees fully but swiftly falls all too blind or carefully selective on what they wish to choose from France's illustrious history, and indeed, *present* to know. **The following is what lends comfort to think about France, the *pedigrees* placed on *pedestals* for consummate admiration and the benefit of *unimpeded* consumption.**

The Courtesans

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By Joanna Richardson (Phoenix Press) 1967, 2000

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Anna Deslions is followed by Adèle Rémy, dreaming of her mysterious love-affair at Saint Firmin, and by the great Soubise, still obstinately parading her faded charms, thought it is said that yesterday she had to sell a dress in order to have horses today for her carriage. **All the Jockey Club can recognize the carriages of *la garde*:** Caroline Hassé's yellow barouche, drawn by two irreproachable half-bloods, and la Barucci's big barouche, dark blue set off with red. Cora Pearl has decked out her servants in the bright yellow affected by Mme de Metternich, the wife of the Austrian Ambassador. Rosalie Léon, that famous 'lady of the evening,' has lined her carriage with violet satin, and daringly equipped her lackeys and footmen with jackets of the same imperial hue.

Today, a fine day in the 1860's, the Champs-Élysées - 'a Rotten Row flanked by palaces' - is one vast show of rare spring flowers: of 'gigantic lilies, geraniums of every colour, fuchsias of prodigious proportions...In the Bois,' observes an English journalist, 'there are gardens where...strange animals are being acclimatized; and there is a new chalet on the island in the lake, to which gondolas, gay with coloured lamps, float the fine evening through....' **It is a fair-like setting for fairy-tales; and**

some of the courtesans are indeed living lives that make the tales of Perrault seem *pedestrian*.

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Maharajah, khedive and shah frequented her on their visits to Paris. Aristocrats and bankers and clubmen made their way to the *salon des amoureux*. The two careers of Blanche d'Antigny remained intertwined: the courtesan lent glamour and power to the actress, and the actress played the rewarding part of the courtesan.

The total of Blanche d'Antigny's lovers defies calculation. If she had no engagement with a theatre, she might go to Berlin to meet a Russian prince, even for a few idyll hours. In the summer she would visit a fashionable spa. She set out in style: on 10 September 1868 the Gazette des Étrangers recorded: **'The evening before she was due to leave Paris, the rue des Écuries-d'Artois was blocked by the arrival in procession of her toilettes, each of them with a carriage to itself. Thirty-seven toilettes, thirty-seven carriages in a row.'** When she returned to Paris, she would announce her arrival by driving out in the *drojky* she had brought back from St. Petersburg. The driver, in scarlet silk blouse and white breeches, would whip up the Ukranian horses; and along the avenue of de l'Impératrice they would canter, to the Bois de Boulogne. Like some terrestrial Queen Mab, Blanche d'Antigny would rejoin the evening promenade of *le tout-Paris*.

La Païva

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One morning [he wrote in his *Mémoires*] I found myself in a house which she had often visited during her second marriage; she counts by marriages, like the Kings of France count by dynasties. There arrived at the door a carriage drawn by **horses**

which cost 10,000 francs apiece: they were the morning horses, it was 10 o'clock. Imagine what the others must have been like! **The coupé, a masterpiece by Bender, bore a coat-of-arms- it was certainly that of the third dynasty. The interior lined with white satin, in exquisite taste. I am told that the carpet, which was sable, cost at least a thousand écus.**

She emerged from this vehicle, enveloped in a blue fox fur pelisse of inestimable price; beneath the pelisse she wore some flamboyant dress...No, I'm wrong, it wasn't flamboyant; on the contrary, it seemed a mere nothing. **She just wore lace, cashmere, diamonds on every finger, earrings worth twenty thousand livres apiece; in short, she showed a luxury, simplicity and taste...**as if she had been born in swaddling-clothes which were woven by the fairies. It was magical.

Since then, she has never stopped growing in Parisian legend. She follows a path which is hers alone, she has made herself a place which many envy her and none could hold so well...

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She was invited to *souper intimes* by the Prince de Carignan, and much courted by the *corps diplomatique* and the aristocracy of Turin. She was already renowned for her elegance. A few years later she was in Paris, more Rubenesque, more beautiful, and among the foremost members of *la garde*. **Some of the men most in demand found themselves at her feet;** and Marie Colombier declared that, with Cora Pearl and Giulia Barucci, Caroline Letessier **represented the splendeurs galantes of the Second Empire.**



1855 Classification of Bordeaux

E-Mail Posted December 2017

Subject: Bordeaux Grand Cru Classe under 2,600 baht

Date: 2017-12-19 23:29

From: "The Cellar Bangkok"

Bordeaux introduced the concept of classification in 1855 under Napoléon III, and it now serves as an expression of quality and prestige worldwide. The principle of the crus classés ("classified growths") perfectly illustrates the synthesis of a terroir's typical characteristics and dedicated human intervention over many generations to ensure quality.

There are several classifications in Gironde, listed in order of seniority

The 1855 classification

The Graves classification

The Saint-Émilion classification

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Since, we observe, 1855 and Napoléon III are forever forged together with Bordeaux, just as 1954 is with Dien Bien Phu forever shelved as the defeat of France losing its grasp (giving further impetus to the British to withdraw Empire or perhaps suffer similar expensive consequences in Asia) on the new reality after WWII (80% funded by USA since France was exhausted yet saving face), **it is tantamount that we should benefit to know more about Napoléon III and the Second Empire** other than he as a European head of state- shared the same birthday coincidentally as another in the following century, Adolf Hitler, whom also lodged a coup d'état; both were imprisoned at some point, both men were published to appeal to the masses, both were nationalists, both were intolerant of criticism and freedom of the press as authoritarians, both bent on foreign conquests, and finally- both started wars unwise to their demise only to dramatically lose all and put a telling end to their short régimes; one the Second Empire, the other the Third Reich. One and Two and Three.

The Courtesans

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Years 1852 & 1854

But in 1852, on the threshold of the Second Empire, *La Dame aux camélias* was real and convincing; and some were incensed by Dumas fils' rehabilitation of the courtesan. It was *La Dame aux camellias* which led Théodore Barrière, the

following year, to introduce the courtesan in her true colors. In May 1853 the Vaudeville first presented his drama, *Les Filles de marbre*.

Les Filles de marbre ran for a hundred and sixteen performances. The critics rightly questioned the dramatic merits of the work, but they welcomed Barrière's moral principles...**In 1854 the dispute about the courtesans was so much in vogue** that a character in a vaudeville protested: 'Now, gentlemen, please let us drop *les dames aux camélias* and *les filles de marbre*. I know that modern France is split into two camps about these poor sinners.'

Pedestal:

ORIGIN mid 16th cent.: from French *piédestal*, from Italian *pedestallo*, from *piè* 'foot' (from Latin *pes, ped-*, which later influenced the spelling) + *di 'of' + stallo* 'stall.'

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The very air of Paris seemed to encourage license. Foreign celebrities passing through the capital hastened to pay their respects to the most notorious *filles en renom* (Hortense Schneider, the actress, was known as *le passage des princes*). A famous mistress, a wild way of life, became status symbols. The Duc de Grammont-Caderousse, so it was reported, lit his cigar on a racecourse with an English £1,000 note [sic], which he had won, because the crackling paper got on his nerves. He gave Cora Pearl a silver bathtub, filled it with magnums of champagne, and then climbed into it before the astounded company. **'We have fallen,' Viel-Castel ended his Mémoires in 1864, 'and those who were young about the Emperor are growing old, and those who were still not corrupted, four years ago, are now corrupted completely.'**

Men of less distinction followed the fashions set by their social superiors...

Alice Ozy

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This was fortunate, for in **1858** she had an affair, in Rome, with the brilliant young novelist and journalist, Edmond About. He later made her the heroine of his novel, *Madelon*.

Madelon (for she it was) scanned her friend from head to foot, opening two grey-blue eyes, which were neither big nor small, but enchanting. The real merit of these eyes, their only originality, lay in something naïf and constantly astonished which is usually only found in the gaze of a child. She was not a beauty, this Madelon, so brilliant and so desired; she was less and more than that...The irregularity of her features was lost in the sweetest harmony. When you saw her, it was like smelling a bunch of heliotrope or tasting some delicious fruit, you felt something complete and superabundant which made your heart overflow...**This strange creature, a mixture of unbelievable perfections and of still more charming faults, had the long, high-arched foot of Diana the huntress, a hand that was perhaps a shade too delicate and transparent, but so gentle that she exercised an irresistible attraction, and that she took possession of a man if she touched him with the tips of her fingers.**



Diana Leaving the Bath 1742 by François Boucher



Diana and Callisto, 1759 by François Boucher

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

By Jonathan Fenby [Simon & Schuster] 2015

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In the iconic painting *Liberty Guiding the People*, Delacroix depicted France's second revolution, and its third régime change in four decades, as the triumph of the forces of popular progress led to victory by the bare-breasted symbol of Marianne. Royal autocracy has been overturned once more, but this time, elite bourgeois liberalism had taken the street protests in hand to ensure France avoided what Thiers called the 'generous folly' of a republic. What was to follow was, however, unclear.



Liberty Leading the People (1830), Louvre, Paris

The Courtesans
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By Joanna Richardson (Phoenix Press) 1967, 2000

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1855 in a Goblet



Thomas Cole, 1833 The Titan's Goblet

...Delacroix himself recorded two evenings at la Païva's; and, with the honesty of a true artist, **he expressed distaste for the philistine ostentation he found. 'I dislike this terrifying luxury,'** he noted in his journal on **7 February 1855.**

'There's nothing to remember about an evening like this: you're just duller next day, that's all.

On **2 May 1855**, Delacroix went again to la Païva's, but **he found the atmosphere more distasteful than ever:** 'This evening at the insipid Païva's ...I was petrified by so much futility and insipidity...When I came out of the this soporific pestilence at half-past eleven, and breathed the air in the street, I felt I was at a feast; I walked on for an hour, alone , still dissatisfied, morose...Conclusion: I must stay in solitude.

Delacroix shunned la Païva; Vivier, the famous horn player, who was known for his hoaxes, is said to have played a practical joke on her. Vivier bore an astonishing likeness to Napoléon III. One day arrived after dinner, had himself announced as the Emperor, and promised decorations and sinecures to the speechless guests. At last, with extraordinary audacity, someone tore the false goatee off his face. He was not invited again.

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In 1855 Gautier suggested that 'perhaps it was time to leave these poor *filles de marbre* in peace on their *pedestals*. For over three years they have kept the going almost single-handed...

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The courtesans of the Second Empire not only profited from the social revolution, they profited from political uncertainty. In the sixty or seventy years

that had passed since 1789, France had known rapid changes of régime. The Directoire and the Consulate and the Empire had been followed by the Bourbon Restoration, the Hundred Days, by the second restoration to Louis XVIII. Charles X had been deposed, Louis-Philippe, the bourgeois king, had fled after eighteen years of monarchy; Louis-Napoléon had imposed himself on the country by a plebiscite and a *coup d'état*. The Second Empire was itself far from secure: only the young Prince Imperial ensured that the widely-discredited Prince Napoléon would not succeed to the throne. Until the advent of the Liberal Empire, in 1870, the Empire was a virtual dictatorship which harbored license and corruption; and the rigorous censorship of the Press and the theatre suppressed, but did not destroy, any anti-imperial feeling. A correspondent of the *Athenaeum* writing from Paris in 1862, remarked on the quantity of doubtful literature that was published. **'How is it,' he asked, 'that a Government which crushes the slightest expression of political feeling permits the publication of such literary filth as these books probably contain? Is it not to be explained by the fact that, so long as Parisians are amused, there is less profitability of their thoughts dwelling on political slavery?'** The English journalist probably touched the heart of the matter; and what was true of books was also of the Press. **Indeed, since the Press was forbidden to publish political criticism, since religious questions could not be freely discussed, it naturally paid more attention to social life; and the courtesans enjoyed constant publicity.** They had, as it were, their own Court circular; their dazzling daily round, their more outrageous behavior, their theatrical triumphs and financial disasters, were chronicled as never before or since. The daily papers, the artistic periodicals and the more outspoken popular journals: all of them reflected the life of the courtesan, and kept the public constantly aware of her.

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...**La Païva made no secret of her own political sympathies.** Russian by birth, French by her first marriage, Portuguese by her second, she now shared her

Prussian lover's views. **She had used France in her career, but she had not forgotten that France despised her;** and while she and Henckel may not have corresponded with Berlin, they had long been fostering Prussian interests. **In the last years of the Second Empire, la Païva had often talked to Prussian diplomats about the political indiscretions and military weaknesses, the tendentious opinions, the signs of social decadence in France. She had reported the terrifying optimism of the *Liberal Empire*.** She had foreseen the coming conflict between France and Prussia; it seemed inevitable and not unwelcome. And when, in July 1870, it came, she had no regrets. She went immediately, to live in Henckel's castle at Neudeck, near Tarnowitz, in the wilds of Silesia. **He [husband] himself joined the Prussian forces which were invading France. On 23 August, before hostilities were over, Bismarck made him Prefect of Lorraine.**

La Païva

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If her meanness was notorious, her financial sense was remarkable; she profited largely from the talk of visiting economists and bankers. She helped von Donnersmarck to manage the fortunes he enjoyed from his coal and iron and zinc and copper mines in Silesia, his vast estates, his industrial interests (when he died, he would be worth than two hundred and twenty million marks; he would be the richest person in Germany, second after Mme Brthe Krupp von Bohlen.*

*The heir of the Krupp armaments and steel dynasty in Essen. Hitler famously quoted Germans to become as strong as Krupp steel, *stahl*, in one of his more convincing rallies. Krupp cannons became legendary for their accuracy and durability, exported to armies globally. The Chinese purchased Krupp cannons to modernize their arms to keep up with the West. A few short years later they shot them at German warships. The German government was not amused to later learn

that their own cannons were used effectively against their own ships! The cannons proved their worth and it was a sage purchase, after all, by China's government.

Large cannons mounted onto railway cars were one of many innovations for mobile heavy firepower utilized by German armies. Krupp also produced tanks, ships and submarines known as U-boats. As much as France is noted for excellence in wines, Krupp was instrumental in laying the foundations for Germany to be the continent's premier industrial powerhouse noted for engineering prowess and quality manufacturing. Many towers worldwide today, incidentally, are installed with ThyssenKrupp lifts as the concern closed the books on arms after the surrender in '45. Look for the interlocked three rings. The Allies were not going to let the Krupps begin to re-form and build to become an active volcano again as they did quietly after the debacle of WWI. Much of the enterprise was dismembered to a much more modest size yet was still controlled by the family. Krupp arms, were active, in the Franco-Prussian War and France's defeat at Sedan. The tonnage of steel produced by Krupp at the end of WWII was only surpassed by the USA worldwide, more than Japan, UK and Russia. The Krupps do have a pedigree, we presume.

Read "The Arms of Krupp" by William Manchester, if interested.

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As for **Henckel von Donnersmarck** himself, **he fought to Germanize Lorraine**. In the general elections of 1874, when Alsace and Lorraine first sent deputies to the Reichstag, had the audacity to stand against the Bishop of Metz, Monseigneur Dupont des Loges. 'The great bishop had 13,054 votes. **The former spy** managed to collect 2,346.'

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It [Fate] had deprived her of the glory of being a power in politics. In the spring of 1878, she and Henckel had hoped to contrive a secret meeting between Bismarck and **Gambetta, the virtual dictator of France, to negotiate about Lorraine**; but Gambetta had finally refused an interview which would have brought no material gain to his country. And, far from seeing the keys of Metz brought to her *hôtel*, la Païva had at last been compelled to abandon the monument she had created. The French Government had advised her, in terms which **were virtually a command, that she and her husband should leave the country.**

Guido Henckel von Donnersmarck

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Guido_Henckel_von_Donnersmarck



Guido Georg Friedrich Erdmann Heinrich Adalbert Graf Henckel von Donnersmarck, from 1901 **Prince (*Fürst*) Henckel von Donnersmarck** (born 10 August 1830 in Breslau, died 19 December 1916 in Berlin) was a German nobleman, industrial magnate, member of the House Henckel von Donnersmarck and **one of the richest men of his time. He was married in his first marriage to the famed French courtesan Esther Lachmann, known as La Païva, of Russian Jewish origin.**

In the years **preceding World War I** Henckel was estimated to be the second-wealthiest German subject, **his fortune exceeded only by that of Bertha Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach.**

Henckel lived in Paris in the 1860s with his mistress (later wife), Pauline Thérèse Lachmann, Marquise de Païva, known as La Païva, the most successful of 19th century French courtesans. He engaged in stock market speculations, and Otto von Bismarck sometimes found **his shady contacts politically useful.** Henckel purchased for his mistress the Château de Pontchartrain in Seine-et-Oise.

His first wife was Pauline Thérèse Lachmann (b. Moscow, 7 May 1819 – d. Neudeck, 21 January 1884), **a courtesan better known as La Païva.** They married in Paris on 28 October 1871. **Besides the château of Pontchartrain, Henckel gave her the famous yellow Donnersmarck Diamonds - one pear-shaped and weighing 82.4 carats (16.48 g), the other cushion-shaped and 102.5 carats (20.50 g).** Horace de Viel-Castel wrote that she regularly wore some two million francs' worth of diamonds, pearls and other gems.

It was widely believed, but never proved, that La Païva and her husband were asked to leave France in 1877 on suspicion of espionage. In any case, Henckel brought his wife to live in his castle at Neudeck in Upper Silesia. He had a second estate at Hochdorf in Lower Silesia.

His second wife was Katharina Slepzow (b. St. Petersburg, Russia, 16 February 1862 – d. Koslowagora, 10 February 1929). They were married at Wiesbaden on 11 May 1887. They had two children, Guido Otto (1888–1959) and Kraft Raul Paul Alfred Ludwig Guido (1890–1977).

The prince commissioned a superb tiara for Princess Katharina, composed of 11 exceptionally rare Colombian emerald pear-shaped drops, which weigh over 500 carats and which are believed to have been in the *Empress Eugénie's* personal collection. The most valuable emerald and diamond tiara to have appeared at auction in the past 30 years, was auctioned by Sotheby's for CHF 11,282,500, CHF 2 million more than the highest estimate, on May 17, 2011 in Geneva. **The Donnersmarcks' jewellery collection was known to be on a par with, or even to have exceeded, those of many of the crowned heads of Europe.**

Following World War I, Neudeck passed to Polish sovereignty as Świerklaniec; Hochdorf remained in German territory until 1945. Katharina Fürstin Henckel von Donnersmarck died at Koslowagora, today Kozłowa Góra, neighbourhood of Piekary Śląskie, in February 1929.

A decade later, during the preparations for the German invasion of Poland, Guido's son, Guido Otto Fürst Henckel von Donnersmarck met with *Oberstleutnant* Erwin Lahousen of *Abwehr* (military intelligence) at Hochdorf on 11 June 1939 to offer the assistance of the entire forestry staff of his Polish estate. The offer was accepted. **With the German defeat in 1945 and the coming of Communist rule, the family's estates were confiscated, and they went into exile in the West.**

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Napoléon III

Napoléon III had a bad press in his lifetime. If the Austrian statesman Metternich called him a sphinx, the Prussian Bismarck snorted that he was 'a sphinx without

riddles.' Victor Hugo dismissed him as 'Napoléon the Little.' Karl Marx saw him as an example of history repeating itself in farce. **Baudelaire wrote that 'he showed how anybody at all, if only he gets hold of the telegraph and the printing presses, can govern a great nation.'** Critics portrayed him as a mountebank who ran an empty show played to the catchy but often superficial tunes of its most popular composer, Jacques Offenbach, with the burgeoning of finance, urban development and **the glittering social life of the capital hiding a deeply degenerate, unjust society** as the numbers of poor in the cities swelled and the peasantry was left 'soaked in mud up to our knees', in the words of one rural observer.



Despite such disdain, the second emperor ruled by nearly eighteen years, restoring France's international standing for a time, opening up the economy, and introducing

political reform when he had to. Embodying the hypocrisies, he escapes easy definitions, a political innovator constantly juggling with the possibilities of personal rule, not admirable to be sure, yet searching to reconcile the contradictions of his country at the head of a complex and all too human administration.

His flexibility deprived his empire of a moral compass; appropriately, an early exponent of psychiatry, Dr. Bénédict Morel, published a 'Treatise of the Physical, Intellectual and the **Moral Degenerations of the Human Race**' in 1857.

Conventional morality declined. Morny, who split his time between politics, business and the social whirl and built himself an extremely *grand maison* close the Élysée, was described by the Goncourt brothers in their diary **as typifying a time when people were 'all doing shady deals, selling something of everything, selling even their own wives...steeped in corruption...a vulgar libertine, the mind of Paris'**. A rake who was said to keep a box his bedside containing images of his mistresses, usually naked and with flowers on their genitals, the emperor's half-brother was not only a profiteer but also a patron of the arts, amateur librettist and promoter of Deauville as an upmarket holiday resort with its racecourse and railway line.

Despite this marriage to the Spanish noblewoman, Eugénie de Montijo, and his courting of the Catholic church, **Napoléon had multiple affairs;** a rumour reported by the Goncourts had it that, when he fancied a woman, she would be driven to the Tuileries in a cab, undressed and taken to see the ruler; also naked, by the imperial chamberlain who told her she could kiss him anywhere except on the face. **Whether there was any truth in this was beside the point; the fact that such stories circulated said much about the times.**

Miss Howard [mistress] flew into a rage when she learned of his marriage, but she was made Countess of Beauregard with a château near Versailles and repayment of her loans with interest. The emperor went on to liaisons involving a cousin, celebrated actresses [courtesans] and a strikingly attractive Italian countess [La

Castiglione] sent by the nationalists in Turin [Cavour] to win hearts in Paris and she did at the very top, communicating with her employers.

In 1862, he began an affair with Justine Marie Leboeuf, known as *Marguerite Bellanger*, a former acrobatic dancer and bareback circus rider. She was twenty-five, he fifty-four. Zola mentions her in his novel, *Nana*, and *Manet* may have used her in part for the naked figure in his painting, *Olympia*. **Napoléon provided her with two houses in the outskirts of Paris, a château near Maeux, fine horses and a smart carriage in which she drove proudly past that of the empress in the Bois de Boulogne. When she bore a son, *paternity unsure*, he gave him a château.**

She was said to walk into the bedroom on her hands. **Flaubert said he had heard that Napoléon put on a paper hat to decorate the house he bought for her at Saint-Cloud, with a concealed entrance for his use.** Noting how exhausted her husband was after weekends with his mistress, the empress went with a court functionary to see her. **'If he comes to me, it is because you and annoy him.'** **Marguerite told her.** As the two women shouted at one another, the official withdrew. When silence intervened, he returned to find them laughing together. After the affair ended, Marguerite kept her property, marrying a Prussian serving in the British army and dying in 1886 after catching a cold walking in the gardens of her château.

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The court, with its constant balls and receptions, was a sexual bazaar reflecting the capital city, which the puritanical English historian of the Revolution, Thomas Carlyle, denounced as 'nothing but a brothel and gambling hell.' **The 'lions' of the elite Jockey Club competed to show off their horses and mistresses.** A deaf-mute photographer Bruno Braquehais, made a specialty of

female nude shots and pornographic images of intercourse. The Goncourts recorded **overhearing two important officials debating whether decorations should be worn when visiting a brothel**; one, a former prefect and future senator, said it was advisable because, if you did, 'they give you women who don't have the pox.' **The English courtesan known as Cora Pearl, née Emma Crouch, appeared near nude at a masquerade ball and her herself served at dinner covered only by parsley on a huge silver dish. Starting out as a street prostitute, she became the mistress of the Duke of Rivoli, kept a stable of sixty horses and was famed for her ability to 'make bored men laugh'. Her lovers included the emperor's cousin, Prince Napoléon, who bought her a palace, les Petites Tuileries.**

Marie-Anne Detourbey, a bottle washer in Champagne before moving to the capital, became another lover of Prince Napoléon who installed her in an apartment by the Champs-Élysées where she held a literary salon. Nearby, an extremely rich Silesian aristocrat built a marble palace encrusted with gold and precious stones for Esther Pauline Lachmann, daughter of Russian Jewish émigrés who took the name of La La Païva and married her lover...

The imperial constitution of 1852, drawn up by the influential Eugene Rouher, stipulated the emperor's direct link to the people, and gave him all executive power. He named members of the Council of State, which proposed laws, and the Senate. Ministers reported directly to him. The Assembly, elected by popular suffrage, was reduced to a rubber stamp to approve the executive's measures. It met or three months a year and proceedings were reported were reported only in official summary form. It could not vote in detail on the budget and was not empowered to name its own president. The government could disregard its amendments. **'This country is so tired of revolutions that all it wants today is a good despotism,' Morney observed. 'That's just what it got.'**

A new constitution provided for both 'a democratic, united and indivisible Republic based on the principles of **Liberty, Equality and Fraternity**' and a régime based on 'the Family, Work, Property and Public Order'...Instead, the rising figure was **a man whose past failures might have seemed to disqualify him as a serious contender but whose very name aroused wide public support in the new context of universal *male* suffrage.**

The 'Liberal' Emperor

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Napoléon III lived for the day, making the most of the chances that came his way, turning on a centime piece, unscrupulous but also not without human feelings, seeking to evoke the memory of his uncle but lacking in application and vision to meet the task. **"What is the Empire?" he asked a diplomat. 'Its only a word.'**

Self-contained and secretive, he showed little of himself and his intentions to others. He suffered from the awareness that other European leaders regarded him as a parvenu. His physical appearance did not help in an age that liked its leaders to be imposing figures. His large nose, pointed moustaches and goatee beard made his face seem even longer than it was. **Five-and-a-half-feet tall with short legs**, he had what Queen Victoria described as 'a head and bust which ought to belong to a much taller man'. His face was pale, his blue-grey eyes glassy with either **'a smiling and kindly expression'** or **'a dull, staring look which is rather peculiar'**, in word of the court doctor.

He could be dreamy distracted, preoccupied and sink into silence that resembled melancholy- or fall into fits of laughter during which he sometimes came close to crying, often at one of his own jokes which, the doctor noted,

were **'not always of the finest sort'**. *As a rule, he walked slowly, his toes turned out.*

His heavy smoking affected his health. He had trouble with his kidneys and prostate, haemorrhoids and, as he aged, gout and arthritis. He suffered from headaches and found it increasing difficult to urinate because of his bladder disease. His rooms were overheated to ease rheumatic pain; sometimes he took his bed by day to keep warm.

In 1856, a British consultant diagnosed **'nervous exhaustion'** after the emperor said he had woken in the middle of the night in a fit, wetting the bed; the specialist thought he risked becoming an epileptic and told him to work less, eat two light meals a day and take better care of himself.

Napoléon III

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Napoleon_III

Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte (born **Charles-Louis Napoléon Bonaparte**; 20 April 1808 – 9 January 1873)

He was the nephew and heir of Napoléon I. **He was the first Head of State of France to hold the title of President, the first elected by a direct popular vote, and the youngest until the election of Emmanuel Macron in 2017.** Barred by the Constitution and Parliament from running for a second term, **he organized a *coup d'état* in 1851 and then took the throne as Napoléon III on 2 December 1852,** the forty-eighth anniversary of his uncle's coronation. He remains the longest-serving French head of state since the French Revolution. His downfall was brought about by the Franco-Prussian war in which France was quickly and decisively defeated by the North German Confederation, led by Prussia.

During the first years of the Empire, **Napoléon's government imposed censorship and harsh repressive measures against his opponents. Some six thousand were imprisoned or sent to penal colonies until 1859. Thousands more went into voluntary exile abroad, including Victor Hugo.** From 1862 onwards, he relaxed government censorship, and *his régime came to be known as the "Liberal Empire"*. Many of his opponents returned to France and became members of the National Assembly.

Napoléon III is best known today for his grand reconstruction of Paris, carried out by his prefect of the Seine, Baron Haussmann. He launched similar public works projects in Marseille, Lyon, and other French cities. Napoléon III modernized the French banking system, greatly expanded and consolidated the French railway system, and **made the French merchant marine the second largest in the world.** He promoted the building of the Suez Canal and established modern agriculture, which ended famines in France and made France an agricultural exporter. Napoléon III negotiated the 1860 Cobden–Chevalier free trade agreement with Britain and similar agreements with France's other European trading partners. Social reforms included giving French workers the right to strike and the right to organize. Women's education greatly expanded, as did the list of required subjects in public schools.

...New shipping lines were created and ports rebuilt in Marseille and Le Havre, which connected France by sea to the USA, Latin America, North Africa and the Far East. During the Empire the number of steamships tripled, and **by 1870 France possessed, after England, the second-largest maritime fleet in the world.** Napoléon III backed the greatest maritime project of the age, the construction of the Suez Canal between 1859 and 1869. The canal was funded by shares on the Paris stock market, and led by a former French diplomat, Ferdinand de Lesseps. It was opened by the Empress Eugénie, with a performance of Verdi's opéra Aida.

Lower tariffs and the opening of French markets (1860)

One of the centerpieces of the economic policy of Napoléon III was the lowering of tariffs and the opening of French markets to imported goods. He had been in Britain in 1846 when Prime Minister Robert Peel had lowered tariffs on imported grains, and he had seen the benefits to British consumers and the British economy.

In foreign policy, Napoléon III aimed to reassert French influence in Europe and around the world. He was a supporter of popular sovereignty and of nationalism. **In Europe, he allied with Britain and defeated Russia in the Crimean War (1853–56).** His régime assisted Italian unification and, in doing so, annexed Savoy and the County of Nice to France; at the same time, his forces defended the Papal States against annexation by Italy. **Napoléon doubled the area of the French overseas empire in Asia, the Pacific, and Africa.*** On the other hand, his army's intervention in Mexico which aimed to create **a Second Mexican Empire under French protection ended in failure.**

*With such dynamic growth with land grabs for colonial overseas possessions used with a range of destructive devices against indigenous populations, **are we now prepared to classify French ambitions as grand cru exploitation or explorations?** Which term will best suffice? How do we now feel about the *Liberal Empire* with its conquests and the aftermaths to improve growths on and off terroirs?

Sexuality

Louis-Napoléon has a historical reputation as a womanizer, yet he referred to his behaviour in the following manner: **"It is usually the man who attacks. As for me, I defend myself, and I often capitulate."** He had many mistresses. During his reign, it was the task of Count Felix Bacciochi, his social secretary, to arrange for trysts and to procure women for the emperor's favours. **His affairs were not trivial**

sideshows: they distracted him from governing, affected his relationship with the empress, and diminished him in the views of the other European courts.

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At the beginning of 1853, Eugénie de Montijo [Spanish nobility], wrote to her younger sister that she was prey to ‘a certain terror’ at mounting ‘one of the greatest thrones of Europe.’ At her wedding to Napoléon III on 29 January, she added

subsequently, her face was paler than the jasmine flowers she wore to set off her pink dress.

Known as Eugénie in France, she counted on her beauty to keep him faithful. They were happy for a time. **But, for only four months after the wedding, in another letter to her sister, the Duchess of Alba, she reflected that, though she had gained a crown, this merely made her 'the first slave of my realm.'**...

Writing in 1856, a doctor described her as having 'fine sensitive features [which] reflect her feeling both keenly and rapidly...very part of her body displays a remarkable purity and delicacy of construction...her bosom, which she displays at little too much and too frequently, is beautifully placed and modeled.'

'Do not suppose that I have not been aware of that man's infidelities,' she told friends. 'I have tried everything. I have even tried to make him jealous. It was in vain.'



Portrait by Franz Xaver Winterhalter, 1853

End

The Pearl and the Wave

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Pearl_and_the_Wave

The Pearl and the Wave (French: *La Perle et la vague*), also known as *The Wave and the Pearl*, is a painting by the French artist Paul-Jacques-Aimé Baudry created in 1862. The painting shows a nude woman lying on the edge of a rocky sea shore, with her head turned to gaze backward over her shoulder towards the viewer. Waves are breaking in the background.



The Pearl and the Wave was the subject of contemporary curiosity. The painting was met with praise from art critics for its technique and distinguishing quality. Artist Kenyon Cox described *The Pearl and the Wave* as "**the most perfect painting of the nude**" in the 19th century. Cox identified some features in the painting which he described as "grace of attitude", the well-rounded but slim body of a young woman,

the visible dimple in the shoulder, the "savoring of subtle line", the "loveliness of the color", the "solid yet mysterious modelling", and the "perfection of delicate surface". Cox believed these features make this painting what he calls "a pure masterpiece".

Art historian Bailey Van Hook identified *The Pearl and the Wave* as one of the examples of nude paintings where the subject woman is shown lying down sluggishly for the gratification of the looker-on who she describes as "voyeuristic viewer". **Nineteenth-century French art critic Jules-Antoine Castagnary commented that the woman in the painting may be "a Parisian *modiste* ... lying in wait for a millionaire gone astray in this wild spot."**

In 1863, Empress consort Eugénie de Montijo bought the painting for 20,000 francs. It was her second most costly purchase of the paintings of that time. Today the painting is in the collection of the Museo del Prado in Madrid, the main Spanish national art museum.

End

Curiously, we pray, who was Baudry's model for such perfection? Also, was 'Pearl' a symbolic name play on courtesan Cora Pearl? It would not have gone unnoticed I believe at the time. Without us knowing about the courtesans in the Second Empire as models for art and for the basis of literature, the context can be misleading if unaware presently. This was nothing less than the divine glorification of the flesh.

The Courtesans

The demi-monde in 19th century France

By Joanna Richardson (Phoenix Press) 1967, 2000

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The régime which allowed her such publicity [courtesans in general] was also her most obvious supporter. **The Emperor's own love-affairs were many and ostentatious. He enjoyed a woman, he said, as might enjoy a good cigar after dinner;** one commentator suggested that only two women at Court, among those who qualified by their beauty and easy virtue, had not in fact accorded him their favours. **To be unfaithful with the Emperor was an honour, not a dishonour. He was the topmost star on the Christmas tree of Parisian gallantry.** *La Castiglione*, sent by Cavour to make him pro-Italian in his politics, did not fail to seduce him; and *Marguerite Bellanger* had to be dismissed by the Empress. But the Imperial Court itself hardly set an example of morality. **'The example of bestial luxury came to us from above,'** wrote Marguerite- or the author of her *Confessions*- of the Paris of 1863. **'Which of us had not seen in shop windows, between the portraits of the most famous courtesans, the most unbridled actresses, those of the great ladies-in-waiting, or, at least, those of the Emperor's household?**

Wikipedia, continued:

By his late forties, Napoléon started to suffer from numerous medical ailments, including kidney disease, bladder stones, chronic bladder and prostate infections, arthritis, gout, obesity, and the chronic effects of smoking. In 1856, Dr. Robert Ferguson, a consultant called from London, diagnosed a "nervous exhaustion" that had a "debilitating impact upon sexual ... performance" which he also reported to the British government.

The historical reputation of Napoléon III is far below that of his uncle. **Victor Hugo portrayed him as "Napoléon the Small" (*Napoléon le Petit*), a mere mediocrity, in contrast with Napoléon I "The Great", presented as a military and**

administrative genius. In France, such arch-opposition from the age's central literary figure, whose attacks on Napoléon III were obsessive and powerful, made it impossible for a very long time to assess his reign objectively. **Karl Marx, in *The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Napoleon*, famously mocked Napoléon III by saying "Hegel remarks somewhere that all great world-historical facts and personages appear, so to speak, twice. He forgot to add: the first time as tragedy, the second time as farce."** Napoléon III has often been seen as an authoritarian but ineffectual leader who brought France into dubious, and ultimately disastrous, foreign military adventures.

Historians have also emphasized his attention to the fate of the working classes and poor people. **His book *Extinction du paupérisme* ("Extinction of pauperism"), which he wrote while imprisoned at the Fort of Ham in 1844, contributed greatly to his popularity among the working classes and thus his election in 1848.** Throughout his reign the emperor worked to alleviate the sufferings of the poor, on occasion breaching the 19th-century economic orthodoxy of freedom and laissez-faire and using state resources or interfering in the market. Among other things, the Emperor granted the right to strike to French workers in 1864, despite intense opposition from corporate lobbies....

...The Austrian defeat [by Prussia] was followed by a new crisis in the health of Napoléon III. Metternich, the Austrian Ambassador to France, saw the Emperor on 7 July and reported: "Since I have known the Emperor, never have I seen him in such a state of complete prostration." **Marshal Canrobert, who saw him on 28 July, wrote that the Emperor "was pitiful to see. He could barely sit up in his armchair, and his drawn face expressed at the same time moral anguish and physical pain."**

Defeat in the Franco-Prussian War

When France entered the war there were patriotic demonstrations in the streets of Paris, with crowds singing the *Marseillaise* and chanting "To Berlin! To Berlin!" But Napoléon was melancholic, telling General Lepic that he expected the war to be "long and difficult", and wondering "Who knows if we'll come back?" He told Maréchal Randon that he felt too old for a military campaign. Despite his ill health, Napoléon decided to go with the army to the front as commander in chief, as he had done during the successful Italian campaign. **On 28 July, he departed Saint-Cloud by train for the front. He was accompanied by the 14-year-old Prince Imperial in the uniform of the army, by his military staff, and by a large contingent of chefs and servants in livery. He was pale and visibly in pain.** The Empress remained in Paris as the regent, as she had done on other occasions when the Emperor was out of the country.

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...'Rarely,' wrote the historian-commentator Hippolyte Taine, 'has a generation lived in all respects through so many changes of mind so quickly.' **Flaubert deplored how 'Our lying and turned us into idiots! ...What ignorance, what muddle, what fakery!'**

Napoléon realized that he needed further change if he was to survive and avoid the fates of Charles X and Louis-Philippe. The political base constructed in the early 1850s were crumbling. **Faalty to the emperor and the populist plebiscites were no longer enough.** Wages were not keeping up with prices and rents. **The unequal division of wealth was widely resented. Society had changed.** The alliance with the church had frayed.

The Courtesans
The demi-monde in 19th century France

By Joanna Richardson (Phoenix Press) 1967, 2000

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Only a political revolution could change this way of life; and **the revolution came with the fall of the Second Empire**. After 1870, there was no Court, no aristocracy to confer distinction on the profession. **It lost much of its social glamour in the Republic, when the men-about-town of the golden age had dispersed, the life of pleasure grew banal, and *pornocracy* became democratic, like everything else**. The poets who had sung the praises of the courtesans had died, or had grown old and sober and conventional. The Romantic Age was out of fashion, the demi-monde was growing old with Dumas *filis*, and **when Zola wrote of *Nana*, he was clinical rather than sympathetic**.

Even under the Second Empire there had been those lamented the general corruption: the immorality of Emperor, Court and nobility, of the middle classes and the poor. Those who were rich enough bought their pleasures, those who were poor enough sold them. **Those who were not directly concerned with the traffic of sex were not averse to furnishing the décor of prostitution**: the coachbuilder and the breeder of horses, the architect and the furniture dealer, the grocer and **the butcher, the wine merchant and the restaurateur**.

Wikipedia, continued:

Aftermath

The news of the capitulation reached Paris on 3 September, confirming the rumors that were already circulating in the city. When the news was given to the Empress

that the Emperor and the army were prisoners, she reacted by shouting at the Emperor's personal aide, "No! An Emperor does not capitulate! He is dead!...They are trying to hide it from me. Why didn't he kill himself! Doesn't he know he has dishonored himself?!". Later, when hostile crowds formed near the palace, and the staff began to flee, the Empress slipped out with one of her entourage and sought sanctuary with her American dentist, who took her to Deauville. From there, on 7 September, she took the yacht of a British official to England. On 4 September, a group of republican deputies, led by Léon Gambetta, gathered at the Hôtel de Ville (City Hall) in Paris and proclaimed the return of the Republic, and the creation of a Government of National Defence. **The Second Empire of Napoléon III was over.**

The Courtesans

The demi-monde in 19th century France

By Joanna Richardson (Phoenix Press) 1967, 2000

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...And finally, for all their vices, and for all their weaknesses, the *grandes cocottes* had given a diamanté sparkle to life, **a kind of champagne zest to the art of living.** ***In a sense they had been the incarnation of the Second Empire.***

“Mademoiselle Maximum”

Léonide Leblanc

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In 1883, when Léonide was forty-one, she was still catalogued **in *The Pretty Women of Paris, the directory of prostitutes***; but she was listed as a fading beauty.

Here are the remains of true beauty and grace [wrote the compiler], but it is difficult to do justice to such a celebrated whore. She charmed a generation, and in years to come will be almost as celebrated as a Dubarry, or a Nell Gwynne. Every notable rake has passed at least one night in her arms, for a modern Don Juan's catalogue would not be complete unless he could inscribe therein the honour of having 'had' Léonide Leblanc...**Of all the old glories of Napoléon the Third's corrupt court, she is the best preserved relic**, and our concluding advice to all real judges of female loveliness is – hasten to enjoy her at once, ere it be too late.

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It was in the theatre that she received the most public of all affronts: Dumas fils, who had invented the word demi-monde, had always kept his distance from the most outrageous demi-mondaine, and it was against her that he wrote his play, *La Femme de Claude*. Cesarine, the wife of Claude, has many points of resemblance to the woman whom one can only call la Païva. She is original, exotic, attractive and sinister. She has a past that will not bear the light. She is ready to ruin men for money. **And when she is asked if she is prepared to sell France itself, she simply answers: 'But I'm not French, am I?'** Her husband finally shoots her in the act of betrayal, but he is not committing murder. As Dumas fils explains in his preface:

*Claude is not killing his wife, the author is not killing a woman, **they are both killing the Beast**, the Beast which is foul, adulterous, prostituting, infanticidal, the Beast which undermines society, dissolves the family, profanes love, dismembers the country,*

and dishonours women, whose face and form it takes; the Beast that kills all those who do not kill it.

La Femme de Claude was a clear and devastating attack on an amoral woman who was prepared to betray her adopted country; and la Païva must have suspected a transparent reference to herself...

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The realistic painter **Gustave Courbet made his mark at the Salon of 1850-1 with great works, *A Burial of Ornans* and *the Stone Breakers***. Championing socialist and anarchist ideas, he presented himself as an ignorant peasant epitomizing his art in his life, and **created fresh waves with his depiction of two prostitutes at the Salon of 1857 followed by a series of erotic paintings leading to the image of female genitalia in *L'Origine du Monde* not shown publicly for more than a century**. Edgar Degas established himself during the Empire and did Édouard Manet, who developed a new aesthetic of modernity drawing on Spanish and Dutch old masters. His *Déjeuner sur l'Herbe* was a sensation at the Salon des Refuses, which saw an exhibition of Paul Cézanne's work in 1863 though he was rejected for the next five years.

While popular café-concerts flourished, offering entertainment, drinks and flirtation, a string of major opèras at the *Place du Châtelet* by the Seine included Gounod's *Faust*, Bizet's *Les Pecheurs de Perles* and Berlioz's *Les Troyens*. Play at the church of the Madeleine in Paris, Camille Saint-Saens was called the world's greatest organist by Liszt. His pupil, Gabriel Fauré, spent most of the 1860s at the church organ in Rennes. **The pianist and organist Juliette Godillon** was a hit with her

improvisations, which melded classic, opéra, and peasant themes **while she preached the need for stricter morality**. Popular entertainment thrived. Tight-rope walker Charles Blondin earned an international reputation crossing Niagara Falls on a highwire, blindfolded, on stilts, in a sack, carrying his manager on his back or stopping midway to cook and eat an omelette. The tuneful, dandyish German-born Offenbach captured the spirit of the times with his catchy melodies, gentile satire and innuendo in the eighteen operettas, including *La Belle Hélène*, *La Vie Parisienne* and *La Périchole* as **well as *Orpheus in the Underworld*, a satire on the imperial court in which *Cora Pearl* appeared half-naked.**

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Despite its meretricious character, the Empire saw a considerable flowering of the arts...showed concern for the nation's history...to undertake the protection of historic buildings...

Gustave Flaubert established the modern novel, advising that artists should live in bourgeois style and save their bohemianism for their work. **The publication of *Madame Bovary* in serial form in 1856 led to his trial and acquittal for obscenity.** In 1869, he followed with *L'Education Sentimentale*. His good friend, Amantine Lucile Aurore Dupin, writing as George Sand, produced forty-six books and eleven plays plus literary criticism and political essays. She had a ten year affair with Chopin...Sitting next to her at dinner, the Goncourts were struck by her 'beautiful and charming head which, with age, becomes each day like that of a kind of mulatto.'

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At this volatile moment [1847], a set of scandals tarnished the elite. The newspaper editor and deputy, Émile de Girardin, who had taken money from the

government not to vote against it but then fell out with Guizot, alleged he had been offered a seat in the upper house in return for support. The justice minister died after his taste for sex with girls of ten to twelve had been revealed- the cause of death was given as apoplexy , but rumours flew that he had killed himself. **A former public works minister was convicted of having taken a 94,000 bribe to grant a salt mine concession, with a former war minister acting as intermediary.**

A member of the royal household, the Duke of Choiseul-Praslin, killed his wife, with whom he had had eleven children, with fifteen stab wounds after she threatened to go to court over his affair with their offspring's female tutor; the duke was found dead of arsenic poisoning in prison and the authorities were said to have killed him to hush up the scandal. The French ambassador in Naples, who was close to the king, cut his throat, probably because of domestic difficulties. **Officials were found to have used public money to speculate on grains.** A senior court figure was found cheating at cards.

De Broglie and Molé joined Lamartine in expressing concern about the effect on the régime. Hugo compared Guizot to a respectable woman who found herself running a brothel. De Tocqueville asked his fellow deputies if they did not scent revolution in the air, and joined those charging the administration with **acting 'like a private business, each member thinking of public affairs only in so far as they could turn a private profit.'** ...

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Thousands marched through the capital, denouncing the government...and, in some cases, shouting slogans in support of Louis-Napoléon. **'Liberty or Death!'** the working-class leader Louis Pujol called out at the Place de la Bastille. Placards had a more down-to-earth message, 'Bread or Death'.

Baron Haussmann

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Georges-Eugène Haussmann aimed to make Paris ‘the capital of a powerful Empire, the residence of a glorious sovereign.’ From 1853, he effected the most wide-ranging transformation the capital had ever seen, a process continued by the Third Republic, and evident in the layout of the city today.

His work was needed. With little improvement from the conditions that had helped to set off the 1848 insurrection, the city was on the point of becoming inhabitable; the political economist Victor Considerant described it in 1848 as ‘a foul hole where plants wilt and perish and four out of five children die within their first year.’



Haussman believed better conditions would boost business, attract tourists and increase tax revenue as well as provide jobs. He was a top-down authoritarian who called himself 'the demolition artist' and brooked no delay- 'get those warts off my face,' he said of old districts about to be torn down. **Though not ennobled, he was known as Baron Haussmann.**

...The capital's surface area was doubled to 8,000 hectares and the population increased by the same proportion. But **the cost led to Haussmann being driven from office in 1870 after a campaign exposed the financial legerdemain of his schemes. Following the scandal,** he devoted himself to writing his memoirs before dying in 1891.



Baron Haussmann and Napoléon III make official the annexation of eleven communes around Paris to the City. The annexation increased the size of the city from twelve to the present twenty arrondissements.

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The national mood improved. The state of siege was lifted. The Prince President threw lavish balls at the Élysée, giving his arm to favoured ladies. When he toured central and southern France in the autumn of 1852, the interior ministry told prefects to distribute flags emblazoned 'Long Live the Emperor'. ***In Bordeaux, run by the ambitious Georges-Eugène Haussmann, Louis-Napoléon announced what France wanted was an Empire.***

On 2 December, **a year after the coup** and on the forty-eighth anniversary of his uncle's coronation, the Second Empire was proclaimed. **The Prince President became Napoléon III** (Bonaparte's son, who died in 1832, had been the second holder of the title). **France could dream of new glory and many felt more comfortable with a ruler on a throne rather than the messy republic.*** But some were concerned about the new-old path, and not only divided royalists and routed republicans. Though his bank profited handsomely from a bull market set off by the new régime, James de Rothschild wrote to his nephews: 'How would you like a French constitution for two sons? They're being sold in the streets for that.' **He worried that the ruler was 'an ass- who would end up turning the world against him', as he liked 'nothing more than to play the little soldier'.**

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The ultimate Parisian flâneur, Charles Baudelaire published the first volume of *Les Fleurs du Mal* in **1857**, aweing many of his fellow artists; Flaubert told him that he had rejuvenated Romanticism, though Le Figaro's critic inveighed against it, saying that **'Everything in it which is not hideous in incomprehensible, everything one understands is putrid.'**

Balzac had died a year before Napoléon's coup- Hugo reportedly slipped into the grave while delivering the eulogy at the cemetery. **But the elder Dumas remained a venerable figure; returning home in 1861 after joining the struggle for Italian unification. His son, also called Alexandre, as painstaking a writer as his father was prolix, was the leading playwright of the epoch and enjoyed great success with his novel La Dame aux Camélias, the basis for the play and Verdi's opéra, La Traviata...**

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Alexandre Dumas père, founded a production studio staffed by an army of underlings known as his *nègres* who would write under his editorial guidance. His avalanche of novels, serialized with great success, included *The Count of Monte Cristo* and *The Three Musketeers*. Eugene Sue painted a dramatic, often melodramatic, picture of working-class life and the underworld in his best selling series, *Les Mystères de Paris*, offering bourgeois readers vicarious contact with the heaving popular districts of the capital. In a very different vein, George Sand chronicled rural life around her estate in central France as part of an outpouring of books, plays, political texts and literary articles which took an increasingly political tone as she called for reform and proclaimed that 'There is only one happiness in life, to love and be loved.'

Alexandre Dumas, fils

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Alexandre_Dumas,_fils

Alexandre Dumas, fils; {27 July 1824 – 27 November 1895} was a French author and playwright, best known for the romantic novel *La Dame aux camélias* (*The Lady of the Camellias*), published in 1848, which was adapted into Giuseppe Verdi's opéra, *La traviata* (*The Fallen Woman*), as well as numerous stage and film productions, usually titled *Camille* in English-language versions.

Dumas, fils (French for "son") was the son of Alexandre Dumas, père (French for "father"), also a well-known playwright and author of classic works such as *The Three Musketeers*. Dumas, fils was admitted to the Académie française (French Academy) in 1874 and awarded the Légion d'honneur (Legion of Honour) in 1894.

Dumas was born in Paris, France, the illegitimate child of Marie-Laure-Catherine Labay (1794–1868), a dressmaker, and novelist Alexandre Dumas. In 1831 his father legally recognized him and ensured that the young Dumas received the best education possible at the *Institution Goubaux* and the *Collège Bourbon*. At that time, the law allowed the elder Dumas to take the child away from his mother. Her agony inspired the younger Dumas to write about tragic female characters. In almost all of his writings, he emphasized the moral purpose of literature; in his play *The Illegitimate Son* (1858) he espoused the belief that if a man fathers an illegitimate child, then he has an obligation to legitimize the child and marry the woman (see Illegitimacy in fiction). At boarding schools, he was constantly taunted by his classmates because of his family situation. These issues profoundly influenced his thoughts, behaviour, and writing.

Dumas' paternal great-grandparents were Marquis Alexandre-Antoine Davy de la Pailleterie, **a French nobleman** and *Général commissaire* in the Artillery in the colony of Saint-Domingue—now Haiti—and **Marie-Cessette Dumas, an African slave. Their son Thomas-Alexandre Dumas became a high-ranking soldier under Napoléon I.**

The Courtesans

The demi-monde in 19th century France

by Joanna Richardson (Phoenix Press) 1967, 2000

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...Dumas *filis* introduced – so it seemed – a new figure into literature. His novel, *La Dame aux camélias*, **based on the life of Marie Duplessis**, appeared in 1848, some eighteen months after her death; **it caught the public imagination by the ring of truth**. Four years later, in 1852, he dramatized the story, and *La Dame aux camélias*

‘entered the French theatre for all time, and kept a place there which corresponded to the place she had so largely taken in public morals.’

***La Dame aux camélias* perfectly suited the mood of the moment.**

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[Marie Duplessis] Perhaps it was her curious innocence, as well as her distinction of manner, her spirited conversation, that drew celebrities to her: she even entertained Lola Montès, a courtesan the antithesis of herself. Her beauty and natural sweetness attracted men of stature, and among them were Dumas *filis* and Franz Liszt.

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“Wonderful was the admiration and sympathy,” wrote Forster; ‘and it culminated when Eugene Sue bought her prayer-book at the sale.’ Forster’s last talk with Dickens, who was then in Paris, ‘was of the danger underlying all this.’ Indeed, **‘Dickens wished at one time to have pointed the moral of this life and death.’**

Happily for literature, it was **the younger Dumas who made the subject of Marie Duplessis his own.** Someone observed that many women would probably have liked to earn Marie’s jewels and dresses on the terms on which she had earned them. The observation caught the attention of Dumas *filis*; he conceived the idea of his novel, *La Dame aux camélias*. It was published in 1848, some eighteen months after the death of Marie Duplessis. **In 1852 it was dramatized and first performed at the Vaudeville. Dumas *filis*, snapped Arsène Houssaye, had made Marie Duplessis ‘a saint twice over in the calendar of hussies’.**

Viel-Castel, the memoir-writer, the vigilant collector of contemporary scandal, professed himself to be shocked by Dumas's play:

La Dame aux camélias [he wrote] is an insult to everything that the censorship should make respected. **This play is shameful for the epoch which allows it, the government which tolerates it, the public which applauds it. Every evening, the Vaudeville is packed full, the place de la Bourse is thick with carriages. Women from the highest society are not afraid to show themselves in the boxes. *La Dame aux camélias* is in fact a full-scale public scandal...**

Such turpitude is not to be analysed, it is ignoble, but the spectacle presented by the audience itself is even worse.

Against his comments should set those of an Englishman living in Paris, Albert Vandam, who had often met her in the last years of her life.

The world at large, and especially the English [wrote Vandam], have always made very serious mistakes, both with regard to the heroine of the younger Dumas's novel and play, and the author himself. They have taxed him with having chosen and unworthy subject and, by idealizing it, taught a lesson of vice instead of virtue; they have taken it for granted that Alphonsine Plessis was not better than her kind. She was much better than that...She was not the commonplace courtesan the goody-goody people have thought fit to proclaim her....

The sober fact is that **Dumas fils** did not idealize anything at all, and, least of all, Alphonsine Plessis's character. **Though very young at the time of her death, he was then already much more of a philosopher than a poet.**

La Dame aux camélias wrote Theophile Gautier **in 1870**, 'is perhaps the least perfect work of Alexandre, but it is certainly the most seductive...We are involved in the fate

of Marguerite Gautier...; **we feel that the poet loves her or has loved her, and that he keeps an affectionate memory of her.'**

Every writer, said Gustave Claudin, wanted to re-shape the play in his fashion; but it was with his play as it had been with Marie Duplessis herself. **It was impossible to imitate the one or the other. *La Dame aux camélias* would remain a type like Manon.**

End

Now that we have become better acquainted about Ol' Nappy No. 3 and his reckless life and times, the groundwork is being set for us to properly lend more clarification on the Classification at hand. We now are getting at the *gist* of what was the social climate and the integrity of the régime of Paris in 1855.

Word Origin: Gist

ORIGIN early 18th cent.: from Old French, third person singular present tense of *gesir* 'to lie,' from Latin *jacere*. The Anglo-French legal phrase *cest action gist* '**this action lies**' denoted that there were sufficient grounds to proceed; *gist* was adopted into English denoting the grounds themselves.

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

By Jonathan Fenby [Simon & Schuster] 2015

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Official figures in 1863 showed that a quarter of the population did not understand French, as many were illiterate. Though Paris, with its two million

inhabitants, housed 15 percent of industrial workers, only a tenth of them worked in factories and large enterprises. Growing wealth was unevenly distributed; while wages rose significantly, profits increased far faster. Three million people worked at the bottom of the pile as day labourers, farm hands and household servants while **the rural exodus added further to overcrowding in slums untouched by the urban renovation led by the prefect who had organized Napoléon's visit to Bordeaux in 1851 [Baron Haussmann]**, in which he told France it needed to restore Empire.

'The Empire means peace' Napoléon declared in his speech at Bordeaux setting out his imperial plan. In fact, he brought recurrent wars he sought to rally the nation behind him by rebuilding French glory on Bonapartist tradition.

'The Empire,' he told a visitor, 'will be for or against Europe according to how it is received.' **His belief in a 'policy of nationalities'**, backing the creation of unified nations out of the hodge-podge of countries such as Italy, was bound to lead to conflict with conservative powers. He felt no fondness for the Tsar, who declined to address him as a royal 'brother' or for Austria, which he said 'thwarts me everywhere'.

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Nationalism clashed with the idea of universal harmony. If others did not like them, the principles of the Revolution had to be imposed by force which was justified by inherent virtues.

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A political system devoted to decline instinctively does much to speed-up that process.

Jean-Paul Sartre

The Course of Empire

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Course_of_Empire_\(paintings\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Course_of_Empire_(paintings))

The Course of Empire is a five-part series of paintings created by Thomas Cole in the years 1833–36. It is notable in part for reflecting popular American sentiments of the times, **when many saw pastoralism as the ideal phase of human civilization, fearing that empire would lead to gluttony and inevitable decay.**

A direct source of literary inspiration for *The Course of Empire paintings* is **Byron's *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (1812–18)**. Cole quoted lines from Canto IV in his newspaper advertisements for the series:

First freedom and then Glory –

when that fails,

Wealth, vice, corruption...

The Consummation of Empire, shifts the viewpoint to the opposite shore, approximately the site of the clearing in the first painting. It is noontide of a glorious summer day. Both sides of the river valley are now covered in colonnaded marble structures, whose steps run down into the water. The megalithic temple seems to have been transformed into a huge domed structure dominating the river-bank. The mouth of the river is guarded by two pharoi, and ships with lateen sails go out to the sea beyond. A joyous crowd throngs the balconies and terraces as a scarlet-robed

king or victorious general crosses a bridge connecting the two sides of the river in a triumphal procession. In the foreground an elaborate fountain gushes. **The overall look suggests the height of ancient Rome. The decadence seen in every detail of this cityscape foreshadows the inevitable fall of this mighty civilization.**





Destruction, has almost the same perspective as the third, though the artist has stepped back a bit to allow a wider scene of the action, and moved almost to the center of the river. **The action is the sack and destruction of the city**, in the course of a tempest seen in the distance. It seems that a fleet of enemy warriors has overthrown the city's defenses, sailed up the river, and is busily firing the city and killing and raping its inhabitants. The bridge across which the triumphal procession had crossed is broken; a makeshift crossing strains under the weight of soldiers and refugees. Columns are broken, fire breaks from the upper floors of a palace on the river bank.

In the foreground a statue of some venerable hero (posed like the Borghese Warrior) stands headless, still striding forward into the uncertain future. In the waning light of late afternoon, **the dead lie where they fell, in fountains and atop the monuments built to celebrate the affluence of the now fallen civilization.**

The scene is perhaps suggested by the Vandal sack of Rome in 455. On the other hand, a detail in the lower right of "**The Consummation of Empire**" shows two children fighting, one clad in red and the other in green—the colors of banners of the two contending forces in "**Destruction**," which thus might depict a foreshadowed civil war.

Let's think of the **Siege of Paris** as "Destruction" to wind down the Second Empire from another brief war with Germans:

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Siege_of_Paris_\(1870%E2%80%9371\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Siege_of_Paris_(1870%E2%80%9371))

The **Siege of Paris**, lasting from **19 September 1870 to 28 January 1871**, and the **consequent capture of the city by Prussian forces**, led to French defeat in the Franco-Prussian War and the establishment of the German Empire as well as the Paris Commune.

As early as August 1870, the Prussian 3rd Army led by Crown Prince Frederick of Prussia (the future Emperor Frederick III), had been marching towards Paris. **The army was recalled to deal with French forces accompanied by Napoléon III. These forces were crushed at the Battle of Sedan, and the road to Paris was left open.** Personally leading the Prussian forces, King William I of Prussia, along with his chief of staff Helmuth von Moltke, took the 3rd Army and the new Prussian Army of the Meuse under Crown Prince Albert of Saxony, and marched on Paris virtually unopposed. ...

Sign O' The Times:
The Courtesans
The demi-monde in 19th century France

By Joanna Richardson (Phoenix Press) 1967, 2000

1855 Birth of a New Word: Demi-Monde



Alexandre Dumas, fils

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On March 20, 1855, when his play was first performed, he put a new word into international currency. 'The demi-monde,' he said, himself, 'does not represent the crowd of courtesans, but the class of declassed women...It is divided from that of honest women by public scandal, and divided from that of the courtesans by money.' The word demi-monde came to have a much wider connotation than Dumas fils had intended. **The Académie Française eventually**

defined it as ‘the society of women of loose morals.’ The definition came to include all those women known to be of easy virtue, of doubtful morality, who found themselves beyond the pale of society. No doubt the demi-monde had existed before Dumas *films* defined it on a map; no doubt it exists today, and always will. **But it was Dumas *films* who discovered the brave new demi-monde; it remains Second Empire territory.**

End

<https://www.thewinecellarinsider.com/bordeaux-wine-producer-profiles/bordeaux/1855-bordeaux-classification/>

History of the Bordeaux 1855 Classification of the Medoc:

How did the 1855 Bordeaux Classification come about? Similar to the World Fair’s we hold today, The Exposition Universelle de Paris was the perfect opportunity for France to place on display the best it had to offer in a myriad of categories for the entire world to see. This was what Napoléon III wanted to accomplish in 1855.

When it comes to wine, you have to keep in mind, there were thousands of Bordeaux wine producers that wanted to show their wines at The Exposition Universelle de Paris. It’s even more important to realize tens of thousands of consumers attended the event and many of the attendees wanted to taste the best Bordeaux wines.

As it would have required far too much wine from each chateau to allow everyone to sample their wine, each châteaux sent a total of 6 bottles of their specific wine. Because no consumer was able to taste all the wines, the need for an official Bordeaux classification was now exacerbated. If consumers could not taste the

wines and decide which was best, some person or organization was need to help buyers know, which wine they should purchase.

End

1855 Insight:

The tenor of the Second Empire is categorically overlooked by elevated wine authorities when they write and give presentations at wine trade fairs. The flagrantly corrupt 'liberal' régime – in the original Roman context- and society are never even mentioned. **Some people have written so glowingly about the emperor and his request for classification that it is completely a whitewash of the character of the man and his times. They actually did research and chose not to be critical of the emperor for perhaps commercial reasons. They are pandering to what the wine trade would prefer the 1855 history to be and not the reality.** Everyone just skips over the emperor like a puppy in a park without paying any heed to the swarm of flies swirling around the ground for a reason. It's not freshly spilled yoghurt that draws the attention. This basic exclusion of content I believe has been disingenuous for those whom import French wines and educators of wine for the Bordeaux curiously inclined to gain a better understanding of the breadth of the Second Empire.

The following input clearly illustrates the Classification was basically initiated *only two weeks later* from Dumas' *fil's* description of his word 'demi-monde. The difference in both dates is less than 5% of a year between them. They are both under a month by a fat margin. That is a ridiculous accuracy worthy of contemplation. This is like a marksman at a target range that hits the bullseye 19 out of 20 times in succession. That should be cause for pause for more than a few. **All wine articles I have read have been oblivious to the permeating scandalous nature of the Second Empire. One would never honestly know by reading all**

the various inputs by esteemed experts on the topic as they never bother to mention the overarching nature of the régime nor French society. It all sounds very upstanding and transparent- prim and proper with wine publications and authors -when it clearly was very far from it during the Second Empire. The admission Dumas *fills* of 1855 deserves more recognition because it confirms the greedy, spurious and promiscuous mores of French society. Those facts are undeniable and should be given more credence in wine circles to shed light on those times. **Perhaps the French are keenly aware but are circumspect to raise the dead.** Nobody really wants to air collective dirty laundry and be reminded of national defeats.

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

By Jonathan Fenby [Simon & Schuster] 2015

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In the region of Lyons, where Napoléonic sentiment still ran high, a portable guillotine was moved around rural areas. When General Charles de la Bédoyère, one of the last commanders to have left the Waterloo battlefield, went to see his wife on his way to exile in Switzerland, he was recognized, arrested and shot. **Marshal Ney, 'the bravest of the brave' in Napoléon's phrase,** who had rallied to Louis XVIII in 1814 and denounced Bonaparte as a lunatic, but then joined him at Waterloo was sentenced to death. Following a failed escape attempt, **he was executed near the Luxembourg Gardens in Paris after himself giving the order to the firing squad to shoot- *one of the twelve crack marksmen aimed wide.***

The Creators of the 1855 Classification:

What happened next was, on ***April 5, 1855***, the Gironde Chamber of Commerce headed by the president, Duffour-Dubergier, ordered an official classification to accompany the now famous wines of the Bordeaux appellation. The châteaux chosen were all located in the Left Bank, with Margaux, Saint Julien, Pauillac, Saint Estephe and the Haut Medoc. They allowed the Wine Brokers' Union of Bordeaux to develop the plan.

The brokers, or what we refer to as negociants knew the wines, the terroir and soils of the vineyard, the chateau and the owners better than anyone. Their efforts morphed into what we now refer to as the official 1855 Bordeaux Classification.

Two things stand out about the results for the request. It took the negociants less than 2 weeks to create the official 1855 Bordeaux Classification as it was completed April 18, 1855. That is made even more amazing when you consider that even today, more than 150 years later, much of the original 1855 classification is still valid!

The Classification of 1855 is written:

The 1855 Bordeaux Classification came up with a ranking of the best Bordeaux wines in five, unique classes for the red wines. The wines included were all from Medoc, except for the already legendary Chateau Haut-Brion from Graves, which had to be included, due to its worldwide fame and the fact that it sold for as much, or more than the other First Growth wines of the Medoc.

Rankings were determined by in large part, their selling price over an extended period of time. In this case, when the official rankings for the 1855 classification were produced, the average selling price covering the period of 1815 to 1855 was considered. In all, a total of 61 Bordeaux châteaux are included in the 1855

Bordeaux Classification for producers of red wine. This breaks down to 5, First Growths, 14 Second Growths, 14, Third Growths, 10 Fourth Growths and 18 Fifth Growth Bordeaux wines.

The 1855 Bordeaux Classification: Genius or Inertia?

<http://www.worldoffinewine.com/news/the-1855-bordeaux-classification-genius-or-inertia>

11 September 2008

It is 150 years this year since the Bordeaux classification was first published. Jim Budd takes a look at that original listing and compares it with how a new classification might look today if it were created using the same criteria

The 1855 classification of the Médoc and Graves, drawn up in some haste for the Universal Exposition in Paris the same year, has remained essentially unchanged ever since. Apart from the inclusion of Cantemerle in September 1855 and the promotion of Mouton-Rothschild in 1973, there have been no alterations and no re-evaluation. **On its 150th anniversary, should we toast those who drew up the longest-surviving wine-property classification still in use, or lambast their successors for not having the courage to reform a list that is now comically out of date?**

As Dewey Markham Jr shows in his definitive study, *1855: A History of the Bordeaux Classification*, there are a number of enduring myths attached to the classification. The notion that it was the emperor Napoléon III who requested it is perhaps both the most erroneous and the most potent. In reality, the 1855 classification was drawn up as an afterthought, and there was no intention that it would become the immutable order it now appears to be. Markham describes how the 1855 classification only became the classification decades after the Universal Exposition had closed its doors in November 1855.

The 1855 classification was far from the first attempt to classify Bordeaux wines, but it has proved unexpectedly to be the most enduring. It was the culmination of a number of classifications, which, as far as surviving records are concerned, started in 1647 with a list from the Bordeaux Jurade of prices achieved by the various communes. Gradually the emphasis moved from the communes to individual properties. Among the best-known classifications were those by Jefferson (1787), Jullien (1816, 1822, 1832), Franck (1824, 1845, 1853, 1860), Redding (1833) and Cocks (various editions from 1846). Most classifications ordered the leading properties into four or five classes, often with an order of merit within each class.

It is interesting to note that in various classifications before 1855, Haut-Brion, Lafite, Latour and Margaux were undisputed first growths, while the position of Mouton-Rothschild (then called Branne Mouton) fluctuated wildly within the second class, with Jefferson listing it as a third. It was never considered a first, although an unsuccessful attempt was apparently made during the Universal Exposition to have it promoted. The genius of the 1855 classification was to base the classification solely on the price of the wine, rather than on tasting judgments. **As Markham explains, the idea of showing wine at the Universal Exposition was very much an afterthought, since the theme of the Exposition, like that of the Great Exhibition in London in 1851, was very much on new industrial products and inventions rather than traditional agricultural products such as wine. In mid-March 1854, Napoleon Jerome*, a cousin of Napoleon III and president of the Imperial Commission for the Universal Exposition, ordered the prefects of France's 86 departments to set up regional committees to encourage, arrange and coordinate exhibits from throughout France.**

* Refer to Page 89

Prince Napoléon / Prince Jérôme Napoléon

A perfect example of reading a name of pedigree without any mention of character. It sounds good until we know more about him. Having a spoonful of skepticism is more than justified. The integrity of the Classification takes a beating with his involvement. What is supposed to be impressive and provide a measure of confidence has, in effect, fallen flat to our consummate dismay. The veracity of the article is blemished because the author fully bit the garish bait on the big hook.

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In all, 208 committees were established, including one for the Gironde. It was not, however, until November 1854 - when the departmental committee for the Côte d'Or informed its equivalent in Bordeaux that wines from Burgundy and Champagne were to be exhibited - that the possibility of including wines from Bordeaux was considered, even though Nathaniel Johnston - négociant and proprietor of several châteaux, including a share in Château Latour - was a member of the regional committee.

The regional committee quickly decided that it did not have the contacts and expertise to organise an exhibition of wines, and it was agreed that the Bordeaux Chamber of Commerce would take over. Before it handed over responsibility for organising Bordeaux's display of wines to the Chamber of Commerce, however, the committee decided that making a selection by tasting would be too complicated and controversial. How right they were! Had the Chamber of Commerce chosen to select or classify by tasting, it is probable that the court cases would still be running 150 years on: witness the disputes that have arisen from the reclassification of the cru bourgeois in 2003.

Initially, the Chamber of Commerce concentrated on soliciting samples for the display. Early on they decided that, in order to avoid controversy, the wines

displayed should not carry their customary labels but instead labels supplied by the Chamber of Commerce. The Chamber of Commerce sent invitations to the leading properties and communes in the Gironde to supply samples both for the display and for the tasting that was to be held during the Exposition. Despite a reminder, the response from the châteaux was disappointing. In early April 1855, the Chamber of Commerce realised that a simple display of wine bottles was unlikely to grab the attention of visitors, so they decided that a large map of the Bordeaux vineyards and a classification of the leading wines would add the necessary interest to their stand. On 5 April, the president of the Bordeaux Chamber of Commerce wrote to the Union of Brokers attached to the Bordeaux Commodities Market, asking for a list of 'all the red classed growths in the department, as exact and complete as possible, specifying to which of the five classes each of them belongs and in which commune they are located'. He asked for a similar classification for the 'great white wines'. The brokers sent their reply and the classification on 18 April. Such a rapid response suggests that this was a swift distillation of assessments built up over decades that the brokers used all the time. **As Markham emphasises: 'There were no châteaux visits, no requests for samples, no tastings involved in the establishment of the rankings, nor was there any need of them. The 1855 classification was based on the readily available information that was used by the brokers in their daily transaction of business.' There was no fanfare to announce the 'new' classification. It was not regarded as momentous, and it was quietly sent off to Paris for the Exposition along with the map and the wine samples. Indeed, many château owners were not aware of this classification until well after the end of the Exposition, something that suited the members of the Chamber of Commerce.** The last thing they wanted was a chorus of complaint from the châteaux who had either been excluded or felt that they deserved to be in a higher class. Caroline de Villeneuve-Dufort, owner of Château Cantemerle, was one of the few who did know of its existence - and that Cantemerle was excluded. She appealed directly to the Union of Brokers. Until the 1854 vintage, Cantemerle had been sold to Dutch merchants, so the information the brokers had on Cantemerle's prices was

sketchy. Villeneuve-Dufort convinced the brokers that Cantemerle was worthy of fifth-growth status and the property was added to the classification in September 1855, while the Universal Exposition was still on.

Over the second half of the 19th century, the 1855 classification gradually started to take on the status it has today, but not until the beginning of the 20th century was it made more formal. In 1901 the red-wine properties classified in 1855 set up the Union of Classed Growths in the Médoc. The Union of Classed Growths in Sauternes-Barsac followed.

The 1855 Today

How accurate is the classification today? To try to answer this question I compiled a list of current prices over the last 19 vintages from 1985 to 2003, using case prices or caseprice equivalents. I then took the sum of the prices achieved by each property to test the current validity the 1855 classification, and I have used the results to suggest a new classification. I found that prior to the 1985 vintage, too many wines were either unavailable or sold at abnormally high prices, especially in poor vintages, because of their rarity. Since this difficulty did not arise with the first growths, there are results for them from 1961 to 2003 (see Table 1). As well as the 1855 properties, I have also included a selection of the leading cru bourgeois in the Médoc, including all nine of the new cru bourgeois exceptionnel, as well as some of the leading properties in Pessac-Léognan, Pomerol and St-Emilion. If no wine was offered in a particular vintage then it scored zero.

The majority of the prices come from brokers and merchants via wine-searcher.com, though I have also included some auction prices. Throughout, I chose the lowest reasonable price - excluding low auction estimates or optimistically low bids on Internet auction sites, as well as prices from brokers or merchants that appeared to be out of line. This revised classification is entirely on price; no account has been

taken of reputation, and there is no tasting element. The results should be treated as indicative rather than conclusive - with more time and resources it would be possible for two or three people to compile an agreed list of prices for all of Bordeaux's leading properties.

THE RESULTS

Average price by class

In one sense, the 1855 classification is still valid. Although there are wide price variations among properties, the average sum achieved by each class (see Table 2) shows that the hierarchy remains intact. It is, however, a very close-run thing once we reach the fourth growths, with very little separating the fourths, fifths and leading cru bourgeois. It does confirm the gulf between the first growths and the rest.

In fact, the 1855 hierarchy is only maintained by the high prices achieved by Palmer among the thirds and Lynch-Bages among the fifths. If Palmer and Lynch-Bages are excluded, then the bunching of the lower categories is very evident, as column B shows. Now there is only £393 between the average sum total 1985-2003 achieved by the thirds and by the fifths; and significantly, the selection of leading cru bourgeois attain a higher average than the fifth growths.

Revised Classification: 1855 Properties Only

In contrast to the average prices by class, the prices achieved by individual châteaux show very big variations on their 1855 positions (see Table 3). The results demonstrate that the five first growths are indeed a category apart, with a large gap between the first and second growths, while below the firsts a reclassification is essential. Some properties, such as Palmer and Lynch-Bages, clearly merit

promotion, while others should be demoted and some excluded all together, since their price performance does not justify classed status. Although many seconds are in the upper third of the table, there is a wide range of prices in this class - from Léoville-Las-Cases at £11,573, to Durfort-Vivens at £2,892. Some seconds, such as Rauzan-Gassies and Durfort-Vivens, have performed particularly poorly. The gap between the best and the worst performers in the third and fifth growths is also large. Palmer accumulates £10,327 over the 19 vintages, while Marquis d'Alesme-Becker manages only £2,226 - a poor performance exacerbated by many vintages for which there is no current sales information. Among the fifths, the variation runs from Lynch- Bages at £8,841 to Camensac at £2,294.

In the recently published *Bordeaux Châteaux* (Flammarion, 2004), Markham states, 'The ranking system of Bordeaux's wines was based not on one year's results, nor even a half-dozen or so vintages; it was a long-term track record that earned a property its berth in the classification. If there was a sole reason why the properties appearing in the 1855 classification were included, it was simply because they deserved to be there.' The consistently low level of price achieved by certain classed châteaux over 20 years or so means that they no longer deserve inclusion, while the consistently high price achieved by others shows that they merit promotion. I have retained the five classes, although with the bunching at the base of the pyramid, there is a case for combining the fourth and fifths. First growths are from £20,000 and above, seconds from £19,999 to £7,000, thirds from £6,999 to £5,000, fourths from £4,999 to £4,000, and fifths from £3,999 to £3,000. Properties below £3,000 are excluded. This cuts the number of classed growths to 49. It is ironic that Léoville-Barton becomes a top third growth - in part due to Anthony Barton's admirable policy of restraint over pricing.

Revised classification: 1855 properties plus some leading cru bourgeois

In light of the controversial recent revision of the cru bourgeois, it is intriguing to add in 13 of the leading estates to see how their price performance compares with that of the classed growths. As Table 1 already indicates, a number of the cru bourgeois merit classed-growth status (see Table 4). Sociando-Mallet comes in as the leading fourth growth along with Haut-Marbuzet and Siran, while Labégorce-Zédé would be the leading fifth and would be joined by seven other cru bourgeois. Of the 13, only Les Ormes de Pez and Potensac fail to qualify for classed-growth status, although their price performance is superior to that of seven classed growths. The results do, however, raise questions over the superiority of the bourgeois exceptionnels. Meyney and d'Angludet, two crus bourgeois supérieurs - the second category in the new classification - perform better than a number of exceptionnels. Both Sociando-Mallet and Gloria justify their owners' belief that their already high reputation makes it unnecessary to apply for cru-bourgeois classification.

Because of insufficient price evidence - only four current vintages were found on wine-searcher.com - it was unfortunately not possible to include Château Preuillac. This Médoc estate was bought by Yvon Mau and the Dutch liquor company Dirkzwager in September 1998. With the controversy over the new Cru Bourgeois classification, it would have been interesting to see how Preuillac fared in comparison with the leading cru bourgeois and the classed growths. Initially excluded from the new Cru Bourgeois classification, Preuillac was reinstated after a successful appeal to The Tribunal Administratif de Bordeaux.

Revised classification: Left and Right Banks

In 1855, the wines of the Right Bank were not considered. The Right Bank had long made the commercial decision to trade with Dutch merchants, and concentrated on selling cheap wines. Table 5 adds a small sample of the top properties from the Right Bank, including Ausone, Cheval Blanc, Lafleur, Pétrus and

Le Pin, as well as additional properties from Pessac-Léognan. This puts the 1855 classification into an entirely different perspective. The famous five are no longer at the top of the pyramid.

As Table 4 shows, the price gap between Margaux, the highest of the five existing first growths, and second-placed Le Pin is enormous - £67,408. In comparison, the gap between Margaux and Marquis d'Alesme-Becker, the lowliest château by price, is only £24,763. On this basis, it would be logical to make Pétrus and Le Pin the sole first growths and to classify Lafleur along with the five existing first growths as seconds. Politically, however, this course would be impossible, because of the objections that the current first growths and other demoted properties would surely make. The solution would be to take the precedent set by the Sauternes and Barsac 1855 classification, and the more recent St-Emilion classification, and make Pétrus and Le Pin premier cru supérieurs or first growth A, and the others premier cru or first growth B.

Although the first vintage of Valandraud was not until 1991, I have included it by averaging out the price between 1991 and 2003 and applying this to the missing earlier vintages. Since there was a series of good vintages, with the exception of 1987, from 1985 to 1990, it is reasonable to suppose that Valandraud would have performed then at least as well as its average price between 1991 and 2003. The price projection shows that Valandraud should be a first growth A, with only Margaux of the existing firsts performing better. Although Leoville-las-Cases is often seen as a super-second with pretensions to go higher, it is not a candidate for promotion to first-growth status. Instead La Mission Haut-Brion looks a better bet for future elevation.

In the combined table, Mouton Rothschild's claim to be a first growth is now open to some question. Since 1985, its price performance has been the least impressive of the first growths. Taking prices from 1973, when it was promoted, and 2003,

Mouton remains the weakest of the first growths (see Table 5). Furthermore, its performance since 1985 is closer to La Mission Haut-Brion than Margaux: £6,240 against £5,746. It wouldn't, however, be logical to demote Mouton to second-growth status, since the gap between it and the rest of the second growths is very substantial - £9,019 to Angelus. However, going back to 1961, Mouton moves up to third place, just shading Lafite, with Haut-Brion a little further behind. Have standards slipped a little at Mouton following promotion?

Although Margaux has been the leading first growth since 1985, Latour takes over when you look at prices from either 1973 or 1961, showing its traditional consistency. The very significant price gap between Latour and the others from 1961 is largely due to the high price that the 1961 now fetches - £15,120 per case was the cheapest price quoted in October 2004.

The rise of the Right Bank has made the 1855 classification for red wines outdated, as the combined table shows. There should now be one overall classification for the red wines of Bordeaux, based solely on price, over as many years as is practical, with revisions every ten years. This classification could be constructed in Bordeaux, but the amount of information on the Internet means that it could, and should, be done virtually anywhere.

End

The following is a whitewash and needs to be compared with facts of the Second Empire and its emperor. Anybody reading the article, may feel they now have an honest reckoning for the backdrop of the Classification and, moreover, not to question it. It superficially seems well-intentioned yet it glosses over the emperor even though the topic is about him. It is incredibly cherry-picked and incomplete; another neon wine-public pulsating example of what many in the wine trade prefers for us to know to keep us in the dark. It is another walk in the

park with shovels in the air, rife with titles and pleasant distractions, for us to not take the next few steps. **We need to stop and dig for the truths even if they be messy:**

Napoléon III and the 1855 Classification of Wine

By Nick Stephens

Posted on February 18, 2009

<https://www.bordeaux-undiscovered.co.uk/blog/napoleon-iii-and-the-1855-classification-of-wine/>

I was chatting the other day about the 1855 Classification of Bordeaux wine and how it all came about due to the French Exhibition, the *1855 Exposition Universelle de Paris*, by order of Napoléon. My colleague turned to me and said that he thought Napoléon couldn't have ordered the Exhibition as wasn't he imprisoned in Saint Helena then? I replied that it was a different Napoléon. **I realised then that although we talk so much about Classified Growths that the history behind them is being forgotten. Some may say that it should be.** To a part I agree that the ancient list ranking the châteaux is definitely out of date and should only be used as a reference point, after all a lot changes in 159 years. However **I think it's important to have a look at the 1855 Classification and how it came about as we all use it, whether we want to or not.**

The Exposition Universelle de Paris came about as a result of the success of London's Great Exhibition held in 1851 at Crystal Palace (which was constructed in order to house it) in Hyde Park. The Great Exhibition's full title was the *Great Exhibition of the Works of Industry of all Nations* and was organised by Henry Cole and Prince Albert, Queen Victoria's husband. The Industrial Revolution was in full swing and the Great Exhibition was a platform in which the movers and shakers of

the world as well as the great and the glorious could feature the changes in culture and industry.

Four years later the Emperor Napoléon III organised the Exposition Universelle de Paris to showcase the best of all that was France, hoping to surpass the one in London. The exhibition was an elaborate vehicle for boosting trade, and wine was just a small part of it. Agriculture as a whole, however, was a strong component, from displays of the latest agricultural machinery to the new and emerging breeds of sheep, cattle and other livestock. There was also an industrial component, as well as a section devoted to the arts of France. According to its official report, over 5 million visitors attended the Exposition, which covered 39 acres and had 34 countries participating.

For the Exposition, Napoléon III requested a classification system for France's best Bordeaux wines which were to be on display for visitors from around the world. Brokers from the wine industry ranked the wines according to a château's reputation and trading price. In their view, the market (which was mainly British) had already determined which Bordeaux wines were best, and the classifications needed to reflect the market's judgement. The result was the Bordeaux Wine Official Classification of 1855. Although intended as a listing for the show, and nothing more than that, the classification stuck fast and now appears to be with us for the rest of eternity.

The wines were ranked in importance from First Growths (Premier Cru) to Fifth Growths. All of the red wines that made it on the list came from the Médoc except for one: Château Haut Brion from Graves. The white wines, were considered to be of much less importance than red wine, were limited to the sweet varieties of Sauternes and Barsac and were ranked only from First Great Growth (Premier Cru Supérieur) to Second Growth.

So, who was the Napoléon that ordered the Exposition? Napoleon III (full name Louis-Napoleon) was the nephew of Napoleon Bonaparte and holds the unique position of being the first President of the French Republic and the only Emperor of the Second French Empire. He holds the unusual distinction of being both the first titular president and the last monarch of France.

Louis-Napoleon lived in Britain until the Revolution of 1848 established the Second Republic in France, upon which he returned to his native country and ran for, and won, a seat in the assembly elected to draft a new constitution. When elections for the presidency were held later that year he won a surprising landslide victory and was elected President. During his term as President, he was commonly called the *Prince-President (Le Prince-Président)*.

In 1851 he staged a coup and seized dictatorial powers on the same day that his forebear crowned himself Emperor. Exactly one year later, after approval by referendum, the Empire was restored, and President Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte became Emperor Napoléon III. **He married for love**, to the young, beautiful Countess of Teba, Eugénie de Montijo, a Spanish noblewoman of partial Scottish ancestry who had been brought up in Paris. In a speech from the throne Napoléon said: *"I have preferred a woman whom I love and respect to a woman unknown to me, with whom an alliance would have had advantages mixed with sacrifices."* It's ironic that in later life Eugénie was held in such affection by the UK that she became godmother to Queen Victoria's grand daughter Victoria Eugénie of Battenberg in 1887 and that a century later our present Duke of York named his daughter after her.

Napoléon III was responsible for rapidly modernising the French economy.

Downtown Paris was renovated with the clearing of slums, the widening of streets, and the construction of parks. Working class neighbourhoods were moved to the

outskirts of Paris, where factories utilized their labour. He encouraged the growth of railways and the Suez Canal was built during his reign.

However despite the boom in the economy and industry of France, Napoléon's demise came through his foreign policy and he paid the price for it when he lost the Franco-Prussian War. He was captured at the Battle of Sedan and was deposed by the forces of the Third Republic in Paris two days later. Napoleon spent the last few years of his life in exile in England, with Eugenie and their only son at Camden Place in Chislehurst, Kent, where he died in 1873. His son died in 1879, fighting in the British Army against the Zulus in South Africa and Eugénie died many years later in 1920. They are buried in the Imperial Crypt at Saint Michael's Abbey in Farnborough. It was reported in 2007 that the French Government is seeking the return of his remains to be buried in France, but that this is opposed by the monks of the Abbey.

End

With 'boom in economy and industry' of the Second Empire and without its key other characters (how could he not mention Baron Haussmann?) it all sounds rather positive we observe. It's too happy. **He 'married for love' and missed the chorus line of celebrated mistresses.** No scandal even surfaces which is abhorrent if the article is meant to reflect the historical truth. The point is, it is not meant to be true. It's meant to give comfort and get us buying wine. That's the bottom line! Some bottoms are more important: some pay better than referring to other bottoms. It's unfortunate the opportunity surfaced and the author did not take advantage of it.

The Wine Bible

by Karen MacNeil [Workman Publishing, New York], 2001

The 1855 Classification

Pg. 129

The legendary treatise known as the 1855 Classification laid the foundation for the way we think about and evaluate many of the top Bordeaux châteaux today. What happened was this:

In 1855, Napoléon III asked Bordeaux's top château owners to rate their wines from best to worst for the Paris Exhibition, a fair. One imagines the château owners cringed. The prospect was nightmarish. Rating the wines, one against the other, could only turn neighbors into enemies.

The château owners stalled. Eventually, the Bordeaux Chamber of Commerce was invested with the job. The Chamber of Commerce **members grouped the châteaux into five categories based on the selling price of the wines.** The Premier Crus, or First Growths, were those wines that sold for the most. The Deuxièmes Crus, Second Growths, sold for a little less. The system continued down to Fifth Growths. In all, sixty-one châteaux were classified. The hundreds of châteaux whose wines cost less than the Fifth Growths were not classified at all.

Curiously, as I've said the classified châteaux were not from all over Bordeaux. In fact, they were located only in the Médoc and in Sauternes and Barsac. There was only one exception, Château Haut-Brion in Graves.

Unveiling a first-time-ever classification of important wines may have made the Paris Exhibition more exciting, but it also started a political and ideological battle that continues to this day.

Those opposed to the classification wonder why a wine that sold for the most money in 1855 should be rated on of the best wines in Bordeaux today? **Châteaux, after all, go through changes in ownership.** Some owners are more quality conscious than others. Should a château now producing ordinary wines have the right to retain its original high ranking? Conversely, what if an estate originally ranked as a Fourth Growth undergoes dramatic improvement?

The logical solution would have been to periodically review the ratings and adjust them up or down, like adding or subtracting stars to or from a restaurant review.

The Médoc château owners have often considered doing just that. But **each time a lack of consensus has led to even more argument.** In the end, proposals to readjust the ratings have only worked salt into the wound. **So the château owners live with the 1855 classification as it stands.** Wine drinkers, they reason, will find their way to the best wines no matter what.

One man did challenge and ultimately change the classification of his château: Baron Philippe de Rothschild. Originally, there were four First Growths: Château Margaux, Château Latour, Château Haut-Brion, and Château Lafite-Rothschild. Mouton-Rothschild was ranked a Second Growth. The Baron would have none of it. Obstinate and relentless, he petitioned the government for twenty years to upgrade Mouton. His persistence paid off **in 1973; Château Mouton-Rothschild was moved up to First Growth rank.** The classification was thereby changed for the first and last time.

Pg. 134

Graves Classification:

Graves holds the distinction of being the only part of Bordeaux where both red and white wines are made by most châteaux. The vineyards, some of the most ancient in the region, were the first to be known internationally...Thomas Jefferson [Founding Father, principal author of Declaration of Independence, third American President, land owner and slave holder plus father of African children with his slave & mistress - DE] wrote about how delicious “Obrion” was and purchased six cases from the château to Virginia.

Pg. 126

The wines of Graves were classified in **1953 and revised in 1959**... In both the original and revised classifications, **no hierarchical order was established.** The thirteen reds and eight whites considered best were simply given the legal right to call themselves **Cru Classé**, Classified Growth.

Saint-Émilion Classification:

Saint-Émilion was first classified in **1954**, with **the provision that the classification be revised every ten years** (not true for the Médoc or Graves classifications)....Pomerol, sanely enough, was never classified.

End

The 1855 Bordeaux Classification

The ranking system put in place by Napoleon III still influences today's market

By *Thomas Matthews*

Posted: March 29, 2007

http://www.winespectator.com/webfeature/show/id/The-1855-Bordeaux-Classification_3491

In 1855, Napoléon III, Emperor of France, decided to throw a Universal Exposition in Paris, a kind of world's fair, and wanted all the country's wines represented. He invited Bordeaux's Chamber of Commerce to arrange an exhibit. The members of the chamber knew a hornet's nest when they saw one, so they passed the buck. They agreed, according to their records, to present "all our *crus classés*, up to the fifth-growths," but asked the Syndicat of Courtiers, an organization of wine merchants, to draw up "an exact and complete list of all the red wines of the Gironde that specifies in which class they belong."

The courtiers hardly even paused to think; two weeks later, they turned in the famous list. It included 58 châteaux: four firsts, 12 seconds, 14 thirds, 11 fourths and 17 fifths. They expected controversy. "You know as well as we do, Sirs, that this classification is a delicate task and bound to raise questions; remember that we have not tried to create an official ranking, but only to offer you a sketch drawn from the very best sources."

Curiously (hint: curiously implies something seems amiss), all of the courtiers' selections came from the Médoc, with the single exception of Haut-Brion (they also ranked the sweet white wines of Sauternes and Barsac). It's not that other wine regions weren't active; the Graves boasted a much longer history, and Cheval-Blanc in St.-Emilion and Canon in Fronsac were highly regarded by the early 19th century.

But the 18th century revolution in wine quality took hold first and most firmly in the Médoc.

Reaction to the classification was heated. The courtiers' original list ranked the châteaux by quality within each class, so, for example, Mouton-Rothschild appeared at the head of the seconds. But undoubtedly responding to criticism, they wrote the chamber in early September insisting that no such hierarchy had been intended, so the chamber rearranged the list of each class into alphabetical order. (The list below shows the original ranking.)

Since 1855, many changes have occurred in the châteaux' names, owners, vineyards and wine quality, and because of divisions in the original estates, there are now 61 châteaux on the list. But if an estate can trace its lineage to the classification, it retains its claim to *cru classé* status. The only formal revision came in 1973, when after half a century of unceasing effort Baron Philippe de Rothschild succeeded in having Mouton elevated to first-growth.

—*Excerpted from an article by Thomas Matthews*

End

<http://www.decanter.com/features/the-1855-classification-on-the-mark-or-marketing-ploy-246574/>

The 1850s did not start well in Bordeaux. A run of poor vintages put financial pressure on the châteaux, and by the middle of the decade they needed a boost. So they were happy to respond to a request from Napoléon III to present their wines at the Grand Exposition in Paris in 1855.

The Bordeaux Chamber of Commerce asked the brokers to list the wines of the Gironde in order of quality, to accompany a map of the region. As négociants who

bought the wine each vintage and matured it for sale, the brokers routinely classified the region's châteaux. So within a few days they provided a list of 57 wines, all from the Médoc except for Haut-Brion. (Wines of the Right Bank were so much lower in price they were not thought worth including.)

Looking back at price records, the brokers did a good job. Relative prices of the châteaux had been stable for a while, so the classification was simple. The châteaux were divided into five groups of grands crus classés, descending in order from the first growths. There was a large price gap between the first growths and seconds, a smaller gap between the seconds and thirds, and then a more or less continuous distribution of prices, making the break points between third, fourth, and fifth growths somewhat arbitrary.

Read more at <http://www.decanter.com/features/the-1855-classification-on-the-mark-or-marketing-ploy-246574/#VqAKRwwxPm48MUQb.99>

Changing times

The total vineyard area of the grands crus classés in 1855 was 2,650 hectares; during a slump in the first half of the 20th century it dropped to 1,800ha; now it is up to 3,450ha. Most of the grands crus classés have more land than they had in 1855 (some have doubled), and between the contraction, expansion and continuous trade in land between châteaux, few make wines from the same terroir now as then. During the slump, some châteaux, such as d'Issan, Malescot-St-Exupéry, La Lagune, Desmirail and Prieuré-Lichine, lost almost all their land; but the brands were resurrected by buying vineyards, not always the same as those of the original landholdings. It's a sensitive topic: when I asked each of the grands crus classés how their land now compared with 1855, only one replied.

So what were the brokers actually classifying in 1855? The wines would scarcely have been recognisable in terms of today's wines. They just about

reached 10% alcohol, colour was little darker than rosé, and there was not much tannin. *Cabernet Sauvignon had only recently been introduced; there was a lot of Malbec but little Merlot.* New oak was affordable only by the top châteaux. Wines were usually drunk within a year of the vintage. Their weakness meant they were usually blended with stronger, foreign wine before being exported. The brokers might know the taste of the wines in their original state, but it would be a rare consumer who did. What was being classified was more a sort of base wine than what actually went on sale.

The terroir and nature of the wine was different and production was about five times less than today: so why is the classification still valid 150 years on? To me, it's a poor guide to current quality. Taking the system on its own terms, and looking at the relative prices just of the classified growths over the past decade, only 28 of the 61 classified châteaux would remain in their original price groups. (There are now 61, not 57, as some châteaux split into two, and both parts kept the classification.) The first growths remain at the top; many of the fifth growths remain at the bottom; but there's extensive reordering between.

Does any of this matter? If prices are so different from the old classification, hasn't the market just adjusted to quality today? What harm is done by the old classification? The effects may be most pronounced at the top and the bottom. The fact that five châteaux are described as premier grand cru classé in the Médoc sets a glass ceiling that the second growths just can't break through, **although blind tastings do not consistently place all the first growths top.**

(In Decanter's November 2009 panel tasting of 2006 crus classés, only two of the four Médoc first growths were among five Award winners, but fifth-growth Dauzac, a perennial high achiever, was). And there's kudos to being a grand cru classé: the price of Sociando-Mallet, for example, is well into the fourth tier but would it be

higher if it had the magic 1855 label? And would the prices of some of the châteaux that should be excluded fall even further without it?

Yet there's an even more pressing question: is there any point to classification by price? If the classification just repeats the most recent year's prices, it adds nothing to the judgment of the market. But if it differs from market price order, it begs the question: who's right – the market or the classification?

The justification is that it takes a longer term view, reflecting the history and potential of a wine, and not being over-influenced by short-term fashion. This is the intention behind the classification of St-Emilion, revised every 10 years. But even this shows distance from the marketplace: only just over half of the top 40 wines by price in St-Emilion belong to the latest (currently suspended) classification. That's largely due to the rise of the garage wines, which admittedly don't fit the system because of their tiny production levels.

The 1855 classification was useful to the trade, but it was only during the mid 20th century it became widely used as a marketing tool for consumers – by which time it was already becoming out of date. One of the reasons why the classification retained its validity for a good period was the stability among the châteaux at the time. Change is far more rapid today – the super-second, for example, developed as a distinct group well after 1982.

With one exception, entrenched interests have always seen off any attempt at reclassification. When regulatory body INAO attempted an official reclassification in 1961, it divided the châteaux into three groups; 17 were dropped and 13 new châteaux included. A leak to the press killed the proposal. In the 50 years since, the classification has departed further from reality but no one has dared take it on – except Baron Philippe de Rothschild, who succeeded by sheer force of personality

and political influence in getting an official government statement declaring Mouton a first growth in 1973.

The justification for maintaining the 1855 is based on the misapprehension that there was something unique determining the potential of each château at that time. But what could this be but the terroir, which in almost every case has changed vastly due to trading of land? **The 1855 classification was nothing more and nothing less than a freeze-frame of the status at that time. *Setting it in stone as though it represents eternal truth is a defiance of reality that can only damage Bordeaux's reputation.*** Written by Benjamin Lewin, MW

<https://www.igwines.com/content/investment/1855-classification-2/>

History

1647 marked the first attempt to classify the Bordeaux wine properties when individual commune prices were first recorded. By the end of the 17th century several superior properties from the communes of Pessac (Haut Brion), Margaux (Margaux) and Pauillac (Lafite & Latour) had gained sufficient prestige amongst the wine brokers to be classed as First Growths. In the 18th century driven by the British clamouring for good-quality wines, a number of other estates – normally geographically close to the first growths – recorded good prices and were dually marked down as Second growths. Throughout the century with estates distinguishing themselves, three more tiers were created based on market price.

Napoléon III (Sounds reassuring if we never read more about him than his name)

In 1855, the newly crowned Napoléon III decided that the greatest wines of Bordeaux should showcase to the rest of the world at the International Exhibition of Paris and he requested that the Bordeaux brokers to draw up a list of

properties using quality as the key indicator. **However, the brokers kept with tradition and ranked the estates by price alone pragmatically removing subjectivity from the equation.** They only used two parameters: the first being that wines came from the left-bank (including Pessac-Leognon) and the second was the requirement that their annual production exceeded 2,000 cases.

The classification was decreed solely for the purposes of the great exhibition, but has been immutable ever since. The original piece of parchment that recorded the wines and their prices survives in the president's office of the Chamber of Commerce, clearly displaying the 58 red and 21 white properties of the Medoc and ranking them from Premier Cru to Cinquième cru.

Efforts have been made to change elements of the 1855 classification and with good reason, as it is widely held that there are some fifth growths i.e. Lynch Bages that deserve to be second growths and some seconds which should be relegated based on quality. Yet overall, few would argue that the classification has not stood the test of time and has remained a consistent indicator of both price and quality.

Notable changes – Mouton Rothschild 1973

The – Mouton Rothschild 1973- The one major exception, notwithstanding Cantemerle, hurriedly added to the list in 1856, is the great Estate, Mouton Rothschild. Baron Philippe Rothschild possibly the greatest promoter of the Medoc in its history inherited the property in 1922 and after lobbying for 51 years, witnessed Mouton being added as a 1st growth in 1973.

Any other changes to the classification concern name changes and vineyards divisions forming 61 Grand Crus estates today.

Liv-ex reclassification

In 2009 liv-ex re-classified the most traded left-bank wines based on the original parameters; price and a production over 2,000 cases, taking the average prices over the last 5 years of physical (non En Primeur) stock, then ranking the wines within price, again from 1st to 5th. This they did again in 2011 changing the price bands to reflect the staggering growth in price over this period. The result was extremely instructive with 9 newcomers joining the ranks and 10 wines being forced out.

The Courtesans The demi-monde in 19th century France

By Joanna Richardson (Phoenix Press) 1967, 2000

La Païva

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One day, so the legend goes, Girardin and Houssaye were walking in the grounds, estimating their hostess's fortune. Houssaye declared that it must be eight to ten million francs. 'You're mad!' cried la Païva, bursting out of an arbour where she had overheard the conversation. 'Ten million! That would hardly bring in five hundred thousand livres a year. Do you think that would let me give you peaches and grapes in January? Five hundred thousand francs, that's what my dinners cost.'

Whatever truth of the anecdote, her dinners cost a fortune: **her Clos Lafite and Château Larose were beyond all praise**, and one visitor long remembered how he had seen uncommonly large truffles, in porcelain dishes, set beside each plate; they were weren't to be nibbled between courses. 'All you great ladies want display,' said la Païva, once, 'and they more or less ruin themselves to be sure of it. **I couldn't ruin myself, if I tried. Henckel and his mines are inexhaustible.**'



Word Origin: Pedigree

ORIGIN late Middle English: from Anglo-Norman French *pé de grue* 'crane's foot,' a mark used to denote succession in pedigrees.

We see the pedigrees from Burgundy and Bordeaux retain the efficacies of their lustres by default while the brazen injustices of people of color who have fought, died and whom enrichly added indelible flavors to the sophistication of the French cultural mélange has more often than not been woefully dismissed or disparaged as being, in effect, perceived as somehow corrosive to the ideal of French identity. **If the gravitas of French wines glues one's grip, then so does the totality of modern French history and all the people who have contributed to their causes.** Presumably where France is buoyant, citizens of color are often misconstrued as heavy anchors holding back and not contributing to society; nor have they ever. False! The face of France needs to be fronted by a white face more often than not; the parameters for being justly French is decidedly constrictive and not inclusive. **Most of those of color who served and died for France under *Le Tricolore* were Muslim.** France, much like any modern society, has many faces and

colors and we all need to shun the propaganda of what entails optimal proper characteristics to qualify as truly French. Or British. Or Israeli. Or European. Or American, in fact. This I know as countless many others, know it deeply from my own acquired experiences in my native bipolar nation which still is juggling with the delusions of what looks and sounds right -plus added with years of experiences by travels abroad- much too well.

For example, I have been singled out going through customs at airports for secondary inspections as clearly the majority of whites and Asians- regardless of ages it seems- from other nations casually and without a bit of concern breeze on by through the green "Nothing to Declare" lane. **Asians have bought into the delusions of what looks right too. 'White is right,' is a ubiquitous social rule.** European and American colonialism, movies and advertising pound into vibrant brains at young ages whom is perceived safe and right and whom to view with a jaundiced eye of doubt and trepidation as wrong. However, I don't believe for an instant that my fair white complexion and blue-green eyes alert customs officers in Asia of giving me VIP treatment for additional baggage screenings. It's something more than that I am sure.

Now I know how Barack and Michelle feel as private citizens sans the powerful prop of Air Force One no longer behind them with honor guards at attention as the jet's cabin door would open to ostentatiously remind the world upon arrival whom they are and perhaps whom they could know. Michelle's contact list is, we may assume, is remarkably richer and more absorbing than yours whomever you may be. Even if no longer in the White House, she will always be the First Lady. She has the best of friends, invited to lodge at her leisure at the most decidedly decadent of private properties, dines on gourmet foods prepared by celebrated chefs on the finest of chinas and certainly is offered without any murmurs or quibbles and prostrations to taste the most precious wines on demand. A Hong Kong shipping magnate wouldn't dare blink to open up for her one or two of his most treasured

bottles for the sublime pleasure just to please her; her smiling husband, of course who looks vaguely familiar, rides on her coattails so to speak, and thanks his good fortune daily he's hangin' out with Michelle even if she gets upset with him from time to time. The wine tastes so divine!

You never met another woman who can make other women, women of means we agree, shrink so quickly in her presence in comparison. Other women regardless of whom they may be, stagger and feel like empty plastic water bottles crumpling in an ill-watched kid's exploratory microwave session when Michelle walks in: warm, dark, tall, elegant and confident. She was never some gaudy Vargas pin-up beauty queen but because of her natural charisma, polish and depth of persona, she more than makes up for mere superficial gloss. Her mother raised her to be better than that. Michelle is all woman, a real woman of substance. Michelle is no fluke and she smashes the racist stereotypes of Black womanhood: bright, affable, well-spoken, well-intentioned, well-educated, resourceful, graceful and unabashedly not one to dare push as there are grievous consequences if one foolishly got in her way. Nobody in their right mind would want to play games with her. Michelle, could call Oprah or perhaps get Queen Juliana - you know from House of Orange in the Netherlands- riled up as somebody to set matters straight, if the couple encounter any unnecessary delays and questions through customs.

See, Michelle will play the white queen card on you if she has to. Queen Juliana may tell an official in Cambodia something in Dutch and even though he may not understand Dutch not a blip, the message will still come across from Her Highness at 2:10am local her time, with a blinding magnificence in brevity for the customs official finally to see the light about letting the black couple through to visit Angkor Wat after all. He will hand the phone back to Michelle with his most sincere apologies.

Since her husband is out of a noticeable job with an austere name card with only his name on it, nothing else other than Barack Obama in black and white- like that should mean something to everybody somehow- that should be a distinct concern about his personal economic viability. That clearly is a clue to customs officials that he probably drinks rot-gut liquor and plays cards, gifts widows out of their husband's monthly pensions with a penchant for soft stories, probably seen berating jockeys at weekday afternoon racecourses and no doubt is probably noticed on long winter nights dipping into unseemly back alley places. Let's be level: I even saw him with this tall fine Japanese woman at a jazz club, Club du Nord, in San Francisco and Michelle was nowhere to be found back in the day. Barack has a gift for gab so we know he can get out of a jam. Maybe the customs guys do have a point after all. Naw, just kidding.

The Courtesans

The demi-monde in 19th century France

By Joanna Richardson (Phoenix Press) 1967, 2000

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She had a great deal of natural wit, a great deal of audacity. **Marie Colombier, the actress and courtesan** recorded that Esther's cynicism was applauded and her witticisms were repeated. **When her passport was examined at Naples, she was asked her profession.** 'A woman of independent means.' The official looked bewildered. 'Courtesan,' she cried impatiently. 'And take care you remember it, and go tell that Englishman over there.'

Obama warns against irresponsible social media use

27 Dec 2017

<http://www.bbc.com/news/world-us-canada-42491638>

Former US President Barack Obama has warned against the irresponsible use of social media, in a rare interview since stepping down in January. **He warned that such actions were distorting people's understanding of complex issues, and spreading misinformation.**

"All of us in leadership have to find ways in which we can recreate a common space on the internet," he said.

Mr Obama was quizzed by Prince Harry on BBC Radio 4's Today programme.

Prince Harry, fifth in line to the throne, is one of several prominent figures who are guest-editing the programme over the Christmas period.

Obama on the extremes of social media

The former president expressed concern about a future where facts are discarded and people only read and listen to things that reinforce their own views.

"One of the dangers of the internet is that people can have entirely different realities. They can be cocooned in information that reinforces their current biases.

“The question has to do with how do we harness this technology in a way that allows a multiplicity of voices, allows a diversity of views, but doesn’t lead to a Balkanisation of society and allows ways of finding common ground,” he said. Mr Obama’s successor Donald Trump is a prolific user of Twitter, but Mr Obama did not mention him by name.

What were the pressures of being president?

“It’s hard, being in the public eye is unpleasant in a lot of ways. It is challenging in a lot of ways.

“Your loved ones are made vulnerable in ways that might not have been true 20 years ago or 30 years ago.

“So it is a sacrifice that I think everybody has to be at peace with when they decide to go into politics. But, ultimately, I think the rewards of bringing about positive change in this world make it worthwhile.”

Mr Obama pays tribute to the support of his family, especially his wife Michelle, describing how glad he is that she was “my partner throughout that whole process”.

And leaving office?

Mixed feelings given “all the work that was still undone”.

“Concerns about how the country moves forward but, you know, overall there was serenity there,” he added.

Mr Obama compared his time in office to being a relay runner.

End

Anyway, I simply don't have Michelle's pull- and nor do you kind reader I would wager handsomely- and as the final years cruise by and my physical and mental powers begin to perceptibly wane in preparation for the day of transition reaching terminal for the limitless billions of my personal companion bacteria now being obsequiously hosted without nary an invoice for my services rendered, the teeming multitudes will begin to clamor for another vessel at port to overwhelm. They will begin to abandon my loyal fleshy ship upon top deck where it was all so swell. Those finding refuge even deep inside the dank and dark crevices of loveless steerage down below where the grinding action takes place to fuel the combustions, they will fight and tussle to get a move on, one way or another. They will know this passage has been completed. I guess I must resign myself to that grim reality as we each must; grin and bear it, put on a brave show if possible, yet without any contrivance of an attempt of a grin and just realistically bear it in determined silence at the last gasp.

Therefore, I suppose for many readers as well presently, I don't have the same pull of others and neither do I appear quite proper to know much about fine wines nor certainly anything about aircraft either besides purchasing coach class airfare. Perhaps I am always suspect because I don't look the part, and looks we observe, do count incredibly next to pedigree. Between weighing any marginal accomplishments garnered stingily to the credit column and preferred payments generously debited via credit card, the damn card always wins. That's what nearly always counts in this world. That has recognized value. The matter of fluency in currency is the priority. The demi-monde cut to the chase on that point.

We need to be aware of those re-writing facts- *whitewashing*- of history for their own bigoted and mean-spirited agendas. Many voices thrive by disparaging, ignoring

and cherry-picking facts in order to support wayward and bigoted views. This behavior is not new at all but seems to be conspicuously present with right-wing leaning citizens who are often led first and foremost by fear of other races and cultures. They are creatures of gross insecurities that have been created and fostered from biased perceptions built upon shaky foundations at best, leading them astray and all who blindly follow them ultimately off cliffs. They should look in the mirrors and fear themselves first before whipping up frenzies with the ignorantly like-minded tribes. They damage societies with tainted and destructive policies, most often targeting races and ethnicities unjustly with the poverty of their dross.

The police, as we observe, are often the henchmen and hoodlums-in-uniform as quasi-shock troops for incessant harassment and containment of specific populations. Because I have no aspirations for political office, I have the *liberty* to be just as open and honest on the topic. I don't give a damn how anyone likes it or not. Order values will never over-ride personal and humane values. It is recognized that deaths and violence against people of color, as we read earlier both of the African and Chinese diasporas in France of 2017, by the police nearly always entails white police officers against civilians and never most conspicuously vice-versa. The police far too often have earned the dubious distinctions to not be trusted by those of color because of the rampant racism woven into the fabric of their departments for generations, all with the steadfast support of elected and appointed government officials and the tacit silence of the majority of societies. I would be much more encouraged if I witnessed or read crowds of whites upset and shocked with another life of color killed, raped, or maimed by the police. That would be a demonstration of equality in action yet it hasn't manifested. Fortunately there are whites who get out there but they are rare indeed. These are the true revolutionaries for a just cause! They should be admired for going against the grain but are probably castigated by other whites for "selling out" in a sense. Decency and fairness should not be a team game but it's viewed that way. Double-standards are great if you are on the great end and not getting the short end of the stick. What we do read and see in the US are

whites complaining at ball games that the millionaires- like money should purchase their silence – to comply with their wishes to continue the delusion that we are one country, when historically, we have never been. I don't believe in feeding ignorance but starving it. Another black life lost in St. Louis, another Chinese man killed in Paris- by the government enforcers; that's not important, but the Merlot is. Pour me more! That's nice! Therefore, this systemic construct is not only in the US nor in France, but endemic through many of the world's countries including multi-ethnic Brazil and the hypocrisy of Israel's law enforcement targeting fellow Jews from Ethiopia. This goes beyond preying on Palestinians but preying on other Jews. That's really way down and dirty. Their crime obviously is being African and not of European extraction: all is fine until tested and the systems are painfully flunking.

The problem for these fearful reactionaries lies so often within, not without. We all need to be *en garde* of liars with their many faces, in their many charismatic forms with silver tongues spewing hateful vomit and venom as purely clean white wisdom; their fingers so often pointing the way for peace through inciting violence, most often tacitly but not always, assuredly. For these are indeed, we may note, are the devil's pawns- latter day self-promoting djinns therefore hardly qualifying as stoic saints- masquerading as powerful merchant princes, elected prime ministers and presidents to further lead us all into darkness, together with and without colors mind us, into the blistering abysses to broaden humanity's latitudes of fomenting pain, injustices and undying hate. Some call this tact sage, therefore shrewd, for regressing to be great again.

What is constant are civilizations having wine on the table to serve in times of celebration and even to better cope as a marker of our common humanity in times of grim adversity for many thousands of years. We all now know how *liberal* came into being and how it's connotations have changed from the original Roman meaning for celebration of excesses to a higher calling such as liberation- freedom- from colonial masters and slavemasters, yet imperceptibly, still shadowed by the

original context minted by the Romans in the Second Empire. **The hypocrisy of France is evident as well to support the slavetrade contrary to the ideals of the Enlightenment.** When the British devilishly were advocating freedom for slaves as a desperate measure, France was in support to keep slavery rocking steadily for the breakaway American colonies. France was still actively trading in the Middle Passage. **When France finally broke from explicit slavery, it turned tacitly to enslave and control populations in their domains. This was not about Burgundy either.** The ramifications are felt now to this day where France stamped its footprint with the aid, guns, bombs, land grabs, relocations, religion, diseases and even dope.

French wine labels are the most honest in the trade and the Second Empire, known as the Liberal Empire, and with *la garde* in force was bluntly honest too; however, in the original Roman context from *liber*. Care to notice, that we don't believe for a second that China's PLA, the People's Liberation Army, is proudly called that moniker as a license for advocating national defense via vice in the least, as the Romans had the deity in mind. The Romans did not have presumably armies marching under a *liberal* standard as their eagle either. **The context of the word has changed through time much like societies change too. Change is the constant with humanity so fighting change is a losing struggle.**

What we observed are the indelible contributions to France from people of color primarily economically, in desperate military campaigns, music and literature. **I am certain that for the ignorantly inclined it must be a stark revelation to know that the Dumas's, *père* and *fils*, were of African descent.** France's wine, regardless of who does not approve, complains and points fingers, is now yours and wine of my mine too! Historically Africans and African-Americans have been for France to lean upon, just as millions of Asians and Arabs. **A lot of precious blood has been spilled for France but it seems like spilling a fine Bordeaux makes most wince involuntarily. Blacks and Asians killed or beaten and maimed**

hardly warrants a shrug. Why? The wine is personal; people of color are just that, perceived of as less in value. Pinot Noir is black, and just like Africans, precious in all its complexity indeed from Burgundy to the Bronx, as distinguished pilot Bullard, could have rightfully commented with his many illustrious French medals in his modest New York flat.

Wine has been a loyal endearing friend for us to count on, has proven itself invaluable to the betterment of mankind and thus will continue to be as reliable as in the past into the future. This construct is all dutifully supported by the international wine trade through thick, and indeed, thin. That fact, alas, we may all take comfort in.

We have arrived, therefore, at our terminal and the final repass that sums up the decadence of the Second Empire, that still sets the tone of prestige presently with our understanding for the basis of excellence for French wines; paradoxically and most certainly, this was the era when social standards were under a state of duress with barefoot youths blossoming into often silkily attired *femme fatale* courtesans given to elaborate dresses and luxurious carriages that were stripping and digging *La Patrie* deeper to ever more destructive depths. Their impact, not those of color, were patently corrosive and led directly to the tumble of the Second Empire. **Their contributions, however, to the wine trade by adding *chic*, the *panache* of high living inclusive of fine wines since their times, should not go unnoticed.** This should be duly recognized and applauded as we have witnessed without hesitation. **If Bordeaux sold their wine as approved by unethical conniving whores, their wines would lose their mighty majesty. Their market momentum would be derailed.** Nobody, including the wines of pedigree from France, wishes to be guilty by association. The path is best left narrow to remind us of royalty and aristocratic pretensions, not harlotry. The majesty of the châteaux and imperial courts sell and their many faults are conveniently tamped down or capriciously evanescent like champagne bubbles. We need our societal betters- not clambering common peers

who fly coach class shoulder-to-shoulder with snoring and belching fellow passengers- to assure us they are indeed better, and not less. The sublime privacy to exhibit such behavior alone in a Dassault Falcon sets them apart from, if not you, certainly me. **We demand fine wines refined from Bordeaux scrubbed and sanitized with crisp clean sheets - not crumpled and soiled in seedy brothels!** Baron sounds a lot more agreeable to dine with, than let's say backdoor country barber, who may cut our throats just like Sweeney Todd...or a courtesan.

The Courtesans
The demi-monde in 19th century France

By Joanna Richardson (Phoenix Press) 1967, 2000

Alice Ozy

The portrait is a frank portrayal of Chassériau's unattractive features, much commented upon during his life: **Alice Ozy, later his mistress, referred to him as "the monkey"**. By comparison, a self-portrait of 1838, also in the Louvre, appears more idealized.

Théodore Chassériau

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Self-portrait_\(Chass%C3%A9riau\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Self-portrait_(Chass%C3%A9riau))



Portrait of the Artist in a Redingote, 1835, oil on canvas, 99 x 82 cm, Paris, Louvre.

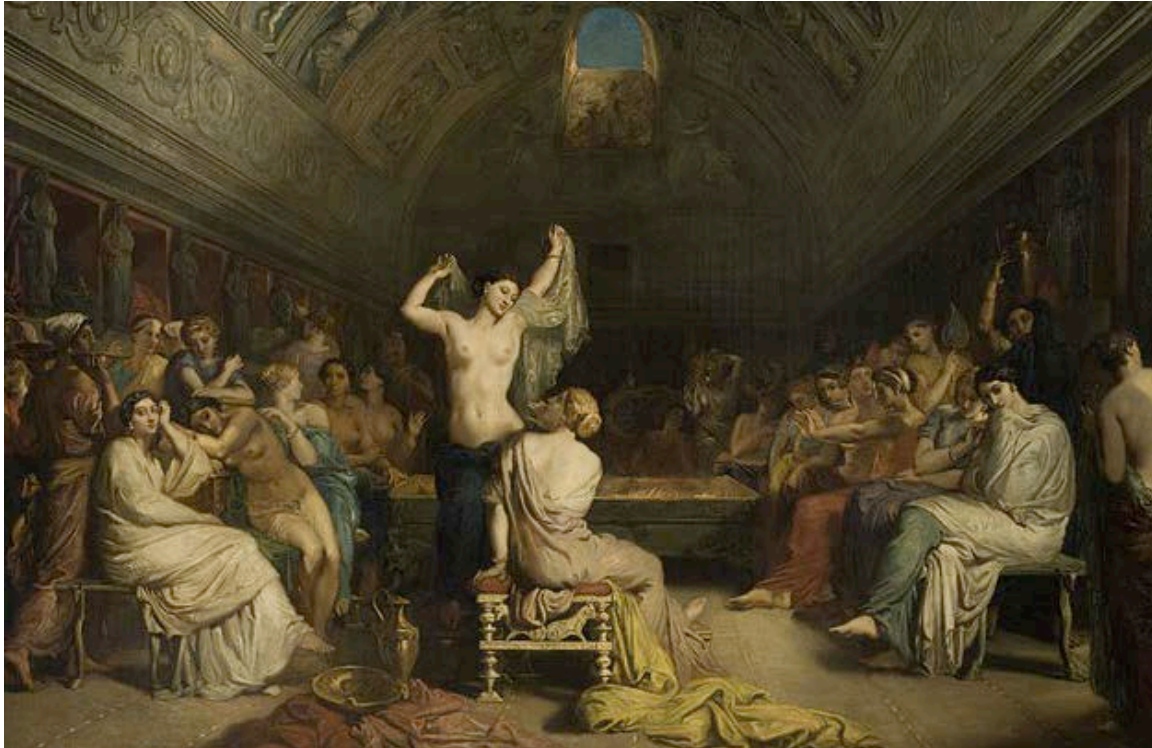
A self-portrait of Chassériau painted at the age of 16.



The Toilette of Esther, 1841, oil on canvas, 45.5 x 35.5 cm, Paris, Louvre



Orientalist Interior, ca. **1851–1852**, oil on wood, 49 x 39 cm



Tepidarium, 1853, oil on canvas, Musée d'Orsay



Macbeth and Banquo Meeting the Witches on the Heath, 1855.

An example of one of Chassériau's many works inspired by Shakespeare



Othello and Desdemona in Venice, **1850**, oil on wood, 25 x 20 cm, Louvre, Paris.

Another work inspired by Shakespeare



Antoine-Augustin Préault

Pg. 94

In her youth, perhaps, she felt less deeply. **She accepted the homage of Préault, the sculptor, who begged to kiss her classical feet.** *She received a thousand notes expressing admiration and passion, from noblemen, working men, and even school boys. She seemed irresistible...*



Preault's composition "Vague" - Study of the contorted body of a water-sprite



Clémence Isaure by Prévault

In terms of fine entertaining and dining, the *la garde* set the bar which has influenced the world's standards presently. **They did more for French wines marketing domestically and internationally than they could have imagined by their exploits. To be *chic*, to be fashionable, French wines implied an air of daring Parisian sophistication to the world. Think Longchamp.** Beyond just excellence in wine, the aura of the flagrant quest for the same experience of *joie de vivre* in Paris and the players in the City of Light proved irresistible to bottle up and contain! That was exported with the wines just as well for popular culture. Just like Marilyn Monroe won't ever die, what the courtesan did for the testament of fine wine with their wanton glamour won't die either. **The 1855 Classification, has unfortunately birthed a distinctive groveling misty-eyed, label-gazing, reverent *fetish* for Bordeaux wines, to be raised and admired on pedestals**

much like the courtesans. The Classification claim dyes the wool for many to see otherwise. It overwhelms and blinds the wine consuming public to shake their collective heads in obeisance like school children. **The Classification minted status. If we can step back and look objectively at the topic and not be swept away emotionally if not lustily, as too often many are inclined to do, we can allow ourselves to be a bit more circumspect and skeptical about the 1855 Classification.** We have first observed the future courtesans arriving into Paris impoverished and shoeless then graduating in their employ by brains, charm, beauty and wit into their fine carriages, with footmen in toe, going to grand properties with grander financial backers and lovers. These are the entrepreneurial stories of sorts that fuel others to excel and stick to the millstones for success. Nice work if you can get it.



A statue of Henry IV of France on a pedestal

If we can muster the strength to raise our gaze to examine the design and material of the pedestal, and dare to be less infatuated plus not intimidated with the names and pedigrees of *objets d'art* in all their glory, then we can arrive at a clearer picture- a finer and wiser understanding- of the applauded pieces before us. Lovers see lush lips; oral surgeons clinically see the entrance of the digestive tract teeming with microscopic forms of life.

What I believe is insightful, as Karen MacNeil mentioned, is that **properties change hands**. I'll even add that winemakers have a tendency to die after a hundred years. For us to give the same credence to another era for classification deserves a bit more tact if one is willing just to be brave and dig a little deeper. **Notice the sage flexibility with Saint-Émilion reviewing their selections every ten years. They chose not to be rigid and allow for change.** Now that we can put some facts together about the players at large, we see, that the France of the 1850's was less like the austere campfire pious Jerusalem and Mecca of our imaginations for wine, and a lot more like Monaco- or worse- brash neon-lit Las Vegas, where anything and everything can be had if you were willing to pay for it. **Wine importers absorb the 1855 Classification as the granite gospel truth on bended knees of solemn prayer, however, without recognizing that power within the highest stratum of prestige in those spicy decadent years of France was in league with the red devil, so to speak. *Have importers permitted themselves to be bamboozled to believe in a false chaste fantasy that preys on our collective historical ignorance when the reality surrounding 1855 was widely vulgar and brash?*** The unbridled license made Paris's clocks tick and expensive carriages click – not because it was some overflowing monastery with prayers and alms. How do we know that to gain a higher tier on the Classification, some of the châteaux were willing to provide payment, directly or indirectly, and perhaps provide services of some kind with discretion to reach a higher strata? Not one author even dare raises that subplot as a genuine possibility.



The original 1855 Classification perhaps, and only perhaps, may not have been cut with as sharp a blade with evenly measured corners as we are first led to believe. A lot of it could have been quite more subjective and we now are the beneficiaries living with it today worldwide, as our friends in Bangkok remind us. Notice it was also about price- not terroir – as the standard. As important as price is, it also not a reliable standard on which is best, truth be told.

1855 seems to be tucked into a very lawless and brazen epoch for France from the top down. For all the ambitions of the day, rules were being bent like Hanoverian pretzels. The France of the Second Empire seems inept in policies, unethical, greedy and corrupt as Brazil of our times if we are bold enough to compare. **Why should we, *on face value*, run off and be naïve to believe the**

1855 Classification was purely clean from corrupting influences? Was the Classification produced inside a sober and sanitized hermetic vacuum yet Paris was rife of scandal and deceit? Let's put our thinking *berets* on. Nobody, in my mind, has brought that to light about the City of Light. It's an uncomfortable shoe to put on, we know. The dense pall that envelopes the Liberal Empire is appalling in terms of both public and private departments. The Empire was operating outrageously beyond the parameters of integrity in conduct and decent behavior. It was a free-for-all with only a thin veneer of civility. Let's think of candy-coated poison; it was a lofty Potemkin front for wanton barbarism.

Are the wines excellent? Of course, no doubt. *It's the unimpeachable majesty afforded of the 1855 Classification in the world of wine that warrants it to be toned down in wholesale acceptance and perceptions.* People have jumped on the party bus without doing their homework. It's a lot more fun that way to sit back, cheer and shout, and not have your own hands on the steering wheel to be also be cognizant of road signs ahead. I think inclusions, if not divots, are innate in the 1855 Classification as authors on the topic have alluded to. **The less we read to remain willfully ignorant will give us more comfort to believe what we wish, even if it's not patently true. However, the articles that we do read, the authors either miss or mask the fact of the confirmed 'meretricious character' of the Second Empire. They don't see or acknowledge the lay of the land. It's like the third electric rail that nobody dares touch. *That's the missing element in all the writings and discussions about the Classification.*** I am totally aware that many Asians culturally, in the quest for attaining and maintaining status, abhor to recognize or know the complete truths. It is the prerogative of many to remain as loyally faithful to the falsehoods of bent French propaganda as a comfort to cling to. We all need to believe in a jolly mall Santa Claus and not a pliers-n-wires electric echo chamber Klaus Barbie.*

*Klaus Barbie

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Klaus_Barbie

Nikolaus "Klaus" Barbie (26 October 1913 – 25 September 1991) was an SS and Gestapo functionary during the Nazi era. He was known as the "**Butcher of Lyon**" for **having personally tortured French prisoners of the Gestapo while stationed in Lyon, France**. After the war, **United States intelligence services employed him for their anti-Marxist efforts** and also helped him escape to South America.

Word Origin: Pliers

ORIGIN mid 16th cent.: from dialect *ply* '**bend**,' from French *plier* '**to bend**,' from Latin *plicare* '**to fold**.'

End

I wonder, most unfortunately, if Gods-of-Finance Chinese châteaux owners and their milieu, ever took a passing interest to read more than just a tourist pamphlet about France? Have importers, equally as well, whom purchase millions of euros of wine annually from Bordeaux and Burgundy, ever bothered to know more than was highlighted in the *tricolore* pamphlets picked up at *Aéroport de Paris-Charles-de-Gaulle* after clearing customs too? I would really want to dismiss those as crazy and foolish questions but perhaps it does warrant a bit of circumspect thought. I would embrace being wrong to know many others have had an interest in the basics of French modern history beyond the pale of wine. If one purchases French, one should know more about the players in their modern history since the world has contracted in size from European colonial legacy. Our making assumptions, however, is probably not the best policy.

The 1855 Classification, by nature, was very political and swiftly generated. It's not as kosher as sold we can now presume. **There has been myth-making over the years to elevate the status of the Classification to the oft-admired pedestals of courtesans of it's own time.** Ironically, the courtesans lost their iconic values and have been largely vilified and forgotten after the collapse of the Second Empire yet the Classification's stock climbed from near spur-of-the-moment to add more fluff to the Exhibition to stratospheric blue-chip heights. It could not have been envisioned at the time. It has been proven as a prudent investment paying dividends through the generations as it confers sophistication and grandeur; there may be forces whom, we can imagine, do not desire the esteem of the Classification to be readily questioned or disparaged. Consider Apple in the '70's not first taken so seriously by the corporate world and now sits at the longest table forty years later with nothing but the very best at its disposal with the highest of sterling pedigree.

It would be prudent to back-up off the Classification and take a fresh look with some fresh air. The more we know, the more questions it raises. **Malbec- not Cabernet Sauvignon- was the dominant grape varietal of the time at the Gironde; now we think of Malbec with Argentina. The hypoxia for the 1855 Classification is better served at going to a lower altitude to see it soberly and clearly.**

Everything around the Classification is mottled with intrigue and corruption. Pablo Escobar and a Brazilian favela boss would have prospered mightily in Paris of the Second Empire. Paris of 1855 was nothing but venomous snakes in a wicker basket.

A telling observation is that Baron Haussmann was from Bordeaux- *ran Bordeaux-* and had plenty of pull to be played in Paris. The declaration for Empire was fittingly made in Bordeaux, not in Paris. Haussmann was also caught in a major financial scandal at the end of Empire. His powers alone could have had a remarkable influence. The Baron should be highly suspect of having his slippery fingers in the dough.

The courtesans set the tone for fashions and quality of lifestyle emulated on a range of topics, beyond wine, even seen today. **My gut tells me a woman, a very smart and sophisticated woman was somehow involved with the 1855 Classification.** Women often prefer to like things to be organized properly. This was a time when the author, Amantine Lucile Dupin, was published as George Sand; the Emperor just doesn't come off as the kind of guy who would care about classifying wines. What woman, in those years, could make that request? He seems to have other things on his mind. **I propose that Napoléon III, his cousin Prince Napoléon or even Baron Haussmann himself- since he was from Bordeaux we find- in the thick of the '50s, could have had an impromptu pillow talk with a chamber mate about classification for Bordeaux wine somehow and the credit, of course, went to Napoléon III – not to the woman.** She was likely the transistor who dialed it in, but the emperor was the loudspeaker. **The credit could have easily gone to an insightful courtesan.** These were hardly dimwit women, they were radiant. Napoléon III gives the 1855 Classification the proper pretense with an imperial request/order but he was a very improper fellow, indeed, as his other debauched family members especially the Prince. Evidently not everyone was on the same page with the definition of the *beaux arts* in Paris. **Saying Napoléon III without knowing him or the machinations of the Second Empire lends a wonderful cover for irreproachable veracity for pomp and circumstance. Asian importers regardless from Korea to Indonesia have bought into the 1855 Classification as being transparently sacrosanct.** It is as ridiculous as saying currently that America has reached its zenith politically and culturally with smoke clouds of sexual harassment by politicians & industry moguls- and admitted by the president on video, mass corporate corruption, alleged money-laundering, Panama & Paradise papers for private and corporate offshore financial deceptions, alleged collusion with hostile entities, party in-fighting plus with federal investigations billowing endlessly for spurious conduct. Moreover, this is now stoked even further by an unflattering book about the White House and its occupants in only the first year of power with *Fire and Fury*. **Put in the context of the present, we can see the**

prestige of the Classification takes a heavy hit. Think France of 1855 as a primitive prototype of America 2018. Call me crazy, but I don't believe history will be kind to these years and, if one is willing to read and be objective, certainly is not kind to 1855 either.

For all my years, I never bothered to question the epoch of the Classification. It works its charm well. Knowing further truths, I think, does take a lot of shine off the apple. **1855 doesn't seem as heaven sent as first implied as "year zero" for fine wines for the modern era.** Fools rush in and the wine trade has embraced the pedigree of scandalous conduct marvelously; the kisses and tender caresses sought after for sensual comfort and status-seeking were only given from greed-driven brazenly unfaithful lovers. **It is only prudent to question the construct of the Classification when we are now aware of the general worm-eaten atmosphere and key players involved: decadent, scandal-ridden, superficial, self-absorbed and secretive.** Keeping up appearances is always important for royalty yet we see what an open mess the court was and the general paucity of morals in Paris of Empire. The emperor, we gather, was not a beacon of moral probity. Oddly yet truly, for an emperor who failed on many fronts, **his greatest positive contribution that reverberates arguably through history today, certainly with wine, is with the 1855 Classification...and the idea may not- was not – even his!** He would have never had guessed his personal legacy would rest on Bordeaux wine above all else. We shall never know, since as they say, mum's the word. Did the lady get paid? We do hope so, one way or another, *bon vivants*.

The Courtesans

The demi-monde in 19th century France

By Joanna Richardson (Phoenix Press) 1967, 2000

I come, without transition, to the *cocodettes* [wrote the Count de Maugny, recalling the Second Empire in *La Societe parisienne*]. A whole epoch! And what an epoch!

Eighteen years of luxury, pleasure, recklessness and gaiety, of gallantry and incomparable elegance. It was for a time- alas, too short at time!- like an apparition of the dazzling splendours of the eighteenth century. Then a veil of mourning and sadness suddenly hid the décor; it all vanished again, into shadow and triviality. **Who does not now regret them in his inner most heart, those poor years of corruption?** Who can recall them and not repress a feeling of pleasure? Who can remember, without emotion, that swarm of pretty young women, each of them more charming and agreeable than the other...happy to be alive, to flirt, and to be admired? You see, the mould for those women is broken. You will not find them again.

La Paiva

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I look at the mistress of the house, and study her [went the Journal in May 1867]. White skin, good arms, and fine shoulders bare down to the loins behind. The red hair in the arm-pits shows under the slipping shoulder-straps. Big round eyes; a pear shaped nose with a flat Calmuck piece at the end...A mouth without inflexion, a straight line, the colour of paint, in a face all white with rice powder...**Under the face of a courtesan still young enough for her trade, it is a face a hundred years old, and, at moments, it takes on some terrible likeness to a rouged corpse.**

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'All my wishes have come to heel, like tame dogs! she had cried, once, intoxicated by Fortune. She had embodied the triumph of willpower. She had known every pleasure that colossal wealth could buy. And perhaps, because of her wealth, because of her nature, she had never known real happiness.

‘And when God took her back,’ wrote Émile Bergerat, ‘since He does take such creatures back, no one knew what became of the soul of this body, and the body of this soul, for she had no tomb and she does not lie in consecrated ground.’

Henckel von Donnersmarck’s second wife, rich, well-born, beautiful and young, apparently found the answer to the enigma. She unlocked, and there, preserved in alcohol, the corpse of la Païva was dancing. Even in death, von Donnersmarck had not been able to leave her.

Blitzed

Drugs in Nazi Germany

By Norman Ohler [Penguin Books] 2015

Pg. 8-9

From the worker to the nobleman, the supposed panacea took the world by storm, from Europe via Asia and all the way to America. In drugstores across the USA, two active ingredients were available without prescription: fluids containing **morphine** calmed people down, while drinks containing cocaine, **such in the early days *Vin Mariani*, a Bordeaux containing coca extract**, and even Coca-Cola, were used to counter low moods, as a hedonistic source of euphoria, and also as a local anaesthetic. This was only the start. The industry soon needed to diversify; it craved new products. On 10 August 1897 Felix Hoffman, a chemist with the **Bayer** company, synthesized acetylsalicylic acid from willow bark; it went on sale as **Aspirin** and conquered the globe. **Eleven days later** the same man **invented** another substance that was also to become world famous: diacetyl morphine, a derivative of morphine- the first designer drug. Trademarked as **‘Heroin’**, it entered the market and began its own campaign. ‘Heroin is a fine business,’ the directors of Bayer announced proudly and advertised the substance as a remedy for headaches,

for general indisposition and also as a cough syrup for children. It was even recommended to babies for colic or sleeping problems.

Permit me to offer this remarkable coup de grâce which sums up our insights and stories transistioning from the the epoch of the Second Empire so well:

Sarah Bernhardt: Was She the First 'A-List' Actress?

By Holly Williams

15 December 2017

<http://www.bbc.com/culture/story/20171214-sarah-bernhardt-was-she-the-first-a-list-actress>



She was a global superstar in the late 19th Century, but her fame has faded with time. Who was 'the most famous actress in the world'?

Holly Williams finds out.

Playing Hamlet is the peak of an actor's career. But it's also a canny celebrity move: a sure-fire way to win media attention.

The first Hamlet on film was a woman, Bernhardt herself.

It was Sarah Bernhardt who arguably first truly rinsed it for its fame-stoking, headline-winning potential. **She wasn't the first woman to play it, but the French actress was well-aware of the fuss gender-blind casting would cause in 1899.** It was "the most controversial move of all her ventures" according to Robert Gottlieb, the former New Yorker editor who wrote a biography of her in 2010. Bernhardt would make celluloid history in the part in 1900, too – rather gratifyingly, the first Hamlet on film was a woman.

But then, Bernhardt was not just any woman – she was the most famous actress in the world. And frankly, the field of her "controversial" ventures is a pretty crowded one.

The illegitimate daughter of a Jewish prostitute, she first achieved notoriety while still a teenager: she lost her first job with the prestigious Comédie-Française theatre, after refusing to apologise for slapping its star (the older actress had shoved Bernhardt's little sister into a marble pillar for accidentally treading on her costume). Such ferocity in the face of perceived injustice would never be checked: later in life, Bernhardt also hit the headlines for chasing a fellow actress with a whip, furious about the scandalous biography she'd penned.

Yet Bernhardt was clearly also a loveable figure: she charmed audiences around the world, despite her impropriety. An unmarried mother, she was unabashedly promiscuous in an era of tight-laced morality; to play Bernhardt's leading man was, essentially, to sign up to the same role between the sheets. **Conquests also include Victor Hugo, Edward Prince of Wales, and Charles Haas, the inspiration for Proust's Swann. Bernhardt herself inspired Proust's Berma, Oscar Wilde wrote Salome for her, and she married Aristides Damala – the model for Dracula.**

From humble beginnings to vast fame and fortune, it's fair to say Bernhardt behaved rather like a child in a sweet shop. Or should that be pet shop? She collected a small zoo, including cheetahs, tiger and lion cubs, a monkey named Darwin and an alligator named Ali Gaga, that she used to sleep with until its untimely death due to a diet of milk and champagne. She wore a hat made of a stuffed bat; she dripped with jewels, and was draped with chinchilla and ocelot furs. It was all part of the Bernhardt travelling show – which also featured her coffin, which she always took on tour.

Truth from fiction

“We don't have anybody like her. That's something to think about – how famous, and how beloved, she was,” says American writer Theresa Rebeck, writer for the TV shows *NYPD Blue* and *Smash*, who's written a new play about Bernhardt. **“She was famously transgressive: she would have many, many affairs, and yet no-one turned on her. They didn't even judge her for it; they loved her for it.”**

She was also a notorious liar, so working out what is fact isn't always easy. The identity of her father is uncertain, and even her birthday is in doubt: maybe 22, or 23, October 1844.

“Her mother didn’t love her, and she had no father,” writes Gottlieb. “What she did have was her extraordinary will: to survive, to achieve and – most of all – to have her own way.” Still, you don’t exactly need to be Freud to guess why this rejected, neglected child might seek a lifetime of applause.

Bernhardt once got lost in a hot-air balloon.

Her mother was desperate to get Sarah off her hands, and it was her lover, Charles de Morny, who suggested the tempestuous teen try acting. **Half-brother of Napoléon Bonaparte, a word from him ensured Bernhardt won a place at first the conservatoire, and then the Comédie-Française.**

The slapping incident got her sacked, but also made her an overnight celebrity. But she was no overnight acting success. Although quickly taken on by the Gymnase theatre, critics seemed more interested in how pale and skinny she was. Following an affair with Belgian aristocrat Prince de Ligne in 1864, Bernhardt had a son, Maurice. Although unplanned and unclaimed, it was a life-changer: she applied all her fierce determination to providing for him. And in 1866, Bernhardt had a career breakthrough: she met the owner of **the Odeon theatre, Félix Duquesnel. Much later, he wrote: “she wasn’t just pretty, she was more dangerous than that... *a marvellously gifted creature of rare intelligence and limitless energy and willpower.*”**

Apparently willing herself into a job, she found success in *Le Passant* by François Coppée, in her first “breeches” role, playing a boy. Her reputation grew – especially for her mellifluous “golden” voice. **Critic Théodore de Banville left no cliché unturned in describing her: she spoke “the way nightingales sing, the way the wind sighs, the way brooks murmur.”**

But it was during the Franco-Prussian war that she was to become the nation's sweetheart: she turned the Odeon into a refuge for wounded soldiers, bullying the great and the good to donate food and clothing. Thereafter, her celebrity rose as fast as the hot air balloon she once got lost in (naturally, she further monetised that stunt by writing a lively account from the point of view of the balloon's wicker chair, which became a small publishing sensation).

In 1872, she starred in Victor Hugo's Ruy Blas, to such wild acclaim that the Comédie-Française finally asked her back. Bernhardt returned – no doubt insufferably smugly – and began a passionate on/off, on-stage/off-stage relationship with the ruggedly handsome Jean Mounet-Sully. But Mounet was as possessive as he was passionate, and couldn't cope with her promiscuity. He wanted to tame her – and hadn't a hope, naturally.

Fame and fortune

Professionally, however, all continued apace: a string of successful parts was topped by playing Racine's Phèdre – Bloomsbury writer Lytton Strachey said that to watch her was to “plunge shuddering through infinite abysses”. In 1880, she did a six-week season at the Gaiety in London, where she was greeted as a huge celebrity. **This led to a tour of America, taking on a role she'd go on to play thousands of times: *La Dame aux Camélias*.**

Henry James wrote of the “insanity” her arrival provoked, declaring she had “advertising genius; she may, indeed, be called the muse of the newspaper... she is too American not to succeed in America.”

So it proved. She may have exhibited a “revolutionary naturalism when compared to the strutting and bluster of the standard American acting of the

period,” as Gottlieb puts it, but the crowds flocked to see her as *her*: an exotic creature in her own right.

The tour – and the many that followed, from Argentina to Austria to Australia – made her rich. But she was extravagant in her spending, with splashy tastes for jewels, couture and art (she was a sculptor herself). All of which meant she “ran through money all the time – but she could just go get more!” laughs Rebeck. Bernhardt by now had several bankable hits under her belt.

She lavished – some would say wasted – a good deal of cash on her son, and on her husband, Greek aristocrat Aristides Damala. Perhaps because she was so used to having whoever she wanted, Bernhardt became strangely obsessed with a man who had little interest in her. They married in 1882, but in the face of his womanising, gambling and cruel public scorning of her, it didn’t last long. Although he would burst back into her life in 1889, he would also die that year from morphine addiction.

Other men came and went, as did hit shows, not-so-hit shows, and endless tours. Then came Hamlet. “To me, it’s the turning point in her life,” says Rebeck, whose new play Bernhardt/Hamlet dramatises this moment. “She was done with ingénues; she was really looking to move on as an actor and to challenge herself. What else is she going to do – take smaller parts?”

Not likely. “And what do celebrity actors do? They take on Hamlet. It’s a rite of passage – and she coined it,” Rebeck adds. That said, Bernhardt did have a new, prose version of the play commissioned which, hardly surprisingly, not everyone loved. And her Hamlet was notably not a tortured soul, but – like Bernhardt herself – quick, energetic, and really rather resolute.

She continued to play masculine parts, because there just weren't enough meaty roles for the older female performer – some things, it seems, never change. “It's not that I prefer male roles, it's that I prefer male minds,” she once commented, depressingly.

In 1906, Bernhardt injured her knee during *Tosca*, apparently leaping to her death – actually, leaping to a missing mattress that should have broken the fall. She never recovered, and in 1915, had most of her right leg amputated. Not that she let it stop her performing: this septuagenarian was still a sweetheart for French troops in World War One, carried in on a white palanquin.

She continued to act, in best-of shows of scenes from different plays – ones that didn't require movement – and in early silent films, right up until her death in 1923. True, her acting style, which once seemed so poetic and fresh, now appeared excessively histrionic. **But Bernhardt symbolised more than just acting by then: she was a monumental French figure, and her death prompted several days of public mourning.**

Because there really was no one else quite like her. **The sentiment was, perhaps, best summed up by Mark Twain: “There are five kinds of actresses. Bad actresses, fair actresses, good actresses, great actresses, and then there is Sarah Bernhardt.”**

End

Sarah Bernhardt wasn't just the first blockbuster movie star, but actually a courtesan performing a play about a courtesan, *Marie Duplessis*, written by the Parisian playwright- the famous *black* playwright- Dumas *films* during the Second/Liberal Empire. She knew how to live big because we now see her with peers in Paris. Sarah knew how to play the game. She was directly on the scene

with the other demi-mondaines but, importantly, she made it to film! Cora Pearl, Alice Ozy, Léonide Leblanc, Caroline Letessier, Rosalie Léon and many others, simply did not. Sarah did. And like Hedy LaMarr (née Hedwig Eva Maria Kiesler- note the faux French surname of LaMarr) who was technically brilliant if not a genius, a bombshell actress at day yet a tireless tinkering inventor at night: both stars were Jewish, one French and the other Austrian. Sarah, in the new media of film, became the face of France and it was therefore her kind, her *métier*, that was transformed and exported to the masses for popular culture. Sarah was acting out in public as the grand courtesans had with over-the-top living and a keen sense of self-promotion. This set the standard for female film stars to follow. **Sarah, for all intents and purposes, was the democratic demi-monde of *La Belle Époque*.** She became the embodiment for the glories, arts and sophistication for fine French living and the world never has weaned itself off it. **Perhaps the grand wines of Bordeaux, in the public's imagination, is more about the pursuit of the aura-*the mystique*- that resonates from *La Belle Époque* with arts and culture flourishing and decidedly *not the epoch of the Liberal Empire* which we now know it to be born:**

La Belle Époque

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Belle_%C3%89poque

La Belle Époque (French for "Beautiful Era") was a period of Western history. **It is conventionally dated from the end of the Franco-Prussian War in 1871 to the outbreak of World War I in 1914. Occurring during the era of the French Third Republic (beginning 1870), it was a period characterized by optimism, regional peace, economic prosperity, an apex of colonial empires and technological, scientific and cultural innovations. In the climate of the period, especially in Paris, the arts flourished.** Many masterpieces of literature, music, theater, and visual art gained recognition. The *Belle Époque* was named in

retrospect, when it began to be **considered a "Golden Age"** in contrast to the horrors of World War I.

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

By Jonathan Fenby [Simon & Schuster] 2015

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Edward, Prince of Wales, and Sigmund Freud were among the crowds which went to see Jules Pujol, the master of wind, who could play the *Marseillaise* on an ocarina through a tube inserted into his anus. Artists made *Montmartre*- where rents were low, vines grew and wine not taxed- the epicenter of popular culture with its celebrated cabaret, *Le Chat Noir*, and the dance hall and restaurant-drinking garden of the *Moulin de la Galette* high on the hill. **The *Moulin Rouge*, which opened in 1889, offered the cancan;** its great, brazen star, Louise Weber, had a heart embroidered on the front of her panties and habit of downing drinks from tables as she passed, gaining her the nickname of *La Goulue* (The Glutton). Her promoter, the wine merchant Jacques Renaudin, appeared alongside as *Valentin le Désossé* (Valentin the Boneless One), tall, cadaverous and double-jointed in a stovepipe hat, frock coat and skin-tight trousers.

The young *Mistinguett*, Jeanne Bourgeois, became a star at the *Casino de Paris*, having been engaged by the revue's director after they met on a train. Flamboyant, husky-voiced and with routines that verged on the scandalous, she went on to top the bill at the *Folies Bergère* and *Moulin Rouge*, and was said to be the world's highest paid female entertainer....

Cabarets and music halls thrived after a law of 1880 liberalised the opening of public meeting places and outlets selling alcohol. By the turn of the century, the

capital had 200 such establishments ranging from small neighborhood dives to the smart locations of the *Divan Japonais* and the *Bal Tabarin*. **The culture of the music hall and of the social freedom was celebrated at the *Moulin Rouge* and the *Folies Bergère*, where Guy de Maupssant decried the barmaids as ‘sellers of drink and love’.** Paris – the ‘wondrous capital’ as Henry James called it- became the **City of Light, thanks to electricity**...Musette music featuring the accordion became highly popular and a symbol of French everyday life.

We have a very recent and fortuitous quick biography of Bernhardt’s life and how she lived it; now it all makes total sense how she arrived. How many women, broadly speaking, wanted the lifestyle envisioned that they read about Sarah Bernhardt with all the accoutrements of her over-the-top lifestyle? While Sarah was sailing first class on a liner to New York from Le Havre, think of the countless women in the Americas living in minimal homes without even basic plumbing or electricity from Boston to Buenos Aires. Don’t compare our standards of living now but theirs, at that time. Consider all the women in slums that would fantasize if even for only a moment to achieve some slice of notoriety and fortune of Sarah Bernhardt’s? Moreover, they wanted her attire, her jewels, the wines, the casinos, the dancing, the dashing men...all while washing plates in buckets outside, pregnant again, married to a meat packer. Film provided an escape from the harshness of your own reality. Sarah wasn’t royal but the opposite, accessible. You could be like Sarah if you had drive! The Good Life could be grasped if you had willpower. They didn’t know, however, the piquant pedigrees of her Parisian classmates before she graduated to the world’s limelight to be a star. She was the ripe fruit- the plum- Fate plucked from the Second Empire who still haunts us because she performed plays internationally, was advertised, written about, moreover, filmed to be explored and adored by everyone worldwide. **She became emulated in Hollywood as the prototype for a movie star.** Film was the social media and she took the stage. She ultimately conquered more than aristocrats, but the heaving masses.

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Father Hugo and the Divine Sarah

Sarah Bernhardt

... [Victor] Hugo and Bernhardt were friends; she appeared in the role of the queen in his play *Ruy Blas*. She had made her unsuccessful debut in 1862 and gone to Belgium where she became the mistress of a prince by whom she had a son. Her subsequent marriage to a morphine-addicted Greek actor collapsed and she was rumoured to have conducted an affair with the Prince of Wales followed by a lengthy liaison with Louise Abbema, an impressionist painter nine years her junior. **Returning to Paris and the stage, she performed the gamut of classic roles and slept in a coffin with gold fixtures given by an admirer to help her understand tragic roles, or so she said. At her Théâtre Sarah-Bernhardt, she played Hamlet to great reviews, earning the name of 'The Divine Sarah'.**

To celebrate the turn of the century, the 55-year-old actress put on a corseted costume for the role of the youthful hero of Rostand's four-hour long play *L'Aiglon*. **She travelled to the Americas, where the bishop of Chicago thundered against her- she sent him \$ 200 for the publicity. Her cinema debut, in the two-minute *Le Duel d'Hamlet in 1900, was followed by ten other films.*** Performing in Rio de Janeiro in 1905, she injured her right knee onstage; ten years later gangrene set in and her leg was amputated, but she continued to act up to her death in 1925 at the age of seventy-nine from kidney failure followed by uraemia.

WWII French Celebrity Love Lives:

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Leading actors, artists and musicians were feted by the Reich. Coco Chanel and Arletty had affairs with German officers while living at the Ritz.

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Cinema blossomed in popularity and artistic achievement. Jean Gabin became a major star, as did Danielle Darrieux and Michèle Morgan. Charles Boyer went to Hollywood as the epitome of the smooth leading first man; *Arletty* (born Léonie Marie Julie Bathiat) epitomized the down-to-earth Parisienne.

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Other prominent figures condemned for collaboration included Louis Renault, who died in prison and **the actress *Arletty*, who had lived with a German officer in the Ritz- in her defence she declared that ‘my heart is French but my XX is international.’** Another prominent woman who had a German lover, Coco Chanel, headed for the safety of Switzerland.

The Courtesans
The demi-monde in 19th century France

By Joanna Richardson (Phoenix Press) 1967, 2000

“Mademoiselle Maximum”

Léonide Leblanc



Portrait of Marie-Louise O'Murphy c. 1752 by François Boucher

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She was voluptuousness in flesh and blood,' wrote Zed, in *Le Demi-monde sous le Second Empire*, 'with the style of an eighteenth-century marquise.'

When the theatres closed, and the lights were lit in le Grand Seize, the celebrated Room Sixteen at the Café Anglais, Léonide would be found there with the most notorious men-about-town, or *noceurs*, supping, and sometimes playing baccarat until nine o'clock the following morning. When Arsène Houssaye gave a *fête*

vénitienne at the avenue de Friedland, ***Léonide would be asked to act there with Sarah Bernhardt***, just as Adelina Patti would be invited to sing. And when, in the summer, before the hunting season began, the *noceurs* went to gamble at Homburg or Ems, Wiesbaden or Baden, ***Léonide and the rest of la garde made the pilgrimage with them.***

And there they go! *La garde* in all their glory! Those damned demi-mondaines in their custom-made carriages, coming from Longchamp brimming with fruits, baguettes, Brie and Bordeaux pulled by prime horses, of course...*and never by foot again!* Happy Hunting! *Bon Voyage!*

And to you,

Mon ami, I bid,

Au revoir!

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'L. S. Bernhardt', written in a cursive style.

PS. Class (ification) Dismissed ☺



Don with "Sister Ann" in Singapore celebrating dear friend's birthday

Fittingly February is Black History Month in the USA.

It certainly has applied on this adventure to visit France and the African diaspora too.

I hope we all learned something fresh, many things new.

Boo!

Amended: 02 18 2018



Black Pepper Crab vs. Black Man

Crab took a beating. I clawed my way through it.

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