

DEGAS

Austen

GBH

GOLDEN BOOK HOTELS

2017

BÖLL

LUBITSCH

Borrromini



Whoever has had the pleasure of spending a vacation in the “friendly” company of a good book knows the marvelous magic of losing track of the boundary between experience in first person and that acquired through reading.

Remembrance of a vacation in these cases transports us back to the book that gave it inspiration. Reading-matter that is fascinating and thought provoking renders us more sensitive, reflective, and ready to enjoy to the limit every detail of our stay away from home. Our journey also becomes an inner journey in this way.

The Golden Book Hotel Association is formed of a select group of companies operating in the tourist sector. These companies have chosen to promote their image by means of an elegant gesture: the gift of a book to their guests. The Association’s members share the view that Tourism largely signifies Culture, and that attention to detail is an expression of qualified hospitality.

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JANE AUSTEN

Steventon, 1775 - Winchester, 1817

Jane Austen was born on 16 December 1775 in the village of Steventon in Hampshire. She was one of eight children of a clergyman and grew up in a close-knit family. She began to write as a teenager. In 1801 the family moved to Bath. In 1801 Jane Austen moved with her sister and parents to Bath. Jane Austen was a tall, slim woman. In 1802 she received a proposal of marriage from a man named Harris Bigg-Wither. At first Jane accepted but she quickly changed her mind. Jane Austen never married. Her father George Austen died in 1805. After the death of Jane's father in 1805 Jane, her sister Cassandra and their mother moved several times eventually settling in Chawton, near Steventon.

*Jane's brother Henry helped her negotiate with a publisher and her first novel, Sense and Sensibility, appeared in 1811. Her next novel **Pride and Prejudice**, which she described as her "own darling child" received highly favourable reviews. Mansfield Park was published in 1814, then **Emma** in 1816. Emma was dedicated to the prince regent, an admirer of her work. All of Jane Austen's novels were published anonymously. In 1816, Jane began to suffer from ill-health, probably due to Addison's disease. She travelled to Winchester to receive treatment, and died there on 18 July 1817. Two more novels, Persuasion and Northanger Abbey were published posthumously and a final novel was left incomplete. She was an English novelist whose books, set among the English middle and upper classes, are notable for their wit, social observation and insights into the lives of early 19th century women.*

from Lady Susan

(1794)

XXX

Lady Susan Vernon to Mr. De Courcy

Upper Seymour Street.

I have received your letter, and though I do not attempt to conceal that I am gratified by your impatience for the hour of meeting, I yet feel myself under the necessity of delaying that hour beyond the time originally fixed. Do not think me unkind for such an exercise of my power, nor accuse me of instability without first hearing my reasons. In the course of my journey from Churchhill I had ample leisure for reflection on the present state of our affairs, and every review has served to convince me that they require a delicacy and cautiousness of conduct to which we have hitherto been too little attentive. We have been hurried on by our feelings to a degree of precipitation which ill accords with the claims of our friends or the opinion of the world. We have been unguarded in forming this hasty engagement, but we must not complete the imprudence

by ratifying it while there is so much reason to fear the connection would be opposed by those friends on whom you depend. It is not for us to blame any expectations on your father's side of your marrying to advantage; where possessions are so extensive as those of your family, the wish of increasing them, if not strictly reasonable, is too common to excite surprize or resentment. He has a right to require; a woman of fortune in his daughter-in-law, and I am sometimes quarrelling with myself for suffering you to form a connection so imprudent; but the influence of reason is often acknowledged too late by those who feel like me. I have now been but a few months a widow, and, however little indebted to my husband's memory for any happiness derived from him during a union of some years, I cannot forget that the indelicacy of so early a second marriage must subject me to the censure of the world, and incur, what would be still more insupportable, the displeasure of Mr. Vernon. I might perhaps harden myself in time against the injustice of general reproach, but the loss of HIS valued esteem I am, as you well know, ill-fitted to endure; and when to this may be added the consciousness of having injured you with your family, how am I to support myself? With feelings so poignant as mine, the conviction of having divided the son from his parents would make me, even with you, the most miserable of beings. It will surely, therefore, be advisable to delay our union — to delay it till appearances are more promising — till affairs have taken a more favourable turn. To assist us in such a resolution I feel that absence will be necessary. We must not meet. Cruel as this sentence

may appear, the necessity of pronouncing it, which can alone reconcile it to myself, will be evident to you when you have considered our situation in the light in which I have found myself imperiously obliged to place it. You may be — you must be — well assured that nothing but the strongest conviction of duty could induce me to wound my own feelings by urging a lengthened separation, and of insensibility to yours you will hardly suspect me. Again, therefore, I say that we ought not, we must not, yet meet. By a removal for some months from each other we shall tranquillise the sisterly fears of Mrs. Vernon, who, accustomed herself to the enjoyment of riches, considers fortune as necessary everywhere, and whose sensibilities are not of a nature to comprehend ours. Let me hear from you soon — very soon. Tell me that you submit to my arguments, and do not reproach me for using such. I cannot bear reproaches: my spirits are not so high as to need being repressed. I must endeavour to seek amusement, and fortunately many of my friends are in town; amongst them the Mainwarings; you know how sincerely I regard both husband and wife.

I am, very faithfully yours,

S. Vernon

XXXI

Lady Susan to Mrs. Johnson

Upper Seymour Street.

My dear Friend, — That tormenting creature, Reginald, is here. My letter, which was intended to keep him longer

JANE AUSTEN



in the country, has hastened him to town. Much as I wish him away, however, I cannot help being pleased with such a proof of attachment. He is devoted to me, heart and soul. He will carry this note himself, which is to serve as an introduction to you, with whom he longs to be acquainted. Allow him to spend the evening with you, that I may be in no danger of his returning here. I have told him that I am not quite well, and must be alone; and should he call again there might be confusion, for it is impossible to be sure of servants. Keep him, therefore, I entreat you, in Edward Street. You will not find him a heavy companion, and I allow you to flirt with him as much as you like. At the same time, do not forget my real interest; say all that you can to convince him that I shall be quite wretched if he remains here; you know my reasons — propriety, and so forth. I would urge them more myself, but that I am impatient to be rid of him, as Mainwaring comes within half an hour. Adieu!

S. Vernon

XXXII

Mrs. Johnson to Lady Susan

Edward Street.

My dear Creature, — I am in agonies, and know not what to do. Mr. De Courcy arrived just when he should not. Mrs. Mainwaring had that instant entered the house, and forced herself into her guardian's presence, though I did not know a syllable of it till afterwards, for I was out when both she and Reginald came, or I should have

sent him away at all events; but she was shut up with Mr. Johnson, while he waited in the drawing-room for me. She arrived yesterday in pursuit of her husband, but perhaps you know this already from himself. She came to this house to entreat my husband's interference, and before I could be aware of it, everything that you could wish to be concealed was known to him, and unluckily she had wormed out of Mainwaring's servant that he had visited you every day since your being in town, and had just watched him to your door herself! What could I do! Facts are such horrid things! All is by this time known to De Courcy, who is now alone with Mr. Johnson. Do not accuse me; indeed, it was impossible to prevent it. Mr. Johnson has for some time suspected De Courcy of intending to marry you, and would speak with him alone as soon as he knew him to be in the house. That detestable Mrs. Mainwaring, who, for your comfort, has fretted herself thinner and uglier than ever, is still here, and they have been all closeted together. What can be done? At any rate, I hope he will plague his wife more than ever. With anxious wishes, Yours faithfully,

Alicia

XXXIII

Lady Susan to Mrs. Johnson

Upper Seymour Street.

This eclaircissement is rather provoking. How unlucky that you should have been from home! I thought myself sure of you at seven! I am undismayed however. Do not

torment yourself with fears on my account; depend on it, I can make my story good with Reginald. Mainwaring is just gone; he brought me the news of his wife's arrival. Silly woman, what does she expect by such manoeuvres? Yet I wish she had stayed quietly at Langford. Reginald will be a little enraged at first, but by to-morrow's dinner, everything will be well again.

Adieu!

S. V.

XXXIV

Mr. De Courcy to Lady Susan

—Hotel

I write only to bid you farewell, the spell is removed; I see you as you are. Since we parted yesterday, I have received from indisputable authority such a history of you as must bring the most mortifying conviction of the imposition I have been under, and the absolute necessity of an immediate and eternal separation from you. You cannot doubt to what I allude. Langford! Langford! that word will be sufficient. I received my information in Mr. Johnson's house, from Mrs. Mainwaring herself. You know how I have loved you; you can intimately judge of my present feelings, but I am not so weak as to find indulgence in describing them to a woman who will glory in having excited their anguish, but whose affection they have never been able to gain.

R. De Courcy

JANE AUSTEN



XXXV

Lady Susan to Mr. De Courcy

Upper Seymour Street.

I will not attempt to describe my astonishment in reading the note this moment received from you. I am bewildered in my endeavours to form some rational conjecture of what Mrs. Mainwaring can have told you to occasion so extraordinary a change in your sentiments. Have I not explained everything to you with respect to myself which could bear a doubtful meaning, and which the ill-nature of the world had interpreted to my discredit? What can you now have heard to stagger your esteem for me? Have I ever had a concealment from you? Reginald, you agitate me beyond expression, I cannot suppose that the old story of Mrs. Mainwaring's jealousy can be revived again, or at least be LISTENED to again. Come to me immediately, and explain what is at present absolutely incomprehensible. Believe me the single word of Langford is not of such potent intelligence as to supersede the necessity of more. If we ARE to part, it will at least be handsome to take your personal leave — but I have little heart to jest; in truth, I am serious enough; for to be sunk, though but for an hour, in your esteem is a humiliation to which I know not how to submit. I shall count every minute till your arrival.

S. V.

XXXVI

Mr. De Courcy to Lady Susan

— — Hotel.

Why would you write to me? Why do you require particulars? But, since it must be so, I am obliged to declare that all the accounts of your misconduct during the life, and since the death of Mr. Vernon, which had reached me, in common with the world in general, and gained my entire belief before I saw you, but which you, by the exertion of your perverted abilities, had made me resolved to disallow, have been unanswerably proved to me; nay more, I am assured that a connection, of which I had never before entertained a thought, has for some time existed, and still continues to exist, between you and the man whose family you robbed of its peace in return for the hospitality with which you were received into it; that you have corresponded with him ever since your leaving Langford; not with his wife, but with him, and that he now visits you every day. Can you, dare you deny it? and all this at the time when I was an encouraged, an accepted lover! From what have I not escaped! I have only to be grateful. Far from me be all complaint, every sigh of regret. My own folly had endangered me, my preservation I owe to the kindness, the integrity of another; but the unfortunate Mrs. Mainwaring, whose agonies while she related the past seemed to threaten her reason, how is SHE to be consoled! After such a discovery as this, you will scarcely affect further wonder at my meaning in bidding

FROM LADY SUSAN

you adieu. My understanding is at length restored, and teaches no less to abhor the artifices which had subdued me than to despise myself for the weakness on which their strength was founded.

R. De Courcy

XXXVII

Lady Susan to Mr. De Courcy

Upper Seymour Street.

I am satisfied, and will trouble you no more when these few lines are dismissed. The engagement which you were eager to form a fortnight ago is no longer compatible with your views, and I rejoice to find that the prudent advice of your parents has not been given in vain. Your restoration to peace will, I doubt not, speedily follow this act of filial obedience, and I flatter myself with the hope of surviving my share in this disappointment.

S. V.



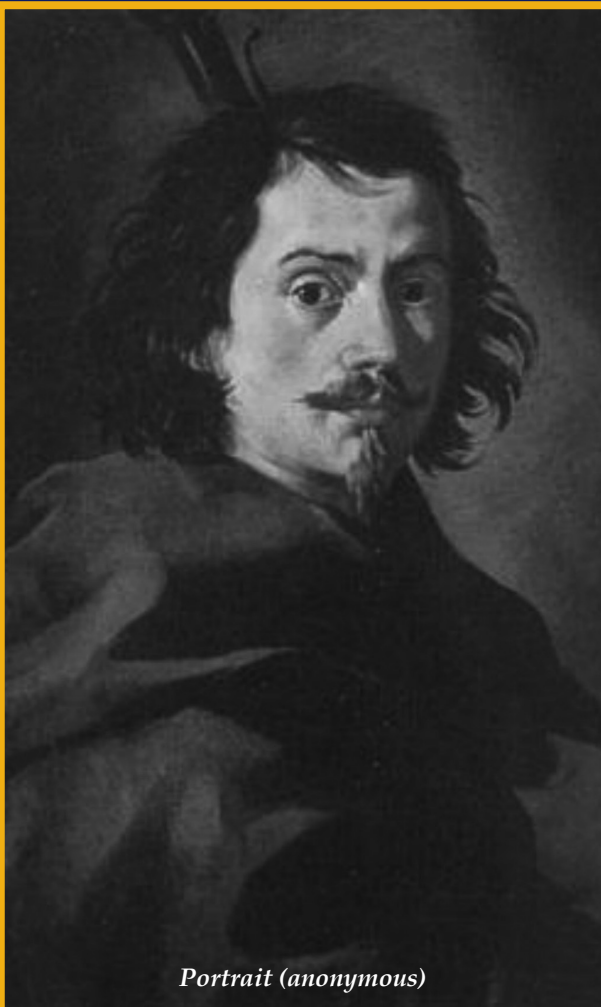
FRANCESCO BORROMINI

Bissone, 1599 - Rome, 1667

Born Francesco Castelli, he is better known by his adopted name, Borromini. At the age of 20 moved to Rome, where he worked initially with his relative, the architect Carlo Maderno on St Peter's Basilica. While working on St Peter's and also at the Palazzo Barberini, he rubbed shoulders with Bernini. Following Maderno's death he continued working on the Palazzo, under the supervision of Bernini – an experience which contributes to his lifelong jealousy. As a young man he was a great admirer of the architecture of Michelangelo, as well as the forms of Roman architecture whose geometric principles he manipulated to create a unique, if unconventional, personal style.

In 1634, he was given his first major commission: the church, cloister and monastery of San Carlo alle Quattro Fontane. After this he was appointed architect for the dome and facade of the Palazzo Sapienza and Sant'Ivo alla Sapienza (1640-50). He was originally recommended for the latter project back in 1632, by none other than Bernini. Both these early commissions went well. Furthermore, good relations with Pope Innocent X led to a number of new papal projects. Borromini, for instance, was one of several designers commissioned to build the Church of Sant'Agnese in Agone, in order to enhance the square overlooked by the pope's family palace, the Palazzo Pamphili. With the death of Innocent X in 1655, Borromini lost most of his Papal commissions and fell out of favour. Despite widespread recognition of his exceptional architectural gifts, his reserved and intense personality ruled him out of many major projects. His difficult life ended in suicide.

Borromini



Portrait (anonymous)

Borromini



Helicoidal Staircase, Palazzo Barberini >>
(1629-33 ~ ROME, ITALY)

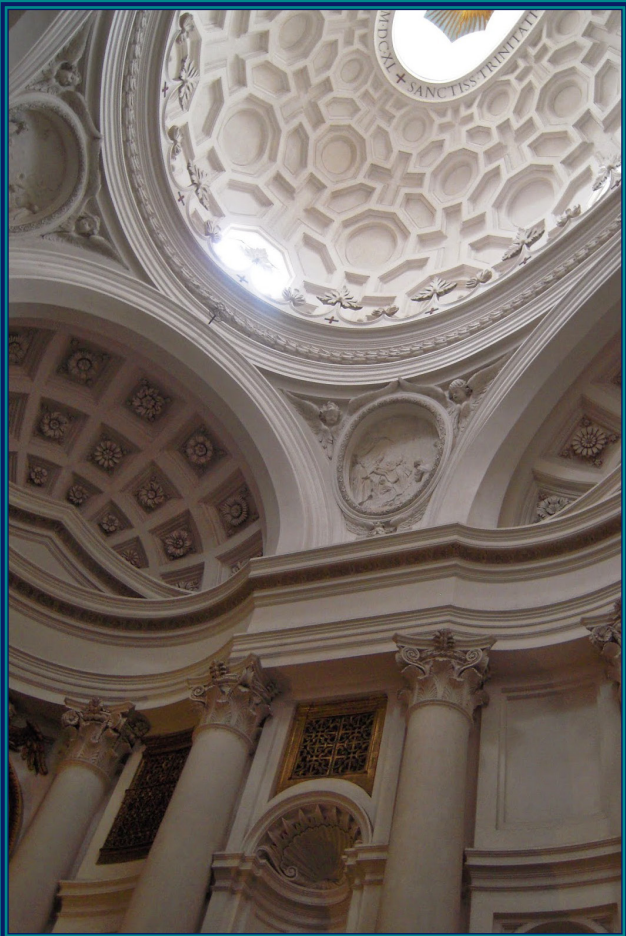
Borromini



Perspective Gallery, Palazzo Spada >>

(1652-53 ~ ROME, ITALY)

Borromini



San Carlo alle Quattro Fontane >>

(1634-44 ~ ROME, ITALY)

Borromini



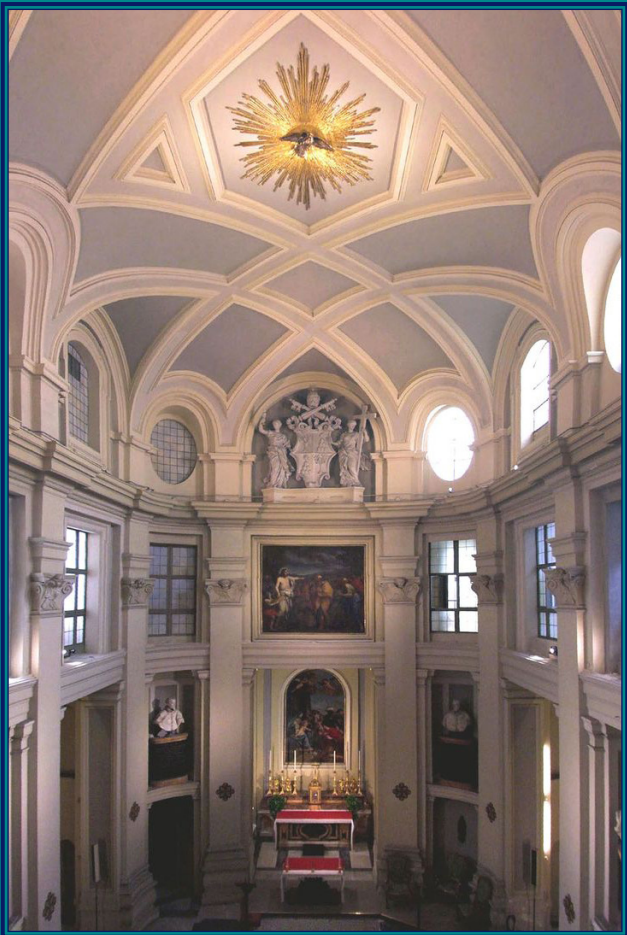
Sant'Ivo alla Sapienza >>
(1642-60 ~ ROME, ITALY)

Borromini



Sant'Agnese in Agone >>
(1653-57~ ROME, ITALY)

Borromini



The Re Magi Chapel >>

(1662-64 ~ ROME, ITALY)

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

Paris, 1821 - 1867

He was born in Paris where his father was a civil servant. The latter was over 30 years older than his wife and died when Charles was 6 years old. M.me Baudelaire married an army officer about one year later. He studied at the Lycée Louis-le-Grand, Paris, from which he was expelled. He adopted a dissolute lifestyle and attempted to support himself through journalism. He began to take drugs; and it is thought that it was at this time that he acquired sexually transmitted diseases from the consequences of which he eventually died. He was sent on a brief visit to India in the hope that he would reform but he returned within a year and recommenced his old ways having attained his majority and inherited his legacy. After he had squandered much of the funds in his Bohemian lifestyle, his family successfully sought control of his finances and paid them to him in an allowance for the remainder of his life.

*Baudelaire began critical and poetic works in the 1840s. After participating in the revolution of 1848, he became disillusioned with the Second Empire and retreated into his work. He translated the works of E. A. Poe and assembled an influential collection of his poems that were published as **Fleur du Mal**. The collection was greeted with the support of fellow poets and artists but it was severely criticized by the censors as shocking and depraved and who forced withdrawal of six poems that were not reinstated until 1961. He moved to Brussels in 1863 on a lecturing tour but he suffered a series of strokes that left him partially paralyzed and with a severe speech impediment. He returned to Paris under the care of his mother but died in 1867.*

from *The Flowers of Evil*

(1857)



Self-Portrait

CORRESPONDENCES

*Nature is a temple in which living pillars
Sometimes give voice to confused words;
Man passes there through forests of symbols
Which look at him with understanding eyes.*

*Like prolonged echoes mingling in the distance
In a deep and tenebrous unity,
Vast as the dark of night and as the light of day,
Perfumes, sounds, and colors correspond.*

*There are perfumes as cool as the flesh of children,
Sweet as oboes, green as meadows
– And others are corrupt, and rich, triumphant,*

*With power to expand into infinity,
Like amber and incense, musk, benzoin,
That sing the ecstasy of the soul and senses.*



THE ENEMY

*My youth has been nothing but a tenebrous storm,
Pierced now and then by rays of brilliant sunshine;
Thunder and rain have wrought so much havoc
That very few ripe fruits remain in my garden.*

*I have already reached the autumn of the mind,
And I must set to work with the spade and the rake
To gather back the inundated soil
In which the rain digs holes as big as graves.*

*And who knows whether the new flowers I dream of
Will find in this earth washed bare like the strand,
The mystic aliment that would give them vigor?*

*Alas! Alas! Time eats away our lives,
And the hidden Enemy who gnaws at our hearts
Grows by drawing strength from the blood we lose!*



MY FORMER LIFE

*For a long time I dwelt under vast porticos
Which the ocean suns lit with a thousand colors,
The pillars of which, tall, straight, and majestic,
Made them, in the evening, like basaltic grottos.*

*The billows which cradled the image of the sky
Mingled, in a solemn, mystical way,
The omnipotent chords of their rich harmonies
With the sunsets' colors reflected in my eyes;*

*It was there that I lived in voluptuous calm,
In splendor, between the azure and the sea,
And I was attended by slaves, naked, perfumed,*

*Who fanned my brow with fronds of palms
And whose sole task it was to fathom
The dolorous secret that made me pine away.*



EXOTIC PERFUME

*When, with both my eyes closed, on a hot autumn night,
I inhale the fragrance of your warm breast
I see happy shores spread out before me,
On which shines a dazzling and monotonous sun;*

*A lazy isle to which nature has given
Singular trees, savory fruits,
Men with bodies vigorous and slender,
And women in whose eyes shines a startling candor.*

*Guided by your fragrance to these charming countries,
I see a port filled with sails and rigging
Still utterly wearied by the waves of the sea,*

*While the perfume of the green tamarinds,
That permeates the air, and elates my nostrils,
Is mingled in my soul with the sailors' chanteys.*



THE CAT

*Come, superb cat, to my amorous heart;
Hold back the talons of your paws,
Let me gaze into your beautiful eyes
Of metal and agate.*

*When my fingers leisurely caress you,
Your head and your elastic back,
And when my hand tingles with the pleasure
Of feeling your electric body,*

*In spirit I see my woman. Her gaze
Like your own, amiable beast,
Profound and cold, cuts and cleaves like a dart,*

*And, from her head down to her feet,
A subtle air, a dangerous perfume
Floats about her dusky body.*



TO A CREOLE LADY

*In the perfumed country which the sun caresses,
I knew, under a canopy of crimson trees
And palms from which indolence rains into your eyes,
A Creole lady whose charms were unknown.*

*Her complexion is pale and warm; the dark enchantress
Affects a noble air with the movements of her neck.
Tall and slender, she walks like a huntress;
Her smile is calm and her eye confident.*

*If you went, Madame, to the true land of glory,
On the banks of the Seine or along the green Loire,
Beauty fit to ornament those ancient manors,
You'd make, in the shelter of those shady retreats,
A thousand sonnets grow in the hearts of poets,
Whom your large eyes would make more subject than your slaves.*



CHARLES BAUDELAIRE



BAUDELAIRE

SADNESS OF THE MOON

*Tonight the moon dreams with more indolence,
Like a lovely woman on a bed of cushions
Who fondles with a light and listless hand
The contour of her breasts before falling asleep;*

*On the satiny back of the billowing clouds,
Languishing, she lets herself fall into long swoons
And casts her eyes over the white phantoms
That rise in the azure like blossoming flowers.*

*When, in her lazy listlessness,
She sometimes sheds a furtive tear upon this globe,
A pious poet, enemy of sleep,*

*In the hollow of his hand catches this pale tear,
With the iridescent reflections of opal,
And hides it in his heart afar from the sun's eyes.*



OWLS

*Under the dark yews which shade them,
The owls are perched in rows,
Like so many strange gods,
Darting their red eyes. They meditate.*

*Without budging they will remain
Till that melancholy hour
When, pushing back the slanting sun,
Darkness will take up its abode.*

*Their attitude teaches the wise
That in this world one must fear
Movement and commotion;*

*Man, enraptured by a passing shadow,
Forever bears the punishment
Of having tried to change his place.*



THE FLAWED BELL

*It is bitter and sweet on winter nights
To listen by the fire that smokes and palpitates,
To distant souvenirs that rise up slowly
At the sound of the chimes that sing in the fog.*

*Happy is the bell which in spite of age
Is vigilant and healthy, and with lusty throat
Faithfully sounds its religious call,
Like an old soldier watching from his tent!*

*I, my soul is flawed, and when, a prey to ennui,
She wishes to fill the cold night air with her songs,
It often happens that her weakened voice*

*Resembles the death rattle of a wounded man,
Forgotten beneath a heap of dead, by a lake of blood,
Who dies without moving, striving desperately.*



SPLEEN

*January, irritated with the whole city,
Pours from his urn great waves of gloomy cold
On the pale occupants of the nearby graveyard
And death upon the foggy slums.*

*My cat seeking a bed on the tiled floor
Shakes his thin, mangy body ceaselessly;
The soul of an old poet wanders in the rain-pipe
With the sad voice of a shivering ghost.*

*The great bell whines, the smoking log
Accompanies in falsetto the snuffling clock,
While in a deck of cards reeking of filthy scents,*

*My mortal heritage from some dropsical old woman,
The handsome knave of hearts and the queen of spades
Converse sinisterly of their dead love affair.*



TO A PASSER-BY

*The street about me roared with a deafening sound.
Tall, slender, in heavy mourning, majestic grief,
A woman passed, with a glittering hand
Raising, swinging the hem and flounces of her skirt;*

*Agile and graceful, her leg was like a statue's.
Tense as in a delirium, I drank
From her eyes, pale sky where tempests germinate,
The sweetness that enthralls and the pleasure that kills.*

*A lightning flash... then night! Fleeting beauty
By whose glance I was suddenly reborn,
Will I see you no more before eternity?*

*Elsewhere, far, far from here! too late! never perhaps!
For I know not where you fled, you know not where I go,
O you whom I would have loved, O you who knew it!*



THE WINE OF THE SOLITARY

*The strange look of a lady of pleasure
Turned slyly toward us like the white beam
Which the undulous moon casts on the trembling lake
When she wishes to bathe her nonchalant beauty;
The last bag of crowns between a gambler's fingers;
A lustful kiss from slender Adeline;
The sound of music, tormenting and caressing,
Resembling the distant cry of a man in pain,
All that is not worth, O deep, deep bottle,
The penetrating balm that your fruitful belly
Holds for the thirsty heart of the pious poet;
You pour out for him hope, and youth, and life
– And pride, the treasure of all beggary,
Which makes us triumphant and equal to the gods!*



THE FOUNTAIN OF BLOOD

*It seems to me at times my blood flows out in waves
Like a fountain that gushes in rhythmical sobs.
I hear it clearly, escaping with long murmurs,
But I feel my body in vain to find the wound.*

*Across the city, as in a tournament field,
It courses, making islands of the paving stones,
Satisfying the thirst of every creature
And turning the color of all nature to red.*

*I have often asked insidious wines
To lull to sleep for a day my wasting terror;
Wine makes the eye sharper, the ear more sensitive!*

*I have sought in love a forgetful sleep;
But love is to me only a bed of needles
Made to slake the thirst of those cruel prostitutes!*



THE DEATH OF ARTISTS

*How many times must I shake my bauble and bells
And kiss your low forehead, dismal caricature?
To strike the target of mystic nature,
How many javelins must I waste, O my quiver?*

*We shall wear out our souls in subtle schemes
And we shall demolish many an armature
Before contemplating the glorious Creature
For whom a tormenting desire makes our hearts grieve!*

*There are some who have never known their Idol
And those sculptors, damned and branded with shame,
Who are always hammering their brows and their breasts,*

*Have but one hope, bizarre and somber Capitol!
It is that Death, soaring like a new sun,
Will bring to bloom the flowers of their brains!*





ERNST LUBITSCH

Berlin, 1892 - Los Angeles, 1947

*Ernst Lubitsch was the son of a Berlin storekeeper. As a young man, he worked as assistant to the noted theatrical director Max Reinhardt and later established himself as a talented actor in silent films, many of which he directed. Beginning in 1913, Lubitsch played the role of a clothing store salesman in a series of short movies, achieving a popularity with German audiences comparable to that of Charlie Chaplin in America. **The Eyes of the Mummy** (1918) was Lubitsch's first feature-length film; that same year he directed his own version of Carmen, called Gypsy Blood. The popularity of his two large-scale historical productions, *Passion* (1919), the story of Madame de Pompadour starring Pola Negri, and *Deception* (1920), about Anne Boleyn and Henry VIII, brought him numerous offers from American motion picture studios. In 1924 he left for Hollywood. Coming under the influence of Chaplin and of Cecil B. DeMille's sophisticated comedies, Lubitsch established his creative independence by hiring his own German staff and embarking on a series of hilarious, visually imaginative bedroom farces. The most memorable were *The Marriage Circle* (1924), *Kiss Me Again* (1925), and *So This Is Paris* (1926). In 1924 Lubitsch directed a scathing satire of the Hollywood film*

LUBITSCH



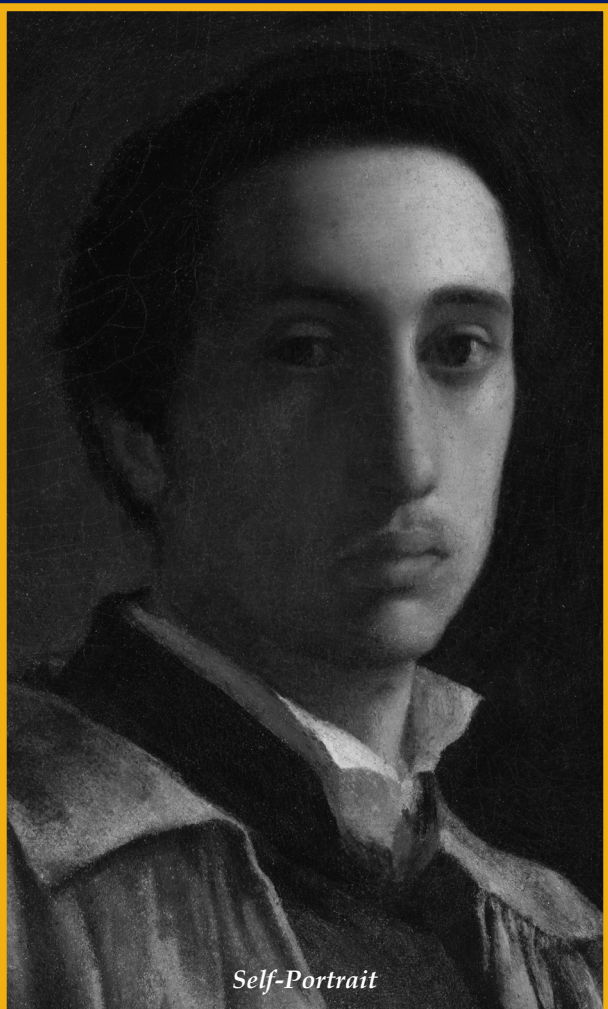
industry, **Forbidden Paradise**. Lubitsch's facility with the camera and his love of slapstick made him an ideal silent-film director, and his rapport with actors and his gift for verbal subtleties rendered him equally adept with the sound medium. His first talking movies, the Maurice Chevalier-Jeanette MacDonald series, were stylishly entertaining. However, his later work gained in wit and intellectual sophistication. *Monte Carlo* (1930) and *Trouble in Paradise* (1932) are superior, the latter considered by most critics to be his finest film. In 1939 Lubitsch directed Greta Garbo in his most popular production, **Ninotchka**. *Shop around the Corner* (1940), a modest drama notable for its atmosphere and vivid characterization, and *To Be or Not To Be* (1942), a controversial comedy described by Lubitsch as "a satirization of the Nazi spirit and the foul Nazi humor," are among the director's most creative efforts. His last production, **Heaven Can Wait** (1943), is an intelligent exploration of a rogue's life while he waits at the gates of hell. More than a great director of actors and action, he added his own personal signature, known as the "Lubitsch touch", to all his work, a sense of style and grace that was rarely duplicated on the screen. Production on his final films was delayed due to Lubitsch's health problems after 1944. In 1946, he received an Honorary Academy Award for his distinguished contributions to the art of the motion picture. He was also nominated three times for Best Director. After a series of heart attacks, he died in 1947 at the age of 55.

DEGAS

EDGAR DEGAS

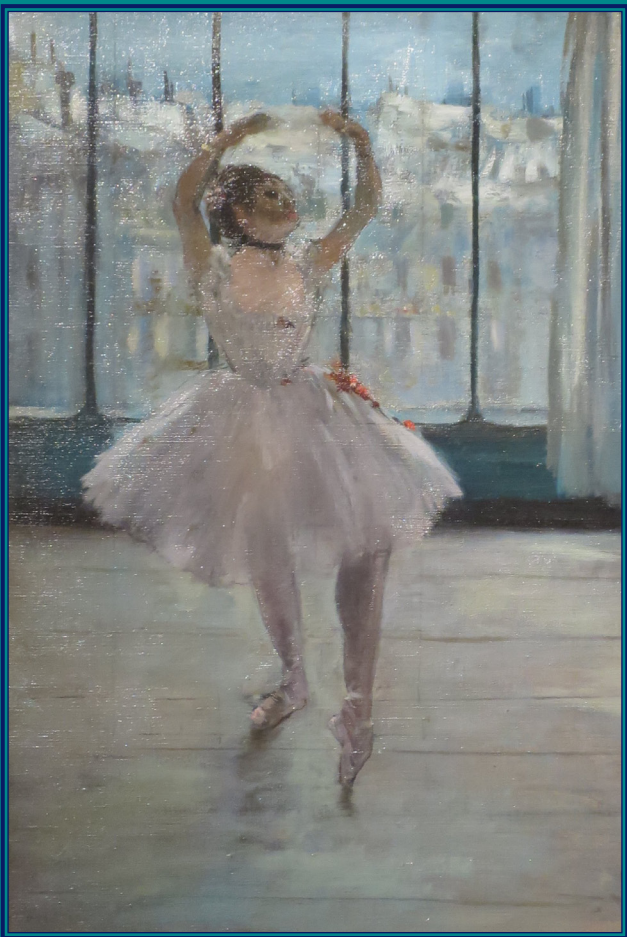
Paris, 1834 - 1917

He was born on July 19, 1834, in Paris, the son of a well-to-do banker. His father hoped his son would study law, but Edgar enrolled at the école des Beaux-Arts in 1855, where he studied under Louis Lamothe, a pupil of Ingres. In 1856 Degas went to Naples, and eventually he settled in Rome for 3 years. He admired the Early Christian and medieval masterpieces of Italy, as well as the frescoes, panel paintings, and drawings of the Renaissance masters, many of which he copied. Back in Paris in 1861, he executed a few history paintings. He copied the works of the old masters in the Louvre. From 1862 until 1870 he painted portraits of his friends and family. In 1870, during the Franco-Prussian War, he served in the artillery of the national guard. Two years later he went to New Orleans to visit members of his family, who were in the cotton business. Between 1873 and 1883 Degas produced many of his paintings and pastels of the racecourse, music hall, café, and ballet. He had no financial problems, and even prior to the 1870s he had established his reputation as a painter. He stopped exhibiting at the respected Salon in 1874 and displayed his works with those of the less well-established impressionists until 1886. Although he was associated with the impressionists, his preoccupation with draftsmanship and composition was not characteristic of the group. Beginning in the mid-1870s Degas suffered from failing eyesight. From the 1890s on he became increasingly miserly and more and more of a recluse. In the last years of his life he was almost totally blind and wandered aimlessly through the Parisian streets. He died on September 27, 1917, in Paris.



Self-Portrait

DEGAS



Dancer at the Photographer's Studio
(1875 ~ OIL ON CANVAS, PUSHKIN MUSEUM, MOSCOW)

DEGAS



Portraits at the Stock Exchange >>

(1878-79 ~ OIL ON CANVAS, MUSÉE D'ORSAY, PARIS)

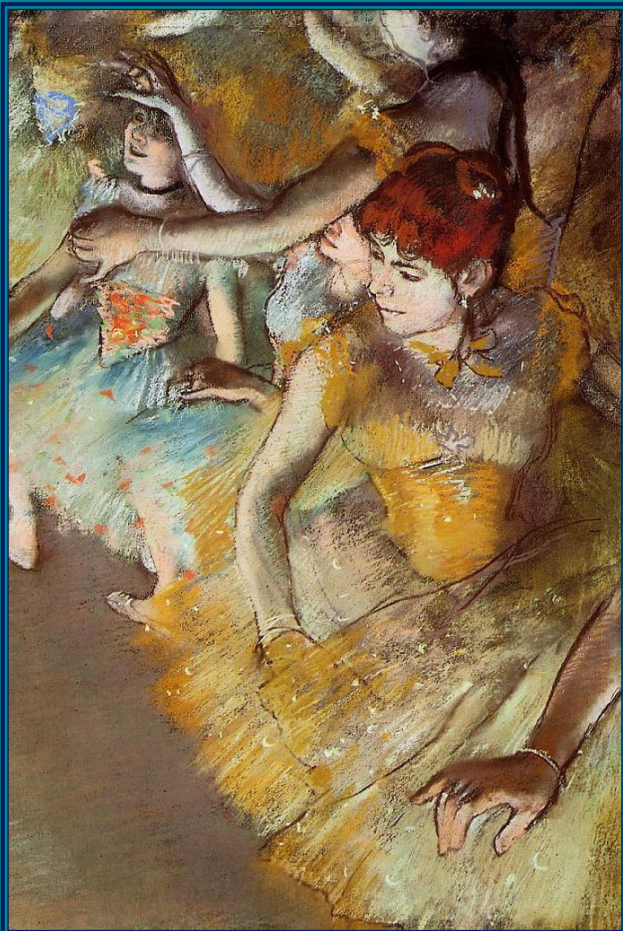
DEGAS



Miss La La at the Cirque Fernando >>

(1879 ~ OIL ON CANVAS, NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON)

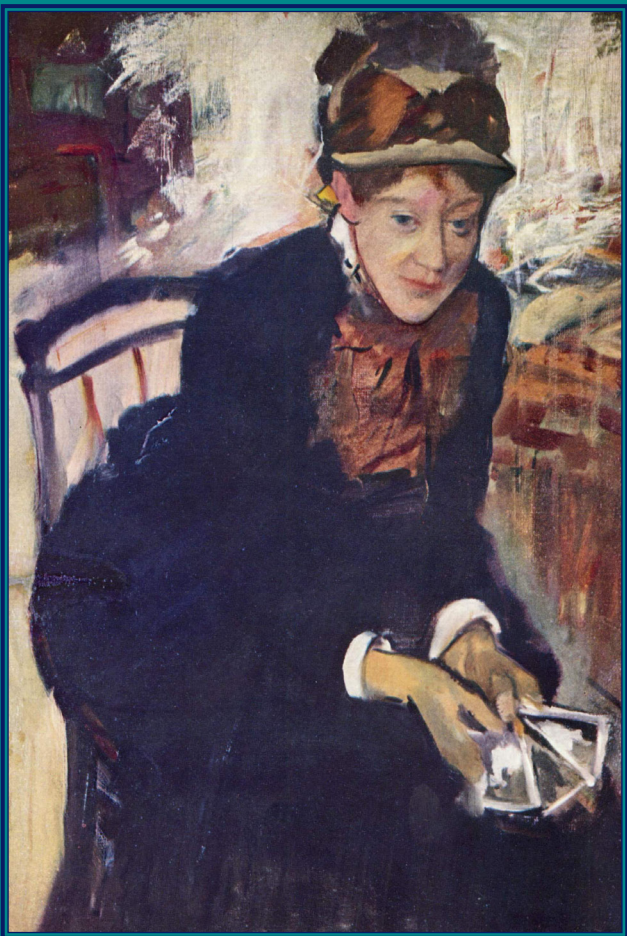
DEGAS



Ballet Dancers on the Stage >>

(1883 ~ PASTEL ON PAPER, DMA, DALLAS)

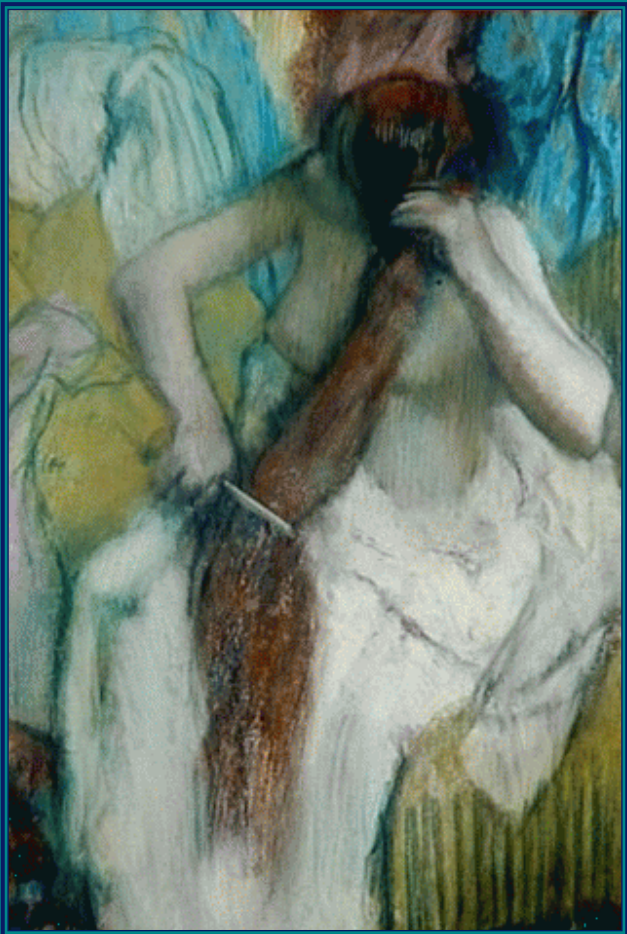
DEGAS



Mary Cassatt >>

(1884 ~ OIL ON CANVAS, NAT. GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON)

DEGAS



Woman Combing her Hair

(1887-90 ~ PASTEL ON PAPER, MUSÉE D'ORSAY, PARIS)

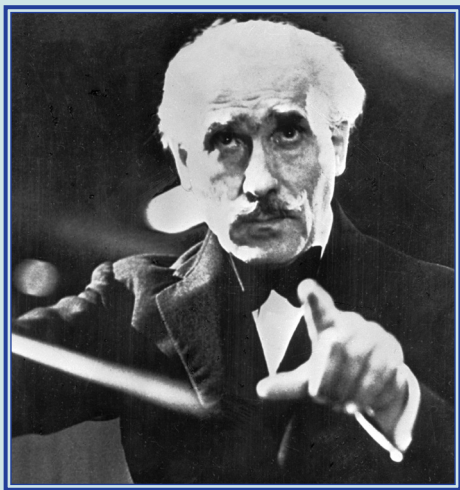


ARTURO TOSCANINI

Parma, 1867 - New York, 1957

*Italian conductor, internationally recognized as one of the world's great conductors. He studied cello at the Parma Conservatory, from which he graduated in 1885. After performing as a cellist with various minor orchestras in Italy, he went to Rio de Janeiro in 1886 to play in the opera orchestra there. Substituting as conductor, he demonstrated his ability to elicit an electrifying performance from the musicians, and he was engaged for the rest of the season. Toscanini returned to Italy the next season (1886-87), and there subsequently conducted the premieres of Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci* (1892) and Puccini's *La Bohème* (1896) and the Italian premiere of Wagner's *Götterdämmerung* (1895). In 1898, Toscanini was appointed chief conductor and artistic director at La Scala, Milan, where he presented many new operas and the Italian premieres of many others, including Wagner's *Die Meistersinger* (1898) and *Siegfried* (1899). From 1908 to 1914 he conducted at the Metropolitan Opera, New York City, where he gave American premieres of Puccini's *Girl of the Golden West* (1910), Wolf-Ferrari's *Le donne curiose* (1912), and other works. Toscanini returned to Italy during World War I. With the reorganized La Scala Orchestra he toured (1920-21) Europe and the United States and was artistic director of La Scala from 1921 to 1929. Upon his return to the United States, he conducted the New York Philharmonic Orchestra from 1928 to 1936 and the NBC Symphony Orchestra, which was formed for him, from 1937.*





*His other important engagements included the Bayreuth Festivals (1930, 1931), of which he was the first non-German conductor, the Salzburg Festivals (1934-36), and the Lucerne Festivals (1937-39). In 1936 he conducted the inaugural concert of the Palestine Symphony Orchestra in Tel Aviv. Consistently antifascist, he refused several times to appear in fascist countries. In 1954 he retired as conductor of the NBC Symphony Orchestra. Toscanini commanded perfection from his orchestras and instilled them with remarkable energy. A tempestuous personality, he was nevertheless greatly respected by performers and was widely emulated by conductors. His artistry is preserved in recordings, notably of the symphonies of **Beethoven** and works by Brahms, Wagner, Verdi, and many others. He died at his home in Riverdale, New York on 16 January 1957.*



HEINRICH BÖLL

Cologne, 1917 - Langenbroich, 1985

Born on December 21, 1917 in Cologne, Germany, Heinrich Theodor Böll grew up in a Catholic, pacifist family. He successfully resisted joining the Hitler Youth during the 1930s and was apprenticed to a bookseller, then studied German at the University of Cologne. Drafted into the German Army, Böll served in France, Romania, Hungary, and the Soviet Union, and was wounded four times before he was captured by Americans in April 1945, and sent to a POW camp. Subsequently, he returned to Cologne and enrolled himself in University of Cologne again so as to attain a ration card. As his wife supported the family working as a school teacher, he started off his writing career at the age of 30.

*His early works include short stories published in 1947. His first novel, *The Train Was on Time*, was published in 1949. Many other novels, short stories, radio plays, and essay collections followed, and his best-known works include *Billiards at Half-past Nine*, *The Clown*, *Group Portrait with Lady*, *The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum*, and *The Safety Net*. Böll belonged to the generation of writers who were haunted by the memories of World War II and the rise of Nazism. They were stricken with the guilt of the Holocaust which they tried to portray in their works. For his representation of the negative aspects of capitalism, he earned popularity particularly in Eastern Europe. Böll was at one time president of International P.E.N. He was awarded the Georg Büchner Prize in 1967 and the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1972. Heinrich died in 1985, at the age of 67.*

The Balek Scales

(1952)

Where my grandfather came from, most of the people lived by working in the flax sheds. For five generations they had been breathing in the dust which rose from the crushed flax stalks, letting themselves be killed off by slow degrees, a race of long-suffering, cheerful people who ate goat cheese, potatoes, and now and then a rabbit; in the evening they would sit at home spinning and knitting; they sang, drank mint tea, and were happy. During the day they would carry the flax stalks to the antiquated machines, with no protection from the dust and at the mercy of the heat which came pouring out of the drying kilns. Each cottage contained only one bed, standing against the wall like a closet and reserved for the parents, while the children slept all round the room on benches. In the morning the room would be filled with the odor of thin soup; on Sundays there was stew, and on feast days the children's faces would light up with pleasure as they watched the black acorn coffee turning paler and paler from

the milk their smiling mother poured into their coffee mugs.

Since the parents went off early to the flax sheds, the housework was left to the children: they would sweep the room, tidy up, wash the dishes and peel the potatoes, precious pale-yellow fruit whose thin peel had to be produced afterward to dispel any suspicion of extravagance or carelessness.

As soon as the children were out of school, they had to go off into the woods and, depending on the season, gather mushrooms and herbs: woodruff and thyme, caraway, mint and foxglove, and in summer, when they had brought in the hay from their meager fields, they gathered hayflowers. A pound of hayflowers was worth one pfennig, and they were sold by the apothecaries in town for twenty pfennigs a pound to high-strung ladies. The mushrooms were highly prized: they fetched twenty pfennigs a pound and were sold in the shops in town for one mark twenty. The children would crawl deep into the green darkness of the forest during the autumn, when dampness drove the mushrooms out of the soil, and almost every family had its own places where it gathered mushrooms, places which were handed down in whispers from generation to generation.

The woods belonged to the Baleks, as well as the flax sheds, and in my grandfather's village the Baleks had a château, and the wife of the head of the family had a little room next to the dairy where mushrooms, herbs, and hayflowers were weighed and paid for. There on the table stood the great Balek scales, an old-fashioned,

THE BALEK SCALES

ornate bronze-gilt contraption, which my grandfather's grandparents had already faced when they were children, their grubby hands holding their little baskets of mushrooms, their paper bags of hayflowers, breathlessly watching the number of weights Frau Balek had to throw on the scale before the swinging pointer came to rest exactly over the black line, that thin line of justice which had to be redrawn every year. Then Frau Balek would take the big book covered in brown leather, write down the weight, and pay out the money: pfennigs or ten-pfennig pieces and very, very occasionally a mark. And when my grandfather was a child there was a big glass jar of lemon drops standing there, the kind that cost one mark a pound, and when Frau Balek—whichever one happened to be presiding over the little room—was in a good mood, she would put her hand into this jar and give each child a lemon drop, and the children's faces would light up with pleasure, the way they used to when on feast days their mother poured milk into their coffee mugs, milk that made the coffee turn paler and paler until it was as pale as the flaxen pigtails of the little girls.

One of the laws imposed by the Baleks on the village was that no one was permitted to have any scales in the house. The law was so ancient that nobody gave a thought as to when and how it had arisen, and it had to be obeyed, for anyone who broke it was dismissed from the flax sheds, he could not sell his mushrooms or his thyme or his hayflowers, and the power of the Baleks was so far-reaching that no one in the neighbor-

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THE BALEK SCALES

ing villages would give him work either, or buy his forest herbs. But since the days when my grandfather's parents had gone out as small children to gather mushrooms and sell them in order that they might season the meat of the rich people of Prague or be baked into game pies, it had never occurred to anyone to break the law: flour could be measured in cups, eggs could be counted, what they had spun could be measured by the yard, and besides, the old-fashioned bronze-gilt, ornate Balek scales did not look as if there was anything wrong with them, and five generations had entrusted the swinging black pointer with what they had gone out as eager children to gather from the woods.

True, there were some among these quiet people who flouted the law, poachers bent on making more money in one night than they could earn in a whole month in the flax sheds, but even these people apparently never thought of buying scales or making their own. My grandfather was the first person bold enough to test the justice of the Baleks, the family who lived in the château and drove two carriages, who always maintained one boy from the village while he studied theology at the seminary in Prague, the family with whom the priest played taroc every Wednesday, on whom the local reeve, in his carriage emblazoned with the imperial coat-of-arms, made an annual New Year's Day call and on whom the emperor conferred a title on the first day of the year 1900.

My grandfather was hardworking and smart: he crawled farther into the woods than the children of

his clan had crawled before him, penetrating as far as the thicket where, according to legend, Bilgan the Giant was supposed to dwell, guarding a treasure. But my grandfather was not afraid of Bilgan: he worked his way deep into the thicket, even when he was quite little, and brought out great quantities of mushrooms; he even found truffles, for which Frau Balek paid thirty pfennigs a pound. Everything my grandfather took to the Baleks he entered on the back of a torn-off calendar page: every pound of mushrooms, every ounce of thyme, and on the right-hand side, in his childish handwriting, he entered the amount he received for each item; he scrawled in every pfennig, from the age of seven to the age of twelve; by the time he was twelve, the year 1900 had arrived, and because the Baleks had been raised to the aristocracy by the emperor, they gave every family in the village a quarter of a pound of real coffee, the Brazilian kind; there was also free beer and tobacco for the men, and at the château there was a great banquet; many carriages stood in the avenue of poplars leading from the entrance gates to the château. But the day before the banquet the coffee was distributed in the little room which had housed the Balek scales for almost a hundred years, and the Balek family was now called Balek von Bilgan because, according to legend, Bilgan the Giant used to have a great castle on the site of the present Balek estate.

My grandfather often used to tell me how he went there after school to fetch the coffee for four families: the Cechs, the Weidlers, the Vohlas, and his own, the

THE BALEK SCALES

Brüchers. It was the afternoon of New Year's Eve: there were the front rooms to be decorated, the baking to be done, and the families did not want to spare four boys and have each of them go all the way to the château to bring back a quarter of a pound of coffee.

And so my grandfather sat on the narrow wooden bench in the little room while Gertrud the maid counted out the wrapped four-ounce packages of coffee, four of them, and he looked at the scales and saw that the pound weight was still lying on the left-hand scale; Frau Balek von Bilgan was busy with preparations for the banquet. And when Gertrud was about to put her hand into the jar with the lemon drops to give my grandfather one, she discovered it was empty: it was refilled once a year, and held one pound of the kind that cost a mark.

Gertrud laughed and said, "Wait here while I get the new lot," and my grandfather waited with the four four-ounce packages which had been wrapped and sealed in the factory, facing the scales on which someone had left the pound weight, and my grandfather took the four packages of coffee, put them on the empty scale, and his heart thudded as he watched the black finger of justice come to rest on the left of the black line: the scale with the pound weight stayed down, and the pound of coffee remained up in the air; his heart thudded more than if he had been lying behind a bush in the forest waiting for Bilgan the Giant, and he felt in his pocket for the pebbles he always carried with him so he could use his catapult to shoot the sparrows which

pecked away at his mother's cabbage plants—he had to put three, four, five pebbles beside the packages of coffee before the scale with the pound weight rose and the pointer at last came to rest over the black line. My grandfather took the coffee from the scale, wrapped the five pebbles in his kerchief, and when Gertrud came back with the big pound bag of lemon drops which had to last for another whole year in order to make the children's faces light up with pleasure, when Gertrud let the lemon drops rattle into the glass jar, the pale little fellow was still standing there, and nothing seemed to have changed. My grandfather took only three of the packages; then Gertrud looked in startled surprise at the white-faced child who threw the lemon drop onto the floor, ground it under his heel, and said, "I want to see Frau Balek."

"Balek von Bilgan, if you please," said Gertrud.

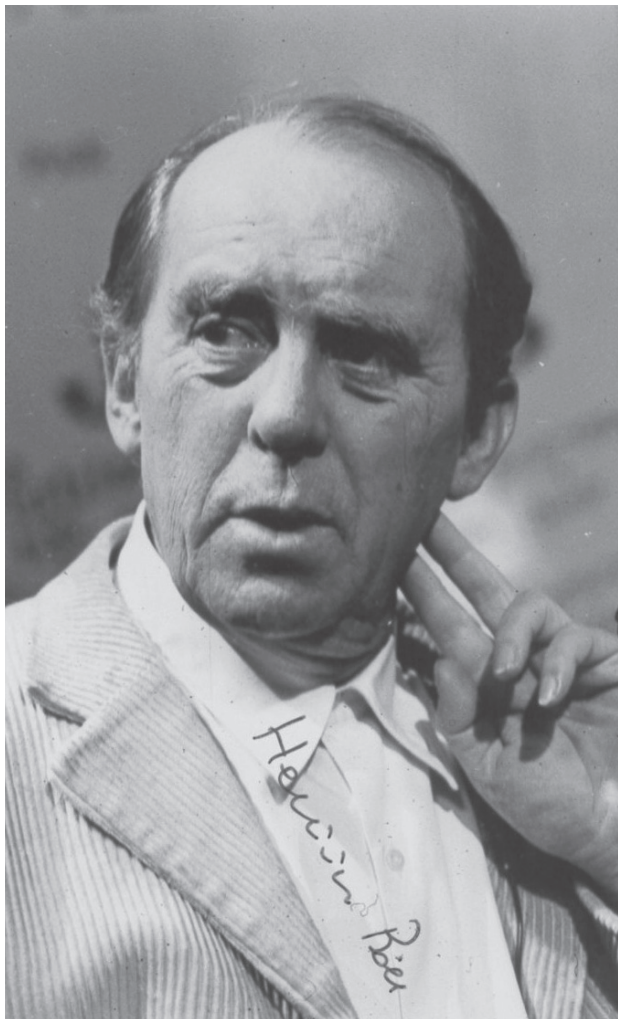
"All right, Frau Balek von Bilgan," but Gertrud only laughed at him, and he walked back to the village in the dark, took the Cechs, the Weidlers, and the Vohlas their coffee, and said he had to go and see the priest.

Instead he went out into the dark night with his five pebbles in his kerchief. He had to walk a long way before he found someone who had scales, who was permitted to have them; no one in the villages of Blaugau and Bernau had any, he knew that, and he went straight through them till, after two hours' walking, he reached the little town of Dielheim, where Honig the apothecary lived. From Honig's house came the smell of fresh pancakes, and Honig's breath, when he

opened the door to the half-frozen boy, already smelled of punch, there was a moist cigar between his narrow lips, and he clasped the boy's cold hands firmly for a moment, saying, "What's the matter, has your father's lung got worse?"

"No. I haven't come for medicine, I wanted..." My grandfather undid his kerchief, took out the five pebbles, held them out to Honig, and said, "I wanted to have these weighed." He glanced anxiously into Honig's face, but when Honig said nothing and did not get angry, or even ask him anything, my grandfather said, "It is the amount that is short of justice," and now, as he went into the warm room, my grandfather realized how wet his feet were. The snow had soaked through his cheap shoes, and in the forest the branches had showered him with snow which was now melting, and he was tired and hungry and suddenly began to cry because he thought of the quantities of mushrooms, the herbs, the flowers, which had been weighed on the scales that were short five pebbles' worth of justice. And when Honig, shaking his head and holding the five pebbles, called his wife, my grandfather thought of the generations of his parents, his grandparents, who had all had to have their mushrooms, their flowers, weighed on the scales, and he was overwhelmed by a great wave of injustice, and began to sob louder than ever, and, without waiting to be asked, he sat down on a chair, ignoring the pancakes, the cup of hot coffee which nice plump Frau Honig put in front of him, and did not stop crying till Honig himself came out

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from the shop at the back and, rattling the pebbles in his hand. said in a low voice to his wife, "Two ounces, exactly."

My grandfather walked the two hours home through the forest, got a beating at home, said nothing, not a single word, when he was asked about the coffee, spent the whole evening doing sums on the piece of paper on which he had written down everything he had sold to Frau Balek, and when midnight struck, and the cannon could be heard from the château, and the whole village rang with shouting and laughter and the noise of rattles, when the family kissed and embraced all round, he said into the New Year silence, "The Baleks own me eighteen marks and thirty-two pfennigs." And again he thought of all the children there were in the village, of his brother Fritz, who had gathered so many mushrooms, of his sister Ludmilla; he thought of the many hundreds of children who had all gathered mushrooms for the Baleks, and herbs and flowers, and this time he did not cry but told his parents and brothers and sisters of his discovery.

When the Baleks von Bilgan went to High Mass on New Year's Day, their new coat-of-arms — a giant crouching under a fir tree — already emblazoned in blue and gold on their carriage, they saw the hard, pale faces of the people all staring at them. They had expected garlands in the village, a song in their honor, cheers and hurrahs, but the village was completely deserted as they drove through it, and in church the pale faces of the people were turned toward them, mute and hostile, and when

the priest mounted the pulpit to deliver his New Year's sermon, he sensed the chill in those otherwise quiet and peaceful faces, and he stumbled painfully through his sermon and went back to the altar drenched in sweat. And as the Baleks von Bilgan left the church after Mass, they walked through a lane of mute, pale faces. But young Frau Balek von Bilgan stopped in from of the children's pews, sought out my grandfather's face, pale little Franz Brücher, and asked him, right there in the church, "Why didn't you take the coffee for your mother?" And my grandfather stood up and said, "Because you owe me as much money as five pounds of coffee would cost." And he pulled the five pebbles from his pocket, held them out to the young woman, and said, "This much, two ounces, is short in every pound of your justice"; and before the woman could say anything the men and women in the church lifted up their voices and sang: "The justice of this earth, O Lord, hath put Thee to death..."

While the Baleks were at church, Wilhelm Vohla, the poacher, had broken into the little room, stolen the scales and the big fat leatherbound book in which had been entered every pound of mushrooms, every pound of hayflowers. everything bought by the Baleks in the village, and all afternoon of that New Year's Day the men of the village sat in my great-grandparents' room and calculated, calculated one-eighth of everything that had been bought – but when they had calculated many thousands of talers and had still not come to end, the reeve's gendarmes arrived, made their way

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into my great-grandfather's front room, shooting and stabbing as they came, and removed the scales and the book by force. My grandfather's little sister Ludmilla lost her life, a few men were wounded, and one of the gendarmes was stabbed to death by Wilhelm Vohla the poacher.

Our village was not the only one to rebel: Blaugau and Bernau did too, and for almost a week no work was done in the flax sheds. But a great many gendarmes appeared, and the men and women were threatened with prison, and the Baleks forced the priest to display the scales publicly in the school and demonstrate that the finger of justice swung to and fro accurately. And the men and women went back to the flax sheds—but no one went to the school to watch the priest: he stood there all alone, helpless and forlorn with his weights, scales, and packages of coffee.

And the children went back to gathering mushrooms, to gathering thyme, flowers, and foxglove; but every Sunday, as soon as the Baleks entered the church, the hymn was struck up: "The justice of this earth, O Lord, hath put Thee to death," until the reeve ordered it proclaimed in every village that the singing of this hymn was forbidden.

My grandfather's parents had to leave the village, and the new grave of their little daughter; they became basket weavers, but did not stay long anywhere because it pained them to see how everywhere the finger of justice swung falsely. They walked along behind their cart, which crept slowly over the country roads, taking

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their thin goat with them, and passers-by could sometimes hear a voice from the cart singing, "The justice of this earth, O Lord, hath put Thee to death." And those who wanted to listen could hear the tale of the Baleks von Bilgan, whose justice lacked an eighth part. But there were few who listened.

Heinrich Böll





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