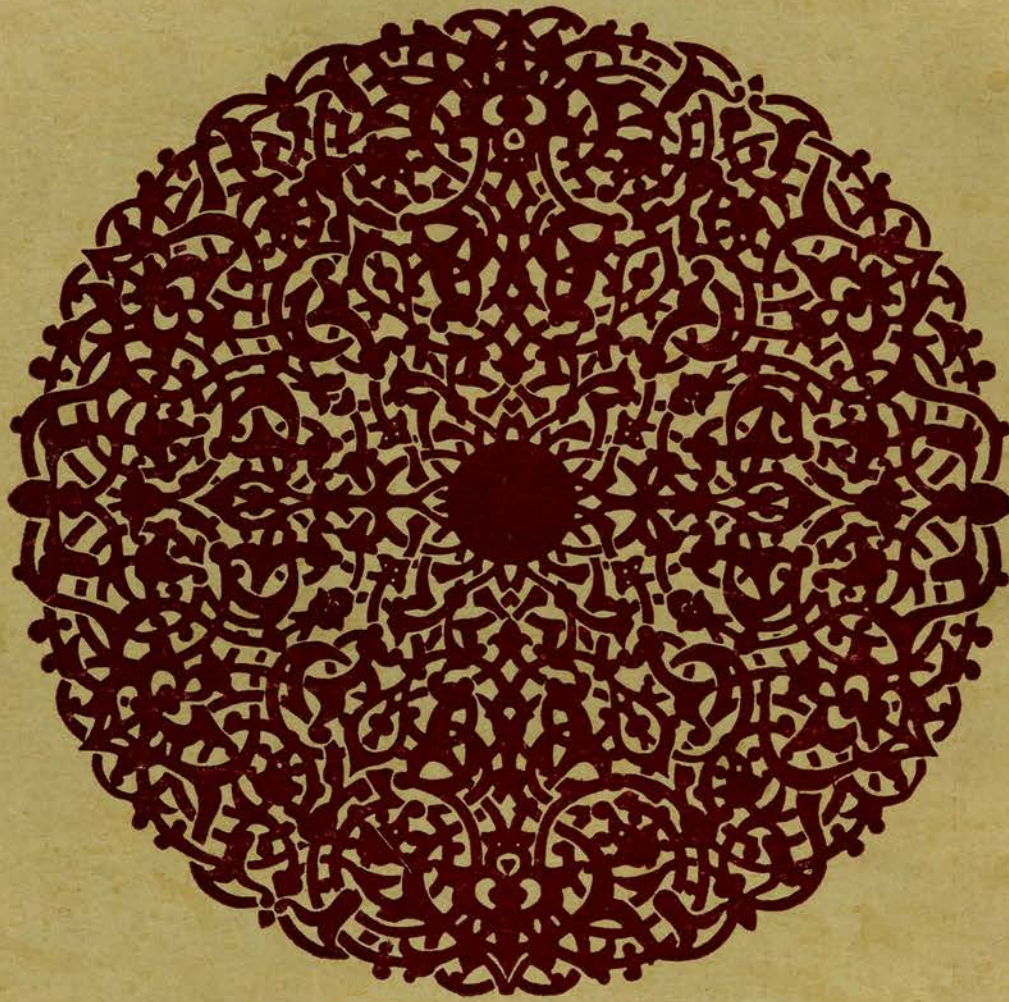


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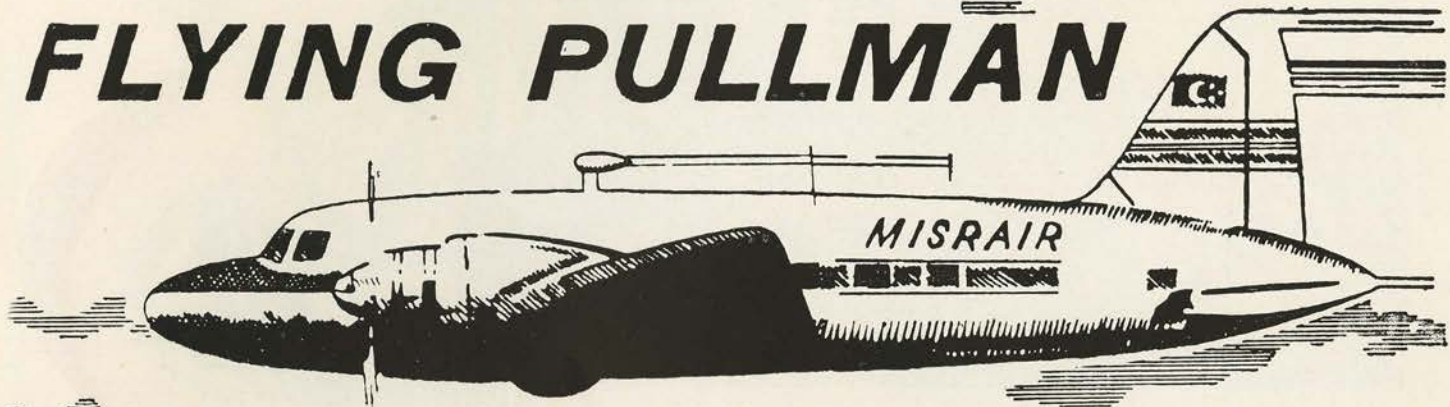
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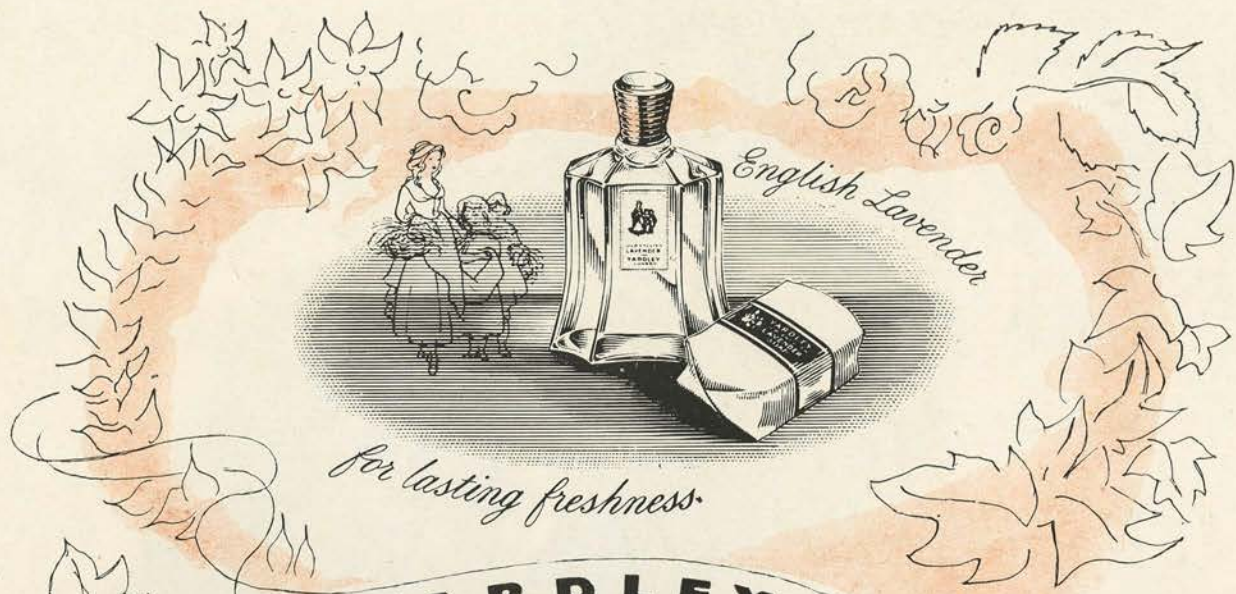
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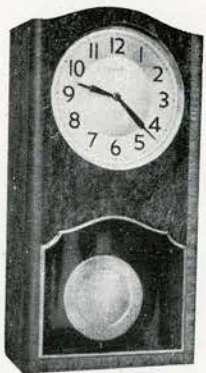
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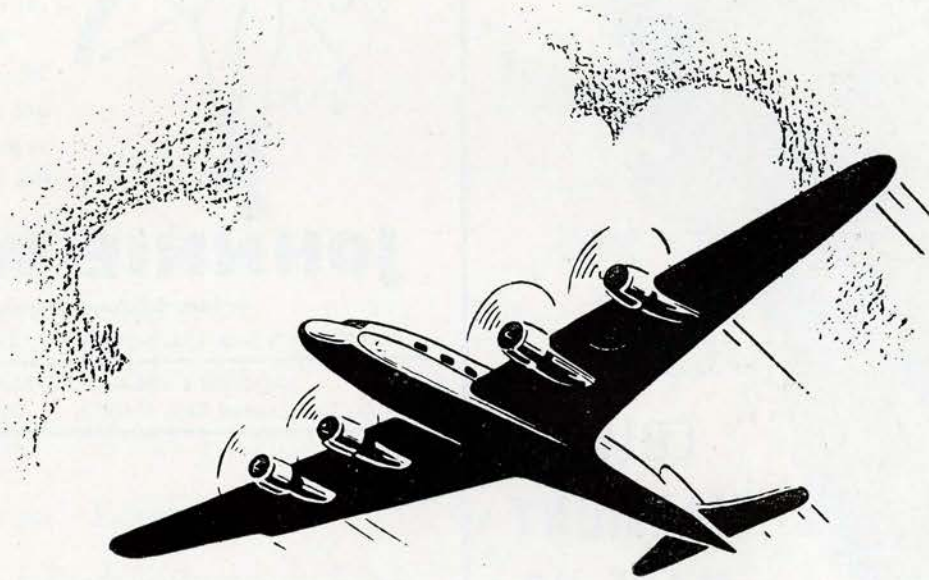
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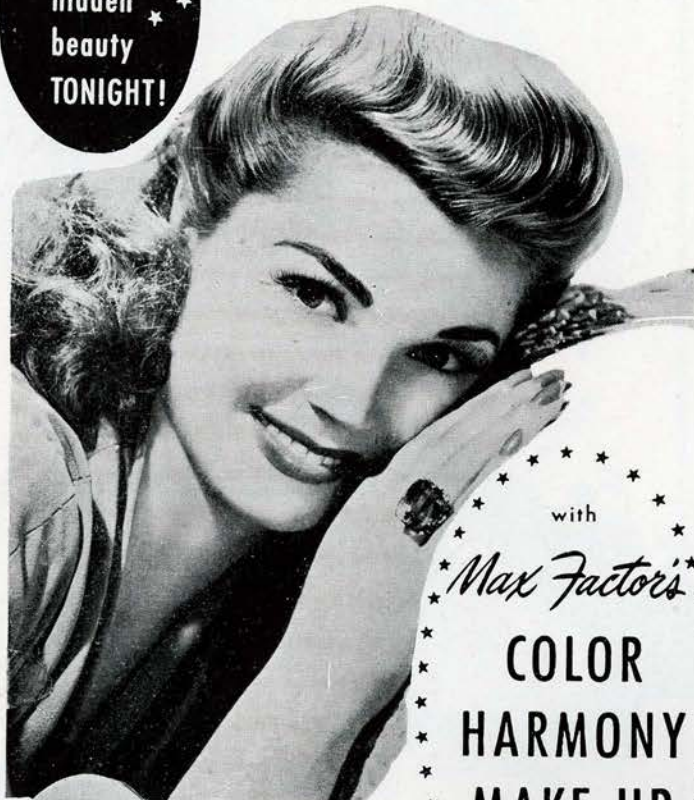
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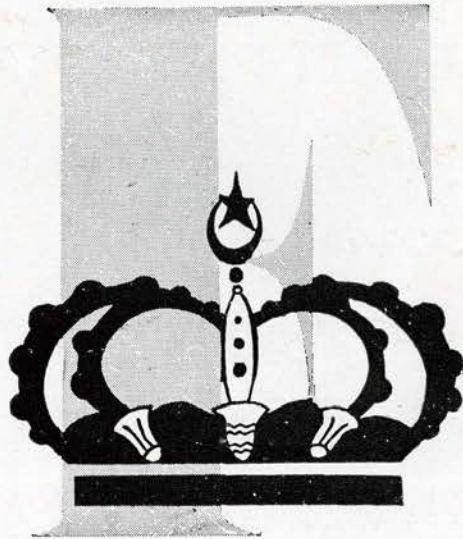


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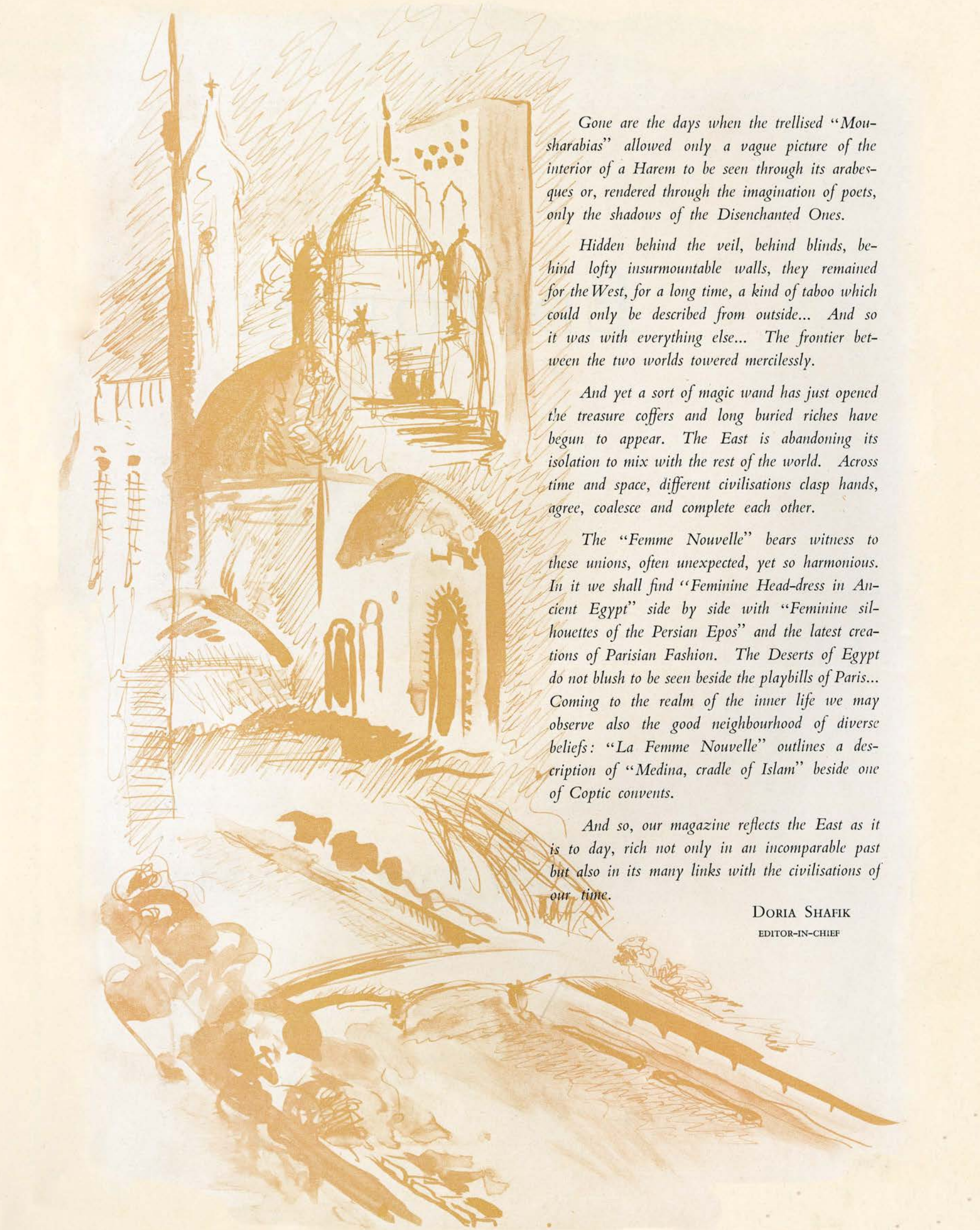
LE 31 JUIN
LE BAL DE
4-ZARTS



EDITORIAL

TWO WORLDS MEET

There was a time when East and West formed two impenetrable worlds, two hermetically closed entities, two irreducible monads hurtling along, two parallel tracks which never met.



Gone are the days when the trellised "Mou-sharabias" allowed only a vague picture of the interior of a Harem to be seen through its arabesques or, rendered through the imagination of poets, only the shadows of the Disenchanted Ones.

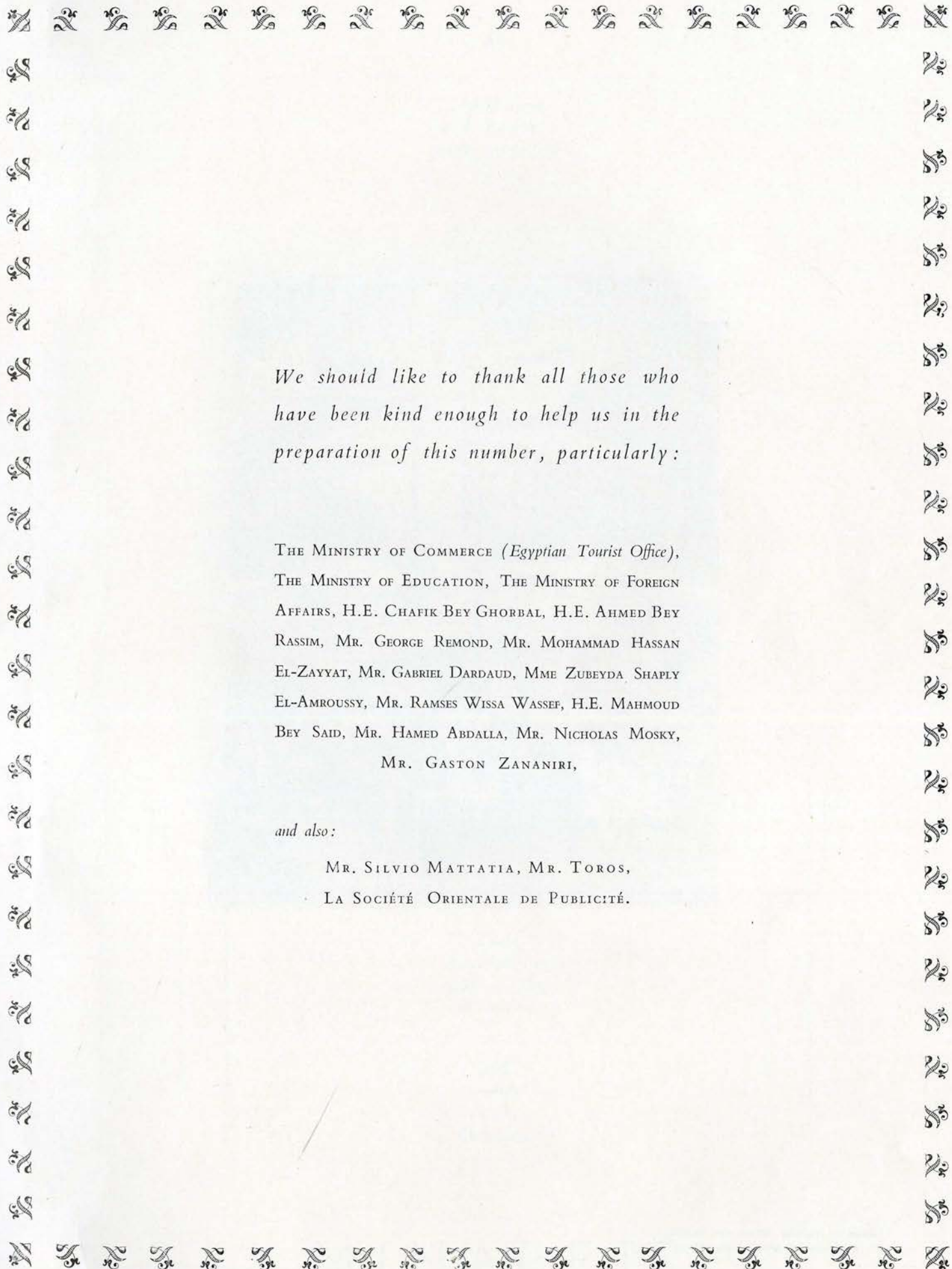
Hidden behind the veil, behind blinds, behind lofty insurmountable walls, they remained for the West, for a long time, a kind of taboo which could only be described from outside... And so it was with everything else... The frontier between the two worlds towered mercilessly.

And yet a sort of magic wand has just opened the treasure coffers and long buried riches have begun to appear. The East is abandoning its isolation to mix with the rest of the world. Across time and space, different civilisations clasp hands, agree, coalesce and complete each other.

The "Femme Nouvelle" bears witness to these unions, often unexpected, yet so harmonious. In it we shall find "Feminine Head-dress in Ancient Egypt" side by side with "Feminine silhouettes of the Persian Epos" and the latest creations of Parisian Fashion. The Deserts of Egypt do not blush to be seen beside the playbills of Paris... Coming to the realm of the inner life we may observe also the good neighbourhood of diverse beliefs: "La Femme Nouvelle" outlines a description of "Medina, cradle of Islam" beside one of Coptic convents.

And so, our magazine reflects the East as it is to day, rich not only in an incomparable past but also in its many links with the civilisations of our time.

DORIA SHAFIK
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

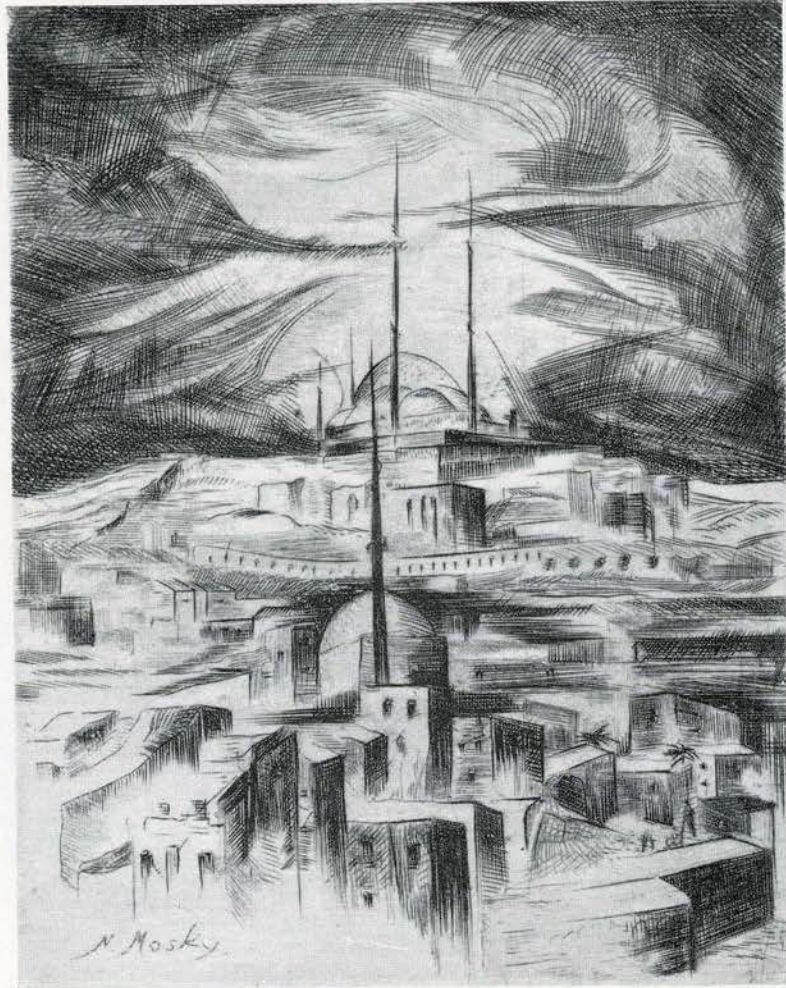


*We should like to thank all those who
have been kind enough to help us in the
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BEY SAID, MR. HAMED ABDALLA, MR. NICHOLAS MOSKY,
MR. GASTON ZANANIRI,

and also:

MR. SILVIO MATTATIA, MR. TOROS,
LA SOCIÉTÉ ORIENTALE DE PUBLICITÉ.



*Burin by Nicholas Mosky for 'Minarets',
the poem by Mme. Doria Shafik.*



*Tumbledown
old houses
with pierced
eyes*

...

*Ruins of a
magnificent
Past*

...

*You stand
In rows
and
form
a
dense
submissive
mass*

...

*Minarets
like twin
arrows*

...

*plunge deep
into you,
and
rise high
into
Space*

...

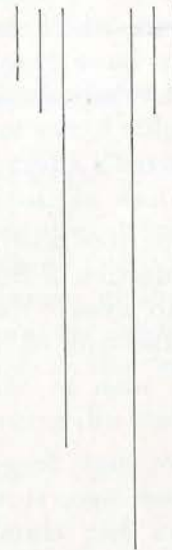
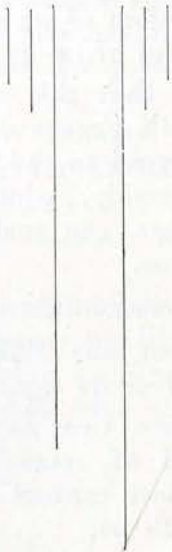
*and wander
in
Absolute*

...

*Their
sharpened tips
prick a Sky
of Storms*

...

*and
vanish
in the
Unknown.*



MINARETS



G. REMOND

THE PARTICIPATION OF EGYPT

Not so very long ago, in 1937, at the time of the Exhibition of Arts and Crafts in Paris, we inscribed the following words over the gates of our pavilion, not without a certain feeling of pride:

“EGYPT MOTHER OF THE ARTS
AND CRAFTS”

To justify these words, we showed a plough, an alabaster vase, a piece of material, a piece of ceramic, a palette for cosmetics, the comb of some antediluvian coquette, who is probably still without a wrinkle, and many other objects, dating back some six thousand years.

They were made in a style so pure that visitors must have sensed the breath and the fingers which shaped our Universe, and made its most humble forms in proportion to its greatest, for the artist's effort is only in the experience or the reception of inspiration.

We should like now, to put into the “Egypt-France” Exhibition a little of that remote substance, and to evoke that long fresco which is spread over the wall of human history.

We also wish to show how France belongs to this timeless adventure.

We have not forgotten that, a hundred and fifty years ago, it was France that roused old Isis from her slumber; old Isis with her child suckling at her breast, both of them having been lulled to sleep by the murmur of the river, which comes from another world and flows at their feet.

They were roused by the voice of a young warrior who, twenty three centuries later, revived

the memory of another hero who had come to Egypt. He had come seeking the proof of his divine investiture and filiation before setting out to conquer the world and had cast on the shore, negligently, a town which was to bear his name.

The same adventure was to be repeated at the same place, bearing the same promises.

And if that contact was stigmatised by violence we have forgotten the harshness and remember only the benefits.

That was the date of the birth of a young nation, which, step by step, year after year, was to conquer the freedom of its soil, its sovereignty and the command of its destiny.

We wish to prove that this conquest was achieved peacefully, with France ever standing beside us. It was achieved to the music of the lyres of spiritual friendship, which according to the Greek philosopher, can make the walls of cities build themselves.

“EGYPT-FRANCE”

That is the title of our Exhibition. No better words could express its significance.

Links between these two nations are so permanent that a kind of retroactivity leads them back to the earliest centuries, and then, ever tightening, down to us.

Look: Here is Pharaonic Egypt revived by Champollion, and by all the crowd of French scholars who followed him.

Unfortunately, we have been able to bring, besides a few originals, only reproductions of the recently discovered frescoes on the walls

of Sakkara, Medinet el Gournah or Touna el Gabal. You can see kings, shepherds, flocks of sheep, princesses, dancing-girls, women carrying offerings and wailers, all of them so like the figures you see to-day walking about the countryside, and, at night-fall, perhaps, returning to their walls of stone where they go on living eternally. Coptic Egypt, worshipping among the temples, and quivering to a new sensibility, straining lines and figures, and passing them on to the Romanic Churches of the West, where their plastic invention appeals so vividly to contemporary artists.

Moslem Egypt, sparkling with grace and colour like a tuft of rubies on a turban, comparing memories of Arab Emirs and of French princes, of Gothic Ogives and of Moslem lace-work.

—1798—Young Bonaparte disembarks with his soldiers and scholars, certain that he will tear away the secret from the Sphinx's mouth, that Encyclopaedic Man, armed with science, is more powerful than the Gods; they are all fired by a fierce passion to know, to discover and to create.

They left behind them that Bible in twenty cathedral-like volumes, the Description of Egypt, which contains the past and the future of our country.

Then, our dynasty, because of and around which young Egypt has gathered and made itself, with its servants, soldiers, sailors, builders, canal-diggers, doctors, agricultural experts and teachers.

The beautiful books of the Royal Library, lent so generously by His Majesty King Farouk, out of friendship for France, are the inspiration behind the whole idea of this exhibition.

Finally, completing the selection of all the painters who had come to dip their brushes in the light of Egypt, here, perhaps, is the boldest part of our exhibition: our art of yesterday and to-day, an art which was born only forty years ago under the patronage of Prince Youssef Kamal. It is still too near to have the proper perspective so we cannot judge it safely.

This modern Art, looking towards the West, turning its back on fifteen centuries of abstraction, geometrical forms and of Oriental musings, seeks its inspiration almost invariably at French sources.

Tentative? Successful? Visitors, critics, amateurs connoisseurs and experts will answer the question better than ourselves "Athens, how difficult it is to earn your praise" said Alexander as he offered her the world.

Will Parisians be less difficult to please? And yet, the truth of the matter is that we should never have dared to undertake so much if we had not received distinct encouragement during our first

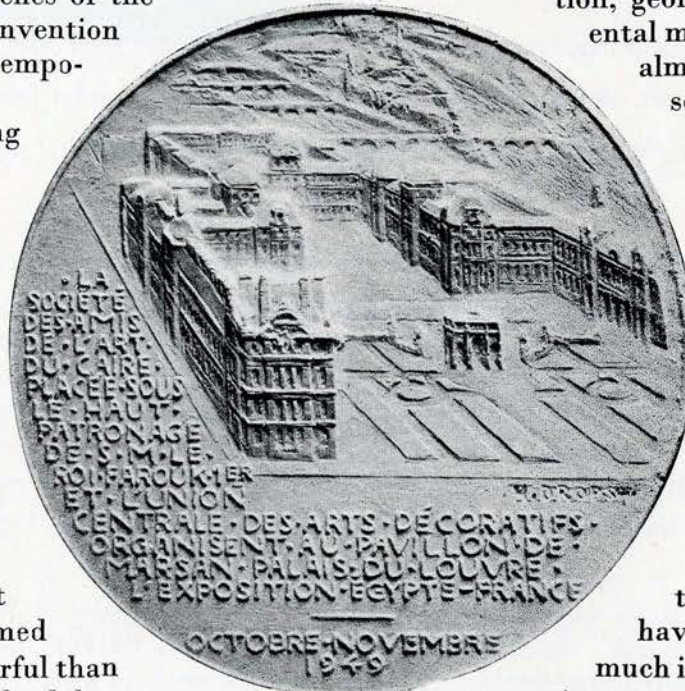
attempt, in 1937, at the exhibition of Arts and Crafts. When Despian came to see us, he said: "And so this is the work of young Egyptian painters? Congratulations! I never knew it; this is very good."

May our young efforts take shelter beneath such kind words.

"EGYPT-FRANCE"

This means sixty centuries of history around fifty years of work together.

This is the long sequence of the past which we have tried to show in the middle of Paris, once described by a painter as the "city of eternal youth."





PRINCESS OF MICE

She was a white cat, as white as a water-lilly, with large sweet water eyes, rock-pool eyes, and a nose as pale as a willow blossom, and a forehead frowning to hide the dreams she held back with all her strength, lest they should be seen.

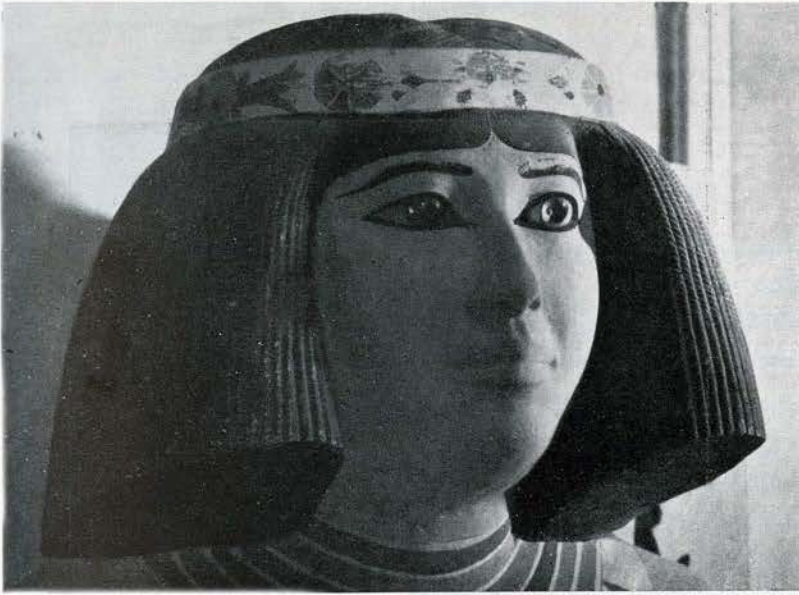
She had come from I know not where, for cats have no families. They are descended from gods lost in the clouds, or perhaps they are dropped at night by statues in abandoned old parks.

Had she been able to speak to me, she would have mocked at my ridiculous anxieties, at my absurd pursuits, at all the things which God, or the Devil, makes me do with the gentle obstinacy of a sensitive woman. She never insulted me, it would have wearied her; she used to fasten the green brightness of her eyes on me, her eyes which seemed to say: "What is the use,". The sun and the light stroked her ears like two rosy petals of a rose, and like the skin of a very young piglet; her fur was like the downy edelweiss, or rather what we choose to call the edelweiss. She never purred for she was never quite content. Her serenity mixed, not jarringly, with her displeased indifference.

She is more beautiful than I am, cleaner, more mysterious; she has more folly and more wisdom. Her frenzied gymnastic is like dancing to the sound of a music which she hears alone. She needs nothing and nobody; in her musings, she wanders all day in regions forbidden to our dreams.

Is she cruel? But if she chases birds, it is only to eat them. And I believe it is very fortunate, that after having looked at her, men should still dream of loving one of my kind.

LISE DEHARME.



LIME-STONE STATUE OF PRINCESS NOFRET.

ÉTIENNE DRIOTON

The ancient Egyptians rightly considered that a woman's hair is her crowning glory. In their love songs they sang the praise of a young girl's hair as "blacker than night, blacker than the blackest berry". In the "Tale of the Two Brothers", the River swept away a lock of the heroine's hair, and carried it down to Pharaoh's laundry. There, it filled all the linen with a delicious scent. Pharaoh was so enraptured that he sent an army to find the woman who possessed such charm, and to bring her to him.

It is only natural that with such ideas the Egyptian ladies of the Pharaonic period took great care of their hair. Ancient paintings and sculpture always show the hair in minute detail as if the artist took great pleasure in portraying it.

One must not, however, allow oneself to be misled. The images preserved in ancient documents are often so stylised that they lose all relation to reality. To believe, from these portraits, that the ladies of ancient Egypt wore their hair braided in zigzags or arranged in stiff curls as regular and rigid as scales, is to believe the impossible, and it is also to misunderstand the means of expression in Ancient Egyptian art.

As has already been said in previous articles on dance and costume, Egyptian art was never tied down to presenting strict impressions, as we understand them. It always aimed at elaborating reality in intelligible formulae, so as to transform or even correct it. The fantasies most loved by the Greeks who were past masters in their portrayal, ephemeral details which have been eternalised in marble, such as the chance billowing of a drapery or a tangle of rebellious locks of hair, did not interest the Egyptians. To them they were an anomaly, an irregularity to be corrected, unworthy of the apotheosis of form which they thought should be presented in painting and sculpture. Thus ancient Egyptian art is, by its very

FEMININE HAIR DRESS IN ANCIENT EGYPT

nature, unsuited to the naturalistic representation of clothing. Over bodies whose shape remains always perceptible, the artists hung foldless draperies, which only gave the faintest suggestion of real clothing.

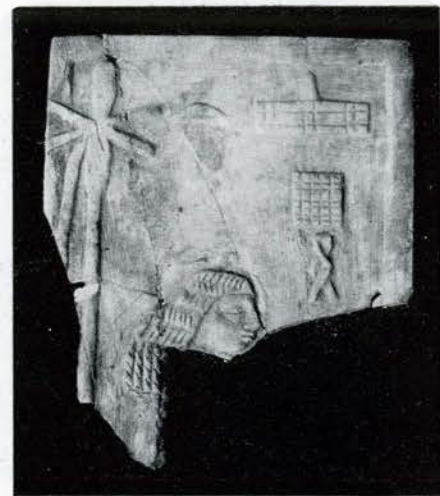
As to the hair, since curls and waves, however well kept, can never fall into a perfectly regular pattern of outline and volume, they merely covered the head with fluting, straight or broken in a conventional manner, or else they arbitrarily portrayed each lock in detail, in a regular pattern resembling brickwork. All these facts must be borne in mind if one is to interpret correctly the feminine hair styles of the different periods.

The oldest detailed representation of hair is to be seen on a fragment of an ivory plaque which was quite recently found in the royal excavations at Helouan. This precious document is of Queen Neith-Hotep, wife of Horus Aha, the first king of the First Dynasty, perhaps identical with Menes, who reigned about 3200 B.C. The queen wears her hair long, thrown back over the shoulders; the regular waves are represented by zigzags, and end in a row of ringlets. The hair lies flat on the top of her head, and falls in a heavy mass on the back of her neck. This way of doing the hair was to last, with minor variations introduced by the fashions of the various epochs, until the end of Ancient Egyptian civilisation.

For example, this style is seen again on a model which has been reconstructed to show off a queen's tiara of the 18th Dynasty, which is now in the Metropolitan Museum in New York.

Throughout all these periods most of the statues and bas-reliefs show Egyptian ladies wearing their hair long, hanging down the back. This style was modified during the time of the Ancient Empire, when the hair was worn hanging in two masses in front of the shoulders, thus forming a frame for the face. This is because these women are shown during ceremonies or formal occasions when the traditional dress had to be worn. But some less conventional works let one catch a glimpse, at least in broad outline, of the changes in the hair styles of the smart women of Ancient Egypt.

The main trends are those which have always existed in the history of women's fashions, namely the rivalry between long and short hair, and the readoption of old styles.



PIECE OF SCULPTED IVORY OF THE ANCIENT EMPIRE, REPRESENTING THE QUEEN NEITH-HOTEP.



STATUETTE OF A MILLER WOMAN.

As long hair was the fashion at the dawn of Egyptian history, the only possible development was towards a shorter hair style. In fact Princess Nefret, a great lady of the Pyramid Age, about 2700 B.C. wore her hair cut straight just above the shoulder line. The flat bands round her forehead are often thought to be her own hair, whereas the mass of fine ringlets, parted in the middle of her head, are said to be a wig. This is possible, yet by no means certain. If women wore wigs they must have had short hair, as they never have their heads shaved like men, and there is nothing to support this in the monuments of the Ancient Empire. Moreover, the hair style of the statue of a woman found in the same tomb as Sheikh-el-Balad shows a characteristic detail of the old long hair style, of which the new fashion seems to be merely a shortened version : the double row of little stylised curls, in triangles, is a simplified adaptation of the curls worn in rows of ringlets in the old fashioned style. The hair style of the miller woman, who copied the fashions of the great ladies as best she could may quite well be natural.

During the first years of the Middle Empire, about 2100 B.C. the trend towards simpler feminine hair styles, first seen during the Old Empire, led to the adoption of very short hair done in twisted curls. In this connection the bas-relief of Kaouit on her sarcophagus of limestone in the Cairo Museum is very instructive. It portrays the princess sitting on a chair, mirror in hand,

PRINCESS KAOUIT AT HER DRESSING TABLE.
PART OF A SARCOPHAGUS OF THE ANCIENT EMPIRE.





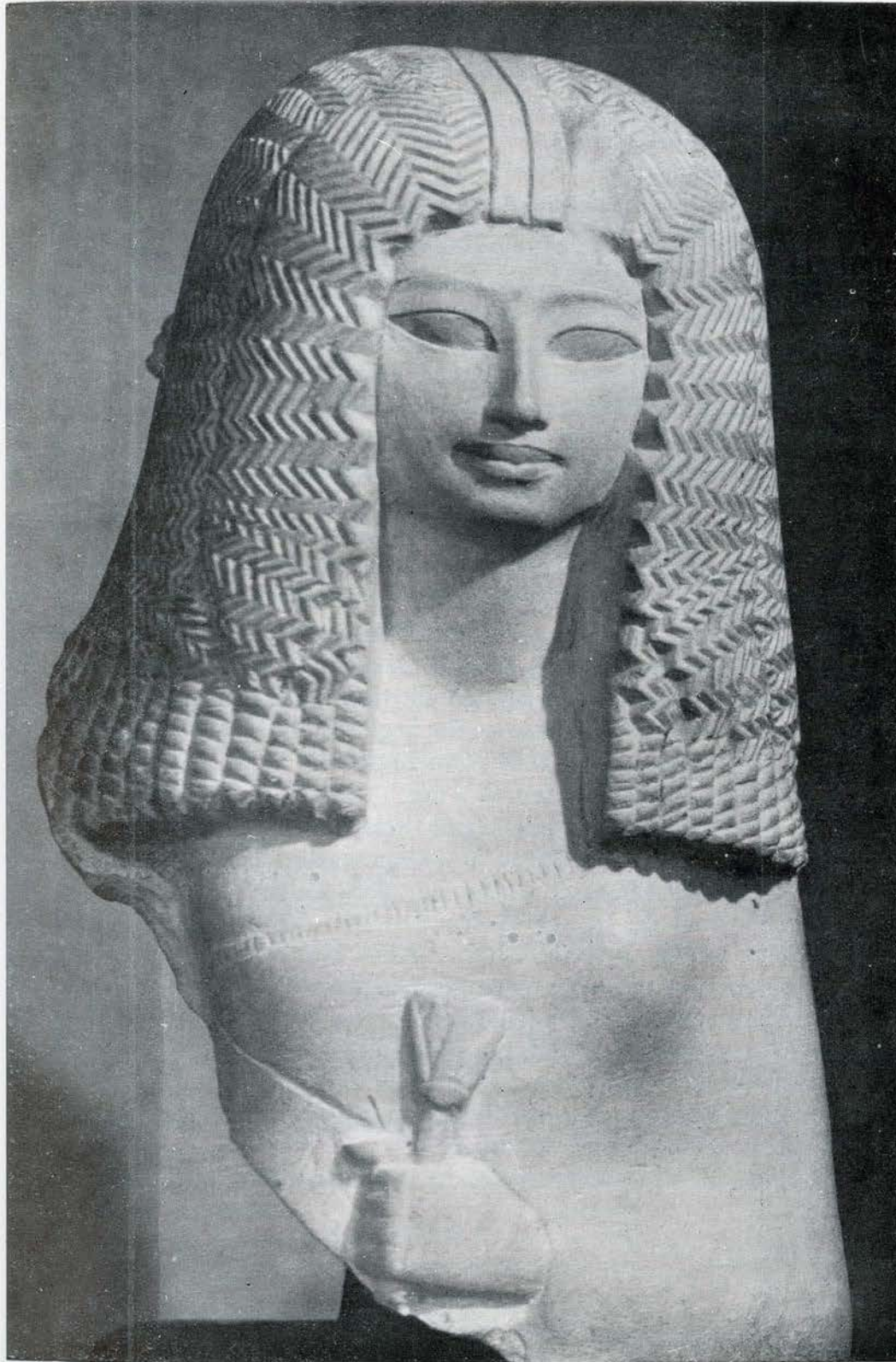
STATUETTE OF THE MIDDLE EMPIRE.



RECONSTRUCTION OF A QUEEN'S HAIR-
STYLE AT THE METROPOLITAIN MUSEUM.



HEAD OF A WOODEN STATUE
FOUND AT LICHT. THE WIG IS
ADORNED WITH GOLDEN RINGLETS.



THE VERY LOVELY
LITTLE STATUE
FOUND BY R. MOND.

having her hair arranged by a hairdresser. The latter is separating each strand and arranging them in a spiral of coils, possibly helped by cosmetics; to enable her to reach the roots of the hair, the curls of the row above the one on which she is working are held up with the help of a pin. It is a lengthy operation, and one sees Kaouit whiling away the time by refreshing herself with cups of milk, offered her by a servant with the words "To your health, mistress, drink what I offer you".



STATUETTE OF THE NEW EMPIRE
NAMED "THE LADY MAYA"

Nevertheless the old hair style did not lose all its supporters. A fashion peculiar to the Middle Empire (2160-1730 B.C.) consisted of parting the hair into two parts, the ends of which were twisted and finished off in ringlets worn falling in front of the shoulders. This style, popular with the queens of the period, had no future among the ordinary people, but remained in sacred iconography as a style peculiar to the Goddess Hathor. Another variation of the long hair style had great popularity. An example is shown by a wooden head discovered at Licht near the pyramid of Sesostrius I (1970-1936 B.C.) As before, the face is framed in a mass of hair which now covers the shoulders. The small golden squares applied quinconically on the wood, which is painted black, represent the rings which the fashionable women of the time threaded through their hair, to adorn it and keep the strands in place. At the Metropolitan Museum in New York, you can see how this style is adopted in the reconstruction of its coiffures, arranged to support the tiaras and golden ornaments worn by queens and princesses at the beginning of the 18th Dynasty. One of these consists of bands worn round the forehead, similar to those worn by Princess Nefret at a much earlier date. Long strands of hair are alternatively plaited and threaded through golden rings. Another consists of hair waved in a single mass, ending in a row of ringlets. During the same period, the 18th Dynasty, and throughout the whole of the second Theban Empire (1580-1090 B.C.) it was the fashion to have long thick hair. These heavy masses of skilfully dressed hair were intended to contrast with the light, simple clothes of fine linen, plain or pleated; therein lies the charm of the statuettes of the women of that period, for example, the one found by Robert Mond the English archaeologist, in the tomb of Menna. From the middle of the 18th Dynasty onwards the original simplicity of that fashion

PAINTING REPRESENTING YOUNG WOMEN SITTING AT A RECEPTION.





BRONZE STATUETTE
OF SAITE PERIOD.

became over-elaborated and laden with ornaments. This can be seen in a painting now at the British Museum representing a group of young women at a fashionable reception. These smart ladies seated in arm-chairs in front of a table richly laden with delicacies, talking together and offering one another lotus flowers as well as a naked girl handing round a cup of wine, all wear their hair long and adorned with wreaths of lotus petals, like diadems. On their heads are lotus flowers almost in bud, and on these are placed those strange ornaments shaped like loaves of bread, which archaeologists call "toilet cones" although they have not really been able to explain their use. To make out, as they have, for want of a better explanation, that these are cakes of cosmetics which melted in the heat and ran down into the hair to keep it covered in scented oil, is to belie all that one has learnt of the fastidiousness and meticulous cleanliness of the Ancient Egyptians.

The same characteristics, the shorter strands of hair on each side of the face and the large round ear rings are found again treated in full relief in the wooden statue of the lady Maya, dating from the 19th Dynasty (1320-1200 B.C.)

It is more difficult to have a clear idea of the fashion in hair styles during the late period of pharaonic history (1085-332 B.C.) This is because the art of the time drew its inspiration from the past, and portrayed people wearing the costumes and hair styles of bygone ages and not dressed in the contemporary fashion. Nevertheless, the frequent appearance of short hair, such as that of the magnificent statue in bronze studded with gold and silver, of Queen Karomana, the wife of Takelo II (847-823 B.C.) which is now in the Louvre, leads one to believe that short hair was once more the fashion, a reaction from the old Theban style. Some details which cannot be found on the older monuments may well be taken from contemporary fashions. This is particularly true in the case of a strange hair style consisting of short curls worn close to the head like

STATUE OF THE QUEEN KAROMANA.



a cap, down to the top of the ears, with the hairs shaved closely at the nape. This is the style seen on a little bronze at the Louvre representing Khrotionekh, the mother of Imouthes, the deified vizir, and it can also be seen on several bas-reliefs of the Saite Dynasty. It must have been the last word in feminine elegance under the Apries and Amassis.

Like all the elements of Ancient Egyptian civilisation, and perhaps more rapidly than some, Egyptian feminine hair styles gave way to the Greek fashions after Alexander's conquest (331 B.C.) Portraits painted on wax, and inserted in mummy bands at the beginning of our era are all of women with their hair done in the Greco-Roman fashion. From there on the history of Egyptian hair styles is merged with that of the Alexandrian.



PAINTING OF A MUMMY; ROMAN PERIOD.

The Art of Architecture mirrors all the activities of men through the ages. Its history is the history of Humanity itself: it conjures up for us, powerfully, all the mysteries of the life it has sheltered, mysteries which have helped to mould it.

MONASTERIES

For a social group, whether primitive or civilised, it is the result of all the social realities, of all the technical efforts, and of all the aesthetic impulses. It is the clearest expression of the links between the individual and the group. The Coptic Monasteries, which we can see in these photographs, are a survival of the first Christian times in Egypt. Out of a large number which were built from the fourth century onwards, only seven remain to day, two by the Red Sea, one near Assiut and four at Wadi-el-Natroun.

A great enclosure wall, once gateless, separates them from the immense desert. Within their walls, a small number of monks live in imitation of Saint-Anthony, Saint Paul and Saint Pacosmus. They live again through the whole cycle of primitive Christian life, following a traditional liturgy which regulates the ritual action of all the seasons, of all the days of the year and even of all the hours.

Inside each of these monasteries you are struck and moved by a feeling of profound peace and of serene calm, which is unforgettable for ever afterwards.

RAMSES WISSA WASSEF.



ARABIAN DESERT
ST. PAUL'S CONVENT.

ENTRANCE

WADI NATROUN — DEIR EL BARAMOUS

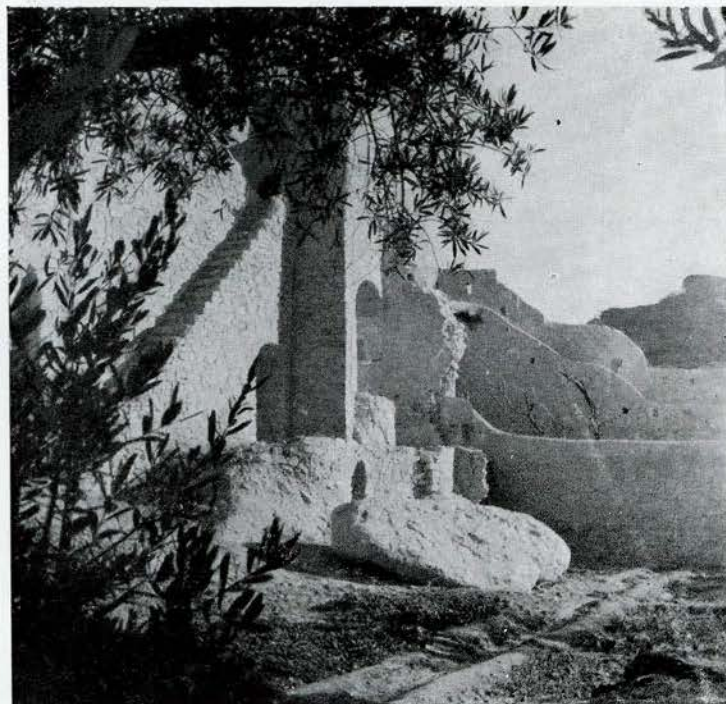
THE DESERT SEEN FROM THE KASH



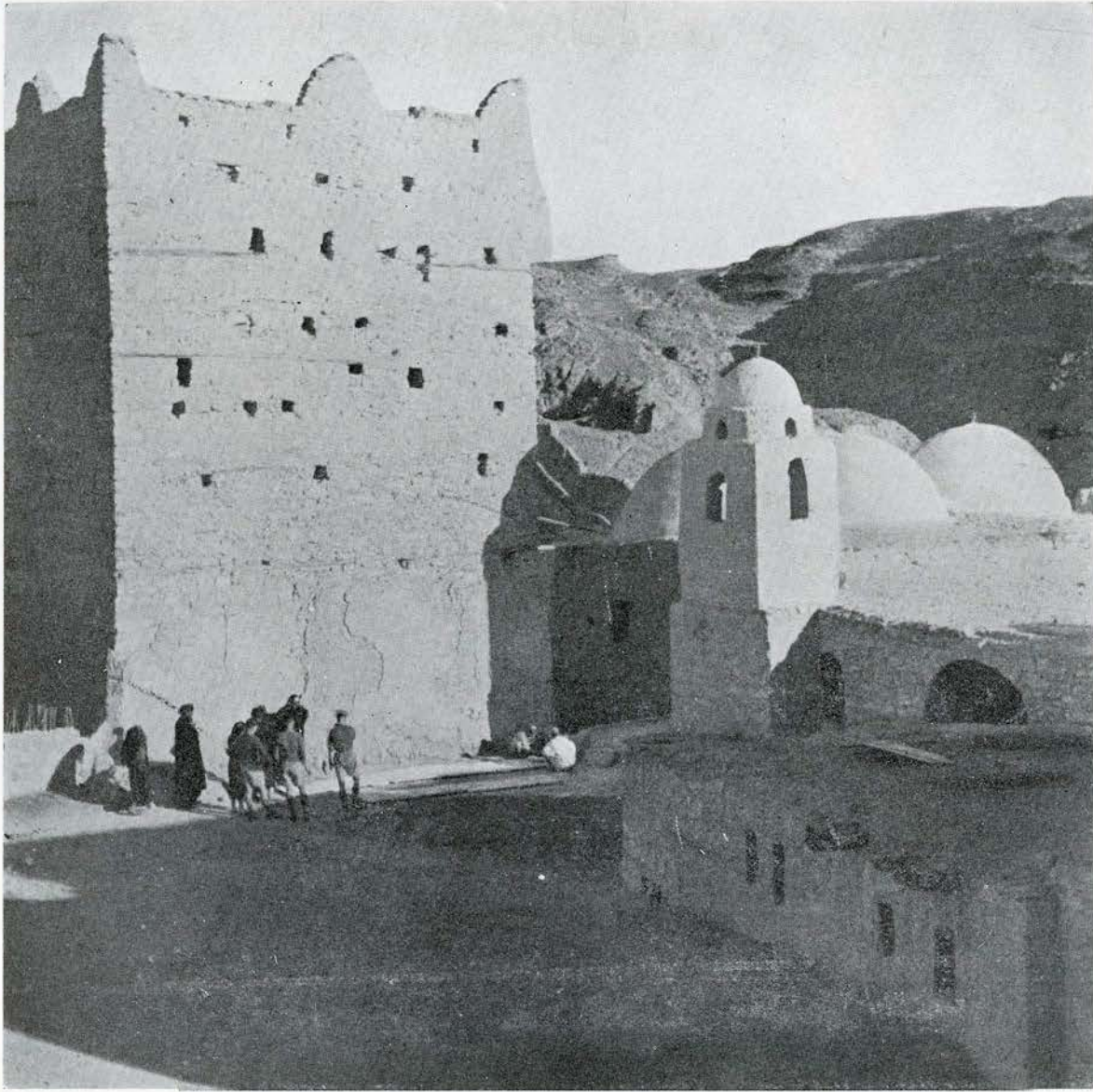


GENERAL VIEW.

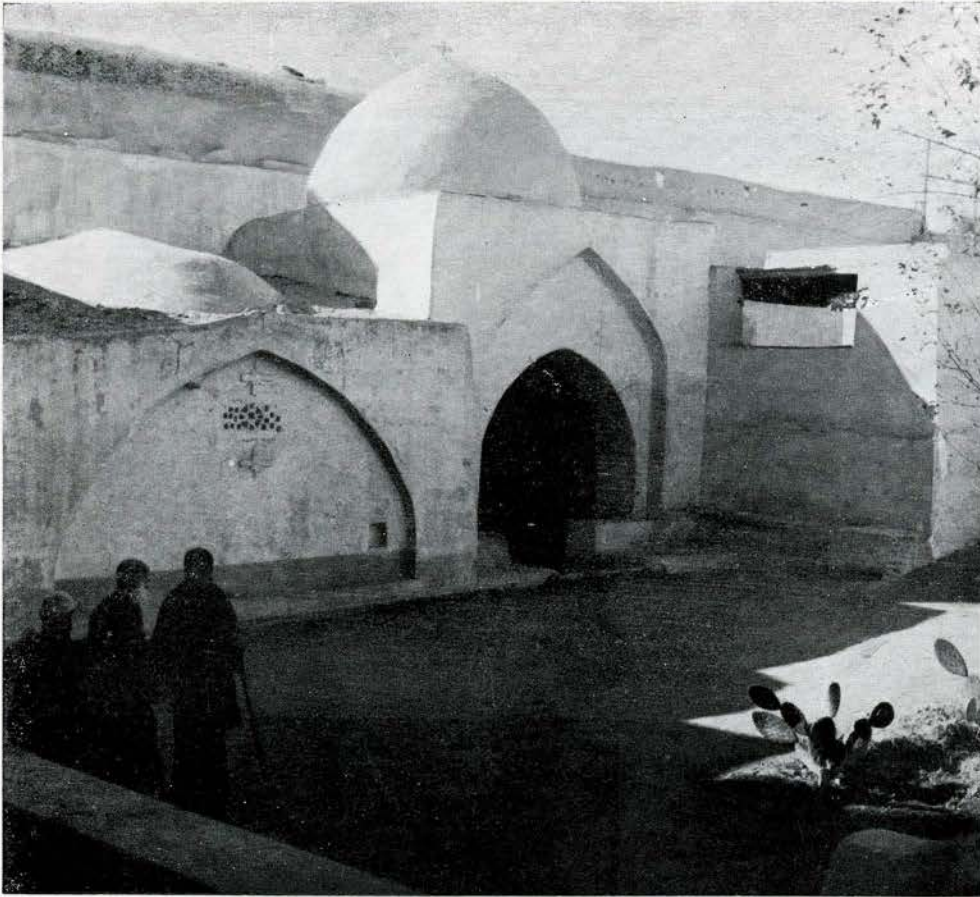
ARABIAN DESERT —
ST. PAUL'S MONASTERY.



GARDENS AND BUILDINGS.

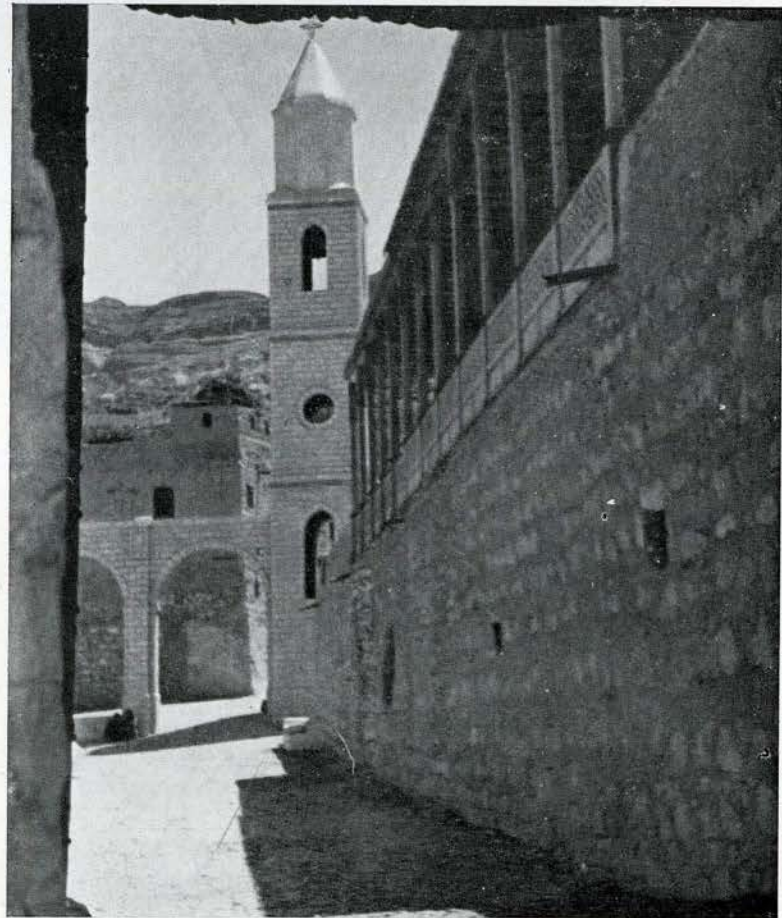


ARABIAN DESERT — ST. PAUL'S MONASTERY,
THE CHAPEL AND THE KASR.



WADI NATROUN
DEIR EL SORYAN

THE OLD CHAPEL



ARABIAN DESERT
ST. ANTHONY'S MONASTERY.

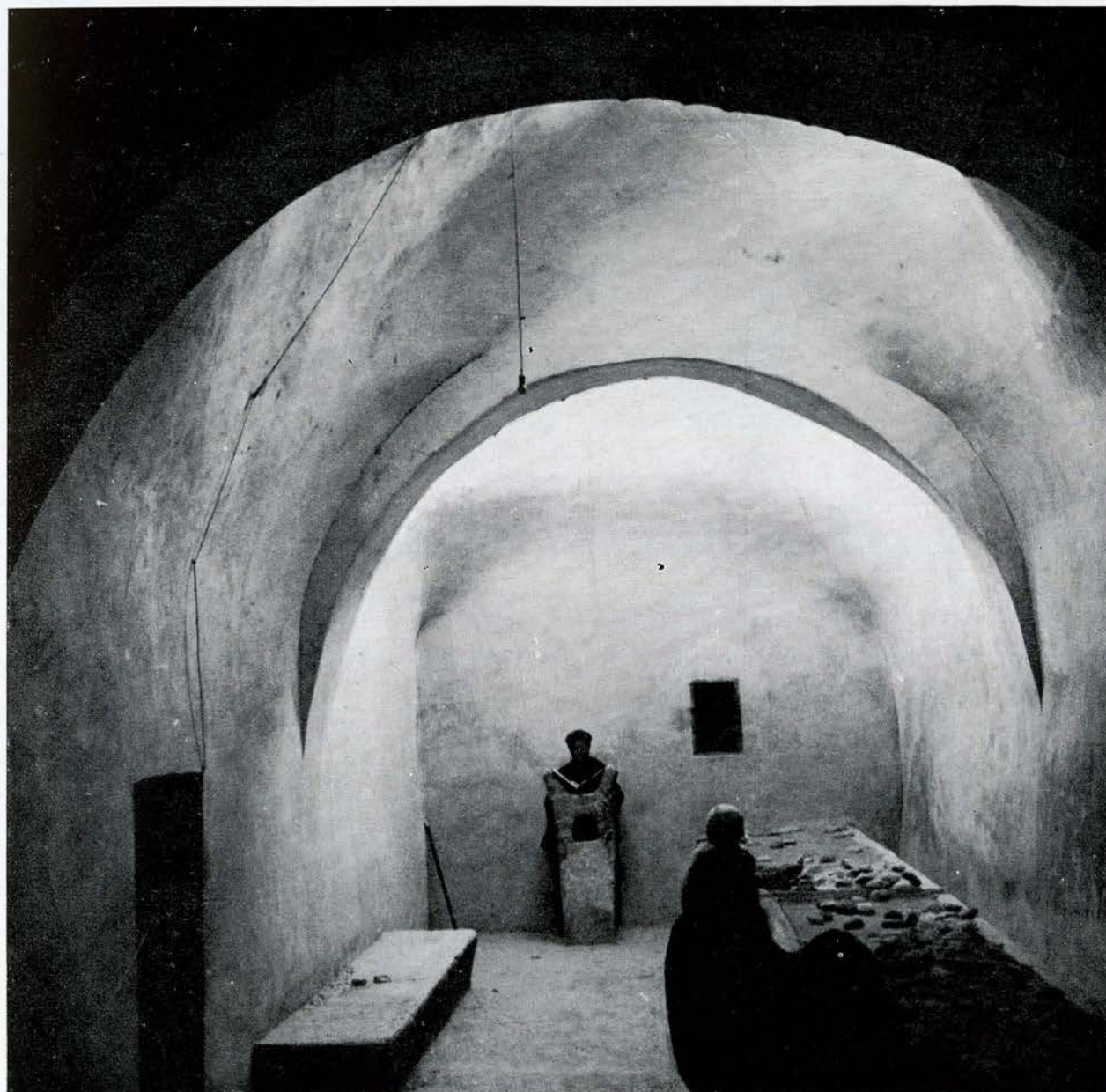
THE NEW CHAPEL.

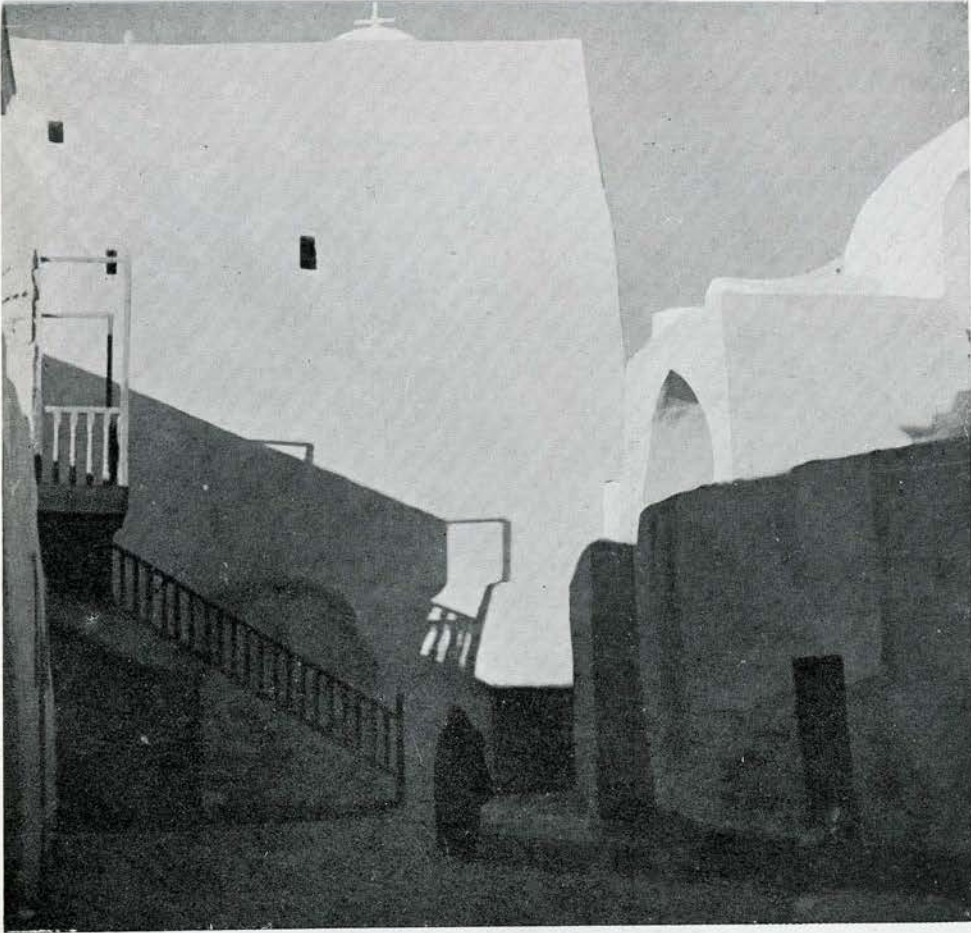


WADI NATROUN
DEIR EL SORYAN

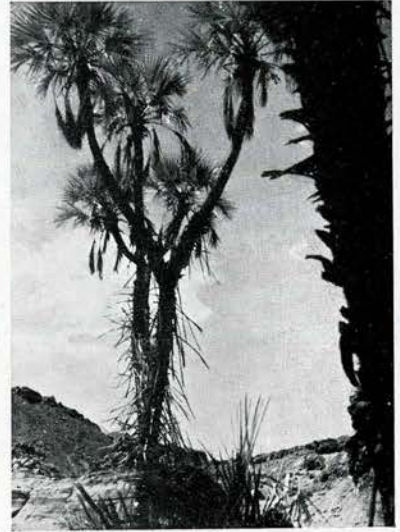
ENTRANCE.

THE REFECTORY.

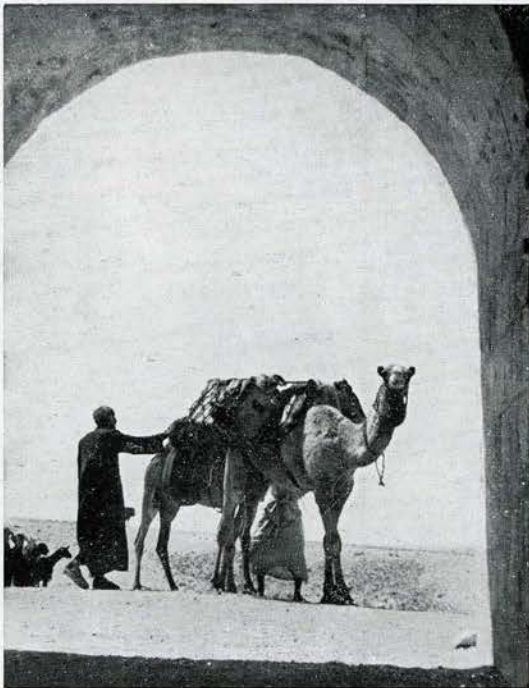


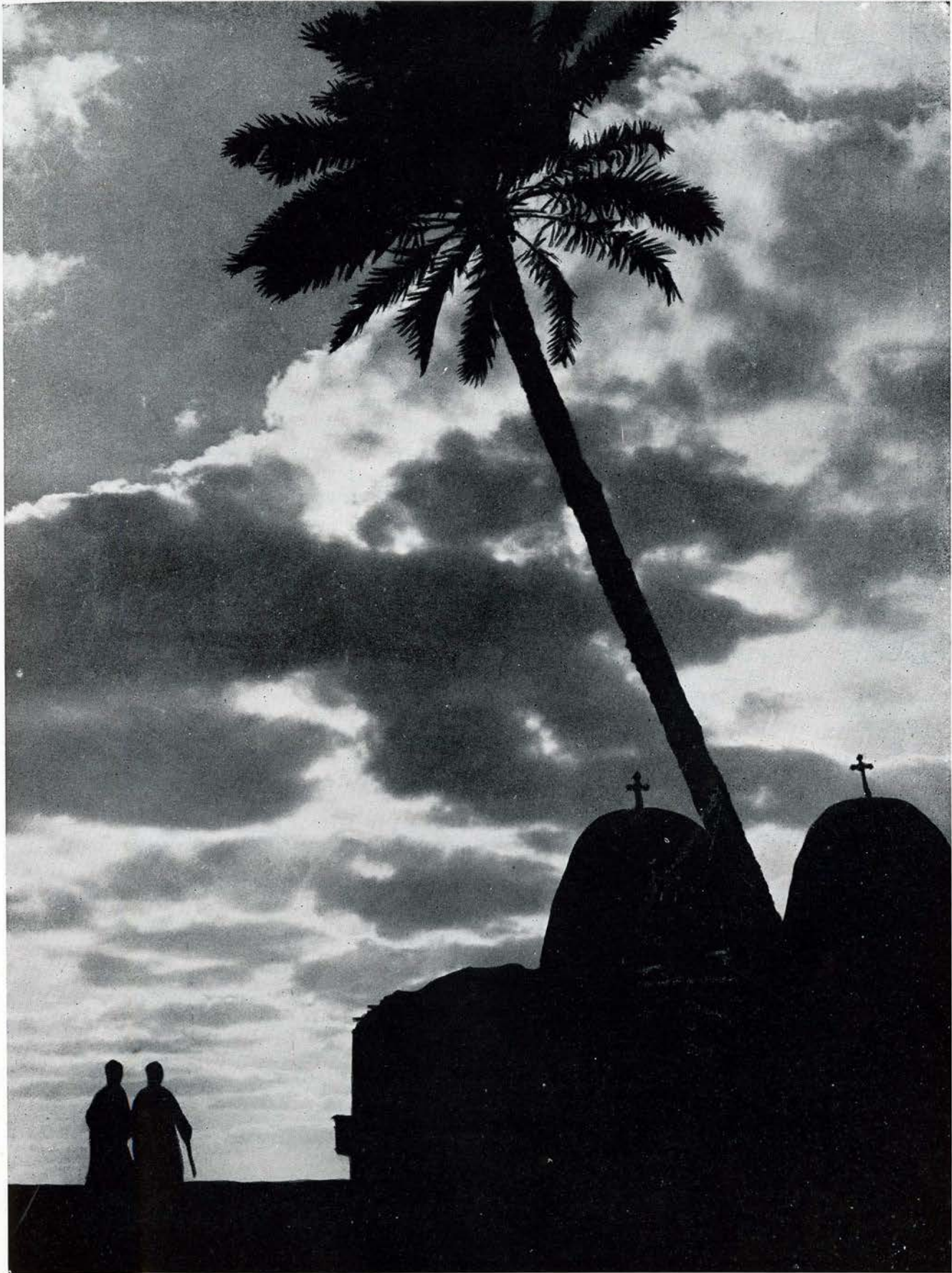


WADI NATROUN — DEIR EL BARAMOUS THE ENTRANCE AND THE KASR.



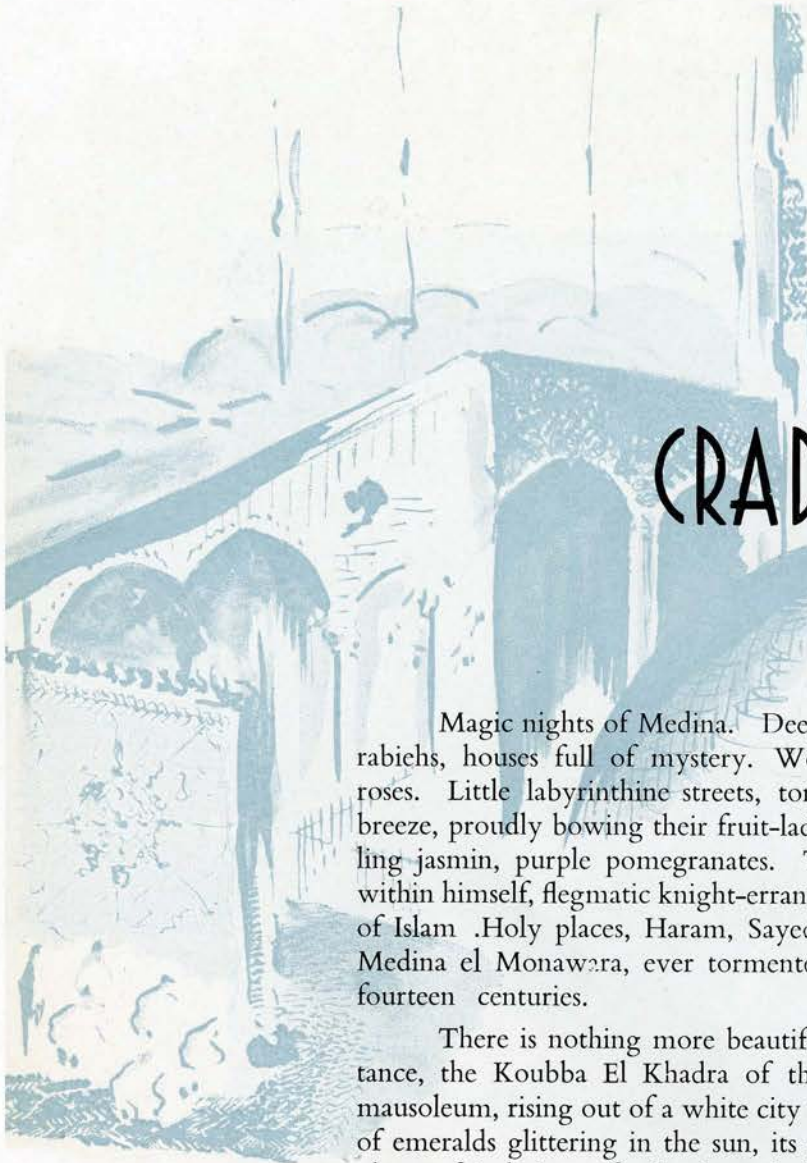
ARABIAN DESERT
ST. ANTHONY'S MONASTERY
THE KASR.





NILE VALLEY — THE HELOUAN MONASTERY.

Photo Abd-el-Fatah Eid



MEDINA, CRADLE OF ISLAM

BY ZUBEYDA SHAPLY

Magic nights of Medina. Deep stillness. Silent houses with tightly closed mousharabihs, houses full of mystery. Women with hidden faces. Courtyards smothered in roses. Little labyrinthine streets, tortuous, cool and silent. Date-palms rustling in the breeze, proudly bowing their fruit-laden heads. Gardens in the shady ponds, sweet-smelling jasmin, purple pomegranates. The Arab of beautiful stock, stoical and locked up within himself, flegmatic knight-errant of the desert, genuine descendant of the first pioneers of Islam. Holy places, Haram, Sayedna Hamza, Kouba, Kiblaten, Massadjid, EL-Bakia... Medina el Monawara, ever tormented oasis where the spirit of Islam has breathed for fourteen centuries.

There is nothing more beautiful than the view of ancient Yathrib seen from a distance, the Koubba El Khadra of the Haram, majestic and dominant in the Prophet's mausoleum, rising out of a white city with terraces piling up in layers, shining like a diadem of emeralds glittering in the sun, its minarets pointing to heaven. In this austere atmosphere of isolation, of solitude and of eternal peace which was Mohamed's refuge, all else seems vain and mean: glory, fortune, wars and malice...

There is nothing more impressive than morning prayers in common, just before sunrise, with the first gleams of daylight. Always numerous in spite of the early hour, the faithful, grave and contemplative, plunge into the half-darkness in among the countless columns of the mosque.

From the five minarets rise the most beautiful voices of Arabia, musical and crystalline.

— — — Allah Akbar!...


In the complete silence, broken only by the Imam leading the faithful in prayer, I bow my face to earth and pray for the salvation of my country, of my people and of my race. Circling about our heads, in their thousands, with a soft and familiar rustle of wings, the pigeons of the Haram drop their silky, flakey plumage like manna from Heaven, on this crowd in solemn prayer.

— — — Amen...

After the Fatiha men's voices vibrate in the air and mingle rhythmically beneath the deep dome.

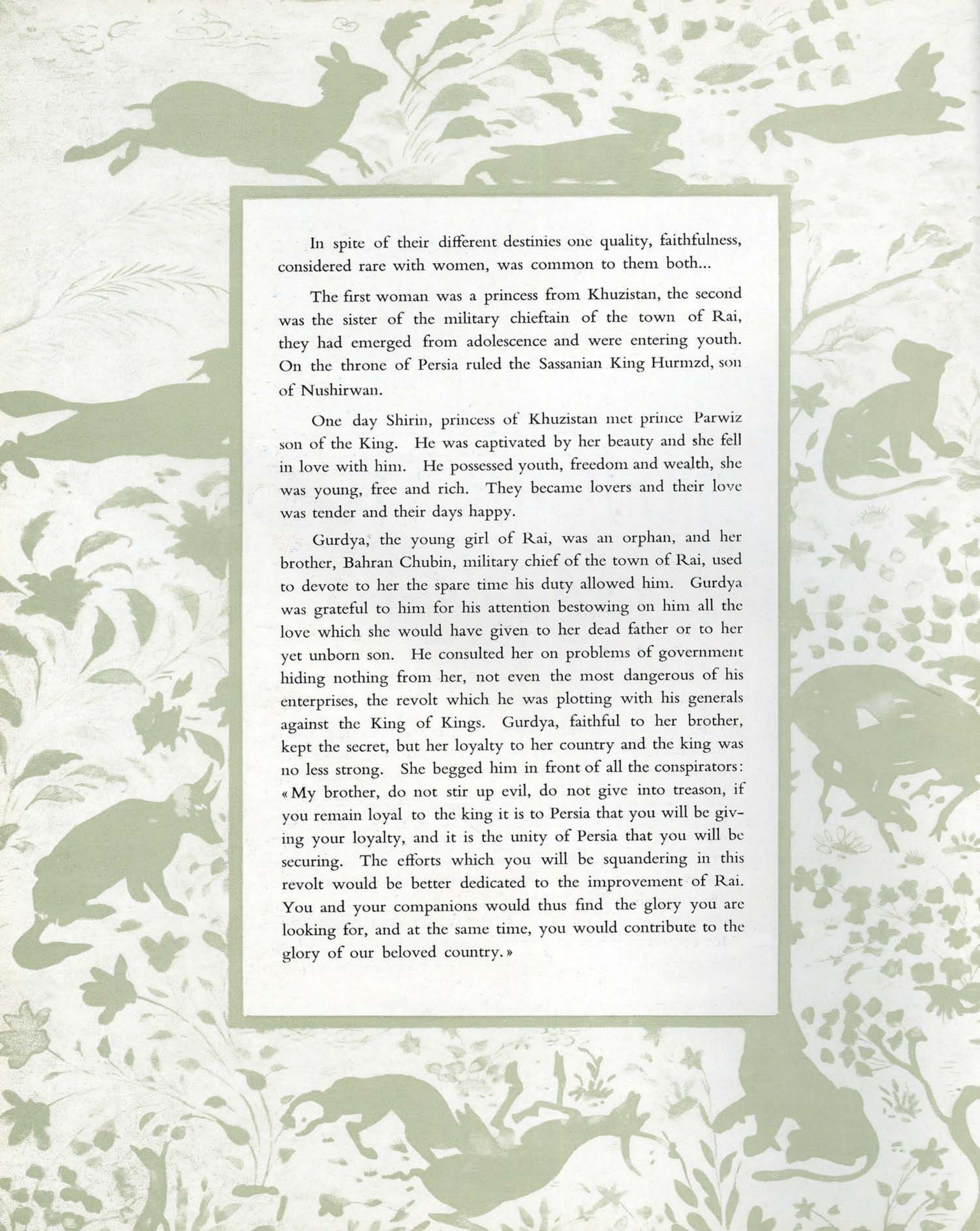
Medina, the Illuminated One, where, at night, everything dies, save the lights of her minarets...

Oh, to end my days, in solitude and peace, far from passion, forgotten and in obscurity... Close to the ashes of my ancestor, at El-Bakia, without a tombstone, to sleep my last in Medina my native town.



SILHOUETTES OF PERSIA

The story of two women living in the same age, not far from each other and whom Fate ordained that they should marry the same man; but very different were the ways that each found to his heart. The first had a peaceful and happy childhood, and grew up gracefully amidst luxury and elegance. She was superbly beautiful; but she was also constant in triumph as in adversity. The second, from childhood on, came face to face with the hardships of life and her youth was darkened by sorrow. She was endowed with nobility rather than with beauty, placing moral values high above those of physical beauty; her love was for her country, the struggle for good and loyalty to an ideal.



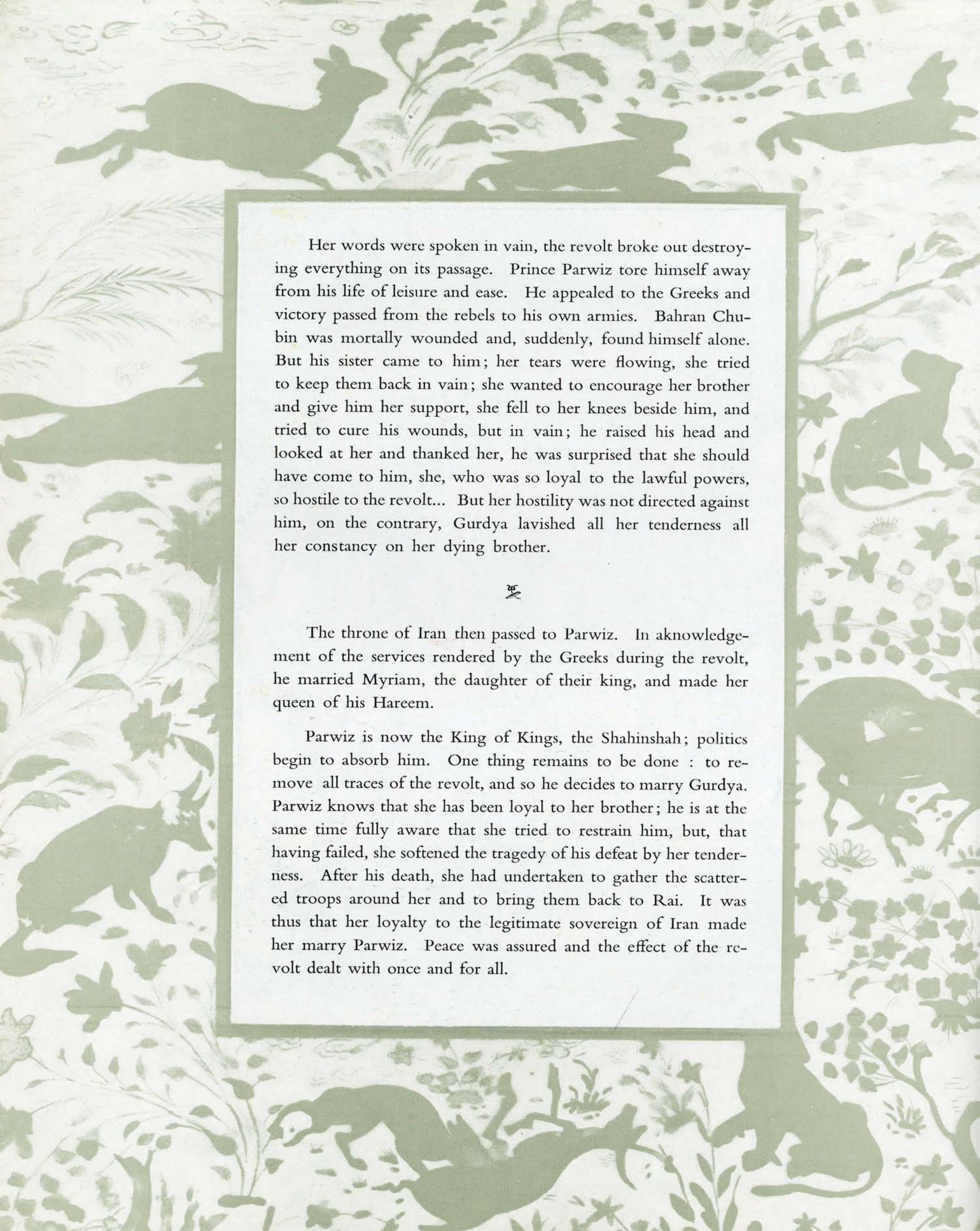
In spite of their different destinies one quality, faithfulness, considered rare with women, was common to them both...

The first woman was a princess from Khuzistan, the second was the sister of the military chieftain of the town of Rai, they had emerged from adolescence and were entering youth. On the throne of Persia ruled the Sassanian King Hurmzd, son of Nushirwan.

One day Shirin, princess of Khuzistan met prince Parwiz son of the King. He was captivated by her beauty and she fell in love with him. He possessed youth, freedom and wealth, she was young, free and rich. They became lovers and their love was tender and their days happy.

Gurdya, the young girl of Rai, was an orphan, and her brother, Bahran Chubin, military chief of the town of Rai, used to devote to her the spare time his duty allowed him. Gurdya was grateful to him for his attention bestowing on him all the love which she would have given to her dead father or to her yet unborn son. He consulted her on problems of government hiding nothing from her, not even the most dangerous of his enterprises, the revolt which he was plotting with his generals against the King of Kings. Gurdya, faithful to her brother, kept the secret, but her loyalty to her country and the king was no less strong. She begged him in front of all the conspirators: «My brother, do not stir up evil, do not give into treason, if you remain loyal to the king it is to Persia that you will be giving your loyalty, and it is the unity of Persia that you will be securing. The efforts which you will be squandering in this revolt would be better dedicated to the improvement of Rai. You and your companions would thus find the glory you are looking for, and at the same time, you would contribute to the glory of our beloved country.»





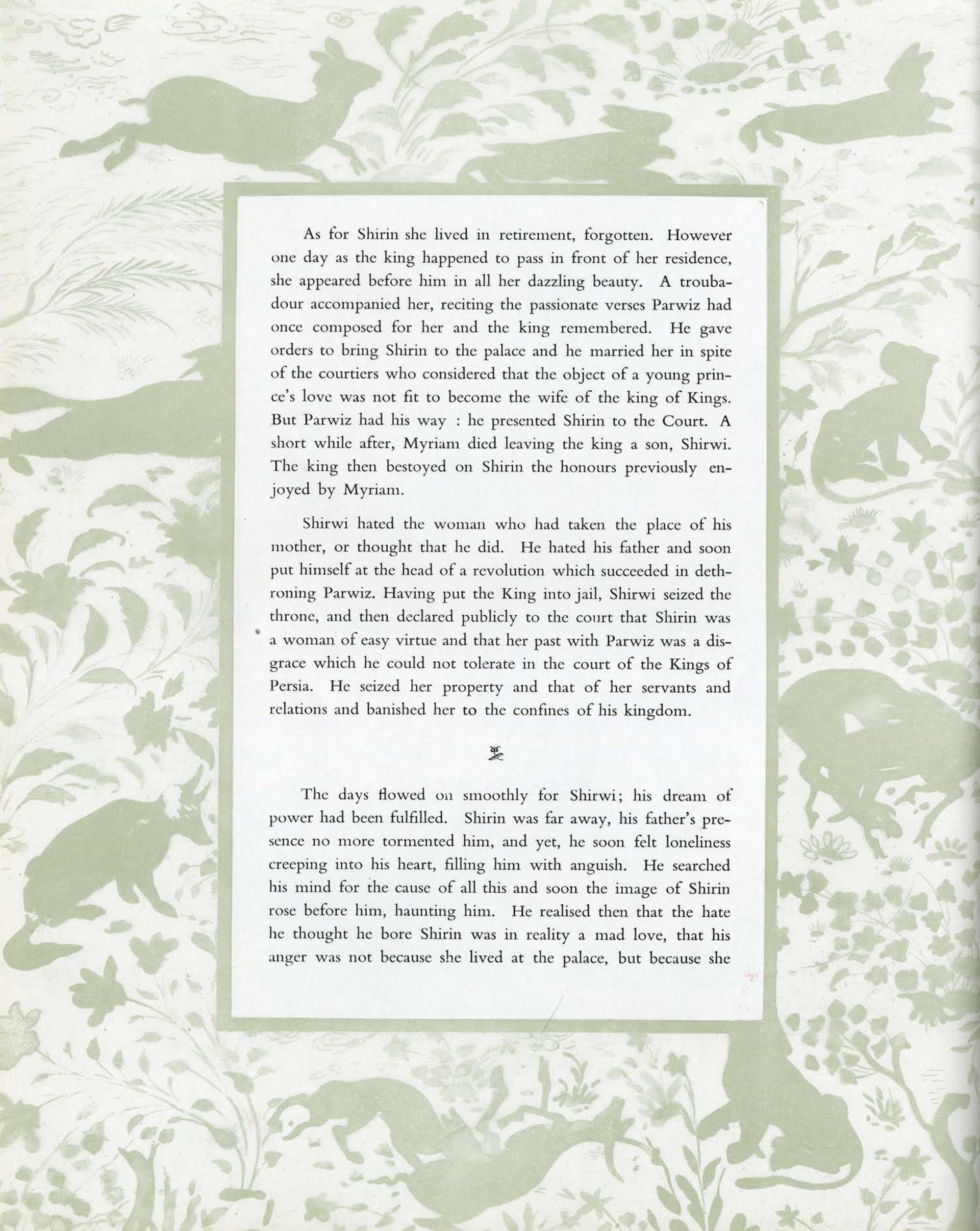
Her words were spoken in vain, the revolt broke out destroying everything on its passage. Prince Parwiz tore himself away from his life of leisure and ease. He appealed to the Greeks and victory passed from the rebels to his own armies. Bahran Chubin was mortally wounded and, suddenly, found himself alone. But his sister came to him; her tears were flowing, she tried to keep them back in vain; she wanted to encourage her brother and give him her support, she fell to her knees beside him, and tried to cure his wounds, but in vain; he raised his head and looked at her and thanked her, he was surprised that she should have come to him, she, who was so loyal to the lawful powers, so hostile to the revolt... But her hostility was not directed against him, on the contrary, Gurdya lavished all her tenderness all her constancy on her dying brother.



The throne of Iran then passed to Parwiz. In acknowledgement of the services rendered by the Greeks during the revolt, he married Myriam, the daughter of their king, and made her queen of his Harem.

Parwiz is now the King of Kings, the Shahinshah; politics begin to absorb him. One thing remains to be done : to remove all traces of the revolt, and so he decides to marry Gurdya. Parwiz knows that she has been loyal to her brother; he is at the same time fully aware that she tried to restrain him, but, that having failed, she softened the tragedy of his defeat by her tenderness. After his death, she had undertaken to gather the scattered troops around her and to bring them back to Rai. It was thus that her loyalty to the legitimate sovereign of Iran made her marry Parwiz. Peace was assured and the effect of the revolt dealt with once and for all.



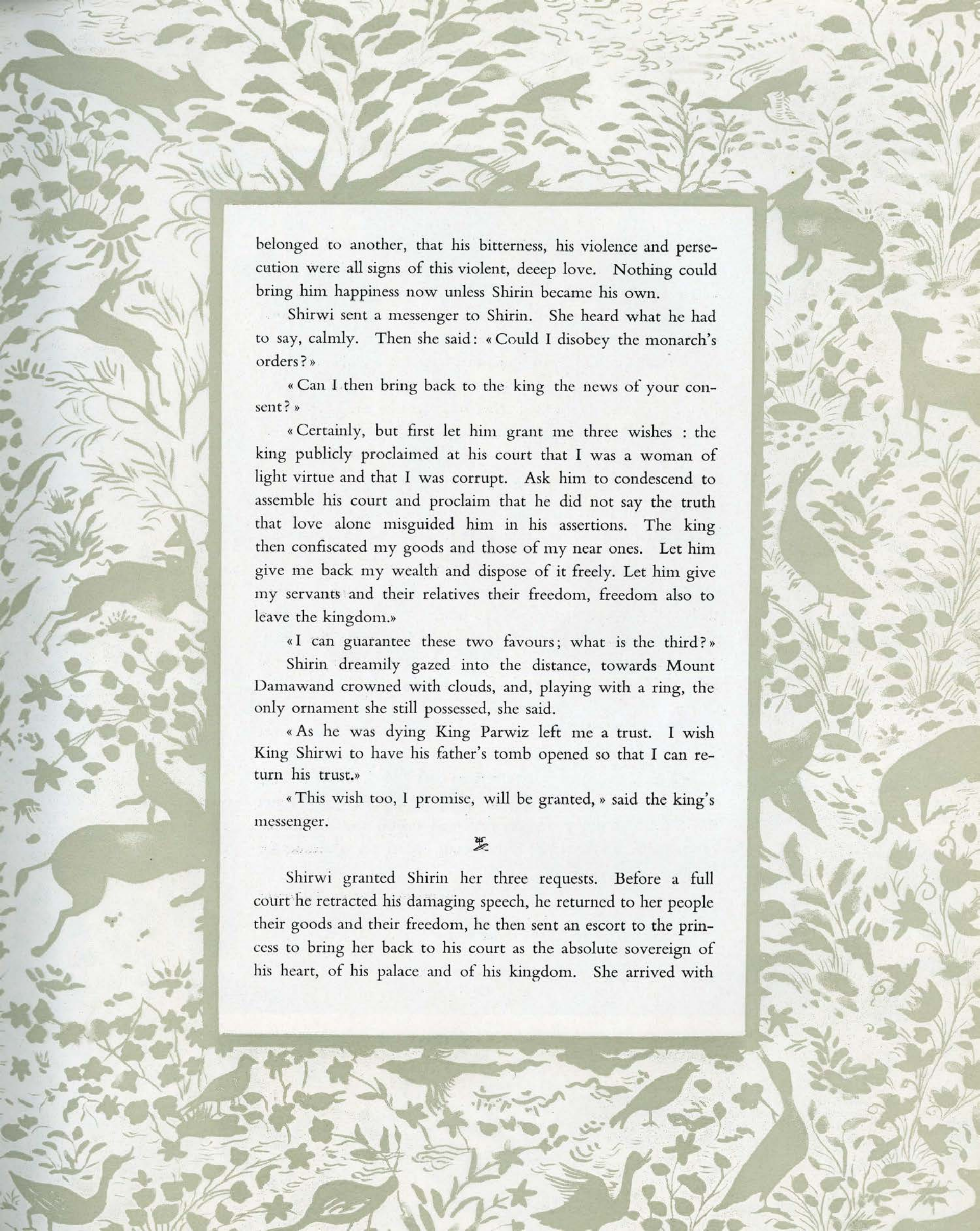


As for Shirin she lived in retirement, forgotten. However one day as the king happened to pass in front of her residence, she appeared before him in all her dazzling beauty. A troubadour accompanied her, reciting the passionate verses Parwiz had once composed for her and the king remembered. He gave orders to bring Shirin to the palace and he married her in spite of the courtiers who considered that the object of a young prince's love was not fit to become the wife of the king of Kings. But Parwiz had his way : he presented Shirin to the Court. A short while after, Myriam died leaving the king a son, Shirwi. The king then bestowed on Shirin the honours previously enjoyed by Myriam.

Shirwi hated the woman who had taken the place of his mother, or thought that he did. He hated his father and soon put himself at the head of a revolution which succeeded in dethroning Parwiz. Having put the King into jail, Shirwi seized the throne, and then declared publicly to the court that Shirin was a woman of easy virtue and that her past with Parwiz was a disgrace which he could not tolerate in the court of the Kings of Persia. He seized her property and that of her servants and relations and banished her to the confines of his kingdom.



The days flowed on smoothly for Shirwi; his dream of power had been fulfilled. Shirin was far away, his father's presence no more tormented him, and yet, he soon felt loneliness creeping into his heart, filling him with anguish. He searched his mind for the cause of all this and soon the image of Shirin rose before him, haunting him. He realised then that the hate he thought he bore Shirin was in reality a mad love, that his anger was not because she lived at the palace, but because she



belonged to another, that his bitterness, his violence and persecution were all signs of this violent, deep love. Nothing could bring him happiness now unless Shirin became his own.

Shirwi sent a messenger to Shirin. She heard what he had to say, calmly. Then she said: «Could I disobey the monarch's orders?»

«Can I then bring back to the king the news of your consent?»

«Certainly, but first let him grant me three wishes : the king publicly proclaimed at his court that I was a woman of light virtue and that I was corrupt. Ask him to condescend to assemble his court and proclaim that he did not say the truth that love alone misguided him in his assertions. The king then confiscated my goods and those of my near ones. Let him give me back my wealth and dispose of it freely. Let him give my servants and their relatives their freedom, freedom also to leave the kingdom.»

«I can guarantee these two favours; what is the third?»

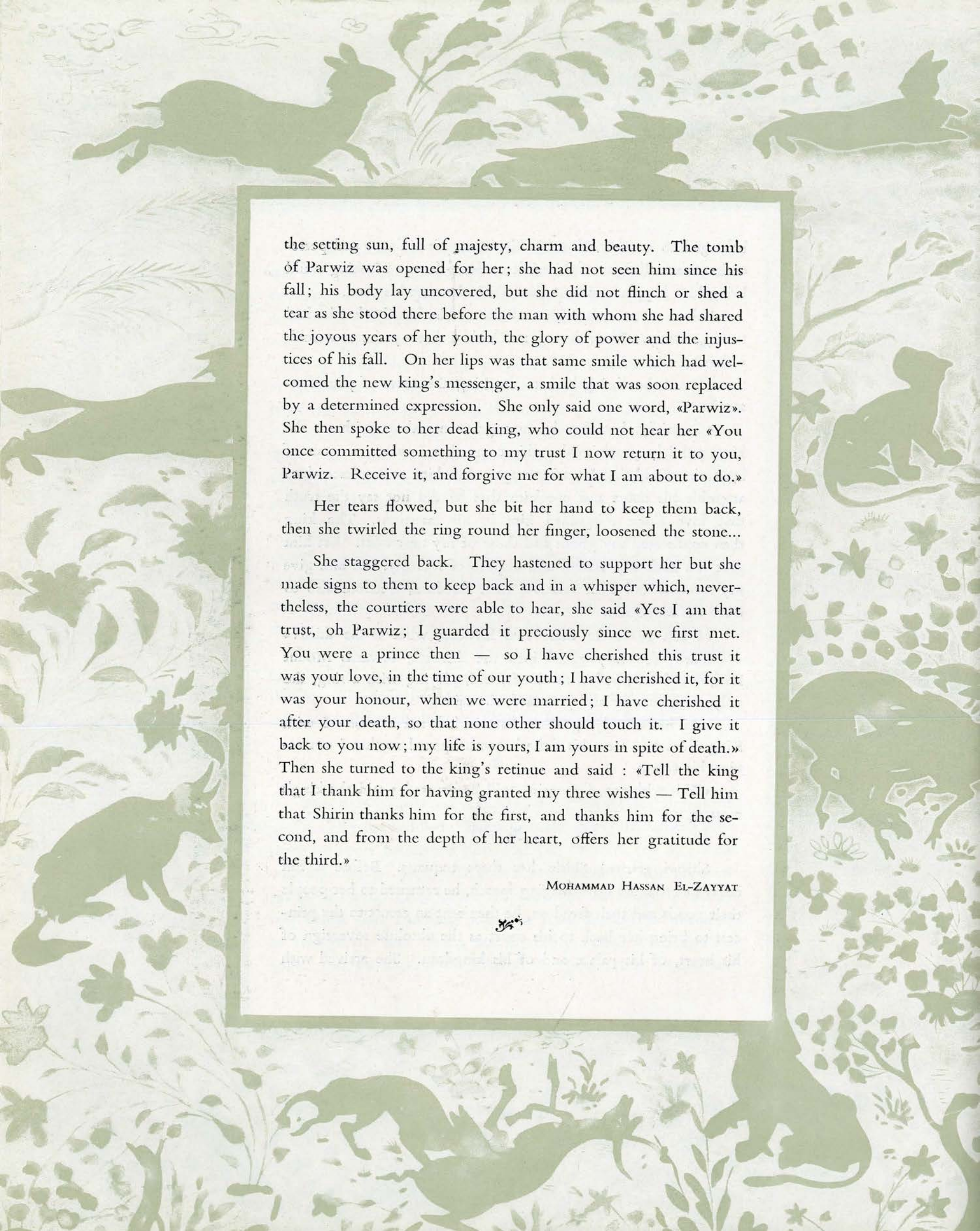
Shirin dreamily gazed into the distance, towards Mount Damawand crowned with clouds, and, playing with a ring, the only ornament she still possessed, she said.

«As he was dying King Parwiz left me a trust. I wish King Shirwi to have his father's tomb opened so that I can return his trust.»

«This wish too, I promise, will be granted,» said the king's messenger.



Shirwi granted Shirin her three requests. Before a full court he retracted his damaging speech, he returned to her people their goods and their freedom, he then sent an escort to the princess to bring her back to his court as the absolute sovereign of his heart, of his palace and of his kingdom. She arrived with



the setting sun, full of majesty, charm and beauty. The tomb of Parwiz was opened for her; she had not seen him since his fall; his body lay uncovered, but she did not flinch or shed a tear as she stood there before the man with whom she had shared the joyous years of her youth, the glory of power and the injustices of his fall. On her lips was that same smile which had welcomed the new king's messenger, a smile that was soon replaced by a determined expression. She only said one word, «Parwiz». She then spoke to her dead king, who could not hear her «You once committed something to my trust I now return it to you, Parwiz. Receive it, and forgive me for what I am about to do.»

Her tears flowed, but she bit her hand to keep them back, then she twirled the ring round her finger, loosened the stone...

She staggered back. They hastened to support her but she made signs to them to keep back and in a whisper which, nevertheless, the courtiers were able to hear, she said «Yes I am that trust, oh Parwiz; I guarded it preciously since we first met. You were a prince then — so I have cherished this trust it was your love, in the time of our youth; I have cherished it, for it was your honour, when we were married; I have cherished it after your death, so that none other should touch it. I give it back to you now; my life is yours, I am yours in spite of death.» Then she turned to the king's retinue and said : «Tell the king that I thank him for having granted my three wishes — Tell him that Shirin thanks him for the first, and thanks him for the second, and from the depth of her heart, offers her gratitude for the third.»

MOHAMMAD HASSAN EL-ZAYYAT



This lovely photograph showing the traditional sugar doll of popular Egyptian festivals is taken from "A Close-up of Egypt" (Aladin) by Mr. Pierre Boulat. This book gives a survey of all the features of Egypt from Antiquity to our time in a series of beautiful photographs, pleasantly described. We warmly recommend it to anyone who wishes to keep vivid memories of a stay in Egypt.



MIRACULOUS

DRAUGHTS

(translated by the author)

For him who is no fisherman all fishing is miraculous: but here it seems more so than elsewhere; perhaps because those young men I see setting out at eventide in narrow yet heavy cockle shells, appear to make ready more for a rite than for a toil. Perhaps also because this lake, which is the Lake of Mansalah, is in parts so clear, verging on the unreal and for the fevered townsman who plumbs it, that limpidity is a witchcraft... or its mystery.

With the calm poise of a syllogism it spreads forth. Its sensual transparency is of my expectancy the twin, which nought vindicates.

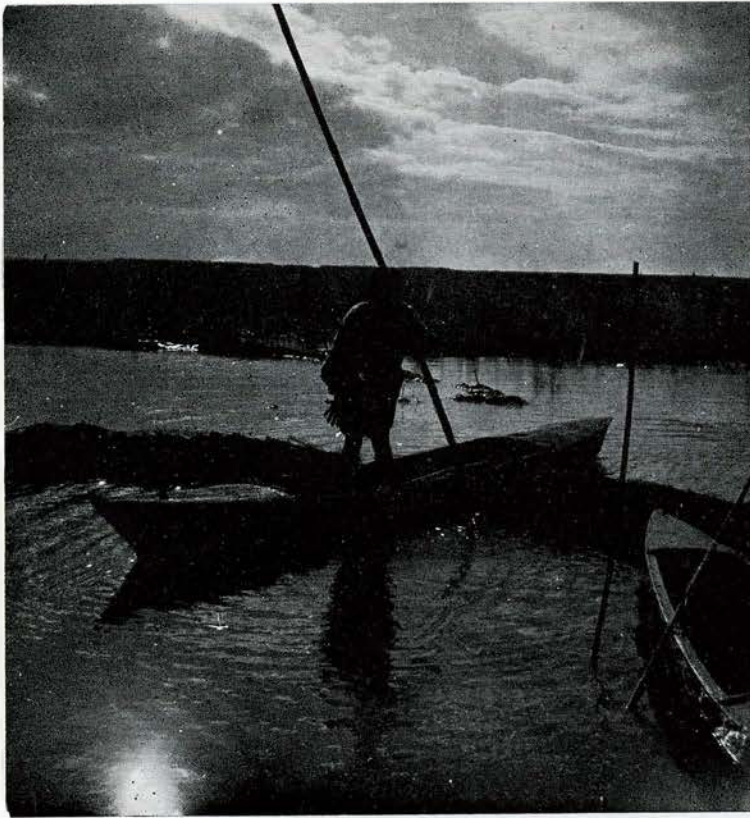
Shores — and this tiny bay bristling with reeds. They are so soft, and so sudden is my lassitude, that there is no receptacle for me... nothing any more, I believe, but that little strip of sky fringed with young reeds. The great simplicity of life assails me too. Only the far distant chant of the fishermen, its obsessing rhythm, reminds me by its nostalgia of a world of gestures and breath: a world where no haven is prepared for serenity.

Besides, it is as though secret bonds, liquid bonds, predestine me to lakes: and that a nonchalant fate offers them to me throughout these luminous months which, for me, are Egyptian... slack, tranquil and of a scintillating spirituality. Lakes — o Lakes — whoever shall tell of your vast static superfluity?

I have loved some lakes with a lofty devotion; each time it has surprised me. Thus, in the shadows, do we keep open eyes which uncertainty fills, an uncertainty more important, more devastating than ourselves.

This long connivance which binds us, the lakes of shivering silver — and I; so shall I have proof. It is the most handsome, the youngest fisherman who brings it to me; in his smile burgeons all the matutinal astonishment of things.





His speech is a little like the mourning of the dove, who, ensconsed in this rotting willow trunk is doomed to weeping for lost moments. Like the dove, like this dreamy shepherd boy on Mount Olympus whose parched melancholy I shall never forget — so does this young man seem vowed to the mournful beauty of those solitudes. And being by trade a fisherman, a smile lurks behind his voice. The smile of his youth stretching, sunkissed, between the weeds of the shore and the pale wavelets of these friendly waters.

Son of the lake himself, the same complicity stirred him from the morning to offer me, not the fruit of his nets, but one more precious, of these faery

waters and of the hours, which for centuries past, other fishermen have told upon them.

It is a song, and we have translated it. No one knows it. Not even Monsieur G. Maspero, whose collection of the songs of Egypt is immense. This one, I think, has escaped him: it is called The Song of the Little Sick Fish and the thought is dear to me that a Frenchwoman has fished it from the margin of an Egyptian lake, and then returned it to Egypt after having loved its naive poetry.

CLAIRE DE MEURVILLE

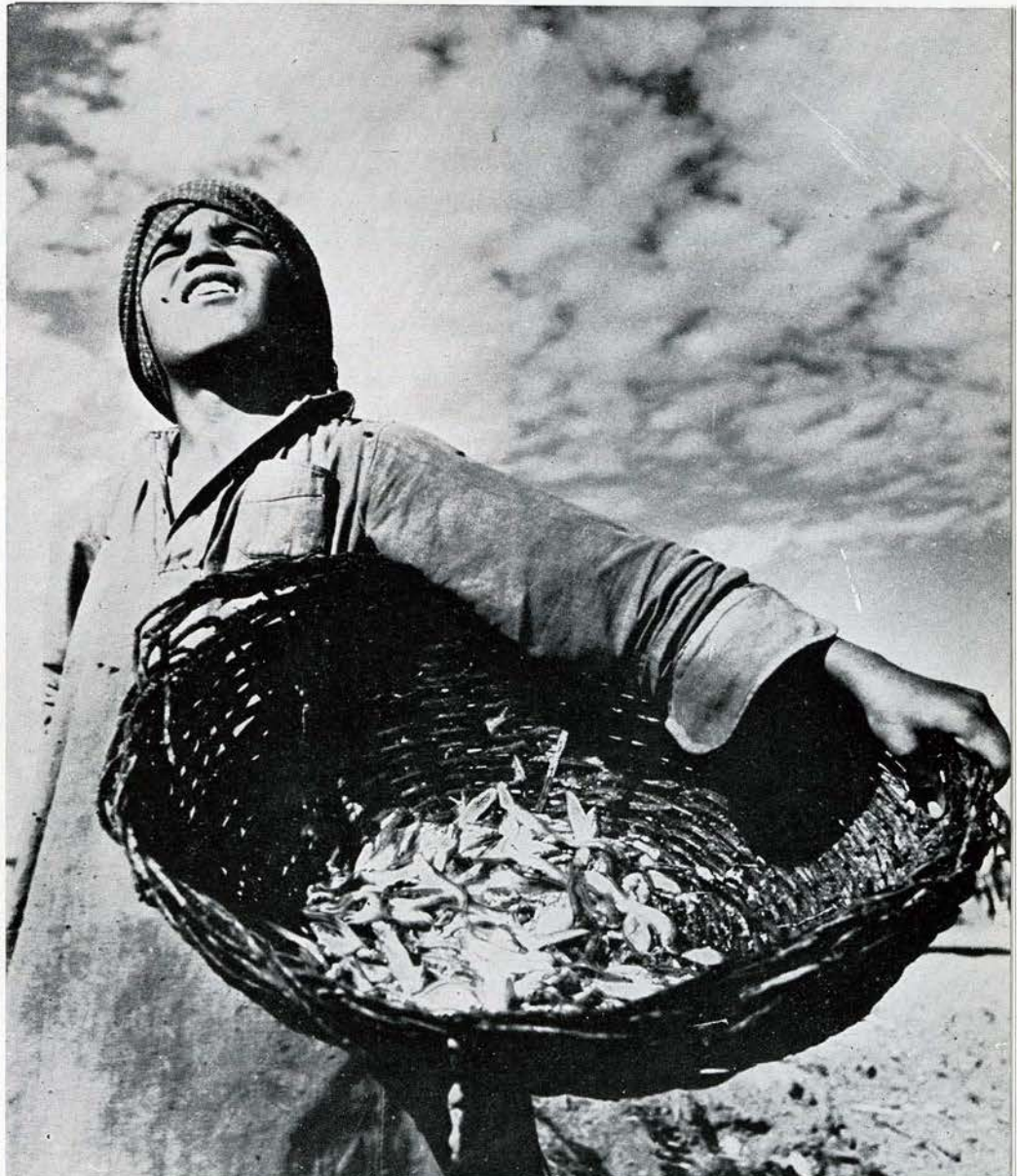
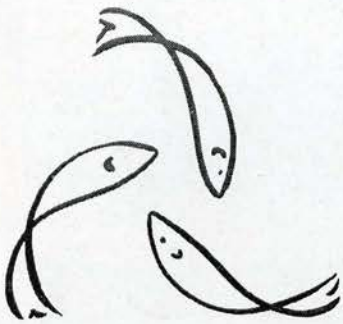


THE LITTLE SICK FISH (Fisherman's Songs)

*My net is out-flung to thee, O helmsman among weeds,
My net opes its arms for thee with the perfidious softness of the clear-eyed mistress:
Little fish, thy tender belly trembled, feeling lost.
O fishlet, how the beloved little belly of thy mother quivered:

No one shall know his destiny, therefore shall he be forgotten,

No one shall know what tear was thine
Sick with fright and soon to die art thou;
O fishlet, my net dances with pleasure in the dark waters,
Look ye, the night mingles in it a myriad stars, drops of moon
And scales
Who shall ever recognise thee there, O little brother of the icy waters of the deep?*





THANKSGIVING

I thank
my
God
that I
was born
in
the land
of
Mystery,
that I
have grown
in
the shade
of
Palm-trees...
that I
have lived
in
the arms
of
the Desert,
Great Keeper
of
Secrets...
that I
have drunk
deep
of
age-old
Nile...

D. Sh.

G. DARDAUD



THE ADVENTURES OF THE SAINT-SIMONIENS IN EGYPT

On the fifteenth of April 1833, "La Clorinde", a 250 ton brig from Marseilles flying French colours, cast anchor outside Constantinople. Nobody noticed the arrival of the little ship. But, three hours later, thirteen passengers disembarked. They, however, did not pass unnoticed. Although their costumes (scarlet waistcoats and trousers, white tunics, black shoes and gloves, steel or brass necklaces) did not attract the attention of the loiterers on the quay side, accustomed as they were to all the sartorial fantasy of the East, their behaviour, however, did not pass unobserved. These strange travellers began by singing a sort of hymn to Woman, then they dispersed themselves in the streets around the Basilica of Saint Sophia, where they indulged in wild demonstrations.

They bowed and scraped, and lavished compliments on street-sellers, on the many Greek women pouring out

of the churches on this orthodox Easter Sunday, and on the veiled "hanems" followed by their eunuchs. Turkish patience on this occasion should not be overlooked. For a whole day and to their hearts content, the thirteen passengers of the "Clorinde" were allowed to scandalise Constantinople and to fall to their knees before all the women they met, young and poor, rich and old.

It was only towards evening, as they were returning to their ship, that a police launch sent by the Capitan Pasha came to inquire about them. Haughtily, for they were only humble in the presence of women, they answered : "We are the Saint-Simoniens. We are searching for the Messiah-Woman in the East". The police did not understand a word but Admiral Rousin, who was the French ambassador to the Sublime Porte, raised a distressed look to heaven, when he heard of their arrival. For he knew them well, and from that mo-

ment he felt that, in addition to all his diplomatic anxieties (Egypt's open revolt against Turkey) he would be plagued with fears about the behaviour of the Saint-Simoniens. The Admiral considered them capable of anything, and he was not far wrong.

His troubles began on the very next day. Beneath the walls of the Grand Seraglio itself, "the Companions of Woman", for that was the name they took, had the idea of preaching the emancipation of women, the advent of a new era, a Golden age whose Messiah was to be a woman and whose prophets were to be Saint-Simon and his disciple *Enfantin*. As the citizens of Constantinople understood no French, they were not much troubled by this doctrine, but they did become rather anxious about the burning looks and obeissances which these foreigners lavished on their

wives. A few days later, on the 19th of April, the thirteen companions, who had decided to attract people's notice stood in a row along the street where the Sultan had to pass and caused a riot by their shouts.

They landed in a prison infested with fleas. They were released, thanks to the intervention of the French ambassador, only to be deported to Tenedos, then to Molissa, then to Phocaea and finally to Smyrna. Having been set free here, they met a French émigré, Monsieur Alphonse de Lamartine. At once the thirteen Saint-Simoniens began to evangelise him. His answer was : "We do not live any longer in a period when political and religious truths appear in the form of lyrical inspiration. More than anyone, I share your noble wishes for social improvement, but I cannot share your young illusions". This for a poet, was quite a good reply.

However, the Saint-Simoniens attached very little importance to this polite refusal. They were delighted with this scandal at Constantinople. Their chief wrote to them : "In one day we have had more propagation than we could dream of in two months. The Mother

must have heard our voices". But the Messiah-Woman gave no answer so the Saint-Simoniens gathered that she probably lived in some other part of the East and by slow stages, they took their way to Egypt.

When he expelled them from Turkey, the Sultan thought that he was dealing with madmen. This was indeed the general opinion in nine tenths of Europe. Even to-day if you begin to study Saint-Simonism, its history and its dogmas, you will be painfully impressed. These people were unlike anybody else in what they did or in what they thought. They were not even content to dress

in a way both conspicuous and symbolical. For instance they used to have their waistcoats buttoned in the back so that they should be reminded always of their duty to help each other. They had the pretention to create an entirely new world with its social structure and moral beliefs. Overlooking the conquests of previous centuries, they dreamed of setting up a "new order" on earth. They tried to do so with their own hands. There was a greatness in their Utopia.

Indeed, those delirious madmen, searching for the Woman-Messiah in the East, these penniless pilgrims, whose only piece of luggage was a piano, were, for their period, the intellectual élite of France. Their minds, were shaped by the hardest discipline. Among them were mining engineers, managers of metallurgical enterprises, officials, doctors and promising surgeons.

Lyon, le 21 Février.

1833.

Je pars pour l'Orient. Sur les traces de BARNULT, je vais au devant de la MÈRE, près de laquelle je puiserai une nouvelle vie. Mais avant de quitter cette France qui retient le PÈRE captif, je dois un adieu à l'Occident, car lui aussi m'a fourni de grandes pensées religieuses, et je l'aime. Je lui laisse les chants que sous l'inspiration du PÈRE j'ai composés à Ménilmontant, et que mes frères et moi avons si souvent exécutés en face d'un public bienveillant et nombreux. Déjà ces productions, d'une époque que nous avons traversée, appartiennent à l'histoire, et DIEU m'a donné de pressentir une musique nouvelle.

Habités que nous sommes à donner ce que nous possédons, nous ne faisons pas de spéculations : Cette musique sera donc donnée à un prix très peu élevé; qu'on y songe pourtant, c'est le dernier de l'artiste et de l'amateur au cédérin que je demande en échange de mes œuvres; car le 22 mars nous mettrons à la voile.

L'ouvrage complet formera huit livraisons, comprenant ensemble vingt-deux morceaux.

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PROSPECTUS FOR THE WORKS OF FÉLICIEN DAVID
Published in 1833 at the time of his departure to the East.

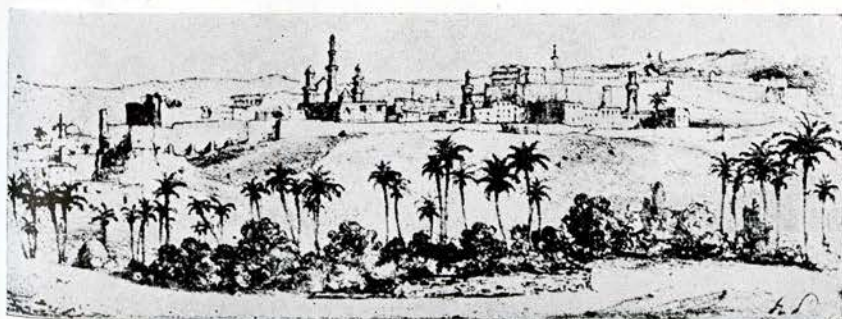
urgently needed, the Cairo-Suez railway. So, in two days, Fournel put in an approximate estimation and built a model railway in all its details, to give the monarch a clear idea of the project. The Pasha then spoke of a barrage which he wanted to build at the point of the Delta. These three projects, the Suez Canal, the Delta Barrage and the Cairo-Suez railway were then submitted to the Grand Council to decide in what order they were to be carried out. The session lasted until the 31st of January. Linant de Bellefonds pleaded for the Barrage, the Saint-Simoniens, Lambert and Fournel for the Canal, and three English engineers, for the railway. The idea of the Barrage outweighed all others and Linant Bey was put in charge of carrying it out. Disappointed, a few Saint-Simoniens returned to France. Enfantin and Lambert with all the others took work as volunteer engineers in the Barrage workyards. They were to be housed, fed and armed but not payed. Mohamed Ali accepted them as volunteers, and so Enfantin set to work immediately. Sometimes in a boat on the Nile, sometimes under a tent at Caliub and sometimes in Soliman Pasha's palace in Old Cairo, he organised and gave orders. He found houses for his draughtsmen, and created a complete hierarchy among his workers and engineers. He saw to the levelling and the banking and also to the supplies and implements of his six thousands workers requisitioned for the workyards. He studied the shape of the sluices and how to prepare Egyptian engineers for the great works devised by the Pasha; he founded the Engineering College of Egypt, selected his teachers and devised time-tables and syllabuses.



FÉLICIEN DAVID
(SKETCH BY MACHEREAU MADE IN CAIRO)

He would not have been a Saint-Simonien if he had not also designed a new costume for himself and for his disciples. A fundamental revolution: the new waistcoat was to be buttoned in front, and the moustache was to be trimmed so as to leave an opening for the mouth.

All this work was still not enough for the activity of the Saint-Simoniens. They took up the idea of the Suez Canal again. They laid out a plan for the complete reorganisation of the technical schools in Cairo and gathered the





CHARLES LAMBERT
MINING ENGINEER

first elements for the Corps of Engineers in the Egyptian Army. But the clouds began to gather. These unpaid engineers and workers lived miserably. Many of them lost courage and renounced the costume and the religion of the Saint-Simoniens. Some of them were reduced to shifts and expedients in the streets of Cairo.

For a terrible plague had broken out and the work-yards of the Delta were closed. Ten Saint-Simonien doctors and about thirty engineers began to nurse the plague-stricken people. They paid a heavy tribute. Then doctor Fourcade died in Cairo, then the agronomist Bruno de Dombasie, who had founded the model farm in Choubrah, and then the engineers Lamy, Albric Maréchal and many others.

At the end of the plague, most of the survivors left Egypt. They returned to France without having dug the Suez Canal or built the Barrage. Failure? No, rather success, for this is what became of the members of the second "Egyptian Expedition", ten years later.

Enfantin, now wearing ordinary clothes, became a financial authority. He was in charge of the Paris-Méditerranée Railway Company.

Lambert stayed in Egypt at the head of the Engineering College at Boulac. Bruneau became Director of the Artillery College at Tourah. Fournel became an engineer in Algeria and Prax returned to his career as a naval officer. Machereau remained in Egypt as a drawing teacher at the Giza School and the great orientalist Perron succeeded Clot Bey as Head of the Medical College in Kasr el Aini. Yvon became an astronomer at the Paris Observatory. Rigaud became a doctor in the Charentes and then mayor of his village. He forgot his scandalous escapades in Constantinople, and so did Barrault who had since become chief editor of the "Courrier Français"; Combes became the French Consul Général in Smyrna and Holstein, an "agent de change" in Lyons. Félicien David became the fashionable musician who was all the rage in the Courts of Europe.

That same year he delighted Berlin, while his friend Rogé, who was an orchestra-conductor at the



ALEXIS PETIT
FOUNDER OF THE AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTE OF EGYPT

Opéra Comique, conducted divine worship in the Imperial Chapel of Russia.

After these men came back from the Valley of the Nile to embark on brilliant careers, their social ideas and their economic doctrines, the so-called Saint-Simonien dreams, spread throughout the world. The entire French middle class adopted them. It opened its purses to build railways. It subscribed to all sorts of funds which were to open the Industrial Age. It promot-

ed rent, that other Saint-Simonien idea, until it became the synonym of prosperity. In Egypt, Enfantin and his disciples left much more than a group of faithful servants of the Dynasty. The young vice-consul who had received them in Alexandria and accompanied them to Count Zizinia, took up their project of a maritime canal at Suez. To him went the glory of carrying it out.

And so ended the adventures of the Saint-Simoniens in Egypt from 1837 to 1838.



THE "FATHER" IN ORIENTAL COSTUME.

*If you love
the gravity of cloudless skies,
and the softness of the breeze, skimming dunes,
piously, as though it feared
to scar the beauty of a hot-house flower,*

*Come, why don't you flee the din of cities,
and listen to the singing of the stars?*

*You will know my desert, where
the wind, at evening, spreads its lace
of sand...*

*And you will know the solemn hues
of budding flowers*

*And you will know the solemn tones
of sands, which bring to mind
those girls of Nubia, whose musked flesh
swells to some hidden music...*

*And you will know those twisting paths
which help you find,
together with the plan of worlds,
the architecture of the mind.*

*A lulling symphony of colours which wrenches
from the world of Space
brief symbols of our heart's tragedies.*

*No tree adorns these vastnesses . . .
Bare is the desert like a ringless hand.*

*A stillness, which no musician, yet,
has made his own, compels the sinuous
play of lines to move with the
fatalness of Oceans . . .*

*A stillness in which voices falter
as though afraid of cracking crystal walls . . .*

*An emptiness quickened by the rush of waves
which lulls its stillness with a soundless clamour.*

The melodious song of half-tones . . .

Mobile sand . . .

*Sand, alive and hard
transparent like a woman's skin
which no paint can copy . . .*

*Hills swelling with the life of budding fruit
Sensuous like a virgin's breasts*

*No trees adorn these vastnesses . . .
bare is the desert like a ringless hand.*

Ahmed RASSIN

ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE CAMERA

THE 1949 GRAND PRIZES



No star, no studio, no story, and yet "The Bicycle Thief" is a masterpiece of the screen. About its director, Vittorio de Sicca, you could say what the uncle of Giraudoux's Ondine used to say of himself "I am the illusionist without material".

Has the talking film talked so much only to give us, at last, this wonder of the almost silent?

The Bicycle Thief

This is an Italian film, which has won the silver ribbon and it is known that Italian cinema has produced much which is excellent. Apparently it was appreciated very little in Rome, where it was not shown for more than four days. Distress is not good to look at.

In Paris, however, the film is enormously successful: the distress is Roman, not Parisian.

Antonio Ricci, who has been unemployed for the past two years, finds a job, but the job requires a bicycle and Ricci's bicycle is in the pawnshop. It must be released. Ricci's wife thinks of exchanging some sheets for it. Apparently, she is not the only one to have been struck by the idea, because the pawn shop has entire shelves stacked with house linen. Antonio gets his bicycle, there is happiness, a feverish happiness.



Next morning, as he is sticking on his first advertisement, his bicycle is stolen. He shouts, but he then loses track of the thief in the maze of streets.

This is nothing for the Police. One more stolen bicycle. Antonio and Bruno, his eight years old son, spend the next day, a Sunday, looking for the bicycle in the back-streets of Rome. And that is the whole film.

At dawn, they go to the Caledonian market, where stolen bicycles are usually sold, then they scour the streets trusting to luck in a vain search. They find tracks, then the shadow of tracks; they catch a glance of the thief, but is it really the man? Anyway, he disappears. They meet the old man who was talking to him. Is he also the same man? They follow him into a church where nice people are addicting themselves to pious works. A lawyer shaves the beards of the poor for nothing, and ladies organise this day of charity with beautiful gestures.

Mme Renée Massip introduces the 3 films which have won immense popularity as well as prizes, this year. The Bicycle Thief, an Italian film, Manon, a French film, and The Third Man, an English film are each constructed in a different style. And yet they have a common background: The aftermath of war, a sad reality.

When they loose track, Bruno receives a big slap for trying to be smart; father and son make it up in a restaurant; the search is on again; they go to a clairvoyante, the one Antonio had laughed at, the night before, and the oracle is either too clear or too sibylline: "Either you find it now, immediately, or you will never find it. Do you understand?"

They had hardly passed the street corner, when Antonio finds his thief, but the man has the support of his alley, he has an epileptic fit to avoid any investigations. His mother complains, the neighbours are indignant, the constable himself does not know how to advise.

Hope must be abandoned. And there are so many bicycles in the street; not far from the stadium, where the show is bringing roars from the public, there is a bicycle standing all alone against the wall. At first Antonio resists the temptation, then it becomes so powerful that he makes the child go away, and then jumps on to the bicycle. But thieves are not made all of a sudden. He is caught, insulted, threatened and finally released for the sake of the child who has just returned into the scuffle.



They go away, the two of them in despair, walking along the streets, clasping each other's hands tight.

You might say all this was terribly sad. As sad as the life of the poor, and never quite desperate because of the tenderness of the clasped hands. The film is not all bitterness, it is sometimes lit by a smile

To morrow may be better than it seems.

Certain passages in the film are really funny. The scene of the ladies in the Benevolent Society reminds one of René Clair; supremely comic is the lunch in the restaurant or the séance in the clairvoyant's room.

In this film, one feels the passing of time, the ripening of morning, the waning hope of afternoon becoming evening, all this without long speeches or a useless accumulation of events.

We have already said that the art of "The Bicycle Thief" connects it with the great silent film. The acting of the child is essentially silent. The text is not very important, the ceaseless repetition of the word "bicycle" produces an effect of quite extraordinary obsession.

There is always a fear of not being sufficiently restrained in one's praise, and so we shall refrain from enthusiastic comment on the quality of detail. Let us leave this joy entirely to the spectator.

Yet how we love improvised actors, the only ones who give us an impression of living rather than acting a part. Will the stars of the screen have to join the ranks of the unemployed some day? When that day comes, every film director will have to become a water-diviner (like Renée Clair or Vittorio de Sicca.) searching in a crowd for the exact incarnation of their wishes. The others will still find the gentle cohort of stars, a treasure chest to draw from according to their dreams... and to those of a still numerous public.

We shall not publish the criticism of "The Third Man", a film which we have recently seen in Cairo. Its immense popularity in Egypt is sufficiently eloquent praise.

We regret that we are unable to publish Mme Massip's description of the Cannes Festival, because of technical considerations.

Stars, a studio, a love story and death, and here again is a film which won First Prize: Manon. We might describe it by saying that it is the opposite of the one we mentioned before. Why did it get the Prize? The film is not lacking in strong points, but the fact that we use the plural rather diminishes its quality.

It is a heavily laden film where everybody can find food for thought. Yet we should advise first Prize enthusiasts not to see it after "The Bicycle Thief", even if their tastes are eclectic.

"Manon" is a transposition of the novel by the Abbé Prévost into the modern world. Clouzot, after Cocteau, discovered the usefulness of the "eternal return" and the treatment of a theme already known.

At the time of the liberation of Normandy, a soldier called Desgrieux, like the "chevalier", meets a Mademoiselle Manon Lescaut who, like her illustrious namesake, is a person of small virtue but great charm.

And this charm, together with his extreme naiveté, carries away the F.F.I. Desgrieux (Robert) into the basest cowardice: he abandons his post, then his family, he deals in tobacco and penicillin on the black market (oh, what a day, when the doctor, who is his customer, refuses to shake hands with him!) he accepts bribes, and finally he commits a crime and then runs away.

M A N O N

Madame Manon is a creature whose hair the village is going to crop for intelligence with the enemy (of a very special kind); and yet she has such an innocent face! (Cecile Aubry). She is a girl with lovely hair; the F.F.I. rescue her from the cropping and Desgrieux who is in the group, is inflamed with a fatal yet redeeming love for her.

This spirit of redemption is not much of a success with the young Manon, who not only drives Desgrieux to all kinds of jobs, but chooses for herself one of the most lucrative but least recommendable.

The film starts off with the "beginning of the end". This is a well-known trick. On a ship from Marseilles which has just taken on board a group of Jews, chanting psalms, two stowaways are discovered. They are the Desgrieux couple. But the ship sails on and the captain with his broad Marseillais accent, is not tender towards those who have come on board to cause him trouble.

Then Desgrieux confesses all we know, and, the cycle being complete, we come back to the stowaways' escape. Desgrieux has killed a wretched person, Manon's brother; but Manon measures the extent of her misfortune and the depth of her love, and then decides to join her lover in the train in which he is leaving.

The captain, who is a good fellow at heart, takes pity on them and helps the martyred couple to escape, as they say, from the turmoil of war. Manon and Desgrieux are set ashore with the Jews on some deserted coast. They walk out into the desert with bleeding feet. Manon gets wounded in a brawl, then dies. Desgrieux goes on into the desert, carrying her corpse, then he buries it beneath the sand, slowly, and with an unbearable painfulness, all the time uttering scolding words of passion.

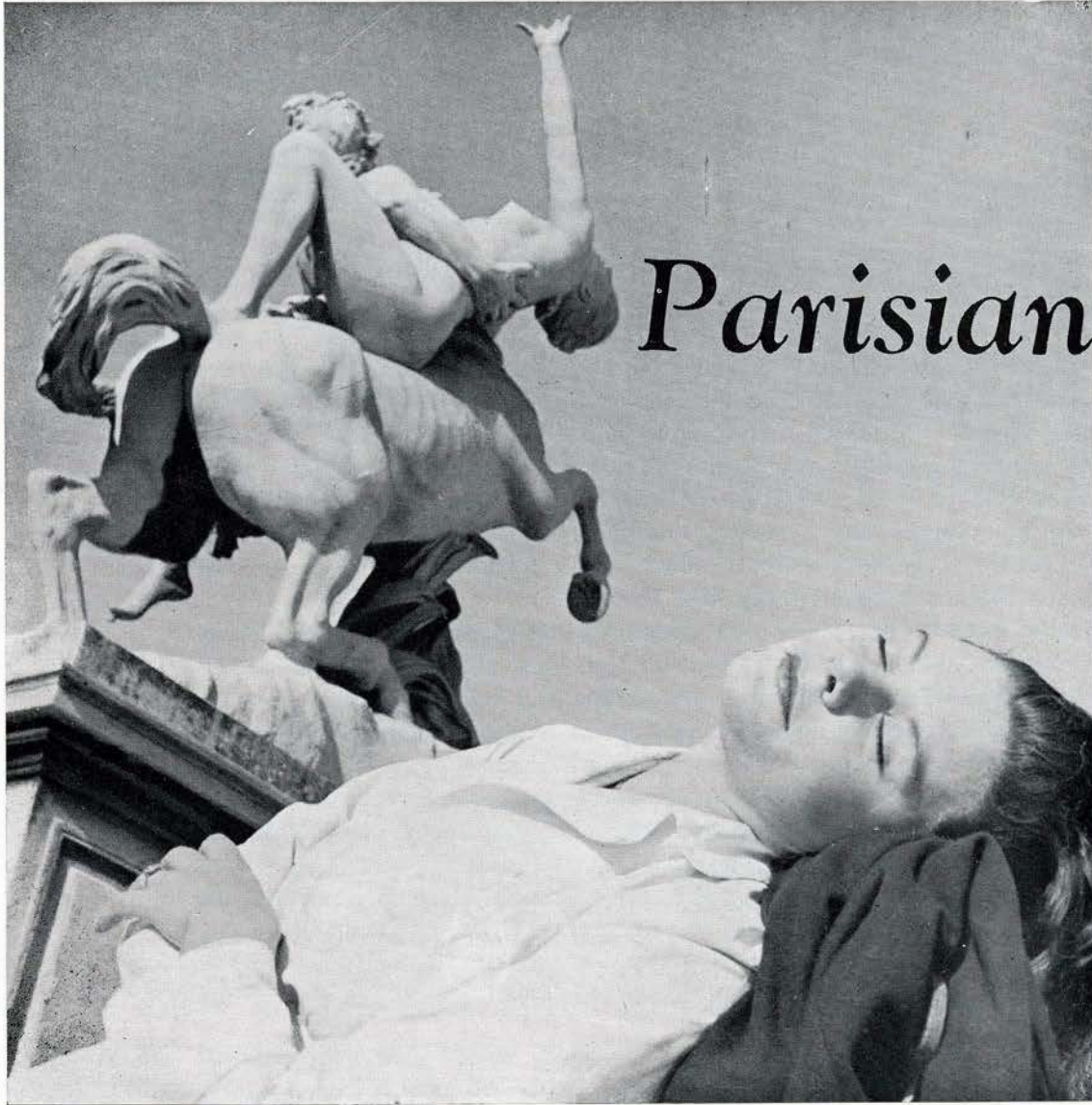
We should like to see fewer First Prizes of this calibre. The spectator evidently gets his money's worth of realism and fatal love. He is made to feel unhappy, his interest is aroused, the sauce is thickened, he has his fill, and he should be satisfied. And he generally is satisfied with the scenes which are glaring with truth: the bombing of the village, the stoning of the cropped women, the hostages, who have been shot, being carried on stretchers.

Everybody likes the satire on the black market; the classical "nouveau riche", the man who throws money out of the window and grows fat (with that "plumpness" of the obese which in Spain they call the "curve of felicidad") is excellent. The brothel in which Desgrieux takes his wife by surprise is, they say, a masterpiece of its kind, and Gabrielle Dorziat, who has the part of the wheedling manageress, is the perfect actress she has always been.

And yet there is too much conscience, too much work, passion speaks too loud, and art is lacking.

R. MASSIP





Skies



Paris! — That word evokes a world of intellectual and sentimental riches, an inexhaustible source of sophisticated pleasure, a world of joy offered as flowers in a bouquet.

Old Paris full of historical monuments, of churches studded with jewelled stained-glass and of crooked lanes with suggestive names: rue Git-le-coeur, rue du Pré-au-clercs, rue Vieille du Temple,.. Gardens designed to delight, gardens which have always echoed the laughter of lovers, their murmurs and their sobs: Luxembourg, Tuileries, Parc Monceau...

New Paris with the Palais de New-York and the Palais de Chaillot. The magic of the banks of the Seine, the refracted light in the water reflecting sky, trees, a solitary angler, a heavily laden *bateau-mouche* and the soaring arrows of the tower of Notre-Dame.

Gay Paris, with its theatres, its Grands Boulevards, its Montmartre cabarets, and its race tracks...

And now we will talk of the season in Paris, of its kings and queens of its pomp and extravagance.

The season generally begins with the first October mists and ends in June with the Grand Prix de Longchamp. For some, the height of the season lasts only two months, May and June; but these are the fashionable people interested only in grand balls, smart cocktails and titles. I shall try to prove to you that artistic and intellectual life goes on throughout the year with the exception of the holiday months during which Paris is deserted by its inhabitants and is swamped by tourists. Our capital is the anvil on which are forged values, grace, balance of forms, poetry, love of art and sometimes even genius. This explains why the best "couturiers" the most expert cooks loose their touch as soon as they are away from Paris.

Maurice Chevalier one of our most appreciated ambassadors abroad gave a series of performances at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées. The prince of mimic-songs was asked to a number of Cocktail Parties given in his honour. At one of these given by the "Comité d'action" for the Diffusion of French Elégance, he was offered a token straw hat (silver and gold if you please), the size of a large ash-tray.

Another most amusing cocktail party was given by the "Cote d'amour", which is the name chosen by a new feminine jury seeking to affirm its young opinions against the old-fashioned judgments of the "Fémina Vie Heureuse"... Claude Edmonde Magny is at the head of the Cote d'amour, and the well known actress, Odette Joyeux, provides the fantastic touch. The writers are represented by Louise de Vilemorin, Dominique Rolin, Jeanine Delpech. Drinks were so stiff that many a guest left the party in a slightly tipsy state. One of them, Jean Effel, tried to declare his love for the Cote d'amour by kissing the lady in the cloak-room.

To celebrate the tricentenary of Alsace's union with France, an exhibition of the arts and crafts of Alsace and Lorraine was held in the Pavillon de Marsan. The precious canvases of Mathis Grunewald were shown beside the wonderful tapestry of Saint Attala; the rich goldsmith's work and the varied colours of Strasbourg china brought out the majesty of XV century statuary. The treasure of Metz Cathedral had been borrowed for the occasion, also the episcopal ring of Saint Arnould, a cornelian stone set in native gold, a collection of missals bound between boards of ivory fringed with filigree gold and precious stones; wood-carvings and sculpture in stone and a series of drawings by Callot and "images d'Epinal."



It was also the season for literary prizes. The Gazette des Lettres and the Nouvelles Littéraire began the series. The greatest writers and critics could be seen: André Maurois still full of the Proust he had just finished, Georges Duhamel with his spectacles, and Henriot with his elegant "moustache à la gauloise" etc...

In a lecture sparkling with wit, Maurice Rostand recalled some memories of his youth as a man of letters. His mother, Rosemonde Gérard, her voice and spirit as young as ever, recited some of her poems with a pungent vivacity which sent her audience into raptures.



Ever since Mr Julien Cain became, its keeper, the Bibliothèque Nationale has had a series of remarkable exhibitions. I preferred the one devoted to Chateaubriand (where, besides a large number of portraits you could see autographs and corrected manuscripts, the sleeve of the shirt he wore when he visited the Holy Sepulchre and the little goose-quills which he sharpened so beautifully); and the one devoted to Flemish painting from Van Eyck to Rubens, with the drawings of Van der Weyden, inspired so often by the beautiful features which he gave to his unforgettable Virgin-mothers, and those of Breughel the Elder, that precursor of Daumier, whose demoniac fantasy is based on a far reaching sense of human caricature, and, finally, a series of etchings and sanguines by Rubens with a disturbing wealth of composition and expression.

Towards the end of the year, the three important literary races, the Goncourt, the Fémina and the Renaudot, are always most amusing. An entire public becomes excited about the "writer-horses" whose arrival at the finishing post is often a matter of grave dispute.

Regularly journalists crowd into the Drouant salons (a famous restaurant in the Place Gaillon), where they are kept waiting with an iced Pouilly and "Paté de foie" sandwiches.

Last year they argued only to find Druon hidden in a restaurant in Saint-Germain des Prés; Fisson thought it would be amusing to leave for Brussels the night before. The atmosphere in the Fémina was particularly stormy. For more than an hour they had to wait until "ces dames" made their minds up. Finally, at the eleventh balloting, they decided on Emmanuel Roblès, who had not left Algiers, never hoping for such a marvellous reward.



At the Pavillon de Marsan, an exhibition of Plastic Art scored a great success among housewives. There were queues for free Viandox and for "tartes au fromage", and crowds around the model kitchens shining like fish en gelée, the aspirators, the washing machines, the sweeping machines, and the brushing machines, all working by electricity.

The Grands Magasins du Louvre organised an exhibition called "The Weapons of Woman", where all the beauty care which makes a daughter of Eve irresistible was described; on show, as well as an array of daggers and revolvers, and other less recommendable instruments which are nevertheless quite effective when the charms of woman have ceased to operate...

A remarkable Balzac exhibition in the Galerie Pierre Bérès made it possible for the admirers of "La Comédie Humaine" to see, not only autographs of their god but also a surprising series of souvenirs linked with every period of his life, the famous white coffee pot, and the walking stick which had a golden pommel studded with turquoise and decorated with Mme Hanska's bracelet.



At the Pavillon de Marsan again an exhibition called "Four Centuries of French Carpets" was given. You could admire an entire selection of fabrics ranging from the sumptuous Savonneries, which had been woven for the great halls of the Louvre, and the Beauvais made for some of the most important names in the French armorial, to soft and colourful modern carpets, manufactured to day in the Cogolin textile works directed by Mr. Lauer.

Besides all these wonderful things, (and I have missed out some of the most important), there was the social life, the so called "charity" balls where, under the pretext of helping grown up Albinos and baby cripples, elegant ladies spent millions looking their best at a supper which might cost five to ten thousands francs, not including Champagne. Remember that all this is very necessary to provide work and a livelihood for seamstresses, and keep alive certain charitable organisations which would probably die if they had to rely on anonymous donations.

And so we had the Tiara-Ball, the Ribbon-Ball, the Rose-Ball, the Jewelry-Ball, the Bird-Ball (undeniably one of the most elegant where you could see not only hats but entire dresses made of bird's feathers) and the Fan-ball... but the list could go on for ever. The Bal des Petits Lits Blancs was certainly the most successful, financially and artistically, thanks to the gracious participation of a number of Stars.

Everybody wanted to go to the fiftieth anniversary dinner "Chez Maxim's" but all the tables were reserved one month ahead, and I should not be surprised if there had been a last minute secret black market carried on with the Head-waiter... The theme was the year 1900.: homard Belle Otero, Chaud-froid Veuve Joyeuse, friandises du "Temps Retrouvé" etc... A number of people wore 1900 hats or clothes... but the expenses proved unnecessary because the management of Maxim's had forgotten nothing and offered the weaker sex a series of straw and paper hats; and to the gentlemen they gave cardboard opera-hats and wonderful pairs of whiskers. Pocket handkerchieves, with 1899 menus printed on them, were also distributed; 1899, that happy age when champagne cost 90 francs a bottle, and the terrine of woodcock, 2 frs. 50.

For the "quinzaine de la Rose" Mr & Mrs Marcel Rochas invited their friends to a promenade-concert in the rose-garden of "Hay-les-Roses". The orchestra played airs which were dedicated to the rose : the Rose Waltz, Roses of the South, Rose Wedding etc... The sky was clear, and the "buffets" exquisite, covered with pink cakes, pink Champagne and pink ice-cream.





The Union of Merchants of the Faubourg Saint-Honoré chose the following theme for its window-dressing competition: The Fables of good La Fontaine. One of the best windows had the City Mouse and the Country Mouse as its theme, the former was wearing tails, and the latter, a peasant smock and wooden-shoes. And you could see the "Frog who tried, to be as big as an Ox" beside a little cow covered with... brassières! The general effect of these windows was a flash of wit such as Paris alone can throw.

In the garden of the "Musée Carnavalet" the French Union of Arts and Costumes gave its first reception in honour of an exhibition of hats "of yesterday and today". The window dressing was by Annie Baumel. She gave a retrospect from the XVIIIth century 'bibis' to the hats of our time, all hanging on the branches of a tree like surrealist birds. In the gardens, the most beautiful Parisian models displayed the latest fashions. It was an enchanting sight.



The exhibition given by Bianchini Férier, one of the most remarkable representatives of the Lyonese silk-trade in Paris, was a truly folkloric celebration. The great hall was hung all over with "foulards" designed by Dufy, Robert Bonfils, Charlemagne, Paul Tribectes. Bianchini-Férier was one of the first to ask the "Nouvelle Ecole de Paris" to design patterns for his textiles. You could also enjoy the texture of glittering brocades, of two-faced satins, of soft velvets, of creaseless lamés, and you were dazzled by so much imagination, so much art and successful sophistication.

The peak of the season was the "Prix de Diane" at the Chantilly races, where most of the turf enthusiasts wore white dresses and short organdi capes. You could also see Rita Hayworth fainting because of the heat or because of excitement, while Ali Khan was telling anybody who cared to listen, that, in London, there had to be a police charge to ward off his wife's admirers.

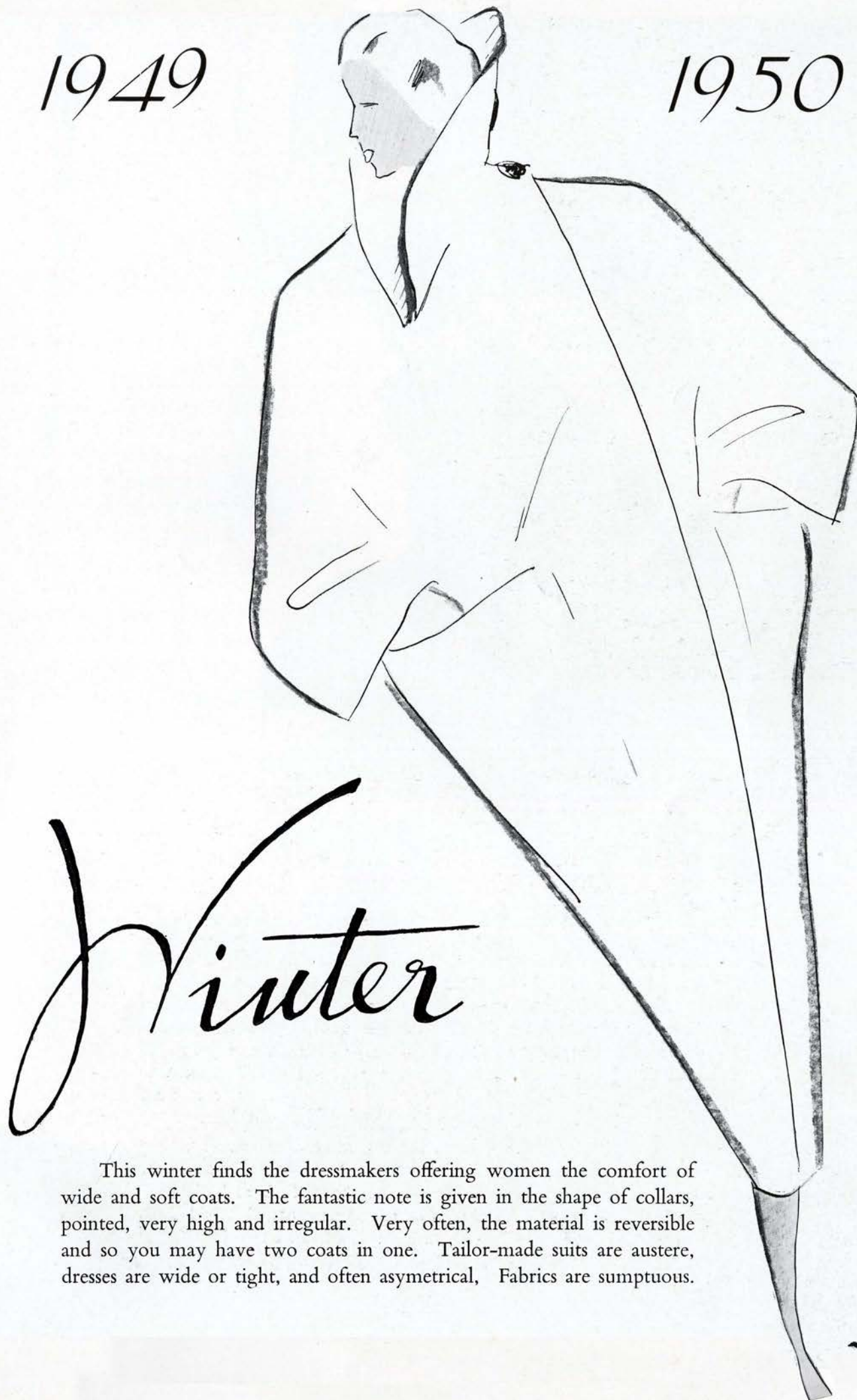
And this is a little of Paris, of great Paris, beautiful Paris, eternal Paris..., and there is still so much more to tell!

GISELE D'ASSAILLY



1949

1950



This winter finds the dressmakers offering women the comfort of wide and soft coats. The fantastic note is given in the shape of collars, pointed, very high and irregular. Very often, the material is reversible and so you may have two coats in one. Tailor-made suits are austere, dresses are wide or tight, and often asymmetrical. Fabrics are sumptuous.



For town and country CARVEN offers this delightful two-piece suit with a jacket lined with ocelot. The waistcoat and the trimmings on the hat are of the same kind of fur. 'Diable Noir', by FIGUET: the collar protects the face against the biting cold. SCHIAPARELLI softens the lines of this sports suit with the sweep of a cape covering the sleeves. As for DIOR, he offers us this marvellously ample 'Plaid' as a travelling coat.

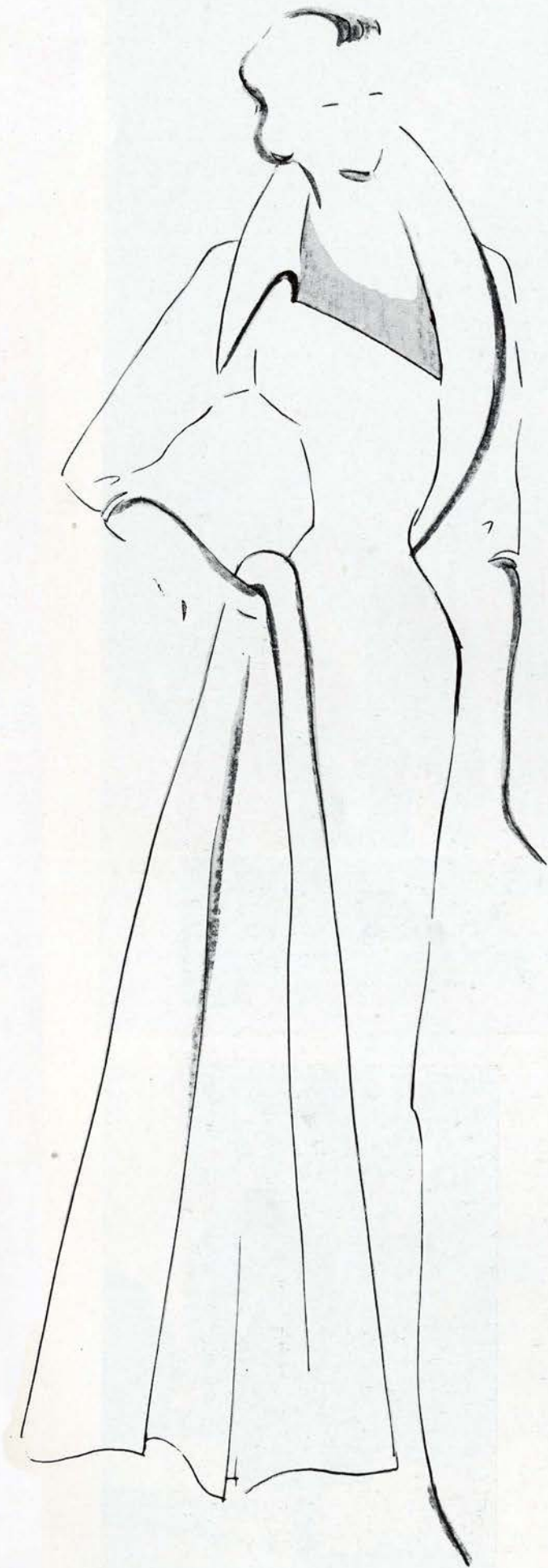






Dresses for everyday, simple, smart, indispensable, take us from 'Pomme de Pin' by CARVEN, in hazel-nut coloured woollens, completely simple in spite of the studied elegance of the pockets, to the ravishing drapery by Jacques GRIFFE. 'Simoun' by Jacques FATH is almost stiff softened by a scarf in six graduated tones. 'Aberdeen' by Germaine LECOMTE is a combination of Scots tartans and the model by PIGUET has the sweep of a cape.





In their choice of a cocktail dress, women, this year, are entitled to be undecided. Marcelle CHAUMONT suggests a stiff tight-fitting frock: the asymetric collar is balanced on one side of the skirt by a flat plate. Jacques GRIFFE proposes a very simple woollen dress, the pockets, embroidered with 'paillettes' as very discreet ornament. The fashionable collar is remarkable.





'Astuce' is what DIOR calls his dress of silk and black velvet. Every new tendency of these winter fashions is shown in this model. Long and wide sleeves, large bodices, narrow skirts with knotted drapings.

'Rutilante' by CARVEN is in black taffeta. The skirt is wide. The bodice is décolleté, embroidered with black pearls and strass. This frock is very young in appearance. Note the two little velvet knots on the shoulders.





*Evening
Dresses*







By Jacques GRIFFE this evening dress of a very slim line, and two others, of which the bodice, very simple and straight, rises from very large and very adorned skirts. CARVEN presents 'Sirène' a wonderful dress of black velvet. The flounce of white satin is

embroidered with 'paillettes'. LANVIN calls 'Candeur' this white muslin dress. The bodice is made of thin plated flounces like the petals of a flower. By SCHIAPARELLI a very lovely dress made of white 'tulle' trimmed with velvet. The wedding dress is by DIOR.







'Pan-Pan' by Maud ROSE is a small beret of white velvet in which are stuck two tortoise shell pins. Rose VALOIS, with 'Cocodette', a toque of red and green feathers, conquered every approbation.

h a t s



Maud ROSEB presents 'Petits
Pois' of jade green poiluchon.
Claude St.-CYR shows her
'Belvedere', a taffeta turban
tied in front. As one can see
by these few models small hats
hide little of small heads with
hair cut short.



T Mary the Egyptian

The story of Mary the Egyptian is well-known. The same kind of experience has recurred so often ever since the first days of Christianity. A person, filled with the zeal of living, yields heart and body to the worldly joys of this life. One day he is smitten by grace. He retires to the solitude of the desert or of the convent and puts into the love and contemplation of God the enthusiasm, and the sense of the absolute which, previously, he had put into the desire and the possession of the joys of this earth.

Mary the Egyptian was born in Alexandria in the year 345. Alexandria was then a city where Romans, Greeks, and Phrygians rubbed shoulders. A cosmopolitan decadent society, it dabbled in the arts, was greedy of gain and pretentious. Pagan theories clashed with the growing influence of Christianity. There was already great reverence for the anchorites who were scattered all over the deserts of Nitria and the Thebaid.

According to her biographers, Mary had been beautiful but also vain and flighty, changing with the wind and enjoying debauchery, lavish with her charms.

In 373 as she was wandering along the seaside she saw several men weighing anchor. The passengers seemed in a hurry to get on board. Struck with curiosity, Mary asked to be taken on the ship but she heard voices shouting "Out go those who have no money" Then she noticed two young men strolling on the beach; she asked them to take her on board. In return, they could do with her as they wished.

At sea, the Egyptian girl, crazy with her own body, indulged in a long orgy. Ruteboeuf describes her extravagance with relish "The wretch was so beautiful that she was responsible for the loss of many a soul. She was an instrument of temptation. I am much astonished that the sea, so clear and pure, could bear her vices and infamy, that hell did not swallow her, or even the earth which emerged from the waves".

In Jerusalem, Mary became a prostitute. One day as she wandered through the maze of back-streets, she was led on by the crowd, moving towards the steps of the Martyrum Basilica. It was Ascension Day. The praying crowd was bathed in a mood of devotion. Mary who was a Christian, was filled with tender memories of her childhood, of all the sacred mysteries she used to believe in, and of the great compassion of God. Here she was at the church portal; she would have liked to go further, but an unseen power seemed to prevent her, and she was filled with tumultuous feelings. She wanted to run away but she remained motionless, she wanted to speak but she remained silent. What could she say to this power that paralysed her, to this presence that she felt within her. Her lips were not accustomed to prayer, for her prayers were of another kind. She wanted to clasp her hands and to raise them to heaven, but she felt that all her gestures were profane, that all her words were blasphemous. Nevertheless, she went into the church. There was a great struggle going on within her. For long she was tormented but Mary's spirit emerged triumphant from the struggle, and the courtesan repented as she fell to her knees before the cross.

From that moment she withdrew from the world and found her way to the Jordan desert where she wished to live a life of solitude.

Many years later, a monk called Zosime met Mary in the desert to which (following the practice of certain Egyptian orders) he had come from his monastery. Mary gave him a full account of her past adventures.

The following Lent, Zosime was ill and not able to go back to the Transjordanian desert, and it was only on the night of the feast of the Last Supper that he felt better and able to go to Mary. He carried the body of our Lord in one vase and his blood in another, as she had asked him. When she finished her devotions she said: "Know that next year when you return, you will find me dead, at the place where you saw me first."

The following Lent, Zosime came back to the desert where he found the body of Mary the Egyptian unravaged by time or death. She had lived 46 years as an anchoress lost in the contemplation of God's love and mercy.

Like a Thais or a Mary Magdalen, Mary the Egyptian symbolises for us to day the eternal lover. She no longer weeps over a life now destroyed, but for the sweetness of a new life about to begin. She gave up her banquets for clear water, her silks for sack cloth, her precious jewels for a rosary. Her hands which once lavished caresses, were now for ever joined in prayer. The repentant courtesan retires into the desert, in solitude, trusting in the unknown future. A future filled with light.

But before reaching this state of incomparable grace she must cast off her past, bury it in oblivion; she must kill what is earthly in her. The refusal of the world is the sole essence of the perfect bliss towards which she aspires.

An independant force intervenes, raising her spirit to heights of faith and showering on her favours which only faith can produce, and prayer. She fortifies her soul and extols the name of God, she exalts his grandeur everywhere and in all things. She searches for physical pain and privation. The memory of her past sometimes comes back to her, ready to cling to her once captive body, but time, perseverance and prayer set her free from this enslavement.

In the wilderness she catches glimpses of Christ whose brothers were the fishermen living in their boats, without a care, beyond that of casting their nets at sunset and drawing them at dawn loaded and heavy, like bags of glittering silver. In the silence, she perceives the word of God spreading light into pure hearts, encouraging charity, and creating unimaginable dreams.

The inclemency of climate matters little: by day, burning sun, at night, icy cold. For her, nothing exists any longer except a dream where the fascination of spiritual principles takes the place of earthly hopes. It is the ascent towards the heights of ecstasy, of mystic union and total oblivion. The Saint losing consciousness steps into the absolute peace where life and death fade into eternity.



MARY THE EGYPTIAN.
by RIBERA.

Villa Borghese.

A large body of literature developed round the fantastic life of Mary the Egyptian. The good faith of these mediaeval biographers, historians and poets is disconcerting and one is faced with a medley of incoherent legends based on perfectly authentic sources.

In his Golden Legend, Jacques Voragine relates the story of the Saint. It is one of his shortest biographies: Her conversations with the monk Zosime are succinctly reported; he hardly mentioned her debauches and the confessions she made to the monk.

Ruteboeuf on the contrary describes in detail her dissolute life. His style is light and pleasant and, at times, he is not afraid of expressing himself with brutal directness, or juggling and playing with words.

While the words of these authors appeared in France and Italy, in Spain an obscure author wrote a poem about Mary the Egyptian, in Castilian. This work has neither the realism of Ruteboeuf nor Voragine's simplicity; with exquisite delicacy, the poet relates her life of scandal, then her repentance: her beautiful body destroyed by sacrifices and privations and mortifications, and, lastly, her confessions to a monk called Don Gozimas.

A number of minor writings exist, translations from the Latin, on which drew Voragine, Ruteboeuf and the Spanish writer. Among these, one was written during the reign of Charles the Bold and another, dating from the IX century and attributed to a monk of Monte Cassino. Two later poems attributed to Jehan of Rheims and Hildebert of Tours are also worthy of note.

A great number of churches were dedicated to her. Mary the Egyptian had her church in Rome, a former Roman temple dedicated to Fortune.

Stendhal who passed through Rome in 1828 describes it as follows:

"The shape of this building is an elongated square, it is surrounded by ten columns of which six are isolated and the others half set in the wall. These columns fluted and Ionic are six feet high; they are made of tuff and travertines".

This temple was converted into a church in 872 and dedicated to St. Mary the Egyptian.

Round about 1872 the church was offered by Pope Pius V to the Catholic Armenian colony, to whom it still belonged

in 1829 when Stendhal visited Rome. To day this building is State property.

In Paris St. Mary the Egyptian has a church. The building of this chapel goes back to St. Louis. Probably the king of France had thought of commemorating the life of the Saint on his return from Palestine where she was held in high honour. Several names were given to her: the Egyptian, the Jusian the Gyptian.

The church of St. Mary the Egyptian had been a parish of some importance. King Henry III used to pray there, and it was as he was coming out of this church one day that he handed over to Chancellor Chiverny the edict with which he took back from the Burghers of Paris the title of nobility which had been granted to them by Charles V.

This church had a series of glass windows representing important events in the life of the Saint. One of these showed Mary the Egyptian offering her body as a price for her journey to Palestine. The following inscription could be read on the glass: "How the Saint Offered Her Body To The Sailors For Her Passage".

For the broader mind of the Middle Ages the subject was not shocking, but the precious mind of the "*Grand Siècle*" was wary of it and the stained glass was therefore removed.

Later the sanctuary lodged the confraternity of merchant-drapers who placed their corporation under her aegis. The merchant drapers had their quarters in the Jussian church until, a year later, the church was destroyed. The only trace remaining to day is the Rue de la Jussienne on the site of the chapel which bore that name.

It is especially at Jerusalem that the cult of Mary the Egyptian flourished, on the very spot where the courtesan had wept over her past errors, swearing before the Virgin to amend her ways.

Although the plan of the church had been modified many times, through successive invasions yet the memory of Mary the Egyptian remained none the less profound in the minds of the pilgrims; and, though the shrines were transformed in time by the multiplicity of rites and susceptibilities, the memory of her miraculous conversion was perpetuated throughout the centuries. To day the chapel of the saint is always shut and only a few habitués can show the small bolted door which leads to it.

GASTON ZANANIRI





HAMED ABDALLAH

(Modern Art Museum of Cairo)

WOMAN AT ASSOUAN

TWO VARIATIONS ON ONE THEME

Two essentially Egyptian painters; one of them comes from a great aristocratic family, and the other is the son of a "fellah" of the Nile Valley. But their pedigree is not important. Both have met on the marvellous, rich soil of art, the pioneer of the artistic renaissance in Egypt, and the young painter of re nascent Egypt. They have met to sing, each in his own way, their native land, in all the changes and elations of its features.

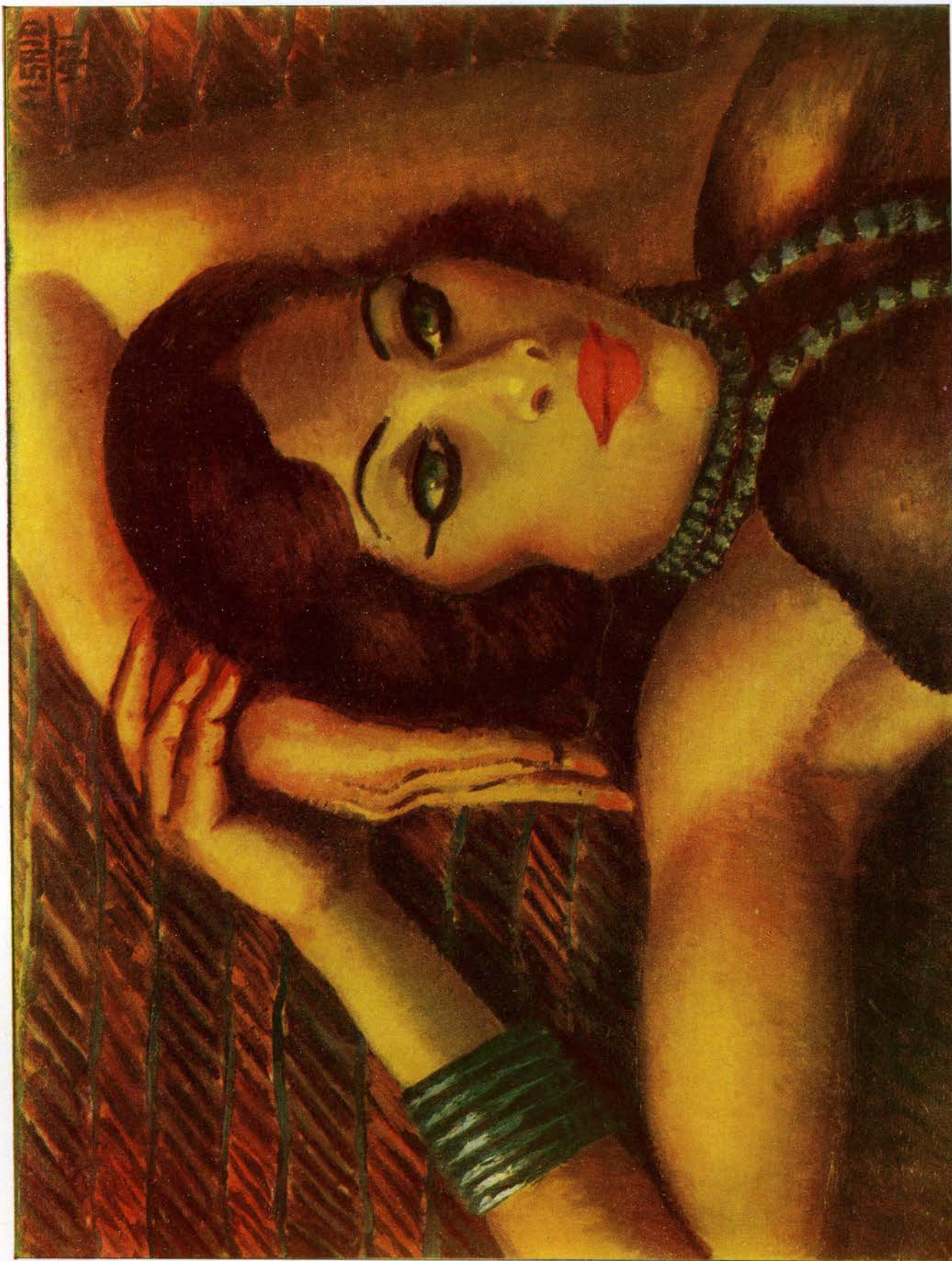
With the sparkle of his colour, and his love of the simple life and of popular festivities, Mahmoud Said Bey has conjured up a sensuous, peaceful Egypt basking in the splendour of her golden flesh, and serene in the disposition of her lines, a pen sive Egypt, with her thoughtful sheikhs, an Egypt both sweet and moving, with her peasants and her country girls, their figures moulded by the clever folds of the "Melayas", with her donkeys trotting along daintily and carrying labourers of the earth towards the "Happy Island".

He has also painted the melancholy smile and the cursed charm of the prosti tute, like the "Girl with the Green Eyes" which we have reproduced here. But Mahmoud Said's brush gives the rags, the doubtful material and the fake jewelery, rare and sumptuous tones on amber-coloured naked flesh, which seems to be illu minated by an inner sunlight.

Hamed Abdallah, on the other hand, has travelled all over Egypt, searching for the changing radiance of light on people and on things. His universe is in two dimensions : depth and relief are rendered by the alternation of warm and cold colours.

He constructs his work with a marvellous care for some pre-established equi librium where nothing is left to chance. In this self-taught artist you will find no literary affectation. Intellect never kills the purely pictorial sense in him. His fellahs "Labourer and Washerwomen" tell us about a robust and laborious Egypt toiling hard to build a better future. His "Customers of a Popular Café" and "Goza Smokers" seem to be spokesmen of his country's moving folklore, seeking in a moment of relaxation the forgetfulness and the golden dreams generously offered by the Oriental imagination. The figures which Hamed Abdallah put into his "Woman at Asswan" inscribe themselves on a background of chequered light, as though they were engrav ed on Syena stone.

GABRIEL BOCTOR.



MAHMOUD SAID

THE GIRL WITH GREEN EYES

(Modern Art Museum of Cairo)



*Furniture in polished sycamore.
Big Illuminators in gilt brass.*

HOME OF THE FRENCH
CONSUL GENERAL IN
ALEXANDRIA.

JEAN ROYÈRE AND HIS CLIMATE

Modern decoration is not only an art of making beautiful furnitures, it is essentially an art of creating atmosphere; that is why every decorator has his own style, his own climate. Some will give to the warm tonalities and the deep divans of their houses, a touch of mystery, others with the sumptuousness of silky satin and glittering girandoles will envelop some indolent beauty with an atmosphere of luxury and idleness. The significance of Jean Royere's art is, above all, the joy of living.

LARGE SETTEE IN SANDALWOOD UPHOLSTERED IN GOLDEN YELLOW, ESCRITTOIRE IN SANDALWOOD AND SYCAMORE.

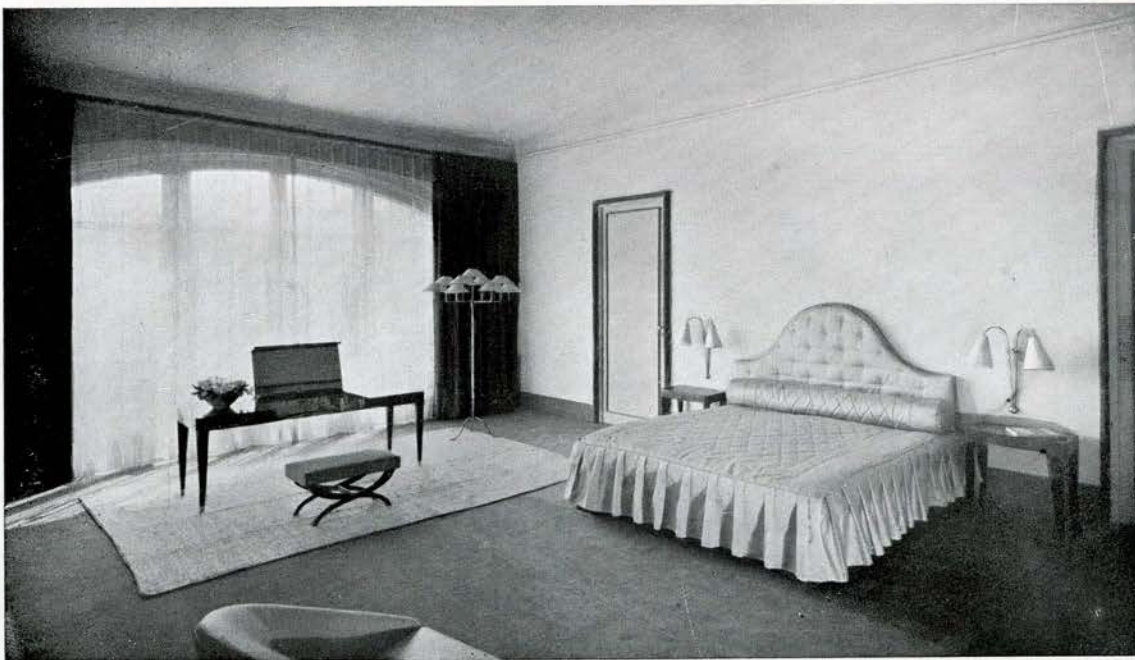


He says so himself: "You must make your home a pleasant place where things are made to serve human beings. You must (to a certain extent, you always can) do your best not to live in a depressing atmosphere" Harmony of form and gaiety in colours, such are the characteristics of his talent. He has no sensational inventions, but a sense of moderation heightened with a dash of surprise, and an imagination constantly on the watch, ever in search of fresh impressions which he will eventually absorb in his work.

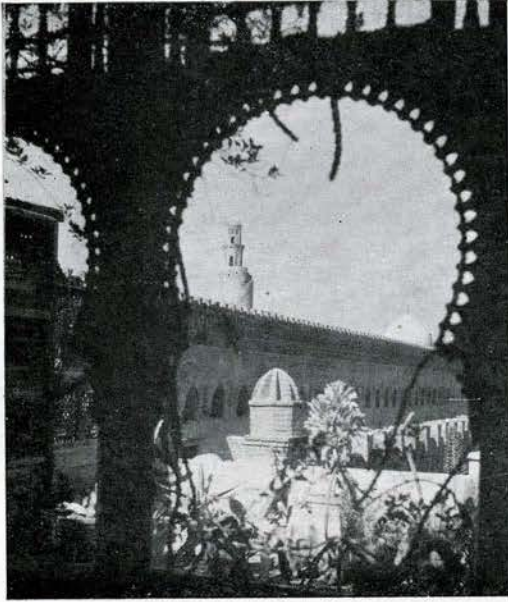
Royère is an incorrigible traveller, he has been to a variety of countries ranging from Lap Finland to North Africa, the Lebanon and naturally, to Egypt, led on by the light of Aladin's lamp. Wherever he went he gleaned furniture which suited the climate, the way of living and the manner of the country.

To decorate walls and furniture he indulges in variations, inspired by the very material he uses. Wood, cork, rope-bands, skins, parchment, paint, bamboo, all contribute to introduce into the sobriety of his creations that flash of fantasy which reveals in Jean Royère, the man of feeling and the artist.

J. S.



CORNER OF A BEDROOM



Beit El-Kretlea

There are very few old houses in Cairo which can give some idea of the life their inhabitants led. Buildings provided with lifts now take the place of houses with inner courtyards and delicately carved "moucharabiehs".

And yet, there still remains a house in the purest Mameluk style to bear witness that the pomp of the past is no legend. It is Beit-el-Kretlea which leans up against the south-east wall of the vast Ibn-Touloun mosque.

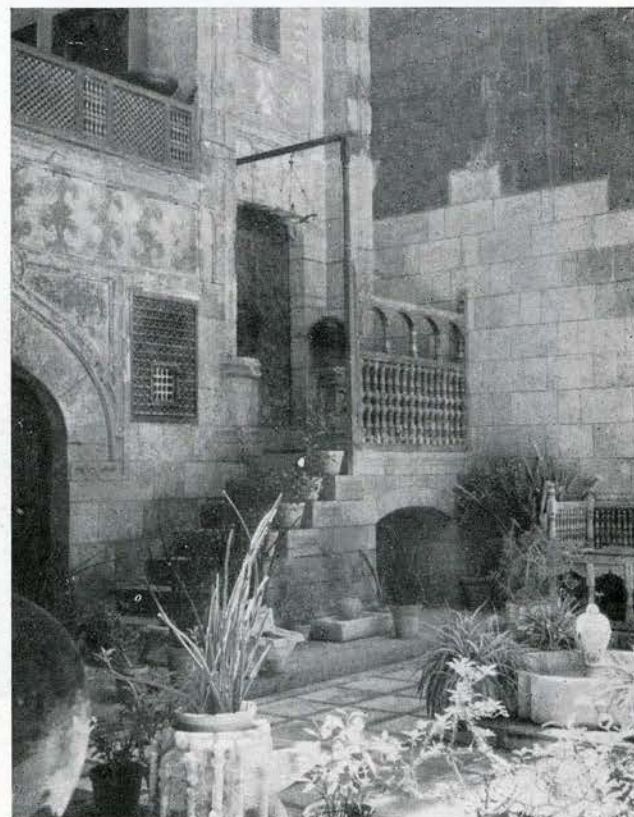
With its crumbling walls and tottering staircase, covered with heaps of the neighbour's rubbish, this XVIth century house used to be in a state of disgusting decrepitude. Then, about fifteen years ago, R.G. Gayer-Anderson, a retired major and onetime Oriental Secretary at the Residency when Lord Allenby was High Commissioner, had this ruin granted to him by the competent authorities.

At his own expense, he restored this relic of Arab art and filled it with his collections. In this fairy-like setting, a reconstruction of the Golden Age of the Kalaoun and the Bibars, Gayer-Anderson used to entertain marvelled friends, and lead the life of a man of wisdom and good taste.

Unfortunately, in 1942, his health was affected and he had to return to England, where he died three years later. To the Department for the Conservation of Arab monuments he left his beloved house in Cairo which is now a museum, open to the public.

It was probably because this house, the only one of its kind, had been built and occupied by a Mameluk family of Cretan origin, that it was called Beit-el-Kretlea, which means the house of the Cretans.

The moment you walk into the patio you are struck by the charm of the place. A fountain chatters with some doves perched on the brim of the loggia. Plants overflow from jars. The edge of a well appears in a corner of the courtyard. A private staircase leads up to a floor where rooms open into each other like

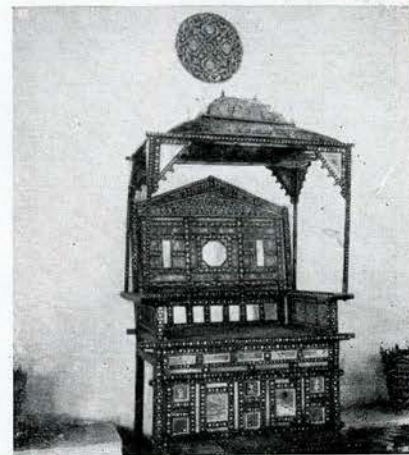


INNER COURTYARD



WINDOWS OF THE HAREM.

DEKHA, A BENCH MADE OF CEDAR WOOD INLAID WITH MOTHER-OF-PEARL AND MIRRORS. IT WAS USED AT WEDDINGS.

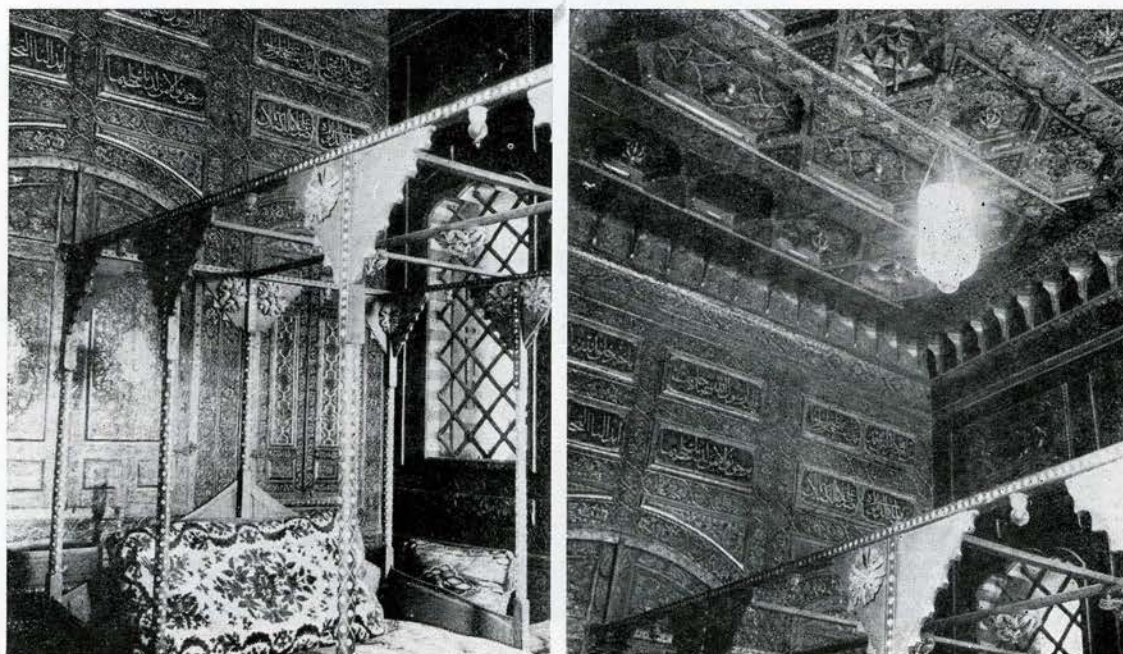


the maze of some legendary seraglio. There are mousharabiehs giving a softness to the light, divans draped with silk, copper instruments and rich carpets. The ceilings are painted in niches, the vases and bibelots, all genuine museum pieces, are set to their advantage. China gleams in the half light of hidden recesses.



Beit-el-Kretlea rises on an eminence, the gebel Yashkour, or the hill of thanks-giving, for, according to a recent interpretation, this is where Noah's Ark landed when the waters drew back from the face of the earth. When Sultan Ibn-Touloun started to build his mosque,

DECORATED CEILING IN THE DAMASCENED BEDROOM. XVI CENTURY.



A XVI CENTURY BEDROOM WHICH GAYER ANDERSON ACQUIRED IN DAMASCUS.



the skelton of an Ark was discovered, and its planks, with sourate in Koufic lettering engraved on them, were used for interior decorations, which are still to be seen.

The last waters of the deluge were engulfed in a place which is now the well of Beit-el-Kretlea, a well which is so deep that the king of djinns lives there surrounded by a swarm of bats.

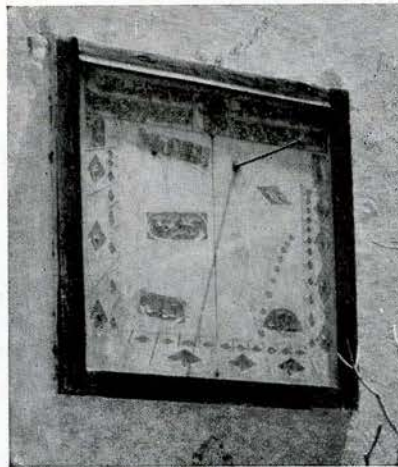
As it was to be expected miraculous powers have been ascribed to the well, and a host of graceful legends besides.

Gayer-Anderson pacha who saved Beit-el-Kretlea from the demolisher's mattock and restored its ancient pomp, had intended to collect these legends and save them also from oblivion.

His death deprives lovers of poetry and Arabic customs, of a considerable literary treasure.

Yet one need only visit Beit-el-Kretlea to have conjured up before one, in a sumptuous setting, one of the most eloquent periods of the history of Egypt.

Jean Moscatelli



Calendette

Tells day and date
hour and minute



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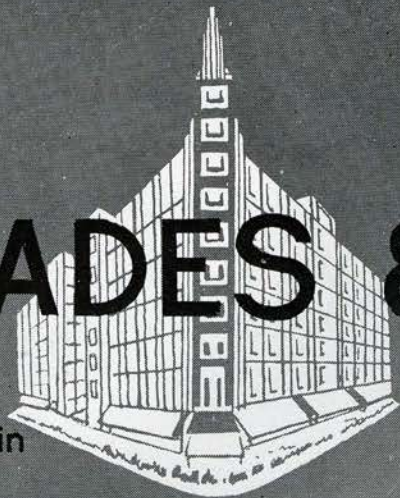


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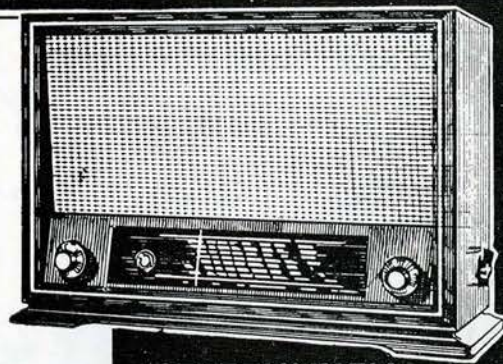
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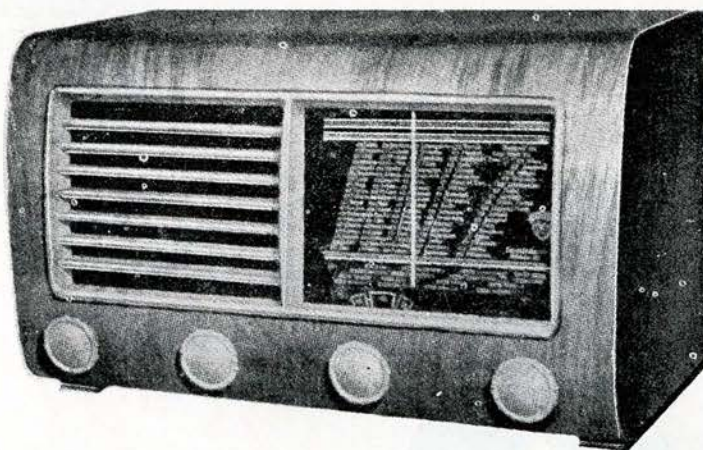
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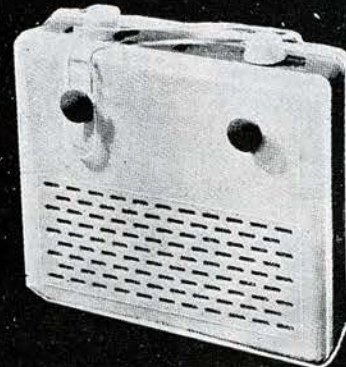


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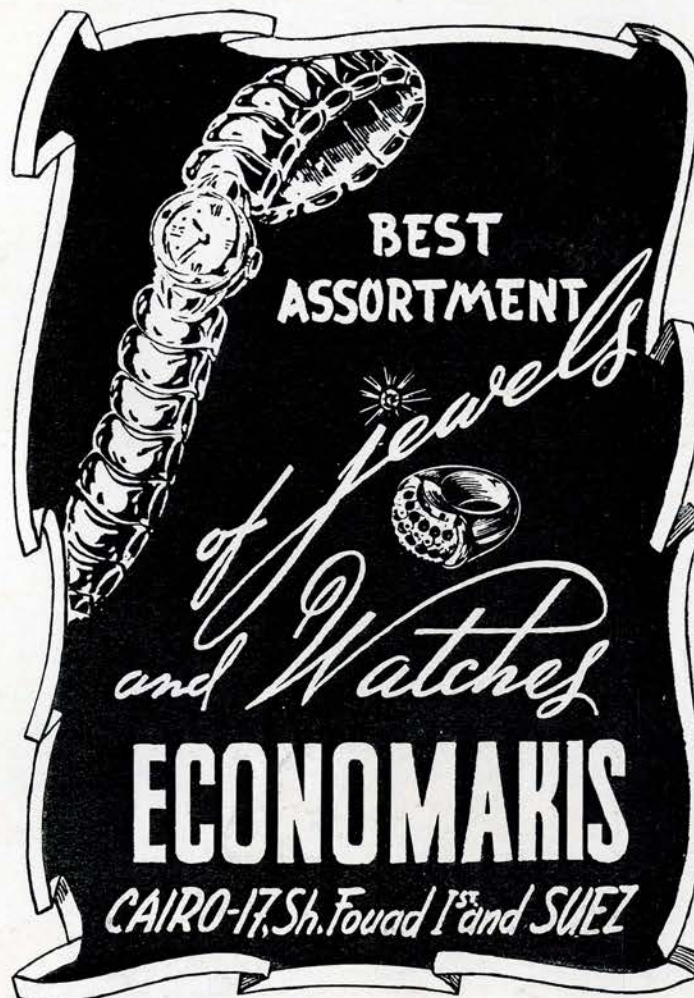
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