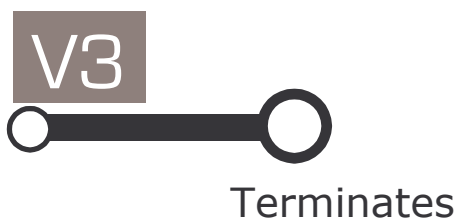
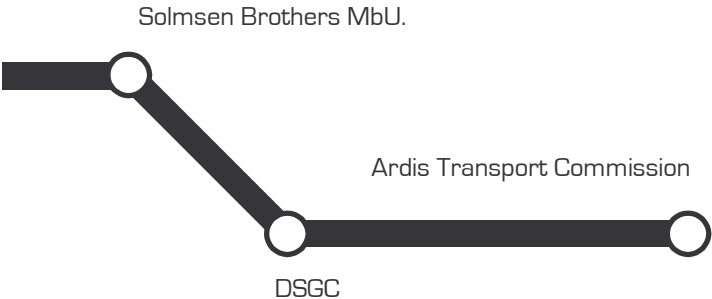
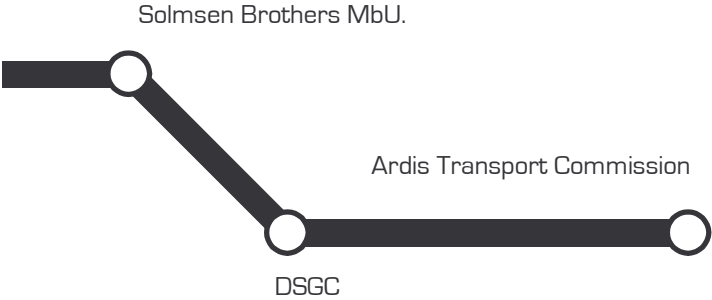


V3 AN ATONEMENT



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# V3/AN ATONEMENT

EDITED  
WITH A FOREWORD BY

William Koln

TRANSLATED BY  
Gilbert Stevens



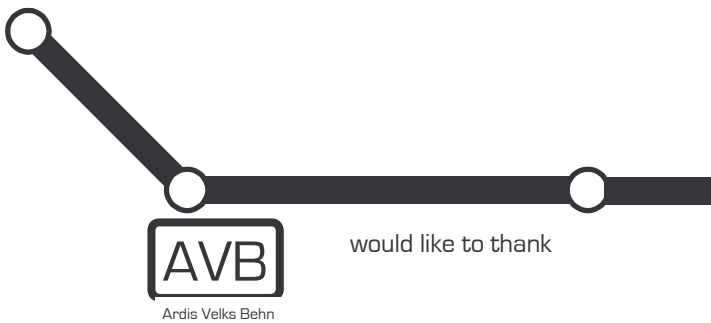
would like to thank



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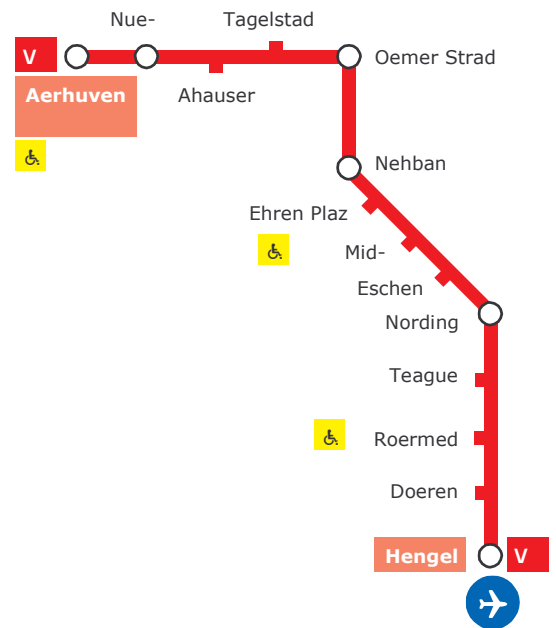
## Hengel

176

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He is survived by his son Jonathan.

## Aerhuven Strad - Hengel



Anselm Koler's original map of the V3 underground line.  
First published in 1905. Updated 1963 and 1985. © AVB 1904.

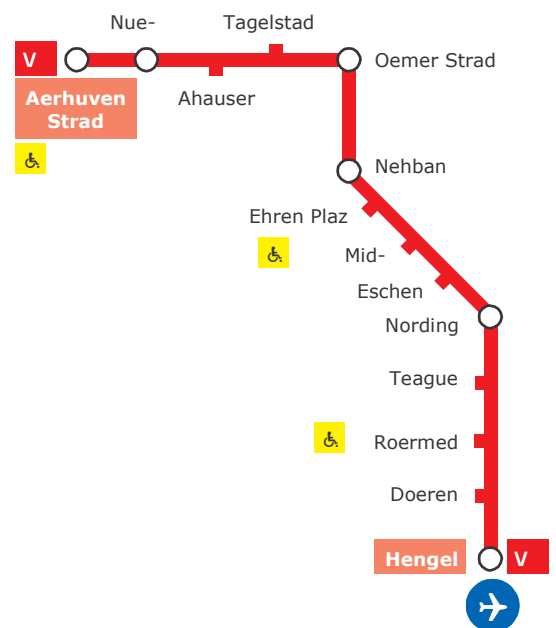
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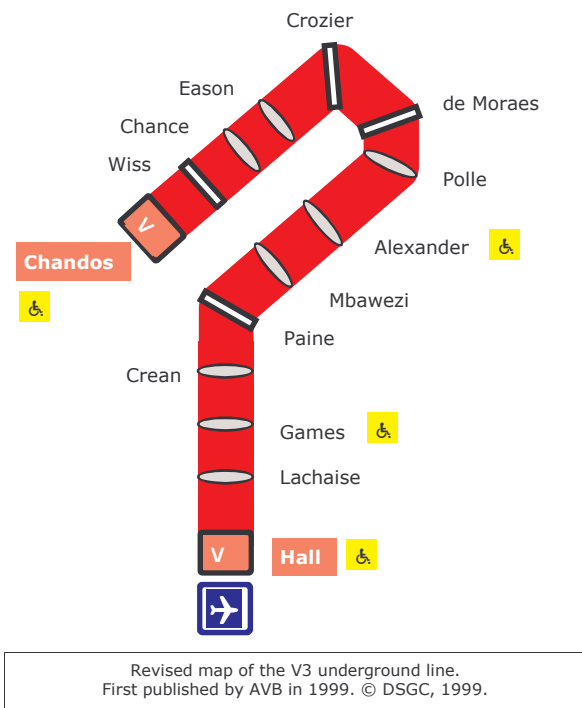
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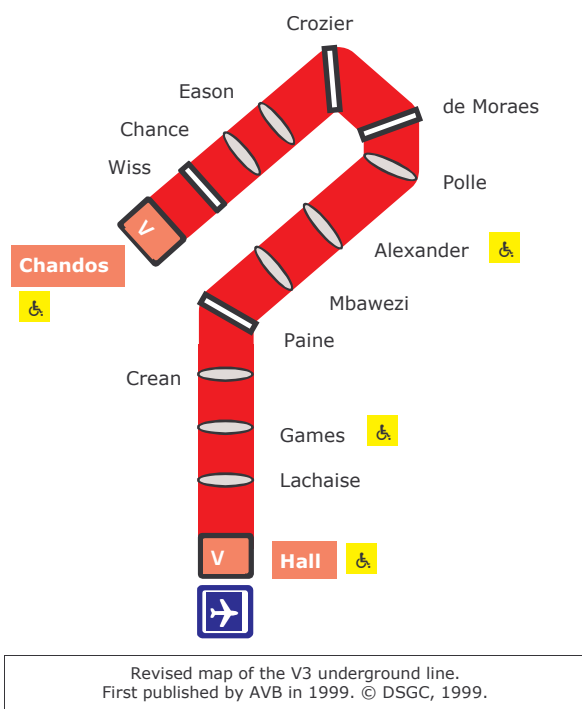


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In the 1960s Hall’s huge popularity led the BBC to commission him as presenter for a series of television travelogues in Africa and the Far East. His infectious warmth and sure eye for the uplifting and even eccentric traits of exotic nations made him a natural on the small screen. It was while filming in Thailand that he met his second wife, Laura Perskin, on a visit to a dental mission in the Cheon delta. They lived happily together in Lanarkshire, she working as a district nurse, he writing as tirelessly as ever, until her death in 1979. The following year Hall moved to a crofter’s cottage in Midlothian where he continued to work in growing seclusion.

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The V3 underground line running along regular planes from Aerhuven Strad in the east to Hengel in the south is a figment of our city's imagination. In the same way that we live in a world in which all true circles and all straight lines can latch on nothing but our vivid conviction that they are everywhere around us, the solid geometry of Anselm Koler's map of the V3 is nowhere to be found beneath the streets of Ardis except perhaps in the placid minds of its passengers.

For although we may fondly imagine ourselves travelling from one terminus to the other along perfectly executed terraces we are in fact following strange, wayward courses that lie coiled in an altogether more compelling figure. The dark tunnels and buried stations of the V3 form a subterranean question mark almost the size of Ardis itself.

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But the construction of the V3 was not some mysterious expression of remorse on the part of post-war engineers, rather it was one of the earliest products of an era of prosperity and optimism that is likely to remain unique in our history. Work on the line was begun in the same year as the first Ardis World Fair and completed only seven years later. The V3 was officially opened by King Victor III in 1904 and was followed four years later by the E2 and B4 in 1910 and 1912 respectively.

It is only with catastrophe already upon us that we can wipe away the ashes of our destroyed city to reveal the stark premonition of national disaster, innocently offered up by our fathers one hundred years ago and immediately concealed from view by the ideal lines of a young cartographer. But it would be strange logic indeed to imagine that had Anselm Koler plotted the true course of the V3

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Encouraged by the publisher, Alfred Rose, Hall began a new novel, *Charity's Ghost*, based on the lives of his sisters and its publication the following year was an enormous commercial success, extending to five print runs. *For the Love of Charity* and *Charity's Sake* quickly followed, as well as the first of the *Medway General* series, *Love and Healing*, based on Hall's courtship of Lesley. Unfailingly prolific, Hall never produced less than two novels a year and soon gained a huge, lucrative readership hungry for the escapism of a lavender-toned world untouched by the ration books and disillusioned uncertainty of post-war England. Although grittily

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It is the sin of concealment therefore, whether committed by Koler in good faith or in the full knowledge of what he was doing, that this collection commemorates. It may even be considered a *festchrift* in the young cartographer's honour. Although their subjects will no doubt be unfamiliar to the reader, many of the authors who have contributed will not. He will however find them utterly changed in their present company. The crisp, bitten cadences of Gerhard Chase for example, or the deliberately lurid post-war style of Charles Rofe lie buried from view in their contributions, 'Aerhuven Strad' and 'Oemer Strad'. In the same way that Anselm

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After taking his degree in medicine at Imperial College, London, Hall spent ten years in the newly-constructed Longfield Hospital where he specialised as an osteopath. Apart from providing background and material for the seven novels of his *Midway General* series,

Koler allowed the truth to be concealed by the demands of convention, all our writers have consented to submerge themselves in a spare, regular form stipulated by the editors. For in order to commemorate Anselm Koler we have assembled the obituaries of thirteen men and one woman who may in some sense be considered his peers, when taken together with whom he may even be understood as part of a movement in the world at large. Each member of this 'school of concealment' has been accorded a station of the V3. It is planned, not long after the publication of this book, to rename the stations of the line in their honour.

Glancing through this collection the reader will note that none of our authors have chosen to celebrate their countrymen, instead their subjects are drawn almost exclusively from the nations of our city's occupiers. No doubt this will trouble some of our more patriotic readers, who must now contemplate a public utility composed of sta-

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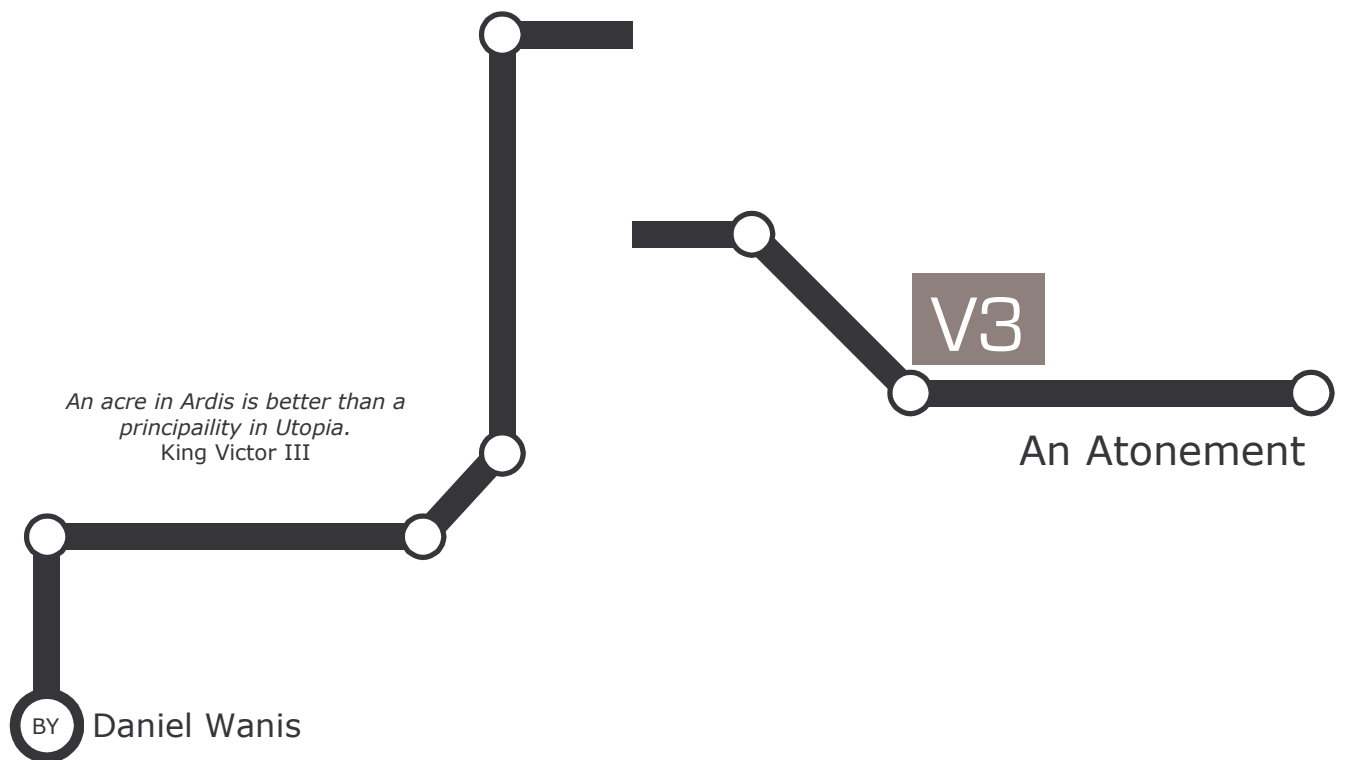
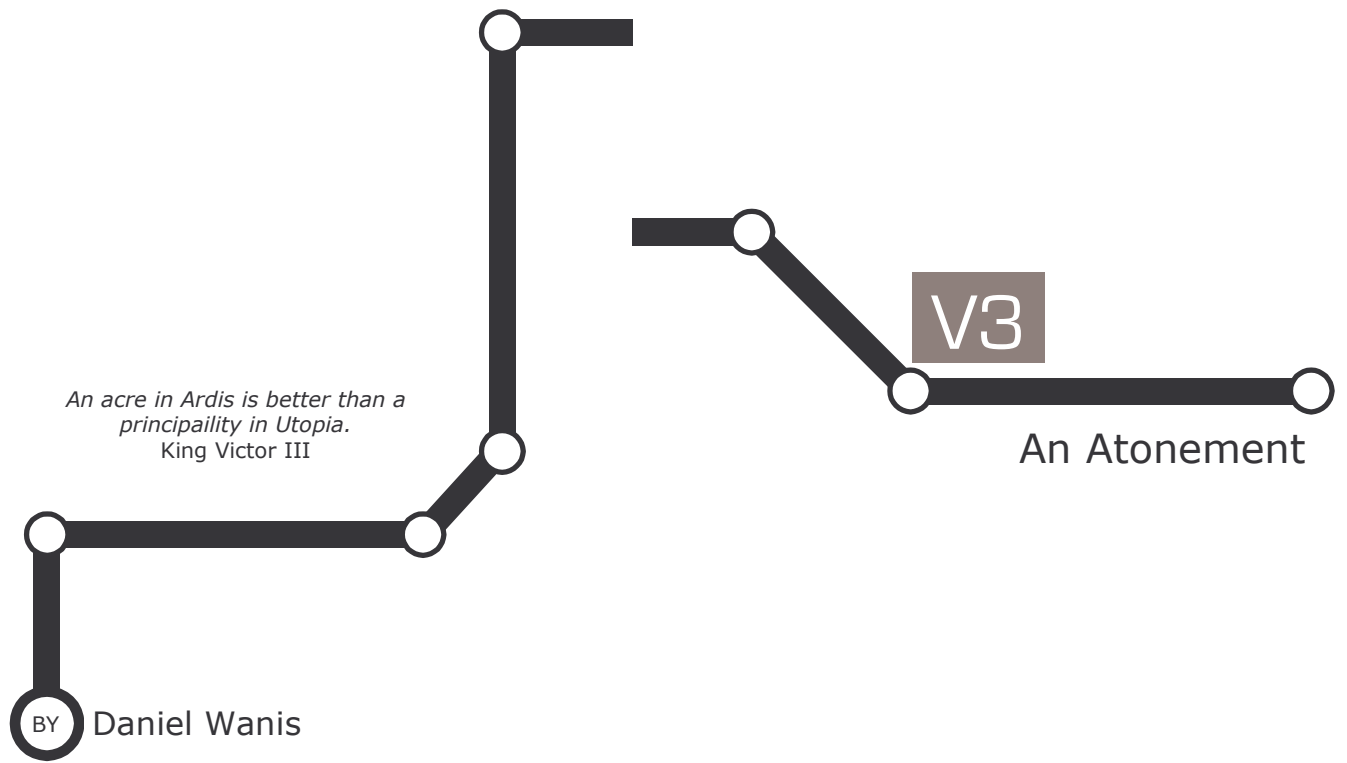
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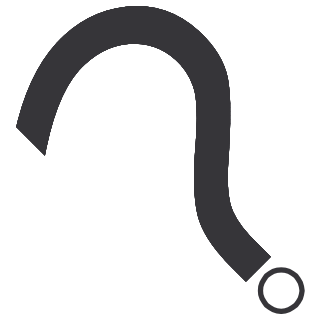
Hall's birthplace and the setting for his unhappy childhood was Arkington-Stevens, an industrial dormitory town whose cotton factories and steelworks were already in eclipse when his family arrived there from Calcutta in the 1890s. His father had been a sergeant in the 4<sup>th</sup> Indian regiment but was cashiered because of his involvement in a gambling syndicate. Life was hard in Arkington-Stevens and the family struggled to make ends meet. Both of Hall's sisters left school early to work as seamstresses and it was only his scholarship to Thorpe Grammar that saved Hall himself from fifteen hour shifts in the gasworks with his father. Jimmy, the

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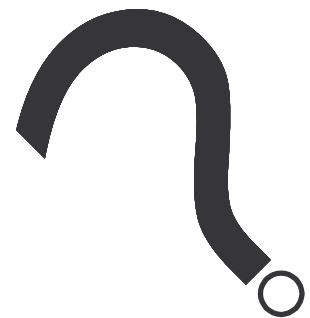
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As a designer and consultant at NB until his retirement at 67 Lachaise oversaw the development of many board games, including *Final Twist* and the highly successful *Brainstorm*. One of his last innovations was the influential *Crazy Maze*, in which the object was to pass a black marble through a shifting three dimensional maze encased in a transparent plastic cube. Although developed for the 8 to 14 year old market, the game inspired a brief craze among adults baffled by its difficulty and was recently celebrated by Daion Morley in his installation *The Good Things of Day Begin to Drowse*, a twenty by thirty feet magnification of the *Crazy Maze* cube using a bowling ball instead of a marble.

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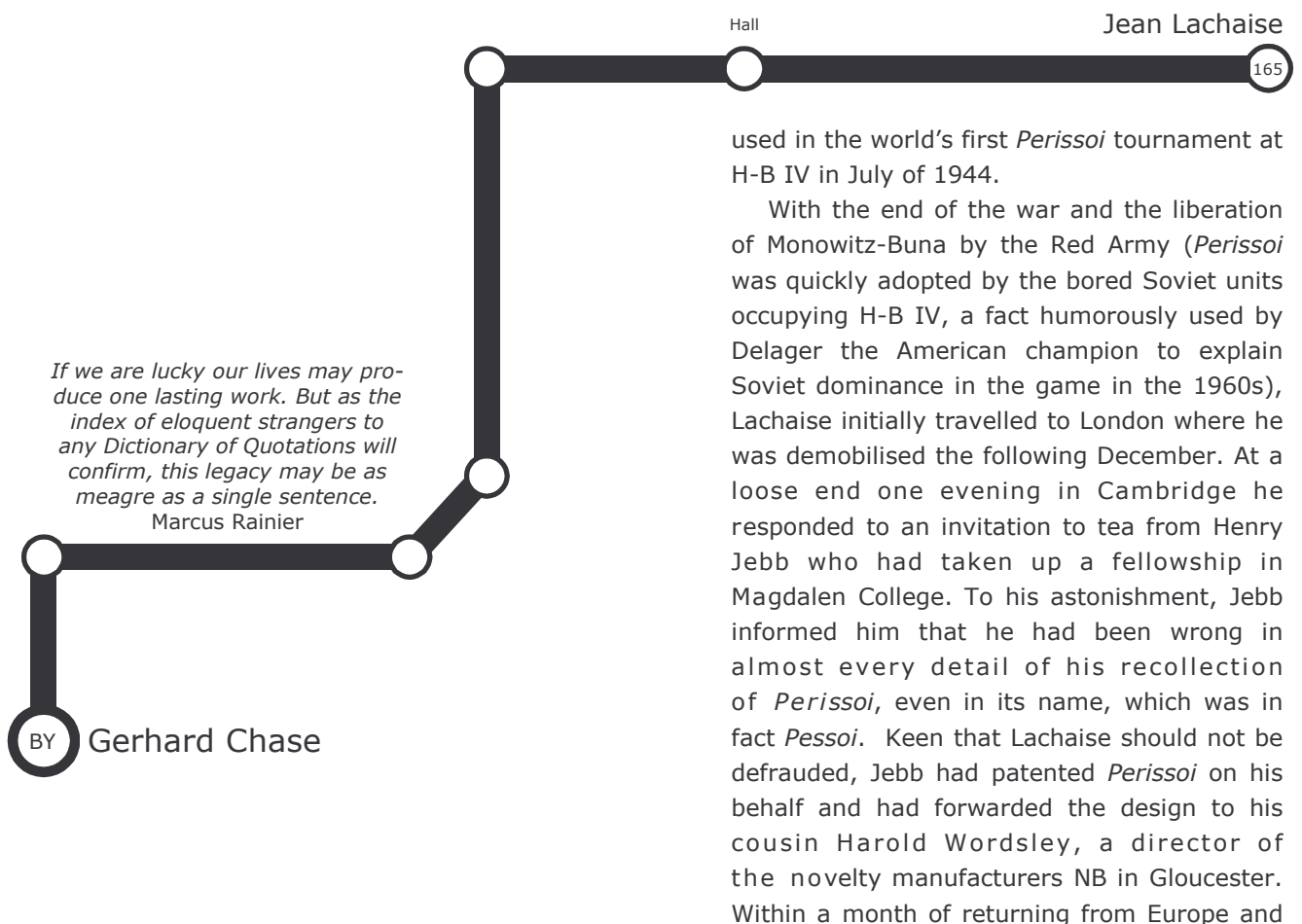
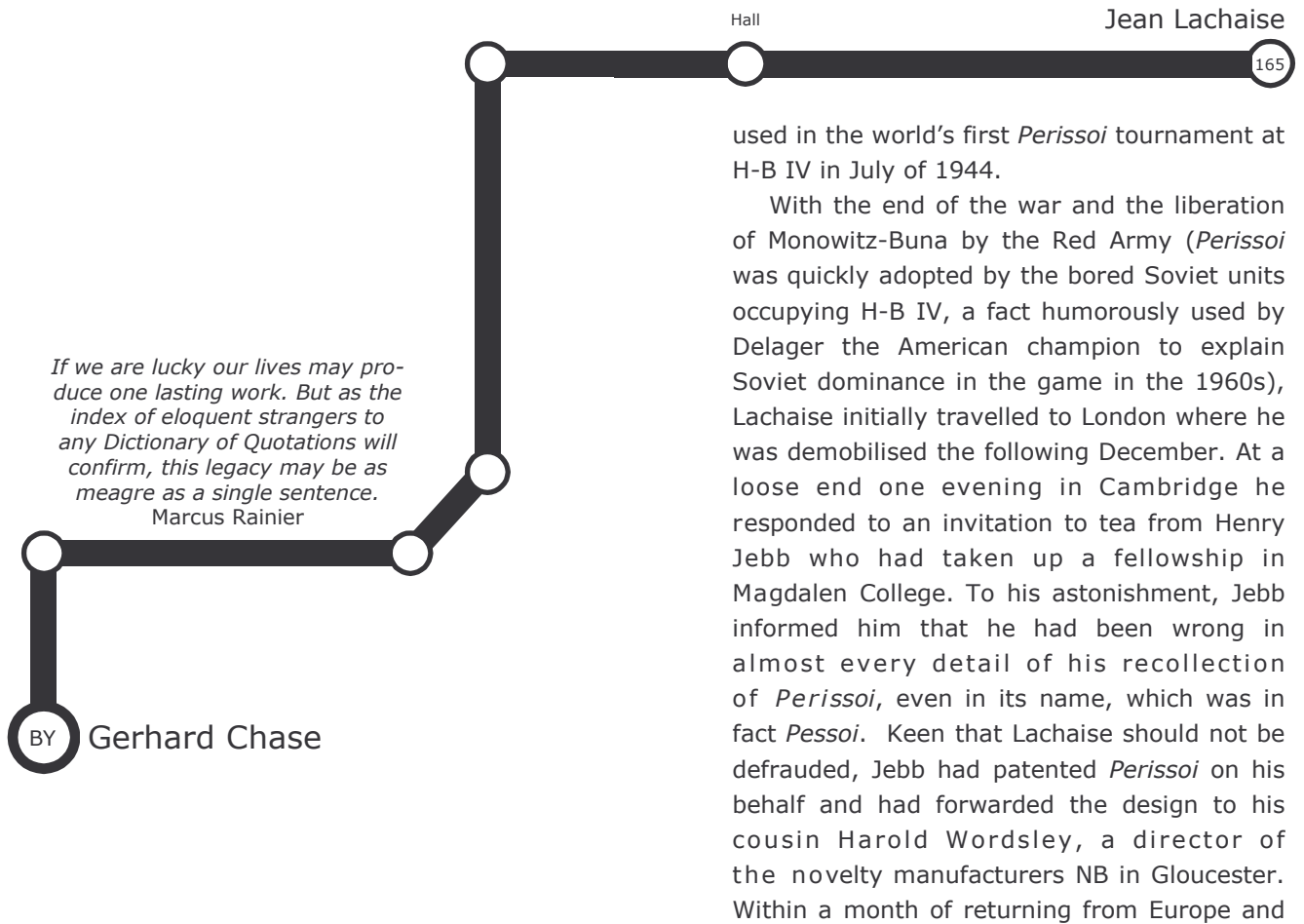
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thankless search for a game of cards they had not already played innumerable times before. One evening, Lachaise found himself seated at his makeshift draughts board recalling a board-game he had heard of as a school boy. After several hours of trial-and-error he had reconstructed *Perissoi*, a complicated type of draughts played by Achilles and Patroclus in the *Iliad* and, as he remembered his master at Meritz College explaining, a game popular even in the time of Nero and Marcus Aurelius.

Lachaise's discovery was an overnight success. While *Perissoi* was easy to learn, it proved fiendishly difficult to master. Players had to rely on a good memory and a sure instinct for tactical sacrifice. The inmates of M-B IV soon discovered that an opponent with just one piece remaining, although heavily outnumbered, could still walk away victorious. Lachaise was soon called upon to publish a codified set of rules for the game and copies of these can be viewed today in the NB Design Museum, along with several of the boards

The passing of Maurice Chandos was not widely remarked upon. Notices of his death appeared in *Die Zeit* and the *Cairo Daily News*. His funeral service was conducted in the chapel of his estate and home in Gersthofen near Augsburg and he was buried in a modest plot near the north-western shore of the artificial lake created by his great-grandfather, Heinrich Chandos. His mourners consisted only of his staff of domestic servants and the potential legatees of his estate. It could be said of him that his life did not add to the wealth of his ancestors nor did it diminish it. Mr. Chandos departed on equal terms with both posterity and past; the world has lost and gained nothing by his passing.

Yet these public terms of honour are profoundly inadequate to the task of recording the life of Maurice Chandos and the manner of its living. The writer is not familiar with any historical person of any recorded civilisation who came to terms with

thankless search for a game of cards they had not already played innumerable times before. One evening, Lachaise found himself seated at his makeshift draughts board recalling a board-game he had heard of as a school boy. After several hours of trial-and-error he had reconstructed *Perissoi*, a complicated type of draughts played by Achilles and Patroclus in the *Iliad* and, as he remembered his master at Meritz College explaining, a game popular even in the time of Nero and Marcus Aurelius.

Lachaise's discovery was an overnight success. While *Perissoi* was easy to learn, it proved fiendishly difficult to master. Players had to rely on a good memory and a sure instinct for tactical sacrifice. The inmates of M-B IV soon discovered that an opponent with just one piece remaining, although heavily outnumbered, could still walk away victorious. Lachaise was soon called upon to publish a codified set of rules for the game and copies of these can be viewed today in the NB Design Museum, along with several of the boards

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his life in the manner achieved by Mr. Chandos. Nor is he familiar with anyone in the world at large who is aware of the absolute singularity of this life and the rigour of its accomplishment. The purpose of this short obituary is to record, in brief but exact detail, the terms of this life and its methods.

The youth of Maurice Chandos was divided between his family's seat in Gersthofen and their vast cotton plantations in Egypt. His father managed to combine the responsibilities of running an industrial-scale textile operation spanning Cairo and Manchester with a consuming passion for lawn tennis, at which he excelled and for which he is now chiefly remembered. He was victorious at Wimbledon in the 1925 and 1927 championships and competed at a professional and international level until well into his fifties. Maurice Chandos was raised in Bavarian and North African homes boasting no less than fifty tennis courts between them. His father insisted that all his staff, both in Gersthofen

ished with death and 'retaliation' among ranking officers.

Without hope of mounting a successful escape in view of their commander's resistance, the greatest enemy faced by Lachaise and his fellow officers was day-to-day boredom. Many invented projects with which to pass the interminable weeks and some, like Lachaise, carried their successes back with them to civilian life. Henry Jebb, a lieutenant in the Yorkshire Artillery, began a commentary on Aratus' *Phaenomena* which was published in 1948 by Cambridge University Press. Corporal David Simpson, meanwhile, successfully cross-bred carrot-phyla and by 1950 had made a fortune on the patent. For the vast majority of officers, as well as unranked soldiers, however, the only recreations were sport and table-games. By 1944 Lachaise found that the stimulation provided by chess and draughts had palled considerably and saw his apathy reflected in the desultory attitude of his fellow officers and in their desperate,

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The eccentricity and innocent enthusiasms of Mr. Chandos' father were balanced in almost every respect by the quiet and loving solemnity of his mother, a society beauty who retired from the *beau monde* of her native country immediately upon meeting her husband. It is no secret that their marriage was untroubled by even the vaguest cloud of discontent. Maurice, their only son and child, was born after nearly twenty years of marriage and the three lived in a shared ecstasy until the death of Simon Chandos and his wife in the sinking of the ocean liner *Ada* during the Korean war in 1958. Maurice was 25 and it is said that he heard the news while tending to the birth of a mule in the family's new plantation at Al-Aqr. He returned immediately to Gersthofen and buried his parents alone, in accordance with the terms of their will.

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no formal education. On his parents' death he could read and write with only slight proficiency and had little or no arithmetic. The responsibility of managing the family's huge estates and massive textile business was now thrown upon him with terrible force. His entire time was devoted to the study of letters and numbers and a gruelling itinerary of meetings with the boards of the mills in Manchester and Cairo and the stewards of the plantations and estates at home and in Egypt. Within two years Mr. Chandos had successfully devolved the running of the family's interests onto a single committee of trusted directors comprising captains of industry and the stewards of the estates. He himself was chairman, though it soon became clear that this did not oblige him to appear at board meetings. His direction of affairs was conducted entirely by correspondence, which he did without the assistance of a secretary. This novel method of management, though it has never been imitated, was extremely

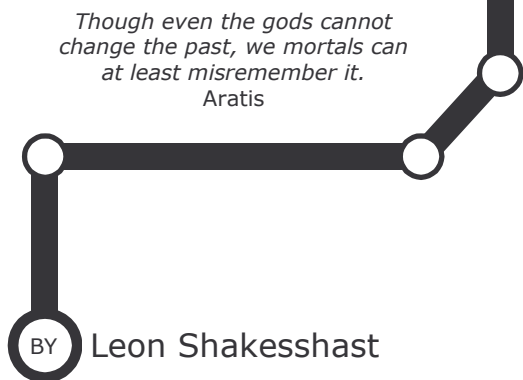
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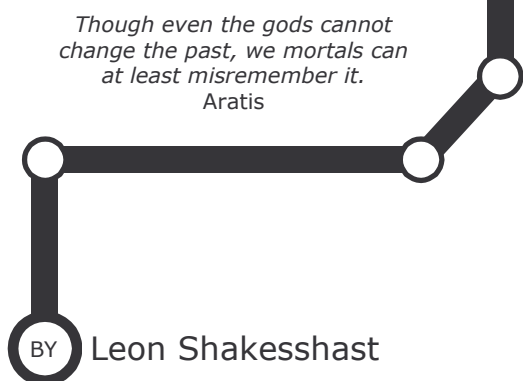
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After several months at Gersthofen I appeared before Mr. Chandos for my weekly report. He expressed satisfaction with the alterations I had made in the running of the house and felt he could now entrust me with the task for which he had appointed me. 'It may surprise you to learn that this will be our last meeting, Mr. Chase. The terms of your employ will not change though they will now enter what you might consider an unusual stage. From now on our communications will be conducted entirely by means of letter. To initiate this correspondence I have drawn up the exact details of your instructions which I shall now leave you to examine. I look forward to many years of excellent service.' At this, he invited me to a toast of cherry brandy, shook my hand and left.

The folio volume which he handed me contained the key to this extremely mysterious conversation. The life Mr. Chandos was to lead over the next fifty years was contained



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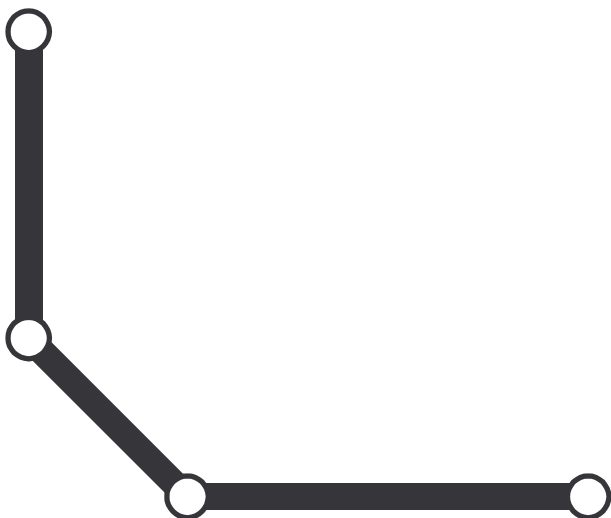
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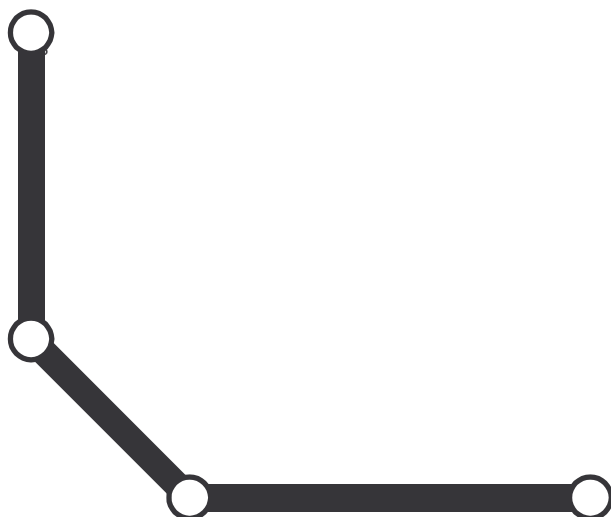


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Running to over 6000 typescript pages and with 412 speaking parts *Woking 15<sup>th</sup> June 1978* dramatises in full a single 24 hour period in the fictitious New Hampshire village of Woking, population 382. As Games had admitted himself, it is a day in which very little happens. Indeed, the script is hardly a drama in any recognisable sense of the word. From a very early point in its development, Games resisted appeals by his team of assistants to build the village's day around an 'event' such as a natural disaster or a murder. As he pointed out to Joshua Perle, a former colleague from *The Canyoneros*, "When you don't have an audience, why cater for one?" Games was referring to the fact that the drama would not be observable by anyone except its participants, indeed the script required a five mile *cordon sanitaire* around the village to ensure the actors would

disapproval. His eyes, which I had the honour to close with my own hand, were possessed of a quiet light. In the grate lay a considerable amount of ashes, which I immediately recognised as the remains of a great number of incinerated papers. Before calling the staff to announce the death of their master, I decided to remove them so that they should not be a subject for future conversation. During the performance of this duty I regret to say that one of a number of surviving fragments happened to catch my eye.

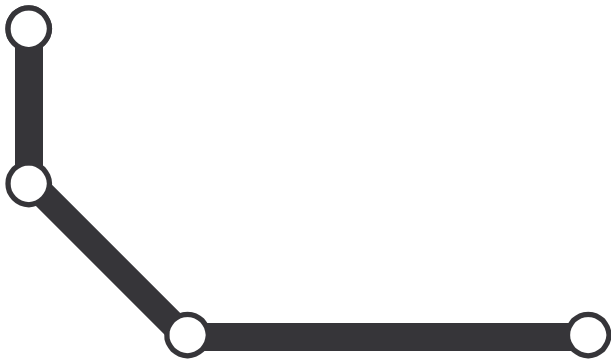
I consider it my final obligation to a dear master to record the mutilated content of this incompletely destroyed document. In capitalised letters, written in a hand that suggested forceful deliberation, it read simply: 'To no purpose.'

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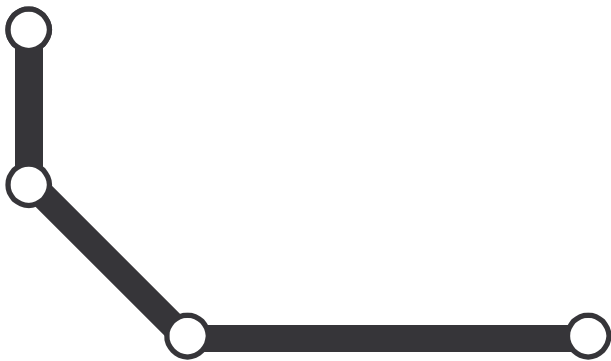
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I consider it my final obligation to a dear master to record the mutilated content of this incompletely destroyed document. In capitalised letters, written in a hand that suggested forceful deliberation, it read simply: 'To no purpose.'



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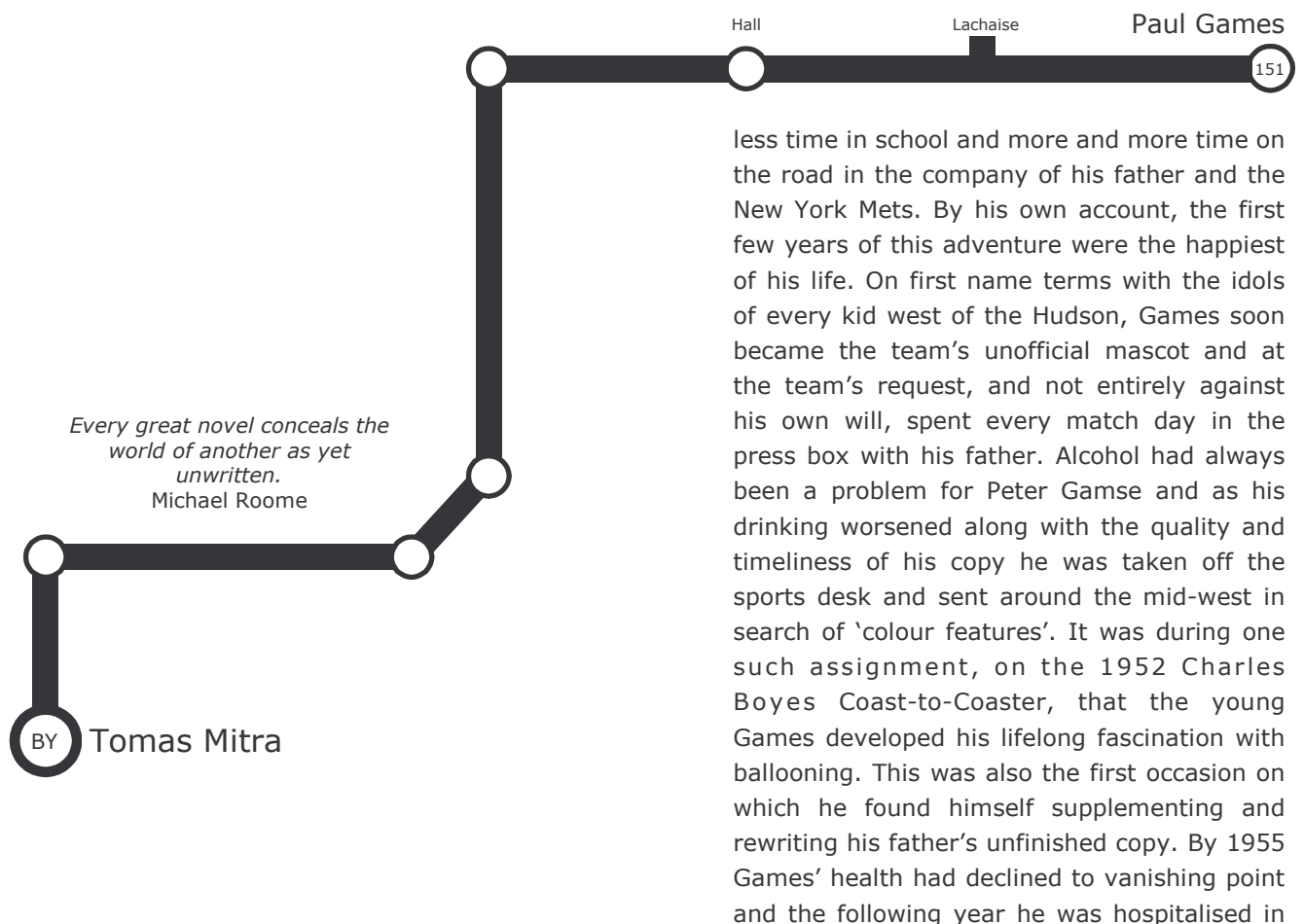
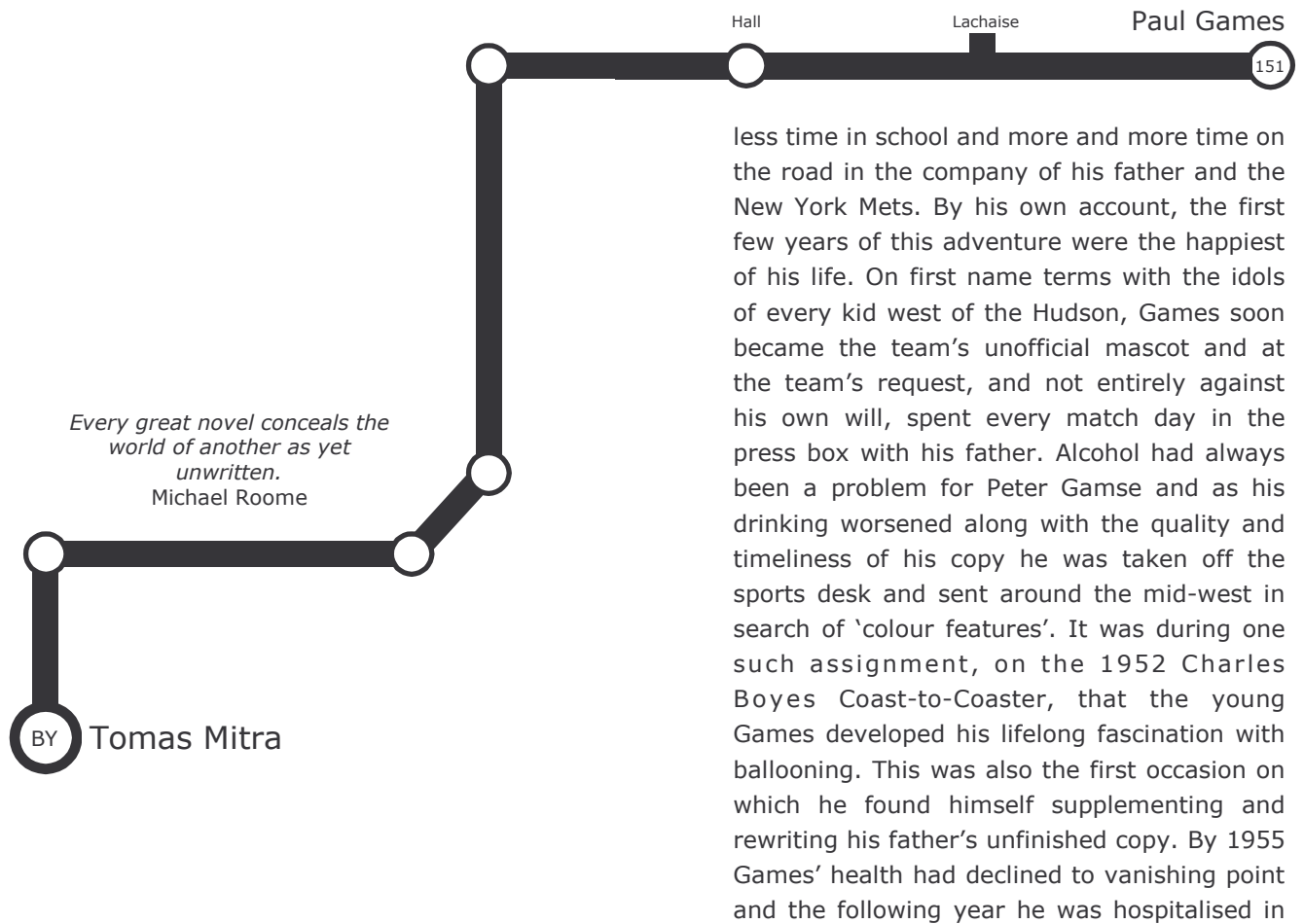
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Games was born and brought up on the Upper East side of Manhattan, the son of Latvian emigrants. His father, who had Americanised the family name by transposing the last two letters of the Latvian *Gamse*, was a sports journalist for the now-defunct *New York Chronicle* and his mother worked as a dental nurse. When they divorced in 1946 the seven year old Games found himself spending

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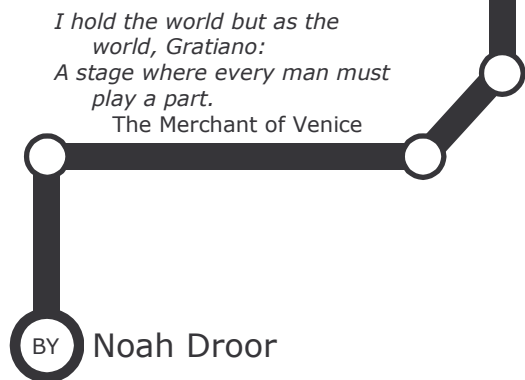
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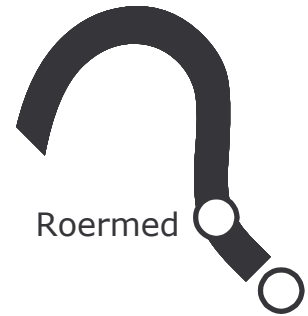
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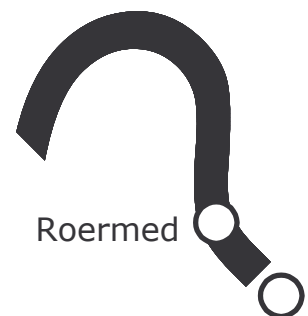
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In the city spread with streets  
I would mingle with pillars,  
Or give up my family,  
For one gold letter.

Grey and orange,  
*The old hour is gone.*

From oil and earth,  
(Do not ask me my reasons)  
For my purpose I shall create two seasons,

Grey and orange,  
*The old hour is gone.*

As the old hour grows older,  
What has been sold?  
Spring and summer.  
The pillars grow grey and give up their  
colour

For gold. The dawn,  
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driving taxis.

Any survey of the life and works of Joseph Wiss must arrive at the same conclusion: it is *Anna Karenina* – *Brighton Rock* that is his true achievement. The work took ten years to complete and at one point occasioned a nervous breakdown in the author. In this, Wiss's last novel, the coalescence of post-war Brighton and Napoleonic St. Petersburg far exceeds in depth and detail anything achieved in *Tristram Shandy* – *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*. This time it is not in the seamless conjunction of the cities' dissonant details but in the creation of an atmosphere that describes both eras yet is peculiar to neither that Wiss triumphs. Although the 'master'-'slave' relationship between the novels is detectable upon close reading, it is nearly absent to the casual glance. The structure of *Anna Karenina* would have permitted Wiss to interpose the story of Pinky into the plot like a subsidiary Levin but his solution is far more daring. The final days

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Crean's mental collapse in the face of the horrors of trench warfare is a new but not surprising fact in the record of his life. Monotony, physical exhaustion, terror; the daily bread of the soldier are all palpable in the distressed prism of his final poem, obtained by Private Kelly from among the effects in Crean's bunk locker. The subscribed date (11<sup>th</sup> April 1916) is contemporaneous with the period of breakdown described by his comrades, perhaps his hands were already scarred with the themes of his madness when he came to write it. The motifs of industrial warfare ('oil and earth'), the wintry chromatics of the battlefield ('grey and orange'), the repeated insistence that innocence has been lost or cashiered ('What is not sold?') make this Crean's only surviving war poem and our sole testament to the new disordered vision that had arisen in his mind's eye:

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When they had covered him up, a couple of the sentries could no longer restrain themselves. Crean's hand was already open. They looked at his palm and said it was covered in a zigzag of gashes as if he had been struggling with barbed wire. They searched around the body but found nothing and went off to question Hurley and Watson. Finding myself alone, I lit a match and held it to Crean's palm. The cuts were fresh but not recent and they certainly didn't look as if they had been caused by wire. It was more as if the lines in his palm had bled open. When you looked closer you could make out some letters. I called over Captain Johns and showed him the cuts. We agreed that there were four letters we could make out for certain: *O*, *L*, *D* and *H*. There was also what looked like a lower-case *R* but it didn't look as deliberate as the others. Captain Johns suggested that Crean must have cut them himself, maybe he had kept his hand shut so they wouldn't heal. He hadn't suspected the poor man had gone mad. We agreed to keep the thing to ourselves, anything else would be bad for morale.

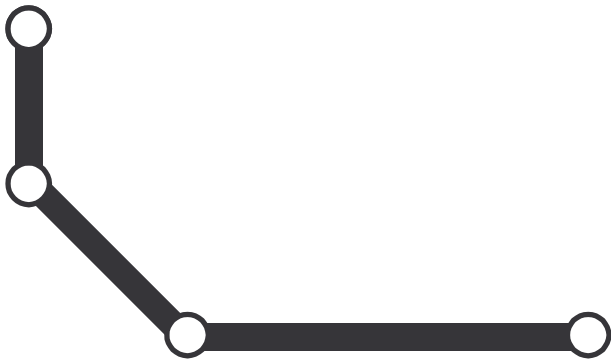
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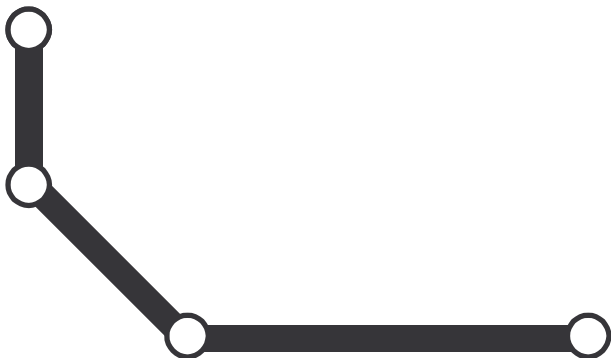
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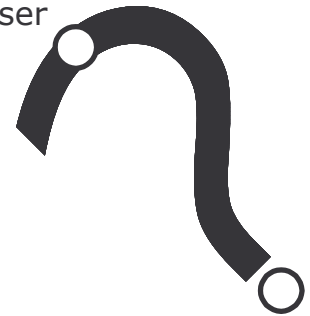
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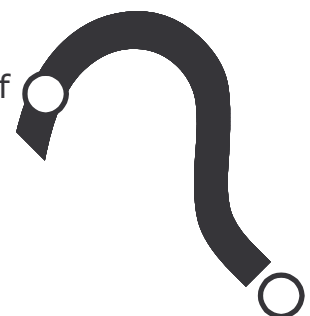
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Keir Chance  
1914 - 1980

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Nuehof



Joseph Wiss  
1905 - 1984



BY

L.P. Hinedi

The cry of the Little Peoples goes up to God in vain,  
For the world is given over to the cruel sons of Cain.  
Richard Le Gallienne

Hall

Lachaise

Games

Thomas Crean

141

Captain O'Brien has no recollection of events described by the three other known survivors, all of whom I interviewed earlier this spring and from one of whom I obtained what may have been Crean's last complete poem.

According to these three, Crean's manner in the weeks before his death became noticeably altered and one particular aspect of his behaviour attracted the attention of a number of officers. Discreetly, without any other outward change in his physical disposition, Crean now kept his left hand clenched into a fist both day and night, as if he was holding something there. Whatever the task assigned to him he stubbornly maintained this grip even if it multiplied his workload or made his work detail difficult beyond endurance. Rather than holding the shaft of his carbine he would rest it on his forearm. When distributing the rum every morning he kept the billy-can under the crook of his arm rather than taking it by the handle. He ceased writing letters.

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BY

L.P. Hinedi

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For the world is given over to the cruel sons of Cain.  
Richard Le Gallienne

Hall

Lachaise

Games

Thomas Crean

141

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The movie is generally regarded as his groundbreaking work. During the bungled heist the petrified clerk can be seen attempting to conceal his precious violin case from Branson and his gang. The pomaded moustache and arched, quivering eyebrows perfectly suggest the clerical dandy and

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The sun burst in on my dream,  
The night full of rainbows,  
What is it that I have not seen?  
Let me desire it.

What is it that I have not seen?  
How strange the way the windows open.  
Let me desire it again, let me desire it -  
My back feels broken.

You and I, Soul, You and I -  
We have long tired of looking.  
Could it be we have forgotten something?  
What have we seen Soul, You and I?

'We have seen nothing.'

The poem, printed without a title, is lacking in the craftsmanship of Crean's earlier work though it has retained some of its less fortunate lyrical elements ("You and I, Soul, You and I"). One could justifiably say that such verse marks a deterioration in his talent. Yet it is this very poem that is today included in the syllabus for matriculation to our universities and has, together with the other published

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of the romantic leads repeatedly visit excruciating pratfalls on the hapless, bespectacled old gentleman sharing their hotel. His impressive repertoire of 'little folk' in *Shoot Down the Sun* and *The Angel of Rio Negro* meant that Chance was always in demand for Westerns, though he increasingly preferred to devote himself to one role per feature. The haggard sexton in Charles Macy's *Railroaders* and the silent, glowering preacher in Lewis' *Ten Dead Men in Santa Fe* are among the memorable creations that justified this change in method.

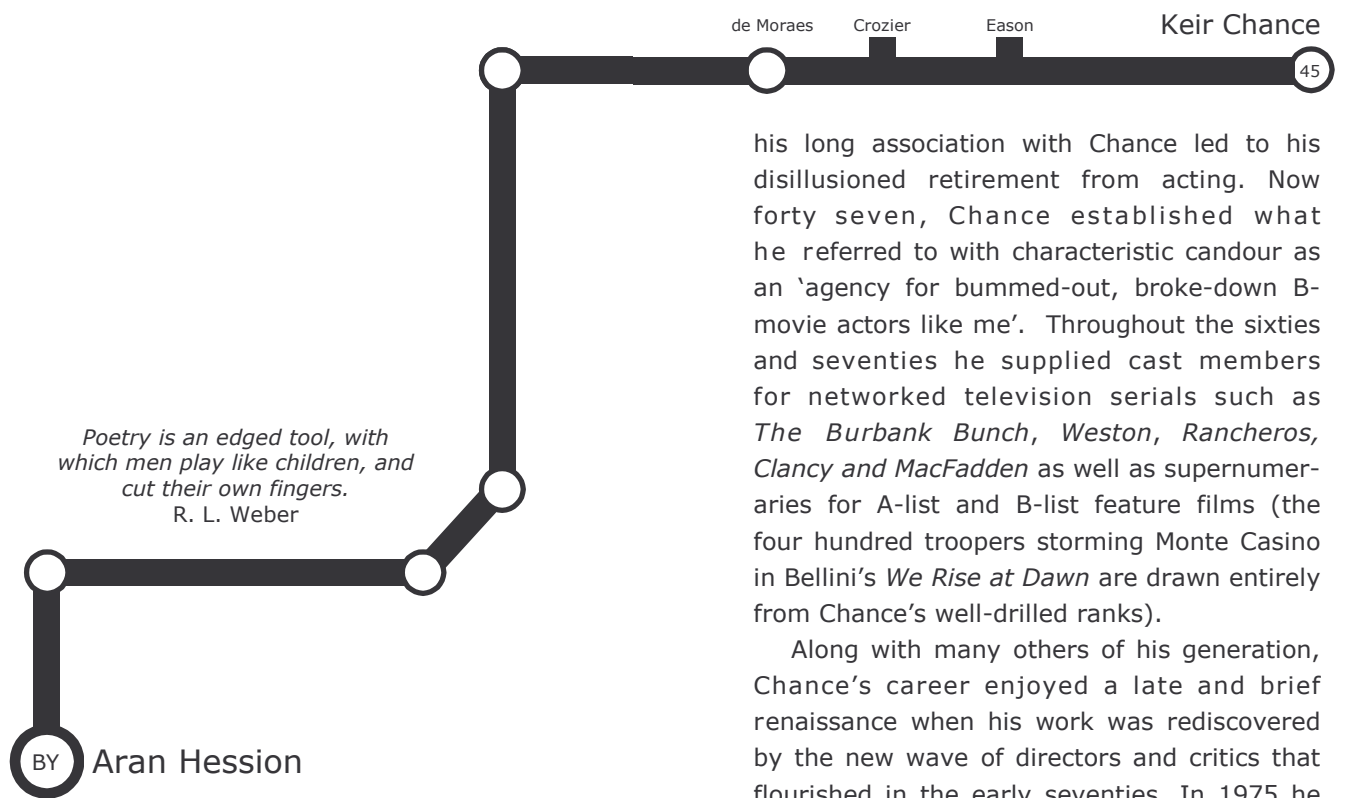
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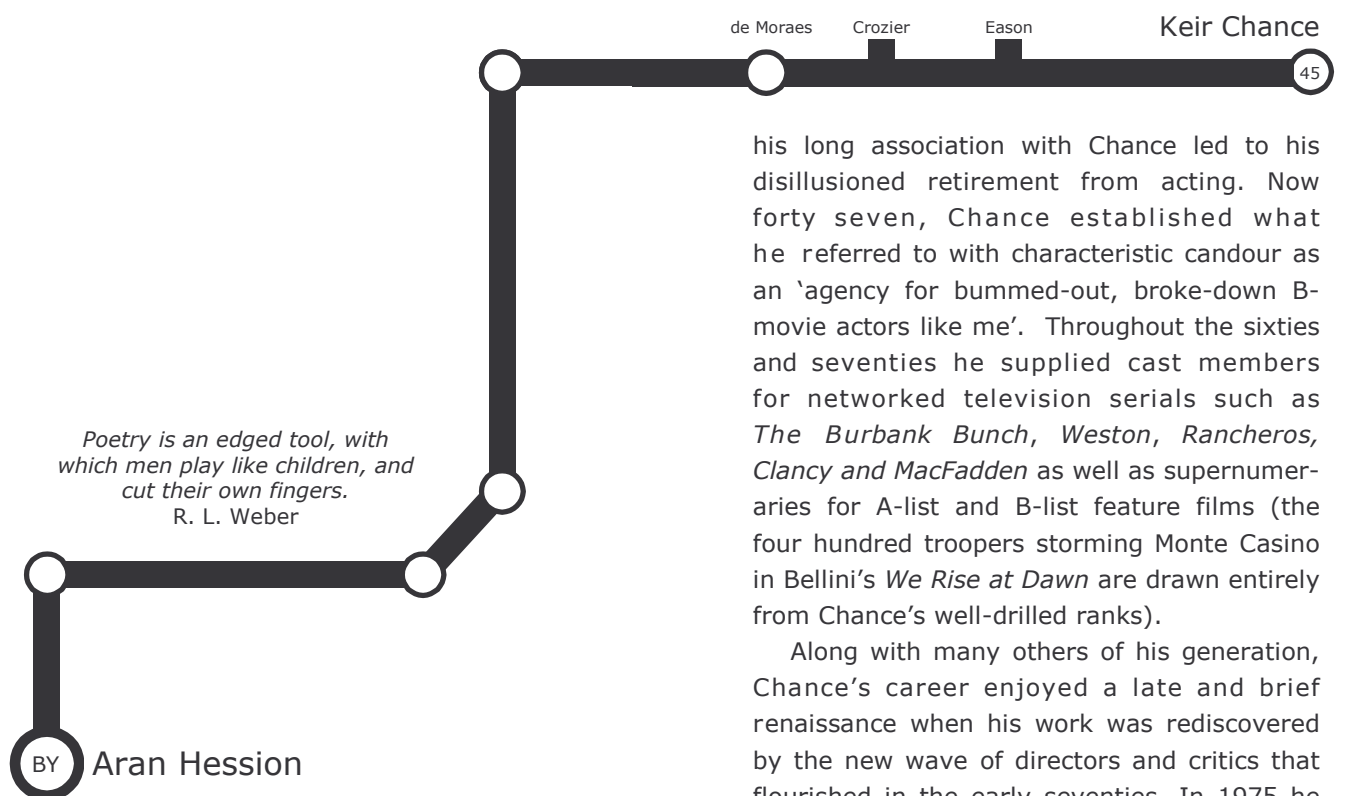


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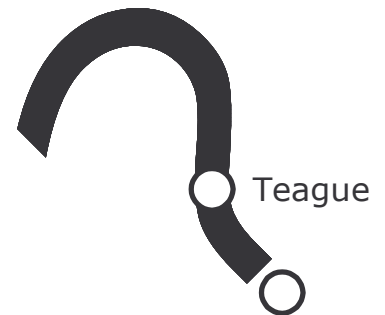
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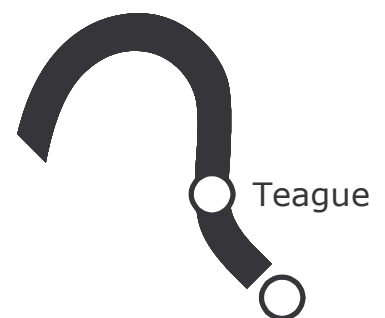
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These final years were marred only by his deteriorating health. In 1968 he underwent a series of operations to relieve the pressure imposed by paralysis on his liver and kidneys. Two years later he suffered his first stroke. The personal heroism required to mount *9.03am* would have daunted lesser men but Baum, even when in considerable pain, refused to shirk his duties and oversaw the final hang with the help of a respirator. He lived to see William Paine's dismissal of *9.03am* as an 'outrageous monument to bus-tickets and betting slips' rebuffed by the largest attendances ever recorded for a Guggenheim exhibition.

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By common consent *A Short History of Discarded Cinema* was Baum's last truly important work. It earned him numerous awards and even received a general release in his Austria and Sweden. Thanks to a number of endowments and the recovery of the family's business affairs under the stewardship of his brother Joseph the financial worries that had had hounded him throughout the 1950s were now at an end. With the latter's assistance he devoted the last ten years of his life to the setting up of his

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and the candle burns straight and bright in the only lighted window of a dead town in the depth of a start-dusted night." Perhaps in the distant future some unsuspecting soul will see my *Man in the Diner* and one day when he returns home will glance down at his supper and recall with a laugh the eccentric, infectious delight the anonymous gourmand found in a simple plate of steak and potatoes.'

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The fifties proved to be a difficult decade for Baum, bringing one crisis after another. Following several gruelling operations to rebuild the top of his spine with cow bones his physical condition improved but he was left confined to a wheelchair for the rest of his life. Tragedy struck when his parents and two of his brothers were lost in the sinking of the ocean liner *Ada* in 1958 and as his father's financial situation unravelled at the hands of a board of inquiry he was forced to part with the family estate and move permanently to their townhouse in Heinrichsgasse. These material struggles coincided with a long and disillusioned wilderness in his curatorial work and at one point Baum ceased collecting altogether. By 1959, however, rumours of a



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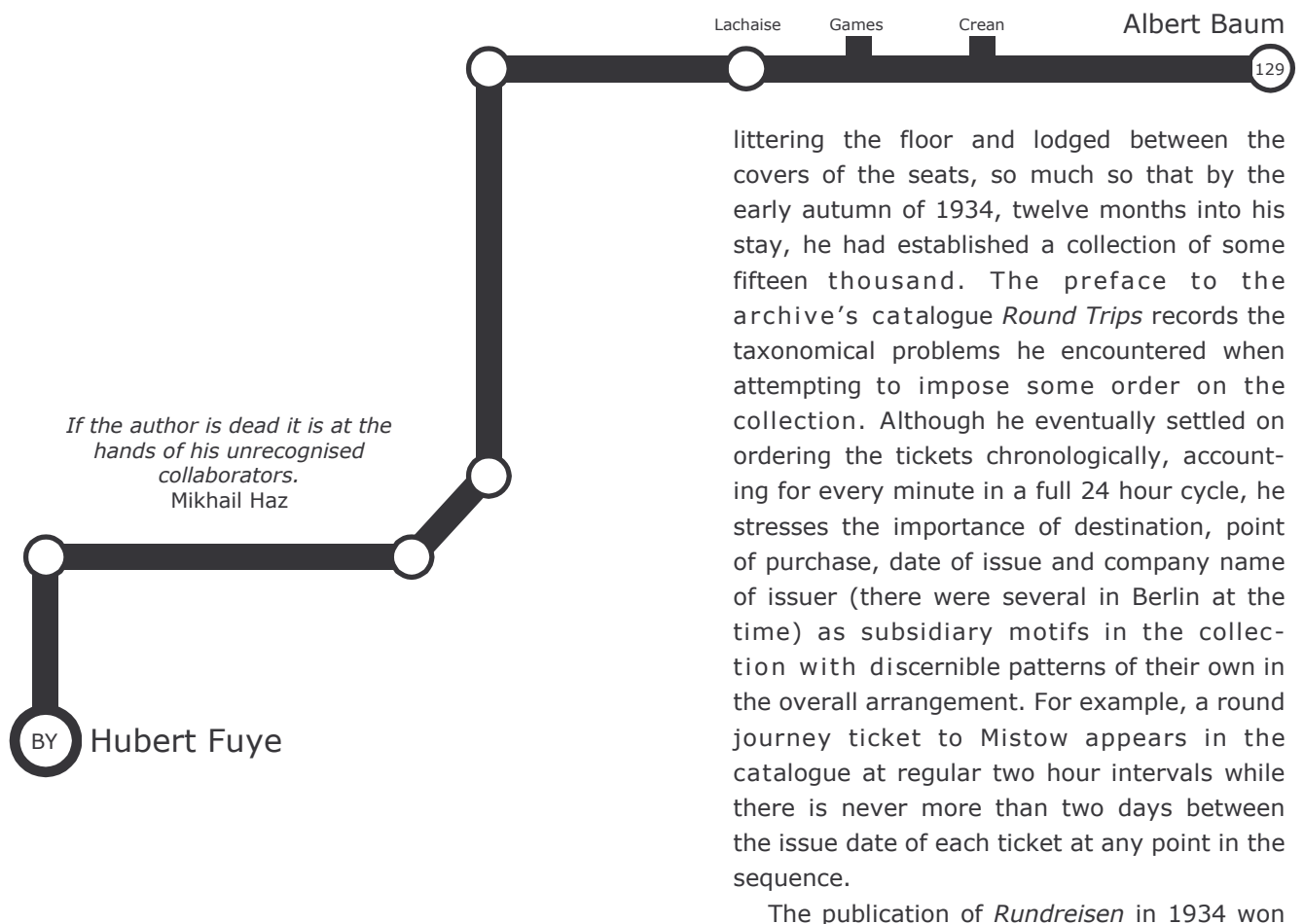
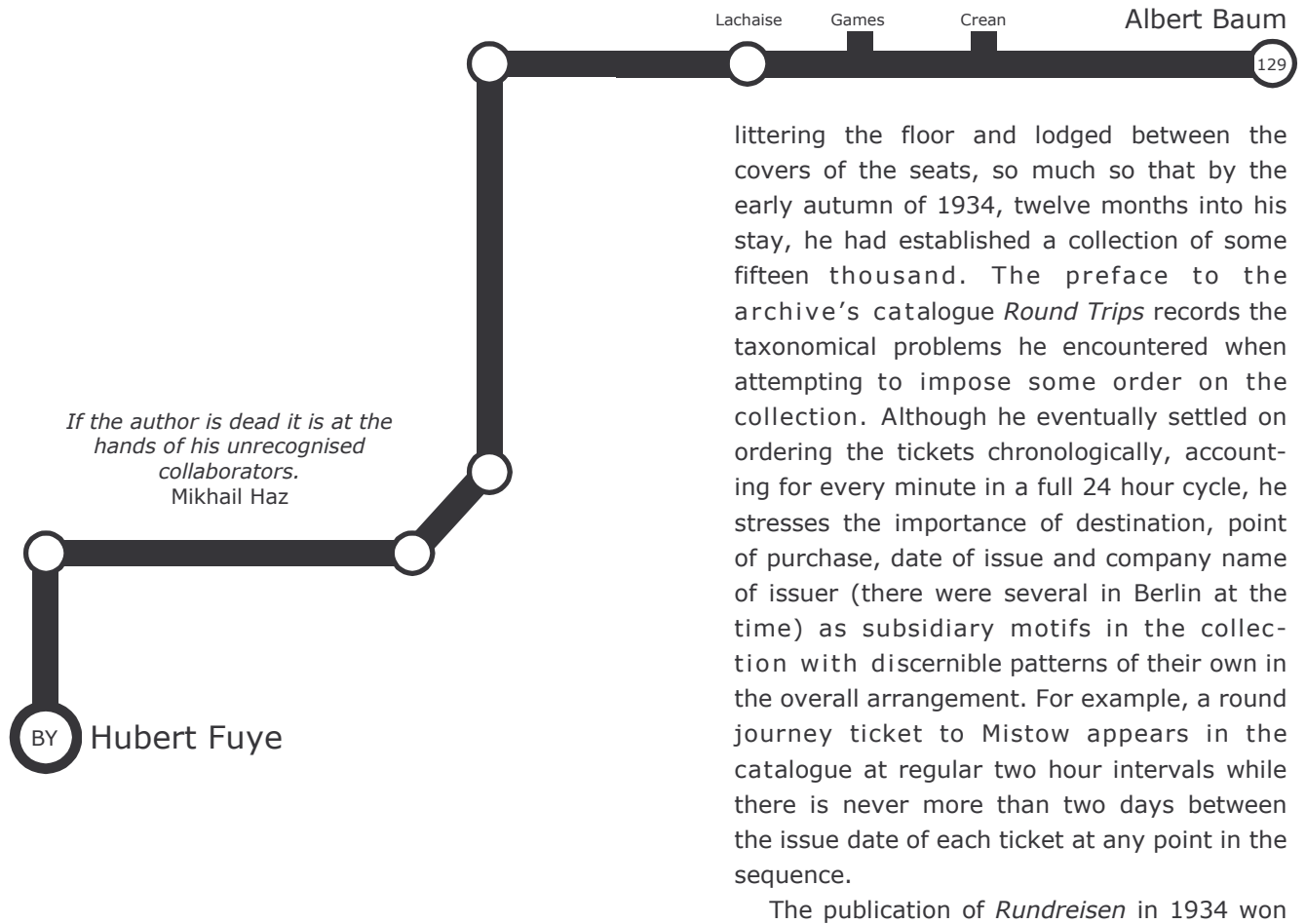
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Oblivious to interjections from the household staff and even Moore himself, the boy would continue his disquisition on the working conditions enjoyed by his father, the legendary temper of the pit owner Mr Williams, and the tribulations of his brother's rugby club until, when his homily had spent itself, he finally turned to the adults looming around him as if opening the matter for questions from the floor. These enigmatic, almost oracular visits were repeated every

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In the calm that followed, Moore devoted his evenings to a novel whose researches and execution he had found particularly demanding. In late 1903 the modest result, *The Black Valley*, was finally published to mediocre acclaim and massive revenues. In the thick of this unmemorable work, woven around the fortunes of a working class family tied by tradition and necessity to the collieries of Davedfod, lies the portrait of a garrulous, irrepressible miner's son, inordinately fond of wearing his father's cap and the source of much of the innocent commentary that is the only redeeming feature of the book.

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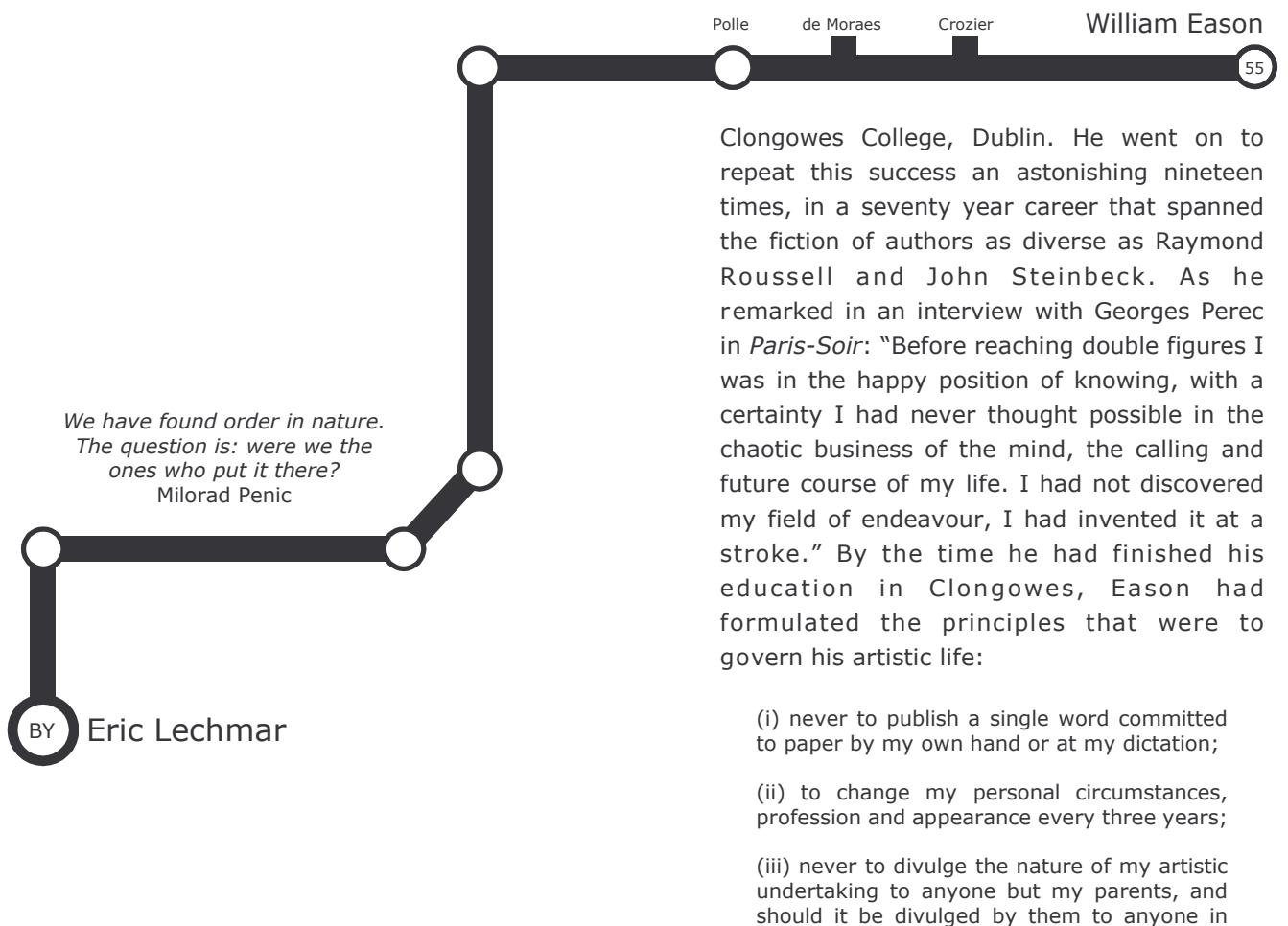
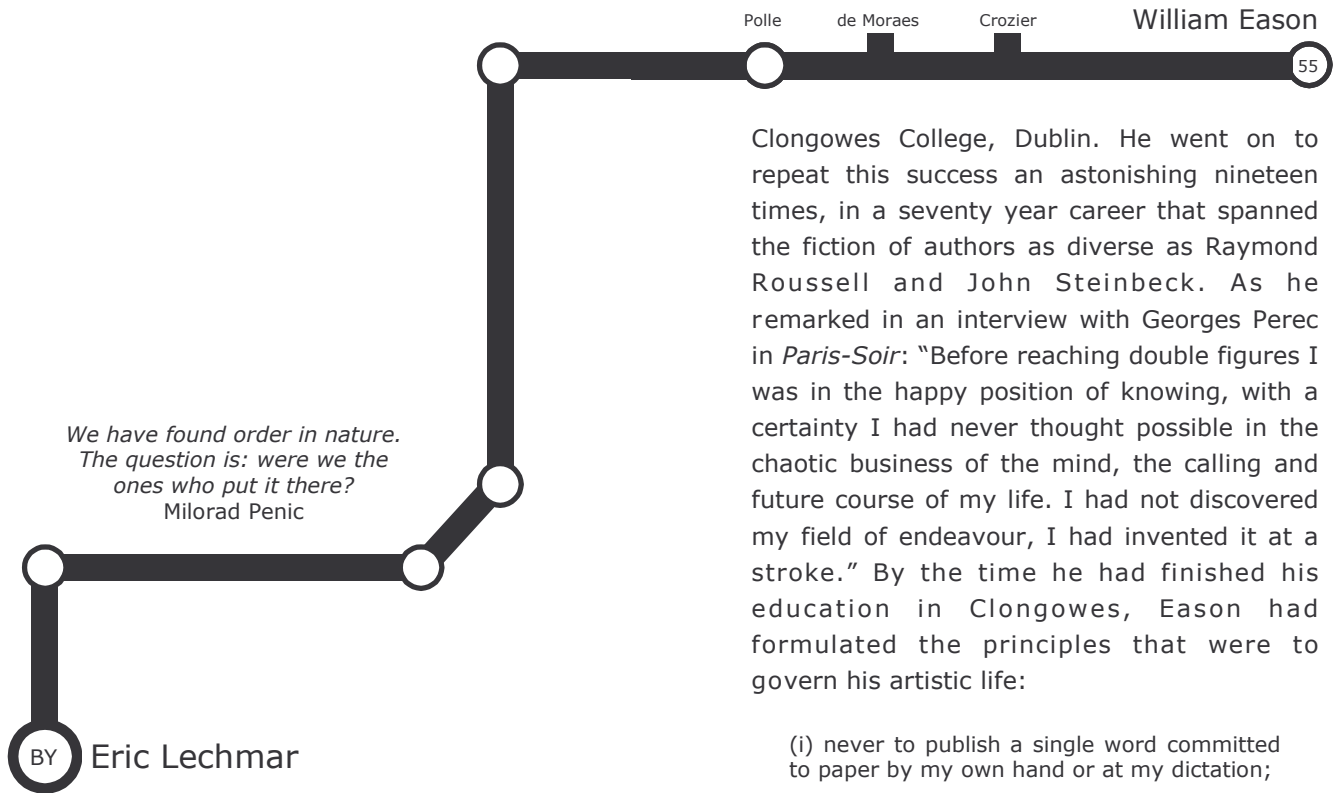
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The three long years in Harare that followed Eason spent as the companion and valet of the eccentric millionaire Raymond Roussel. Their travels through the Horn of Africa and among the tribes of the Mendebo mountains resulted in both of them contracting polio. Although he made a full recovery, Eason's hair turned a shocking white and remained so for the rest of his life while Roussel descended further into the madness already richly cultivated by so much idleness and money. Towards the end of 1930, service with Roussel had become indistinguishable from slavery and after contriving a false suicide he took a boat through the Suez canal and travelled to London.

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became known as one of the most lavish and also most reclusive hosts in Manhattan. He only appeared briefly at his own parties, there was talk about a failed love affair, his identity and the source of his wealth was questioned furiously in his absence but never queried to his face. With the departure of Fitzgerald, Gatt disappeared along with the clique that both had created and one would immortalise. Eason had received massive credit from English and Irish banks and was now bankrupt many times over. In an interview with Carl Jeunet in 1984 he claimed that the creation of Gatsby cost him half a million dollars, a ghastly sum in 1920s values.

As Gabriel Garcia Marquez once put it the thirty years of strenuous and diverse labour that Eason now embarked upon in the United States "seem to gather around his Gatsby like an illustrious but impoverished entourage". His Preacher Casey in *The Grapes of Wrath*, Johnson in *The Naked and the Dead*, and Falconer in *The Empire of Winds* all reflect

photographers' flashbulbs Mbawezi had already set in train the regimen he was convinced would keep him in power. He began living on a strict starch-based diet and refused personal audiences to anyone but his immediate family. In the spring of 1959 posters and murals depicting the president appeared throughout the newly re-named state of *Lohar*, but the stern, pudgy visage was not Mbawezi's. This mock-president, together with tribal regalia of staff and *capu*, delivered speeches on state television and radio and travelled the country soaking up popular adulation for '*Mbawa-san*' while his master stayed at home eating nothing but breadfruit and chicken.

Despite huge oil revenues, in 1962 stern economic measures were announced to stem rising inflation and there was serious unrest in Bira province as well as Coopersville itself. After several weeks of rioting Mbawezi, reluctant to call out the army, sacrificed his proxy. 'Mbawezi' was usurped and a second

became known as one of the most lavish and also most reclusive hosts in Manhattan. He only appeared briefly at his own parties, there was talk about a failed love affair, his identity and the source of his wealth was questioned furiously in his absence but never queried to his face. With the departure of Fitzgerald, Gatt disappeared along with the clique that both had created and one would immortalise. Eason had received massive credit from English and Irish banks and was now bankrupt many times over. In an interview with Carl Jeunet in 1984 he claimed that the creation of Gatsby cost him half a million dollars, a ghastly sum in 1920s values.

As Gabriel Garcia Marquez once put it the thirty years of strenuous and diverse labour that Eason now embarked upon in the United States "seem to gather around his Gatsby like an illustrious but impoverished entourage". His Preacher Casey in *The Grapes of Wrath*, Johnson in *The Naked and the Dead*, and Falconer in *The Empire of Winds* all reflect

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But behind the throne and away from the

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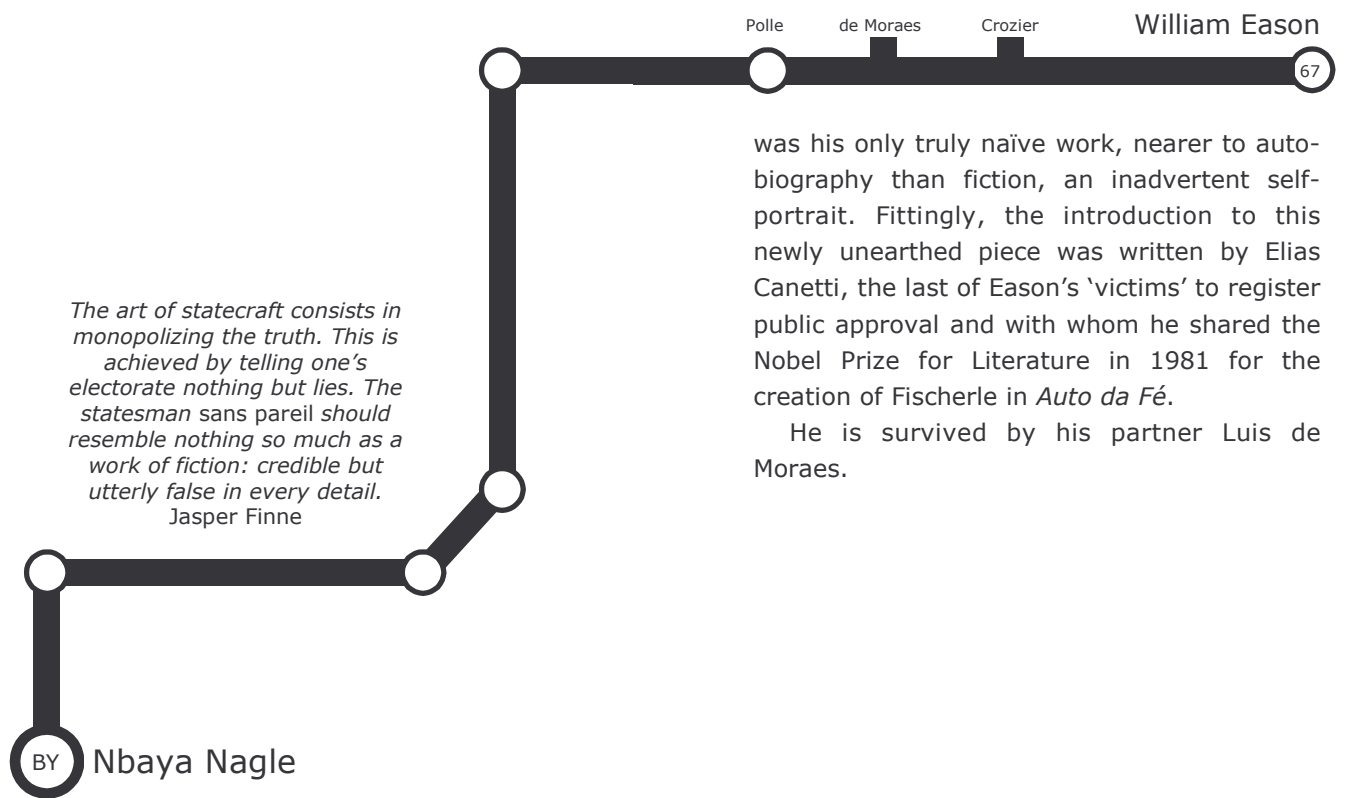
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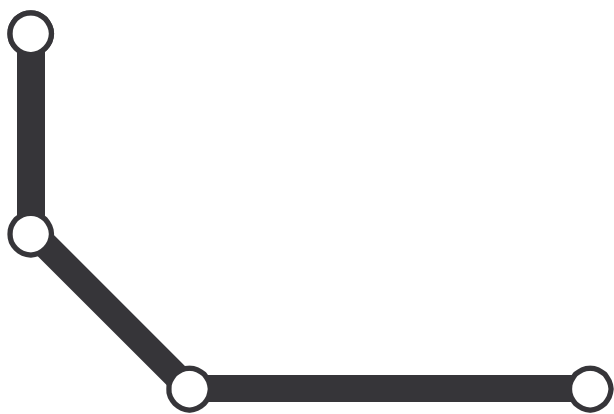




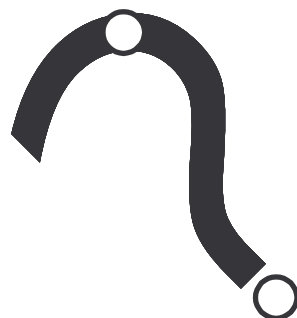
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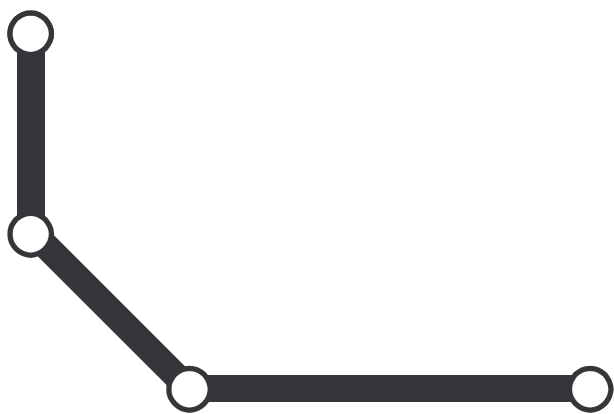
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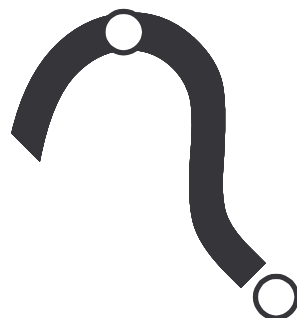
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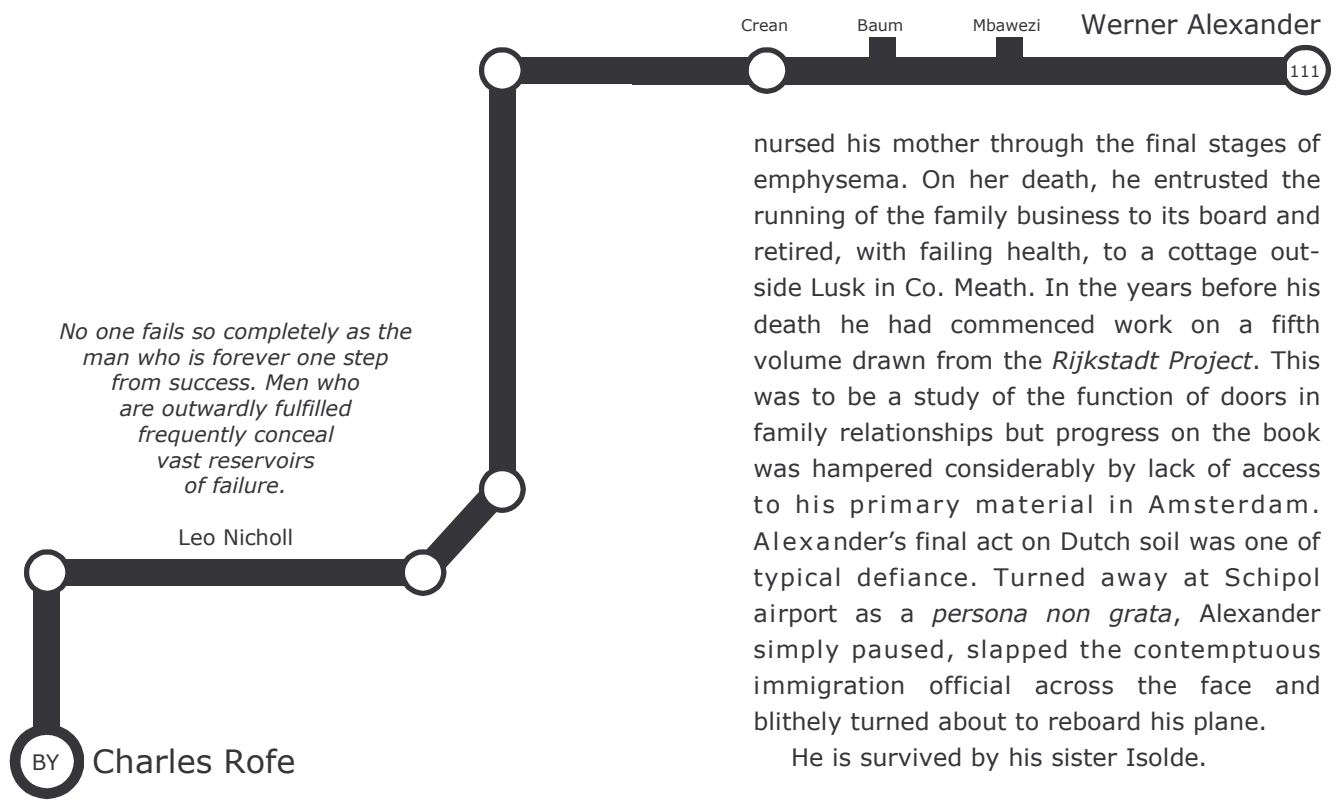
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Crozier was born in Uruguay, and educated at Uppingham School, Rutland. An avid rugby player, he was a member of the only Uppingham senior cup team to be beaten in a county final. After the Royal Military Academy and a commission in the Royal Engineers, he read English at Newnham College in Cambridge and took up climbing with the university mountaineering club in the Bernese Oberland. Crozier soon distinguished himself in several tough ascents of the north col at Chamonix and Aiguilles des Drus, all of which were thwarted by snowstorms, and in 1935 he was asked to join Hugh Ruttledge's Everest

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expedition. Before departing for Tibet, Crozier competed in the Intervarsity Middleweight Boxing championship and was unlucky to be eliminated when Ben Stevens, later World Light Heavyweight Champion in 1938, was saved from being counted out by an early bell in the fourth and final round. Although Crozier had no Tibetan experience he proved a valuable member of the expedition and helped Ruttledge open the route to the east face and the modern-day final camp of the Everest ascent. The arrival of the monsoon prevented an early attempt on the summit so the expedition returned to Lhasa to sit out the rains. During the descent, Crozier's team encountered a moateng bear forced into the open by landslides. While Crozier clambered to safety up a nearby crag, his climbing partners, caught in exposed scree, were badly mauled and the expedition was forced to travel home one year early.

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abandonment in 1977. *The Curtain Culture: Performance and Privacy* (1978), arguably the Rijkstadt Project's most enduring achievement, was the first exploration of private and public behaviour in the domestic context. Its emphasis throughout on the role of curtains in regulating a family's behaviour in the home, as well as determining their awareness of domestic life as an activity requiring decisions on display or concealment, perhaps merited Dorfheim's celebrated sneer but Alexander makes a cogent case for their importance. Like other families in the tower block the Hjaralds do not draw their curtains as a matter of course and Alexander demonstrates a clear disparity between what they regard as 'observable' and 'non-observable' behaviour. They are content to eat together with the curtains open but show a preference for watching television in concealed privacy. Following the death of their infant son, Harald, the curtains of the Hjarald's home remain

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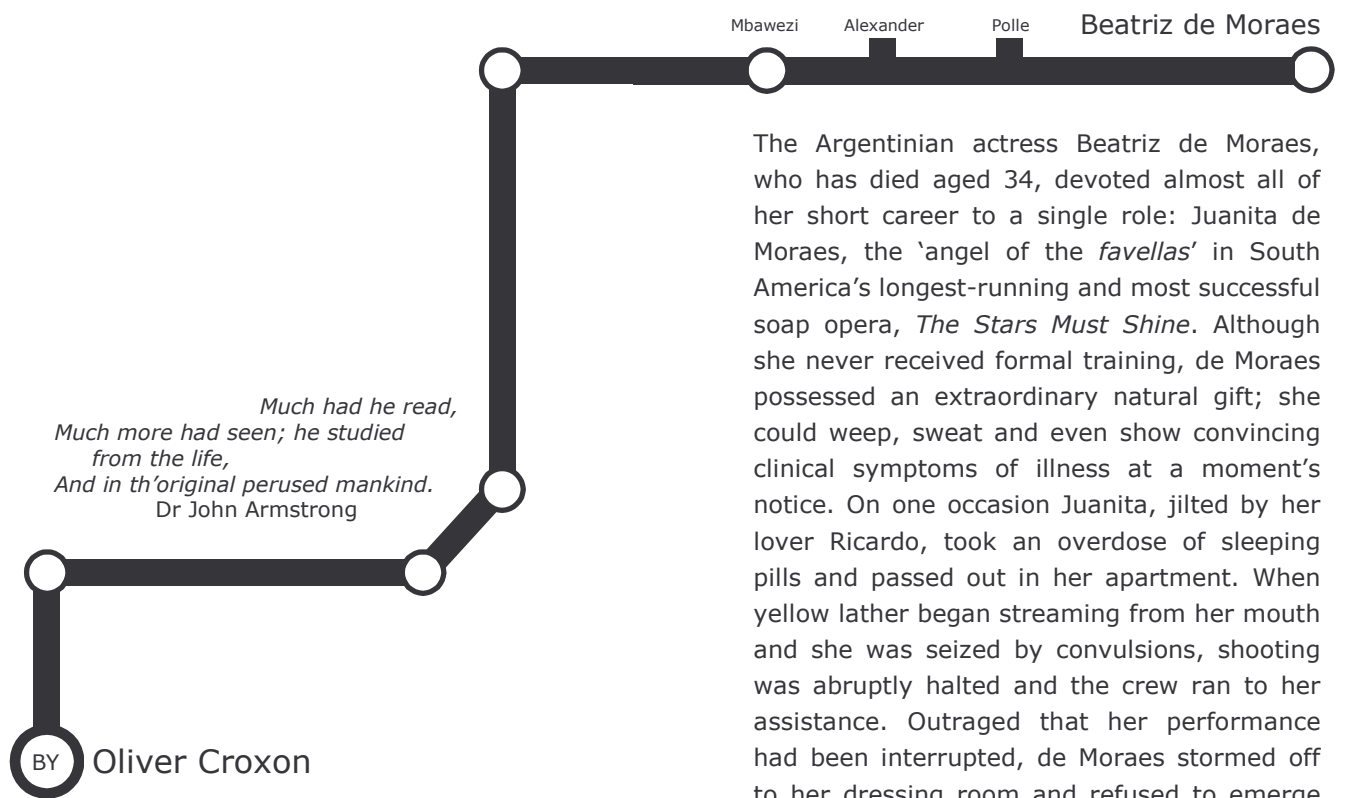
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Midwelde

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As Dr. Johann Neroy remarked in his definitive 1956 paper on Polle's stressful isolation in the frozen Weddell sea 'the remarkable experience of observing oneself as another person over a prolonged period of time is unique in the annals of psychiatric medicine.' He described Polle's condition as *paralleleia*, a state of dualised selfhood in which 'memories of one's previous actions are recalled as if they are being played out before one's eyes in the present.' In other words, when Polle saw his companion fetch him something to eat he was

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As life away from the Gattopard studios became increasingly limited, de Moraes grew more and more absorbed in her work and gave performances of a conviction and subtlety that frequently put the arched eyebrows and cherry-lipped pouting of her less talented colleagues to shame. She now took full control of the character of Juanita and as well as contributing the greater part of her dialogue assumed full responsibility for her wardrobe and make-up. By the show's ninth season, de Moraes was arriving and leaving in costume

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December, with supplies of meat non-existent, Polle and Henrik Magnusson set out with four days' sledging rations and a Weston hunting rifle in search of seal and penguin. About five miles from camp they were attacked by a sea-leopard and when his rifle-lock jammed Magnusson was heavily gored. Grabbing a pistol from the sledge Polle managed to kill the beast but, despite an improvised operation on his companion's trachea, was unable to save Magnusson. With their compass mislaid in the panic, Polle now attempted to navigate his way back to Ice Camp. On the seventh day of his journey blizzards forced him to pitch camp and when he emerged from his tent the following morning he found that he was now adrift on a narrow floe about sixty by a hundred yards wide.

In all it took Polle six weeks to make his way back to the site of the *Barner's* last position. Southerly winds had compressed the ice sufficiently to make the floes passable and he had relied in his final days on raw dog meat

and refusing contact with her fellow actors except while in character. In 1983, after shooting *The Stars Must Shine's* 900<sup>th</sup> episode, she was rushed to San Remo hospital after collapsing in her dressing room. She had suffered catastrophic liver failure and remained in intensive care for three weeks, much of it spent in a coma. Her dependency on barbiturates, in particular the prescription sedatives Glacomin and Euphenol, was de Moraes' best kept secret and when, during the furore that greeted her long and unexplained absence from *The Stars Must Shine*, the details of her addiction were scooped by *La Tempa* Argentina's most enigmatic recluse quickly became its most beloved tragic icon.

The audience that greeted her return in the summer of 1983 was the highest in the history of Argentinian television but, crushed by the shame of her public exposure as a drug addict, de Moraes had already decided that her career in *The Stars Must Shine* was at an end. After seeing out her contract until the end of the

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show's 14<sup>th</sup> year, de Moraes appeared in her final episode on the 20<sup>th</sup> November 1986. The death of Juanita de Moraes during childbirth elicited an outpouring of public grief that was superseded only by the discovery of Beatriz de Moraes' body in her apartment three weeks later. She had died of a massive overdose five days before. According to newspaper reports a note was found on her dressing table but was destroyed at the request of her mother. In the face of fierce opposition from her family, de Moraes was accorded a state funeral with full public honours. The ceremony drew a television and radio audience of thirty four million, the largest for any broadcast in South American history.

She never married.

Within fifty miles of the Luitpold Coast, and after four weeks of terrible pressure, the *Barner* began shipping water on its port side. In fifteen minute shifts the thirty man crew operated the pumps for two days and nights until finally, when the ice smashed through the starboard aft destroying the rudder and engine, Soresen reluctantly gave the order to abandon ship. Within a month, on the 24<sup>th</sup> of May 1914, the *Barner* sank beneath the melting ice pack and the expedition found itself seven hundred miles from the nearest human habitation and adrift on the perilous ice floes of the Weddell sea.

Ice Camp, which was to be the expedition's base for the next seven months, lay on a floe about a mile and a half in length and eight hundred yards in breadth. Stores salvaged from the *Barner* were reckoned to last them about a year and as the ice drifted northwards, sometimes at the rate of four miles a day, Soresen made the decision to keep to the floe as long as it should hold up. On the 15<sup>th</sup> of

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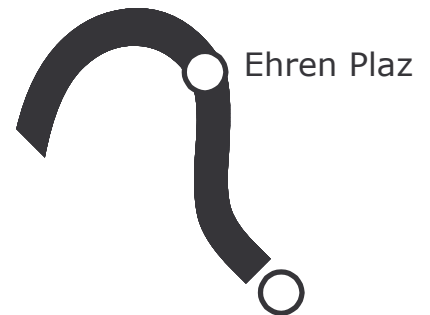
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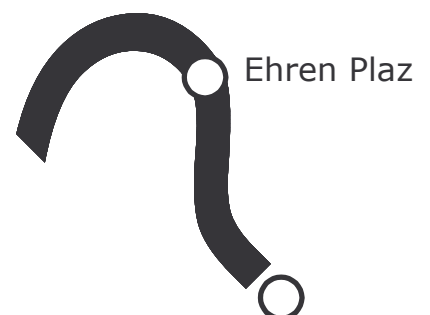
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