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MAY–JUNE 1977

A Dutch Treat

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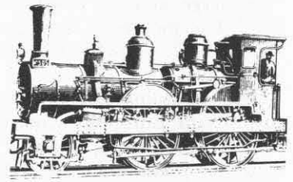
EIGELAND



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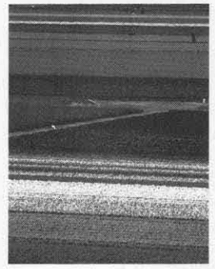


Cover: In Holland, each spring, tulips grown for their bulbs blanket the sandy flat fields along the North Sea coast with kaleidoscopic patterns of vibrant color. Photograph by Tor Eigeland. Rear cover: This miniature gold coffin, originally containing King Tut's intestines, is one of 55 treasures from the Pharaoh's tomb currently touring six U.S. cities.

◀ Missing, presumed murdered: the Orient Express. Last seen departing Gare de Lyon, Paris, seven minutes to midnight, May 20, for points east. Whodunit? Mystery unravelled, page 12.

Turbans and Tulips

WRITTEN BY JON MANDAVILLE ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD THOMPSON

Tulips come from Holland. Right? Wrong! Or at least, they haven't always. Tulips come from Turkey, the only country in the world to call one of its major eras of national history—the years 1700 to 1730—the "Tulip Period." And how that era got its name . . . thereby hangs a tale.

Tulips, even in the early 18th century, were nothing new to Turkey. Along with other bulbous plants such as the narcissus, the hyacinth and the daffodil, tulips had grown there for centuries, both wild and domesticated for house and garden. The Tulip Period took its name from an established hobby, which started as court fashion, grew into a generalized fad and fancy, and finally became an explosion of unrestrained international speculation in bulbs which buyers never even saw.

It all began when tulips first went to Europe. In 1550, no one in Holland had heard of tulips. Different varieties do grow wild in North Africa and from Greece and Turkey all the way to Afghanistan and Kashmir. Very occasionally they are even found in southern France and Italy, usually in vineyards or on cultivated land, which has led some botanists to speculate that they may have been brought back by the Crusaders.

The Persians were familiar with tulips, but they didn't domesticate them as thoroughly as the Turks. For centuries they admired the flowers wild. Even as decorative motifs in Persia, they were never as popular as the narcissus, iris or rose.

In Turkey it was different. The Turks cultivated them in flower beds and window boxes and they used the flowers as patterns on textiles and rugs, ceramic tiles, buildings and fountains and even, especially in the case of women, on tombstones. Their name for the tulip was *lale*, but another Turkish word, *dulband*, or "turban," is the origin of our English name, presumedly because of the flower's shape.

For Ottoman officialdom in 16th-century Istanbul, gardening was a restful hobby, cultivated as a respite from the pressures of the job. Miniature paintings from that century show Turkish gardens to have had an air of relaxed formality. Brick walls defined the borders; four posts marked the corners. On one side a willow or wisteria might be trained up and over a trellis for shade. Stepped terraces of brick or grass embankments led up in the center or at one end to a fountain jetting water into a formal pool. There the Turks planted tulips, marching them in red, yellow and variegated rows along the walkways and up around the fountains.

One of the most notable Turks of the 16th century, the empire's supreme justice, Ebu es-Suud Effendi, was a gardener and tulip hobbyist. One can imagine him at the end of the day strolling quietly through his gardens beside the dark flowing Bosporus, his long full robes brushing the brick path, draped sleeves flapping gently in the evening air, his hugely wrapped white turban bent down to the rows of small red turbans lifted up beside the paths.

Some evenings he might have been joined by his colleague Sokollu Mehmet Pasha, the Grand Vizier, who also enjoyed gardens. Sokollu Mehmet not only kept a garden of his own near Ebu es-Suud's, but also had one laid out for his sovereign, Selim II, complete with garden house and tulip beds.

In 1550, no one in Europe had heard of tulips.

Then, in 1554, an Austrian with a curious mind and an appreciation of flowers noticed the tulips on his way to Istanbul. He was Ogier Ghislain de Busbecq, Austrian Emperor Ferdinand I's ambassador to the Sultan at Constantinople. De Busbecq described them in a letter home.

"As we passed, we saw everywhere an abundance of flowers, such as the narcissus, hyacinth and those called by the Turks tulipan, not without great astonishment on account of the time of the year, as it was then the middle of the winter, a season unfriendly to flowers. . . . The tulipan . . . have little or no smell, but are admired for their beauty and variety of color."

De Busbecq carried seeds back to Vienna and a few years later, in 1559, Konrad Gesner, the Swiss naturalist, saw garden tulips growing at Augsburg, Germany, which he described as having "one large reddish flower, like a red lily." The picture of a tulip in his gardening book of 1561 is the first known in Europe.

The blossoms not only excited the curiosity of European scholars, but also that of enterprising florists. In no less than 10 years after de Busbecq had carried the first seeds back, a trader in Antwerp, Belgium, had imported the first shipment of bulbs from Istanbul; a year or two later they had reached Holland. So the Dutch tulip was born.

This was an expanding Europe, a prosperous Europe of cheap credit, and money to spend on luxuries such as tulip bulbs. Living in the Age of Exploration, it was a Europe intensely curious about exotica from the East, and willing to pay to own a piece of it. By 1600 tulips had been completely studied for possible use for everything from the treatment of gout to cheap nutrition. The great Dutch botanist, Professor Clusius of Leiden, met de Busbecq in Vienna, obtained some seeds from him and, being an eminently practical man, raised the bulbs with an eye to their food value. He ordered an apothecary to preserve them in sugar. This idea, however, did not catch on. The Dutch never came to eat tulip bulbs for pleasure and were only forced to eat them at all in the darkest days of World War II.

As both medicine and food, tulips were failures. But with their extraordinary

"...his hugely wrapped white turban bent down to the rows of small red turbans..."

ability to break and change color—due, we now know, to a tulip-loving virus—they were fantastic for the garden hobbyist. The Dutch bred thousands of varieties, made them a central motif in their paintings and, a few years later, would go mad over them.

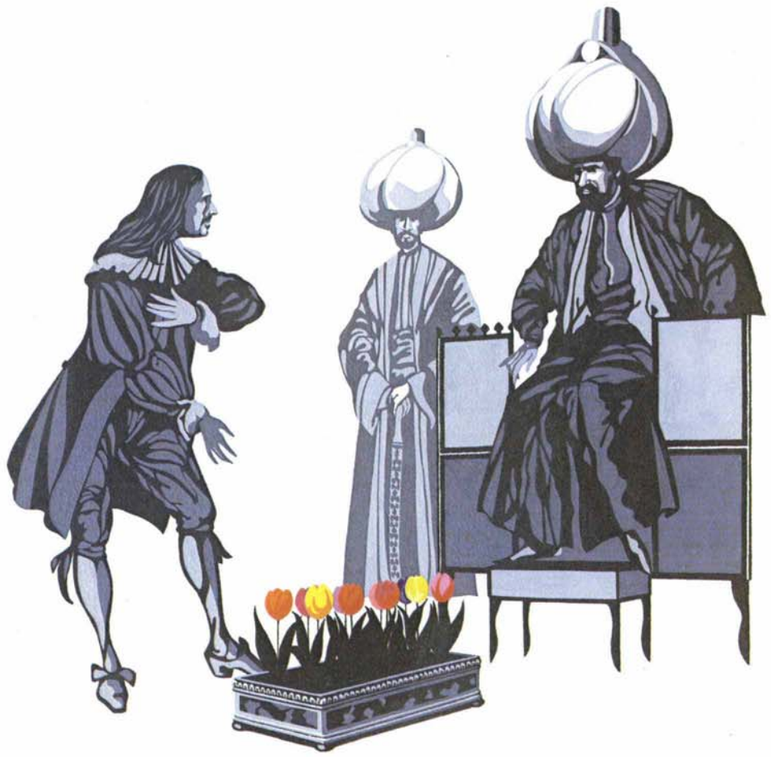
Tulips first reached England in 1578, but they seem not to have become popular there immediately. They are not among the many flowers mentioned by Shakespeare. Their popularity grew over the years, however, and Parkinson, the author of the great gardening book known as *Paradisus*, published in 1629, reports that it is "profitable for them that have a convulsion in their necke (which wee call a cricke in the necke) if they be drunk in harsh (which wee call red) wine." In the reign of Charles I tulips gained enormous popularity, surpassing the rose and daffodil, and a number of theologians, on account of their great beauty, declared that they must be the "lily of the field" mentioned in the Bible, where it says "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

In spite of the flower's growing popularity, however, "tulipomania," or tulip madness, did not grip England as it soon would Holland. For this the poet and essayist Joseph Addison, who first coined that word in a satire against tulips in the *Tatler*, can probably be given credit. France, on the other hand, where tulips are first mentioned rather late, in 1608, was seriously affected by the craze, as Alexandre Dumas recounts in his novel *The Black Tulip*.

By 1620 tulips were regarded as de rigueur for every palace garden in northern Europe. This fashion, established by aristocratic display, spread among wealthy merchants with upward ambitions. The result, between 1634 and 1637, was the first speculative horticultural boom and bust in European history. Tulipomania is not too strong a word to describe what happened.

In Holland, one day in the early 1630's, a single Viceroy tulip bulb changed hands. Its price, paid in kind, was as follows: two loads of wheat, four loads of rye, four fat oxen, eight fat pigs, twelve fat sheep, two hogsheads of wine, four barrels of eight-florin beer, two barrels of butter, 1,000 pounds of cheese, a complete bed, a suit of clothes and a silver beaker.

The whole was valued at 2,500 florins. About the same time, one bulb of Semper Augustus was sold for twice that sum, plus a fine new carriage and pair. Another single bulb was considered a lavish dowery; a fourth was exchanged for a



"...the Turks sent another...ambassador with gifts of...10 new varieties..."

flourishing brewery. In the end the market, weakened by heavy trading in tulip futures—paper purchases of bulbs to be dug the following summer—collapsed in a few scant months. Hundreds of fortunes were lost; the court of Holland had to step in to restore fiscal stability.

Back in Istanbul, meanwhile, the tulip business went on almost as usual. True, prices were up in response to foreign demand. And regularly the rumor would make its rounds in the marketplace of an international cloak-and-dagger plot concerning the elusive "black tulip," the one color no one could produce. The florists' guild increased its membership, and more gardens were laid out.

At the palace, the demand for tulips remained high, and not only to serve the Sultan's pleasure. The Ottoman Foreign Service was well aware of Europe's taste for tulips. In 1651, nearly on the centennial of the bulb's introduction in the West, the Turks sent another Austrian ambassador back to Vienna with gifts, the most prized of which were 10 new varieties of the flower. In Europe they were promptly given names like Maximilianus, Roses of Leiden, Herzog Max, Van den Vilde and Belle Voir.

But although tulips were still special in Turkey, in the 17th century they were certainly not considered something to throw one's fortune away on, as the foolish foreigners had. Not, that is, until the early 1700's, when what had happened in Amsterdam 100 years earlier occurred again in Istanbul: tulip madness.

Sultan Ahmet III, who ruled the Ottoman Empire from 1703 until 1730, liked flowers. More than that, he liked garden parties. It wasn't long before his reign began that the final Turkish seige of Vienna had failed, and the empire was forced into the humiliating Treaty of Karlowitz (1699). By the terms of this treaty the Empire was obliged to sign away to European powers large pieces of territory in the Balkans. Istanbul was anxious to forget about war and defeat. A peace party was in power and in the palace, and it was glad to encourage the Sultan in his taste for entertaining. Better flowers than battles, certainly. Society was ready to be diverted by a harmless fad, and the fad that appeared was the tulip.

The spring palace garden parties were spectacular diversions. Days before the big event, agents combed the local market for blossoms, thousands upon thousands of them. Servants placed them in colored bottles strategically located in the garden beds to supplement the plantings. They massed more blooms in banks on wooden benches set about the open lawns. Evening parties were the fashion, with lamps and candles placed along the paths and above the beds. At one such party dozens of tortoises with small lanterns tied to their backs plodded among the flowers.

Soon the city aristocracy entered the game, competing among themselves not only for the most novel garden entertainment, but more seriously for the best blooms. Tulip shows were held, often under palace patronage, with the best-of-show tulip receiving a certificate of merit signed by the Sultan himself—as well as a purse of gold.

A fad in any literate society brings out books; Ottoman Istanbul was no exception. "How-to" books on gardening had been written before in Turkey; now they appeared in numbers. Like old cook books, they make good reading today. *The Balance of Blossoms* by Shaykh Mehmet Lalezari—his last name means Golden Tulip—written in the 1720's, could have been published this year and most garden fanciers wouldn't notice much difference between it and its neighbors on their shelves.

"One must pay careful attention to the soil in which you plant your tulips," the author begins. His advice continues: don't use clay soil; it won't drain and the bulbs will rot. Dig rich black soil from the lower southern slopes of a nearby hill and put it through a sieve with holes no bigger than a hazelnut. Then mix it with an equal part of sand or gravel. Dig out the top 12 inches of your flower bed, cover the bottom with about six inches of medium-sized stones and add enough of your new dirt to level the bottom surface at whatever depth you plan on planting your bulbs. Lalezari has strong opinions about soil. But note well, as did 18th-century Turkish gardeners reading him, that what is good soil for tulips is *not* good soil for other kinds of bulbs.

What about fertilizer? Lalezari prefers rotted cow manure, though he points out that some gardeners still swear by composted grape dregs, left over from pressing. His contemporary, Ruznamcezade, a specialist in the narcissus, writes in his *Essay on Flowers* that he agrees. "I prefer mixing one part of cow manure . . . with four parts of soil and letting it stand three years before applying. . . . Next is sheep manure, which is known to have nitrate in it—but burns. Next is horse manure, then grape compost, which is good for carnations but not much good for other flowers. . . . For me, no fertilizer will do except old rotted cow manure from a village pasture."

Once planted, says Lalezari, the tulip beds need mulching or rough matting to guard against a sharp freeze. Once up, the plants need shade to guard against burning by the sun. Once blooming, the shade must remain to preserve the color from fading. Watering is best done thoughtfully, early in the morning or at night.

When and how do you cut tulips for indoor display? Lalezari tells you. Once cut, how do you keep the blooms from dropping their petals? Lalezari suggests that you keep the vase out of the full sun, and at night place it outside in the open where the breeze can reach it, facing the stars.

The handbooks are full of miscellaneous hints. Don't use river rock in the beds; they attract insects which eat the plants and are hard to get rid of. What about bugs? Some you can hunt down at night with a candle. Others . . . well, for some the only remedy is to keep a few chickens and ducks in the garden during the winter. They'll clean it out by the time the first buds show.

Oddly enough, there's not a word about moles and mice. And there's no question of "organic versus chemical" in Lalezari's book.

Not all of the tulip essays were "how-to's." Some were show books, listing the names of all the tulips on the Istanbul market with brief descriptions by color and shape. One listing of 1726 gives some 890 named varieties. Most books have a section listing the characteristics of the gold medal tulip, the tulip that wins the prize at the flower shows: length of stem, shape and location of leaves, shape and size of petals, color patterns, how well they keep after cut, strength of bulb and how well it stores—the list is a long one, and detailed.

"...violations would be punished by confiscation of stocks and exile..."

These books fueled the fire and the tulip craze spread, with all the accompanying wheeling and dealing that one might expect. It was Amsterdam of 1637 all over again. And as in Amsterdam, the government finally had to step in to cool off the market. In 1726 the head of the palace flower gardens, our friend Lalezari, was ordered to call a general meeting of all city tulip dealers. At that meeting he announced that price controls were to be established and enforced. Each dealer was to list all of his varieties. Lalezari would set a price for each and that price was to be maintained in the market. Violations would be punished by confiscation of stock and the exile of the offending merchant. Orders to that effect went out from the city courts.

The price freeze worked; at least, speculation died out.

Tulips, of course, did not. They continued to be the mainstay of every planted garden in Turkey. With the passing of Sultan Ahmet III and the peace party, the Tulip Period drew to a close. An expanding Russia insured that the rest of the 18th century would see the Ottoman Empire continually at war. The 19th century was dominated by the modernization movement, which led to great changes in governmental and life style; the 20th, by Ataturk's revolution, which uprooted nearly every traditional Ottoman institution. Except the tulips.

You can still buy them today in Istanbul in the garden shops next to the old Spice Bazaar facing the Golden Horn, or in cut bouquets from street sellers on Taksim Square, in the shadow of the new Inter-Continental Hotel. Come spring and the weeks of blooming, crowds from all over the city stroll through the Emirgan tulip gardens, the most famous of Istanbul, to celebrate the season and enjoy the color.

Whether you're a Turkish Sultan, a Dutch *burgemeester* or an ordinary household variety American gardener, nothing beats the winter for you like the tulip. Centuries, periods and fads come and go, but every spring as the snows melt, tulips will be with us still. And thank God for them, every one.

Jon Mandaville, an associate professor of history and Middle East studies at Portland State University, is a frequent contributor to Aramco World.

Some 300 years ago the Dutch began to go wild over tulips (See previous story). Today they still grow them by the millions. Tor Eigeland, who lives in Spain and free-lances for such publications as *National Geographic, International Wildlife* and *Smithsonian* magazine, photographed the fields and flowers on these pages along Holland's sandy, wind-swept North Sea coast between The Hague, Leiden and Haarlem and at Keukenhof gardens, showplace of Dutch bulb-growers, near Lisse. Tulips bloom in the Netherlands between mid-March and mid-May, peaking sometime around the middle of that period, depending on how long winter lingers.

At Keukenhof (the name, dating from the 15th century, means "kitchen garden") over 800,000 visitors stroll each spring beside canals, a lake and a windmill, through wooded parks and vast greenhouses to admire outdoor sculpture, swans and, of course, the flowers; flowers everywhere, especially tulips in every shape, pattern and color.

There are some six million blossoms on display in all –the choicest specimens of Holland's glowing yearly bounty.

From March to May each spring...

A Dutch Treat

PHOTOGRAPHED BY TOR EIGELAND

At an annual festival in Lisse, Dutch girls wave from a tulip-decked windmill and even a motorcycle policeman carries the theme. In nearby Sassenheim tulips sprout from lamp-pole baskets.

Windmill overlooks greenhouses and bulb farms near Sassenheim.

Names as colorful as the flowers...

Queen of Sheba

Cape Cod

Couleur Cardinal

West Point

Pax

Prince Charles

Greenhouses at Keukenhof.

Keukenhof gardens, near Lisse.

The Perfect Tulip

In the West

Dr. Samuel Johnson's Dictionary
6th edition 1785

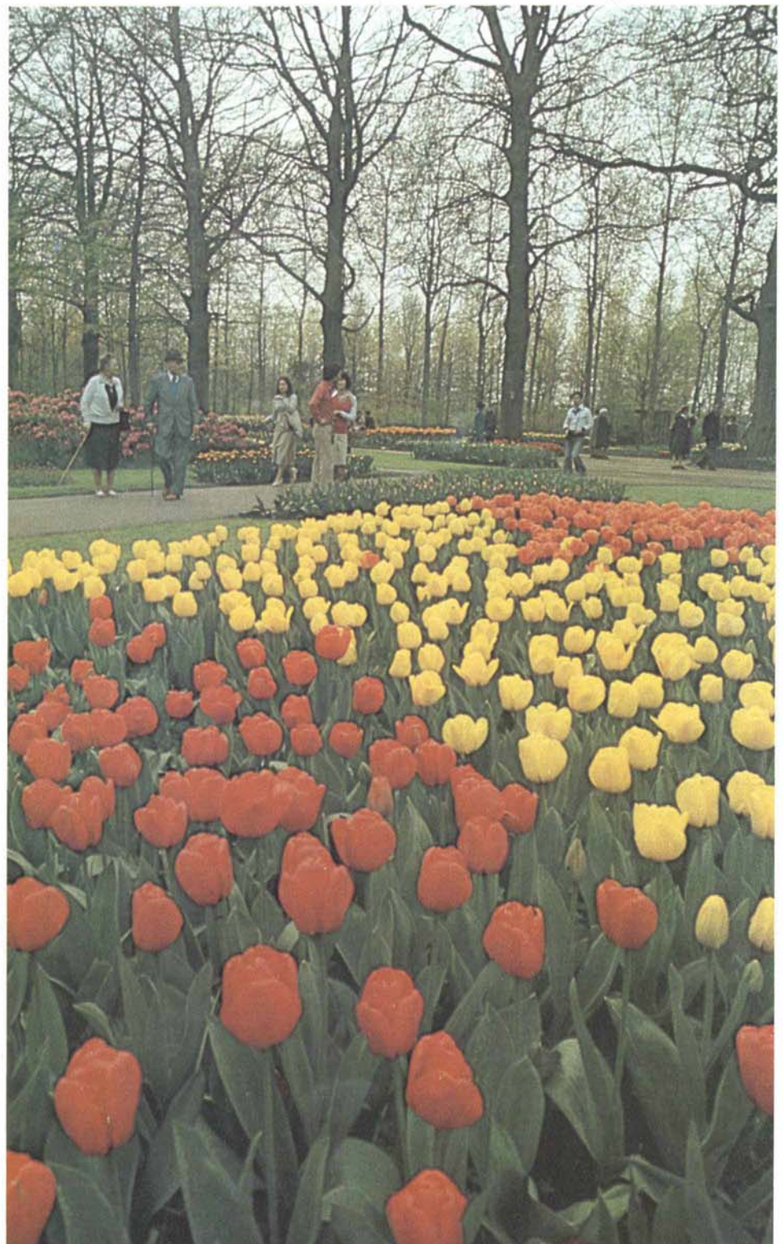
- *It should have a tall stem.*
- *The flower should consist of six leaves, three within, and three without, the former being larger than the latter.*
- *Their bottom should be proportioned to their top; their upper part should be rounded off, and not terminated in a point.*
- *The leaves when opened should neither turn inward nor bend outward, but rather stand erect; the flower should be of a middling size, neither over-large nor too small.*
- *The stripes should be small and regular, arising quite from the bottom of the flower. The chives (stamens) should not be yellow but of a brown color.*

In the East

"A Treatise on Tulips"
Dervish Sheikh 1801

- *The petals should be stiff and smooth and of one color.*
- *The six petals should be of one size and equal in length.*
- *They should touch one another.*
- *The inner petals should be thinner than the outer.*
- *They should conceal the stamens, and the pistil should just be visible.*
- *The flower should stand erect.*

—Caroline Stone

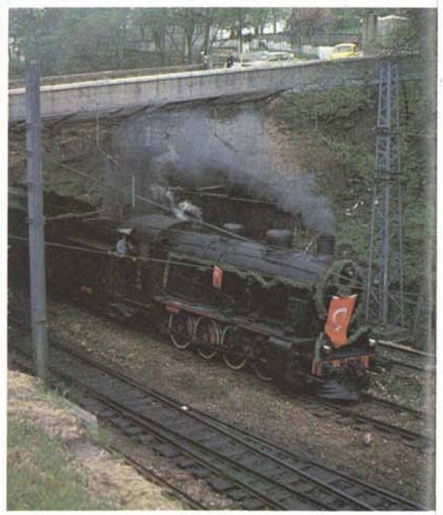


MURDER OF THE ORIENT EXPRESS

Paris–Istanbul is dead.

Long live Zurich–Istanbul.

WRITTEN BY JOHN LAWTON
PHOTOGRAPHED BY
TOR EIGELAND



Nostalgia Rides the Rails

Royalty used it for their pleasure, couriers for their secret missions and writers as the setting for the most famous thrillers in print. (*Aramco World,* March-April, 1968).

Boris III of Bulgaria would insist on driving the train across his Balkan kingdom. James Bond dueled SMERSH's chief executioner as the express hurtled under the Alps. And Agatha Christie's villanous Samuel Ratchett met a sticky end aboard a *Wagon Lits* stuck in a Serbian snowdrift.

Once "The King of Trains and the Train of Kings," the Orient Express had deteriorated over the years from a trans-European extravaganza to a travelling slum. As the wealthy took to jet travel, its cozy sleepers, elegant smoking cars and three-star diner disappeared one by one. Finally, in a major reshuffle of Continental services, the train made famous by fictional murder has itself been killed (See box).

But for those who would mourn its loss there is good news. In a strange twist of a Christie-like plot, the Orient Express lives on. And not in name only, but as photographer Tor Eigeland and myself discovered on a recent three-day train ride, in all its former splendor.

Apart from the fact that it was Zurich, not Paris, all was as it should have been: the cavernous railway station, the smell of trains, the platform bustle, and the brown-uniformed conductors in their smart, pillbox caps helping the blue-blooded and the wealthy into the gleaming, deep blue-and-gold coaches of the Orient Express.

Shouts, whistles, banging of doors, waving of flags, and the unique collection of refurbished vintage rolling stock pulled slowly from under the station canopy into the driving rain.

Ten-thirty on a cold, gray April morning, and the start of a majestic, 56-hour, 1,200-mile journey across Europe that was to include lavish, candle-lit dinners with beautiful strangers, tense moments at a Communist border, a brass-band welcome by the Turks, and a sharp return to reality at the end of the line.

As the antique train picked up speed through the Zurich suburbs, pretty secretaries waved to us from modern office buildings overlooking the tracks and a conductor moved noiselessly along the corridor placing crystal vases of fresh-cut flowers in mirrored niches at each end of the seven sleeping cars.

The brochure I had picked up from my bedside table told me we were travelling in one of the few extant Lx 16/20 luxury sleepers built in 1929 to the original *Wagon-Lits* design. It comprised eight richly upholstered mahogany-paneled compartments, each with its own washstand discreetly hidden behind folding doors, and was heated by an old coal boiler that, despite the fact our locomotive was electric, gave an impression of authentic steam.

The handout also advised that the light-stall shower car was available to passengers around-the-clock and although, unfortunately, the bar car had been left behind, drinks were available in the two, 50-year-old Côte d'Azur Pullman parlor cars. As if on cue, a waiter in a white, starched uniform with gold-braided epaulets, moved along the corridor shouting: "Apéritif!"

Slowly the 102 passengers gravitated toward the parlor cars and, over Negroni cocktails, began sizing each other up.

Through a careful bit of sleuthing —"*I* can't give you their names; they're traveling incognito," a tour guide had told me—I discovered they included Prince Friedrich Karl von Preussen and his wife Princess Luise, Baron and Baroness Huschke von Hanstein and Count Westerholt.

"What? No spies?" I queried my informant. Not this trip, he said. But last year, he confided, there was a retired British Secret Service officer who had made dozens of secret missions on the train during the two world wars. Disappointed, I surveyed the rest of the list: a mixed bag of rich businessmen and eccentric train buffs—mainly from Switzerland and West Germany, but with a smattering from Italy, France, Canada and the United States—who had each paid 2,000 Swiss Francs ($800) for a ride back into history, a weekend in Istanbul and a first-class charter jet flight back to Zurich.

The "Nostalgic Orient Express" was the brainchild of train buff and entrepreneur Albert Glatt, director of the Intraflug AG charter flight agency of Zurich, who first organized a trial run in 1976, with rolling stock rented

from *La Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits*. Railroading into the past was an instant success and Glatt then bought and restored the vintage train, which has so far made six fully booked runs between Zurich and Istanbul and Athens.

"My dream," Glatt told me over the international babble of voices in the parlor car, "is to take the train from Paris to Baghdad."

By now we were speeding through the vest-pocket state of Liechtenstein, across the Rhine, and beginning the tortuous ascent of the Austrian Alps. Our route—through the Arlberg tunnel to the Adriatic Sea and then across the Balkans to the easternmost rim of Europe—was that of the former Arlberg-Orient, one of the several super-deluxe expresses that linked Western Europe with the Orient in earlier days.

The first Orient Express left Paris on October 4, 1883—the outcome, so the story goes, of a shattered love affair. It was created by a young Belgian engineer named Georges Nagelmackers, whose father sent him to America to recover from a broken heart. There, he met George Mortimer Pullman, the architect of luxury, long-distance rail travel, and, reportedly inspired by him, returned to Europe to found *Wagons-Lit*.

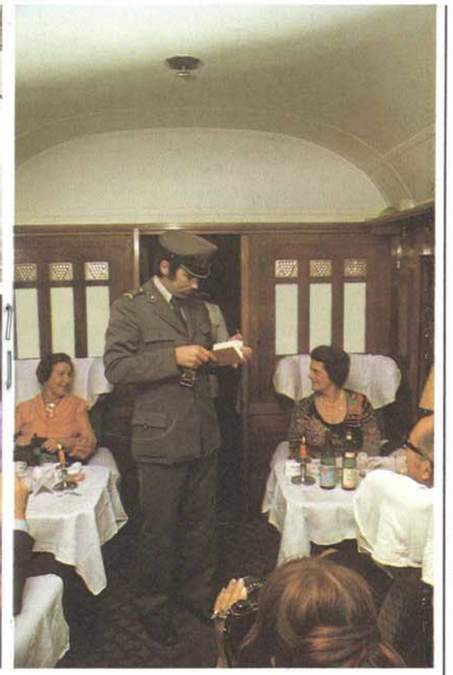
Nagelmackers' inaugural *Express d'Orient*—six sleeping cars and a diner—took some 40 passengers via Munich, Vienna and Bucharest to the Bulgarian Black Sea coast, from where they proceeded by overnight ferry to Istanbul. Later, a direct service was established to Istanbul, with onward connections from the eastern shore of the Bosporus to Damascus and Baghdad. . . . But now we had stopped and . . . were going backwards?

Not to worry, said Glatt. Unlike Nagelmackers' express, for which all tracks were cleared, we had to give way to an up-coming local.

Lunch—*hors d'oeuvre de Lombardie, nouilles à l'Emilienne, faux-filet de boeuf a l'Italienne, fromages, and fraises chantilly*—at least lived up to the legendary haute cuisine of earlier Orients, even though we were running one hour late. We made up time in Innsbruck, Austria, by cutting short a scheduled three-hour sightseeing tour.

Back on board and wending our way along crag-sided Tyrolean valleys, preparations began for dinner (evening dress required). A lady in a pink bathrobe tripped past on her way to the shower car, and the faint smell of asparagus drifted down the corridor from the closet-sized kitchen where Italian master chef Vitaliano Falciola was cooking up another moveable feast on his primitive coal-burning stove.

Dressing for dinner took some doing in the swaying, six-by-four-foot compartment. The window blind unexpectedly shot up as we trundled through Kitzbuhel station, leaving me embarrassed in my underwear, and Eigeland and I ricocheted into the woodwork when we bent down simultaneously to put on our pants.



Such minor discomforts were quickly forgotten once we were seated in the candle-lit Pullman car, decorated with carved glass nudes by Rene Lalique, and paired off for dinner with two charming strangers. The famous "femmes fatales" of the Orient Express? Another disappointment! Just two working girls on a reporting assignment for a West German women's magazine. Or so they said.

As the train rattled through the night we ploughed our way through *crème à la reine, saumon en bellevue* and *cuissot de veau,* pausing briefly midway through Alaska soufflé to have our passports stamped by customs officers who boarded the train at the Yugoslav border, and finally sinking into similarly overstuffed armchairs for coffee.

Well past midnight as we nursed a nightcap, conversation turned to the earlier days of the Orient Express. Talk of the Marquise of Polignac, who always brought along her own chef. Talk of King Leopold II of Belgium and his infamous royal sleeping car—Paris dancer Cléo de Mérode was such a frequent guest it was nicknamed "Cléopold." And talk of Princess Pauline Metternich of Austria, who scandalized her fellow passengers by wearing tight black dresses and smoking cigars.

Back in our compartment, now even more cramped with the beds down, I sympathized with Princess Pauline. Who, I wondered as I fell asleep, could expect anyone in such confines to get in and out of a crinoline?

I slept fitfully that night, cut myself shaving as we bounced along the Yugoslav roadbed, and was glad of a mid-morning leg-stretch during a two-hour stopover in Belgrade. We lunched—the usual five courses plus Irish coffee—in the less formal, red-walled dining car: there was not enough room for all of the passengers to enjoy the opulence of the Pullman parlors at every meal. Mid-afternoon saw one of the highlights of our journey. For old times' sake we were coupled up to a black steam engine and, belching clouds of gray coal smoke, trundled even deeper into the Balkans. The first trains to span Europe's 1,800 miles set new standards in speed as well as comfort. Early Orients astounded passengers by going as fast as 45 miles per hour. By the turn of the century they were chugging along at 60.

The countryside was now green and rolling and the mood on board the Nostalgic Orient Express friendly and relaxed.

But not for long.

As the train ground to a halt at the Bulgarian frontier, gray-uniformed Yugoslav border guards leapt aboard and converged, yelling angrily, on our sleeping cars.

Eigeland, a veteran of countless brushes with officialdom, instinctively put his cameras out of sight. Not so the amateur in the next compartment, who was still blissfully clicking away at border scenes—an absolute error in the Communist bloc—when the police pounced. The film was quickly confiscated, Glatt's pleas for its return were angrily rebuffed and the capitalist train was stonily packed on its way, its passengers somewhat jarred.

"They made me get out of the shower to show my passport," shrilled the lady in the pink bathrobe, en route from yet another visit to the bathing car.

It was dark by the time we pulled into Sofia's ultramodern railway station, alongside a Moscow-bound express. As passengers tumbled out to get a closer look at Bulgarian folk dancers performing on the platform for our benefit, a crew of railway workers pressed their noses to the windows of our carriage for a closer

look at the antique bourgeois trappings of the train.

Another hurried sightseeing tour and we were off again, rattling through the night and another five-course meal. It was almost 2:00 a.m. by the time we had killed the last of our champagne with a toast to master chef Falciola, who bowed his way down the aisle of the diner to spirited applause.

Exhausted, we collapsed into bed . . . only to be rudely awakened two hours later by Bulgarian frontier guards demanding our passports (Did people really travel this way for pleasure?) . . . and again at 8:00 a.m. by a ragged rendering of a classical march I was too sleepy to recognize.

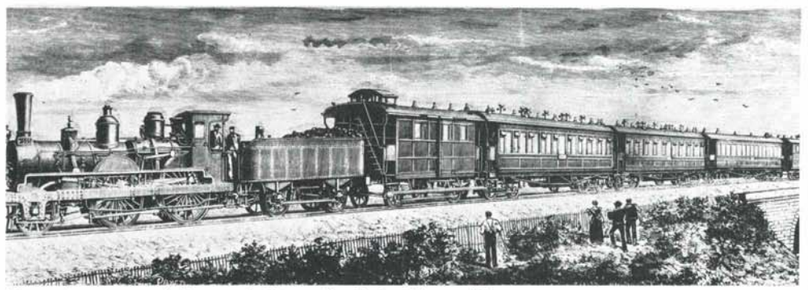
It was banged, blown and blasted by the local brass band at the Turkish border town of Edirne. They meant it as a cheerful welcome, but I wasn't up to it. I was soon restored to good humor, however, fortified by fresh coffee and rolls and a stroll in the sunshine along the platform, now crowded with wide-eyed, happy children brought by their teachers to see the show.

It took us nearly seven hours to cover the last 150 miles from Edirne, along the Marmara Sea to Istanbul. The final portion was by coal-fired steam engine. As we chugged past the

six minarets of the Blue Mosque, by the towering cupola of St. Sophia and beneath the walls of Topkapi Palace, I bade farewell to my fellow passengers. We had reached the end of the line. Asia faced us across the Bosporus.

And as we plunged into the noisy, milling crowd outside Sirkeci Station on the banks of the Golden Horn I remembered Agatha Christie's words from *Murder on the Orient Express:*

"It lends itself to romance, my friend. All around us are people, of all classes, of all nationalities, of all ages. For three days these people, these strangers to one another, are brought together. They sleep and eat under one roof, they cannot get away from each other. At the end of three days they part, they go their several ways, never, perhaps, to see each other again."



Engraving courtesy of Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits.

End of the Line

PHOTOGRAPHED BY TOR EIGELAND
KHALIL ABOU EL-NASR
AND PATRICK DE NOIRMONT

Meanwhile, in Paris, the original Orient Express—along with nearly a century of legends—neared its end.

It was May 20, 1977. It was seven minutes before midnight. Appropriately, it was a gloomy night and above the deserted station—the famous Gare de Lyon—scattered clusters of gourmets quietly finished dinner in the ornate restaurant where Express passengers once enjoyed leisurely farewells.

Suddenly, as the train's whistle echoed through the station, a heavy-set woman, clutching a small overnight bag, sprinted into the station and raced down Platform Eight toward the train. Simultaneously the old blue locomotive hummed into life and the 11 cars behind it glided slowly away from the platform.

The woman ran a few more steps, faltered and then stopped. She had missed it. And, since it was the last run of the Orient Express, she had missed it for good . . . .

On the train, pretty 20-year-old Rosita Dikova settled herself comfortably into the orange, leatherette seat for the long journey to Sofia in Bulgaria. "The last run," she said. "That's too bad. This train had glamor."

She was quite correct. The Orient Express *had* glamor—back in the early days so frequently described in the novels and films that added so much to the glamor. But not on that gloomy night of May 20, 1977. No, by then things had changed. . . .

On the final regular run of the famed Orient Express, the only car on the train going all the way to Istanbul was an olive-drab, second-class, French commuter car sandwiched in between others bound for Athens and Belgrade. At $88 one way, fewer than half of the 72 seats were taken.

"Nobody wants to sit up for three nights and two days if they can avoid it," said a French Railways official.

Passengers were mainly students and homeward-bound foreign workers carrying beverages, blankets and biscuits for the long ride: a far cry from the days when the royal and the rich slept on embroidered percale with feather comforters, and white-gloved waiters served champagne and caviar aboard the world's most exotic train.

"It was a great way to travel," said conductor Maurice Barillot, "if you had the time." Time and Barillot's chocolate-brown uniform, familiar to viewers of *Murder on the Orient Express,* were all that remained of the legend on the legendary train's last trip.

The last sleeping car, a remnant of the old days, had left the night before. Most of the two dozen passengers aboard it were journalists covering the next-to-last trip in first-class comfort rather than the last trip in second-class discomfort. Some 300 enthusiasts had begged *Wagon Lits* for accommodation on the final run. The company had planned to put two or three extra sleeping cars on the last journey, but French Railways, the overall authority, rejected the request for reasons of "economy."

An announcement in English and French of the train's departure from the Gare de Lyon did not even mention its name. Even the familiar sign

"Direct Orient," the name by which it had been known since 1962, had been removed from the side of the train to avoid tempting souvenir hunters.

By the time it reached Yugoslavia, where the Istanbul through coach was unceremoniously hitched onto another Turkey-bound train after a two-hour wait in a siding, the once-proud

Orient Express had all the appearances of a milk train. Peasants carrying farm produce hopped on and off at its numerous stops, and compartments and corridors overflowed with perspiring people eating fruit and cheese.

When it eventually limped into Istanbul's Sirkeci Station six hours late, hardly anyone gave it a second glance. "It just looks like any other dirty old train," said a porter, as a plump cleaning lady in baggy trousers gave it a cursory dusting.

The platform emptied of passengers and baggage and the train stood silent against the bright red painted buffers blocking the track.

For the Orient Express, it was the end of the line.

John Lawton, a veteran U.P.I. correspondent, freelances from Istanbul and is a frequent contributor to Aramco World.

KING TUT TOURS AMERICA

WRITTEN BY JOANNA SHAW-EAGLE

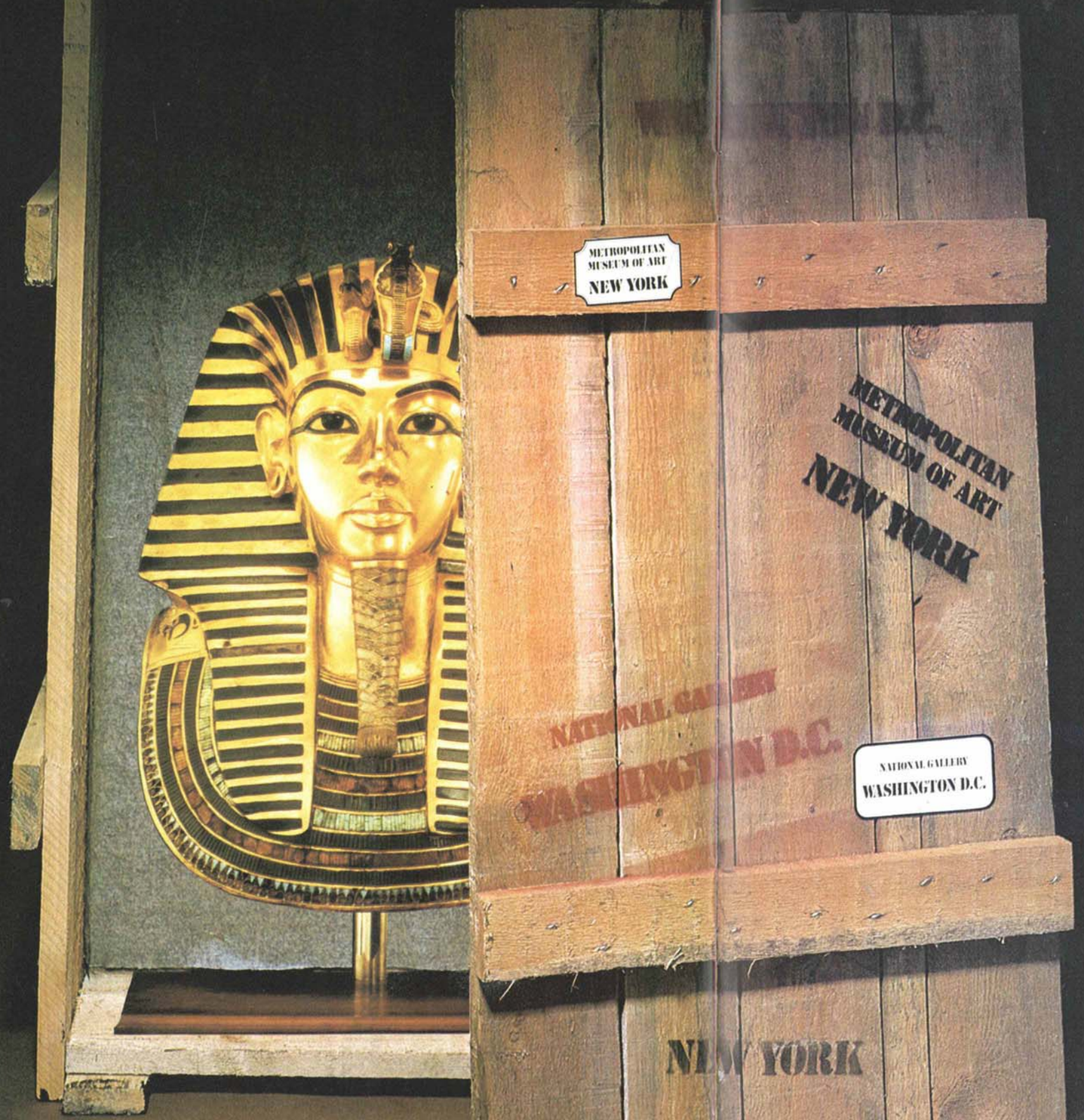
For two-and-a-half full years—November 1976 to April 1979—55 priceless treasures from the fabulous tomb of the 1300-BC Egyptian Pharaoh Tutankhamen are touring the United States. Officials in the six lucky cities hosting the traveling exhibition predict that during that time the total number of people filing through their local museums to view the dazzling collection may reach a staggering four million.

This is only the fifth time the treasures of "King Tut" have left their home in Egypt's National Museum in Cairo since their spectacular discovery in 1922. Previously they have visited the U.S.S.R., France, Japan and England (See *Aramco World*, Sept.–Oct., 1972), but experts generally acknowledge that the U.S. exhibition is the biggest and best ever to leave Egypt.

Never before have Tutankhamen treasures sent abroad by the Arab Republic of Egypt made such an extended journey. The fragility—and value—of the objects must have led Egyptian and U.S. museum officials to invoke their own private deities, as well as Tut's, in planning and executing the tour. The quality and scale of the exhibition were made possible through sponsorship by a consortium of six American museums, headed by New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art. It will visit virtually every geographical area of the continental United States.

The U.S. exhibition opened November 17, 1976, in Washington, D.C., where 830,340 persons jammed the National Gallery of Art during its 17-week stay. It is in Chicago through this summer and then travels to New Orleans, Los Angeles and Seattle before the grand finale in distant 1979 (See box for dates and places). The exhibition has been scheduled last at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art to celebrate the opening of the museum's new wing, built to house the Temple of Dendur (See *Aramco World*, May–June, 1969).

It is fitting that Tutankhamen's treasures have at last come to visit America, for it was an American, some 70 years ago, who stumbled across the first clue to their existence. The day was January 17, 1908. Theodore Davis, an amateur archaeologist, was digging in Egypt's Valley of the Kings when he came across a curious cache of large, sealed pottery jars, containing what he afterwards called "rubbish." Those jars, and the "rubbish" inside them, proved to be the beginning, the key clues which led some 14 years later to one of the most spectacular finds in the history of Egyptian archaeology: the 18th-dynasty tomb of King Tutankhamen, with its more than 5,000 unparalleled treasures.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY KATRINA THOMAS AND HARRY BURTON

The contents of those jars—mistaken by Davis as just a jumble of broken pottery, cloth and seals—were actually remains of materials used by Tutankhamen's embalmers as well as debris from the Pharaoh's funeral feast. (Tutankhamen reigned from approximately 1334 to 1325 B.C., dying at the age of 18.) The 125 red clay storage jars are the only intact collection of objects from an Egyptian funerary banquet ever found.

They were originally used for storing embalming equipment, such as bits of left-over bandages and bags of the embalming salt, natron. Some of these linen fragments contain dated references to Tutankhamen. One, a piece of cloth ascribed to Tut's sixth year, was the kind of evidence that convinced British archaeologist Howard Carter, who eventually discovered and excavated Tut's tomb, and Lord Carnarvon, his patron, that the tomb actually did exist.

The Davis jars are now at the Oriental Institute in Chicago, on display publicly for the first time. And since 55 priceless objects from the tomb itself are simultaneously on display at Chicago's Field Museum of National History, the jars and treasures come together for the first time since Tutankhamen's tomb was sealed 3,302 years ago.

Chicago has always been important in the life of the Tutankhamen objects. The Oriental Institute, where Davis' find comprises part of an adjunct "Magic of Egyptian Art" exhibition which will run through April 15, 1978, is a world center for Egyptian studies. James H. Breasted, who founded the institute in 1919 and was the leading American Egyptologist of his time, helped Howard Carter establish that the unviolated tomb he discovered was that of Tutankhamen by identifying the Pharaoh's seal on the tomb door and reading the inscriptions inside. Because of Breasted's prominence, and the importance of the institute as a learning center, part of Davis' original discovery went to Chicago.

"Orientation" exhibitions such as "Magic of Egyptian Art" in Chicago and another exhibition, "Eye for Eye", which opens at the New Orleans Museum, in Louisiana, in September, introduce Egyptian art, religion, history and culture and can be crucial in helping modern audiences span the 3,000-year-plus gap that separates us from Tut, and in preparing us for the dazzling attractions at the traveling exhibition.

According to Egyptian belief, writing a Pharaoh's name would insure eternal life. Ancient Egyptian tomb inscriptions read, "To speak the name of the dead is to make him live again." And just as the Egyptians believed they could live through their names, so also they believed that mummification would extend their existence. The spirit of the dead would roam freely, they felt, but was dependent on the mummy for a secure and final resting place. The tomb, its arts, its writings, its creature comforts such as food and fragrant oils were for one purpose: to insure the king's existence forever.

A six-city, two-and-a-half-year itinerary...

Tutankhamen's mummy, of course, is still in Egypt, and though his name was largely removed from the history books by his successors, who objected to his religious reforms, it lives again in the U.S. exhibition. The tomb itself is beautifully simulated in all six American cities which the Tut treasures are visiting. Unlike previous exhibitions held abroad, the traveling U.S. exhibition is composed of two complementary sections. One is, quite simply, beautiful objects (See photographs, page 28); the other demonstrates the adventure of archaeology.

The art is 55 carefully selected objects from the over 5,000 originally excavated: light-filled, translucent alabaster cups; elegant furniture of rare woods; dazzling jewelry; marvelous gold sculptures showing Tutankhamen as a child, as a sports-loving king, and, finally, as a buried god-king.

The second section recreates the archaeological discovery and excavation as well as the cultural ambience in which the art was created. Each U.S. museum is recreating the experience of actually entering the tomb and passing through its four rooms, with the burial chamber and its deservedly famous burial mask the chief focus. Large photomurals, charts explaining Egyptian religion and life as reflected in its art, and extensive wall captions from Carter's three-volume report on the tomb tell how the civilization of Tutankhamen flourished. They are mounted as flexible, portable wall panels that are traveling to all six museums.

The display also reveals Carter's painstaking archaeological procedures, his 10-year clearing of the tomb, as well as his difficulties. One caption tells us, "The tours (of tourists) not only threatened to damage the fragile objects, but also caused interruptions that brought work to a complete halt. While Carter directed the archaeologists, the earl intercepted the tourists. Lord Carnarvon, it turned out, had the much harder job."

Crowds flock into Chicago's huge Field Museum.

The photomurals put exhibition visitors practically in Carter's and Carnarvon's shoes to share in the adventure of discovery. Like the two Englishmen, visitors walk down a long dark corridor that now, instead of being filled ceiling-high with rubble, holds just one exquisite sculpture, the appealing and touching young Tutankhamen as "the sun god on a lotus." In Chicago, visitors first enter the exhibition through a buff-colored baffle simulating the tomb of Ramses VI, a reminder that this tomb almost blocked discovery of Tut's. They then "descend" the entrance steps through an optical illusion and duck along a long, dark corridor which is only spotlighted at intervals.

Carter almost stumbled over the sun god, as well as a lotus-formed alabaster chalice, as he entered the corridor and subsequent anteroom. Both had been dropped by early grave robbers as they hastily fled. Originally the largest room in the tomb (26 by 12 feet), the anteroom was stacked with animal-shaped couches (unfortunately too fragile to travel to the U.S.), several royal thrones, alabaster vases, chests, a dazzling gold shrine whose panels show Tutankhamen's affectionate domestic life, pieces of four chariots, and two life-size sentinel statues of Tutankhamen, which guarded the burial chamber. The chariots and statues, included in the 1971–72 London exhibition, could not travel to the United States; instead, Americans can see 18 different objects, among them the young sun god, the exquisitely sensual goddess Selket, that has never before left Cairo, a gilded wooden cobra sculpture, numerous pieces of jewelry, a golden mirror case and a painted alabaster casket.

Carter had decided to proceed slowly and carefully from one room to another. He had each object photographed, catalogued and removed to storage before proceeding to the next room. It was not until February 17, 1923, three months after entering the antechamber, that he prepared to enter the burial chamber. Here, the exhibition's most famous object and the tomb's greatest find, Tutankhamen's 22-pound, solid gold mask, was found in place over the mummy's head and shoulders. In Washington, D.C., the mask, beaten and burnished, inlaid with carnelian, lapis lazuli, colored glass and quartz, was dramatically displayed dead-center in the National Gallery's "burial chamber."

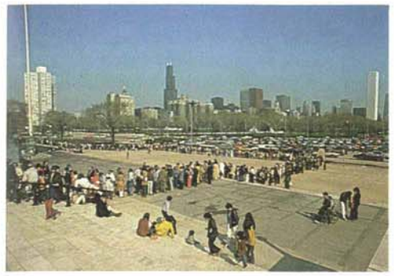
The treasury section held many images of Tutankhamen, illustrating the importance of the Egyptian belief that as mummification of the Pharaoh's body and inscribing his name were crucial in preserving eternal life, so was the painting and sculpting of his likeness. One Egyptian word for sculptor was "He-who-keeps-alive." The Tut treasures are from the Amarna period, a brief time in Egyptian art history when new naturalistic tendencies combined with old Egyptian stylizations for incisive and sympathetic human portrayals. The sculptures are remarkable for their variety, and in being painted and gilded. The rarity and skill of these gilded sculptures are amply seen in the U.S. exhibition in the two well-known figures of Tutankhamen. One, in a rare scene of action for the Egyptians, is Tutankhamen with harpoon in hand. The other is a dramatic contrast of gold and black, with a gilded Tut as the sun god traveling on a black leopard through the underworld.

Two other examples are the goddess Selket and a menacing gilded cobra with neck dilated, ready to spring. Selket had never been fully visible at the National Museum in Cairo, because there she faces inwards, attached to a massive gilded wooden shrine with three other goddesses. This is the first time she has been detached and sent abroad for full viewing.

The displays in Washington and Chicago demonstrate how very different the Tut objects look in different spaces and light. Each museum has attempted to simulate the darkness of the tomb and Carter's experience in that darkness as he found the objects. Though lacking a really large display space, the National Gallery of Art in Washington employed different shaped rooms and subtle shifts of wall color to dramatize the objects.

The Field Museum in Chicago took advantage of its large spaces and high ceilings to recreate its own special 15,000-square-foot Tutankhamen tomb. Rich blue-grays, both on the walls and in the cases, enhance the objects, especially the gold ones. The emotive quality of stone architecture is emphasized, and this may well be the most architectural of the displays. Certain walls are textured to simulate the limestone Theban walls of Tut's tomb.

Officials in Chicago estimate that attendance reaches eight to 10 thousand daily, and that a total of one million visitors will see the exhibition there. The quota for group reservations was filled before opening day: 1,000 women's groups, school classes and art and archaeological organizations from 15 inland states as well as Texas, California, and Hawaii. Opening-day crowds began lining up at museum entrances at 5 a.m. Since only 990 persons are allowed into the exhibit area at any one time, ticket holders roam around the vast building looking at other collections until their numbers are flashed on closed-circuit



Eager visitors await the exhibit's Chicago opening.

television screens.

This is undoubtedly one of the most stellar exhibitions of beautiful art ever to travel abroad. But it is even more: the recreation of what is probably the quintessential art discovery of the 20th century. The exhibition vividly conveys how Carter must have felt when he entered Tutankhamen's tomb, untouched in over 3,000 years, and realized that he was one of the first men in the long span of Egyptian history to gaze upon thousands of priceless objects lying undisturbed, just as they had been buried and sealed. Grave robbers had stripped every other Egyptian tomb, as well as its mummies of kings and nobles, of all burial accoutrements and valuables. Best of all, in this tomb was the unviolated sarcophagus of Pharaoh Tutankhamen himself, with its gold mask and collar.

It was an improbable discovery made by improbable men, attended by accidents and ironies at every turn. The author Rudyard Kipling, who visited the Valley of the Kings at the time, whimsically called field archaeology "a scholarly pursuit with all the excitement of the gold prospector's life."

Scholarship and 'prospecting' *were* part of the Tut find, but it turned out these improbable men were exactly the right men. Howard Carter, an accomplished watercolorist, came to Egypt as a draftsman in 1892 and stayed to dig. He had years of archaeological experience, with both Davis and the famous Sir Flinders Petrie. His patron, no less than the fifth Earl of Carnarvon—George Edward Stanhope Molyneux Herbert—came to Egypt to recover his health after a car smash-up—he owned one of the three first cars licensed in Britain—and, like many others, caught the archaeology fever. Carnarvon's patience and generosity were as remarkable as Carter's conviction—based on Davis' "rubbish"—that there *was* a Tutankhamen tomb. In 1914, when Carter and Carnarvon finally obtained Davis' concessions to dig, the Egyptian antiquities department told them they were wasting their time.

Others thought so too, and even the patient Carnarvon called a halt when the equivalent of half a million dollars, six seasons' work—the dig had been interrupted by World War I—and 200,000 tons of sand and rubble had been turned over. Carter pleaded for one more season, offering to pay for it himself if he didn't find the tomb. The rest of the story needs no retelling, except for its irony: the Tutankhamen tomb stairs were uncovered just a few yards from where Carter had stopped digging four years earlier because of the tourist flow to Ramses VI's larger, much grander—but empty—tomb. Archaeology had bowed to tourism for a few years but, luckily, not forever.

TUTANKHAMEN'S TREASURES IN THE U.S.A.

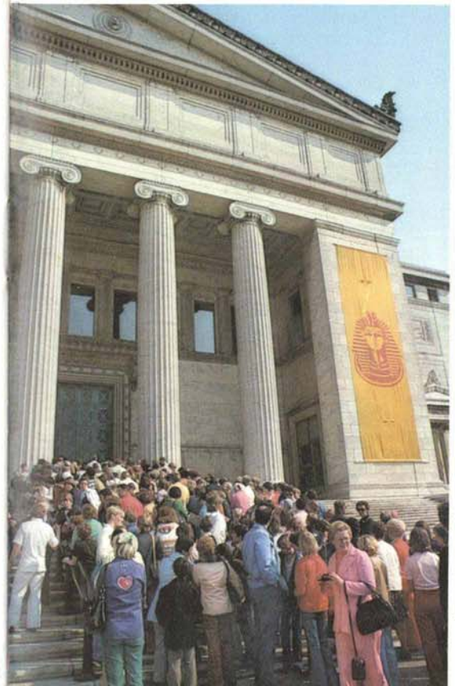
Museum and City:

New Orleans Museum of Art
New Orleans, Louisiana
September 15, 1977–
January 15, 1978

Los Angeles County Museum of Art
Los Angeles, California
February 15–June 15, 1978

Seattle Art Museum
Seattle, Washington
July 15–November 15, 1978

Metropolitan Museum of Art
New York, New York
December 15, 1978–April 15, 1979



As the exhibit opens visitors begin inspecting the ancient treasures on display.

El-Nawawy: Guardian of the Treasures

As Ibrahim el-Nawawy, First Curator of Cairo's National Museum, began unpacking the Tutankhamen treasures in Chicago, he was greeting old friends.

For he had done it in London, Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev and Washington, D.C., before. He will know the Tutankhamen objects even better by April 1979, when the two-and-a-half-year traveling exhibition finishes its lengthy U.S. visit. El-Nawawy served as curator of the Tutankhamen treasures in Cairo for five years before being promoted to First Curator of the museum. In America, he sees that the priceless treasures are handled with the same care exercised by his staff in Egypt, where every one of the 5,000 objects from King Tut's tomb is examined individually by experienced curators once a year.

It's an awesome responsibility, but the 42-year-old Tutankhamen expert has prepared himself for it over a long and distinguished career as archaeologist, museologist and curator. Trained in Egyptian universities, el-Nawawy has excavated in the tombs of the nobles in Luxor, as well as clearing the passage of he King Seti I tomb there. Egypt is divided into some 40 antiquities divisions, where examination, study, restoration, security and improvement projects are constantly under way, and el-Nawawy knows the network of field areas well. "We cover every inch of the country," he says. In 1971-72 he helped establish the Sudan National Museum in Khartoum.

All this has helped the Egyptian curator deal with the intense Tutankhamen excitement in the United States, which he handles with tact and unflappability. Large crowds – over 7,000 persons a day swarmed to the opening exhibition at the National Gallery of Art in Washington—seem to delight, rather than worry him. El-Nawawy seems marked by a quiet confidence in the fact that all *is* secure and has been done as well as possible, and he and Egyptian colleagues with him exude their delight in being able to share these remarkable treasures with others. "We will try to accommodate any country which requests the Tut exhibition," el-Nawawy says. "It's only a matter of time."

What accounts for Tutankhamen's enormous popularity in the U.S., with people waiting up to eight hours in a line? El-Nawawy feels that because America is a young nation, only 200 years old, it is particularly fascinated with a culture that flourished more than 3,000 years ago. Also, he said, "The mass media have been very generous in their coverage, so the treasures have acquired substantial fame from their previous travels." Of course, el-Nawawy adds, the culture of ancient Egypt is widely taught in school and many scholars consider it to be the beginning of civilization. Another reason for the response, as *The Washington Post* has speculated, is that seeing the Tut treasures is this year's "in" thing to do. Many older people also remember the international excitement and headlines of half a century ago when the tomb was discovered intact and then opened.

Who chose the Tut objects for the U.S. tour? The Egyptians work with the hosts to decide what is suitable for each exhibition, el-Nawawy says. In London it was I. E. S. Edwards, former keeper of Egyptian antiquities at the British Museum and in the U.S. it was Metropolitan Museum of Art Director Thomas Hoving and the museum's Egyptian curator Christine Lilyquist. American critics have praised the Metropolitan's selection for its balancing of familiar objects with a well-chosen group of less familiar pieces not previously seen outside Cairo.

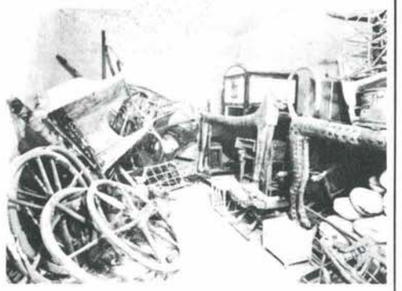
Among them is the beauteous goddess Selket, who has become a top favorite with American audiences. El-Nawawy emphasizes that although the experts strive for a representational selection, security, of course, is always a prime concern.

Each time the exhibition travels, el-Nawawy says, "We try to make improvements in design, security and transport techniques." In London, he feels, the display was too dark. In both Washington and Chicago brighter colors and lighting were used. "The main idea," he says, "is to focus light and attention on the objects."

The focus in American museums for now is clearly on the treasures of King Tut: their beauty, craftsmanship and historical significance. And they will continue to delight U.S. audiences for another two years.

Howard Carter shows an assistant the Tut mummy.

The long, dark shaft that leads into the tomb



The treasury of King Tutankhamen's tomb.

When Carter finally uncovered the entry door and found its seals untouched he guessed he was making archaeological history. Although it turned out robbers had broken into the tomb twice shortly after burial, the damage had been minor. Then, Carter surmised, a rainstorm washing gravel down the Valley of the Kings probably covered the entrance. And when, a short 200 years later, Ramses VI's tomb was dug nearby, the excavation debris completely obliterated the smaller tomb next to it.

All this was fortuitous for archaeology, and the timing was important. The excavation process could not have been as modern, scientific or meticulous if the discovery had occurred earlier. Nor would there have been the cooperation between archaeologists that characterized the find. The Egyptian Government loaned Carter and Carnarvon an empty tomb nearby for use as laboratory and workshop. Top specialists from around the world assembled during the next 10 years to help decipher inscriptions and clean, repair and catalog every object. Photographer Harry Burton was loaned by the nearby Metropolitan Museum of Art expedition, and it is his dramatic photographs that give the flavor of immediacy to the U.S. exhibition.

Guarding and moving the treasures has been a nerve-racking job since Carter first found the tomb. That he was able to move 5,000 objects to Cairo without loss or damage 50 years ago is still something of a miracle. It started when Carter discovered the sealed tomb on November 4, 1922. A more impetuous man would have entered at once, feeling as he did that he was on the brink of perhaps the greatest archaeological find of the century. Instead, he waited patiently for Carnarvon to make the three-week trip from London. The two Englishmen opened the tomb together on November 26. Carter then set up a system of three guards to watch each other while he methodically opened one room at a time.

Transporting the objects to Cairo was almost more intricate in the 1920's than getting them safely to the United States in 1976. Carter decided to move them down the Nile by boat, but four miles of land had to be covered first. Terrain was uneven, roads still primitive. His moving crew had only a few yards of railway track, which they had to take up and lay down repeatedly, but they covered the four miles in 15 hours. None of the 5,000 objects was damaged, and there has been no damage since, either at the National Museum in Cairo or on tour.

For the 1976 Washington opening, two U.S. Navy ships transported the Tut treasures from Alexandria, Egypt, to Norfolk, Virginia. The ships were able to transport the priceless treasures during normal rotation home, thus guaranteeing top protection at minimum cost. Before the treasures were loaded aboard in Egypt, a specialized English firm packed each object in styrofoam specially cut to fit it, much like a complex puzzle. The styrofoam packings were then cradled in wooden shipping crates often two or three times the size of the object inside. Thus objects such as the animal-headed funerary couches couldn't travel, because the large crates that would have been necessary could not have fit through conventional doorways.

Care in packing and unpacking could not have been greater, or security tighter. Two Egyptian experts, including Ibrahim el-Nawawy, First Curator of Cairo Museum, came to oversee the process and supervise the installation (See box). Handlers wore white gloves during the unpacking, and experts took photographs and studied them at each step.

When moving by road in the United States, the treasures are protected by city and state police. In Chicago, extra men have been added to the Field Museum's security force and the guards—all trained in firefighting, bomb disposal and medical emergencies—have been screened for security by the FBI. Each display case has a sonic security device in it, with extra devices in each room during non-public hours. Where possible, cases are bolted to the floor. Obviously, the Pink Panther will have no luck here.

How do you measure the value of such an exhibition? Though covered by federal insurance under the new U.S. Arts & Indemnity Act, the treasures are, in reality, uninsurable. They are priceless, their worth clearly beyond mere dollars. Aside from their value to historians' scholars and lovers of beauty, however, the treasures will bring joy and good will to millions of Americans. The director of the National Museum in Cairo, Abdel Quadar Selim, puts it simply. "We are pleased to see our objects exhibited and known by the whole world—and especially in the United States."

And further joy will come to America with still another exhibition—a general survey of Egyptian art planned for 1980, after the treasures of King Tut are back in Cairo, safely home from their longest journey.

Joanna Shaw-Eagle has taught art history in universities in Delaware, Maryland and Washington, D.C., and written on art for such publications as The Washington Post, Art News, Art in America *and* Art Gallery *magazine.*

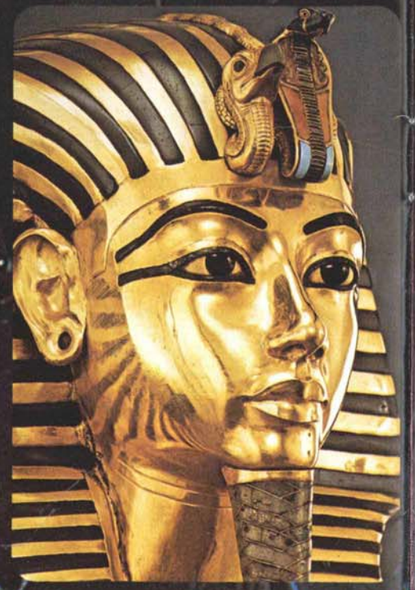
To dazzle the mind and the eye...

Treasures of Tutankhamen

PHOTOGRAPHED BY KATRINA THOMAS, HARRY BURTON AND LEE BOLTIN.

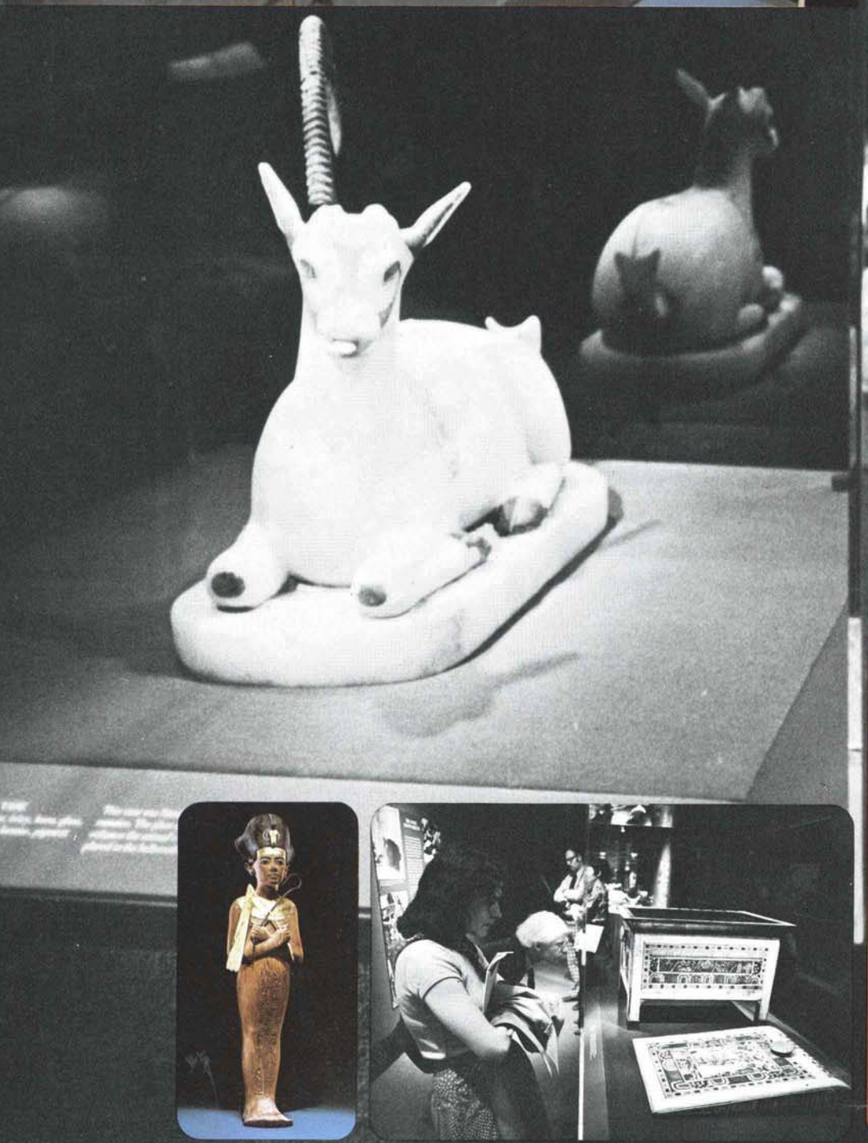
On these pages are some of the fabulous treasures of Tutankhamen discovered by British archeologist Howard Carter in 1922, when he opened the previously untouched tomb of the young Pharaoh (See previous story). Now touring six U.S. museums over two and a half years, the priceless objects of wood, glass, ivory, semiprecious stones and – above all – gold are on loan from the Egyptian Museum in Cairo.

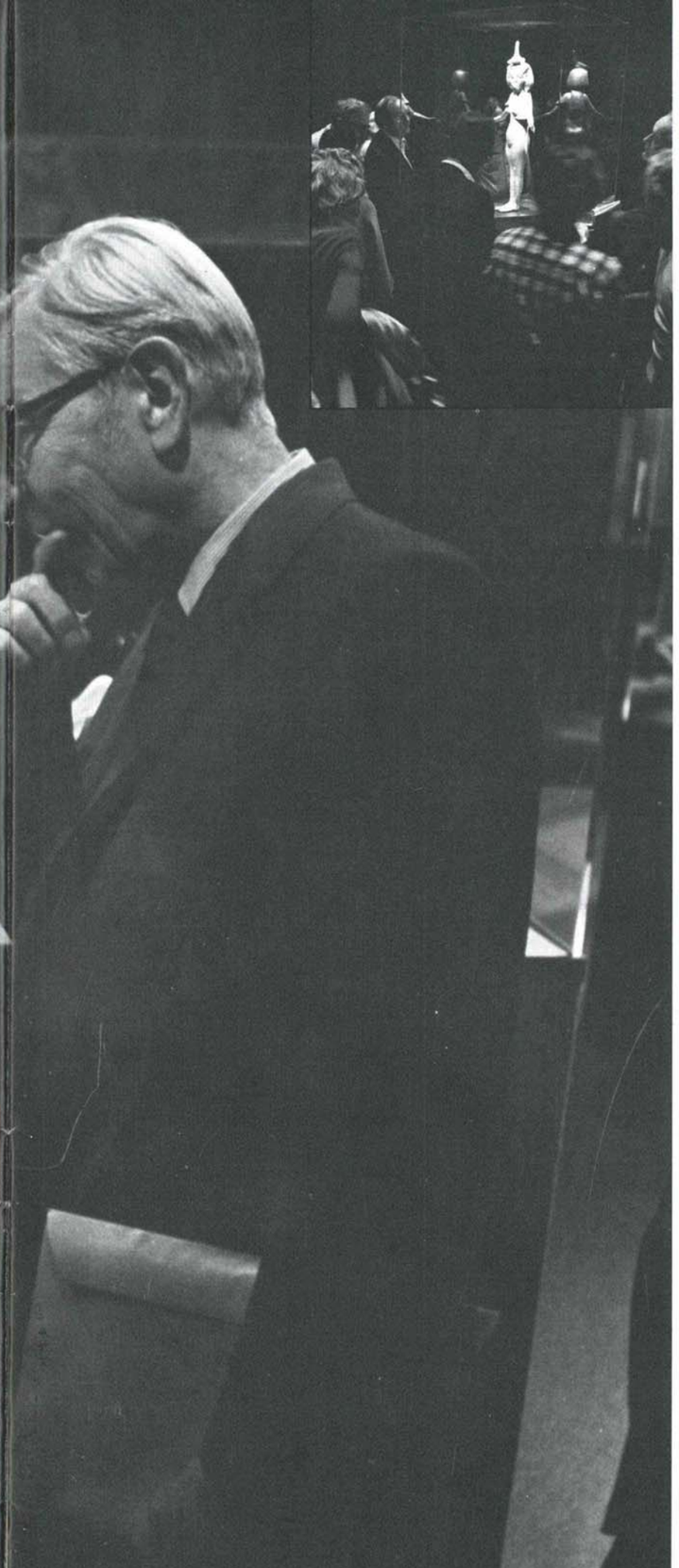
Katrina Thomas, a frequent contributor to Aramco World who lives in New York, photographed the exhibition during the press preview at the Field Museum of National History in Chicago this spring. The photographs of individual objects are by Harry Burton (Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York) and Lee Boltin (Courtesy of the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.).

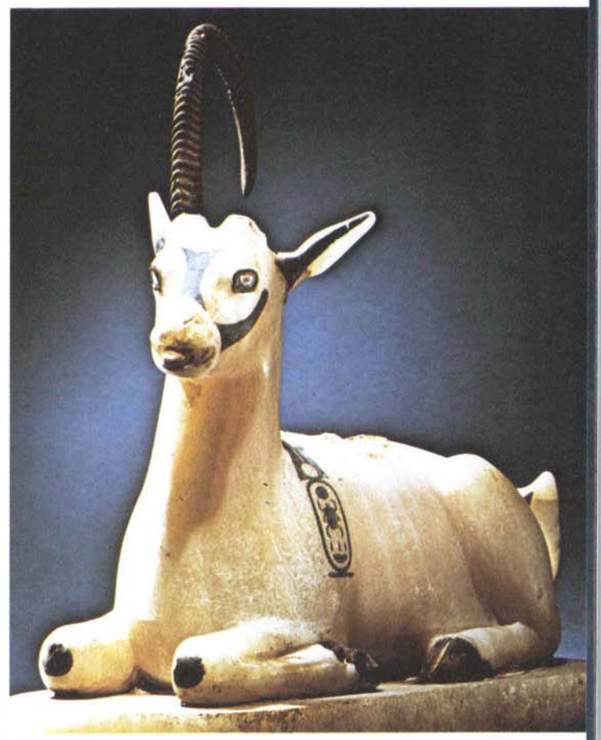


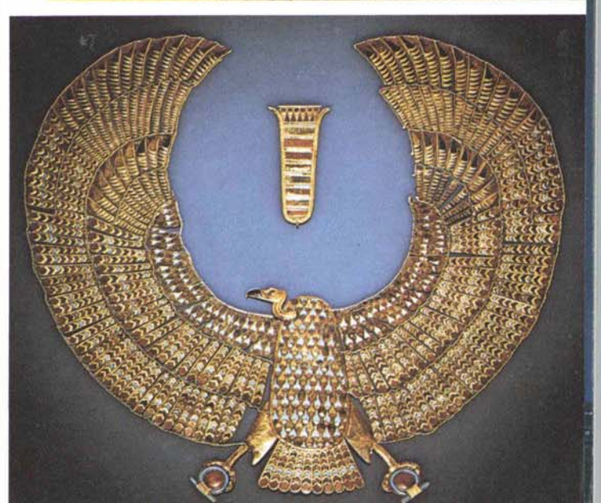
Left: Solid gold mask of mummy's head. Above: Gilded wood statue of the goddess Selket. Right: Alabaster chalice. Far right: A box of wood, ivory and gold leaf.

Visitors and exhibits, counter-clockwise: Earrings in the form of birds, and scarab bracelets; hollow alabaster vase in the form of an ibex; Tut statue; wooden chest faced with ivory panels; ceremonial chair; collar in the form of the vulture goddess Nekhbet; the alabaster ibex; Ushabti figures, stand-in for the pharaohs.









Alabaster unguent jar in form of lion; below and right: Tutankhamen harpooning; gessoed wood overlaid with gold.