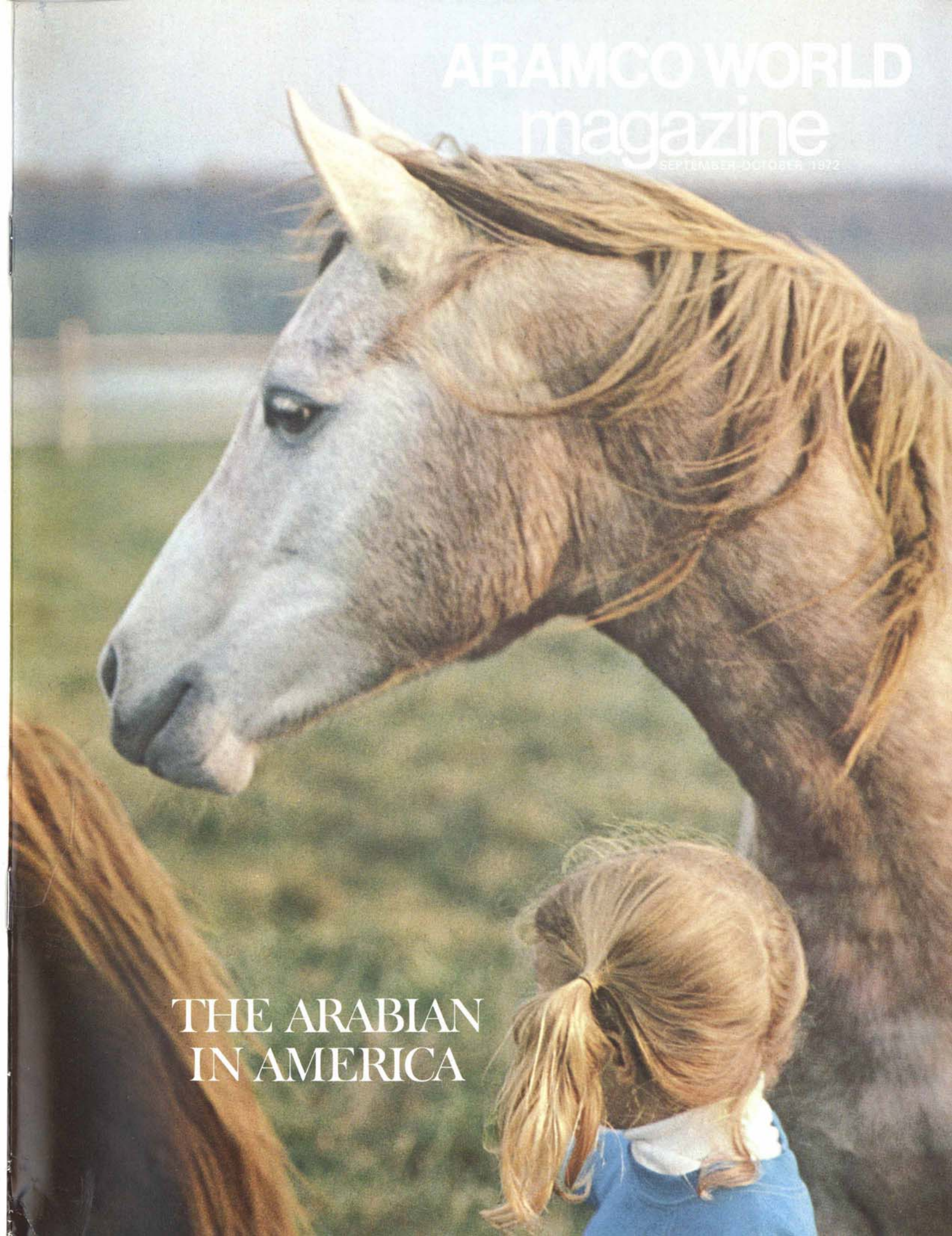


ARAMCO WORLD
magazine
SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1972



THE ARABIAN
IN AMERICA

ARAMCO WORLD
magazine

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BY GEORGE TAYLOR



Taylor

Forgery, like coinage, began in the Mediterranean, and today's forgers are heirs to a tradition nearly 2,000 years old.

THE AUTHORITATIVE AL-AHRAM 4



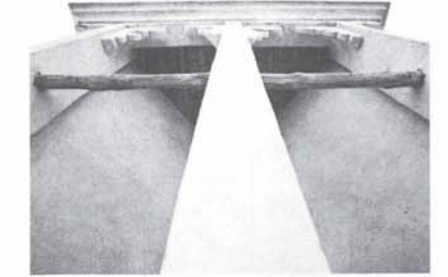
BY NANCY B. TURCK



Turck

For years news stories from the Middle East have begun, "The authoritative Al-Ahram said yesterday that..."

TO CATCH THE WIND 10



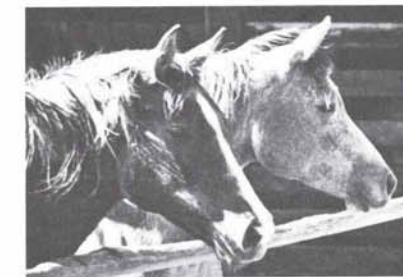
PHOTOS BY ROBERT AZZI



Azzi

The seafarers and merchants of Dubai and Sharjah have devised ingenious "wind towers" to funnel shifting breezes into the interiors of their homes.

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Stanush

In the U.S., where mechanization made the horse obsolete 50 years ago, a horse the Greeks called Pegasus is coming back to life.

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BY ARTURO GONZALEZ



Gonzalez

In London, more than a million people have lined up for hours to see the priceless—and perhaps accursed—treasures of Egypt's famous pharaoh.

TO THE POLLS—POLES 30



PHOTOS BY WILLIAM TRACY



Tracy

Like politicians everywhere, Lebanese candidates for last spring's elections believed that it pays to advertise.

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Cover: "The Arab," wrote novelist Stuart Cloete, "...is already perfection." This is a judgment which Katrina Thomas's photograph of an Arabian yearling and a young admirer named Sarah Dady in Maryland does seem to bear out. Story on page 12.

← Photographer Tor Eigeland caught this gold mask of King Tut in Cairo just as museum officials were packing it for the trip to London. The story of that visit on page 22.

For 25 years Lebanon has gradually been superseding Egypt and Turkey as a trading center for ancient Greek and Roman coins. Today ancient coins are more plentiful and more readily available in Beirut than in Cairo or Istanbul.

It is also true, alas, that there has been a proportionate increase in the number of coins and other "ancient" articles whose pedigree might not always withstand a searching scrutiny. Some skeptics go so far as to suggest that many of these coins might be forgeries turned out by diligent local craftsmen reluctant to see avid collectors leave the area without the treasures they have come for.

It is not for me to affirm or deny such slanderous gossip, but I would venture to say this: it is not impossible. Forgers, if there are any, are heirs to a tradition nearly 2,000 years old. Indeed, forgery in the



This coin is a pure invention of a skillful forger. The obverse shows the jugate heads of Zeus and Tyche; the reverse, Apollo (shown as a female figure!) leaning against a tripod. The inscription combines a regal legend (King Seleucus) with a city legend (Myrina). There is, of course, no such coin.

Mediterranean is almost as old as coined money itself.

Herodotus tells us that the first people in the Mediterranean to strike coins of gold and silver were the Lydians, a people who lived in what is now western Turkey, and who had access to electrum, the "white gold" found in the Pactolus River. What Herodotus doesn't tell us is that the Lydians were also the first people to forge coins; the earliest surviving forgery is a *stater* from Sardes, capital of Lydia, which was struck not much more than 50 years after the invention of coinage.



An excellent copy of a tetradrachm of Antiochus I (280-261 B.C.), with two monograms which were actually used on coins bearing this middle-aged portrait of Antiochus. The genuine coin is silver; this forged copy is bronze washed in silver.

But if forgers were quick to spot a trend, the rulers of the day were equally quick to see the implications, so from the beginning forgers were threatened with dire punishment by the State. In Greece, according to the Athenian lawgiver Solon, in 583 B.C., nearly all states levied the death penalty for forgery or the adulteration of money. (This is confirmed in an inscription relating to a monetary union between Lesbos and Phocaea.) In Rome, *lex Cornelia de falsis* prohibited the manufacture of plated coins, and during Octavian's struggle for supreme power, Cicero recorded that the passing of false coins was forbidden. When Octavian became Caesar Augustus, his *lex Iulia peculatus* was a precaution against the adulteration of state issues of gold, silver and bronze, and Tacitus, a later emperor, made such adulteration an offense punishable by confiscation of all the offender's property.

Even in those days there were two types of forgery. There were fakes and—by far more common—there were imitations. The imitations were circulated as official public money by, say, a provincial governor who had run out of State coinage. In Athens in an emergency in 406 B.C., plated bronze coins—quite a few of which have survived—were substituted for the familiar silver tetradrachms, and for 13 years, from 406 to 393 B.C., the Athenian mint struck only these plated bronze pieces in imitation of the normal silver coins. In the Roman period, particularly in the third century A.D., the financial straits in which the emperors found themselves necessitated suc-

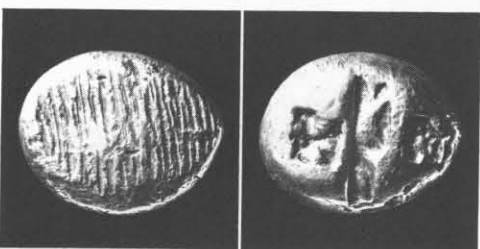
cessive issues of imitation Roman denarii. And finally it seems clear that forgeries were sometimes sold officially as token coins to be thrown as offerings into sacred springs, wells and pools.

The second type of forgery—the fake—is made to cheat the receiver. One early forgery of this type has already been mentioned, but the "trade" of producing faked coins really began in the 16th century, when interest in collecting coins became widespread. The upsurge of interest in all



A superb copy of a sestertius of Marcus Aurelius, with the surface of the copper artificially patinated to reproduce the characteristically dark tone of the Roman coins of Antioch. The egg-shaped flan is typical of forged coins of this type.

aspects of the classical world led Renaissance craftsmen to make accurate copies of paintings, sculpture and coins, to sell to those who had rediscovered the beauty of classical art. The engravers of coins quickly realized that those who would pay a high price for a reproduction of an ancient coin would pay an even higher one for a coin they took to be genuinely ancient. So lucrative did the trade become that "ancient" coins were soon being engraved in numerous



A 7th-century B.C. stater from Lydia, one of the earliest coins known. The obverse side is striated; the reverse side has an oblong trough punched between two square sinkings. A bronze nail may have been used to make these marks: the point of the nail to produce the striations; the side to produce the trough; and the jagged end of a broken nail the two square sinkings.

THE GENTLE ART OF FORGERY

BY GEORGE TAYLOR

Coins—and forgeries—photographed from the author's collection

In the Mediterranean area forgery is nearly as old as coinage.

Italian workshops, particularly in the city of Padua, which gave the name *Paduan* to all forgeries of this genre. The best known craftsmen were Giovanni Cavino and Alessandro Bassiano, whose copies of the sestertii of the early Roman emperors were so handsome in themselves that they are still sought after as beautiful specimens of Renaissance medals.

All Cavino's forged pieces have been listed and published—a rare honor for a forger, yet one which Cavino shares with



The silver tetradrachm which circulated during the golden age of Athens. Aristophanes mocked the imitation silver-plated bronze coins which replaced this tetradrachm during the period from 406 to 393 B.C.

the remarkable 19th-century German engraver, Karl Becker. Becker was far more prolific than Cavino: his forgeries numbered more than six hundred, ranging from rare ancient coins to medieval and Renaissance medals. His most successful dies were those which he cut for a series of Roman denarii, where the style and "feeling" of Roman portraiture were beautifully captured.

By comparison with the work of Becker and Cavino, most recent forgeries seem relatively crude, but forgers in this century have made up for this by their ingenuity in devising situations which blur the critical judgment of even experienced collectors. For instance, coins have been buried in likely places, dug up—sometimes by innocent people—and then sold to collectors who were convinced of their genuineness because they had witnessed the "chance" discovery or had heard first hand reports of it. And at ancient sites, where the man who sells guidebooks and postcards invariably offers a faked silver piece or two among a

few genuine but nondescript bronze coins, the desire to have a tangible and contemporary record of the site visited leads to unwary purchases of the crudest forgeries.

Today, ancient coins can be forged to order. One hears of craftsmen who employ travelers to canvass dealers for commissions, and others who sell their matrices to less gifted artisans. If a collector inquires for a certain coin, that piece and its duplicates could well appear in the bazaar within a week of his inquiry. It is a sad moment when the jubilant collector—having ferreted out, he thinks, the coin he needed to complete a series—finds two or three identical copies in the bazaar.

Of course, reputable dealers will not wittingly handle forged coins, and most of them will take back a coin which they have sold if it should prove to be a forgery. But reputable dealers do charge the maximum current prices for their coins, and in areas where small hoards are frequently uncovered and brought to the bazaar by the finders there is a strong temptation to



A copy of the usurper Tryphon's well-known tetradrachm. The Macedonian helmet, with plume and ear pieces, is barely recognizable, and the inscription (which should be ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ ΤΡΥΦΩΝΟΣ ΑΥΤΟΚΡΑΤΟΡΟΣ) is hopelessly blundered.

buy coins "from the soil" rather than from the dealer.

False ancient coins are so numerous that the great museums of the world keep trays of forgeries, or casts of them, for reference. The rate of increase in these coins is phenomenal; no museum can now boast a completely comprehensive collection of forgeries. It is an interesting fact that the least forged of all ancient coins are those of the Muslim rulers from the 7th century



Perhaps the most famous of all Greek coins: the dekadrachm of Syracuse, by the master craftsman Evainetos, whose signature shows faintly below the dolphin under Arethusa's neck on the genuine coin (left). In the forged coin (right) there is a lack of sharpness in the crown of reeds threaded through Arethusa's hair, in her earring, and above all in her necklace, which is barely visible; and also in the off-side chariot wheel, the manes of the horses, and the winged figure of Victory crowning the charioteer. The forgery is approximately one third of the weight of the genuine coin.

to the Middle Ages; copies of their gold pieces do occur from time to time, it is true, but they are very rare indeed. The reason for this is that since Muslim coins lacked "any likeness of any living thing, whether in heaven above or in the earth beneath," their appeal to collectors has always been limited to the few Arabists who could decipher the inscriptions which form the obverse and reverse types of the coins.

Some astrophysicists postulate a "continuous creation" theory for the universe, with creation and disappearance matching in such a way that the total number of stars remains more or less constant. So it is with faked ancient coins: they are manufactured; they are circulated; they pass gently into the limbo of collectors' trays, and they disappear for ever.

George Taylor teaches at the American University of Beirut and, as a Fellow of the Royal Numismatic Society, has written many papers on ancient coins.

In Cairo yesterday, according to ...THE AUTHORITATIVE AL-AHRAM

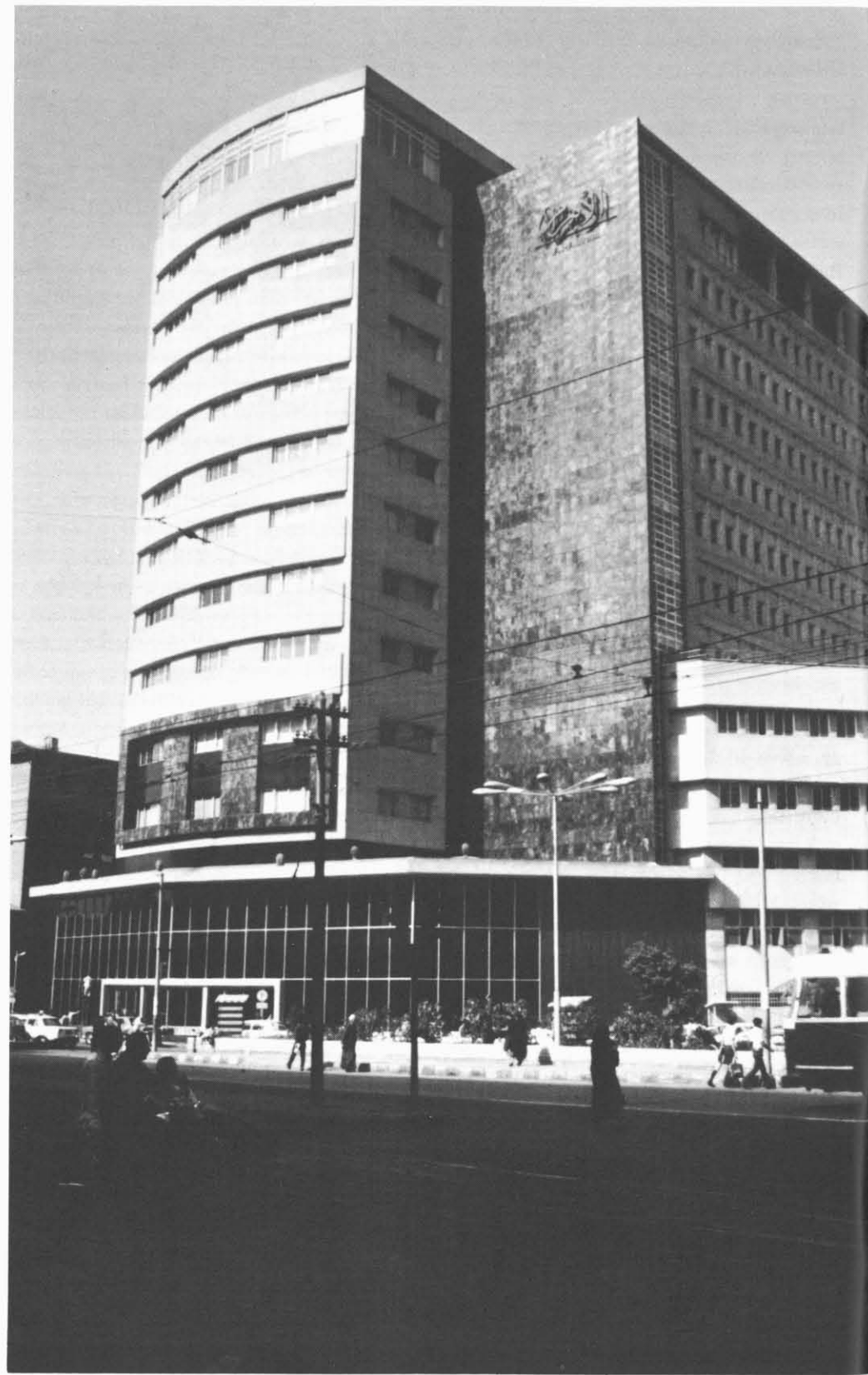
BY NANCY B. TURCK/PHOTOGRAPHED BY NIK WHEELER

During the crises that periodically roil the Middle East, attentive readers may notice a familiar phrase popping up in the American press. It is "The authoritative *Al-Ahram* said today ..." and it means that, as usual, Middle East correspondents are leaning on what is usually the most reliable source—and often the only one—of dependable information on what is happening in and around Cairo: *Al-Ahram*, the Middle East's largest daily newspaper.

The "authoritative" part of the cliché stems largely from the unshakable conviction of readers that Chief Editor Mohammed Hassanein Haykal, former friend and confidant of the late President Gamal Abd al-Nasser, is the semi-official voice of the Egyptian Government, a belief that editors at *Al-Ahram* themselves scorn. "We have no more access to the Foreign Minister than a foreign correspondent has," says Foreign Editor Mohammed Hakki. "When our Cairo-based reporters want to visit the Suez area, they must apply for permission just as all journalists do. And we have the same military censorship."

Managing Editor Ali Hamdy Gamal is just as emphatic. The paper's reputation for accuracy and quality goes back a full century, he says, and the reason it's "authoritative" is because a first-rate staff consistently beats out the competition and because it is printed in a spanking new computerized press center which has been called the world's most modern.

That may well be, but not many readers or observers believe it. And it's still a fact that Haykal and *Al-Ahram* go hand in hand. The editor's columns and editorials are watched closely not only in the Arab world but in Europe and America as well. His words are frequently picked up by international wire services and they are always carefully scrutinized by foreign diplomats. At home, his weekend editorial, "Frankly," largely accounts for the Friday jump of 250,000 over the daily press run of 500,000. And even those who insist that *Al-Ahram* is not the voice of the Egyptian Government



This \$10-million, 12-story building in Cairo houses all of Al-Ahram Enterprises and one of world's most modern newspaper plants.

acknowledge that the loss of Haykal would cut into circulation. "He has a unique style of writing and a knowledge of internal politics no one else has," his fans say.

Haykal came to *Al-Ahram* late in the paper's history. The oldest Arabic-language newspaper in Egypt, *Al-Ahram* was first published in Alexandria in 1876 as a weekly. In 1886 its Lebanese owners, Salim and Bishara Takla, turned it into a Cairo daily. For years it had a consistently solid reputation, but between 1946 and 1956 the newspaper lost almost \$3 million and Haykal, previously a reporter for the daily *Al-Akhbar* and later editor of the magazine *Akhir Sa'ah*, was asked to take over. Realizing that his contemporary and informal writing style was not that of the conservative *Al-Ahram*, Haykal at first refused, but later changed his mind and, despite rumors that he is about to quit and write a book about Nasser, he was still at the helm early this summer.

At his first staff meeting, in August 1957, 33-year-old Haykal was appalled that none of the tarboosh-wearing reporters, who were mostly in their fifties, joked or smiled. He was also surprised when, a month later, he wrote a report to the board of directors in his best Arabic—and discovered the old-time board members knew only French.

Today Haykal commands 150 reporters, 40 of whom are women, and most of whom regard him as a human and generous boss. The story is told, for example, of a rookie reporter who accompanied Egyptian President Anwar Sadat to the Benghazi Conference in 1970 and, by tipping the errand boy, learned before anyone the name and composition of the new Federation of Arab Republics. Although no one in Cairo, even in government circles, knew of the proposed union, Haykal ran the scoop and rewarded the astounded reporter with \$1,150—more than a year's salary.

Haykal is also respected as an administrator. Dr. Fouad Ibrahim, general manager of



From top left: Haykal; Ali Gamal, managing editor; Dr. Oda, Haykal's aide; Mohammed Haki, foreign editor; Mamdouh Taha, head reporter.

Al-Ahram Enterprises, says Haykal gives total independence to the employees, along with free medical care, interest-free loans, and a profit-sharing plan which can be very lucrative.

Symbolic of Haykal's success is the impressive \$10-million, 12-story, glass-and-concrete company headquarters in Boulaq, a run-down section of Cairo long known as the center of the city's iron and second-hand trade. Almost 2,700 people work in this building, which takes up 130,680 square feet, has its own mosque and a 200-item art collection, including a \$7,000 tapestry from Horranyyah. Some people call it the most modern newspaper plant in the world, but even that is inadequate since the plant also houses the rest of *Al-Ahram Enterprises*: book and magazine publishing, advertising, computer services and research.

In theory, *Al-Ahram*, like every other

paper in Egypt, has belonged since 1961 to the Arab Socialist Union, the country's only political party. But what effect this has on the paper is hard to assess. Following the June 1967 war, the ASU did assign political advisers to all newspapers, but Haykal, it is reported, refused to accept his. Hearing of this protest President Nasser said *he* would be *Al-Ahram's* adviser.

The daily paper, which because of newsprint restrictions, averages a slim 10 pages, is the result of three successive editorial meetings. Stories are determined and assigned at 10 a.m., worked into the dummy copy and advertising layout at noon, and front-page stories are decided at 5 p.m. Special articles in the Friday edition are selected by Haykal personally.

Western newsprint is used for the outside pages of each issue, but inside pages are printed on cheaper Russian or East German



Inside noiseless newsroom (noiseless because of the absence of typewriters and the fact that telephones light up rather than ring), an electronic panel shows which pages are completed or going to press.



Stories assigned at an early morning meeting and advertisements are worked into the dummy, then reassessed at noon, when all department heads get together for the day's second editorial conference.

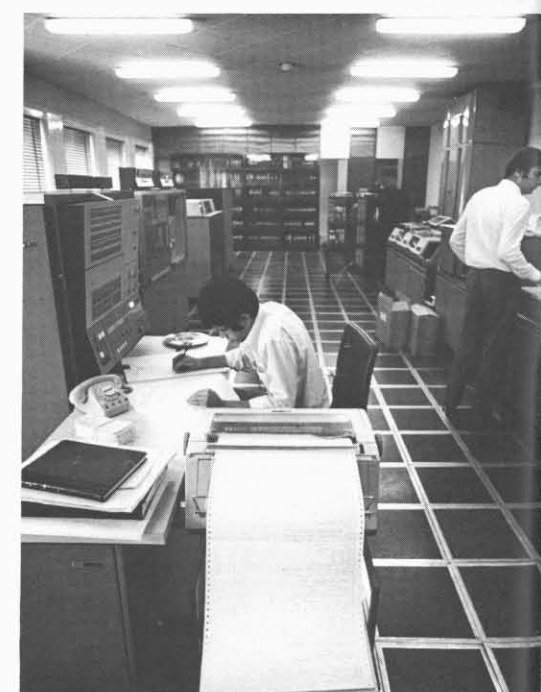
paper. Restrictions on the use of hard currency dictated the less expensive newsprint and limit the number of pages in each issue, much to the distress of *Al-Ahram's* editors who, before 1967, put out a 16-page issue every day.

Unless they are one of the five foreign correspondents accredited to London, Bonn, Moscow, Beirut and the United Nations, reporters generally do not have by-lines. The lead story is often written by Haykal, whose distinctive style would make a by-line superfluous. General international news appears on the second page, one or two features on the third, legal news on the fourth, and editorials and opinions, including Ali Gamal's "Talk to the People," on the fifth. Sports and classifieds cover the sixth page and obituaries the final two inside sheets. The last page, and the best-read, gives news on Egyptology, sociology, the arts and the

comings and goings of Egyptian movie, political and society personalities. It is edited by Kamal Mallakh, one of four journalists Haykal brought with him from *Al-Akhbar*.

The slightly larger Friday issue carries Haykal's editorial on the front page, a section on contemporary art, the theater and cinema and a literary section of short stories and criticism edited by the noted professor and critic, Louis Awad. Since few of *Al-Ahram's* journalists type Arabic, copy is almost always handwritten. One specialist alone interprets Haykal's script to the computer.

Al-Ahram subscribes to all major wire and news services ranging from those of Tass to the *New York Times*. Foreign radio broadcasts, including transmissions from Israel, are monitored and translated. Re-



Subscription lists and distribution are also handled by computer.



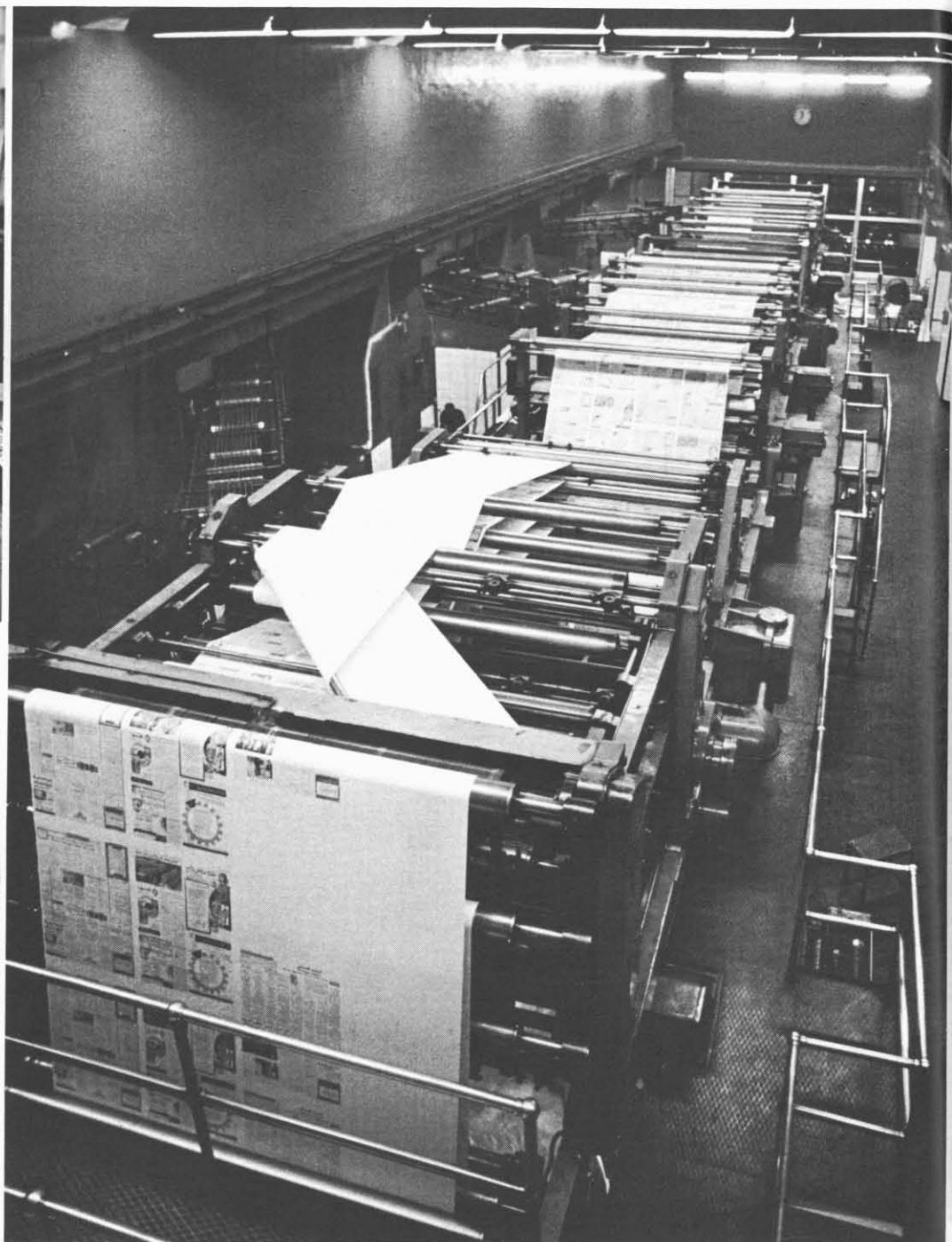
Operators feed stories into IBM computer programmed in Arabic and hooked to electronic Linotype machine capable of setting 1000 lines per hour. The electronic photo-scanner is in the auto-engraving section.



porters have access to a microfilm library and a general library containing 14,000 volumes in Arabic, French and English. Inside the noiseless newsroom (noiseless because of the absence of typewriters, and the fact that telephones light up rather than ring), an electronic board indicates which pages are completed or going to press. And a computer sets late bulletins in type. This computer, designed by *Al-Ahram* and built by IBM, is programmed in Arabic. It can handle 6,000 lines per hour and the "mad"

tape, once fed to the computer, goes through an electronic Linotype at a rate of 1000 lines per hour, compared to 80 lines by a manual Linotype machine. Arabic-script headlines can be completed mechanically in five minutes instead of the three hours typical of other papers. In the press room, 20 British rotary presses turn out 360,000 copies an hour, and while competitors still fold editions manually, *Al-Ahram's* system of counting, binding and moving the issues to vans is entirely automated.

Computerization, additional Linotypes and automated distribution enable *Al-Ahram* to shorten deadline time to a half hour before going to press. Competing papers like *Al-Gumhuriyah* and *Al-Akhbar* may need as much as two or three hours for type setting before press time. One edition each of *Al-Ahram* goes by train to Upper Egypt and the Delta region and a third is distributed by truck throughout Cairo. Advertising accounts for 40 percent of the space in a typical edition of *Al-Ahram* and



Type is set in place (top, left) and Women's Editor Lilian Marcos reads proofs with assistant Salwa Habib. Then, in the press room, the 20 high-speed rotary presses start to roll, turning out 360,000 copies an

hour. Operation is fully automated, but operator makes random checks.

publications from *House and Gardens* to science journals.

Al-Ahram Enterprises also owns Egypt's biggest book publishing house, Dar al-Ma'aref, and publishes there about 30 Egyptian novels a year, including the works of Tawfik el-Hakim, a popular Egyptian playwright. Dar al-Kitab al-Jadid, Ahram's smaller publishing concern, translates and publishes some 52 paperback books of foreign origin annually, mostly light novels and mysteries. It also issues a science and a children's series as well as old books on Arabic and Islamic history. Finally, the enterprise acts as a wholesaler for local and foreign books. At the annual Cairo Book Fair, where crowds make browsing through publisher's pavilions almost impossible, Al-Ahram Enterprises made \$345,000 in 10 days on its imported books.

Al-Ahram's four-year-old Electronic Data Processing Center handles all the parent company's paper work. After being used seven hours daily by the newspaper, the multi-purpose computer, one of three of this type in Egypt, earns \$34,500 a month for its owners through rentals to other companies 17 hours a day. As part of the package, an IBM-trained staff instructs clients in computer technology.

In addition to publishing and data processing, the enterprise maintains several research centers. ARAC (Arabic Research and Counsellors) operates throughout the Arab world as a management consultant and survey group. The Center for Journalism Studies and Research trains new reporters for three months in *Al-Ahram's* style. In addition, the center's daily evaluation of the morning paper is discussed at the midday editorial meeting.

The Center for Documents and Historical Research provides information on 19th-century Egypt and on Palestinian and Zionist studies. Headed by Nasser's son-in-law, Hatim Sady, the latter project involves translations into Arabic of all Zionist congresses and Israeli Knesset meetings. Another research center, for economic and political studies, looks into public-sector economies. The results of its investigations, after first being published in *Al-Ahram*, are re-issued in book form.



The library contains 14,000 volumes in Arabic, French and English.

All the research efforts, data processing, advertising and book publishing have come since Haykal arrived on the scene. Al-Ahram Enterprises has been allowed to spend hard currency from its Bank Misr account with few restraints, unlike most Egyptian companies, which must request official permission to use hard currency. While such conveniences go toward making its business managers happy, *Al-Ahram* personnel on the editorial side tend to fret about their daily product.

"We should strengthen our reporting of Arab, not just Egyptian affairs," asserts Clovis Maksoud, *Al-Ahram's* resident expert on Palestinian affairs. "Of course newsprint is the biggest problem, but we also need to diversify the paper. We need more opinion and analysis. I would welcome a letters-to-the-editor column, for example."

Restrictions on the use of newsprint, of which *Al-Ahram* still imports 13,000 tons a year, are also berated by Gamal, but he sees another problem—the need to train a second line of men in every department to carry on. "We've been here 14 years and I don't think we've succeeded yet."

If that's so, it must be the only area where *Al-Ahram* has not succeeded. In other areas—circulation and influence—it has not only succeeded but excelled. In circulation, up tenfold in 10 years, *Al-Ahram* leads its nearest competitor by some 300,000 copies a day, and in influence it is unrivaled, as a comment by Ali Hamdy Gamal suggests: "We say here, that anyone whose obituary has not appeared in *Al-Ahram* is not dead yet."

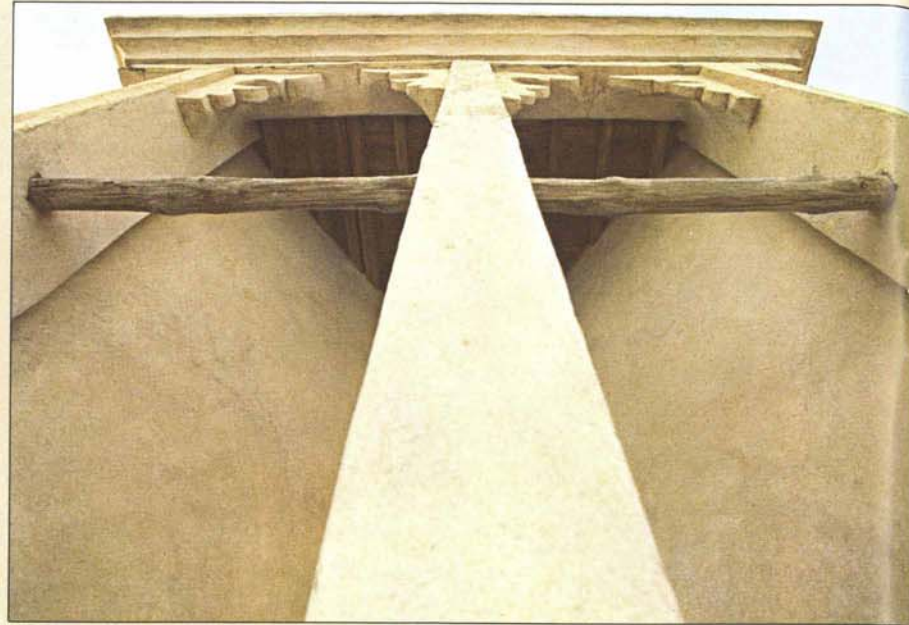
Nancy B. Turck, who now lives in Washington, has free-lanced from Cairo for such papers as the Philadelphia-Bulletin and the Washington Evening Star.

brings in \$6.9 million in annual revenue. One-third of these receipts are in hard currency, which *Al-Ahram* is permitted to deposit in Beirut's Bank Misr. *Al-Ahram* and its affiliate, Pyramid Advertising Agency, reap 60-70 percent of the total advertising expenditures in all Egyptian media. Pyramid is the agent of Egyptian and other Arab advertising in foreign media, as well as for advertising on Egyptian television and Middle East radio. A full-page ad in the weekend *Al-Ahram* costs the equivalent

of \$5,194, and \$3,450 in the daily edition. A 10-second prime-time TV commercial in Egypt costs \$67.20. According to an assistant advertising manager, Safwat Salib, watches, perfumes and cigarettes (including principally American brands) have traditionally been the biggest advertisers. Among its other publishing ventures Al-Ahram Enterprises produces *Al-Iqtisadi* (The Economist), an economics/world-affairs review circulating 8,000 copies every other month in the Arab world; *Al-Siyassah*

al-Dawliyyah (International Politics), a quarterly modeled on *Foreign Affairs*, which distributes 10,000 copies; and *Al-Taliah* (The Vanguard), a monthly representing socialist ideology, which sells 12,000 issues. Edited by Abu Seif Yusuf, former secretary of the Egyptian Communist Party, *Al-Taliah* has been described by one *Al-Ahram* editor as "the greatest concept in any Third World country: to include the Communists and let them air their views. However," continued the editor, only half in jest,

"never have so many bright, interesting people been able to produce so dull a magazine." In addition to these three publications, each of which supposedly has editorial autonomy, Al-Ahram Enterprises represents 75 foreign publishers distributing some 400 magazines in Egypt. Although censorship has, at one time or another, barred such magazines as *Time* and *The Economist* for periods from Cairo newsstands, *Al-Ahram* is still the agent for a wide range of American



Long before the current building boom studded their skylines with six-story concrete office blocks, Dubai and Sharjah were cities of towers: ingenious open-sided towers thrust up above rooftops to catch the wind from every quarter and channel it into the rooms below.

Both of these coastal towns of southeast Arabia, in the newly born Union of Arab Emirates (formerly the Trucial States), are picturesquely situated on deep tidal inlets of the Arabian Gulf. Along the shores of the two turquoise-colored creeks, which still shelter fleets of wooden sailing ships,

prosperous merchants built comfortable thick-walled houses. Tiny windows and narrow alleyways kept the sun's glare from the dim interiors and the two- or three-story wind towers funneled down whatever small breeze stirred from sea or desert to ventilate them. Arab seafarers probably brought the original idea with them centuries ago from the Persian coast, where similar towers still line the shore.

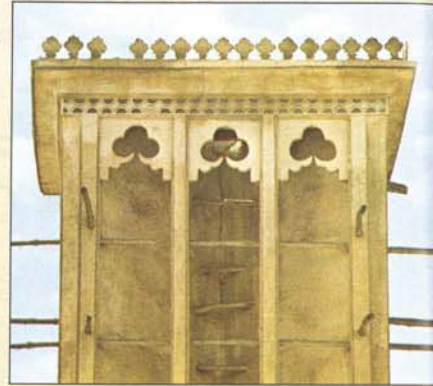
The wind towers resemble rectangular boxes standing on end. The top, the two central diagonals forming an X, and the four corner edges are solid. The four sides are open to catch the wind, and the bottom (cut by the diagonals into four trian-

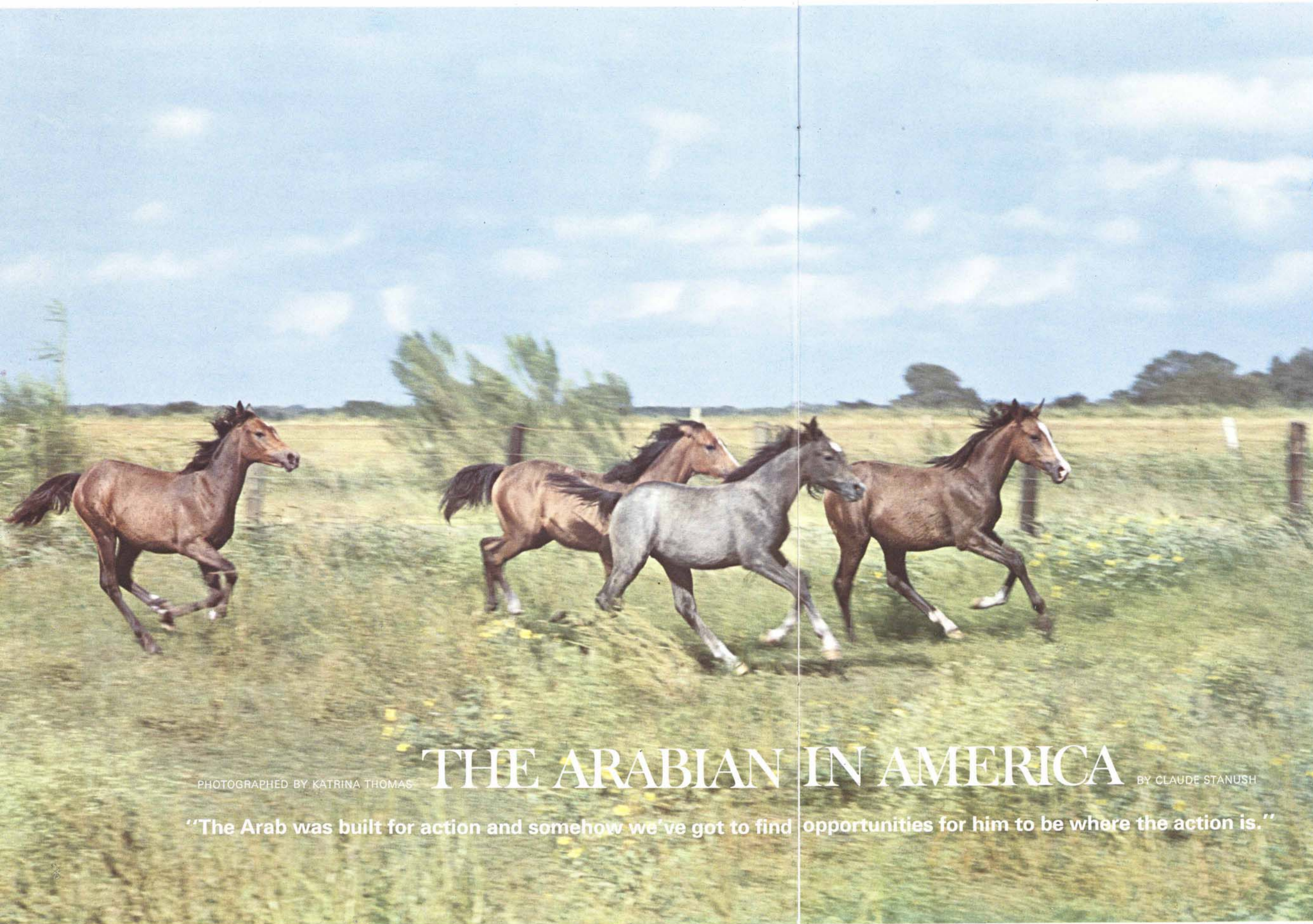
gular openings) leads into a vertical shaft which descends to the ceiling of the room below. The open sides are ribbed with vertical columns and sometimes lightly screened with decorative patterns.

Modern air-conditioning has eliminated the need for wind towers atop new buildings, and television antennae now mar the pure cubic geometry of many of the old. But in Dubai, at least, a recent law declaring one harbor-side section of the old city a protected historical site has for the moment quelled fears that the age-old towers might soon disappear forever.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROBERT AZZI

In the Arabian Gulf men built towers above their houses ...
TO CATCH THE WIND





PHOTOGRAPHED BY KATRINA THOMAS

THE ARABIAN IN AMERICA

BY CLAUDE STANUSH

"The Arab was built for action and somehow we've got to find opportunities for him to be where the action is."

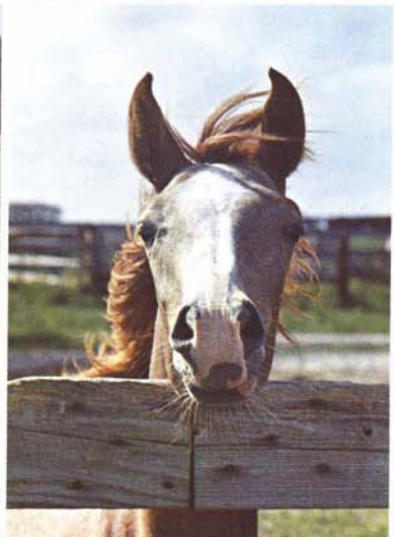
How do you explain the current rage for Arabian horses in the United States, a land where mechanization supposedly made the horse obsolete half a century ago, the land super-colossal of motor cars and racing cars, of tractors and bulldozers, jet planes and rockets?

Only a few years ago this oldest and most fabled of horse breeds was an exotic curiosity in America. Now there are Arab Horse Clubs and All-Arabian Horse Shows in nearly every state in the Union, there are three national organizations and three national magazines devoted entirely to the breed. The number of purebred Arabs—or Arabians as they are also called—jumps by the thousands each year, as fast as the horses can be bred or imported. In one state alone, California, there are more Arabians than in all of Arabia. Even former President Lyndon B. Johnson, keeping up with the times, has bought one for himself.

Of course, the Arabian horse is a beautiful animal, some say the most beautiful in all of God's creation. With its distinctive, intelligent head, alert eyes and pointed ears, its high arching neck and flowing mane, its delicate floating gait, it is poetry itself brought to life. Thus the ancient Greeks who carved its image onto the Parthenon walls saw the Arab not only as the ideal horse, the model for all horses, but as a god, the winged Pegasus, which appropriately enough became their symbol for poetry (*Aramco World*, May-June 1965).

Yet, in the early part of this century, the Arabian's very elegance made it unpopular in America. It was *too* beautiful for work—and too small, standing only 14 to 15 hands high (a hand counting for four inches) compared to 16 and more hands for the kind of horse Americans liked for riding, harness racing, jumping or hunting. It was not even a good horse for "show": if American horse-owners wanted to show off, they liked to do it much more pretentiously, with a large flashy animal like the American saddle horse, whose high-stepping gait (artificially induced by weighted shoes) and upraised tail (surgically produced) invariably brought horse show spectators to their feet.

In still earlier times there were other reasons for the paucity of Arabians in America as well as Europe. Poetically speaking, the



Upper left: yearlings at the Al-Marah Arabian Horse Farm in Maryland; the classic Arabian has alert, wide-spread eyes, pointed ears.

Lower left: weanling fillies at the Donoghue Arabian Horse Farm in Goliad, Texas; colts are weaned at four or five months. Above: a mare and her foal in a Donoghue pasture; gray horses are born dark, gradually becoming lighter as they lose their baby hair after they are weaned.

Bedouin tribesmen of the desert said that God had created their horse out of the wind and given it to them as their most prized possession, hence not to be disposed of lightly. In truth the Bedouins could not have survived in the vast sandy reaches of the desert without the Arabian's toughness, stamina and ability to survive on scant forage and, in war, to run circles around other cavalry horses. Thus the Bedouins were reluctant to sell these horses, particularly their mares, which they preferred in battle to stallions and through which they traced pedigrees.

Some few animals, mostly stallions, did eventually reach America. George Washington rode a horse of Arabian blood given

to him by one of his generals, Lighthorse Harry Lee of Virginia, and he is said to have liked the animal so well that he took great pains to secure others to draw the coach of his wife Martha. American naval officers secured a few Arabians during their battles off the Barbary Coast in the early 1800's, and the Sultan of Turkey gave two to General U.S. Grant in 1877. But it wasn't until the early 1900's that any serious attempt was made to import stallions and mares for breeding purposes, and then only in very few numbers.

Because of the limited supply, these early importations and their offspring were expensive—too expensive for the ordinary things one does with a horse. "But what do

you do with them?" someone asked a rich American who had invested in several pure-breds. The owner sniffed. "Do with them? Nothing. You just look at them."

As fate would have it, breeding of Arabians in the United States began just about the time that horses generally were about to lose their utility. In the early part of this century, the number of horses in the country was at its highest peak ever, some 23 million, most of them doing farm or ranch work or otherwise used in rural areas. But only a few years later, with the introduction of the car, the truck and the tractor, who wanted to buy a horse? Farmers and ranchers sold most of their animals to pet-food manufacturers.

Horses were still ridden for pure pleasure or for sport (as hunters, chasing after the hounds and foxes) or were kept for display in the status-conscious horse shows, but even these were drastically reduced in number during and after World War II with the rapid shift of population to cities and suburbs; not only was it becoming increasingly costly to keep and feed horses, but the open country spaces needed for cross-country riding or fox hunting were being rapidly reduced by fences and suburban sprawl. In the 50's it seemed as if the horse was about to become extinct or relegated to zoos: in New York City, the Central Park Zoo displayed farm ponies along with cows and

sheep and chickens as curiosities no longer seen by the general public.

Then, along with suburban living, came another great and general change in American life: affluence. What do you do when you have everything and have done everything, and you still have a lot of time on your hands? Why, you buy a horse. Horses are a lot of fun to ride and own. They give one a sense of freedom and power. They put you high up above everybody else. Furthermore, a horse is something of flesh and blood, able to return affection. Finally, there's something both romantic and nostalgic about owning a horse, an image which both television and the movies foster and magnify.

Enter the Arabian. He is not only a horse,

but from his long and close association with humans (more than any other breed) he is a horse superbly suited to being an animal companion of humans.

Nobody knows for sure where the Arabian came from, whether he evolved naturally from some prehistoric animal like Przewalski's wild horse or whether he was selectively bred into his present classical form, but historians think he has been living with humans for more than 5000 years, sharing their daily life in every respect—the wanderings, the hunger and the thirst, the heat and the cold, the battles. He even slept in the tent of his owner at night, ready for instant action in case of danger, ready to signal danger by whinnying or



Upper left: cutting a Brahman bull from the herd on the Stanley Kubela farm in Seguin, Texas. Bottom, left to right: Trainer Tom McNair of Gleannloch Farms in Spring, Texas, exercises a stallion; trail riding; Alec MacMartin (left) on an Arabian, and brother Bill on a quarter horse practice polo in Trevilah, Maryland. Above: Blake Kinney, also of Trevilah, jumps on Al-Marah Colonel Sims, a chestnut gelding.

stamping his feet. Arab legend abounds with stories of horses that were loyal to their masters to death, and vice versa.

American cowboys and Indians lived intimately with their ponies too, but not to the extent of the Bedouins. Nor were they interested much in breeding to preserve the purity of blood lines, as the Bedouins have done for centuries. The bronco, the horse that had to be "broken" to be ridden—and even after that might pitch you off if given half a chance—was the symbol of the American West.

The Arabian's close identification with humans, on the other hand, makes it easy for him to become a household pet, an animal that everybody in the family, from

Junior to Sis to Grandpa, can ride and enjoy. Women and children may even ride stallions in competition in horse shows, a privilege accorded to no other breed.

But sociability is only one of the breed's many virtues, as any owner will tell you before you can say "A" for you-know-what. As they say, you can almost see the animal's intelligence, in the broad forehead with the characteristic "dish" or concave nose tapering to a small velvety muzzle. This forehead and dish, known as the *jibbah*, are what connoisseurs look for in a horse said to be a purebred. Typically, the eyes are large, almost bulging, and set wide to the side of the head, giving a wide angle of vision, as if nature had intended it

to be able to see and know more than the average animal.

Because of its intelligence, the Arabian learns quickly, two to three times as fast as most other breeds. It can easily be taught tricks like bowing to the ground, counting, or rearing in the air, a maneuver that equestrians generally don't like to teach horses for fear that, once in the habit, they will do it spontaneously to throw their rider. A well-trained Arabian, however, can be depended upon not to rear except on cue.

Owners tell you that he is also a joy to ride, with his easy swinging gait. He has only three gaits naturally, but can be taught five, including a formal one called the "park" after the traditionally mannered riding of

equestrians in Central and Hyde Parks.

The Arabian is still expensive, costing anywhere from \$1,000 to \$100,000 (for a blue-ribbon stallion), but in other respects is cheaper and easier to keep than other breeds. From his experience in the desert, where often he had to make long forced marches on a handful of dates, he is an efficient feeder and will keep his condition for a much greater length of time than, say, a Thoroughbred which tends to become gaunt if not fed regularly on hard grain.

His strong bones are as dense as ivory and he has many fewer leg problems than most other breeds, particularly compared to such highbred types as the Thoroughbred. In 300-mile endurance rides conducted by the U.S.

Remount Service in the 1920's, only 15 percent of the pure Arabians developed leg problems compared to 90 percent of the pure Thoroughbreds. Because his bones are so strong, and because he has a relatively short back (one vertebra less than other horses), he can carry more weight per pound, and for longer distances, than any other horse, which was also demonstrated in the Remount Service's endurance tests. After five days over rough country, carrying heavy weights, many hardly showed any fatigue at all.

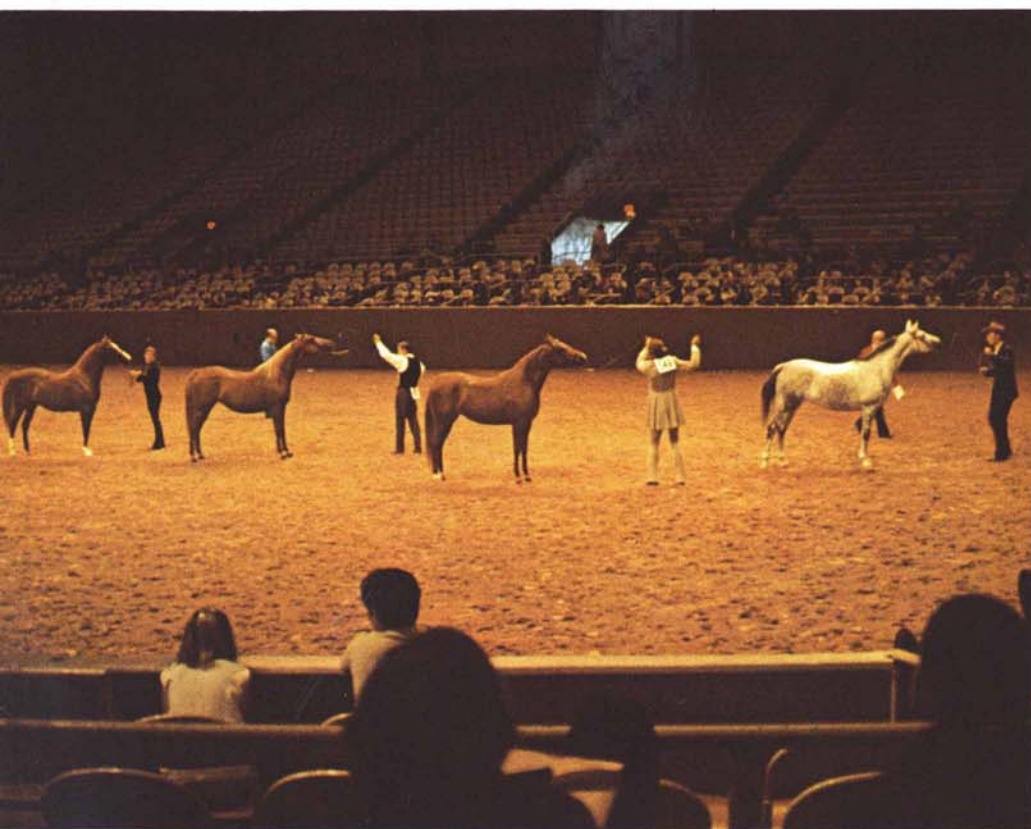
"The Arabian's ability to function as well as his beauty both come from the way he is put together," says Gerald Donoghue, president of the Arabian Horse Owners

Foundation and a long-time breeder himself. "He is perfectly proportioned, nothing in excess, no one part of him an extreme in relation to any other part. He is built for action, from his legs to the flaring nostrils, set of the neck and rib cage which give him the wind to run for incredibly long distances without getting winded."

"It's a glorious animal," echoes Carl Newton of San Antonio, Texas, who bought a stallion for his son, Larry, five years ago. Larry enjoyed and loved the animal so much that now the Newtons, father and son, have 20 Arabs which will form the foundation stock for a breeding farm to be managed by Larry when he graduates from Texas University.



The training barn at Gleannloch Farms in Spring, Texas. Trainer Buck Mott works with Ibn Hafiza, a bay stallion, on the lunge line. Mirror on rear wall enables a rider to see the horse's leg action.



Above, left to right: purebred Arabians at Dallas State Fair Grounds; Saudi Arabian Ambassador Ibrahim Al-Sowayel presents the King Faisal Perpetual Trophy at Washington's International Horse Show; Judith Wood on bay stallion, Heritage Gamin, in traveling dressage show. Top right: Texan Dorothy Dunn with chestnut gelding, Ibn Laureate. Bottom right: Wanda Hoffman of Dallas with six-year-old stallion, Halzimar.

"The Arab is such a special kind of horse, with so much character, that to raise and train one to its fullest potentiality demands a very special kind of intelligence and imagination. It's also the kind of horse that a child can grow up with, and never lose interest in, the rest of his life," Newton says.

Yet; yet. A purely pleasure horse? A companion for city and suburban dwellers? Isn't this a rather dismal end for the steed which was born out of the wind and which once pounded hooves across the desert expanses to the wild shouts of turbaned shaikhs? Which next to Allah was given credit for the great Muslim victories in Asia, Africa and Europe?

No. Because the new interest in horses

in the United States is not only helping to preserve the Arab as a pure and unique and fixed breed, but also strengthening other distinct and popular breeds which are based upon the Arabian. Indeed, from the Middle Ages on, the Horse-from-the-East was the "daddy" or "granddaddy" of nearly all the modern breeds of so-called "light" horses, from the Spanish barb which Cortez and the other conquistadors rode in their conquests of the New World, to the quarter horse, to the English Thoroughbred. In one way or another all these modern breeds derived certain of their outstanding characteristics from the Arabian and in one way or another, as recent breeding history is beginning to show, all of them must some-

how get new infusions of Arabian blood if they are to retain their special qualities.

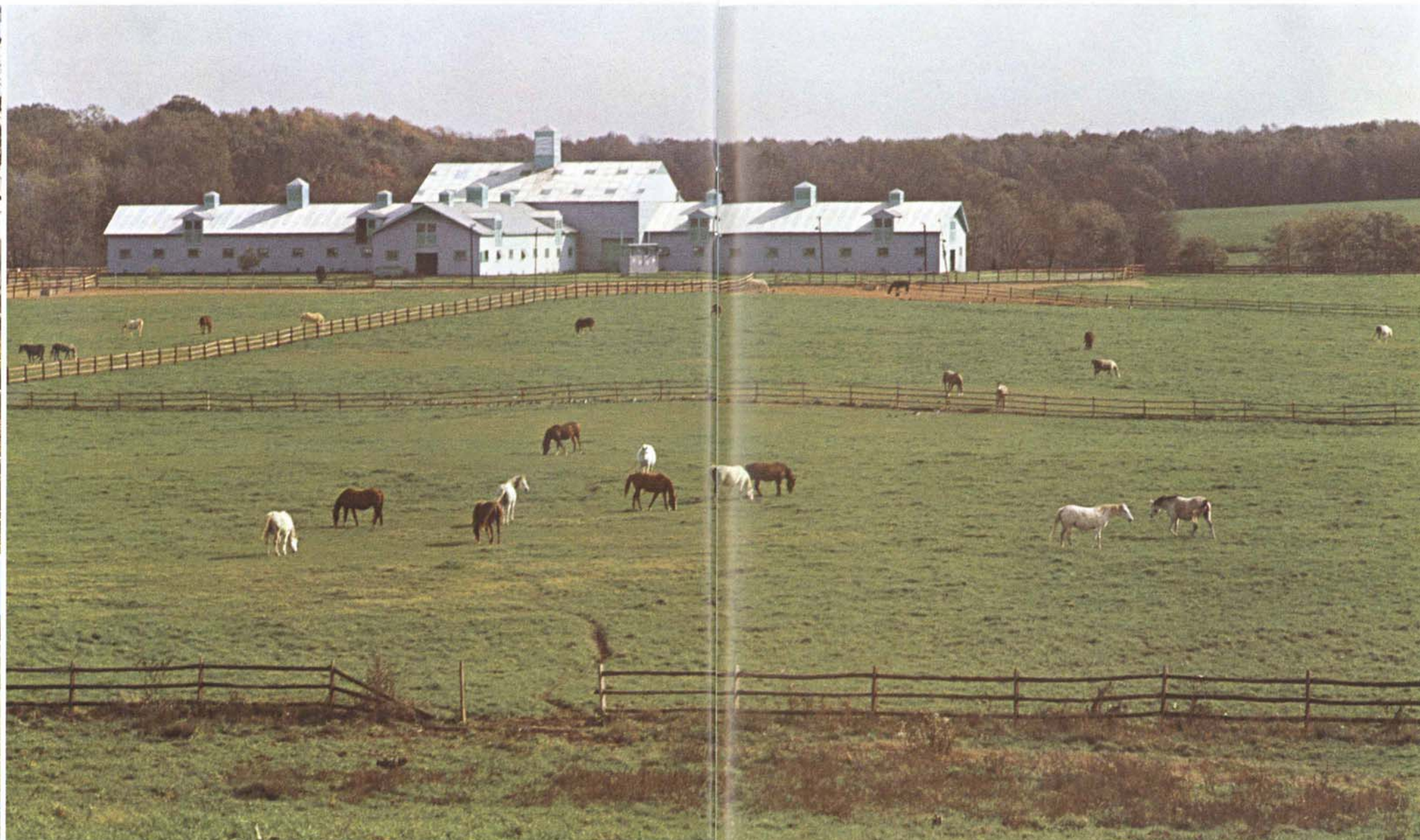
It is a strange, ironic story of history circling back upon itself, as if everybody had forgotten that nearly all of the horses brought to America after its "discovery" by European nations had at least some Arabian blood in them. Even the famed mustang of the American West traces back to the Arabian through the barb, which was a mixture of native Spanish stock with horses ridden by the Moors when they invaded Spain. In spite of the romantic stories written about it, the mustang was not generally a handsome or striking animal. Its head, with a straight or Roman nose inherited from the Barbary horses of North Africa, was "ugly"

compared to the sculptured head of the Arabian. Neglected, stolen by Indians, roaming wild over the American plains and prairies, inbreeding, the mustang tended to become a scrubby, scruffy animal. But it did retain certain Arab qualities: wiriness, endurance, ability to withstand hunger and thirst.

Through no fault of its own the mustang is now virtually extinct. But the Thoroughbred and other breeds directly descended from the Arabian are still very much alive, and their continued preservation, with all their outstanding qualities, is a matter of great concern to all who love horses or who simply want to see the wonderful variety of the animal world preserved.

The Thoroughbred, whose very name suggests the purity and preservation of blood lines, is a good example. It was developed in England specifically for racing purposes, mixing the speed and will-to-run of the Arabian with the height and long legs of native stock, and all Thoroughbreds whether in the United States or England trace back to three famous stallions, the Darley Arabian, the Godolphin Arabian and the Byerly Turk. Imported into America in the early 18th century, the Thoroughbred launched the racing tradition in this country and also became the foundation stock for some other new specialized breeds like the American standardbred and the American saddle horse.

But what happens when Thoroughbreds are bred to Thoroughbreds? You get more Thoroughbreds, but continued inbreeding over a long period, as many breeders have been discovering, isn't always a happy thing. Animals can become too "inbred;" they can lose their original qualities; they can degenerate, like the mustang. According to Mrs. Stanley (Boots) Kubela, an American racing enthusiast, many Thoroughbreds through inbreeding have lost their original toughness, particularly bone strength and lung power, which in turn is leading to shorter and shorter races. Though others may disagree, Mrs. Kubela thinks the future of racing lies with the Anglo-Arab, a mixture of Thoroughbred and Arabian,



Arabians are known for their curiosity. Bottom left: weanling stud colts frolic at the Donoghue Arabian Horse Farm in Goliad, Texas. Above: The Al-Marrah Arabian Horse Farm in Barnesville, Maryland, is owned by Mrs. Garvin Tankersley, who conducts a clinic to teach people who buy from the farm how to care for and train their Arabians.

in other words, a Thoroughbred with a reinfusion of its original blood.

Breeders of other types have also been finding a loss of quality and even of type with continued inbreeding. Since all of these breeds trace back originally to the Arab, it is natural to look again to him for a restoration of what has been lost. "If you want to upgrade the animal of any breed, to give it class and style as well as sturdiness, you just can't beat the Arabian as a stud," says one breeder.

What distinguishes the Arab stallion from all other types is his amazing pre-potency—his ability to pass on the characteristics of the breed to his offspring—and this in turn derives from his centuries of existence

as a fixed type. Other kinds of stallions may be beautiful animals themselves, but lack the power to transmit their qualities. On the other hand, even an Arabian which lacks a certain desirable quality himself may, because of the inheritance behind him, be able to produce that quality in his foals. It wasn't for snobbery, therefore, that Bedouins were more interested in the pedigree of a stallion than its looks. If it had the pedigree, the inherent quality would assert itself eventually.

And yet; and yet? A stud? A purely pleasure horse? A companion for urban and suburban dwellers? Is that all the great noble steed of the desert is good for in today's world?

Certain enthusiasts like Mr. and Mrs. Kubela of Seguin, Texas, have grander, and tougher, dreams. "We first became acquainted with Arabs when we had a ranch on the Gulf Coast, with the Colorado River running through it," Mrs. Kubela says. "Periodically, the river flooded and went on a rampage, and we needed horses that could go into the water after cattle and come back with the cowboys still on top. We tried Arabs, found that they could do the job, and we've been using them for ranch work ever since. The Arab was built for action, and somehow we've got to find opportunities for him to be where the action is."

Unfortunately, not many ranchers find a use for horses anymore. With the newer,

gentler breeds of cattle and the smaller pastures, a rancher in a pickup truck with a bale of hay can usually call his herd into a corral. Even in the still-wild brush country of Texas, helicopters, airplanes and specially-trained cow dogs are replacing the horse for flushing stock out of the brush. Not a very romantic thought, yet that's the way it is.

But then there's racing. Traditionally, for very short races like a quarter of a mile, the quick-charging quarter horse has been the favorite. For longer races, a mile or so and under—the kind that traditionally has attracted the most attention and the most money—it's been the Thoroughbred. On a mile track the Thoroughbred, because of his

longer legs and body, has the advantage. But suppose races were longer than a mile? Then the advantage shifts to the Arabian, with his tremendously strong legs and wind and staying power. In recent years races have been run on tracks as long as 2½ miles, and some of the contestants have ended up hardly panting. Arabian supporters think such longer races are not only more exciting to spectators and give them more for their money, but are good for the horses themselves, providing that opportunity to stretch their legs and test their mettle and be where the action is that Mrs. Kubela talks about. In the government stud farms in Poland, one of the main Arab-breeding countries of the world, every

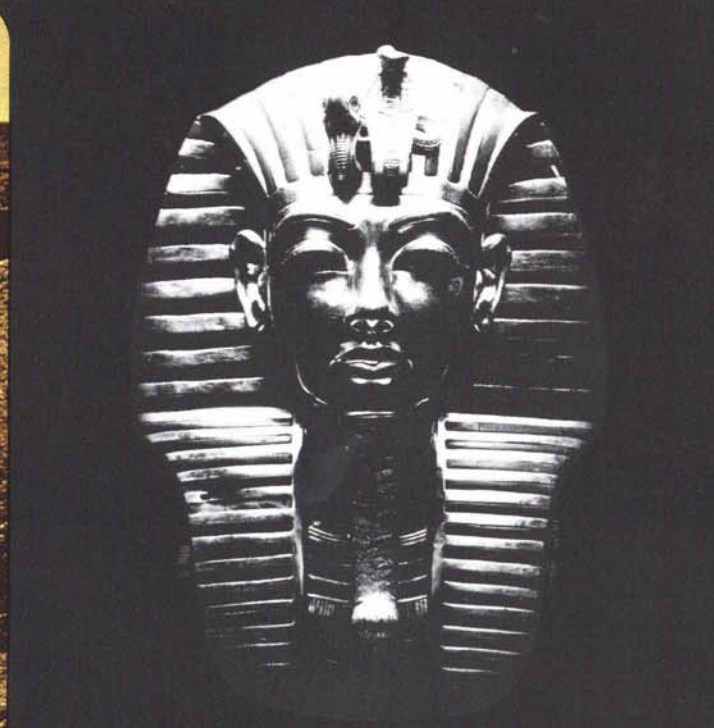
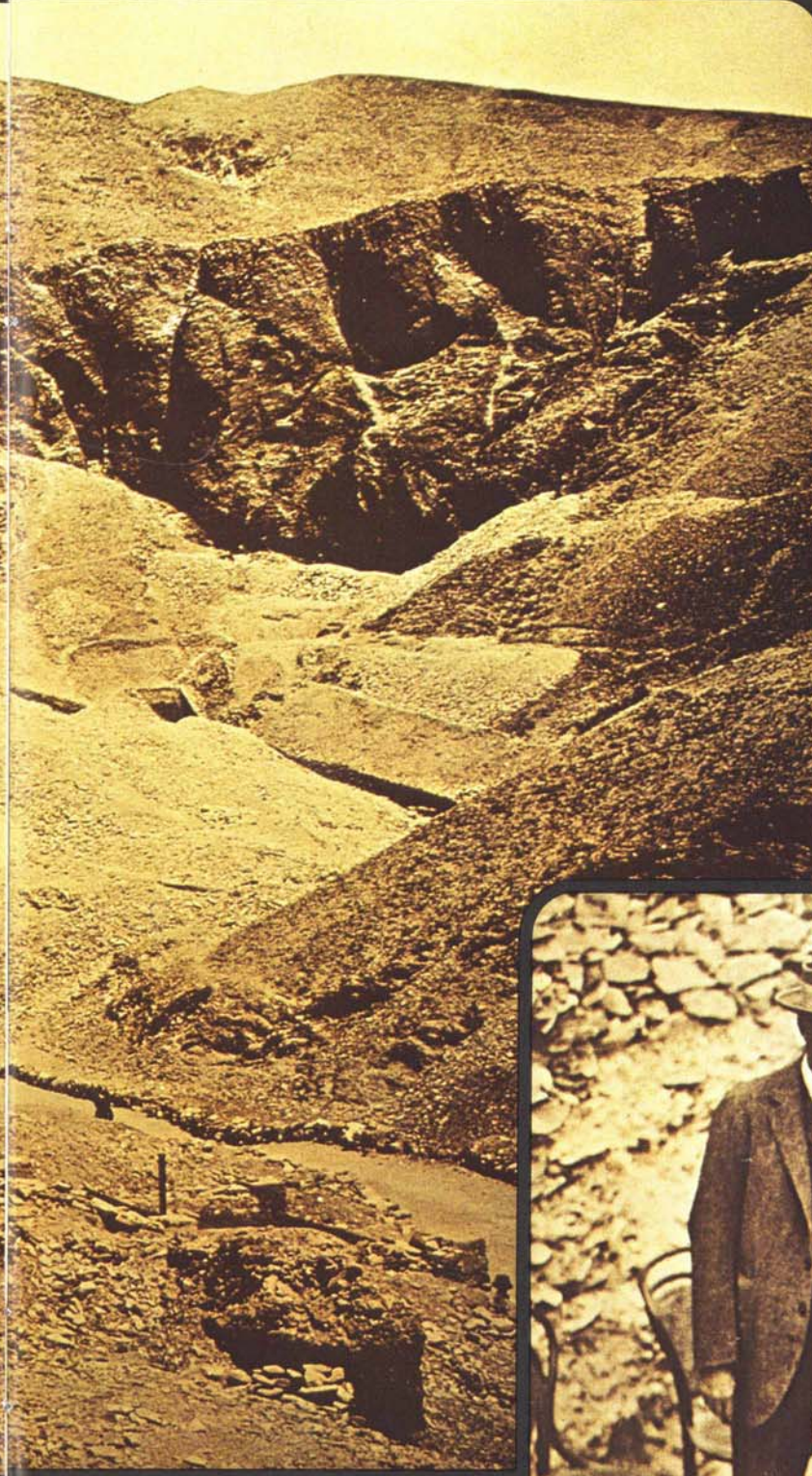
animal must learn to race and test itself on the track before it is put on the market. The proof is in the performance, and Polish Arabians are sought after the world over.

Possibly, in our rapidly changing world, other uses will be found for the Arab. But would this mean that the breed itself would change as a type? One question being raised is whether Americans, with their penchant for trying to improve everything they get their hands on, will or can do anything to "improve" the breed.

South African novelist Stuart Cloete has written, "The Arab is one of the few, perhaps the only, domestic animal which cannot be improved. It is already perfection and any attempt to change it is for the worse."

Nevertheless, one change has already taken place, perhaps an inevitable consequence of living in affluent America. Fed regular rations of pure grain in contrast to the traditionally sparse desert vegetation, some Arabians have grown from the traditional 14 to 15 hands high up to 16 hands and better. Those Americans prone to thinking of bigness in itself as a virtue may consider this an improvement. And it may actually be a functional value, to accommodate modern Americans who are steadily growing in size right along with the horses. But some breeders like Gerald Donoghue tend to agree with novelist Cloete, that any change can only be a change for the worse. "Somehow the size of the classical Arab is just right. You breed a larger horse, and he tends to lose his refinement and elegance, to become coarser." Other breeders don't think size makes that much difference, that the Arabian's difference from other breeds lies primarily in his intelligence, courage, nobility, stamina, endurance and gentleness, and that so long as he retains these qualities, he will remain what he has always been, the ideal horse, a model for all other horses, one of the wonders of the world.

Claude Stanush grew up on a Texas ranch, spent 12 years as correspondent, writer and associate editor of Life and now free-lances and teaches in San Antonio, Texas.



*He has been dead for more than 3,300 years.
Yet, in 1972, he has never been more alive.*

Above: an early view of Egypt's Valley of the Kings, where Howard Carter discovered Tut's fabulous tomb in 1902. Right: the sarcophagus and a golden coffin remain in the tomb.

KING TUT GOES TO LONDON

BY ARTURO F. GONZALEZ/PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER KEEN



This photograph of Lord and Lady Carnarvon with Carter at the site of the tomb is part of the current display at the British Museum.



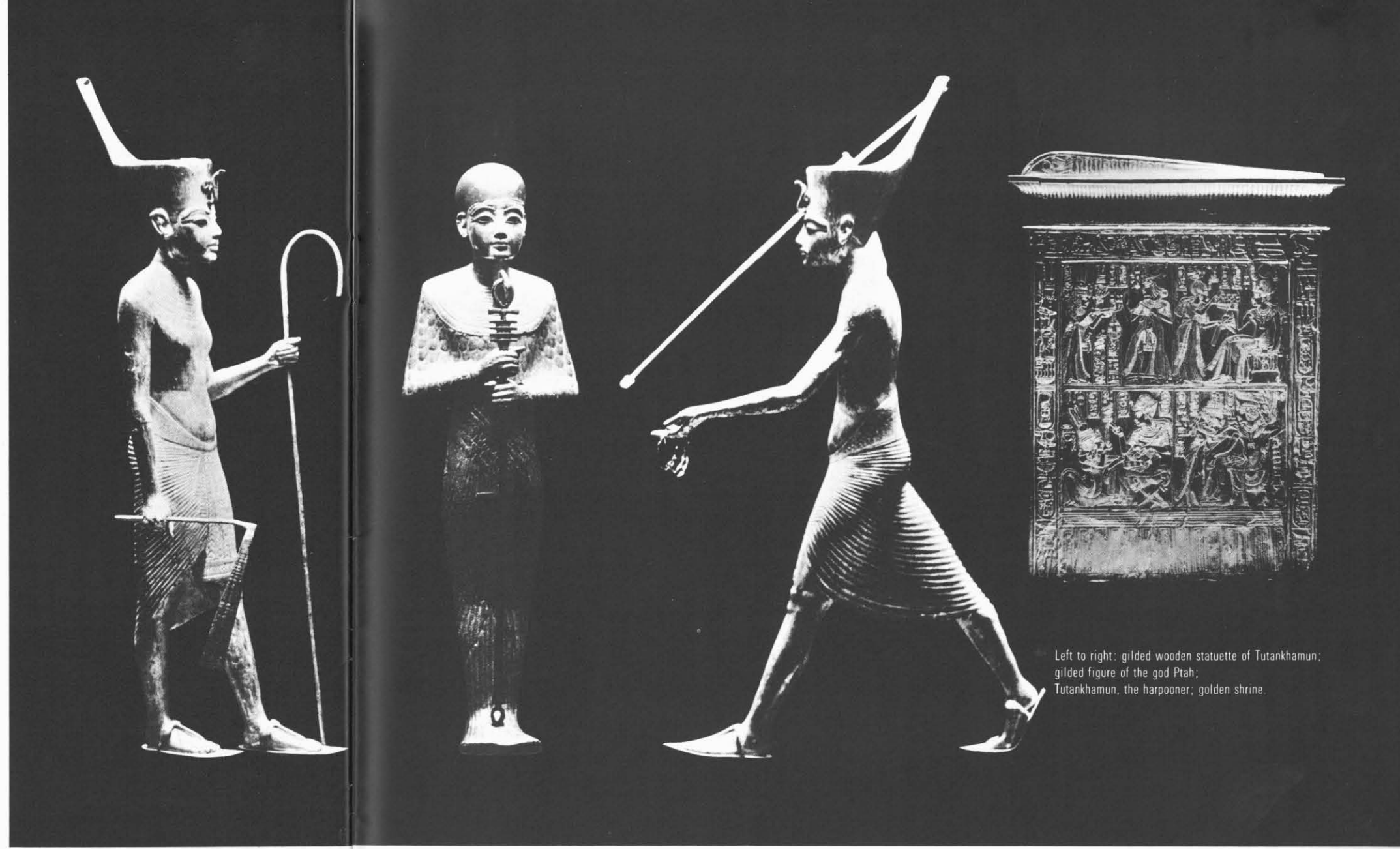
Londoners queued up for hours, rain or shine, to see the Tut treasures at the British Museum.



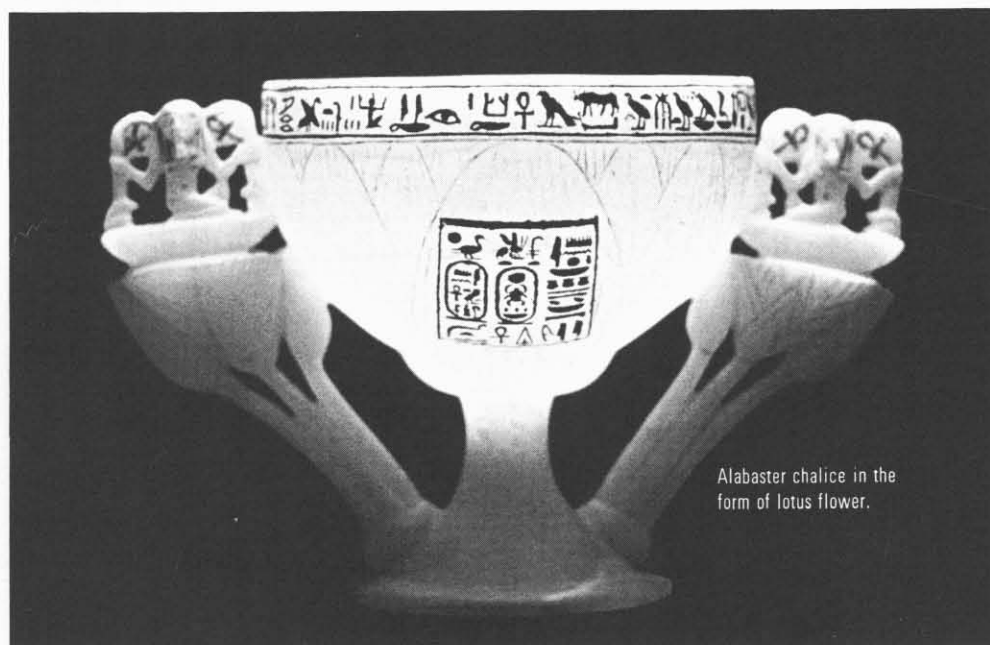
For six months, the most famous king in the world has been residing in the British Museum. He is 3,300 or so years old. He comes from Egypt and has received more than a million visitors. King Tut is in London.

Not King Tut himself, of course, but 50 of the most precious pieces of funeral art from his famous tomb, which have been exhibited in a splendor befitting the 50th anniversary of their exciting discovery in Egypt's famous Valley of the Kings.

Never before, in fact, have so many irreplaceable and invaluable *objets d'art* left the safety of the Cairo Museum at a single time and even the generally staid British public has been impressed. An hour after Queen Elizabeth opened the exhibit in March, some 2,500 visitors had formed a



Left to right: gilded wooden statuette of Tutankhamun; gilded figure of the god Ptah; Tutankhamun, the harpooner; golden shrine.



Alabaster chalice in the form of lotus flower.

line a quarter of a mile long, and they kept coming all summer at the rate of 1,000 visitors an hour. During the first month waiting time was as long as eight hours and some visitors slept on the sidewalk to be sure of getting into the museum in the morning.

Margaret Hill, the exhibits officer, and Egyptologist I.E.F. Edwards have staged the show on the museum's first floor so that viewers actually feel they are descending into the Theban tomb itself, light receding, room by room, as they move deeper and deeper into the exhibit. Every item in the exhibition is exquisite, but a number stand out: the gilded figure of the King in his Nile boat harpooning a fish; nine pieces of golden jewelry taken from his mummified body; three rare pieces of funeral furniture; four

priceless statuettes; his golden dagger; and the final piece in the display, the 21-inch-long, solid gold portrait mask which was actually lifted from his mummified face. It is, says Museum Director Sir John Wolfenden unequivocally, "the most splendid exhibit we have ever held here."

The exhibit, which opened on March 29, has been so popular that its run has been extended until November 4, the precise date 50 years ago when archeologist Howard Carter uncovered, from beneath 200,000 cubic feet of rubble, the first of the 16 steps that would lead him to the still-sealed door of Tut's tomb.

Howard Carter, who had come to Egypt as a draftsman, first started digging in 1892. Subsequently he took on a patron, Lord Carnarvon, a wealthy man who first visited

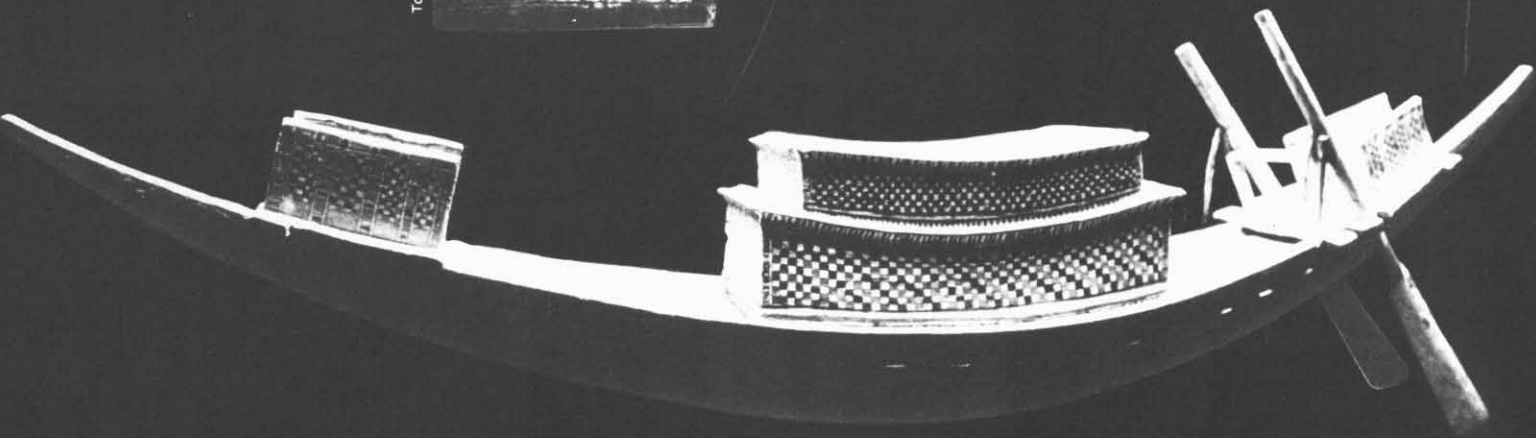
Egypt in 1902 because his doctor told him the hot dry sun would be good for him. His patience and money, plus Carter's digging, were ultimately to put both of them in the archeological history books forever, but he very nearly blew it. Impatient for some return on the money, Lord Carnarvon had given Carter notice, returned to England and was about ready to give up when Carter discovered that fateful first stair down to Tut's tomb. Carter cabled Carnarvon back in England, "AT LAST HAVE MADE WONDERFUL DISCOVERY IN VALLEY; A MAGNIFICENT TOMB WITH SEAL INTACT; RE-COVERED SAME FOR YOUR ARRIVAL; CONGRATULATIONS."

Within two weeks, Carnarvon arrived in Alexandria. Six days later he and Carter



The king's shield, depicting him as a lion, and a model of a plank boat, hewn from a single block of wood.

Tor Eigeland



were standing at the door of the tomb and on November 25, a day Carter called "the day of days, the most wonderful that I have ever lived through, and certainly one whose like I can never hope to see again," they broke a hole through the tomb's wall and peered in. As Carter recalled it, "With trembling hands I made a tiny breach. Presently, as my eyes grew accustomed to the light, details of the room emerged slowly from the mist, strange animals, statues, and gold—everywhere the glint of gold."

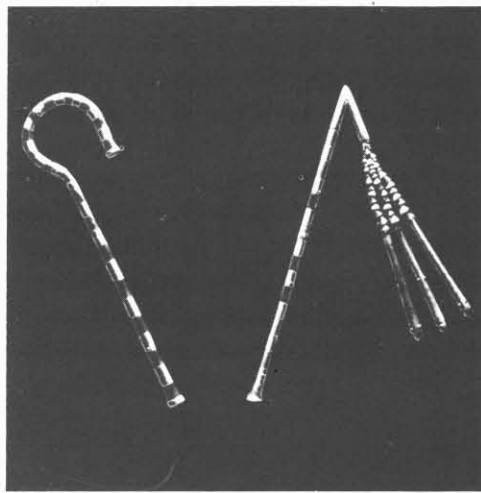
Ironically, Carter's discovery made King Tut much more famous in modern times than he ever was in ancient Egypt. Tut, in fact, is a man historians know virtually nothing about. He apparently was born with the name Tutankhten, was crowned as Nebkheprure, yet spent his youth as Tut-

ankhamen. He stood 5' 6" and had a small scar, cause unknown, on his left cheek. He apparently was married to a cousin two years older than himself, the daughter of the beautiful Nefertiti, which is how he won the throne of Egypt at the tender age of nine. By 19, in January of 1343 B.C., he was dead, whether executed, victim of accident or illness, we don't know. There is no record of children surviving him, no annals of his reign, no quotes or writings left behind. But he enjoyed a magnificent funeral, and when Howard Carter and Lord Carnarvon uncovered his remains 3,274 years after he died, his interment made him the most renowned pharaoh in all Egyptian history.

As it turned out Carter's discovery was just the beginning of the discoveries—it took

the experts 10 years to remove and identify the more than 2,000 objects found in the tomb's four separate rooms. By the time the excavation was completed, Lord Carnarvon was dead, a legend of a curse had arisen and every newspaper reader in the world had been told the story of Tut's tomb a dozen different times and in as many different ways.

What made the discovery of Tut's tomb so important was that it had been relatively untouched by thieves. True, some intruders had broken in and many things had been stolen, but much, much more remained in Tut's tomb than in any pharaonic burial place discovered before or since, and the value of it all is staggering even today. The exhibit is insured for \$26 million and the gold alone in Tut's 2,448-pound coffin

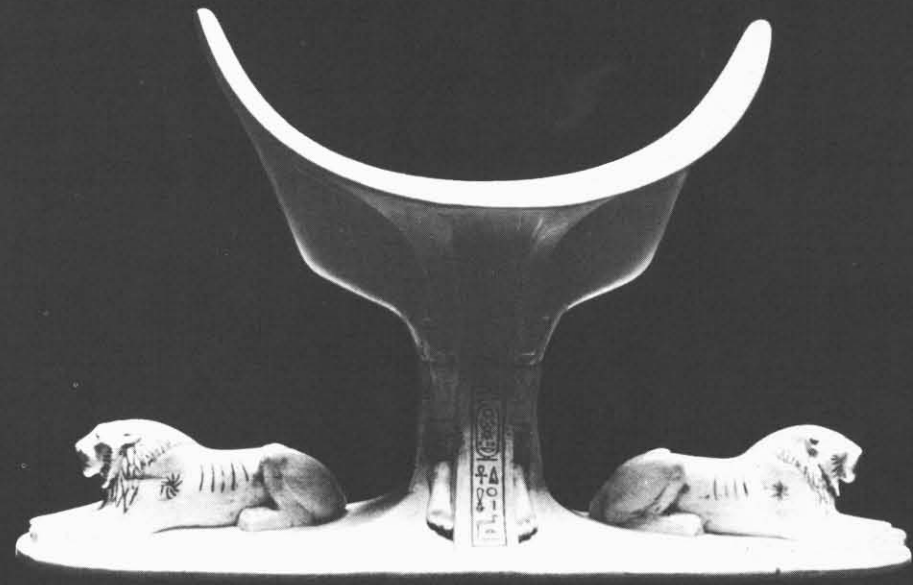


would, at today's prices, be worth about \$1,700,000.

The announcement of the discovery set off a rash of worldwide enthusiasm which still exists today—as evidenced by the current lines of people waiting to get into the British Museum. Journalists poured into Egypt. So did sightseers and VIP's. Everyone wanted a guided tour and their demands left the dedicated Carter and his archeological staff almost no time to go into the tomb and study the historical significance of their find. As Carter recalled it, "It was with the letters of introduction that the trouble began. They were written, literally in hundreds, by our friends—we never realized before how many we had—by our friends' friends, by people who had a real claim upon us, and by people who had less than none."

It was at this time that the *London Times* became irrevocably bound up with King Tut—a relationship which exists even today. The *Times* is the co-sponsor with the British Museum of the current London exhibit. It was the *Times* that first carried the original story: "From our Cairo Correspondent: Valley of the Kings (By Runner from Luxor.)" The rush was then on. "Once the initial dispatch had been published," Howard Carter recalled later, "no power on earth could shield us from the light of publicity that beat down upon us. We were helpless and had to make the best of it." As a result, a *Times* man was appointed PR director for the dig and the *Times* given the exclusive rights to distribute dispatches on the excavation, a move which infuriated editors of rival newspapers and made for a great deal of ill will.

Left: Shepherd's crook and flail of gold and blue glass. Below: Ivory headrest.



Yet the story which earned the most headlines in the 1920's was not the scientific nor artistic one, but the bizarre tale of a "curse" which the king supposedly had uttered and which, legend said, doomed those who had uncovered his tomb. According to one British Museum source the curse was originally a joke invented by an Egyptologist, but people began treating it seriously when, in 1923, Lord Carnarvon was bitten by a mosquito in March, saw the bite turn septic and died tragically of pneumonia shortly thereafter.

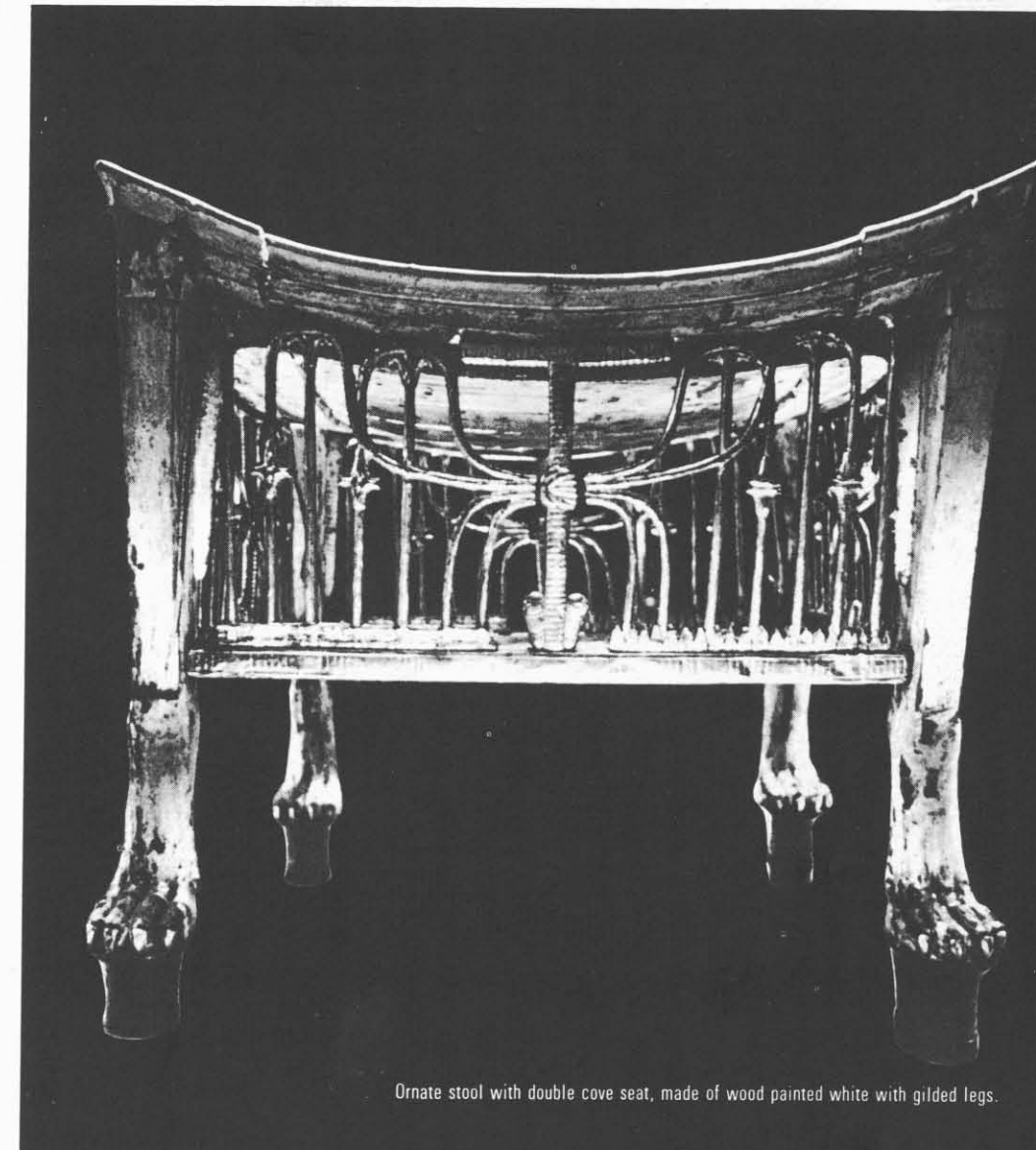
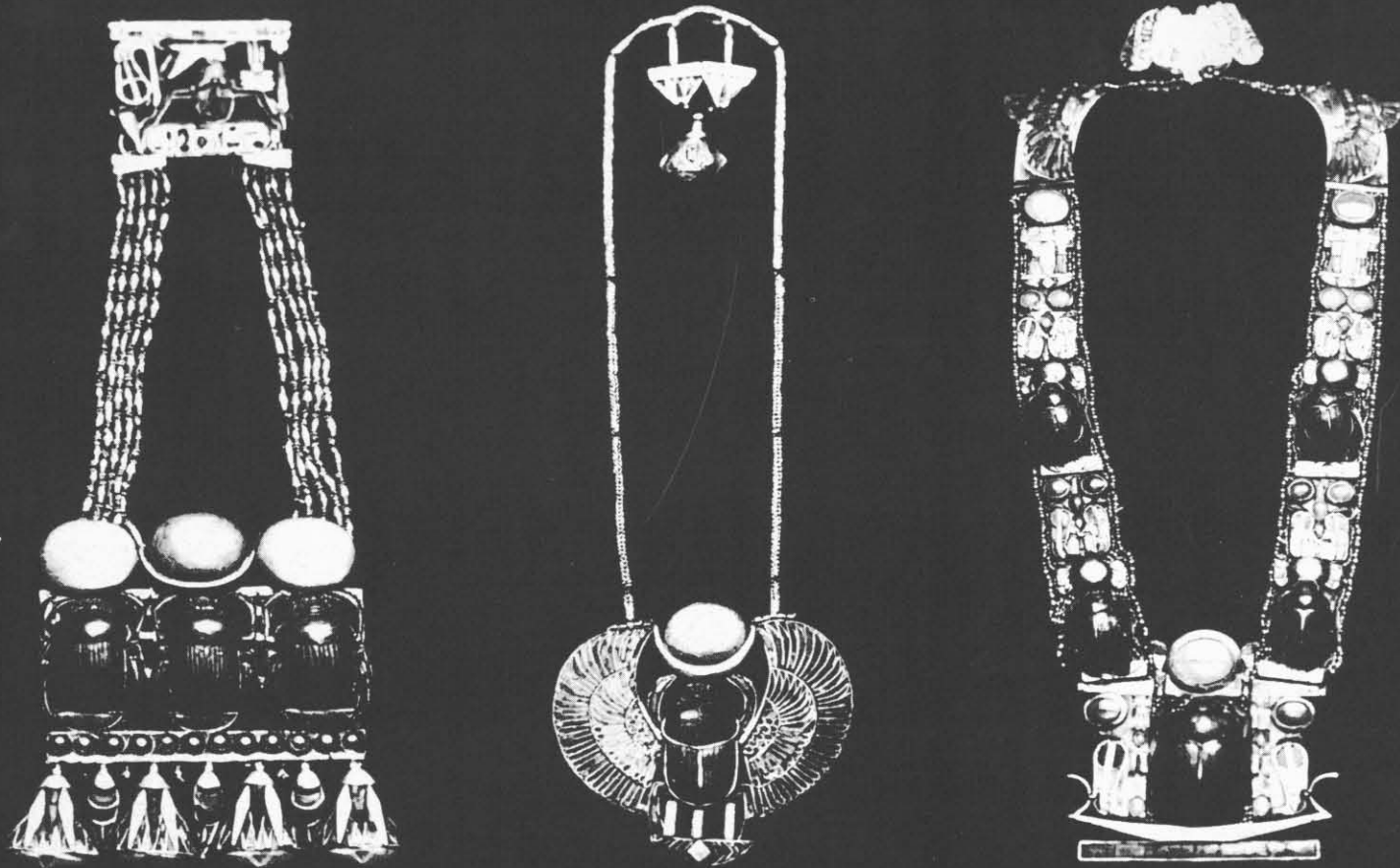
And that was only part of it. As Lord Carnarvon died, two mysterious events occurred. First all the lights in Cairo went out, and the English engineer in charge of the power house was unable to find a single technical reason for the brief failure. And

then, simultaneously, at Lord Carnarvon's home in the U.K., 4,000 miles away, his Lordship's favorite hound howled, rolled over and died.

Later, when a visiting archeologist from the Louvre suddenly died of a stroke after visiting King Tut's tomb, the legend gained credence. And when another archeologist from the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York died after he had also visited the dig, the idea of a curse passed into folklore.

In modern times, of course, no one believes in curses. But even skeptics think it odd that 22 people connected with the Tut treasures have died. In 1967, for example, when the treasurers were sent to Paris for a display, the man who signed the contract for the Egyptian museum was hit by a car and killed as the treasures were

Left to right: Gold and glass necklace with triple scarab pectoral; plated gold-wire necklace with winged scarab pectoral; gold necklace of the sun on the eastern horizon, with semi-precious stones; Ushabti figure of Tutankhamun carved in wood. Bottom, center: Miniature gold Canopic coffin which contained one of the king's mummified internal organs.



Ornate stool with double cove seat, made of wood painted white with gilded legs.

being packed. Then, when the treasures went on display in Paris, a leading antiquarian was run down and killed shortly after leaving the museum—or so they say.

Most recently—on February 4, this year—Dr. Gamal Mehrez, director general of the Egyptian antiquities department suffered a cerebral hemorrhage as the Tut treasures were being packed for London. It was, of course, pure coincidence.

Those who refuse to believe in the curse point out that Richard Adamson, 74, who claims to be a member of the Carter expedition, is still living. Indeed, Adamson who has just published a book on King Tut claims that he, not Carter, discovered the tomb first and then showed it to Carter—without, obviously, any ill effects.

The headline writers of the 1920's and

'30's led people to believe that it was the curse that scared off the grave robbers who looted so many other nearby tombs. Actually, King Tut's tomb had been looted by robbers on two separate occasions. Traces of their footprints were found in the dust of the tunnels. Apparently these were priests or people who knew the king well because they went right to the richest rooms in the tomb and took the most valuable items of the day—in that era, unguents and oils. The raids were superbly executed and the thieves even brought wine skins with them into which they poured the greasy liquids. Since several of their skins were left behind and on the floor of one room was a rag containing a number of gold rings, obviously thrown away quickly as the thieves fled, it's quite possible they left in haste, close to being

discovered. Today the FBI would have no trouble in identifying them, for they left greasy fingerprints all over the tomb. Carter and his assistants decided after examining all the relics, that about 60 percent of the treasures and jewels had been taken. When one realizes the richness of the 40 percent that was left, some idea of the magnitude of the treasures originally buried with Tut begins to emerge.

Modern thieves would have less success today. Although the museum has never disclosed its precautions, there has never been a theft and the steps they took to protect the Tut treasures were even stricter. Three jets flew the crated treasures to London, 100 policemen were assigned to guard them and the M4 highway was closed to traffic while the crates were trucked



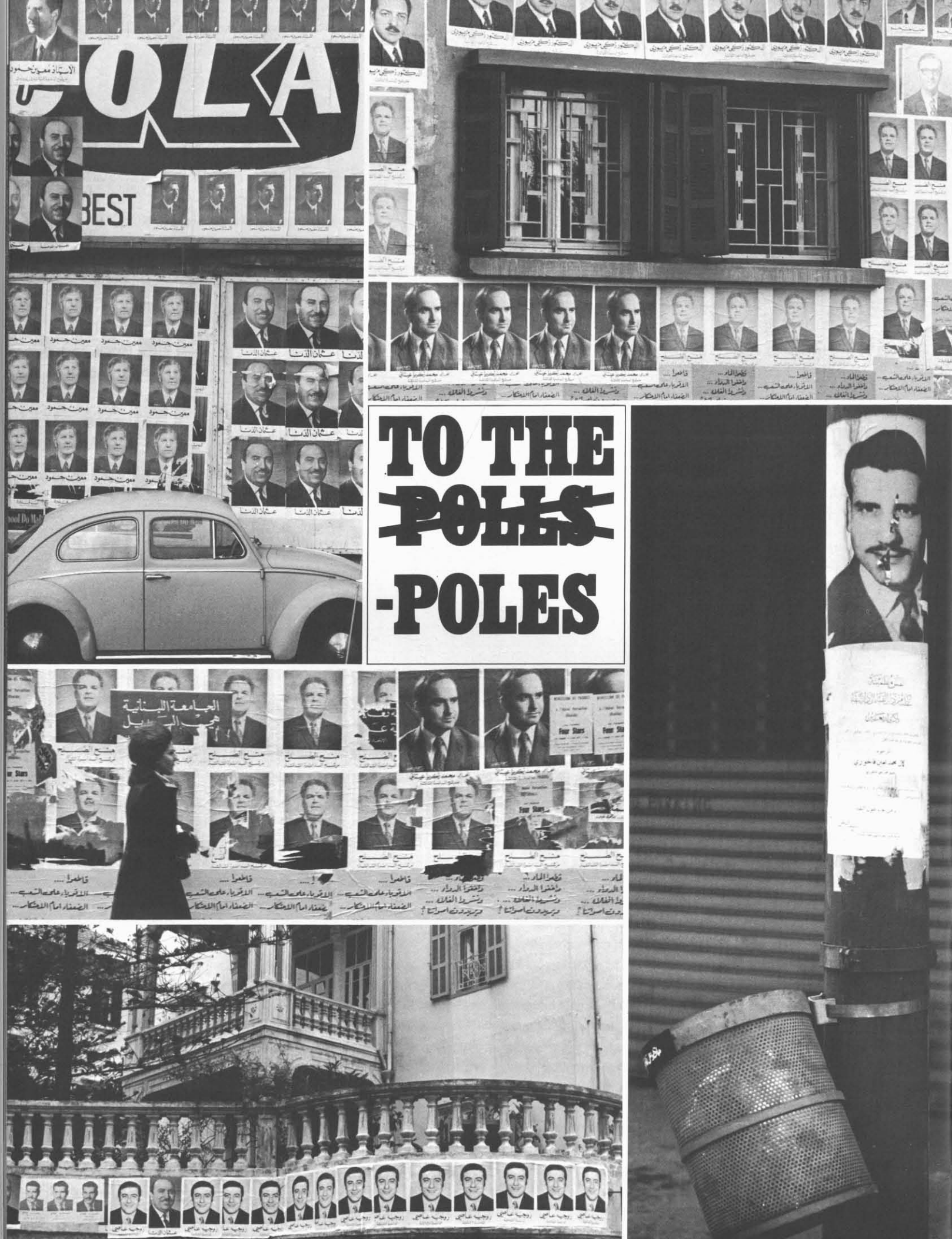
from Heathrow airport to the museum.

But if thieves cannot expect to become wealthy through this London exhibit, UNESCO can. The proceeds of admission charges and the sale of catalogues, after expenses, are to be turned over to this international organization to help save the Egyptian temples on the island of Philae, close to the Egyptian border with Sudan. Long known as the "Pearl of Egypt," because of its Acropolis-like temples and luxuriant vegetation, Philae is threatened with rising waters backed up from the Aswan Dam. The Egyptians have built a temporary small dam around the temples to save them until they can be dismantled and transported to a nearby island where they will be rebuilt, stone by stone. Egypt is paying a third of the cost of all this,

UNESCO the rest; and it is hoped that the Tut exhibition will amass considerable funds for this worthwhile effort.

His burial riches now further away from him than they have ever been before, King Tut in mummified form, still lies in Thebes within a massive rosy sarcophagus in a gigantic burial chamber. He has been dead for more than 3,300 years, yet, in 1972, he has never been more alive. "To speak the name of the dead is to make them live again," say the funeral inscriptions in Egypt; it restores "the breath of life to him who has vanished." Judging by the lines winding around, and into, the British Museum today, King Tut is as alive as he ever was.

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After months of primaries, America may seem to be the only country in the world holding elections this year, but it isn't. Last spring voters in the Republic of Lebanon also went to the polls after a campaign that would have made James Michael Curley stand up and cheer.

That there is campaigning at all in Lebanon may occasion surprised comment in quarters of the United States which may have failed to note that Lebanon has a president, a parliament and free elections. Yet Lebanon has been holding elections every four years since it won independence from France in 1947 and set up a republic. Its government was broadly modeled after the French Third Republic and its electoral process closely, if unconsciously, after South Boston in its gaudiest moments.

The small nation's founding fathers probably expected a higher degree of decorum than that, of course, but with a perversity that is only possible in a true democracy, Lebanon soon adopted a free-wheeling, circusy style of politicking once common in the livelier sections of New York, Jersey City and Chicago. This has led to sound trucks, rallies, free rides to the polls and, above all, to that most reliable and most visible feature of political campaigns: the political poster.

In America, which has substituted the low hedge for the garden wall, there is a built-in restriction on overdoing the ubiquitous poster. In Lebanon it is just the reverse. Political workers not only plaster posters on utility poles but on trees, rooftops, movie billboards and along the miles of high, irresistible walls that line most of the older streets and avenues.

During this year's campaign the government passed laws to limit the areas which candidates could legally blanket with their likenesses: no posters on public buildings, schools, hospitals, or places of worship; also no candidate's portrait hung next to that of the president, who proclaimed his official neutrality. But except for the fact that some traffic signs actually remained legible—in itself a

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILLIAM TRACY





vast improvement over previous years—it was to little avail. With 409 candidates running for 99 seats, portraits bloomed everywhere: old and young, bald and balding, mustached and bespectacled, smiling and scowling. Under cover of darkness, crews of young men with ladders moved along main streets like locusts, apparently guided by one rule of thumb: if it's flat, glue a poster to it.

The effect was rather like a blight sweeping through a potato field, and public reaction ranged from fury (when beaming faces of candidates were plastered on historical monuments) to laughter (when posters appeared in amusing proximity to inappropriate signs or movie billboards).

Responses also varied according to occupation. Tourists in search of the exotic Middle East were dismayed and owners of buildings were apoplectic. Photographers and portrait painters were delighted, as were printers (who, with

orders of up to 500,000 posters per candidate pouring in, coined money), members of the candidate's party (who saw votes in every poster), and, naturally, the candidates themselves who, even if they didn't win, can enjoy fading, weathered pictures of themselves throughout Lebanon for months to come.

