

Contents

<i>Foreword by Umberto Eco</i>	vii
<i>Introduction</i>	xi
Constantinople	1
<i>Note on the Illustrations</i>	267
<i>Notes</i>	267
<i>Glossary</i>	277

Constantinople

TO MY DEAR FRIENDS FROM PERA:
ENRICO SANTORO, GIOVANNI ROSSASCO
AND FAUSTO ALBERI

Amigos, es éste mi último libro de viaje;
desde adelante no escucharé más que las
inspiraciones del corazón.

– *Luis de Guevara, Viaje en Egipto**

The Arrival

THE EMOTION I FELT ON ENTERING CONSTANTINOPLE almost made me forget everything I had seen in my ten days' voyage from the straits of Messina to the mouth of the Bosphorus. The blue Ionian Sea, motionless as a lake, the distant mountains of the Morea tinted rose-pink by the first rays of the sun, the islands of the Greek archipelago glowing in the sunset, the ruins of Athens, the Gulf of Salonika, Lemnos, Tenedos, the Dardanelles, and many persons and events that had amused and interested me during the voyage, all faded at the sight of the Golden Horn; and now, if I wish to describe them, I must work more from imagination than from memory. But in order that my first page starts out warm and alive, I must begin on the last night of the voyage, in the middle of the Sea of Marmara, at the moment when the captain of the ship approached me and my friend Junck,* and putting his hands on my shoulders said, in a thick Sicilian accent, "Gentlemen, tomorrow at dawn we'll see the first minarets of Stamboul."

Ah! Reader, full of money and ennui – you who, a few years ago, when on a whim you felt like visiting Constantinople, filled your wallet and packed your case and within twenty-four hours had left as if taking a short trip to the countryside, uncertain up to the last moment whether you shouldn't go to Baden-Baden instead! If the captain had said to you, "Tomorrow morning we shall see Stamboul," you would have answered phlegmatically, "I'm glad to hear it." But you need to have nursed this wish for ten years, to have passed many winter evenings sadly studying the map of the East, have inflamed your imagination with the reading of a hundred books, have wandered over one half of Europe in the effort to console yourself for not being able to see the other half, have been nailed for one year to a desk with that purpose only, have made a thousand small sacrifices, calculated and recalculated, built many castles in the air and gone through many domestic battles; finally you need to have passed nine sleepless nights at sea with the immense and luminous image of the city before your eyes, so happy that you even feel a pang of remorse at the thought of the dear ones you've left behind at home; and then you might

understand what these words mean, "Tomorrow at dawn we'll see the first minarets of Stamboul"; and instead of answering quietly, "I'm glad to hear it," you would have done as I did and struck the ship's rail with your fist in excitement.

One great pleasure for me and for my companion was our profound conviction that our huge expectations could not be disappointed. There is no doubt about Constantinople; even the wariest traveller can be certain they won't experience disappointment there. And it's not a case of nostalgic memories or conventional admiration. It is one of universal and sovereign beauty, before which poets and archeologists, ambassadors and shopkeepers, princesses and sailors, sons of the north and of the south, are all alike overcome with wonder. All the world thinks it is the most beautiful place on earth. Once they've arrived, travel writers are overwhelmed. Pertusier stammers, Tournefort declares that human speech is incapable, Pouqueville thinks he's on another planet, La Croix is intoxicated, the Vicomte de Marcellus ecstatic, Lamartine gives thanks to God, Gautier doubts the reality of what he sees, and one and all pile image upon image, make their style as brilliant as possible, and torment themselves in vain to find expressions that do not miserably fall short of their thoughts. Chateaubriand alone describes his entrance into Constantinople with a remarkable air of calm, but even he does not fail to remark that the sight is the most beautiful in the world, while Lady Mary Wortley Montagu passes the same judgement, interpolating a "perhaps", as if tacitly leaving the first place to her own beauty, of which she had such a high opinion.* There is even a reserved German who says that the loveliest illusions of youth and even the dreams of first love grow pale in the presence of the sweetness which pervades the soul at the sight of these enchanted places; and an erudite Frenchman asserts that the visitor's first reaction is one of terror. Let the reader imagine the brain-fever produced by such words, perused over and over again, in two young men, a good painter and a bad poet! But even such illustrious praises were not enough, and we sought the opinion of our ship's crew. Even these poor rough fellows, in trying to describe such beauty, felt the need of some expression or comparison out of the ordinary, and kept looking round to find it, rubbing their hands together, and making attempts at description with faraway-sounding voices and those slow, expansive gestures with which such men express their wonder when words fail them. "To come into Constantinople on

a fine morning,” said the head steersman, “that – believe you me, sirs – well, *that’s a great moment in a man’s life.*”

Even the weather smiled on us; it was a warm, serene night; the sea lapped the sides of the vessel with a gentle murmur; the masts and spars and rigging were outlined sharp and still against the starry night sky; the ship did not appear to move. On the prow lay a large group of Turks peacefully smoking their narghiles with their faces turned up to the moon, their white turbans shining silvery in her rays; at the stern, there were people from every nation, among them a famished-looking company of Greek actors who had embarked at Piraeus. I can still see, in the midst of a bevy of small Russian girls going to Odessa with their mother, the sweet little face of Olga, quite astonished that I could not understand her language and provoked by the fact that the questions she repeated three times received no intelligible answer. On one side of me there is a fat and dirty Greek priest wearing what looks like an upside-down top hat, who is looking through a telescope to see if he can make out the archipelago of Marmara; on the other side, an Evangelical English clergyman, as cold and as stiff as a statue, who for three days has not uttered a word or looked a living soul in the face; in front of me are two pretty Athenian sisters with red caps and hair falling in tresses over their shoulders, who the moment anyone looks at them turn in tandem towards the sea in order to show off their profiles; a little further on an Armenian merchant fingers the beads of his oriental rosary, a group of Jews in traditional costume, Albanians with their white petticoats, a French governess who puts on melancholy airs, a few of those ordinary-looking travellers with nothing about them to indicate their country or their trade, and in the midst of them a small Turkish family, consisting of a father in a fez, a mother in a veil and two children in baggy pantaloons, all four of them huddled together under an awning upon a heap of mattresses and cushions, and surrounded by belongings of every shape and colour.

Everyone became more than usually lively as we approached Constantinople. Almost all the faces that were visible by the light of the ship’s lanterns were cheerful and bright. The Russian children jumped up and down around their mother, shouting out the old Russian name for Stamboul, “*Zavegorod! Zavegorod!*”* Here and there you could hear the names of Galata, Pera, Scutari, Büyükdere, Therapia, like the first sparks of a great firework which was just about to explode. Even the sailors were happy to arrive where, as they told

us, they'd be able to forget their troubles for a while. There was even a perceptible agitation on the prow among that white sea of turbans; even those idle and impassive Muslims were already anticipating the extraordinary silhouette of *Umm al-Dunia*, the mother of the world, swaying gently on the horizon, the city, in the words of the Koran, "where one side looks upon the land and the other two upon the sea".* It almost seemed as if the steamer were moving ahead fuelled by all the anticipation and impatience on its decks. Every now and then I leant upon the rail and gazed at the sea and seemed to hear a hundred voices mingling with the sound of the waves. They were the voices of those who loved me, saying, "Go on, go on, my son, my brother, my friend! Go and enjoy your Constantinople. You have earned it, be happy, and God be with you."

Only towards midnight did the passengers start to go down to their cabins. My friend and I went in among the last, reluctantly, unwilling to confine the joy we felt within four walls – it was too large for the horizons of the Propontis to contain. About halfway down the stairs we heard the voice of the captain inviting us to come up in the morning to the bridge. He poked his head through the hatch and called, "Be up before sunrise. And the last one up on deck walks the plank!"

No warning was ever needed less. I didn't sleep a wink all night. The young Mehmet II himself, on that famous night in Adrianople,* when he was kept awake by his vision of the city of Constantinople, cannot have twisted and turned in his bed as many times as I did in my berth during those four hours of waiting. In order to calm my nerves, I tried counting up to a thousand or staring at the sprays of water which constantly splashed around the porthole of my cabin, or humming tunes to the monotonous beat of the engines; but it was all in vain. I was feverish and breathless, and the night seemed to go on for ever. At the first sign of dawn I rose. Junck, my companion, was up already. We dressed in haste and in three bounds were on deck.

Curse it!

It was foggy!

The horizon was completely covered on every side; it threatened rain; the great spectacle of the entrance into Constantinople was lost, our most ardent hopes were dashed – in a word, our voyage was ruined! I was devastated. At this point the captain appeared with his habitual smile. We didn't need to say anything: he saw and understood, and, clapping me on the shoulder, said in a tone of consolation, "It's

nothing. Don't get worked up, gentlemen. You can thank the fog. Because of it, we'll make the finest entrance into Constantinople you could hope for. In two hours we'll have clear weather, take my word for it!" I felt life returning to me. We climbed up to the officers' deck; at the prow all the Turks were already seated with crossed legs upon their carpets, their faces turned towards Constantinople. In a few minutes all the other passengers came out, carrying telescopes of all sizes, and leant over the port-side railing in a long row, as in a theatre gallery. A fresh breeze was blowing; no one spoke. All eyes and every telescope gradually fixed on the northern shore of the Sea of Marmara; but as yet, there was nothing to be seen. The fog now formed a whitish band along the horizon; above, the sky shone clear and golden; directly in front of us, ahead of the prow, the nine Princes' Islands – the Demonesi of the ancients – could dimly be made out, a pleasure resort of the court in the time of the late Byzantine Empire and still frequented for the same purpose by the present-day inhabitants of Constantinople.

The two shores of the Sea of Marmara were still completely hidden; only after an hour had gone by could we see them. But it is impossible to understand a description of the entrance into Constantinople without first having clear in your mind the layout of the city. Imagine you are facing the mouth of the Bosphorus, the stretch of water which divides Asia from Europe and joins the Sea of Marmara to the Black Sea. On your right is the Asian coast, and the European shore on your left; here ancient Thrace, and there ancient Anatolia; moving into the channel, the entrance is scarcely passed before there appears, on the left, a bay and a narrow roadstead, which lies at an almost exact right angle to the Bosphorus and penetrates for several miles into the European part, curving like the horn of an ox, from which it derives its name: the Golden Horn, or Horn of Abundance, through which the wealth of three continents flowed when it was the port of Byzantium.

At the angle formed by the European shore, with the Sea of Marmara on one side and on the other the Golden Horn, where Byzantium once stood, the Turkish city of Stamboul now rises upon its seven hills. At the other angle, between the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus, stand Galata and Pera, the European cities. Facing the entrance to the Golden Horn, upon the hills of the Asian side, is the city of Scutari. What is called Constantinople then is in fact made up of three great cities, divided by the sea but placed one opposite the

other, with the third facing the other two, and so near to each other that their buildings can be seen distinctly from every shore, as in Paris or London at the wider parts of the Seine or the Thames.

The point of the triangle upon which Stamboul stands curves toward the Golden Horn: this is the famous Seraglio Point which, when you are approaching the city by the Sea of Marmara, conceals up to the last moment the view of the two shores of the Golden Horn, the most beautiful part of Constantinople.

It was the captain of the ship with his mariner's eye who first spotted Stamboul.

The two Athenian sisters, the Russian family, the English clergyman, Junck and I, and others who were all going to Constantinople for the first time were standing round him, silent and straining our eyes in vain to see through the fog, when he pointed to the left, towards the European shore and called out, "Ladies and gentlemen, see the fog lifting over there."

It was a white point, the summit of a very high minaret, the lower part of which was still hidden. Every telescope turned in its direction and every eye stared at that small aperture in the fog as if hoping to make it larger. The ship advanced swiftly. In a few moments a dim outline appeared beside the minaret, then two, then three, then many, which little by little took the form of houses, stretching out in a row. In front and to the right of us everything was still shrouded in fog. What we saw gradually appearing was that part of Stamboul which extended in a curve of about four Italian miles along the northern shore of the Sea of Marmara, between Seraglio Point and the Castle of the Seven Towers. But the hill of the Seraglio was still covered. Behind the houses, tall white minarets gleamed out one after another, with their pinnacles tinged with rosy light from the rising sun. Below the houses began to emerge the old dark crenellated walls – reinforced with regularly spaced towers – which encircle the city in an unbroken chain, the sea waves breaking upon them. In a short time a tract about two miles in length of the city was visible; and, to tell the truth, the sight fell short of my expectations. We were off the point where Lamartine had asked himself, "Is this Constantinople?" and exclaimed, "What a disappointment!" The hills were all hidden, only the shore with its long row of houses was visible: the city looked entirely level. "Captain," I called out, "Is this Constantinople?" The captain grabbed me by the arm and pointed with his hand. "Oh, man of little faith!" he cried – "Look up there!"

I looked and exclaimed in amazement. An enormous silhouette, a tall and weightless-seeming mass, still covered by mist, rose up from the summit of a hill and rounded gloriously into the air, in the midst of four slender and lofty minarets, whose silvery points glittered in the first rays of the sun. "Hagia Sophia!" shouted a sailor; and one of the two Athenian girls murmured to herself, "Hagia Sophia!" (The Holy Wisdom). The Turks on the prow stood up. But already other enormous domes and minarets – packed and mingled like a grove of gigantic palm trees without branches – shone dimly through the mist in front of and around the great basilica. "The Mosque of Sultan Ahmet," called out the captain, pointing; "the Mosque of Beyazit, the Mosque of Osman, the Mosque of Laleli, the Mosque of Süleyman." But no one was paying any more attention to him; the fog parted on every side, and through its rifts mosques, towers, patches of verdure, houses upon houses gleamed; and as we went on the city rose higher, and her grand, irregular, fantastic roovescape could be seen more and more distinctly, white, green, pink and glittering in the light, while the gentle slopes of the Seraglio hill could already be made out against the receding fog. Four miles of city, all that part of Stamboul that faces the Sea of Marmara, lay spread out before us, and her dark walls and many-coloured houses were reflected in the clear and sparkling water as in a mirror.

Suddenly the ship came to a halt. Everyone gathered round the captain to ask why. He explained that we needed to wait for the fog – which still lay like a thick curtain across the entrance to the Bosphorus – to lift. Yet after only a few moments we started to move on cautiously.

We drew near to the hill of the Old Seraglio.

At which everyone's curiosity, mine included, became uncontrollable.

"Look the other way," said the captain, "and only turn round to see when the whole hill is facing us."

I duly turned away and fixed my eyes on a stool, which seemed to bob up and down.

After a moment, the captain exclaimed, "We're here!" I turned round; the ship had stopped. We were close in front of a great hill, covered with cypresses, terebinths, spruces and huge plane trees, projecting their branches far beyond the crenellated walls and casting shadows on the water, while in the midst of all this foliage could be seen, distinct but disordered, as if scattered here and there at random,

the roofs of kiosks, little pavilions crowned with galleries, silvery cupolas, small constructions in strange and graceful forms, with grated windows and arabesque portals; all white and small, half concealed, leaving the fancy to conjure up a maze of gardens, corridors, courts, recesses; an entire town surrounded by a wood and set apart from the world, imbued with mystery and melancholy.

Although it was still slightly obscured with mist, the sun was now shining full upon it. Not a living soul could be seen, no sound broke the silence. We stood with our eyes fixed upon those heights crowned with the memories of four centuries of glory, pleasure, love, conspiracy and bloodshed – the throne, the citadel, the tomb of the great Ottoman Empire – and no one spoke or moved.

Suddenly the mate called out: “Ladies and gentlemen, there’s Scutari ahead!” and all eyes turned to the Asian shore. There lay Scutari, the golden city, stretching out of sight over the slopes of her hills, veiled in the luminous morning mists, as flourishing and fresh as if it had just been created by the wave of a wand. Who can describe that spectacle? The language we use to describe our cities would give no idea of that immense variety of colour and of prospect, that marvellous confusion of building and landscape, of gaiety and austerity, of Europe and the Orient, bizarre, charming and grandiose! Imagine a town made up of ten thousand little purple and yellow houses, of ten thousand lush green gardens, of a hundred mosques as white as snow; above the town there’s a forest of towering cypresses; the largest cemetery in the East, at either end interminable white barracks, more clusters of houses and cypress trees; villages grouped upon heights, behind which others half hidden in verdure peep out; and everywhere the tops of minarets and white domes shining halfway up the slope of a hill that closes off the horizon like a great curtain; a vast city scattered over an immense garden, along a shore broken by steep, sycamore-covered gullies in some places, and sloping into verdant levels which open into shady flowery inlets; and the whole beautiful sight reflected in the blue mirror of the Bosphorus.

While I stood gazing at Scutari, my friend nudged me to announce he had just discovered another city. I turned in the direction of the Sea of Marmara, and there it was indeed, on the same Asian side, beyond Scutari: a long line of houses, mosques and gardens, which the ship had already left behind, and which had until now been hidden by the fog. With our telescopes we could distinctly see the cafés, bazaars, the

European-style houses, the landing stages, the orchard walls, and the small boats scattered along the shore. It was Kadiköy – “the village of the Judges” – built upon the ruins of ancient Chalcedon, once the rival of Byzantium, founded in 685 BC by the Megarians,* who were called blind by the oracle of Delphi for choosing that site instead of the opposite shore where Stamboul stands. “That makes three towns so far,” said the captain, “and keep counting because you’ll see the others before long.”

The ship was still unmoving between Scutari and the hill of the Seraglio. The fog still hid the Bosphorus beyond Scutari as well as Galata and Pera in front of us. Large vessels and steamers, caiques and small sailing boats passed alongside us, but no one paid them any attention. Everyone was looking at the grey curtain which hid the European city from our eyes. I was shaking with impatience and pleasurable anticipation. Only a few more seconds, and then the wonderful spectacle would be revealed to cries of amazement. My hand was trembling so much I could hardly hold the telescope still. The captain looked at me, enjoying my plight, and rubbing his hands exclaimed, “Now we’re there!”

At last patches of white started to emerge through the mist, then the dim outline of a great height, then the scattered and vivid glitter of window panes shining in the sun, and finally Galata and Pera in full light, a hill of many-coloured houses, one above the other; a lofty city crowned with minarets, cupolas and cypresses; upon the summit the monumental palaces of the embassies, and the great tower of Galata; at its foot the vast arsenal of Tophane and a forest of ships’ masts; and as the fog receded, the city lengthened rapidly along the Bosphorus, and neighbourhood after neighbourhood became visible, stretching from the hilltops down to the sea, jostling with houses and dotted with white mosques; rows of ships, little harbours, palaces by the water’s edge, pavilions, gardens, kiosks, groves; and dimly seen in the mist beyond, the sun-gilded summits of yet more districts; a dazzle of colours, a green lushness, a sequence of views, a grandeur, a delight, a grace – enough to make one babble with incoherence. On the ship everyone stood agape; passengers and crew, Turks, Europeans and children, no one spoke a word or knew which way to look. We had Scutari and Kadiköy to one side and on the other the hill of the Seraglio; in front of us Galata, Pera, the Bosphorus. To see them all we had to keep whirling round, eagerly looking on every side,

laughing and gesticulating, speechless with delight. By God, what an extraordinary moment!

And yet the grandest and loveliest sight still awaited us. We were motionless off Seraglio Point; only once we were past the Point would we see the Golden Horn, the most wonderful view of Constantinople. "Now, ladies and gentlemen, pay attention please," the captain called out before giving the order to move on, "the *critical moment* has arrived. In three minutes we shall see Constantinople." A cold shiver ran through me, my heart was beating wildly. I waited for the order to start moving again with feverish impatience. Then the captain shouted: "Forward!" The ship moved, we were off! Kings, princes, potentates, all you who are blessed with wealth and good fortune, how I pitied you: at that moment my place on the ship's deck was worth all your treasures put together. I wouldn't have sold the view I saw for an empire.

A minute, then another minute, as we steamed past Seraglio Point... I glimpse a vast space filled with light and colour... We've passed the Point... and here is the city of Constantinople! Endless, sublime, superb! The glory of creation and of the human race! So such beauty had not been a dream after all!

And now, poor wretch, try to describe, to profane with your words that divine vision! Who would dare to describe Constantinople? Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Gautier – all mere stammering! And yet images and words rush to my mind and flow from my pen. I see, I speak, I write, all at once, with no hope of success but in a kind of drunken haze of delight. Let me at least try. The Golden Horn directly in front of us like a broad river; and on either shore two lines of hills on which two parallel cities stretch away into the distance, eight miles of hills, valleys, bays and promontories; a hundred slopes covered with buildings and gardens; a vast double terrace of houses, mosques, bazaars, seraglios, baths, kiosks, in an infinite variety of colours; among them thousands of minarets with shining pinnacles rising into the sky like tall ivory columns; groves of cypress trees descending in long dark lines from the heights to the sea, encircling residential districts and harbours; and a lush vegetation springing up everywhere, cresting the summits, weaving round the roofs and hanging down into the water. To the right Galata, with a forest of masts and pennants in front; above Galata, Pera, the great outlines of her European palaces clear against the sky; in the foreground, a

bridge connecting the two shores, crossed in each direction by two colourful streams of people; to the left Stamboul upon her broad hills, each of which is surmounted by a vast mosque with lead dome and golden pinnacles; Hagia Sophia, coloured white and rose; Sultan Ahmet, flanked by six minarets; Süleyman the Great crowned with ten domes; Sultana Valide mirrored in the waters; on the fourth hill the Mosque of Mehmet II; on the fifth the Mosque of Selim; on the sixth the Seraglio of Tekir; and rising above them all the white tower of the Seraskerat which overlooks the shores of both continents from the Dardanelles to the Black Sea. Beyond the sixth hill of Stamboul and beyond Galata nothing but vague outlines can be seen, patches of city or suburb, glimpses of harbours, fleets, groves – pale in the azure air, unreal, like tricks of the light and atmosphere. How will I ever grasp the details of this extraordinary picture? The eye fixes a moment upon the nearer shore, upon a Turkish house or gilded minaret; but immediately darts off into that luminous depth, randomly roaming down and across the two shores and the two cities, with one's bewildered understanding painfully trying to keep up. All this loveliness has an air of serene majesty; there is something youthful and amorous about it which revives a thousand memories of childhood fairy tales and dreams; something ethereal, mysterious, sublime, carrying the imagination off beyond the real world. The sky, misted delicately with opal and with silver, forms a backdrop on which everything is drawn with marvellous clearness and precision; the sapphire-coloured sea, dotted with crimson buoys, mirrors the minarets in long rippling reflections; the domes glitter; the trees sway and shimmer in the morning breeze; flocks of doves swoop over the mosques; a thousand gilded and painted caiques dart about the waters; the breeze from the Black Sea wafts the fragrance from ten thousand gardens; and when, drunk with the beauty of this paradise, and forgetful of all else, you turn away, you see behind you with renewed wonder the shores of Asia closing the panorama with the grandeur of Scutari and the snowy peaks of Mount Olympus, the Sea of Marmara sprinkled with islets and white with sails; and the Bosphorus covered with ships winding their way between the endless rows of kiosks, palaces and villas to vanish mysteriously among the fertile hills of the East. This is the most beautiful sight on earth and whoever denies it shows a lack of gratitude to both God and Nature! Our senses could not bear a greater beauty.

Once my first emotions had died down, I looked at my fellow travellers: all their expressions had changed. The two Athenian ladies had wet eyes; the Russian in that solemn moment had clasped the little Olga to her breast; even the cold English clergyman was heard to speak for the first time as he exclaimed, "Wonderful, quite wonderful!"*

The ship had stopped not far from the bridge; in a few moments it was surrounded by a crowd of boats, and a throng of porters – Turks, Greeks, Armenians and Jews – who, cursing in barbarous Italian, took possession of our persons and effects. After he had made a vain attempt at resistance, I embraced the captain, kissed the little Olga, said goodbye to everyone, and with my companion got down into a four-oared caique, which took us to the custom house, from where we climbed through a maze of narrow streets to the Hotel Byzantium at the top of the hill of Pera.

Five Hours Later

The vision of this morning has vanished. The Constantinople of light and beauty has given place to a monstrous city, scattered about over an infinity of hills and valleys; it is a labyrinth of human anthills, cemeteries, ruins and solitary places; a confusion of civilization and barbarity which presents an image of all the cities upon earth, and gathers to itself all aspects of human life. It is really only the skeleton of a great city – the walls, which form only a small part – while the rest is an enormous agglomeration of shacks, an interminable Asiatic encampment swarming with peoples of every race and religion who have never been counted. It is a great city in the process of transformation, composed of ancient cities that are in decay, new cities which emerged yesterday, and other cities now being born; everything is in confusion; on every side can be seen the vestiges of gigantic works, mountains bored through, hills cut down, entire districts levelled to the ground, great streets laid out; an immense mass of debris and remains of conflagrations upon ground forever tormented by the hand of man. The most incongruous objects are all jumbled together, an endless procession of bizarre and unexpected sights that make your head spin. You walk along a fine residential street to find it ends in a gorge; you come out of the theatre to find yourself surrounded by tombs. You climb to the top of a hill to discover a forest under your feet and another city on the opposite slope;

ALMA CLASSICS

ALMA CLASSICS aims to publish mainstream and lesser-known European classics in an innovative and striking way, while employing the highest editorial and production standards. By way of a unique approach the range offers much more, both visually and textually, than readers have come to expect from contemporary classics publishing.

LATEST TITLES PUBLISHED BY ALMA CLASSICS

- 398 William Makepeace Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*
- 399 Jules Verne, *A Fantasy of Dr Ox*
- 400 Anonymous, *Beowulf*
- 401 Oscar Wilde, *Selected Plays*
- 402 Alexander Trocchi, *The Holy Man and Other Stories*
- 403 Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*
- 404 Cyrano de Bergerac, *A Voyage to the Moon*
- 405 Jack London, *White Fang*
- 406 Antonin Artaud, *Heliogabalus, or The Anarchist Crowned*
- 407 John Milton, *Paradise Lost*
- 408 James Fenimore Cooper, *The Last of the Mobicans*
- 409 Charles Dickens, *Mugby Junction*
- 410 Robert Louis Stevenson, *Kidnapped*
- 411 Paul Éluard, *Selected Poems*
- 412 Alan Burns, *Dreamerika!*
- 413 Thomas Hardy, *Jude the Obscure*
- 414 Virginia Woolf, *Flush*
- 415 Abbé Prevost, *Manon Lescaut*
- 416 William Blake, *Selected Poems*
- 417 Alan Riddell, *Eclipse: Concrete Poems*
- 418 William Wordsworth, *The Prelude and Other Poems*
- 419 Tobias Smollett, *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker*
- 420 Pablo Picasso, *The Three Little Girls and Desire Caught by the Tail*
- 421 Nikolai Gogol, *The Government Inspector*
- 422 Rudyard Kipling, *Kim*
- 423 Jean-Paul Sartre, *Politics and Literature*
- 424 Matthew Lewis, *The Monk*
- 425 Ambrose Bierce, *The Devil's Dictionary*
- 426 Frances Hodgson Burnett, *A Little Princess*
- 427 Walt Whitman, *Leaves of Grass*
- 428 Daniel Defoe, *Moll Flanders*
- 429 Mary Wollstonecraft, *The Vindications*
- 430 Anonymous, *The Song of Roland*
- 431 Edward Lear, *The Owl and the Pussycat and Other Nonsense Poetry*
- 432 Anton Chekhov, *Three Years*
- 433 Fyodor Dostoevsky, *Uncle's Dream*