

ENGLISH LANGUAGE (SPECIFICATION B)

ENB5/PM

Pre-release material for Unit 5: Editorial Writing

**To be issued to candidates on Friday 16 January 2004 for examination
on Thursday 22 January 2004 9.00 am to 11.30 am**

Instructions

- On receipt of this material, you are advised to check carefully that the booklet is complete and that no pages are missing or illegible. There are **two** sets of source material tagged together. Set 1 has 31 pages and Set 2 has 31 numbered pages.
- Before the examination on 22 January you should familiarise yourself with this material.
- During the familiarisation time you are advised to concentrate on reading the texts very carefully to ensure that you understand the content as fully as possible. You should remember that in the examination your work must be based substantially on the texts, although it is not necessary to use all the material provided for any one assignment. Credit will be given for appropriate selection, interpretation and re-presentation, **not** for the introduction of new material.
- Although you are permitted to make brief annotations on the material, you are **not** permitted to bring any additional written material with you into the examination.
- In the examination you will have two and a half hours in which to complete your assignment. It is important to produce at the end of the examination a draft that is complete in outline and sufficiently detailed for an editor or producer to be able to approve it. You are permitted to use scissors and adhesives (such as glue or sellotape) if required.
- Your teacher is **not** permitted to discuss the source material with you before the examination.
- **You must bring this source material with you to the session for the Editorial Writing Paper.**

General Certificate of Education
January 2004
Advanced Level Examination

ENGLISH LANGUAGE (SPECIFICATION B)
Unit 5: Editorial Writing
Pre-release material

ENB5/PM



Set 1 The Greeks

TEXT A

Virtually nothing is known of Hippocrates, but a jumble of works under his name was assembled as a single corpus in the library at Alexandria about 250 B.C. However, not even one of the works can be attributed to Hippocrates for certain. There are many different styles and approaches and some of them must be far later than Hippocrates as they contain elements of Stoic and Epicurean thought. What unites these works is a belief that, like the *cosmos*, the human body can be understood through a combination of observation and reason. Disease, as one treatise on epilepsy in particular insists, was not the result of the anger of the gods but rather of some specific, possibly ascertainable, cause.

One had to start, therefore, with observation. The Hippocratic doctors prided themselves on careful examinations, noting of symptoms, and building up an understanding of the patient in his environment. This was not a new approach—the Egyptians were known for meticulously examining patients and recording the details of illnesses—but the Greeks went further in trying to understand the reasons for disease so that a rational cure might be applied. “Medicine is not like some branch of enquiry in which everything rests on an unprovable hypothesis,” one Hippocratic treatise (*On Ancient Medicine*) put it. “Medicine has discovered a principle and a method through which many great discoveries have been made over a long period and what remains will be discovered too if the inquirer is competent, knows what discoveries have been made and takes them for the starting point of his enquiry.”

It followed that the Hippocratic writers saw themselves as superior to everyday practitioners who relied on good-luck charms or the help of the gods, and they sought to distance themselves by insisting on a code of practice for their profession. Hence the origins of the famous Hippocratic oath, still the basis of professional medical practice today. The first task of the doctor, the oath affirms, is to cure the sick and to use his knowledge to this end and not to any evil purpose. He will never take life (abortion is mentioned as well as euthanasia), will always keep secrets imparted to him, and will not abuse his position to have sexual relationships with patients, even if they are slaves.

However, even if there are the makings of a profession here, there was little understanding of anatomy or the functioning of the human body, so what doctors could actually achieve was limited. Originally, dissection was considered an insult to the dignity of the human body, so virtually nothing was known of its main organs. Starved of actual knowledge, the Hippocratic doctors drew heavily on earlier philosophy. In one treatise, *On the Nature of Man*, the healthy body was believed, like the ideal city, to live in equilibrium. Disease came as a result of this equilibrium being upset. The essence of equilibrium lay in the balance between four bodily fluids, the humors, blood, phlegm, black bile, and yellow bile. (The idea of four was a cardinal one in philosophy—four elements, earth, water, fire, and air; four primary qualities, hot, cold, wet, and dry; four seasons, and so on.) The healthy patient was mentally and physically stable but an excess of any one

TEXT A contd. on the next page ►

TEXT A, contd.

fluid brought disease. An excess of black bile brought melancholy, or blood fever. Close examination, for instance, of a patient's stools or his coughed-up phlegm helped discover what excess there might be. A diagnosis was confirmed by observing the climate and noting the season. The amount of blood in a body was supposed to increase in the spring and this accounted for "spring fevers." Yellow bile was believed to increase in the hot, dry conditions of the summer and account for malarial fevers. (Here cause and effect had got mixed up; the summer is the time when the malaria-bearing mosquitoes flourished and excess bile may be an effect rather than a cause of fever.)

A great deal of emphasis was placed on a careful and thorough examination, partly as a means of building up the confidence of the patient in his doctor. Modern studies have suggested that a feeling of well-being in a patient can be induced by empathetic care of this sort without any further treatment, so there was much good sense here. An attempt to offer a prognosis based on experience of similar cases was also considered a means of building up the necessary confidence between doctor and patient. One important belief was that the body could act to cure itself. Diarrhea was the body's natural way of removing excess bile, coughing of phlegm, menstruation or nosebleeds of blood. (As men were unable to menstruate, it followed that they were more liable to diseases caused by excess blood, among which the Hippocratic doctors numbered gout.) As a result treatment was normally conservative. Drugs were used sparingly. The Hippocratic doctor preferred to stress the importance of good diet and exercise. Sex was recommended, especially for older men. The best of remedies was a balanced life with all things in moderation, a view also recommended by many philosophers. Surgery was reserved only for the most serious cases. The Hippocratic texts forbade it for kidney stones and doubted whether it was of any use for cancer. The likelihood of death from septicemia must have been so high that here again there was good sense in this approach. There was one serious exception to this restrained approach to treatment. Some doctors, although not all, recommended that excess blood should be removed through bloodletting, even to the moment when a patient lost consciousness. The belief in relieving "excess blood" became so deeply embedded in European medical practice that bloodletting was a practice which was to last over two thousand years.

Even if the basis of Hippocratic medicine, the theory of the humors, was flawed, the approach of the Hippocratic doctors must have helped many patients to stay healthy or return to good health. They were right to stress the high proportion of cases in which with careful and supportive attention the body is able to heal itself. If any active cures were to be effected, however, it was essential to move on to a more scientific understanding of the body. This the Greeks attempted to do.

Source: C. FREEMAN, The Greek Achievement (Penguin) 1999

TEXT B

MEDICINE AND HEALING CULTS

Asklepios won yet greater preferment, to raise the dead and heal the sick; and for these things being a god he has everlasting fame among men.

Xenophon, *Kynegetikos* 1. 6

CURES AT EPIDAUROS

14. *A man with a stone in his membrum. He saw a dream. It seemed to him he slept with a fair boy and when he ejaculated he ejected the stone and picked it up and walked out holding it in his hands.*

15. *Hermodikos of Lampsakos was paralysed. When he slept in the temple the god healed him and ordered him to bring to the temple as large a stone as he could. The man brought the stone which now stands before the Abaton.*

16. *Nikanor, a lame man. While he was sitting wide awake, a boy snatched his crutch and ran away. Nikanor got up and pursued him and so was cured.*

17. *A man had his toe healed by a serpent. He, suffering dreadfully from a malignant sore on his toe, fell asleep. A snake then came from the abaton and healed the toe with its tongue and then went back inside.*

IG IV, fourth century BC

DOCTORS ARE ATTESTED since the time of the *Iliad* and throughout the subsequent historic period. Indeed, modern professionals still honour Greek medicine with the Hippocratic Oath, attributed to a famed doctor who lived in the fifth century BC. Generally, however, the Greeks wisely relied on divine intervention when their good health was under threat. The primary healing deity was Asklepios (Aesculapius in Latin), originally a hero who was the son of Apollo and a mortal woman, Koronis. Like Herakles, Asklepios is one of the few heroes to merit promotion to full-fledged god. Almost every Greek town had an Asklepieion, a sanctuary dedicated to the health of its citizens. Sacrifices, prayer, rest, fresh air and clean water were all part of the regimen, and the god either healed directly or appeared in a dream and informed the suppliant what measures were necessary for a cure. Small votive offerings showing the afflicted part were often dedicated; examples in precious metals are listed in the temple inventories though for the most part only versions in stone or clay survive. If local treatment proved insufficient, a visit could be arranged to one of the great shrines of Asklepios: Epidauros, Kos or Pergamon.

Votive relief of the fourth century BC, showing scenes of healing by the hero Amphiaraos (left) and a snake (right). The inscription reads: 'Archinos dedicated this to Amphiaraos'.



Epidauros

Though his cult originates in Tricca in north-west Thessaly, Asklepios' primary sanctuary was in the territory of Epidauros, in the eastern Peloponnese. Greek excavations here have revealed a large sanctuary, with a temple, a mysterious and lavishly built round building (*tholos* or *thymele*, p. 170), a dormitory (*abaton*) for the sick, and a hostel for those accompanying the afflicted. Inscriptions record dozens of miracle cures carried out by the god. Athletic and musical contests were both part of his festival, and a stadium, bath, gymnasium and theatre have been uncovered.

The theatre, the best preserved in the ancient world, seats 15,000 people, an indication of the popularity of the god and his festival (p. 172). The sanctuary lies 8 km (5 miles) from the modest city of Epidauros, with no settlement nearby, yet the theatre holds almost as many people as the one in Athens (about 17,000), built for the largest city in the Greek world. The other indicator of Asklepios' popularity is the tenacity of his cult. Long after the worship of other pagan gods was stamped out, as late as the sixth century AD the Christians were still trying to wean people away from Asklepios.

Kos

The second great centre for the worship of Asklepios was on the island of Kos, which Hippocrates made his headquarters. The sanctuary here, built on three terraces outside the town, was provided with temples and abundant springs of fresh water.

Pergamon

Pergamon in northwest Asia Minor, was the third great cult centre of Asklepios. Begun in the Hellenistic period, it flourished especially in Roman times, when a huge complex was constructed, comprising a circular temple, a large round curing establishment provided with fresh water, a theatre, a library and several colonnaded walkways. Aelius Aristides, a notorious hypochondriac, visited frequently and describes the sanctuary at its height during the second century AD.

Other deities

Other deities, often more local in character, were also thought to have healing powers. Among the most significant perhaps was

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TEXT B, contd.

GODS AND HEROES

Amphiaraios, one of the Seven Against Thebes, who was worshipped at Oropos, between Athens and Thebes. His sanctuary was embellished with buildings and was the scene of a popular festival. Like Asklepios, he starts out as



a hero and eventually rises to full god, as the result of a decision by the senate of Rome. The Roman *publicani* (tax-collectors) were trying to tax the people of Oropos, who claimed immunity because their land was sacred to Amphiaraios, a god. The *publicani* argued he was only a hero and therefore not tax-exempt, and the dispute was adjudicated (in favour of Oropos) by a senatorial commission, which included the orator Cicero, sent out from Rome in the first century BC.

Hygieia was also a healing deity, worshipped with Asklepios.

Votive body parts of terracotta, found in the sanctuary of Asklepios at Corinth. Most external parts and many organs are represented; lists from Athens of more precious silver dedications suggest that the most frequent afflictions involved the eyes.

MEDICINE

Statue of Asklepios, or one of his physician sons who served in the Trojan War: Machaon or Podaleirios. Snakes were thought to have healing powers.

The influence of Greek medicine on modern times is most obviously seen in the Hippocratic Oath, still taken by physicians today. Another constant reminder is the vocabulary of medicine, almost entirely Greek in its technical terminology.

At all times the Greeks turned to their divine healer, Asklepios, and every Greek city had an Asklepeion. His sons Machaon and Podaleirios, were physicians and fought in the Trojan War.

Greek society had need of doctors and several inscriptions honouring their efforts on behalf of individual cities survive. The Greeks were fascinated with the human body and it was the subject of intense scrutiny by artists, athletes, philosophers and, eventually, doctors.

Hippocrates, the 'father of medicine', was regarded as the first to separate medicine from philosophy. He lived in the fifth century BC (469–399 BC) and worked on the island of

Kos, where there was an important sanctuary of Asklepios. Numerous writings, many dated to the fifth and fourth centuries, are collected under his name. These include physicians' case notes, a collection of aphorisms, essays on the effects of environment on health, on prognosis, on the treatment of acute diseases, on fractures, on epilepsy, on the nature of children, and a description of the heart.

Another famous name in ancient Greek medicine is that of Galen, who lived in the second century AD. He was from Pergamon originally and began his career as a doctor for gladiators, where business must have been brisk and the opportunities for autopsy plentiful. He travelled widely

and studied in Alexandria and Greece, before becoming the court physician for the emperor Marcus Aurelius in Rome. He wrote extensively, recording and adding to the body of medical information on pharmacology, diet, physiology and anatomy.

The growth of plants forms an excellent parallel to the study of medicine. Our characters resemble the soil, our masters' precepts the seed; education is the sowing of the seed in season and the circumstances of teaching resemble the climatic conditions that control the growth of plants. Industrious toil and the passage of time strengthen the plant and bring it to maturity.

Canon of the Hippocratic corpus

Source: J. CAMP & E. FISHER, *Exploring the World of the Ancient Greeks* (Thames & Hudson) 2002

TEXT C

The development of the profession of medicine is a phenomenon parallel to the development of rhetoric and philosophy, and subject to many of the same tendencies. Greek doctors were already famous for their skills in the sixth century, and could command high salaries at the courts of Greek tyrants or the Persian king, or significantly as publicly paid city doctors; their scientific theory was drawn from the Ionian philosophers, their skills were acquired by apprenticeship, heredity, and practice. In the fifth century more stable identifiable groups begin to emerge, in south Italy, and in the two Ionian cities of Cos and Cnidus; by the end of the fourth century these last two had become established medical schools with specific traditions: the parallel with the contemporary development from itinerant sophist to philosophical and rhetorical school is plain. The process can be followed in the so-called *Hippocratic Corpus*, a collection of medical treatises attributed to Hippocrates of Cos, contemporary of Socrates, and mostly belonging to the period 430 to 330 BC. These works reveal already an established body of empirical data on most aspects of medicine—*anatomy, physiology, gynaecology, pathology, epidemiology, and surgery*; most of the observations are related to general physical theories such as that of the four humours. There is a lot of emphasis on diet and regimen, not surprising in a science where pharmacology and surgery necessarily played a smaller role. Many of the early treatises show attempts by doctors to distinguish their profession from the activities of natural philosophers, sophists, and ‘irrational medicine’—magicians, sorcerers, and quacks; although they regarded themselves as a guild under the protection of



AN EAST GREEK GRAVESTONE FOR A DOCTOR, about 500 BC. Two metal ‘cups’ hang in the background. Heated and applied to the flesh, they drew evil humours and pains from the body: a commonly applied remedy in antiquity and not forgotten to the present day.

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Asclepius, there is virtually no recourse to divine explanations for illness or cure, and one is left puzzled about the relationship between the medical profession and the various healing cults (involving incubation, dream therapy, incantation, prayer, holy water, and various non-rational types of cure), which are usually associated with Asclepius or other healing gods: perhaps the two attitudes to medicine coexisted in much the same way as orthodox medicine and homeopathy today—the more rationally, since it is surprising that scientific medicine could survive at all in a world where it must have seemed so much less effective than belief.

The Hippocratic Oath embodies the principles of that new medicine, and reveals its organization:

I will pay the same respect to my master in the Science as to my parents and share my life with him and pay all my debts to him. I will regard his sons as my brothers and teach them the Science, if they desire to learn it, without fee or contract. I will hand on precepts, lectures, and all other learning to my sons, to those of my master, and to those pupils duly apprenticed and sworn, and to none other. . . .

The conception of medicine as a craft to be learned by apprenticeship or heredity has fused with the conception of medicine as a body of scientific knowledge and as a moral way of life; it is not surprising that this oath and the attitudes it enshrines have remained central to the practice of medicine down to our own day.

Source: J. BOARDMAN, The Oxford History of the Classical World (Oxford University Press) 1986

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TEXT J

Olympia set in the valley of the river Alpheus in the northwest of the Peloponnese still holds much of its ancient lushness and there is an atmosphere of peace and gentle fertility there which is different from any other in Greece. For centuries the site of the Games was lost after earthquakes felled the main buildings and silt from the shifting Alpheus covered the site, following the closure of the games by Christians in the 390s A.D. Only in the eighteenth century was it rediscovered and excavations could begin. The core of the ancient site is the Altis, the sacred grove which served as the main sanctuary. Here excavators found the great altar to Zeus placed, according to legend, on the spot where the god had claimed the site as his own by hurling a thunderbolt at it. The ashes from the sacrifices were allowed to accumulate around it from one Games to the next so that the altar became as a great mound. Nearby, the great temple to Zeus, built in the fifth century to house Pheidias' vast statue of the god, one of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World, lies in ruins after being felled by an earthquake in the sixth century A.D. (although it had been destroyed by fire before this). The massive drums of its columns survive, some still concertinaed where they fell, and most of its fine early classical sculptures have been recovered, preserved in the soil. More intact is the ancient temple to Hera, wife of Zeus, some of whose sixth-century columns still stand. Within this temple was a table of gold and ivory on which the olive crowns of the victors were placed. A sacred olive tree close to the temple of Zeus was used to provide the wreathes of the victors. A mass of statues and altars (reputedly seventy altars in all) dedicated by victors and cities filled the remaining space. Between the north wall of the sanctuary and the overlooking hill of Kronos were treasuries, most of which had been donated by the wealthier Greek cities of southern Italy.

It was around the sanctuary that the Games took place, every four years in the first full moon after the summer solstice. A month beforehand the competitors began to assemble at Elis, the city which supervised the Games. Most were young aristocrats, imbued with the spirit of competitiveness from childhood, though they represented their cities as much as themselves or their class. They had to be Greek by descent. (In one case Alexander king of Macedon, c. 498–452 B.C., managed to convince the scrutineers that he alone of his countrymen was Greek by virtue of direct descent from Heracles.) Two days before the Games were due to start the competitors with the judges and officials would process from Elis to Olympia to arrive for a swearing-in session before a statue of Zeus in the Council Room on the edge of the sanctuary. Then on the second day the sporting events would begin with the chariot races in the hippodrome. Wealthy aristocrats, or occasionally a city, would provide the teams and charioteers for this most dangerous of events but reap the glory of victory for themselves. It was in 416 B.C. that the Athenian Alcibiades entered no less than seven teams and took the first two places, a success which he shamelessly exploited in the Athenian Assembly. That afternoon there was a pentathlon consisting of discus, javelin, jumping, running, and wrestling events. Ath-

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letes competed naked. While there were stories to justify this (of one runner who got entangled in his shorts and lost and of another who lost his shorts and then went on to win) nudity went hand in hand with notions of heroism and it was an appropriate “costume” for competitive games. The following morning, the third, saw the great sacrifice to Zeus and it was followed in the afternoon by the most ancient and prestigious of the individual events, the foot races. Originally there was one, of 600 feet (200 meters), the length of the stadium. The winner of this had the Games named after him. Added to this foot race later was one double the length and a much longer one, more than 3 miles, (5,000 meters). The fourth day saw wrestling, boxing, and the *pankration*, a form of wrestling which, unlike the normal wrestling event, allowed the fighting to be taken to the ground. The fifth and final day ended with the crowning of the victors and feasting and celebrations.

The structures which housed these events, the stadium, the palaestra (for wrestling and jumping events), and a *Gymnasium* large enough to accommodate running events and discus and javelin events, survive in ruins though the hippodrome has been lost. It is hard now to recreate the excitement of the games though there are enough existing accounts to give some idea of the noise, tension, and crush of the thousands who massed for the festival. The area around the games would have become a vast tented arena, crammed with food sellers, merchants, prostitutes. For the competitors the glare of publicity and the stress of competing must have been as intense as it is for modern sportsmen. The glory of victory was as exhilarating as the humiliation of defeat was devastating. Some victors, Milo the wrestler who won five times at Olympia and twenty-five times at other games, and Leonidas of Rhodes who won the three foot races at four successive Games, became legendary figures. Leonidas (second century B.C.) became worshipped as a local deity.

Source: C. FREEMAN, The Greek Achievement (Penguin) 1999

TEXT K

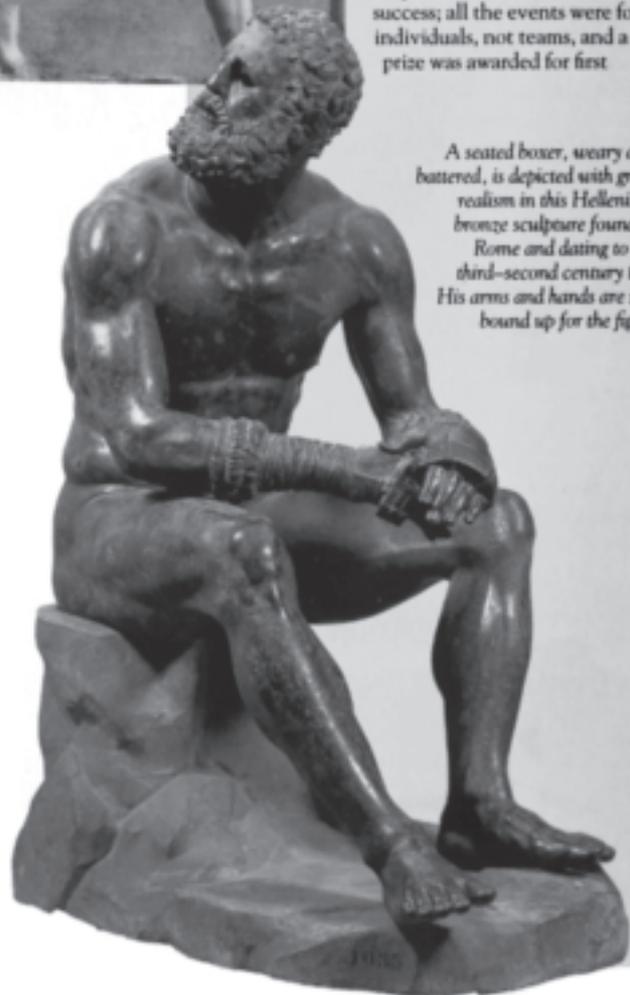
THE PANHELLENIC FESTIVALS



One of the characteristic features of Greek athletics is that the participants practised and competed naked. Here three youths are shown training on the base of a funerary statue of c. 510 BC.

ATHLETICS

Athletics, as practised by the Greeks, have been handed down to us in the form of the Olympic Games, resurrected in their modern guise in Athens in 1896. Many of the supposed aspects of ancient organized sports admired and emulated at least in theory today were not in fact much practised in antiquity. Fair play, amateurism and team-work – all worthy goals – are largely the romantic invention of nineteenth-century scholars; the world of ancient Greek athletics was an intensely competitive one, far closer to the reality of modern sports. There was a distinct, perhaps aristocratic, emphasis on personal achievement and success; all the events were for individuals, not teams, and a prize was awarded for first



A seated boxer, weary and battered, is depicted with great realism in this Hellenistic bronze sculpture found in Rome and dating to the third–second century BC. His arms and hands are still bound up for the fight.

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TEXT K, contd.

GODS AND HEROES

place only. This competitive ethos, of course, put tremendous pressure on the athletes and cases of bribery and cheating are not unknown:

At the terrace stand bronze statues of Zeus. These statues were made from the fines imposed on athletes who deliberately violated the rules of the games. The first were set up in the 98th Olympiad [398 BC], for Eupolis of Thessaly bribed the boxers who presented themselves. They say that this was the first offence committed against the rules of the games and Eupolis and the men he bribed were the first who were fined by the Eleans.... After Eupolis they say that Kallippos, an Athenian, a competitor in the pentathlon, bribed his antagonists, and that this happened in the 112th Olympiad.... The images next to those are two in number and were dedicated from the proceeds of a fine imposed on wrestlers.

Pausanias, 6.21

The only official prize offered was a wreath of leaves, taken from the sacred tree of the deity in whose honour the games were held: olive at Olympia; laurel at Delphi, pine at Isthmia and celery at Nemea. In theory, athletes competed for honour alone. In reality, they could expect to be richly rewarded by their home city; awards of cash, free meals for life in the town hall, poems written and performed in their honour, and statues set up both at the sanctuary and back home were among the rewards for success in the games.

Athletics originated in the rites that accompanied funerals, such as those in honour of the dead Patroklos sponsored by Achilles in the *Iliad*, our earliest reference to athletics. These games are interesting because they differ so much from the later games of the historical period. The first

major difference is that there are prizes of value: bronze cauldrons, skilled slave women, animals, gold, silver, iron, armour and weapons, in contrast to the Panhellenic games, where the only prize was a wreath. Interestingly, the commonest early prize was a metal vessel of some sort – reminiscent of the silver vessels handed out at contests large and small today. Also unusual, Achilles lays out prizes for more than just first place – as many as five for the five teams entered in the chariot race. In the Panhellenic games there was just one prize, everyone else was a loser and came away empty-handed.

The son of Peleus [Achilles] set out other prizes for fleetness of foot: a mixing bowl of silver, well made; six measures it held, and in beauty was far the best in all the earth, since Sidonians, well skilled in handiwork, had crafted it cunningly, and men of the Phoenicians brought it over the murky deep and landed it in harbour, and gave it as a gift to Thoos ...

Homer, *Iliad* 23. 740–45

Organized competitive athletics as we know them in the historical period were dated by the Greeks to 776 BC, the year of the first Olympic games. Early in the sixth century BC, several other sanctuaries arose as venues for prestige games, mimicking, but never overshadowing, Olympia. Delphi, the oracular site of Apollo, sponsored the Pythian games, also held every four years; here the programme included musical and singing contests as well. The sanctuary of Poseidon at Isthmia and of Zeus at Nemea also held similar games, every two years.

The Olympic programme as it developed was the model for most subsequent athletic festivals. Events eventually came to include the stade, double stade (*diadon*), long-

distance runs (*dolichos*), wrestling, boxing, pankration (all-out fighting), pentathlon (five contests: running, wrestling, discus, long jump and javelin), and horse and chariot races.

A characteristic feature of Greek athletics is that both training and competitions were held in the nude. Indeed the word 'gymnasium' derives from the Greek word *gymnos* (naked), and this practice was a defining aspect of Greek culture for non-Greek cultures, such as the Romans and the Jews. Athletic festivals were confined largely to the Greek parts of the Roman world; the Romans themselves borrowed little from pure Greek athletics, preferring the more spectacular gladiatorial games borrowed from the Etruscans, and wild animal hunts.

The one event which was tremendously popular in both cultures was the chariot race, which survived until the end of antiquity. And for the Romans, the gymnasium was somewhere primarily to bathe and socialize, rather than exercise.

The Greek gymnasium was a building designed for athletic training, equipped with running tracks and a wrestling ground (*palaistra*), as well as bathing facilities and storerooms for the oils and powders or dusts used by the athletes (see also p. 173). The

earliest gymnasia go back to the sixth century BC. Gymnasia could be public buildings, though often they were built and endowed by wealthy citizens; in later times they might have a full staff of trainers and instructors. In many cities they were used to instruct young men in the skills necessary for successful warriors: wrestling, javelin, archery, and the like.

Gymnasia were the ideal location to instruct the groups of young men gathered to train their bodies in other disciplines as well, and they became very much like schools; it is no accident that the two great philosophical schools of Athens, the Academy and the Lyceum, were both founded in gymnasia (pp. 138–39).

Later gymnasia include special lecture halls (*ephebeia*) for the young men (*ephebes*) under instruction. Even today, the word in Germany and Greece for a middle school is 'gymnasium', and we should perhaps add the concept of a formal education encouraged by the state as another legacy from ancient Greece.

The stadium at Olympia where the Olympic games were held: the starting line for the athletes is visible in the foreground.



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Text L

S. Peach & A. Millard, *The Greeks* (Usborne) 1990
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Text M

J. Swaddling, *The Ancient Olympic Games* (British Museum Press) 1980

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General Certificate of Education
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Advanced Level Examination

ENGLISH LANGUAGE (SPECIFICATION B)
Unit 5: Editorial Writing
Pre-release material

ENB5/PM



Set 2 Forgery

TEXT A

Text A from *The Poet and the Murderer* (Dutton Penguin Group), 2002, not reproduced here, due to third-party copyright constraints.

TEXT B

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TEXT C

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TEXT D

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TEXT E

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TEXT F

Text F from *How to spot a Forgery* (The Committee of Scottish Clearing Banks), 2001, not reproduced here, due to third-party copyright constraints.

Historically, QDE has been somewhat of an inclusive profession, even to the point where so-called pseudo-experts (in palmystry and fortune-telling) were sometimes welcome, and even today, it suffers from a bit of identity crisis in that at least eight (8) different, or related, areas can be identified:

- Questioned Document Examiners -- A document examiner analyzes any questioned document and is capable of more than just questions of authorship limited only by their access to laboratory equipment
- Historical Dating -- These is work involving the verification of age and worth of a document or object, sometimes done by a document examiner, and can get as complicated as Carbon-14 dating
- Fraud Investigators -- This is work that often overlaps with that of the document examiner and focuses on the money trail and criminal intent
- Paper & Ink Specialists -- These are public or private experts who date, type, source, and/or catalogue various types of paper, watermarks, ink, printing/copy/fax machines, computer cartridges, etc., using chemical methods
- Forgery Specialists -- These are public or private experts who analyze altered, obliterated, changed, or doctored documents and photos using infrared lighting, expensive spectrography equipment, or digital enhancement techniques
- Handwriting Analysts -- These are usually psychology experts who assess personality traits from handwriting samples, also called graphologists or graphoanalysts; Forensic stylistics refers to the same purpose but by looking at semantics, spelling, word choice, syntax, and phraseology.
- Typewriting Analysts -- These are experts on the origin, make, and model used in typewritten material

Source: *Questioned Document Exam* (www.faculty.ncwe.edu) 2002

TEXT H

 Early in 1972 a Federal Grand Jury heard the testimony of a Questioned Document Examiner from the Crime Laboratory of the U.S. Postal Inspection Service regarding questioned documents allegedly written by Howard R. Hughes. In these documents permission was granted for a biography of Mr. Hughes to be written by Clifford Irving. Mr. Irving had used these questioned documents to convince the editors of McGraw-Hill Book Co. and Life Magazine that he had a deal with Mr. Hughes - an allegation hotly contested by Howard Hughes when he learned of it.

The testimony of the experts from the Postal Inspection Service was that the questioned documents were not written by Mr. Hughes. Often in forgery cases it is possible to conclude that the alleged author of a document did not do the writing, but it is more difficult to conclude that a particular person did do it. This is because the writing habits of the forger will often be buried in the attempt to simulate the pictorial look and style of the "target" writing. However, in this case, there was a large amount of writing in question. Mr. Irving had even had "Mr. Hughes" write a letter to the editors of Mc-Graw Hill to validate his agreement with Mr. Irving. The volume of questioned writing was enough that Mr. Irving was not able to keep up his "disguise" and his own individual writing characteristics showed through the veneer of the simulated "Hughes" writing.

 Another famous case involving questioned documents and Howard Hughes was the "Mormon Will" case which arose when Hughes died in 1976 leaving an estate estimated to be between 2 and 3 billion dollars, and no apparent will. While attorneys and executives of Hughes' corporations scrambled to find a will, speculation ran rampant through the country. One possibility was that Hughes had written a "holographic" will, which is a will written totally by hand - usually in the person's own words without benefit of the presence of an attorney. One Hughes attorney stated that Hughes had asked him twice about the legalities of a proper holographic will.

Shortly after this information was published, an alleged holographic will of Howard Hughes was found left anonymously on a desk in the office building of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints (the Mormon Church). With the will was a note saying that the document had been found near the home of Joseph Smith (founder of the Mormon Church) and that it should be delivered to the President of the Mormon Church. A questioned document examiner gave the preliminary opinion that the will **might** have been written by Howard Hughes, and the Mormon Church filed the will in the Las Vegas county court which is where jurisdiction of the estate had settled.

One provision of the will (which became known as "The Mormon Will") was that a 1/16 th share of the estate (\$156,000,000) would go to Melvin Dummar of Gabbs, NV. Melvin Dummar and his wife owned and operated a small gas station in Willard, Utah at the time this information came to light. Mr. Dummar claimed that he had no knowledge of the will or how it ended up in the hands of the Mormon Church. He told reporters that years previous he had picked up a bum in the desert who claimed to be Howard Hughes and that he had given this man a ride into Las Vegas and dropped him off behind the Sands Hotel after giving the man what spare change he had in his own pocket.

TEXT H contd. on the next page ►

TEXT H, contd.

From April through December of 1976 Melvin Dummar was under intense media scrutiny and public interest. He spoke everywhere, and always maintained that he knew nothing about the will, or the circumstances of its appearance in the Mormon Church offices. But while Mr. Dummar was dealing with his public, forensic examinations were going on behind the scenes. The will had been found in an outer envelope which was found to have a fingerprint matching that of Melvin Dummar. Also, Mr. Dummar was a part-time student at Webster State College at the time the will was discovered. In the college library was a copy of the book, Hoax, which was written about the Clifford Irving forgeries described above. This book had many examples of the writing of Howard Hughes and other anecdotal information. The book from the library also had a fingerprint on it that matched a print of Mr. Dummar.

The Mormon Will had been found with an inner envelope and an outer envelope and slip of paper which asked that the will be delivered to the head of the Church. A document examiner concluded that the writing on the outer envelope and the slip of paper was probably disguised writing of Melvin Dummar. When Mr. Dummar was confronted with the fingerprinting and handwriting evidence, he flatly denied all allegations of his involvement in any forgery of the document and insisted that the evidence was being faked in a conspiracy against him by the Hughes corporate executives.

In the face of constant questioning and clear evidence, after several intermediate changes of story, Mr. Dummar settled on an official version in which a mysterious man drove into his service station and gave him the will along with several pages of instructions. Mr. Dummar admitted that in following these instructions (which he had since burned) he had placed the will in the envelope, written the note on the slip of paper, and delivered the package to the Mormon Church offices.

This case was essentially a one issue case - whether the will was a forgery or not. At least 4 very prominent American questioned document examiners concluded that the will was forged. A definite conclusion was possible because there were three full pages of questioned writing to work with, as well as a large body of contemporaneous known writings by Howard Hughes. To make matters even more clear, Mr. Hughes had undergone an obvious change in some of his handwriting habits during a two year period just before the alleged will was written. Only someone with access to current writings of Mr. Hughes and sophisticated understanding of handwriting would have known how Mr. Hughes writing should have looked on the date in question. All in all, the forgery was quite clumsy, both in the handwriting and in the attitudes expressed by its content. Although this case probably should have been settled early on, it had a momentum of its own and would not die. It culminated with a seven month trial and millions of dollars expended by the estate of Howard Hughes. In the end, the court ruled the will a forgery and the billionaire, Howard Hughes died intestate.

Source: E. J. WILL, Famous Questioned Document Cases (<http://qdewill.com/cases.htm>) 2002

TEXT I**Eric Hebborn - 1934 - 1996****Available Works**

After an appropriately improbable start - he burned down his school at the age of eight, and was sent to Borstal - Eric proved a brilliant student at the Royal Academy, collecting every major prize for his drawing and winning a scholarship to Rome in 1959. Two years at the British School in Rome introduced him to the international art world, and he became firm friends with Anthony Blunt, then Director of the Courtauld Institute and Surveyor of the Queen's Pictures. He later settled in Italy, drawn to both country and people.

Hebborn's greatest draughtmanship and figurative style was ignored by the critics of the day; so he set about faking Old Master drawings. Knowing exactly what impresses scholars and dealers, and with all the necessary technical skills within easy command, he deceived the art experts for nearly twenty years. There were Hebborns hanging unsuspected in important collections around the world. Even now, years after he was unmasked, confusion persists over what might be genuine, and what not.

Eric Hebborn died a mysterious and untimely death in Rome in 1996, shortly after the publication of the Italian edition of 'The Art Forger's Handbook'.

Source: Eric Hebborn – Biographical Information (www.archeus.co.uk) 2003

TEXT J

QUESTIONED DOCUMENT EXAMINATION

A "questioned" document is any signature, handwriting, typewriting, or other mark whose source or authenticity is in dispute or doubtful. Letters, checks, driver licenses, contracts, wills, voter registrations, passports, petitions, threatening letters, suicide notes, and lottery tickets are the most common questioned documents, although marks on doors, walls, windows, or boards would also be included by definition.

QDE, or Questioned Document Examination, has been a profession at least since 1870, and frequently is found in cases of forgery, counterfeiting, mail fraud, kidnapping, con games, embezzlement, gambling, organized crime, white collar crime, art crime, theft, robbery, arson, burglary, homicide, serial murder, psychological profiling, and deviant sex crime. A number of famous cases over the years, some involving wrongful conviction -- the Dreyfus affair; Bruno Hauptmann and the Lindbergh Kidnapping; the Hitler Diary profiling controversy; and Clifford Irving's forgery of Howard Hughes signature and Mormon documents -- were showcases for the talents of various experts at QDE. It's strength, drawn from civil law, is that expert opinion can overturn (alleged) eyewitness opinion.

SOME FAMOUS FORGERS & FORGERIES:

Major George Byron (Lord Byron forgeries)
Thomas Chatterton (Literary forgeries)
John Payne Collier (Printed forgeries)
Dorman David (Texas Dec. of Independence)
Mark Hofmann (Mormon, Freemason forgeries)
William Henry Ireland (Shakespeare forgeries)
Clifford Irving (Howard Hughes forgery)
Konrad Kujau (Hitler Diaries)
James Macpherson (Ossian manuscript)
George Psalmanasar (Literary forgery)
Alexander Howland Smith (historical documents)
Thomas James Wise (Printed forgeries)
Unknown (Documentary Photos Billy-the-Kid)
Numerous (Biblical forgeries)

Source: *Questioned Document Exam* (www.faculty.ncwe.edu) 2002

TEXT K

At this point the reader must bear with me while I talk shop, that is, speak of technical matters. But I do so only to show some of the problems involved in the making of a reasonably convincing reconstruction of a lost work of art. In this instance I had decided that, although the drawing was not intended to be anything more than stylistically akin to Poussin, it was to be physically indistinguishable from a drawing that had been made some 300 years ago. That is to say it was to be technically, thus chemically, perfect. There would be no way in which scientific tests could prove that it had not been made in Poussin's day. Fortunately, my portfolio of old paper contained a sound seventeenth-century sheet that had once served as the fly leaf of an insufferably dull religious tract, the title of which I have mercifully forgotten. In the preparation of paper intended for writing or drawing in ink, it is given an application of glue, or 'size'. Without this the paper is absorbent and any ink applied to it blots, or 'bleeds'. With age, the sizing deteriorates. If the paper has been subject to damp, the old glue is attacked by various kinds of fungus which, if left unchecked, eventually destroy the fibres of the paper itself. If, on the other hand, the paper has been left dry, the sizing will lose its elasticity and slowly disintegrate leaving the paper too absorbent for use. But however the old glue may have vanished or been made ineffectual, if we are to draw on centuries-old paper without leaving a tell-tale bleeding line, we must first give the paper a fresh application of glue. This glue should be of natural organic substance. It is true that scientific analysis can determine with a rough degree of accuracy the age of glues. But since restorers of books, prints and drawings are sometimes obliged to strengthen old papers with fresh size, the discovery of fresh glue in an Old Master drawing is not proof positive that it has been made recently. What is more, in a technically perfect reconstruction of the kind I was about to make, no trace of the new sizing was to be left!

Source: E. HEBBORN,
Drawn to Trouble
(Mainstream
Publishing Projects
Ltd) 1991

TEXT L

In the course of over thirty years of activity I have collected a large number of recipes for ink, but have in practice employed no more than twenty. This is because the inks used by the Old Masters mostly fall into these groups: bistre, sepia and gall. Bistre ink comes from soot collected in a chimney where willow logs have been burnt; sepia comes from the cuttle-fish; gall ink is made from oak galls. These inks can be complicated to make, and I have many times used modern surrogates. By far the greatest number of Poussin drawings were made with bistre. But as I was not interested in making an altogether typical Poussin, I decided on using oak gall ink. Living close to a small wood which boasts splendid old oaks, I collected as many galls as I could find on the ground and I ground them to a fine powder with my kitchen mortar and pestle. This I mixed with rain water, adding to the mixture some filings taken from a rusty old nail, and left the concoction to evaporate to the right consistency. Should any reader wish to make some gall ink for themselves, here is an old recipe:

Put into a quart of water two ounces of right gumme Arabick, five ounces of galles, and three of copras. Let it stay covered in the warme sunne and so will it sooner prove good incke. To boyle the sayd stuffe together a little upon the fire would make it more speedy for your wrytyng: but ye enboyled yeldeth a fayrer glosse, and longer indureth. In stead of water wine were best for this purpose. Refresh your incke with wine, or vinegar, when it wareth thicke . . .

From *The Petite Schole* by Francis Clement, 1587.

Source: E. HEBBORN,
Drawn to Trouble
(Mainstream
Publishing Projects
Ltd) 1991

TEXT M

My school report for the academic year ending in June 1948 has, by some miracle, survived, and tells me that I came top of the class in English as well as in art. But it is not, however, to draw undue attention to my early academic achievements that I mention this particular school report, but rather because it contains my first essay in the diabolical art of deception.

These reports were given to the pupils to take home for the perusal of their parents or guardians who would append a signature as proof of them having actually seen it. As a poor report from school might get a boy into trouble at home it was not unknown for pupils to keep their report to themselves and imitate a parent's or guardian's signature, and this is what I did with Mrs Buckle's. This was not because I was ashamed of my report, although five out of a hundred for maths is not exactly brilliant – but because in that year, for reasons I shall speak of below, my guardian was in no condition to be worried by such trivia. A comparison of my hesitant scratchy effort compared with the bold sweep of Mrs Buckle's copperplate shows how far I had to go before I would later write attributions and even lengthy inscriptions on 'old masters' in the hand writing of distinguished artists and collectors such as Vasari, Reynolds, and the Richardsons, most of which still remain undetected in the great museums of the world. But as the Chinese philosopher says, 'A journey of a thousand miles begins with the first step,' and Mrs Buckle's signature was mine (Fig. 6).

The art master at Maldon's Secondary School was a Mr Tait, and a very good art master he was. He possessed the two essential qualities of all good teachers – enthusiasm and the ability to convey it to others. A landscape painter with an eye for a view and a vigorous manner in both oil and watercolour, Mr Tait was an indefatigable worker and would be out and about in all seasons painting *en plein air* or, as we English say, more prosaically, 'on the spot'.

On many an occasion he let me go with him. Perhaps it would be more truthful to say that he failed to stop me from going with him. I would waylay him as he left his house and would plead along these lines: 'Please Sir, can I carry yer sketchin fings Sir; go on Sir, be a sport Sir.' If he had not planned to meet his fiancée somewhere *en route*, he would sigh, not exactly a lover's sigh, and say: 'Oh, all right.' No squire of old ever carried the arms of his knight more proudly than I would carry Mr Tait's paint box and easel to the selected view. Once there, the easel set up and the palette laid, my teacher would go through the strangest antics: screw up his eyes, make 'L' shapes with his thumbs and forefingers, pretend to attack the view with dry paintbrushes, stand with his back to the subject, and bend down to view it through his parted legs. On being questioned about the last part of his curious behaviour, Mr Tait would say that it helped him to see the landscape in a 'fresh' way, but when I tried it myself, I saw the landscape in the same old way but upside down, which made drawing it even harder. Results are, however, what count, and in about two hours Mr Tait had conjured up on his canvas what I considered the 'spitinn' image' of the scene before him.

In the early summer of 1949 the following article appeared in *The Essex Chronicle*:

15, HAS PAINTING IN EXHIBITION

Among the hundreds of exhibits of landscapes, portraits and other forms of art exhibited by local artists at the Friends Meeting House this week are several which are the work of 15-year-old Eric Hebborn of Wantz Road, Maldon.

Eric, a keen and promising artist at present at Maldon Secondary School, is too young to be a member of Maldon Art Club, but because of his skill and enthusiasm he is permitted to take part in its activities and meetings in an Honorary capacity. He has been accepted by and will commence studies at the Chelmsford Art School in September.

This is the third exhibition of drawings and paintings held by the club, and was opened on Saturday by the Mayoress.

The club's tutor and chairman (Mr. W. A. Cuthbertson) presided, and the exhibition included pen and ink, pencil and pastel drawings, watercolours and oils.

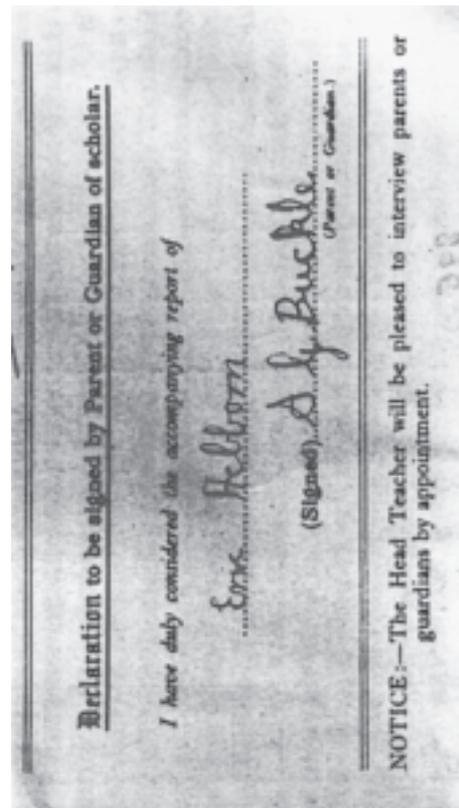


Fig. 6: A forgery of Mrs Buckle's signature carried out by the author at the age of fourteen, 1948

TEXT N

with flake white (white lead) mixed with *gesso* powder (plaster of Paris) into a paste. He would apply this mixture to the missing area with a flexible palette knife and allow it to become partly dry, though still soft enough to take an impression. He would then take a piece of unprimed canvas of the same texture as the old part of the painting, and press it firmly on to the stopping, leaving it in position long enough for the stopping to take the impress of the grain of the canvas, and then carefully remove it without disturbing the imprint. Then he would leave it for three or four days to harden, when of course the filling would have a texture closely resembling the surrounding canvas. This he made even more like the original areas by drawing a needle along the underside of the impression of the horizontal threads to deepen them. When I had painted over them, these lines cast shadows like the threads of canvas.

After the completion of my inpainting the newly painted detail had to be 'cracked'. Mr Aczel taught me to do this by waiting until the retouched surface became tacky and then, again taking up the darning needle, to draw it along a genuine crack which stopped short at the edge of the stopping. On reaching the stopping I was told to press harder to continue the crack across the damage. I continued all the cracks leading to the filling across it in this way until its surface appeared to be cracked all over. Where necessary, colour was rubbed into the new 'cracks' to give them exactly the same appearance as their older companions.

Thus it was that under Mr Aczel's guidance I began, little by little, to develop my abilities and improve my knowledge of the materials and methods of the Old Masters until I would one day be able to 'restore' a whole painting – from nothing at all. It is a well known fact, however, that the alteration of old pictures is a much more common practice than the making of old masters' *ex novo*, as indeed it was in Haunch of Venison Yard.

Having satisfied himself that we had the basic manual skill, he set us to work on the paintings set up on the easels. Mostly these pictures had been relined, that is, they were worn or damaged canvases that had been re-backed. This work had been carried out by workers in a studio specialising in this highly skilled and delicate operation. Where there had been tears or holes, our teacher had prepared them for retouching and we were given the job of filling in these damaged parts with colours to match the surrounding areas of paint. Unlike the scientific picture restorer, who likes to maintain a distinction between the new and the old, we endeavoured to match the original colours so exactly as to make the mend invisible. We were given *mahl* sticks with which to steady our hands, the smallest of sable brushes, and colours from the selected lists of the best makers to mix with dammar.

It may seem that Mr Aczel was being rash in setting absolute beginners to retouch the old paintings entrusted to his care, and perhaps he was. But not irremediably so. Paint mixed with dammar is very easily removed with turpentine and consequently errors committed with it are just as easily rectified.

Our teacher was a good one and as we were not entirely new to the handling of paint, it was not long before we became proficient in mixing up the correct tints to match the original colours. The girls were quicker at this matching of colours than the boys. They also had more patience with minute work. But it soon became apparent that each one of us brought a slightly different talent to the craft of restoration. The best all-rounder was Sid, who in fact was to take up restoration as a profession. Only Paddy seemed unsuited as a restorer. He was an extremely talented artist, and had won the Academy's coveted Turner Gold Medal, but his manner was broad and painterly and it was not in his nature to produce the tiny precise touches necessary for fine inpainting. As a result he left the studio in Haunch of Venison Yard after only a few days.

Mr Aczel soon discovered that my own special gift was for painting-in large areas of missing colour in the style of the original artist. This pleased him, because for all his knowledge and craftsmanship he was severely limited as a draughtsman, and when it came to painting in large lacunae, the clumsiness of his drawing made the repair all too obvious. Thus when the damage was large Mr Aczel would gratefully put the picture on my easel.

Before he did so, however, he would make a stopping, or a filler,

Source: E. HEBBORN, *Drawn to Trouble* (Mainstream Publishing Projects Ltd) 1991

TEXT O



Fig. 96: *Child on a Rocking Horse*, bronze, 1978, illustrating the sense of movement to be achieved by repetition of certain lines in the manner of the *pentimenti* of the Old Masters, notably Stefano della Bella. Compare with Fig. 91 (Collection of the artist)

It may please some experts to learn that I am no longer working in the manner of former artists. Now there are long-standing projects of my own to bring to a conclusion: a book on the language of line, the text of which is entire, but requires much work to complete the illustrations; a translation into English verse of the complete poetical works of Michelangelo, which again textually exists, but which I would like to see produced as a visually satisfying work; a version of *The Epic of Gilgamesh* rendered into English verse and accompanied with notes, illustrations, and commentary. This last mentioned work I use as a source book for paintings and sculpture, and have already produced it in the form of a handwritten and illustrated manuscript, which could if anybody was interested be turned into an edition. So if granted a few more years I shall not lack for interests. As for the present, I have got to the age when one pays for youthful indiscretions. Excesses have brought me to failing health. But like the happy voluptuaries of Ancient China, contentment is an axiom of my philosophy and I would not exchange my life for another. And when pleasure, from life or art is finally denied to me, it will be time to go.

The borderline between what is restoration and what is simply repainting is not always clear. Nor should it be thought that old pictures are necessarily spoiled by modern alteration. This attitude arises from a scientific approach devoid of any aesthetic judgment. Would we return the Sistine Chapel to what it was before Michelangelo exchanged the Perugino frescos for his own? Well, no, but it would be nice to have the Peruginos as well. Would we remove the retouching with which Rubens was in the habit of improving his collection of mediocre Old Masters? No. The truth is that age in itself is obviously no guarantee of quality, and many old pictures are bad old pictures, some so bad it would be difficult to make them worse.

The history of these drawings began with a visit to Craddock and Barnard in May 1971. The firm had in stock a large number of original etchings by della Bella in a nineteenth-century edition at a very reasonable price and I bought them for study. There is no better way of studying a print, a painting, a sculpture, or any other visual work of art than making a drawing of it. I do not mean by this producing a *copy* of it. This is a point I have made a number of times before, but it is of fundamental importance to understanding what is an original drawing after something, and what is a copy or an imitation, so I make no excuse for repeating myself. A drawing after something which is not a drawing cannot be a counterfeit of that something. If, for instance, one makes a drawing of a piece of sculpture, one has not made a fake piece of sculpture, or any kind of imitation of it, one has, for better or worse, made an original drawing. So I made a series of about twenty-five original drawings after, or in some way related to, della Bella's etchings and in his own manner. I used, with one exception, seventeenth-century paper, and chemical tests made later by Dr Julius Grant failed to detect anything to prove them modern.

TEXT P

Physics Web - Physicists prove Van Gogh painting is not a forgery

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Physicists prove Van Gogh painting is not a forgery

4 August 1999

French physicists have helped to resolve a long-running mystery in the art world. They have shown that the painting Garden at Auvers is indeed a work by Vincent Van Gogh. Claims that the painting was a forgery sent its value plummeting after the current owners had bought it for FFr 55m (about £5.6m) in 1985, and there were no bidders when it was put up for auction 11 years later.

Scientists at the research laboratory of the Museums of France in Paris compared the painting with nine of the 70 works accredited to Van Gogh during his time at Auvers. However, they were not allowed to remove samples from the painting, and could not use the lab's synchrotron X-ray source since radiation can sometimes heat organic matter. "Van Gogh used organic matter such as geranium for colouring," explains Elizabeth Martin, a scientist at the lab.

Instead, the team used a technique called microfluorescence, in which a beam of X-rays less than 1 mm wide was used to reveal the spectrum of most of the elements in the pigments. Unlike X-ray diffraction methods, microfluorescence does not destroy the surface of the painting. The researchers also used radiography to show that the canvas matched the kind Van Gogh used during his period at Auvers. And they found that the way in which the paint was applied was also consistent with Van Gogh's style. Forgers often build up more layers of paint as they need several attempts to reproduce the style of the original.

Finally, the painting was examined by microscope. "This analysis gave very interesting clues," says Martin. As with the other nine studied, the canvas showed markings where Van Gogh had stacked up his paintings on his bed before the oil was completely dry. "We found nothing that was incompatible with the painting being a Van Gogh," says Martin. "Now it's for the art historians, who are the specialists of Van Gogh, to make their conclusions."

Source: E. SANDERS, *Newsletter August 1999* (<http://physicsweb.org/article/news/3/8/1>) 1999

TEXT Q

The Hans van Meegeren Forgeries

The Hans Van Meegeren Forgeries

The forgeries perpetrated by Hans van Meegeren are probably some of the most famous in the art world. Van Meegeren did not copy a great painting and try to pass it off as an original but created new originals of his own. He faked 6 Vermeer's in all, these were put onto the market as new discoveries.

Discovery

Van Meegeren hated the art establishment and a greater embarrassment he could not have hoped to cause them. The frauds went undetected for ten years until in 1945 Van Meegeren was arrested as a collaborator of the Germans. He then confessed to having faked the Vermeer's and was instead charged with fraud. He was sentenced to a term of one year but died before he could serve it.



The Forgeries



The picture on the left *Christ at Emmaus* was considered by Van Meegeren to be his "masterpiece". He obtained a genuine 17th century canvas with its original stretcher. He removed the original composition and cut down the canvas retaining a piece of it. He then painted his creation on to the authentic canvass.

Other forgeries include *The Washing of Christ's Feet*, *Christ and the Adulteress* and *Lady and Gentleman at a Spinet*.

Van Meegeren invented an ageing process which was nearly indistinguishable from the real thing. He ground his pigments in oil of lilacs and then mixed them with a special medium. This was phenol formaldehyde resin dissolved in either benzene or turpentine. The painting was then baked for several hours at a temperature over 100°C. The result was a paint film which had all the characteristics of a genuine 17th century painting.

Scientific Analysis

Once Van Meegeren had confessed to the fakes a series of chemical and physical tests were carried out. This was done by Dr P.B. Coremans the director of the central laboratory of Belgian museums. A dozen paintings and various materials found at Van

TEXT Q contd. on the next page ►

TEXT Q, contd.**The Hans van Meegeren Forgeries**

Meegeren's studio were examined.

The paints were all found to contain traces of phenol formaldehyde resin and traces of cobalt blue were also found in two of the paintings. Cobalt blue is an artificial pigment not manufactured until the 19th century.

X-rays showed original 17th century pieces under the paintings.

The piece of canvass kept from *Christ in Emmaus* was also found and matched to the canvass used for the painting.

**Genuine Vermeer's**

Mistress and Maid shown on the right is a genuine Vermeer. The paintings by Van Meegeren are now considered to be vastly inferior. Van Meegeren could not accurately depict anatomy or materials and was not nearly so accomplished a painter as he was a forger.

Source: L. HOMER, *The Hans Van Meegeren Forgeries* (www.chm.bris.ac.uk)

TEXT R

Text R from *An Application to the Detection of Art Forgeries*, not reproduced here, due to third-party copyright constraints.

TEXT S

THE RUDIMENTS OF WISDOM ENCYCLOPAEDIA



★ FORGERY ★ FRAUDULENT IMITATION OF VALUABLE OBJECTS

Forgery: Fraudulent imitation of valuable objects.



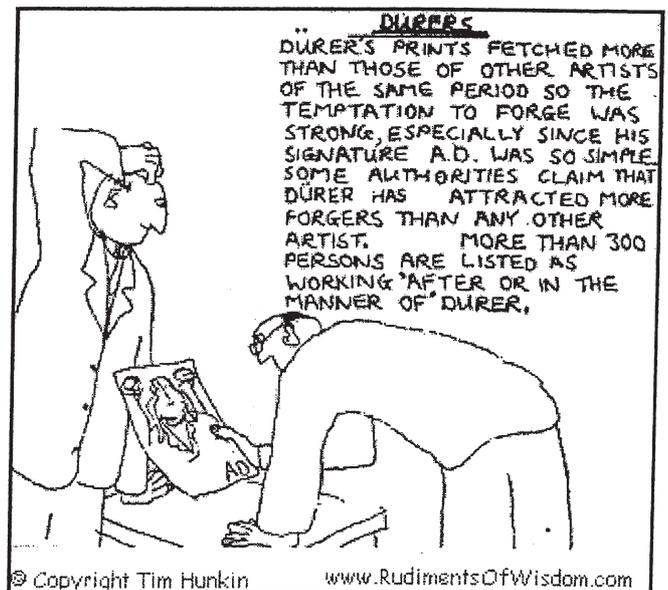
Forgery and Finance.



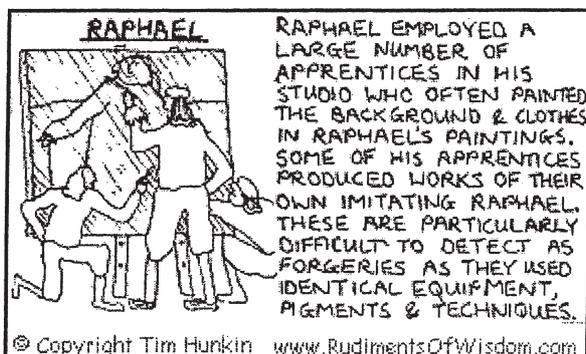
Forgery and Zeuxis and Praxiteles.



Forgery and Michelangelo.



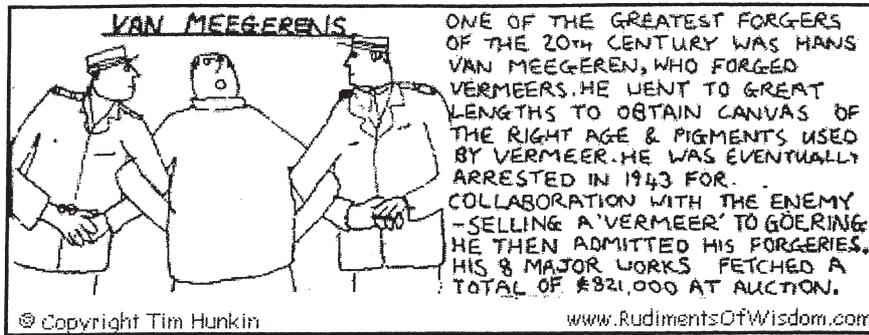
Forgery and Durers.



Forgery and Raphael.

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TEXT S, contd.



Forgery and Van Meegerens.

Source: T. HUNKIN, (www.rudimentsofwisdom.com)

TEXT T

Monday, January 27, 2003

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH



A page from the hoax diaries, written on post-war paper

BY GEORGE JONES
POLITICAL EDITOR

LORD Dacre of Glanton, better known as the historian and author Hugh Trevor-Roper, died yesterday aged 89 after a lengthy battle with cancer.

Lord Dacre, an expert on modern history and the Third Reich, suffered a grievous blow to his reputation 20 years ago when he wrongly authenticated the so-called Hitler Diaries.

The historian's Holy Grail turned out to be a hoax, but only after the *Sunday Times* had published what it claimed was a sensational scoop.

At the time Lord Dacre was a director of Times Newspapers. His authentication of the diaries was crucial because at the end of the Second World War, as a military intelligence officer, he had investigated the disappearance of Hitler.

As a result of the interrogation of Hitler's surviving associates, he showed that the Fuhrer committed suicide on April 30, 1945. It was a finding that has not been seriously challenged subsequently.

He developed the report into a well-received book, *The Last Days of Hitler*, which gave a graphic account of the dictator's circle of hangers-on and subservient generals.

In April 1983, Lord Dacre said he believed that the Hitler Diaries were genuine. Sixty volumes of the diaries were alleged to have been found in the wreckage of a

crashed plane in the former East Germany.

One of the "revelations" in the diaries was that Hitler ordered his armies to hold back after the fall of France in 1940 to allow the British Expeditionary Force to escape from Dunkirk. It also suggested he knew about Rudolf Hess's mission to Britain a year later.

Lord Dacre backtracked two weeks later and issued a full apology. He said he had been misled by a fraudulent authentication of Hitler's handwriting and regretted that the normal methods of historical verification had "to a certain extent been sacrificed to acquire a journalistic scoop".

The "diaries" turned out to be made of paper, ink and glue of post-war origin. The text was peppered with historical inaccuracies and anachronisms and had been based on a book of Hitler's speeches compiled by a Nazi federal archivist.

The forger, Konrad Kujau, added comments such as "Must get tickets for the Olympic Games for Eva" - a reference to Hitler's mistress - to give the work a personal touch. Kujau was jailed in Germany for four and a half years and died 18 months ago.

The episode was damaging to Lord Dacre's reputation and highly embarrassing for the *Sunday Times* and the German magazine *Stern*, which had paid millions for the forged diaries.

Source: G. JONES, *Obituary of Lord Dacre* (The Daily Telegraph) 27 January 2003

TEXT U

Hess sends me a personal note about the England problem. Would not have thought that this Hess is so sharp-witted. This note is very, very interesting.

Other entries followed:

28 June: Read the Hess note again. Simply fantastic and yet so simple.

6 July: Hess should work over his thoughts which he has informed me about in his note and I anticipate seeing him for a one-to-one meeting.

13 July: Have also talked to Hess again. As soon as he has thought everything over properly, he will call me back. I would not have thought Hess capable of this. Not Hess.

Shortly after 3 p.m., Trevor-Roper was ushered into a ground floor room of Zurich's Handelsbank. At the end of a long table, three men rose to meet him. One was Wilfried Sorge, the salesman who had flown round the world alerting newspapers in America, Japan, Italy, Spain and Britain to the existence of the diaries. Another was Dr Jan Hensmann, the financial director of *Stern's* parent company, Gruner and Jahr. The third German was *Stern's* bullet-headed editor-in-chief, Peter Koch.

When the introductions had been completed, Koch gestured towards a side table. On it were fifty-eight volumes of diaries, carefully piled up in a stack more than two feet high. Another set of documents was in a metal safety deposit box. There was a bound volume of original drawings and paintings. There was even a First World War helmet, allegedly Hitler's. This was no mere handful of notes. It was, as Trevor-Roper later described it, 'a whole coherent archive covering 35 years'. He was staggered by its scale.

He picked up a couple of the books. They were A4-sized, with stiff black covers. Some bore red wax seals in the form of a German eagle. Others were decorated with initials in gothic script. Most carried typewritten labels declaring them to be the property of the Führer and signed by Martin Bormann. The pages inside were lined, some densely filled with old Germanic script, some bearing only a couple of sentences, some completely blank. At the foot of each page was Hitler's signature – a jagged oscillation in black ink, like a seismographic record of some distant earthquake.

The *Stern* men met Trevor-Roper's queries point by point.

On April Fool's Day 1983 the distinguished British historian Hugh Redwald Trevor-Roper, first Baron Dacre of Glanton, was telephoned at his country home in Scotland by the Assistant Editor of *The Times*, Mr Colin Webb.

Among his many honours, Trevor-Roper had, in 1974, accepted an invitation to become an Independent National Director of Times Newspapers. For nine years his telephone had rung periodically with news of strikes, sackings and closures. But this call had nothing to do with routine *Times* business. It concerned a discovery of great historical significance. It was strictly confidential. The German magazine *Stern*, said Mr Webb, had discovered the private diaries of Adolf Hitler.

Trevor-Roper, a former Regius Professor of History at Oxford, was startled and immediately sceptical. 'I said to myself, there are so many forgeries circulating in the "grey market": forged documents about Bormann, forged diaries of Eva Braun, falsified accounts of interviews with Hitler ... Besides, it was well known that Hitler disliked putting pen to paper and had virtually given up writing in his own hand altogether after 1933. As far as he was aware there was no evidence, either in the German archives or in the recollections of Hitler's subordinates, to suggest that the German dictator had kept a diary. If he had, and if it had now been discovered, it would certainly rank as one of the greatest historical finds of modern times: Hitler, as Trevor-Roper himself had written, was the twentieth century's Genghis Khan, the 'political genius' whose murderous influence upon mankind was still being felt four decades after his death. If this diabolical figure, contrary to all accepted beliefs, turned out to have kept a diary, it would provoke a sensation.

Wickman gave Trevor-Roper a twenty-page, typewritten document, bound in a clear plastic cover and entitled *Plan 3*. Based on the so-called diaries, it told the story of how Hitler's deputy, Rudolf Hess, had undertaken his abortive peace mission to Britain in May 1941. The accepted view among historians was that Hess had made his dramatic flight on his own initiative. But according to the diary entries quoted in *Plan 3*, Hitler knew of Hess's intention in advance.

On 25 June 1939, Hitler was alleged to have written in his diary:

TEXT V

a succession of homes for single men and drifted into a world of casual labour and petty crime. His biography is written in his police record. In November 1959 he was arrested for stealing tobacco from a local cooperative and fined eighty marks. In 1960, together with an accomplice, he broke into a storeroom and stole four cases of cognac. He made so much noise he woke up two nightwatchmen who pursued and caught him. The police found he was carrying an air pistol, a small revolver and a knuckleduster. A court in Stuttgart found him guilty of serious theft and he went to prison for nine months. In August 1961, he was in trouble again, this time for stealing four crates of pears and a crate of apples whilst employed as a labourer for a fruit merchant; again, he spent a short period in prison. Six months later, working as a cook in a Stuttgart bar, he was arrested after a fight with his employer.

It was at this time that Kujau met and fell in love with a waitress at the same establishment, a homely girl named Edith Lieblang. Edith, like Conny, was plump, in her twenties, and a refugee from East Germany: she had worked as a salesgirl and was training to be a nurse when she decided to cross into the West in April 1961, a few months before the erection of the Berlin Wall. She came to seek her fortune and found Conny Kujau, upon whom, for a time, she seems to have been a steady influence. In the summer of 1962 he rented premises in Plochingen, fifteen miles outside Stuttgart, and opened the Pelican Dance Bar. 'For the first time,' he claimed later, 'I began to make money.' He also began to rewrite his personal history.

To call Kujau a compulsive liar would be to underrate him. It would not do justice to the sheer exuberant scale of his deceptions. In 1962 he told people his surname was 'Fischer' and asked them to call him 'Peter'. He made himself two years older, by changing his date of birth to March 1936. He altered his place of birth from Loebau to Goerlitz. He painted a touching but sadly fictitious picture of his childhood: separated from his parents during the bombing of Dresden, he had, he said, been brought up in an orphanage until his mother found him with the help of the Red Cross in 1951. He had not been a waiter in the Loebau Youth Club but an 'organization manager'. He had attended the Dresden Academy of Art. He had been persecuted by the communists because his family was not working class. He had fled to the West to avoid conscription into the East German army. He had worked as a commercial artist in an advertising agency. There was no particular reason for most of these lies: Kujau simply liked telling stories.

In Konrad Paul Kujau, alias Konrad Fischer, alias Peter Fischer, alias Heinz Fischer, alias Doctor Fischer, alias Doctor Kujau, alias 'The Professor', alias 'The General', known to his many friends as Conny, Gerd Heidemann had at last met his match: someone whose talent for inventing stories was equal to his own capacity for believing them.

Konrad Kujau, who began by forging luncheon vouchers and who ended up responsible for the biggest fraud in publishing history, was born on 27 June 1938 in the Saxon town of Loebau in what is now East Germany. He had three sisters and a brother; of the five children, he was the third eldest. His father, Richard Kujau, was a shoemaker. Unlike Heidemann, whose background was relatively apolitical, Conny was reared in a typically working-class, pro-Nazi household. Richard Kujau was an active supporter of the Nazis from 1933 onwards and his beliefs rubbed off on his son: seven years after the end of the war, at the age of fourteen, Conny was to be found painting an enormous swastika on his grandmother's kitchen wall.

Kujau's childhood was overshadowed by the poverty which descended on his family after his father was killed in 1944. His mother was unable to support the family and they had to be sent away to various children's homes. Conny, the brightest in the family, did well at school but was too poor to stay on beyond his sixteenth birthday. In September 1954 he became an apprentice locksmith, a position he held for less than a year. Then came a succession of temporary jobs, none of them lasting more than a few weeks, as a textile worker, a building-site labourer, a painter, and finally as a waiter in the Loebau Youth Club. In 1957 a warrant was issued for his arrest in connection with the disappearance of the Youth Club's microphone. Shortly before dawn on 7 June 1957, Kujau fled to the West.

He made his way first to the home of his uncle, Paul Bellmann, in West Berlin. But Bellmann had no room for his troublesome, nineteen-year-old nephew, and Kujau found himself in the first of a series of refugee camps. Rootless, alone, with no family to fall back on, the young Kujau was eventually resettled in Vaihingen, on the outskirts of Stuttgart. He lived in

TEXT V contd. on the next page ►

TEXT V, contd.

Trevor-Roper was 'very irritated' and 'surprised' by the request. It was ridiculous to expect him to reach a conclusion so quickly. But, 'under the pressure of events' and with assurances from Douglas-Home that this would only be an interim opinion, he agreed.

The next four hours were a blur of taxis and airports. Shortly after 9.30 a.m. he was picked up by car and driven to Heathrow. At 10.30 a.m. he met Peter Wickman. At 11.15 a.m. he took off on a Swissair flight to Zurich. He read the outline of *Plan 3* on the aircraft and thought it so honey that his entire journey was wasted. At 1.50 p.m., Swiss time, he landed in Zurich. Wickman hurried him through immigration and customs. At 2.30 p.m. they dropped their luggage off at their hotel. At 3 p.m. he was led into the entrance hall of the Handelsbank, taken through a door immediately to his left, and found himself staring – 'astonished' – at fifty-eight volumes of Hitler's diaries.

This was the first occasion on which a trained historian had seen their treasure and the *Stern* men had prepared for it thoroughly. The diaries had been brought up from the vault and arranged in a neat pile on a table at the end of the room, embellished by other Hitler documents, paintings, drawings and memorabilia, including a First World War helmet, supposedly authenticated as Hitler's by a note from Rudolf Hess. Seen in its entirety, the archive looked stunning in its scope and variety. As Trevor-Roper bent over the stack of books, Sorge, Koch and Hensmann swiftly surrounded the elderly gentleman.

Trevor-Roper's specialist field – *The Last Days of Hitler* notwithstanding – was the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. He was not a German scholar. He was not fluent in the language and had admitted as much in a review of *Mein Kampf* published a decade earlier: 'I do not read German', he confessed, 'with great ease or pleasure.' Written in an archaic script, impenetrable even to most Germans, the diaries might as well have been composed of Egyptian hieroglyphics for all the sense Trevor-Roper could make of them. He had to rely on the *Stern* men for translation. The conversation was entirely in English.

Kujau subsequently claimed that he copied out the *Mein Kampf* manuscript as a means of practising Hitler's handwriting and there can be no question but that he became extraordinarily proficient at it. He slipped in and out of other people's handwriting as he did his various pseudonyms and biographies, with complete ease. It is difficult to say with precision when he first hit on the idea of writing a Hitler diary. Kujau's American agent, Wolfgang Schulze, told Gitra Sereny of the *Sunday Times* that he handled 'unbound' sheets of Hitler writing supplied by his client as early as 1976. According to Kujau it was in 1978 that he sat down and began typing out a chronology of Hitler's daily life, using an official Nazi Party yearbook for 1935. Having done that he decided to see how it would look in Hitler's handwriting.

In the cellar of his and Edith's new home in Ditzingen were some school notebooks, bought for a few marks in a shop in East Berlin. Kujau had originally intended using them to keep a catalogue of his collection. Now he took one out, dipped his pen in a pot of black ink, and started to write. When the ink ran out, he switched to a pencil. 'It was easy,' he said later. As a finishing touch, he stuck some imitation metal initials in gothic script on the cover. The initials were bought by Kujau in a department store, were made of plastic in Hong Kong, and were in fact 'FH', not 'AH' as Kujau had thought. It was, like all his forgeries, slipshod and homemade. It would not have withstood an hour's expert examination.

Two weeks later, during one of Fritz Stiefel's regular visits to Aspergstrasse, Kujau brought out the book and laid it on the table in front of him. 'That,' he told him, 'is a Hitler diary.' Stiefel examined it carefully. 'He was not so much fascinated by the contents,' said Kujau, 'as by the initials I'd stuck on the front of it.' He asked if he could borrow it and Kujau agreed. 'I took it home with me and read through it,' recalled Stiefel. He then locked the book away in his safe with the rest of his faked Hitler manuscripts.

The real trick was to cover your tracks so thoroughly that there was no chance of the forgery ever being traced back to you. The plan Seward devised was elaborate, and very nearly fool-proof. The first move was to get hold of blank cheques. That wasn't too difficult; burglars and pickpockets often found cheques among their loot, and they usually threw them away.

Through an accomplice, he circulated a rumour in the underworld that someone might be willing to pay well for stolen cheques – either blank or used. If he could also get used cheques, so much the better: he had a signature to imitate.

'Chain of command'

The next question was how to cash the forgery. Seward handed the forged cheque to an accomplice named Anderson. Anderson duly passed it on to another accomplice named Atwell. Atwell then advertized for an errand boy and messenger, and sent him to the bank with the cheque. Atwell followed the messenger and Anderson followed Atwell, to make sure he handed over the money.

Usually, there was no problem, and the bank parted with the cash. By the time the forgery was discovered, the culprits were untraceable. Even if the bank became suspicious, and arrested the messenger boy, there was nothing he could tell them. Atwell always took the precaution of disguising himself with a false beard and moustache when he engaged the messenger.

It was this elaborate 'chain of command' that ensured the success of Jim the Penman for so many years. His identity was known only to his closest associates. No one dreamed that the brilliant advocate, James Townsend Seward, with chambers in the Temple, London, was one of the most successful criminals of the age. Like Conan Doyle's Professor Moriarty, he was a Napoleon of Crime.

By modern standards, his embezzlements were not large (although it must be remembered that a pound in those days would support a poor family in comfort for a week). The cheques were seldom for more than a few hundred pounds, and his real pleasure came from the employment of his skill and cunning.

For example, on one occasion, a burglar sold him two cheques stolen from a solicitor named Turner. Seward needed a signature of the solicitor to copy. So he sent Atwell to Turner, asking him to collect a £30 debt. The solicitor wrote an 'or else . . .' letter, demanding the money. But even with this letter in his hands, Seward was unwilling to forge the cheque.

FORGERY

Generally speaking, swindlers and forgers are the cleverest of all criminals. They are the very reverse of murderers, who are childish and self-defeating in their destructiveness – so much so that it is not surprising that one third of them commit suicide. From Macbeth to the Boston Strangler, they give the impression of being caught in a physical and mental trap. Forgers, however, have the scope and comparative freedom of gamblers. They are playing for high stakes, and sometimes they win and spend the rest of their lives in comfort. When they lose, it is possible for even the most law-abiding citizen to feel a twinge of sportsman-like sympathy.

Natural gift

At the top of this list of swashbuckling swindlers stands the name of Jim the Penman. In the Victorian age, every British schoolboy – and many in the United States – knew about him. Nowadays, little is remembered except his nickname. His real name was James Townsend Seward, and he deserves to be immortalized as one of the most successful professional criminals of all time. For nearly a quarter of a century he pursued a successful career of forgery; and if it had not been for the stupidity of an accomplice, he might have ended his career a rich man.

Jim Seward was an intelligent, educated man, with a natural gift for imitating handwriting. He could have made a success in almost any profession, and indeed, he made a considerable success in his chosen profession – the law. But it was from swindling – particularly the art of forgery – that he derived real satisfaction.

He was called to the bar in 1840, and by that time, he had already thought long and deep on the art of forgery. It was obvious to him that the usual method – forging somebody's signature and taking the cheque to the bank – was highly dangerous. Even if the clerk handed over your money, he might remember your face.

TEXT W, contd.

The men in Yarmouth confessed, and saved themselves by turning Queen's Evidence. Jim the Penman, and his accomplice Anderson, however, went on trial in March 1857, and were sentenced to transportation for life.

Saward was lucky. Until 1837 – by which time he had already commenced operations – forgery was punishable by death. The penalty had not always been so savage. To begin with, the chief offenders in the Middle Ages were priests – the only class who could write – and they usually claimed 'benefit of the clergy' and escaped with a light punishment.

In the time of Queen Elizabeth I, a forger could be fined, put in the pillory, have his nostrils slit, and lose his ears. But until there were banknotes, the forger's opportunities were obviously limited. There had been bank notes in Lombardy (Italy) as long ago as the twelfth century (hence Lombard Street, London's banking centre), but it wasn't until 1694 that they made their appearance in England.

Hotel and prison

They were called 'Accountable Notes' or 'Running Cash Notes', and since they were handwritten, they invited forgery – the first one was detected a mere two weeks after they were first issued, on July 31, 1694. It was for £100, and the four culprits were heavily fined and placed in the pillory.

Since the gains could be so enormous, and the crime so easy to commit – the criminal only needed a pen and a piece of paper – the bankers became alarmed. As a result, forgery was made punishable by death in 1697.

In one classic case of the eighteenth century, the new law was used to hang a villain who had been evading justice for years. The notorious James Bolland was, oddly enough, an officer of the law – an office he procured by the simple expedient of paying for it. This meant he could arrest people for debt, and take them to jail in his own good time.

He hired a dockside house in Southwark, in London, had bars put in the windows, and ran it as a cross between a hotel and a prison, where debtors with money to spare could eat and sleep in comfort. This was perfectly legal; but Bolland's hotel was really a clip joint, where his prisoners were parted from their money by every known means – Bolland was an expert card sharp – and then hurried into the less comfortable atmosphere of Newgate Prison as soon as they were penniless.

For years Bolland continued his career of fraud and extortion with great success.

Then he made his slip. He was holding a post-dated 'note of hand'

Out of luck

Even in those days, people guarded against forgery by using a special signature on a cheque. What he wanted was one of the solicitor's signed cheques. The debtor paid the £30, of course – he was another accomplice. Then, to Saward's annoyance, the solicitor paid the £30, minus his commission, in cash. Saward tried again. This time, the solicitor was asked to collect a debt of £103 15s 6d. Because it was an odd sum, the solicitor voluntarily paid by cheque. Saward had the signature he needed, and the solicitor was soon poorer by £400.

Inevitably, there came a day when luck ceased to favour the master forger. One cashier at a Lombard Street bank became suspicious when the messenger asked for £1000 in the form of five £100 notes, eight £50 notes, and the rest in gold. He peered very closely at the bill of exchange, and decided it was forged. The innocent messenger was seized: but an accomplice who had been waiting outside the bank was able to warn Saward, and the gang escaped as usual.

A few failures of this sort convinced Saward to try a wider field – the provinces. It was a bad decision. To begin with, the gang was short of funds, and Saward was feeling harassed – always a bad state of mind for a confidence swindler; it seems to induce bad luck.

They decided to work the usual trick in the east coast town of Yarmouth – get solicitors to collect 'debts', then forge their signatures on cheques. An accomplice named Hardwicke opened a bank account in London with £250, using the false name of Whitney; the money was then transferred to Yarmouth. In Yarmouth, Hardwicke visited various solicitors, using another false name – Ralph.

Compromising letter

In due course, he ran short of money and went to the bank. It was only then that he realized he had forgotten to request the bank to pay out the cash to a man by the name of Ralph . . . The bank, naturally, refused to pay Mr. Whitney's money to Mr. Ralph; and Ralph was in no position to tell them that he *was* Whitney. Anxiously he wrote to Saward for instructions.

If Saward had not been harassed and impatient, he would have realized that the best plan was to forget the money, for the bank was already suspicious. Instead, he wrote 'Ralph' a detailed and compromising letter, instructing him to return to London and start all over again.

By the time it reached Yarmouth, the bank had already told the police of their suspicions, and the police were questioning 'Ralph' and Arwell. The letter arrived while they were in custody, and was promptly opened by the police.

TEXT W, contd.

(basically a cheque or IOU) for £100, and he asked an acquaintance to cash it – at a small discount. Like any cheque, it had to be endorsed, so Bolland wrote his name on it. His friend protested; he intended to cash the note with a third person, and Bolland was so notorious that this name would make it hard to negotiate. Obliging, Bolland erased his name, and wrote ‘Banks’ instead.

In doing so, he had technically committed forgery – although no fraud was involved because the note was perfectly good. Unfortunately for Bolland, the man who originally wrote the IOU went bankrupt. The man who had cashed it – a Mr. Cardineaux – demanded his money. As usual, the slippery Bolland tried to evade his responsibility; he looked at the IOU, said that his name wasn’t ‘Banks’.

But Cardineaux mentioned the transaction to an officer of the law. The authorities had been waiting for a long time for an excuse to get Bolland behind bars. He was arrested, tried for forgery, and executed in March 1772.

That was not the only time the forgery laws were ‘stretched’ to secure a conviction. In September 1803, a confidence trickster named John Hadfield was executed for what really amounted to seduction of a pretty waitress. Hadfield was a gambler who liked to pose as the Hon. Augustus Hope.

The wronged beauty

In 1802, he arrived in the English Lake District – which had been made popular by the poems of Wordsworth and Coleridge – and did his best to lure a rich heiress into marriage. He signed the name ‘Hon. Augustus Hope’ on various bills – but swindling was not part of his plan; he only wanted to get the lady.

Her father became suspicious, so the ‘Honourable Augustus’ went off and married (bigamously) the pretty daughter of an innkeeper at Buttermere, Mary Robinson. The girl was already something of a minor celebrity because she had been the subject of a well-known poem called ‘Sally of Buttermere’. Just as she thought she’d acquired a rich husband, the Hon. Augustus was arrested as a fraud. He succeeded in escaping, and during the months he was on the run, the story of the wronged beauty of Buttermere caught the imagination of the English people.

Hadfield was finally caught, and tried for forgery – when, in fact, his crime was that of bigamy.

The only case of forgery to achieve a place in the *Notable British Trials* series is also one of the most tragic. Henry Fauntleroy was a brilliant young businessman who started his career, in 1800, as a clerk in his father’s bank in Berners Street, London. Times were bad, and

when his father died in 1807, Fauntleroy realized that they were on the edge of bankruptcy.

He applied all his energy and intelligence to remaining solvent, and inspired so much confidence that the bank was soon attracting crowds of investors. But things were not as good as they looked; the war with Napoleon was strangling trade. Fauntleroy was juggling the books – selling stocks and shares belonging to his depositors whenever he required money, and quickly replacing them when they were needed.

All this demanded a certain amount of forgery of depositors’ signatures. Like all gamblers, Fauntleroy pinned his hopes on eventually making a fortune that would wipe out all his debts. But as the ‘debts’ rose to £400,000, it became more difficult to cook the books.

In 1824, when he was 40, the crash came. Fauntleroy was the executor of many wills. In the case of the will of a Lieutenant-Colonel Bellis, the other executors wanted to hand over their responsibilities to the Court of Chancery, and were puzzled when Fauntleroy hysterically disagreed with this.

They went to the Bank of England one day, and discovered that most of Colonel Bellis’s stocks and shares had been sold, and the proceeds transferred to Fauntleroy’s bank. The banker was duly found guilty, and was executed on November 30, 1824.

One man and his dog

One of the most successful – and improbable – forgers of this fresh breed was a mild little American named Edward Mueller. Outwardly he appeared to lack the quirky, devious, and off-centre mind so essential to the forger and his work. To his friends and neighbours in New York City he was a nice old man who had led a peaceful and uneventful life as the superintendent of an East Side apartment block.

He retired from legitimate work in 1937 and then set about making money in the literal sense. A widower with a married daughter living away from him, he spent most of his time alone with his dog in his tiny apartment on 96th Street. After a unsuccessful venture as a junk dealer, he bought an antiquated printing press and installed it in one of his rooms. He already possessed an old stand camera, and he spent his few remaining dollars on chemicals and supplies. Now he was ready to manufacture his first one-dollar bill.

He photographed a genuine bill, made a plate of it, and – using the wrong sort of paper and incorrect shades of ink – turned out some sample bills. They were crude and they were clumsy. But Mueller wasn’t worried about that. He knew from experience that no one bothered to examine a one-dollar bill closely: a five, yes; a

TEXT W, contd.

ten, certainly – but not a one. So providing he spent them wisely, he figured that his crime would not be discovered – or at least not traced back to him.

Petty offence

Each day he took his dog for a walk along 96th Street and stopped at a store, a bar, or a tobacco kiosk to make a purchase. He was an extremely careful shopper. If an item cost, say, four dollars, he would pay for it with three real notes – and one of his own. That way he never passed more than one counterfeit bill at a time. And when he had exhausted the possibilities of shopping on his home street, he went further afield – still getting rid of a ‘Mueller dollar’ everywhere he went and with everything he bought.

Before long the dud bills were taken by their new and angry owners to the police. Puzzled by the apparent pettiness of the offence – after all, what was the point of forging one-dollar bills so obviously and so badly? – the police did not at first regard the affair very seriously. They warned local shopkeepers and bank tellers to be on the lookout for the bills, and then got on with the more serious business of the day – such as hunting down murderers and armed robbers.

By the end of 1938, however, some 6,000 forged bills had been circulated – and the source showed no sign of drying up. Working quietly at home – flashing his camera and turning his press – Mueller continued to make the notes even when his printing plates became dirty and ridiculously worn. By then the money would have fooled no one – except perhaps a child – who looked more than casually at it. But no one did so and Mueller spent the next ten years ‘slaving over a hot press’.

Methodically, unhurriedly, never losing his confidence or his patience, he continued with the ‘hobby’ that lent interest to his old age. He was also – although he did not suspect it – the subject of a large scale police investigation into the manufacture and disposal of the notes. As the officers got nowhere – there were no leads, no clues, no underworld informers – James Maloney, chief of the New York branch of the American Secret Service, took over the case.

Before long he, too, had to admit that he was baffled and bamboozled. If the forgeries were the work of one man, then the man was an idiot and an incompetent. His dollar bills were nothing more than a bad joke – and only bigger idiots would be taken in by them. If it was the work of a gang, then it was an extremely secretive and discreet one. Also it was perversely clever, trying to kid the authorities that its members were not professional crooks and forgers.

Edward Mueller might have gone on until death, making and

distributing his bills at no more than one or two a day. Then came disaster. One afternoon while out exercising his dog (and, incidentally, making a couple of one dollar purchases), fire broke out in his apartment. The fire brigade was called and his rooms forced into.

In an attempt to save his humble possessions, firemen threw everything salvagable out of the window – including some printing plates and some half-burnt pieces of paper. The paper was picked up by an inquisitive boy whose father handed it to the police. The charred scraps were, in fact, forged bills – and when Mueller returned home he found a group of detectives waiting for him.

‘Master’ forger

They were as surprised as he was, and could hardly believe that here was the person they had been seeking for the last ten years. The scourge of the Secret Service! The pest of the police force! Mueller was arrested, taken to court, and sentenced to nine months’ imprisonment for his career as a ‘master’ forger. On his release he went to live with his daughter and son-in-law. He was allowed to take his dog with him – but his camera and printing press were kept from him for good.

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