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We are about to take down our calendars for 1952, and to replace them with others which will tacitly remind us that the new year will be the five hundredth anniversary of the most significant event that has ever taken place here. Many of you, as you have walked up the Asyan hill past the stunning towers of Rumeli Hisar, or viewed them from your own privileged windows, have pictured the feverish activity here, as those walls rose in 1452. And you have remembered that other hands were busy building ships, some say at İstinye, which were to assist in the success of the siege, come spring. The frenzied preparations here were but one evidence, of many throughout the world, that the human race was palpitating with the throes of new life. It is our purpose tonight to have a look, not a very thorough one to be sure, at that changing world, and some of those in it who were still untainted by the prevalent corruption, and therefore still able to urge humanity toward new goals. It would have been useless to ask them whither they were going or what they were seeking. They only knew that they were pressing forward. Little did they dream that they would draw the whole world after them.

In such a survey as this, we may as well begin at home. The Beautiful Bosphorus and the Dardanelles were just as coveted a prize as they are now, and will always be. The fortress of Anadolu Hisar had menaced the European side for a generation. Venice had been the supreme naval power for nearly a century, and her most important colony was on the South shore of the Golden Horn, between the two bridges that we cross so often today. She had outposts in Cyprus, Crete, Rhodes, the Morea, and the Dalmatian coast. Her trade routes were undisputed, though harassed by Genoa, which maintained a rival colony across the Golden Horn. Sultan Mehmet Fatih already had a considerable empire in Europe, and practically all of Anatolia except Trebizond. His capital was in Edirne, but he knew that he must establish himself firmly at Constantinople if his power was to be secure. The triple defences of the walls of Theodosius, through which we all pass as we drive to Yeşilköy, were already a thousand years old. The ground beyond them was already drenched with the blood of thousands who had fallen in a score of sieges which those walls had withstood. The principal street of the city, now called Divan Yolu, led straight to Aya Sofya. This greatest of monuments had been the home of Orthodoxy for seven hundred years, as well as a seat of Roman Catholic rites for fifty-seven. Its mosaics, and those of the Khora gleamed in the bright light as they do once more today. Stretching to the south of Aya Sofya was a huge open square, somewhat resembling the Piazzetta in Venice. The present military museum was the church of St. Irene, dedicated to peace. Where stands Sultan Ahmet, had been the great palace of Justinian, now mutilated by the European railway. The year 1952 has marked the opening of a part of that palace to public view, where we may see a fine example of Roman mosaic in the floor of the great hall. On the site still marked by the Egyptian obelisk, and the bronze serpent column of Delphi, was the famed Hippodrome. The city was well provided with cisterns, both open and underground, one of which you may have explored in a rowboat. Along the triumphal street were once the finest shops in the world; and warehouses lined the Golden Horn belonging to traders from Africa, India, Spain, France, and Russia. Mehmet II found foreigners everywhere the masters of the trades. Of course the exquisite tiles in palaces, mosques and turbehs yet to be built, did not exist, and we should have thought the sky line very much less beautiful without the slender minarets of today. No bridge spanned the waters of the Golden Horn, but a great chain barred all unwanted ships from the entrance. Strong walls with frequent, well-guarded towers ran all along the shore, and those wishing to cross to the Genoese settlement took small boats from the gate of the Balık bazaar. Greek churches would serve as mosques until Eyub Sultan would be finished in 1459 and Fatıye soon after. Yeni Cami, of course, did not grace Eminönü, and we have to think of this space

without the Mısır Çarşı as well. One naturally wonders when the vinegar sellers took up their stands at Sirkeci! The Genoese tower, in Karaköy, was a much lower affair than it is today, but the Conqueror would raise it, and put a conical roof on it. On the Asiatic side Chalcedon and Chrysopolis, now Kadıköy and Üsküdar, were already famous old cities, but Valens had torn down the walls of the latter to build his aqueducts. Üsküdar was a city of Hans, an emporium for caravans from the East, for centuries.

On the Anatolian mainland, Trebizond was the last toehold of Byzantine imperialism, and would remain so only until 1461. Bursa would have interested us tremendously, for all of her great mosques that we still love to visit were comparatively new, Yeşil Cami being only about thirty years old. Imagine the glorious carpets which may have been spread on those floors. Imagine being present for the wedding of Bayezid I and a Seljuk princess, who brought a large part of her father's kingdom as dowry, as well as the keys to his castles. Fancy the wedding presents from the Sultan of Egypt-- Arab horses, Greek slave girls, and silks of Alexandria. Pity the poor bride, as she witnessed her father-in-law, Sultan Murad I, distributing gold and silver coins, plate, jewelled basins, her wedding presents, amongst the eager guests. On second thought she may not have been present at her own wedding, and the gifts may have been intended for her father-in-law! In Bursa, one could also have seen the tombs of the first Sultans, and one might have found the family of the Conqueror living in the house up at Muradiye, still pointed out as his birthplace. The Roman road across Bithynia would have taken us to Nicaea, where we would have found the same intricate mixture of masonry in walls built, besieged, destroyed, rebuilt, by Romans, Greeks, Latins, Seljuks in turn, and additional towers built by Turkish Sultans, until none but a professional scholar can unscramble the remains. Even at that, our Murray would have been much more useful on the spot than it is today, for it was written before the tragic fires of the War of Independence.

Here, then, was an empire in its infancy. At the dawn of 1453, it sprawled across these waters, but it did not control them, and this city was no part of it. Its maritime commerce was carried in foreign ships, though caravans had long crisscrossed Anatolia, linking the sea routes from the Far East to Europe. The Turkish Empire would have no heart until the Conqueror won the strategic point where East and West meet.

North of us, Russia was but a small land-locked duchy. She had been in struggles with the Tartars and the Lithuanians for two hundred years. The Teutonic Knights and the Hanseatic League controlled the Baltic. The great rivers Don and Volga and half the Black Sea coast were in Tartar territory. A cultural tie had existed with Constantinople ever since 987, when the pagan envoys of Vladimir had stood beside the Ephesian columns in Aya Sofya and witnessed the majesty of a service there. Sent over Europe in search of a new religion, they had gone home and described to their prince the gorgeous robes of priests, the celestial music, and the reverent hush of the bending thousands. They had felt themselves already in Paradise. Thereupon Vladimir had married the Byzantine princess Anna, and the Eastern Orthodox became the state religion. But this tie had been greatly weakened after the Episcopal Council of Florence in 1439, called for the purpose of uniting the Eastern and Western churches. The Metropolitan Isidore represented the Russian church, whereas the Patriarch Joseph and the Emperor John VIII Paleologue were both present from Constantinople. Cosimo de Medici was their host. The delegates landed in Venice in 1437, and deliberated first in Ferrara. The Patriarch died in Florence, and we pay our respects at his tomb in Santa Maria Novella. At the dawn of 1453, Benozzo Gozzoli was thirty-three years old, and was executing his fresco, the Journey of the Wise Men from the East, on the walls of the Medici Chapel. It is really but an allegory of a hunting party led by Cosimo to entertain his guests. The Patriarch, mounted on a mule, wearing a miter, and displaying his long white beard, represents the eldest of the three kings; John Paleologue rides a fine white charger, wears a Byzantine crown, and a robe of gold and green brocade, looking every inch an emperor, and representing the second of the three

kings; and Lorenzo de Medici, who had not been born when the Council of Florence was held, but was seventeen years old when Benozzo finished his work, looks regal as he follows along on a dark mount representing the youngest of the kings. How glad we are that this document has survived! Likewise the four little bas reliefs on the portals of St. Peter's, showing the embarkations of John Paleologue at Constantinople, his arrival at Ferrara, a session of the Council of Florence, and his embarkation at Venice with his suite. The Council was an ostensible success when the "Wise Men from the East" bowed to the Papal Supremacy and accepted terms intended to unite Christendom. But when they returned home and reported the proceedings, their constituents were extremely unhappy. The Russians renounced Isidore entirely, and he was forced to leave the country. No one in Constantinople was happy either. From then on, the cleavage between the Russian and Greek branches of the Orthodox church grew deeper.

We have already mentioned the power of the Venetian republic. We are to think of Venice as what the Italians call Veneto today, comprising Istria, Treviso, Padua, Vicenza, Verona, Rovigo and some of the Dolomite country. The rich valley of the Po, the vineyards of Valpolicella, the fishermen of Chioggia, brought sustenance to the city on the lagoons as they do today. The Doge could give the principality of Asolo to Queen Caterina Cornaro when she returned from Cyprus. Every year he sailed forth in his Bucentauro to celebrate the Sposalizio, or marriage of Venice with the sea, throwing a golden ring into the water as a symbol of his Lordship. It may be interesting here that a group of wealthy Dalmatian merchants founded in Venice, in 1452, the Brotherhood of St. George, St. George of Cappadocia, who was born right in this country under the shadow of Mt. Erciyas. This brotherhood existed to do charity to old Dalmatian sailors and their families, and none of us fails to visit their fine chapel decorated by Carpaccio when we are in Venice. Had we been *able* to spend our summer holidays in Venice in 1452, we should have found the major part of San Marco much as it is today, though it was the Ducal Chapel, and not the Cathedral. The patriarchal church in those days was S. Pietro di Castello. The four bronze horses from our own hippodrome had already been in place above the door for four centuries. The clock tower, the fine palaces around three sides of the piazza, the library, the mint, the new campanile did not exist. The Doge's palace was new, though many details were to be added later. The two granite columns on the Mole, now bearing St. Theodore and the Winged Lion, had been brought from Constantinople two centuries before, and the space between them had long served as a place of public execution. Gothic churches such as San Zanipolo and the Frari were completed, but as yet unadorned by the glorious works of Bellini, Titian, Donatello, and Pietro Lombardo. The Rialto bridge was still its old wooden self as we see it in Carpaccio's painting in the Accademia. The Church of San Giovanni Evangelista, with its fine screen surmounted by a marble eagle, and above it a Byzantine cross standing on an orb, constituted a real link between that city of soft waters and ours.

Italy consisted of a number of small states, of which another of the most powerful was the Duchy of Milan. This took in Pawa, Bergamo, Brescia, Crema, and the Lombard plain, extending northward to the shores of Lake Geneva. The powerful Visconti had ruled here since the thirteenth century, and were followed by the house of Sforza in 1450. The first Sforza completed the Certosa of Pavia and began the beautiful Castello which still dominates Milan. Here was a court whose condottieri married with Aragonese and French royal families and established princely lines. Here was harsh government as well as a center of humanism, for Greek philosophers, Florentine architects and painters were amply rewarded. And no matter how tyrannical the administration of Milan may have been, the ruling family was pleased to call it "The Golden Republic of St. Ambrogio." To this day the most glorious monument in Milan is the eleventh century basilica bearing the name of this early Bishop, the same Ambrose that had caused Theodosius to do penance, on the ground that a Bishop took precedence over an Emperor.

Had we been fortunate enough to be in Rome five centuries ago,

we should have found many of the monuments that mean most to us much as they are today. Our hearts might have been wrung to see the old St. Peter's coming down to make way for a grander but less beautiful edifice. And we should certainly have deplored the deprecations going on at the Colosseum in order that its stones might be built into the Palazzo Venezia for a Venetian cardinal's home. We should have missed the fine thoroughfares, fountains, and approaches for Rome had been reduced to an anarchic, provincial city during the exile of the Popes in Avignon, and had suffered greatly as a result of the great schism. But we could have seen San Lorenzo, Without the Walls, begun by Constantine and enlarged in the thirteenth century, in all the beauty to which it has been restored since World War II. We could have visited the mausoleum of the daughter of Constantine, which had just been transformed into a church, and compared its fourth century mosaics with those of Aya Sofya. We could have tread lovely cosmatesque pavements in Santa Maria in Cosmedin, and San Clemente, where twelfth century mosaics still rouse our wonder. Hadrian's tomb dominated the Tiber, though it had been fortified and had served as a stronghold for emperors and popes for many centuries. Nicholas V was on the Papal throne. The Holy Year Jubilee of 1450 had brought vast wealth, which the Pope was using for the improvement of the city. Having been Librarian to Cosimo de Medici, Nicholas V was a scholar and collector of manuscripts. He was soon to found the Vatican Library and Art Collection. He was also shrewd enough to make peace with Milan, Venice, Florence and Naples in the year 1453. This was not the last or only time that old enemies would unite because they feared the rising strength of a rival power. Nicholas V's short term of office did much to restore the position, but the darkness was still largely to be dispersed, and the force of will and faith, which was needed, was not yet to be exerted.

In Florence, we should probably have felt more at home than anywhere else in the world. Going straight to the heart of the city, we should find the ageless Baptistery, the lily-like campanile of Giotto, the superb Duomo of Arnolfo surmounted by Brunelleschi's new dome. We should have seen two extraordinary things going on. Ghiberti would have been supervising the hanging of his bronze doors, after twenty-six years of labor--doors that were to be known forever as the Gates of Paradise. And other hands would have been erecting the cupola above Brunelleschi's dome. We should have joined the speechless crowds as they stood watching the parts of that delicate and long-awaited lantern, going into place at that dizzy height! We should have hurried to Santa Croce to see Giotto's unrestored frescoes of St. Francis, and we should have been reminded of Dante, whose language we heard on the street, though educated classes still spoke Latin and many were learning Greek. So soon the prevailing spirit of Giotto, St. Francis, and Dante would be confronted by classical influence, but what would such titans as Leonardo and Michelangelo have accomplished, had not these humble souls first rent the veil? We find Orcagna's lovely tabernacle in Or San Michele, and in Santa Maria Novella the Duccio Madonna, so often carried through the streets in joyous procession. Masaccio's frescoes are new and bright, and prophetic of the best that is to come, if we could but know. There will be hardly a church that we can afford to miss for the altar pieces of Cimabue, Veneziano, Fra Filippo Lippi, and Gentile da Fabriano are still in their original places, and some will be forgotten when we return in 1952. The nearest thing to an art gallery is the Monastery of San Marco, whose walls Fra Angelico has already covered with his angelic host. There we learn that he is in Rome, doing his famous frescoes for Nicholas V. We cross a bridge, pass through an ancient wall, and ascend in the shade of cypresses to the twelfth century shrine of San Miniato. We look back upon the most sobering sky line: the tower of the austere Palazzo Vecchio, the belfry of the Bargello, and the Campanile of the Badia. The smaller dome beyond the Cathedral is that of San Lorenzo future resting place of so many Medici. In a nearby palace, the four-year old Lorenzo di Medici is probably romping about. A few miles westward down the Arno, a barmaid nurses a gifted new-born babe in the village of Vinci. It is a time for the great to be born. Amerigo Vespucci first sees the light of day, and Christopher Columbus is learning to walk in a weaver's cottage in Genoa. Savonarola is a babe in his mother's arms in Ferrara.

Who are doing some of the mature work of the day, besides Be-
nozzo, Fra Angelico, and Donatello? Luca della Robbia's new singing
gallery, has recently been erected, facing that of Donatello's in
the Duomo, and many lovely glazed Madonnas from his hand adorn churches
and hospitals. Paolo Uccello, at 56, has painted his great battle
scenes with fine chargers, flying banners, and dying men, now the
pride of the Uffizi, the Louvre, and the National Gallery. Piero
della Francesca was thirty, and would be deeply affected by these,
when he portrayed Constantine's victory at the Mulvian Bridge, in the
choir of San Francesco, at Arezzo. Mantegna was twenty-one, and was
about to do his best work, in Padua. Jacopo Bellini had worked in
Venice for more than twenty years. Pisanello was casting the finest
medals yet to be seen and painting a princess of Trebizond on the
walls of S. Anastasia in Verona. Donatello's equestrian statue of
Gattamelata was completed in 1453, and the Venetians were erecting
it in Padua. The Siennese school of painting was at the very height
of its glory.

Perhaps the most exciting thing that was happening in the world
at the dawn of 1453 was the invention of moveable type in the Rhenish
city of Mainz. There Gutenberg devised the first printing press
about 1440, which did more than anything else to turn the darkness
of the Middle Ages into light. Deeply in debt, and threatened with
arrest, Gutenberg first finished the printing of an indulgence in
aid of the King of Cyprus in 1451. This success enabled him to
borrow 500 florins more in 1452 and to proceed with his coveted proj-
ect, a large folio Latin Bible, with spaces left for hand-illuminated
letters. John Wycliffe's translation of the Bible, made in the
century before, had been a Latin manuscript; it is now on view in
the New York Public Library along with one of Gutenberg's. Up to
this time there were only a few libraries, great ones to be sure, but
consisting only of manuscripts. Only this morning I read in a London
paper for November 11, that a fifteenth century Book of Hours, of the
School of Bruges, had brought £3000 at auction. Wealthy collectors
at first disdained the idea of machine-printed books, as unworthy of
connoisseurs. Why should the masses read anyhow? It remained for
a great citizen of the world to be born, Erasmus by name, who would
advocate the printing of books in languages that all the people could
read! Imagine such a departure in a world where only scholars could
read, and they only in Latin, Greek, or Arabic! Truly the human race
was making mighty strides, and Providence was supplying the men to
lead it on its path of progress.

In the space designated as Germany on our maps today, innumerable
little duchies and electorates jostled each other, with more powerful
states to the South and West, one of which was Burgundy. Burgundy
included the Lowlands and much of the Rhone Valley, ruled over by
Charles the Bold, who had married Margaret of York. When Maximilian
of Austria won the coveted hand of their daughter Mary, the founda-
tions of the Hapsburg empire were laid. They kept their court at
Bruges, rather than at Vienna, where ships from the Bosphorus, Venice,
Genoa and Cadiz were constantly arriving. Hugo van der Goes, Hans
Memling, Jan van Eyck, and Roger van der Weyden were working in
Bruges. Knights of the Golden Fleece and their ladies were paying
homage in the Chapel of the Holy Blood. Canal boats, groaning under
their loads, made their slow progress where only swans now float.
The Gothic guild houses on three sides of the Place, facing the
Belfry, were the prototypes of others in Ghent, Louvain, Antwerp,
Malines, and Brussels, bespeaking the industry and wealth of this
Royal Duchy. Time has been kind, and we can still see the external
evidence of greatness in these mediaeval towns. And identically-
habited nuns still drift about the Beguinages, making the same Flem-
ish point lace that little Prince Philip of Burgundy must have worn
on his baby clothes.

Across the channel, Henry VI was on the throne of England, hav-
ing been crowned in Westminster when he was eight years old. He had
founded Eton College in 1440, and King's College, Cambridge in 1441.
Mediaeval romances were still being sung by wandering minstrels, and
literary interests were absorbed in tales of Robin Hood, legends of
King Arthur and his Knights, and of the Holy Grail. Books, of course,
were only available to the very rich, written by hand, and often

bound in velvet and silver. England had been at war with France for a hundred years, and it was only twenty years since Joan of Arc had been burned at the stake. Under the Plantagenets, French had been the language of the court, the aristocracy, and the schools, whilst Anglo-Saxon was the language of the conquered; and all statutes, charters, and treatises were written in Latin. But in 1362 English became the language of law courts, and was soon to be taught in the schools. The first Parliament was opened in the English vernacular in 1399. By this time Chaucer had created English versification and had recast the vocabulary. We have only to read the *Canterbury Tales* to get an idea of the language as it was probably spoken by the Houses of Lancaster and York, which were now about to engage in a dreary civil war. We have to think of England at this time as a circumscribed little island, with only a foothold across the channel; and of Scotland as a stormy little kingdom with the Stuarts on the throne, in the person of James II.

Around the Baltic, powerful commercial cities such as Lubeck, Danzig, and Visby controlled the Sound and carried on their trade with Scandinavia, Bruges, and London. This trade was chiefly in the raw materials they had for export, including timber, metals, amber, and fish. Their ships returned with salt, wool, leather, and the oriental wares they found so attractive in Flemish markets. Germans had migrated to Flanders in large numbers, and Hanseatic influence had grown in England with large loans to the Crown for the prosecution of the Hundred Years' War. Finally the Sound was opened to England, in 1451, and such cities as Cologne and Leipzig, tired of the policy of economic boycott of the Hanseatic cities, opened their own direct trade with Flemish and Bohemian cities. From about 1453, the Hanseatic League goes steadily down.

East of the Hanza, the Teutonic Knights ruled as a patrician oligarchy, around the Gulf of Riga. Penetrating into the kingdom of Poland and the vast Duchy of Lithuania, which extended to the Black Sea, their oppressive rule led to the union of Poland and Lithuania. It took the combined strength of these two powers, aided by Bohemian mercenaries, to keep the Teutonic knights at bay throughout the first half of the fifteenth century. The Battle of Tannenberg did not stop them, and they were still warring when the Turkish army arrived at Varna in 1444. Here the Hungarian King, Vladislav, son of a Grand Duke of Lithuania and a Polish Princess lost his life, and the superior troops of Murad II won a resounding victory. The war against the Teutonic Knights would not be resumed for another decade when Murad's son would already be in possession of Constantinople. It became more important for the Poles to find an outlet to the Baltic.

The plight of the Byzantine empire after Murad's victory was sad indeed. Even by 1425 its territory had been reduced to the cities of Constantinople, Trebizond, Saloniki, and the Morea. Vacillation sat enthroned in the person of Manuel. His son, at the Council of Florence, in recognition of this weakness and the need of allies, had been baptized into the Roman Catholic rite in the Duomo. Brusa, Nicomedia and Nicaea had been Turkish since the time of Orhan. The battles of the Maritza in 1371, of Kossova in 1389, of Nicopolis in 1396, the invasion of Hungary in 1439 and the telling victory at Varna had been won by loyal Turkish troops, who gladly fought to their deaths for such strong leaders as Murad I and Murad II. Even Corinth fell to the Turks in 1446, and Murad received a frantic welcome when he returned to Adrianople. A few thousand mercenary troops, under an apprehensive Emperor and his Genoese lieutenant, could do nothing to redress the balance. Poverty stalked the erstwhile fabulous city. Buildings everywhere were in disrepair. Even the population was greatly reduced in number, and all were aware of impending doom. Scholars had fled to Mistra, Rome, and Florence. Be it said to the glory of Byzantium that she had produced an extraordinary number of philosophers, mystics, painters, and historians, and her gift to the cultural revival in the West was to be inestimable. The Platonic Academy in Florence might never have existed had it not been for the impetus of such men as Gemisthos Pletho and Chrysoloras. The Greek language which they took with them was the purest tongue. It was as if one looked to the East for the slow

rising of the sun, and in an instant the whole West was flooded with reflected radiance. Not only would Pico della Mirandola and Poliziano carry the torch, but the painters Lorenzo di Credi and Botticelli would turn to classical subjects like the Birth of Venus, Pallas Athene and the Centaur, and the time would come when Raphael would dare cover the walls of Papal apartments with his Parnassus and the School of Athens.

Switzerland in the early fifteenth century was a loose federation of Alpine states with little more than half of its present territory. Neither Lake Geneva nor the Lake of Constance were within its bounds. Lucerne, Schwyz, Uri, the Northern Ticino with the Saint Gotthard, Berne, Zurich and the headwaters of the Rhone, made a total of seven cantons; Threats from surrounding neighbors kept them constantly on the defensive, until the peace of Constance in 1446 enlarged their boundaries and strengthened the Confederacy greatly. Sojourning in serene Alpine valleys today among the peaceful people, one finds it hard to believe that Swiss mercenaries were ever sought far and wide, by Princes bent on conquest. And yet the Pope's colorful Swiss guard in the Vatican remains a symbol of the immense military prestige that these mountaineers enjoyed in the fifteenth century.

The Western Hemisphere lived in a total blackout as far as the rest of the world was concerned. Indians of varying shades from red to brown were in full possession of their happy hunting grounds, and nothing that they did affected people or ideas anywhere else. Their ships were canoes, their gold was wampum. Rubber trees in the Amazon were but weeping wood, and Europe knew how to get along without Argentine beef, or Marshall Aid either, for that matter.

The vast expanse of the African continent was the same. The Arabs had been in North Africa for seven centuries, and traded along the East coast as far as Mombasa and Zanzibar. Slaves, gold, and ivory were their principal commodities, but this trade has little civilizing influence. The western ocean had begun to call the Portuguese, and we find one bold navigator, Prince Henry, venturing as far as the Guinea Coast by 1421. Thence he took slaves and gold dust back to Portugal, and colonized the Canaries, the Azores, and Madeira. He was made a Knight of the Garter at the Court of England before 1433, and the friendship of these two countries remains a tradition. Vasco da Gama would not round the Cape for forty-five years, and the shadow of European powers would not fall on the Dark Continent until the nineteenth century. With the Mediterranean made dangerous by the Corsairs, the Red Sea a dead end at the Isthmus of Suez, and nests of pirates controlling the waters around Madagascar, the daring of Portuguese navigators is truly astonishing.

If explorers were only just being born in the western world, Arabs, Hindus, and Chinese were building good ships for extensive voyages in the Indian Ocean and Pacific coastal waters. There was already a thriving commerce in ivory and slaves in Arab ~~ships~~ from Zanzibar; and Chinese junks, which went laden with silks and cotton goods as far westward as Aden, were returning with spices, ivory, teak and an occasional Prince of Sumatra or King of Ceylon in chains. Philosophers, painters, potters, ceramists, and calligraphers had flourished all over South China under the Sung dynasty. The Ming Emperors had driven the Mongols from the North and moved their capital to Peking in 1421. They were receiving tribute from states as far west as Mecca, as early as 1431. One Moslem eunuch from this court had led seven westward expeditions. The Chinese had long experienced with magnetic polarity, and had a compass with a floating needle. The rose of their compass had twenty-four petals, whereas the Indians used one with thirty-two. Tea had been in use in China for a thousand years, and alas! foot binding had been practiced for two centuries. Potters had learned to control color transmutation in high fired glazes three centuries before, and such fine porcelains, ivories and cloisonne enamel as we see in Top Kapu Saray today were already travelling the old Silk Road from the time of Marco Polo. Museums in London, Paris, and New York would be greatly impoverished without the exquisite work of the Orient which had been perfected long before 1453.

Between India and China a great empire had risen and fallen in what, then known as Cambodia. The basins of the Menam and the Mekong probably provided neighboring populations with rice as they do today, and the teak and ivory of Cambodian forest were comparatively accessible to China, by the Mandarin road. At any rate the Khmers amassed tremendous wealth, held Annam, Tonkin, Laos, and the Thais in subjection until the fourteenth century. If the spectacular life at the Khmer court has had little influence on ours, it is not because their position in the Orient was unimportant. East and West were as yet far apart. The world traveller finds no remains anywhere more impressive, more provocative, more convincing evidence of imperial greatness, than the ruins of Angkor Thom, Angkor Vat, and Pnom-Penh. Though they tell the oft-repeated story of wars, internal revolts, exhaustion, decadence, and ruin, one comes away mystified by the evidence of such refined and fabulous living in this land of Lotus Eaters. Today Indochina is a danger spot, and we send more supplies there than to any place in the world, except Korea.

The contrasts between the big, uncircumnavigated world of 1453 and the small world around which thousands fly now, are striking. We wonder what Lief Ericson would think if he could go to Greenland today and see the great air base at Thule, where the deep-freeze unit for keeping meats to feed 20000 people has to be heated! What would Vasco da Gama think, if he knew that there was a weekly Jet service from Europe to Ceylon in less than thirty-six hours, with meals and hot drinks served aloft? What would Columbus think of the new "United States" which crosses the Atlantic in less than three days and a half? What would Gentile Bellini think, whose trip from Venice to Constantinople required three months, if he knew that we now fly to Rome in three hours and twenty minutes? What would John Paleologue think, whose voyage to the Council in 1439 took seventy-seven days, if he knew that Mr. Acheson flew to Honolulu for an Anzus Conference one week, and attended a Nato conference in Paris the next? What would Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, think, if he could see Time's map this week (Nov. 10, 1952), with sixty huge combat-ready NATO air bases scattered about his Duchy? What would the Chinese, whose gunpowder was used largely for fireworks, think of the performance of one atomic bomb? What would Cosimo de Medici, great collector of hand-written books, think, if he could walk into Scribner's or Foyle's; or see the lending library on the "Queen Elizabeth"; or dash to the bookstall in a railway station to snatch a paperbound best-seller a few minutes before the train pulls out? What would Aeneas Sylvius Piccolomini have thought, as he was about to embark at Ancona for a religious war against the Turks, if he could see the picture, published last June, of the graves of comrades in arms in a Korean military cemetery, half of which are marked with the cross, and half with the crescent and star?

At the dawn of 1453, man had no conception of his place in time and space. Such scientific progress as there was did not have the deep social implications that it has today. Research as a profession in quest of useful knowledge did not exist. Destitution and premature death were the rule rather than the exception. Men ended their lives in chains, or at the stake, for risking ideals that were to become the accepted creed. Might made right throughout the world. If ships were made of wood, men were made of iron. War was an aristocratic profession, and it was still beautiful to die in arms. Museums of antiquities were unheard of--either excavations had not taken place, or such antiquities as there were, were lying about unheeded. But Leonardo would soon dream of flying, and Copernicus would go so far as to claim that the earth revolved around the sun. Galileo would deduce his theory of falling objects, and develop the telescope, only to be admonished by the Pope not to teach his heretical doctrine about the librations of the moon. What has happened to man in our age of technology has been possible because such men started the ceaseless struggle in that century. We cling tenaciously to the eternal verities as the art, literature, romance, and philosophy of that creative quattrocento reaffirm them to us. But the emphasis has shifted to the common man, and no enterprise enjoys success in 1952 or 1953 which does not aim at the improvement of his lot.

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THE FIVE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CAPTURE OF CONSTANTINOPLE

May 29, 1953

In June of this year, by official request, the schools of Turkey are to observe the five hundredth anniversary of the conquest of Constantinople by Sultan Mehmed Fatih, May 29, 1453. No doubt there will be observances in the country, as a whole.

Because we who live in this city have a very special interest in the subject, the College Club of the Istanbul American College included on its program for the academic year 1952-1953 two speeches relevant to the momentous event of five hundred years ago. On November 15, Miss Esther W. Boyer, of the American College for Girls, gave a talk to the College Club, at Robert College, entitled "A Picture of the World at the Dawn of 1453." On January 3, Mr. Charles T. Riggs spoke to the Club, this time at the American College for Girls, on the subject "Life of Mehmed II, The Conqueror, by Kritovoulos." Both speakers have kindly given permission to have copies of their speeches made for distribution among interested members of the Community.

The talk by Miss Boyer is the result of many years of reading and travel. The talk by Mr. Riggs is based on his intimate knowledge of Kritovoulos' account, which Mr. Riggs has translated and which is now being published by the Princeton University Press. If a reader wishes to make use, for publication purposes, of any of the material in these speeches, he should, of course, first obtain permission from Miss Boyer or Mr. Riggs.

In 1934 there appeared a delightful book by Alfonse James Albert Symons, The Quest for Corvo, the story of the search for Frederick William Serafino Austin Lewis Mary Rolfe, a strange and elusive author, one of whose works is now being reprinted in the United States. In 1953, the Library of the American College for Girls takes pleasure in presenting the "Quest for Kritovoulos," the story of the search for a book quite as elusive, as a book, as Baron Corvo was as an author. We believe the story of this search for the foreign-language transcription of the work of Kritovoulos should be of interest to this community since the book--long since suppressed by the publishers--was recently unearthed in our own midst.

January 16, 1953

The Library, The American College for Girls
Arnavut-köy, Istanbul, Turkey

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