ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

As a small child in Paris I remember eagerly awaiting publication of the latest Tintin "album," as the French call the books. It was always a much appreciated and treasured gift, full of delights and unlimited pleasure. My first steps in reading were spent before bedtime with my mother and Tintin at our dining table.

Our return to London coincided happily with the first publication of the Tintin books in English. Going to see my older sister off to boarding school I was presented at Liverpool Street station, as an inspired consolation, with a freshly printed copy of The Crab with the Golden Claws. Later, at my preparatory school, in an enlightened ruling, Tintin was allowed as long as he remained in French.

My sets of Tintin books have many associations and memories. A Tintin adventure accompanied by the prescribed medicine is the most satisfactory response to illness. A foreign language can be learned agreeably by reading translations of familiar books. Tintin, or a common regard for him, can even play a part in romance. And for a journalist, especially a foreign correspondent, he is a constant source of inspiration.

In 1977 I arrived in Brussels as a correspondent for Reuters. There I could live and breathe in Tintin's and Hergé's home city and come across the remarkably modest master himself, soon to be exhausted by the elaborate celebrations laid on for the intrepid reporter's fiftieth anniversary. So inevitably my first acknowledgement is to Hergé himself and the wonderful character he created to the delight of so many. I should thank my parents too for encouraging an enthusiasm which they shared.

More recently I am grateful to Jane Taylor, who with good taste and patience has championed Tintin's cause in Britain, for her support.

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Michael Farr

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**Introduction**

Tintin, an imaginary hero in a real world

There is something about Tintin that defies time, language and culture. How is it that this boyish reporter thought up one fine day at the end of the twentieth century's second decade by an unassuming Belgian should be going strong at the start of a new millennium?

Tintin's universal appeal, stretching from his birthplace in Brussels to corners of the world far more obscure than those he reached in his globe-trotting adventures, has a rock solid foundation in reality, enabling him to transcend fashion, age and nationality.

Georges Remi, alias Hergé—his initials reversed and pronounced as in French—was a highly gifted illustrator with a vivid, child-like imagination and deep curiosity in the world around him. He may have aspired to be a dashing foreign correspondent when he started on Le XXe Siècle, a Belgian Catholic daily, as a general dog's body. But very soon his talent as an illustrator became apparent. He was put to work drawing for different parts of the newspaper until he was asked to produce a supplement for children that would come out weekly on Thursdays—Le Petit Vingtième. It first appeared on November 1, 1928. To fill the supplement he decided—inspired by the American example still unfamiliar in Europe—to create a cartoon strip where, as he put it, "words would come directly out of the characters' mouths." And so, on January 10, 1929, the pages of Le Petit Vingtième saw the debut of a reporter called Tintin, bound for Moscow to expose the evils of Bolshevism.

Rather than becoming a reporter himself, circumstances led Hergé to create one that was to become better known than any. Instead of being despatched to chronicle world events and upheavals, he sent Tintin. Hergé, meanwhile, remained an extraordinarily well informed armchair traveller until much later in life when, Tintin having completed most of his travels, he himself finally embarked on a series of trips abroad.

Tintin's popularity was almost instantaneous and the considerable confidence in the young Hergé placed by Norbert Wallez, the forceful (and later controversial on account of his right-wing sympathies) priest who ran Le XXe Siècle, proved to be more than justified. The main newspaper's circulation quickly doubled on Thursdays when the supplement appeared with its latest installment of Tintin; it subsequently tripled, then sextupled.

When towards the end of the Second World War the publisher Casterman took on publication of the books, it was soon found that not enough could be printed. Demand far exceeded supply. In the following years worldwide sales of the Tintin books totalled over 120 million, with the annual figure topping four million as the adventures came to be translated into more than fifty languages—from Arabic and Chinese, Icelandic and Indonesian, Japanese and Korean to Persian and Serbo-Croat, not forgetting optimistic departures into Esperanto, Latin and Luxemburgisch.

There was more to the adventures' broad appeal than high quality drawing and compelling narrative. As in the best fiction, the stories were anchored firmly in fact. There was additionally a topicality of subject which somehow did not date, and there was Hergé's remarkable ability to anticipate world events, whether Pearl Harbor or the first manned landing on the Moon.

The extraordinarily accurate detail of every story, the result of painstaking research and Hergé's constantly swelling archive files, was a key ingredient of the successful formula. Every motortcar was an exact model, revolvers were copied from arms manufacturers' catalogues, cameras from a Leica brochure, motor launches and outboard engines from a boat show prospectus, dresses from fashion magazines, etc. He was almost obsessive about keeping material that could on some occasion be of possible use. As a result his files bulge with information of every kind, from picture postcards to furniture catalogues, interspersed with press cuttings on countless subjects. After the war he was a subscriber and avid reader of the National Geographic magazine which, together with features culled from Paris-Match, helped fill his files further.

Except during the heady early days of Tintin's adventures, when the reporter rushed from one adventure to the next, Hergé, a perfectionist by nature, took his time over every project. He was his sternest critic, going over every idea meticulously and sometimes laboriously. A succession of possibilities were floated for one or two to be adopted. At one stage he kept a small school exercise book by his bed so that he could jot down ideas for the narrative he was working on—whether names, titles or developments in the plot. After the war, when he set up the Studios Hergé to facilitate production of the Tintin adventures, he took on a team of young artists. Each had a particular strength; there was, for instance, an expert on aircraft, ensuring that every detail of the many flying machines to appear in the adventures was exact.
Preparation was time-consuming. Particular poses were sketched in the studio from life until Hergé was satisfied. For the Moon adventure, a scale model of the rocket with cut-away sections was assembled to ensure accuracy of drawing. Such was the thorough approach of the mature Hergé after the helter-skelter of the opening Tintin adventures where the reporter-and Hergé himself—barely paused for breath. Later, readers who were hungry and impatient for the latest Tintin had to learn to wait and have their patience rewarded.

The perfectionism of detail of the Tintin stories, the real or fictitious but thoroughly convincing settings, mirrored the world as seen by Hergé and his public. A new word could be added to the dictionary: Tintinesque, a person or situation typical of the adventures. It is surprisingly widely applicable to everyday life. Many characters encountered or predicaments experienced can be said to be Tintinesque. The eternally youthful Tintin, distinctive only on account of his quiff and in twenty-two adventures, his plus-four trousers, derives an unexpected reality from his surroundings.

Georges Remi's childhood was, in his own words, "remarkably grey" even if his four years at primary school (1914–18) coincided with the German occupation of Brussels. Already keen on drawing, the margins of his first school books, now unfortunately lost, were adorned with doodles of the omnipresent and oppressive Boches. His father Alexis, who years later helped out at the Studios on the business side, worked in a boys' outfitters. He died in 1970, in his 88th year. He had a twin brother called Léon and, suitably equipped with bowler hats and walking sticks, the pair would saunter out for walks together. This was the era of the bowler-hatted Charlie Chaplin, complete with cane, and Hergé could hardly deny that his recollection of his father and uncle had something to do with the creation of the Thom(p)sons. Georges' mother Elisabeth died in 1946, aged 64, when her son was still under a cloud for his wartime work. There was an aunt called Ninie who sang shrilly à la Castafiore, and the family was completed by his younger (by five years) brother Paul, who became a regular soldier and the undoubted model first for Tintin and later for the dastardly Colonel Sponsz.

The young Georges Remi found his only release from a rigidly boring bourgeois upbringing in scouting. His dull childhood memories, he admitted, "only began to brighten up and gain some colour with scouting." Summer camps took him out of Belgium for the first time, to Spain, Austria, Switzerland and Italy. It became his main preoccupation, even passion. Its code, principles and enthusiasm were his and were soon to be embodied in Tintin, as much a boy scout as he was ever a reporter. Just as interest in the Boy Scout movement, founded by Baden-Powell following his experiences in the South African War, extended much further than the British Empire, so Tintin's following spread far beyond Belgium. Both had lasting international appeal.

Another key aspect of Tintin's enduring popularity is to be found in the many levels at which the adventures can be appreciated. By devising a character who would appeal to children as much as grown-ups, though for often quite different reasons, Hergé struck gold. He said Tintin was aimed at "all young people aged from seven to seventy-seven." In fact the appeal has proved much wider: from children first learning to read to aged Tintinophiles. Each finds their own level of understanding and appreciation. The appeal is, moreover, self-generating, for in due course the children become adults and then parents themselves, allowing the Tintin tradition to be carried on. It is like J.M. Barrie's ever-youthful Peter Pan continuing to fly off to Never Never Land with one generation after another of Wendy's descendants after she herself has grown into womanhood and in due course old age.

The child will be gripped by the excitement of Tintin, the comedy, even farce. The adult will additionally find political satire and parody, puns and prescience. The most dedicated Tintinologist, as he or she may be called, may have read the stories any number of times and still discover something new; they bear repeated re-reading. The adventures, like their hero, are inexhaustible.

Michael Farr
The first adventure. Tintin sets out with Snowy for Soviet Russia to report for his newspaper and battle the Bolsheviks.
Along with a cluster of press photographers, we are on the platform of a Brussels station as a cloth-capped Tintin, flanked by a circumspect Snowy, boards the train that will take him on the first and least known of the two dozen adventures that were to make him the world’s best known boy reporter.

It is January 1929, fifty-four years before the final adventure (Tintin and Alph-Art) pattered out tantalisingly incomplete. The cinema of the time, Tintin is in black and white. At first acquaintance he is tubbier and shorter than the more mature and familiar Tintin. But, as later, his perpetual youth remains indeterminate. His pronounced brogues and, concealed only briefly by his overcoat, the bold check of his plus fours suit are without doubt dated. One can imagine Jeeves raising his eyebrows if Bertie Wooster had chosen such an outfit for golf.

REPORTING

His editor sees the ace reporter off, wishing him a: “Safe journey! Take care and be sure to keep in touch.” Tintin, never altogether convincing as a reporter, replies: “I’ll send you some postcards, and vodka, and caviar!” It is to Soviet Russia, we are informed, that Tintin’s newspaper, Le Petit Vingtième, “always eager to satisfy our readers and keep them up to date on foreign affairs” is sending one of its “top reporters.” It is in this debut adventure, Tintin in the Land of the Soviets, that uniquely we see the young reporter labouring over an article for his newspaper. “We’ll go back to the inn. I must write up my report for the paper,” he tells Snowy. Sitting on a stool, hunched over a table, he begins and completes in longhand a story of inordinate length, a great pile of copy which he stuffs in an envelope while asking the crucial journalistic question: “But how can I get this back to the office?” He stretches and yawns: “Oh well, we’ll think about that tomorrow. Now to bed.” Apart from himself being the bearer of news on his triumphant return to Brussels at the end of the adventure, we never discover how, or even if, Tintin manages to get his story out. Neither telephone, nor telegraph, nor cleft stick as recommended to Boot in Evelyn Waugh’s Scoop, features.

In December 1981 in the wake of the communist-imposed martial law clampdown in Poland, I remember intercepting at Berlin’s Bahnhof Zoo railway terminus a despatch almost as long as Tintin’s from a colleague trapped in Warsaw. Smuggled out by a traveller, it was my task to dictate by telephone the contents of the bulky envelope to The Daily Telegraph in London. Like Tintin’s account, it reported a long litany of communist excesses. Two years earlier I was myself marooned in an isolated corner of war-torn Rhodesia, soon to become Zimbabwe, and took advantage of the lightning visit of an army helicopter bringing vital water supplies to hand the pilot a hurriedly compiled and unfinished despatch to be relayed to London. By such means we must suppose Tintin doubtless kept his public informed of his action-packed adventures.

Hergé, brilliant draughtsman and inspired story-teller, was himself a reporter marqué. From an early age and perhaps in response to an essentially dull childhood highlighted only by scout outings, he was an avid follower of current affairs. As a boy in Brussels, he had witnessed the Great War and the German occupation of his city. In the margins of his school exercise books he scribbled cartoons of the Hun invader. As an adolescent, he could observe how seeds of discord germinated from the less than satisfactory Treaty of Versailles. He lived in a front-line country in the thick of the turbulent times that forged the twentieth century.
Initially employed in the subscription department, subsequently as an illustrator and then as editor of the weekly children’s supplement, he worked for Le XXe Siècle, a staunchly Catholic and conservative newspaper whose very title reflected the actuality of the new century. Among his heroes were the much-admired newspaper foreign correspondents of the time who managed to combine cunning and enterprise with literary and analytical skills. Like Tintin, they often were the focus of news themselves. To a Belgian, the names to conjure with then were Albert Londres and Joseph Kessel. Soon a name could be added to the list that was to attain much wider and longer-lasting recognition: Tintin, the creation of an increasingly painstaking, sometimes prescient armchair traveller, someone who could himself have been a successful reporter if destiny had not led his natural talent in a more original and ultimately more compelling direction.

**RESPONSIBILITIES**

Hergé, having been charged with putting together Le XXe Siècle’s Thursday supplement for children, Le Petit Vingtième, soon realized that he had to create something original. However, Tintin did not surface with the first issue of Le Petit Vingtième printed on November 1, 1928. Initially Hergé provided the illustrations for The Adventures of Flup, Nénette, Poussette and Cochonnet, a rather less inspired series with a text provided by a member of the newspaper’s sports staff. As was usual in such early examples of the strip cartoon, the main text appeared under the illustrations that in this case depicted the antics of two mischievous boys aged close on twelve, a nine-year-old sister of one and her inflatable rubber pig. Hergé clearly realized its inadequacies and looked for something better.

Since July 1926 he had been producing for Le Boy-Scout Belge a cartoon series centered on a scout patrol leader called Totor. This character provided a natural prototype for a new creation, an adventurer/reporter to be called Tintin. He would be given a faithful fox terrier as a companion—“I’ll never leave you, Tintin,” the dog vows as the hero faces an appalling end trapped in a Soviet sewer. In the preceding Flup and Nénette sequences one can spot a hound of similar appearance. Hergé impulsively decided to name Tintin’s dog Moul after a full-bosomed girl he had pursued at school. When the Tintin books later came to be translated into English, Snowy was chosen as a suitable name.

And so, on January 10, 1929, this extraordinarily enduring, irresistible hero and his dog first appeared in print, a trailer on January 4 having announced their forthcoming appearance. We would have to wait for later adventures to meet other members of the carefully characterised Tintin cast. Although it was America that held the greatest fascination for Hergé, Father Norbert Wallaz, the right-wing cleric who ran Le XXe Siècle with a great deal of energy and a rod of iron, had other ideas. As managing editors are liable to do, he suggested a destination for the reporter that must have been the last Hergé had in mind—Soviet Russia. Nearly a dozen years after the October Revolution that overturned centuries of Tsarist rule, Russia was in a state of more or less organised chaos as communism created new institutions and rejected established values. It was no wonder that Le XXe Siècle, which described itself as a “Catholic and national newspaper of doctrine and information”, saw this as a suitable target for critical exposure. And so, with a copy at hand of a newly published book, Moscow sans voiles (Moscow Unveiled) by Joseph Douillet, Hergé began his homework and prepared the setting for Tintin’s first adventure. “One should remember that Le XXe Siècle was a catholic newspaper, and whoever said ‘catholic’ at the time meant ‘anti-communist’,“ Hergé later recalled. “One would literally devour Bolsheviks! I was thus inspired by the atmosphere on the paper, but also by a book entitled Moscow sans voiles, by Joseph Douillet, who had been Belgian consul in Rostov-on-Don and who denounced vehemently the vices and depravities of the regime.” Douillet spent nine years in revolutionary Russia. His book published in Paris and Brussels in 1928 sold briskly, fuelling the prejudices that many in the west, including readers of Le XXe Siècle, were only too eager to hear.

**BIASED SPEECHES**

Hergé freely, though selectively, lifted whole scenes from Douillet’s account, notably the chilling election epaulette por-
Élections in the land of the Soviets inspired by Douillet's book: in three frames, the crowd is cowed into submission—marked by the gradual lowering of heads (page 33).

2. Moscow sans voiles (Moscow Unveiled) by Joseph Douillet, practically Hergé's only source of information and a constant source of inspiration.

3. Totor, the Chief Scout of the Hornets troop, whose adventures appear in Le Boy-Scout Belge under a little influence by the cinema, shows obvious physical resemblances to the first representations of Tintin.

4. Le Boy-Scout Belge of 10 March 1930. Hergé worked early on for this monthly magazine.
trayed on page 32 of the Tintin book. It is almost identical to Douillet’s description in Moscow sans voiles: “Comrade Oubiykone (reiring chairman of the executive committee) made a speech. This is how he harangued the crowd: ‘There are three lists: one is that of the communist party. Those who oppose this list raise their hand!’ At the same time Oubiykone and his four comrades produced their revolvers and levelled them threateningly at the crowd of peasants. Oubiykone continued: ‘Who then declares himself against this list? Nobody? I then declare the communist list to have been passed unanimously. It is therefore unnecessary to vote for the other two lists.’

Hergé makes the scene all the more powerful by keeping the crowd of onlookers static except for a gradual lowering of their heads as they are forced into covering acceptance. Hergé also takes from Moscow sans voiles the Petemkin factories, where industrial activity is simulated by burning straw, described by Douillet: “Soon great clouds of black smoke billowed from the chimneys, creating an illusion of a factory operating at full capacity, a living symbol of young Soviet industry.” While Douillet writes that the display is for the benefit of visiting English trade union delegates, Hergé portrays a group of Tony Wedgwood Benn types (page 25). “Look,” says Tintin, “English communists being shown the beauties of Bolshevism.” The sinister commissar points to the smoking chimney stacks: “Contrary to the tales put out by the bourgeoise nations, our factories work to full capacity!” In their tweeds, almost to a man chewing pipes, the naive delegates murmur: “Beautiful... Very nice.” A turn of the page and the sham is revealed. Tintin concludes: “That’s how the Soviets fool the poor idiots who still believe in a ‘Red Paradise.’”

It is a bleak picture of Soviet Russia that Hergé paints and Tintin reports, sometimes accurately, sometimes not. “Look what the Soviets have done to the beautiful city of Moscow: a stinking slum!” Tintin observes in an unduly harsh and exaggerated judgement in the first plate of page 74. But the treatment meted out to kulaks, or rich peasants, that Tintin encounters is not so very different to the account four years later by Malcolm Muggeridge of a trip to the North Caucasus. “The civilian population was obviously starving. There had been no bread in the place for three months,” Muggeridge wrote for the Manchester Guardian in March 1933. “Some of the food that has been taken away from them—and the peasants know this quite well—is still being exported to foreign countries.”

Tintin and Muggeridge as reporters have comparably chilling tales, with Muggeridge writing of “the sense of hopelessness pervading the place... I, myself, saw a group of some twenty peasants being marched off under escort. This was so common a sight that it no longer even arouses curiosity.” His description could have formed part of the adventure into which Hergé had propelled Tintin a few years earlier.

REPELANCE
Later Hergé always considered Tintin’s Soviet adventure to have been one of the “sins of his youth.” It is the only one of his completed books not to have been revised and put in colour. He only reluctantly agreed to it being rescued as part of an archives collection in 1973, and then finally in a facsimile edition in 1981, as a result of the persistent demand for pirated versions. Despite an abundance of excitement and vitality, it is, by later standards, clearly flawed. One of its principal weaknesses is its overdependence on Douillet’s absurdly one-sided book, in effect Hergé’s sole source.

A great strength of Hergé later was his meticulous research, the trouble he took to ensure accuracy. He may not have travelled himself but he succeeded in finding Tintin anywhere he made sure he knew all about it. It explains why he was not a more prolific author—some 24 Tintin adventures over fifty years is no more than a steady output—and accounts for the extraordinary quality of the books as well as their wide appeal.

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1 British politician, born in 1923. A minister in several Labour governments.
For this first adventure, there were certain constraints. The most telling must have been time: Tintin's appearance could not be long delayed for Le Petit Vingtième urgently needed a successor to the unforgettable Flup. Nénesser, Pousette and Cochonnet; Herge had his inexperienced hands full anyway, producing the supplement on his own and being called on to produce illustrations for other parts of the paper. He was, moreover, exploring virgin territory; the strip cartoon was a new phenomenon in Europe and he was one of its pioneers. He had yet to develop the work routine that was to stand him in such good stead later. Most notably the very first Tintin adventures lack a pre-planned scenario, instead a high degree of last minute improvisation propels the action from one scene to the next. According to Hergé's own account, until The Blue Lotus the adventures of Tintin were a succession of gags and moments of suspense, with nothing constructed, nothing premeditated. "I set out myself on the adventure without any scenario, without any plan: it was really short-sighted work. In fact I did not consider it to be real work, but like a game, like a farce. Le Petit Vingtième came out on Wednesday night and it happened sometimes that on the Wednesday morning I still did not know how I would extricate Tintin from the scrape I had unfairly left him in the previous week!"

The haste of composition is apparent in this first Tintin story. The drawing by Hergé's high standards is at times crude, rudimentary, rushed; there is none of the polish and refinement which subsequent work methods brought. And yet, apart from the sheer joy that accompanies the first steps of this famous cartoon character, there are plates of the highest quality where the freedom and confidence of line is proof of Hergé's outstanding ability as a draughtsman. The final plate of page 49, for example, where Tintin steers the speedboat away, has wonderful fluidity and dynamism, even elegance. It is a reminder of the success Hergé had when from time to time he turned to poster design. Strong composition marks the top plates of pages 54 and 55 where Hergé additionally conveys with consummate skill a sense of speed, something he also achieves at the bottom of page 57. It is sudden acceleration and speed that in a memorable moment at the start of this first adventure (page 7 to 8) gives Tintin the distinctive quiff that becomes his hallmark. The famous hairstyle comes as he jumps into an open Mercedes tourer and races away, his tuft of hair forced up and back by the wind.

EARLY INFLUENCES
Tintin's Russian adventure is a breathless affair, hardly pausing for reflection. The hokker-skoker police chases are as rapid and rollicking as those of the Keystone Cops in the cinema of the time. There are moments too of pure slapstick, as well as expressionist images, that are strongly reminiscent of contemporary cinema. There are similarities both in action—the train chase, for example—and style between a film like Buster Keaton's The General

1 The side-car borrowed by Tintin is reproduced very accurately (page 8).
2 Contemporary photograph found in Hergé's collection.
3 Hergé's pioneering use of light and shades (page 98).
4 Photograph from Hergé's files used for clothes and uniforms.
5 Two highly effective frames: the influence of the Russian painter Malevich is apparent (page 103).
6 Black Square, Kasimir Malevich, 1913. Oil on canvas, 106.0 x 106.5 cm State Russian Museum, St. Petersburg.
and Tintin’s Soviet escapades. At the same time, cinemas in the 1920s were showing the powerful expressionist films of the Viennese-born Fritz Lang. The first plate of page 120, for example, with its melodramatic use of black and white lighting has a stunning cinematic quality. As a pioneer of the strip cartoon, Hergé was not afraid to draw on one modern medium to develop another.

Throughout his career, the visual arts were to exert a strong influence on Hergé. Although he did not rise to his parents’ suggestion of formal training—he dropped out of drawing lessons for which they had enrolled him—he was always thoroughly well versed in the latest as well as past developments in art. This first Tintin adventure with its love of speed echoes theories exuded by the Italian Futurists on depicting motion and movement. The oval form Hergé gives spinning motorcycle wheels may be inspired by a 1912 photograph by Jacques-Henri Lartigue but could equally be prompted by a futurist artist such as Umberto Boccioni. The merging of ideas and images to illustrate Snowy’s thought process on page 28 is certainly paralleled in Boccioni’s work. And the kinetic quality of movement that a painter such as Giacomo Balla sought to represent is taken up by Hergé with considerable effect in the central plate of page 17. A seminal painting such as Marcel Duchamp’s “Nude descending a staircase” of 1912 also reflects the fascination movement held for the modernists. The formulas they devised for its depiction were, Hergé realised, ideally suited to the strip cartoon with its need to both suggest and condense motion. From one Tintin adventure to another Hergé never forgot such devices.

In a tale of Soviet Russia in the 1920s, it is only appropriate that Hergé should have been aware of the Russian contribution to modern art. Quick to digest the latest trends in France and Germany, Russian artists such as Kasimir Malevich and Natalia Goncharova were in the vanguard of modernism which, at least initially, received a stimulus from the revolution. The pure forms of Malevich’s Suprematism are evoked by Hergé on page 102 with a simple black square—an extraordinarily experimental, daring and successful formula for the nascent strip cartoon. Hergé, developing the story for Le Petit Vingtième week by week with a book only emerging subsequently, was continually stretching the new medium, trying out ideas and formulas, some more successfully than others. But as he progressed so did his fluency. In the history of the strip cartoon, Tintin in the Land of the Soviets has a special place, for with it Hergé no longer illustrated a text but integrated words fully with his drawings through the use of speech and thought bubbles. It was as significant as a composer of opera deciding to dispense completely with recitative. This approach was new in Europe, though Hergé had moved in that direction in the Flup and Nénesse series without yet abandoning an accompanying text, and in France Alain Saint-Ogen had first mixed dialogue and drawing as early as 1925 in the Adventures of Zig and Puce.

TRIBUTE

Hergé acknowledged his debt to Saint-Ogen, visiting him in Paris in 1931, seeking his advice and having some of his drawings printed in Le Petit Vingtième. For his part, Saint-Ogen gave the young Belgian a good deal of encouragement, presenting his talented “young colleague” with a drawing prophetically entitled “Glory and Riches.” The friendship lasted. Hergé used to say that Tintin was for everyone aged 7 to 77; so, in 1972, on his 77th birthday, Saint-Ogen sought permission to continue reading the adventures of Tintin beyond the tongue-in-cheek cut-off age. He now raised the limit to 88. Two years later Hergé provided an illustration for Zig and Puce in the 21st Century with a dedication “in homage to him who was my model and who still commands all my admiration and sympathy.” He later explained: “Saint-Ogen had a great deal of influence on me and I admired, and still do, his clear, precise, ‘readable’ drawings, and the story was narrated in perfect fashion. In these areas he profoundly influenced me.” Zig and Puce, and their penguin friend Alfred, had an obvious appeal to him as he was about to embark on his own travels with his globe-trotting reporter. In the first Zig and Puce book, En route for America, the heroes encounter an African tribe, are captured by natives before being mistaken for smugglers in the Mediterranean and brought to Spain. They fly off in a hot-air balloon bound for the North Pole where they are joined by Alfred, reach Japan by submarine, continue with a flight over New York, return to Europe and go for a whale hunt which takes them back to the North Pole, on to Russia and finally France. Only in Tintin’s mission to the moon can he claim to have clocked more miles in one adventure than Zig and Puce managed.
on their exhausting debut. But while his own experiments and the example of Saint-Ogan were significant for the creation of Tintin and the strip cartoon in Europe, the real inspiration came from America where this new art form first developed. This, for Hergé, eye-opening material came his way via Le XXe Siècle’s correspondent in Mexico, Leon Degrelle, later to become infamous as the Belgian fascist leader and protégé of Hitler, who once described him as “the son I wish I had.” However beneficial for the advancement of the strip cartoon in Europe, it was an association that was later to do Hergé no good. Degrelle, then aged 22, had been sent by the Catholic newspaper to troubled Mexico to report on the wholesale murder there of catholics. He was to use journalism and his time on Le XXe Siècle as a springboard for a political career. His Rexit party, very much on the right, had some success in the 1936 Belgian general election but was subsequently marginalised by the Catholic church and the traditional parties, leading him even further to the right. In 1940 he courted the occupiers avidly and was a valued ally of the Nazi, no more so than when he launched his Légion Walloon to fight in what he described as an “anti-Bolshevik” crusade on the Eastern Front. In April 1945 he sought refuge in Spain. There he was to remain until his death in April 1994 at the age of 87, never renouncing his fascism.

PARADOX

It is unfortunate and ironic that such a man, however indirectly, could claim a hand in the creation of Tintin—the unning champion of the weak and oppressed and opponent of totalitarianism in any form. But by introducing Hergé to the latest transatlantic developments in the strip cartoon, he did help pave the way for Tintin and his first adventure. For apart from his articles about the Mexican atrocities, Degrelle sent back to Le XXe Siècle copies of local and American newspapers in which Hergé found the cartoon strips that were to prove a catalyst for his own work: ‘Bringing Up Father’ by George MacManus, George Herriman’s ‘Krazy Kat’ and the ‘Katzenjammer Kids’ of Rudolph Dirks. Hergé found the work of George MacManus particularly instructive and appealing. It had verve, plenty of humour and MacManus gave the characters marvellously simplified but expressive noses—a lesson Hergé was delighted to learn from for his new creation. “Ah! Geo MacManus’ noses I found those little round or oval noses so jolly that I used them without any scruple.” Hergé later admitted. American strip cartoons of the period in general exercised an influence on him on account, he said, of their great clarity, a quality they shared with the cinema. “The Americans generally know how to tell a story, even if the tale is silly. That’s where, I believe, I learned a great lesson from both American strip cartoons and cinema.”

Walter Elias Disney had set up a studio in Hollywood in 1923 and it is remarkable to reflect that Mickey Mouse and Tintin are exact contemporaries, each defying time and refusing to go out of fashion. For Disney, the animated picture went hand in hand with the strip cartoon—the two to him were naturally complementary with Mickey Mouse and his friends featuring in both. Although Hergé himself did not seek to animate Tintin beyond the page, he was fully aware of the Disney example and his methods. The preparatory drawings devised by members of the Disney studio are strongly reminiscent of the approach Hergé later adopted when he took on assistants and formed his own studio. In January 1979, on Tintin’s 50th birthday, the Walt Disney Studios presented Hergé with a trophy of a then 50-year-old Mickey Mouse, the first time this honour had been paid to a non-American since Disney’s death. As early as 1939 in an advertisement for the Brussels department store Innovation, Hergé borrowed Mickey Mouse costumes, a reference to Disney repeated in the carnival procession in his final completed Tintin adventure (Tintin and the Picaros, 1976).

La Fontaine’s Fables and the Countess de Ségur’s General Dourakine, both of which he had known since childhood. The rather whimsical farmyard animals assembled on pages 125-6 are so reminiscent of Ribier’s work and Jeffrey of Hergé who afterwards—already in Tintin in the Congo, for example—preferred greater realism. The St Petersburg-born countess’s tale of Russia, written in 1866, provided basic background and colour for Tintin’s first foreign trip. It may also have inspired the episode where the young reporter becomes lost in the snow-swept waste of the steppes and his subsequent encounter with a bear. The bear incident may also be intended as a pun, with Tintin pitted against tU.R.S.S. (the U.S.S.R.), indistinguishable from ours (the bear).

This first Tintin adventure is the most fantastic, the least credible and therefore the weakest; yet there is clear evidence of the realistic detail that was to become a hallmark of Hergé’s more mature work and be one of its principal strengths. The open Mercedes-Benz tourer Tintin commandeers for his page 78 getaway is based pretty exactly on a contemporary model, while on page 19 an empty Huntley and Palmer biscuit tin as well as a handy canister of Shell petrol can be made out on the scrap heap. Product recognition, Hergé realised early on, is a simple means of relating the narrative to reality. An untypically hung-over Tintin clutches a bottle of Vichy water on the final plate of page 117. On the next page the supposed police car that takes him away bears a typical Berlin number plate of the time.

Linguistically too Hergé has done his homework, if not quite as impeccably as in later books. He is liberal in his use of Cyrillic script and is generally accurate. In the Berlin
episodes fifteen references in basic German can be spotted, while in the story as a whole there are twenty-three words or inscriptions in Russian. Rarely does he use Cyrillic letters randomly without meaning, as on the notice on the wall of the commissar's office in the final plate of page 11. As a rule his usage is correct, for instance on the final plate of the next page where the Russian for tailor is emblazoned across the shop window. His use of Russian for signs, speech and insults is accurate enough. Hergé's sometimes fanciful, sometimes humorous choice of Russian names is, however, less convincing. He tends, inaccurately, to add a "ski" to names as in Polish, meaning son of, for the most part ignoring the equivalent "vitch" ending used in Russian. An exception is the outlandish Bocestringovitch which Hergé based on "boustring". Brussels slang for a herring. Unfortunately this is rather less exotically rendered as Borschtirov in the English translation (pages 130-1). There is a similar simplifica-

tion in the first plate of page 49 where Hergé's original "Poterdaleski" expatiative, derived from Brussels slang for "god-be-damned," becomes plain "Damiadoki!"

FIRST LANDMARK
Throughout the adventure, Tintin, like his creator, is finding his feet. By the end, characteristics have emerged which we consider typical, none more so than the reporter's dependable resourcefulness, whether in motorising a rail cart or carving a propeller blade. Snowy has a splendid opening adventure which he ends in characteristic fashion, displaying delightful vanity, being fitted and enjoying every minute after revealing a few pages earlier a disarming penchant for alcohol, on this occasion champagne. Like Captain Haddock, whose debut was to come a good ten years later, Snowy's weakness for the bottle is at once endearing, frustrating and, of course, hazardous.

As the reporter and his faithful hound land fortuitously in the express train bound for Brussels, Tintin concludes (final plate, page 138): "It's probably better not to push our luck. We'll go back home. I can take a well-earned rest before setting off on other adventures..." Snowy adds: "Goodbye, danger! Our daredevil days are over, thank goodness!" But, after such a tour de force, the adventures had actually only just begun. Hergé and Tintin had come a long way in one adventure but had very much further to go.
Adventure in Africa—Bags of game for Tintin and trouble ahead for Hergé.
himself, note-book in hand, and Edgar-Pierre Jacobs who had recently begun working with him on the colouring of the early adventures. Quick and Flupke are still there but the two station porters who in the black and white version observed, "It's Mr Tintin, the reporter from Le Petit Vingtième, he's leaving for the Congo," are replaced by two more distinctive figures: Thomson and Thompson. "It's apparently a young reporter who's leaving for Africa," one says to the other. But in this postscript theirs is only a walk-on part; their debut proper came in 1934 with publication of Cigars of the Pharaoh.

AFRICA FIRST
Despite Snowy's declared impatience for the great spaces of Africa and big-game hunting, Tintin was being sent to the dark continent rather reluctantly. Hergé would have preferred to send him—fresh from battling the Bolsheviks—to the New World to champion the rights of Red Indians and counter the corruption of the notorious Chicago gangsters. But Father Wallez thought otherwise and Tintin's trip to America would have to wait.

The vast area of the Belgian Congo (formerly Zaire, today Democratic Republic of Congo)—eighty times bigger than little Belgium—was in need of promotion and who better than Tintin to instill an interest in the young readers of Le Petit Vingtième. Memoirs were still fairly fresh of the visit to the distant colony in 1928 of King Albert and Queen Elisabeth of Belgium.

Hergé could draw on a mass of newspaper and magazine cuttings, prospertuses lauding life in the colonial service and picture postcards galore. But despite a promising and extended opening sequence before Tintin actually lands in Africa, it is too contrived an adventure, lacking a real feel for the place—an unusual shortcoming for Hergé.

As anyone who has set foot on the African continent will confirm, it has a unique magic. For all its hazards, dangers and difficulties, Africa is spellbinding. Hergé and Tintin remain, however, detached and unaffected. It is as if Hergé's heart was not really in the project, which he later saw as another "youthful transgression."

In 1946 Hergé and his publishers Casterman brought out a revised and coloured Tintin in the Congo where the opening departure scene is elaborated further with the inclusion in the group of the author Tintin's departure for the Congo. In the colour version, Hergé presented himself as a journalist, in the middle of the group, in front of Edgar-Pierre Jacobs.
While Tintin in the Land of the Soviets remains essentially plotless, a hint of a plot emerges at the end of the African adventure with the revelation that a syndicate of Chicago gangsters, directed by none other than Al Capone, have plans to run a diamond racket in the mineral-rich Congo. This is thwarted by Tintin but the Chicago connection ensures that the reporter's next destination is, as Hergé had previously wished, America.

The reference to Al Capone in the Congo story and his actual appearance in Tintin in America is significant. While in a number of cases the characters in Tintin were inspired by actual people, this marks the only occasion in any of the adventures that a real person is included in the cast. Curiously and mistakenly, the belated English translation of the adventure chooses to depart from reality, changing Capone to Calpone. On the subsequent reference, however, he is propertly referred to, with a tied and bound Gibbon in front of Hergé of the gangster king's scheme to control the Belgian Congo's diamond production. “Al Capone followed the story of your exploits in Russia. When he heard news of your departure for the Congo, he thought you must have got wind of his plans, so he decided to arrange for you to disappear.”

COLOURS AND COLONIALISM
In terms of Hergé's art and the development of the strip cartoon, Tintin in the Congo continues the learning process begun in the Soviet adventure. It too, despite some captivating moments, is flawed. Hergé was aware of its weaknesses and the same arguments he used for keeping the Soviet story unrevised in black and white could and perhaps should have applied here. Its 1940 revision and transfer into colour—an attempt to give it a place among the established canon—is far from convincing. The result is often stiff and artificial; the African bush, for example, has a greenness much more reminiscent of a European zoo than the parched, dusty expanses of reality. The original black and white version of the story has a life, vibrancy and atmosphere that is decontextualized if not lost in the later colour account.

When after much delay and debate it was finally decided to translate this problematic adventure into English, the original black and white version was preferred to the later colour revision which had superseded it on the continent. This facsimile of the 1931 edition came out in Britain sixty years on in 1991, making it the last of the Tintin books to appear in English.

The principal difficulty with the adventure is the subject matter itself—trust upon Hergé by Father Wallez. Attitudes to and understanding of Africa have changed fundamentally over the past sixty years. Colonialism is something of the past, exciting little nostalgia; as a subject it has become deeply unfashionable. Here, amidst a welter of colonialist clichés, Tintin is left perilously close to the pale, appearing unusually dated. Politically, he could hardly be less correct. Had this been the only or last Tintin adventure, he would be forgotten today.

Much later when Tintin's African escapade had become something of an embarrassment and Hergé was having to fend off accusations of racism, he offered an explanation in the interview he gave Numa Sadoul. "For the Congo as with Tintin in the Land of the Soviets, the fact was that I was fed on the prejudices of the bourgeois society in which I moved... It was 1930. I only knew things about these countries that people said at the time; 'Africans were great big children... Thank goodness for them that we were there!' Etc. And I portrayed these Africans according to such criteria, in the purely paternalistic spirit which existed then in Belgium."

By that reckoning, if Tintin in the Congo gives a wildly inaccurate picture of Africa, it does at least illustrate the prejudice with which Europeans then viewed Africans.

DID YOU SAY "ENVIRONMENT"?
Apart from the patronisingly comic—though not malicious—portrayal of Africans as infantile, ignorant, idle and superstitious, modern sensibilities are likely to be most upset by the wholesale and gratuitous slaughter of wildlife. Big game hunting was still very much in vogue during the inter-war years, long before the advent of any sense of environmental awareness. It offered an exciting diversion for off-duty colonial servants and important or affluent visitors from Europe. Tintin was no different. Whether mowing down antelope, potting a monkey for his skin, wounding an elephant, blowing up a rhinoceros, baiting and storing a buffalo, his bag is appalling, even distressing to a modern reader. Only when he encounters the gentle giraffe does Tintin satisfy modern conventions and resort to filiming.

Even Snowy declares "I can't stand scenes of carnage" when Tintin at short range blasts his rifle at a harmless-looking elephant. Hergé later admitted that he felt "remorse for having killed or caused to suffer too many animals in Tintin in the Congo." The episode where Tintin by accident rather than design bags fifteen antelopes instead of the one needed for supper mirrors almost exactly a passage in André Maurois' 1921 "Les Silences du colonel Bramble."

In Maurois' account the hunter shoots not at an antelope but at a lion whose head pops up behind a bush before dropping out of view; the procedure is repeated a further fifteen times before he advances and finds to his astonishment a stock of sixteen lion cadavers. In the Maurois, the startled comments are provided by his African boy, in the Hergé by Snowy.

When Tintin comes across that most endangered species, the rhinoceros, he declares in the English version: "We’re going to bag this little beauty..." In the revised 1946 French edition, he observes: "A fine hunting trophy in sight..."

But with his bullets bouncing ineffectively off the beast's thick hide, Tintin intrepidly, though extremely unceremoniously, gets into a position where in can bore a hole in the rhinoceros' back with a drill and insert a stick of dynamite. Having blown the unfortunate animal to smithereens, Tintin concludes: "I think the charge was a bit too strong!"

Years later this was too much for Tintin's Scandinavian publishers who demanded that Hergé substitute an alternative page.

1 Entretiens avec Hergé, op. cit., p. 74.
2 Ibid., p. 123.
1 A colonial means of transport: the African version of the sedan chair.
2 The same chair as seen by Hergé.
3 A fine rhinoceros specimen. Hergé's Scandinavian publishers insisted that the animal should not be massacred.
4 In the original black and white version, as in the colour edition, protection of the laure was not one of the hero's preoccupations.
1. Tintin's geographical explanations are simplified in the colour version.
2. The early edition had a gentler didactic charm.
3-4. Simple arithmetic supersedes the colonial geography lesson.
5. The villain disguised as a missionary.
6. Photograph of a “missionary on his apostolic rounds”.

Mes chers amis, je vais vous parler aujourd'hui de votre patrie : la Belgique !
The result was a much happier and more credible sequence, showing a rhinoceros approach to graze while Tintin dozes under a tree. It knocks down and triggers his rifle and charges off in terror unharmed, leaving no reader outraged.

SIMPLIFICATION
The post-war colour edition gave rise to a number of modifications and simplifications as the original story was reduced and adapted to the 62-page format that had become the norm for the Tintin books.

The numerous references to Belgium and colonial rule were cut to broaden its appeal, initially to the key French market and subsequently other countries. There is a consequent loss of detail. Tintin no longer embarks at Antwerp on board the “Thyville,” named after one of the towns of the Lower Congo itself derived from the surname of a colonial general.

Tintin’s tracing of the route and the ports of call on the sea voyage is sacrificed. “Lock. Snowy, that’s Tenerife, the largest of the Canary Islands. As I expect you know, the Canaries lie north-west of the Sahara. Over there, the port, that’s Santa Cruz,” Tintin had pointed out instructively from the deck. His explanation some days later—“Here we are in the Congo. We’ll be putting in at Bomba, Snowy, before we arrive at Matadi”—is also dispensed with. Instead the colour edition has Tintin simply pointing the shore out to Snowy with the words: “Et voilà l’Afrique.” It presents a rather dull alternative, though Hergé’s clear, simple drawing is majestic.

The rather charming episode in the missionary school where Tintin stands in for a sick teacher is also adapted. Standing in front of the blackboard, his geography lesson in the original becomes a simple arithmetic class in the colour edition, free of colonial implications. “My dear friends,” Tintin had said in 1930, “today I’m going to talk to you about your country: Belgium!”

The editing out of the Belgian connection in the later edition continues in the closing pages where one of the pilots tells Tintin he has been sent to bring him back to Europe; in the original version he had been charged with bringing the reporter back to Belgium. Tintin’s explanation to Snowy: “Here’s the gentleman who saved me. He’s going to take us back to Belgium!” and the hound’s enthusiastic response:

“Ah! bandit! C’est toi qui a arrêté la course pour leopard approvisionné, un léopard doux et inoffensif, qui venait manger dans la man, et maintenant il fleuret et se moque de moi!”

Tintin in black and white and in colour.

“Tintin in the Congo”

Tintin gives convoluted and absurd advice to the original MacDuff about curing his leopard’s indigestion. “Right, my friend, the cure is quite simple. Your leopard has swallowed a sponge. Now get him to eat a blackboard. From force of habit, the sponge will start rubbing. Eventually, the sponge will wear out, and your leopard will be cured!... OK? Now, about turn, and leave us in peace!”

He has a rather more sensible recommendation for his white successor. “Don’t worry, he’ll quickly recover. Put him on a diet for a little while... And above all don’t give him anything to drink...”

The streamlining for the later colour edition also resulted in the trimming of some compelling detail. In the original black and white, Tintin eats out on his African adventure well equipped. Apart from his tent and camping gear, he takes crates of scientific instruments, one intriguingly labelled “tropical equipment” or more prosaically “tropical equipment” in the English translation, quinine and corned beef. In the 1946 rendering his cabin luggage is reduced to one crate, a large trunk, hat-box, a couple of suitcases, tin chest and ammunition box. Disappointingly, the labels that remain are left blank.

Similarly, while still very much in plus fours in 1948, Tintin has changed his socks to plain white from the rather smarter Argyll pattern he wears in 1930. When the newspaper representatives knock on his hotel door with their offer of contracts, he greets them in pale blue pyjamas that are not nearly as smart as his previous, elegantly frocked pair.

The dress of the newspaper executives is also updated with the Diario de Lisboa representative changing out of his tail coat and stiff collar into a dark suit and bow tie.

As was to be his habit, Hergé had thoroughly done his homework when preparing the adventure, realising the importance of basing his fiction firmly on fact. He made a point of studying carefully photographs and maps. A photograph, for example, exists taken in 1902 of a small locomotive operating on the Lower Congo line which bears an extraordinary resemblance to the fragile engine airlifted by Tintin’s remarkably robust automobile—the “excellent trans-Saharan model” sold him by a distinctly disreputable second-hand car salesman. Another photograph, dating from the 1928 royal visit, shows a missionary in a light cassock with a flowing white beard—an obvious model for the sympathetic priest who saves Tintin from the crocodiles and takes him to the mission station. All the Europeans in such photographs wear pith helmets similar to Tintin’s headgear. Furthermore, contemporary pictures of colonial troops show drill tunic, shorts and fezes as reproduced in the Tintin adventure.

Hergé’s scrutiny of maps lends authenticity to Tintin’s encounter with the train which would have operated on the Matadi-Leopoldville line, the only one operating in the Lower Congo in 1930. Detailed maps show that a few miles out of Matadi a road does indeed cross this rail track. They also indicate that the river where Tintin is left to the crocodiles would be the Congo and that the riverside mission station to which he and the priest are taken by the native
1-2 The village witch-doctor created by Hergé from a documentary photograph.

3-4 The leopard man, just as frightening as the real model (page 31).

5 The leopard skin regalia of the Aniota in the Tervuren museum.
oarsmen must be that at Ngangila. The Museum of Central Africa in Tervuren, on the outskirts of Brussels, and its rich archives could supply Hergé with an abundance of ideas and material. It possessed, for example, the leopard skin outfit of the Anota, the secret society which would assassinate leaving the claw marks of a leopard on their victim’s body.

LINGUISTICS AND BOTANY

Typically, Hergé made an effort to brush up his Swahili. Muganga, the name of the witch doctress, means “he who heals.” Boula mator, or “breaker of stones,” was an expression of admiration for the white man over since Henry Morton Stanley blew up the rocks of the river Congo.

It was the American-born explorer Stanley, best known for his celebrated tracing of the missing missionary David Livingstone, who claimed on behalf of King Leopold II of Belgium in 1881-85 great tracts of the Congo basin. This area was recognised as a neutral, independent state at the Berlin conference of 1884/85 which finalised the colonial apportionment of Africa. In 1908 Leopold left what was in effect a personal fief to Belgium and it became the Belgian Congo.

The French used by Hergé’s native characters is Africanised into a grammatically imperfect pidgin based on Swahili roots. This is reflected in the English and other translations.

While some of Tintin’s encounters with the African fauna are certainly fanciful, I can vouch for the authenticity early in the adventure of Snowy’s mistaking a crocodile for a floating log. Landing from a small boat on Zimbabwe’s Lake Kariba to gather some loofahs growing by the bank, I shall long remember stepping on what appeared to be a small log. It was a diminutive crocodile.

As for the flora, Hergé is less convincing when he provides Tintin with a convenient rubber tree, so that he can bleed enough latex from it to improve a catapult and knock senseless the buffalo he gosits. The Hevea brasiliensis was successfully transplanted from Brazil by settlers to Malaysia and other parts of Asia, but is not typical of Africa and certainly does not grow at random in the bush. As a distinctive African tree, Hergé was right to choose the baobab, but his rendering of this most characterful of trees is disappointing; in fact, if he did not describe it as such (page 32 of the colour edition), it would be difficult to guess its type.

Tintin in the Congo, like the Soviet adventure before it, achieved instant success. As before, crowds mobbed the reporter-hero on his staged return to Brussels; on this occasion represented by an actor accredited in appropriate shorts and pith helmet and accompanied by a suitable fox terrier borrowed from a helpful café owner. Some black extras were engaged to bear Tintin and Snowy in triumph through the streets in a colonial spectacle that must have delighted the chauvinistic Father Walrez.

Following the adventure’s completion in Le Petit Vingtième in June 1931, it was like its predecessor published in book form by Les Editions du Petit Vingtième. Shortly afterwards, the Tournai-based firm Castor Man, who from then on was to be Hergé’s publisher, brought out its own edition. Twenty-five years later the amended colour version followed.

DISFAVOUR AND REHABILITATION

But unlike later Tintin books, the Congo adventure was to have an understandably chequered existence. As colonial problems mounted during the 1950s and the painful process of decolonisation and disengagement was undertaken, Tintin’s Congo adventure slipped from view. Far from bringing stability, independence in July 1960 led to a succession of problems including the attempted secession of the mineral-rich province of Katanga. Tintin’s immature African jaunt was hardly appropriate or relevant at a time of massacred missionaries, mercenaries and United Nations military intervention.

And yet it was the adventure’s re-emergence in a Zairean magazine years later which led to its rehabilitation and return in 1970 to bookshops in Europe and around the world. Zaireans were much more concerned about its dated colonialism and condescension than Europeans.

Of all the Tintin adventures, it is today the one most likely to be encountered in Africa, particularly French-speaking countries where it enjoys special favour—just as the reporter himself was enthusiastically received in the Congo and was greatly missed following his departure. Illustrating his popularity there, I was not long ago presented with a fine rendering of Tintin and Snowy lion-hunting from Dakar, painted on glass by a Senegalese artist. Far from being a dated Belgian colonialist, Tintin had over the years become an international figure with an appeal extending to all races in an increasing number of languages. If this, the least convincing of any Tintin adventure, could succeed as it did despite all its imperfections, then Tintin was indeed a brilliant creation.

“Goodbye, Congo... there’s so much more for me to see here,” Tintin says in the original version, adding: “So, that ends our reporting from the Congo... God knows to which part of the world we shall set out after our return?”

His reward, Father Walrez agreed, was to be despatched on the voyage for which he had patiently waited to the land of opportunity and adventure, America.
America beckon – Tintin tangles with Chicago’s gangsters, goes West and earns a ticker-tape send-off.
Red Indians and their customs which had so inspired Hergé as a boy scout were not to be the whole story of Tintin in America. In fact, they take up only about one sixth of the narrative, considerably less than the rogues gallery of gangsters against whom Tintin is pitted.

Taking the cue left at the end of the Congo adventure, Tintin’s first stop was Chicago and the resumption of his duel with gang-land king Al Capone. Tintin had won the first round, dashing the notorious mobster’s plans to extend his interests to Africa. Capone, as the opening scene shows, was determined for his part to eliminate the reporter once and for all in this second round.

A TRIP TO INDIAN TERRITORY

It is “Chicago, 1931, when gangster bosses ruled the city...” and, in a zippy translated English version, Capone tells his lieutenants: “Right, you guys, listen, and listen good... Tintin, world reporter number one, is coming here to clean up. That’s tough on us, and I’m not kidding!" He busted my diamond racket’ in the Congo and landed my paws in the cooler... so here’s the score: not one single day does he spend in Chicago... OK?” But Capone has met his match. Tintin soon encounters him and even manages to bind and gag this infamous figure before, bowing to reality, Hergé allows the genuine gangster to slip away. Tintin’s opening initiative to clean up America’s crime capital is remarkably successful but it takes up the first quarter of the adventure, leaving Hergé’s cherished Indians waiting. Only after rounding up a gang lured by a consignment of illicit whisky—those are, we should recall, the years of prohibition—is Tintin able to go west and catch the train to Redskin City.

In the original version, Tintin first meets an Indian begging on a street corner: a sad comment on how the circumstances of the proud natives of the continent had been reduced by the white man’s "civilisation." The Indian holds out a begging cup while above him a sign reads: "Don’t forget the Redskin, Tourism Office, Redskinity U.S.A.” At the same time an incredulous Snowy exclaims “A redskin!” to a camera-wielding Tintin.

Like the African adventure, the original black and white Tintin in America, first published in book form in 1932, was modified into a colour edition in 1946. Among the many changes that accompanied its transformation, Hergé’s acid comment on the plight of the Red Indian is in this case toned down. The redskin, still wrapped in a blanket, may look more surly but he no longer begs; there is no notice and Snowy remains silent.

BELIEF

Hergé’s portrayal of the Red Indians is broadly sympathetic, though like his Africans they are gullible, even naive, and prone to be led astray by unscrupulous white men. They prompt from him perhaps the strongest political statement to be found in all of Tintin when, on page 29 of the colour edition, they are driven off their ancestral lands by bayonet point by the National Guard—all because of the white man’s greed for oil. "Here Hiawatha! Twenty-five dollars, and half an hour to pack your bags and quit the territory!" The cigar-smoking entrepreneur instructs the bewildered Indian chief after Tintin admits the oil belongs to the Blackfeet Indians and is not his to sell despite offers spiralling up to 100,000 dollars. "Has Paleface gone mad?" is all the unfortunate chief can utter. An hour later the exodus is under way and a noble-looking brave, back on shoulder, leads his crying child, doll in hand, off the land of his forefathers. Two hours later scaffolding is being erected. After three hours, construction is well underway of the Cactus and Petroleum Bank Inc, complete with commissionaire posted at its door. In showing a traffic-clogged metropolis emerge by the next morning," Hergé makes clear he considers such capitalist expansion madness. It is powerful comment and did not later please some of Hergé’s foreign publishers. But despite their demands he resolutely refused to drop the scene.

It is proof, which indeed came to be needed, that though he could be politically naïve in some of his own personal judgements, Hergé had an acute political conscience, always supporting the underdog and minority groups. Unlike some of those with whom he mixed, he was no advocate of racial superiority. He did believe in fairness and fair-play, an attitude not doubt fostered by his enthusiasm for the boyscout movement. At the same time, as the Tintin books make so clear, he was no friend of either communism or blatant capitalism. When Hergé’s politics came to be questioned immediately after the war and again more recently, this conscience stood as a compelling defense, and witnesses for it range from the persecuted Red Indians of Tintin in America to the down-trodden slum dwellers portrayed at the beginning and end of the last completed adventure, Tintin and the Picaros.
CULTURE AND DOCUMENTATION

In 1971, forty years after he started writing the American adventure, Hergé finally crossed the Atlantic and followed in Tintin's footsteps. Included in his itinerary were Chicago, Kansas City, New York, the West coast and a trip to Indian country.

His widow Fanny recalled: "For years Georges was in contact with a Belgian priest, Father Gall, who had introduced him to the world and traditions of the North American Indians. As Georges had told him of his desire to visit the surviving Indian people, he handed us a letter of recommendation for an old Indian woman he knew.

"On our arrival at the Pine Ridge reservation, territory of the Oglala Sioux, we were given a rather suspicious welcome. But thanks to the letter things worked out well. We were able to approach these people in their everyday life, something the majority of tourists who came to see them could not do. We were invited to take part in a Pow-Wow. We met the grandson of the famous chief Red Cloud, and we also paid a call on Black Elk, an old Indian who had been a guide at Mount Rushmore..."

"The feeling Georges and I shared about the Indians was one of great sadness at the poverty and decline of a people that not long ago had been so free and proud. Many of them left the reservation, where the sale and consumption of alcohol were prohibited, to go over the frontier and drink in the neighbouring state. They returned home drunk, which often led to serious road accidents, as was the case with Black Elk whom we visited in hospital. To see the last descendants of such a great people reduced to despair was a painful spectacle."

Remarkably, Hergé had already recorded this decline in that first plate featuring the begging Indian in the original 1931 version of Tintin in America. His principal source for the Red Indian scenes was a volume entitled Mémoires et histoire des Indiens Peaux Rouges (Coutumes et History of the Indian Redskins) by René Thévenin and Paul Coze, published in Paris in 1928.

Tintin's pursuit of bespectacled gangster leader Bobby Smiles, a rather Wodehouseian figure for all his evil intentions, takes him to the Wild West and, according to the later colour edition, the territory of the Blackfeet Indians. Using Thévenin and Coze's volume, on top of his own knowledge of Indian lore, his portrayal of the Blackfeet is essentially accurate and authentic. Tribal trappings and dress are painstakingly recreated, wigwams perfectly rendered, nowhere more effectively than on the cover designed for the colour edition. Paul Coze's meticulously drawn illustrations and accompanying photographs provided Hergé with invaluable models for the magnificent headdress of the Sachem or chief, his fine necklace or warump, the tomahawk and lances. Hergé was certainly familiar too with Indian artefacts to be seen in the Brussels ethnographic museum.

The Indians' use of feathers, their symbolism and significance, is well understood by Hergé and amusingly adapted. The feather-bearing dogs Snowy encounters in Redskin City would in one case have killed an adversary and in the other scalped him! Similarly, the blanketed Indian Tintin and Snowy see in Redskin City has, according to his feather, slain at least one enemy.

His depiction of Indians, based on his deep sympathy for their ways, was in many respects ahead of the time. The cinema especially of the early 1930's still depicted Indians as primitive, cruel and violent, an enemy to be subdued by heroic and often outnumbered units of the U.S. Cavalry in countless Westerns. Hergé's view of proud but exploited natives has much more in common with the attitudes and films of today. In this respect, he had advanced considerably from his almost caricature portrayal of Africans in the previous adventure.

SCENES OF DAY-TO-DAY LIFE

But Red Indians were only part of the story of Tintin in America, eclipsed as in reality by the skyscrapers of the bustling cities, by commerce and mass production, quite apart from the ubiquitous gangsters. Hergé's feeling that in the end the Indians received short shrift in this story, led him in the late 1950's to toy with the idea of sending Tintin back to Redskin country on another adventure. But wisely he chose then a very different and much more original destination for the next adventure—Tibet—and so created one of the most significant of the Tintin books.

For his up-to-date facts on modern American life Hergé drew heavily on two sources: Georges Duhamel's immensely successful book Scenes de la vie future (Scenes From Future Life) and a special issue of the magazine Le Crapouillot (The Mortar Shell) devoted to the United States.

His interest in the then rapidly evolving cinema is also reflected both in the pacing of the adventure and in his almost cinematic photographic depiction of some scenes—notably Tintin's breathtaking window-ledge climb on page 10 of the colour edition. The dizzy height of the skyscraper (Tintin's room is on the thirty-seventh floor) is brilliantly conveyed by the sheer, plunging façade. The drawing, one of the most remarkable in any Tintin book, is of such virtuosity that it actually induces vertigo. In the original black and white version Hergé additionally conveys a sense of height by including a black blob and specks repre-
1. First meeting with the Indians, 1932 version.
2. The same, 1943 version.
3. The cover of "L'Hebdomadaire du Cinéma (Cinema weekly). Hergé used it as inspiration for the colour plate insert in the black and white edition. 1941.
4. Father Gall, dressed as a Sioux. He introduced Hergé to Indian culture.
senting a motor car and pedestrians in the bottom right corner. But when it came to revising the frame, Hergé rightly considered this superfluous. The dramatic effect is if anything heightened by removing the detail. A few pages on the sequence showing Tintin being hurled into Lake Michigan also has a strongly cinematic quality.

**EUROPE V. AMERICA**

Duhamel’s book, first published in 1930, warns forcefully against Europe falling for the “American way of life” with its soulless automation and modernity, its production lines and banality. His strongly conservative thesis provoked a lively debate which echoed widely, including in the illustrated pages of *Le Crapouillot* which provided Hergé with direct visual models. Such was the demand for Duhamel’s book that by September 1931 it had gone into over two hundred and forty editions.

Its anti-American, pro-European line was exactly in step with Father Wallez’s thinking and to some extent with the young Hergé’s views. Although later in life he would display some enthusiasm for America, developing for instance a friendship with Andy Warhol, this was by no means yet apparent. Even several Tintin adventures on, in *The Shooting Star*—significantly written during the oppressive war years—Hergé pits a European expedition led by Tintin against unscrupulous American rivals. Moreover, despite first thoughts, the prophetic Moon adventure begun in 1950, is launched and finishes in Europe.

In this adventure, Hergé clearly expresses doubts about extreme American capitalism and consumption, quite apart from crime, and so produces a logical and, as the demand for Duhamel’s volume demonstrated, topical pendant to Tintin’s Soviet escapade. The reader comes away from Tintin’s first three adventures, to Russia, Africa and America, with the firm conviction that there is no place like home, which means Europe and in the early versions specifically Belgium. It was a reassuring
Ha! ha! ha! Calls himself a reporter... and falls for that old gag!... The boss will be tickled pink!
foot after escaping from the shuttered taxi, Tintin says pertinently: "Trust me to be in the land of the automobile and have to slog ten miles on foot!"

Duhamel more than once writes about the abandoned, rusting vehicles dumped by the side of roads, a shocking and surprising image repeated by Hergé on page 49. The elaborate roadside advertising noted by Duhamel is also taken up by Hergé who on the same page of the colour edition introduces a Wrigley chewing gum hoarding and a figure promoting Coca-Cola; they follow a frame showing an equestrian statue of a knight on a pedestal inscribed: "Knight Brand Cans Come in handy!"

Duhamel's lengthy and gruesome description of the Chicago abattoirs lies behind Hergé's own sinister yet comic factory complex where cattle enter by conveyor belt and leave as tins of canned beef and strings of sausages—a fate narrowly evaded by Tintin and Snowy thanks to a sudden strike by disgruntled workers.

ADAPTATIONS

Between the French and English versions of the factory scenes there are some telling, mostly cultural differences. Slift factories in the original French become Grynde Corp. in the English translation, Monsieur Tom Hawke, a rather unsuitable play on toma-hawk, is improved to Mr Maurice Oyle in English. However, most significantly, reflecting respective food tastes, the dogs, cats and rats go to make hare pâte in the French original, while in English they provide the ingredients for simple salami. Best of all, the pipes add garlic, pepper and salt to the processed meat in French and mustard, pepper and salt in English.

For the appearance of the factory, Hergé relied on a fantastic photograph in Le Crapouillot of the Ford factories, ironically entitled "American Landscape." The clusters of towering chimneys, traversing pipes, ganties and overhead walkways are elaborately copied by Hergé for the Grynde processing plant. The October 1930 issue of Le Crapouillot devoted to the United States of America went over much of the ground covered by Duhamel's book but provided a selection of relevant illustrations which were clearly invaluable to Hergé.

The exploitation of the Indians and the construction of an instant town in the black and white edition.

approach which Father Wallez could be satisfied was edifying to the young readers of Le Petit Vingtième.

A number of Duhamel's observations on American life are incorporated into Hergé's account. Duhamel is staggered by the speed with which buildings are constructed in America, noting that they acquired two or three storeys a week while it took Richard Wagner twenty years to complete his Ring. This prompted Hergé's wonderful exaggeration of a city created in less than twenty-four hours.

"No pedestrians, no horses. Motor cars rule," noted by Duhamel, is translated into a brilliant comment on the modern city by Hergé on page five of the colour edition. Faced with a solid stream of traffic, Tintin hands on hips exclaims: "Rush hour!" Snowy chips in: "What does a dog do in Chicago when he wants to cross?"

Tintin is similarly perplexed on the final plate of page 29 when he suddenly finds himself caught up in the traffic of the newly constructed city. "What's all the fuss?" asks the motor-cyclist while the traffic cop tells Tintin, still in his cowboy outfit: "Hey, you! Don't you know fancy dress is forbidden in town?... And keep out of the way of the traffic!... Where do you think you are anyway?... The Wild West or something?" Already on the second page of the adventure, compelled to continue his journey on
It offered a mugshot of Alphonse "Scarface" Capone looking more like a pampered Italian tenor than Chicago's public enemy number one. In the original black and white version Hergé is shy of revealing the famous gangster face on. Instead he offers an initial back view at his desk, a keyhole peep from behind later and in between, when he confronts Tintin, his face is masked bandit-fashion by a handkerchief. By 1946 and the colour version, however, all such inhibitions have been dropped and the notorious gangster appears just as in Le Crapouillot, down to the smug smile and double chin. "So! The famous reporter!... A little kid with big ideas, like he's gonna make war on Al Capone... On me, the King of Chicago!" he remarks when Tintin has literally fallen into his clutches. Despite Hergé's reticence, Capone is recognisable in the earlier version if only for his bulging neck and emphatic eyebrows, but there is no doubt that the uninhibited portrait given in the colour edition is more dramatically effective.

Le Crapouillot had illustrations as well of skyscrapers that Hergé could use as models, notably for his tour de force drawing of Tintin's window ledge exploits on the thirty-seventh floor of his hotel. Hergé even repeats the brick pattern of the San Francisco skyscraper shown in this magazine. Another photograph offering a plunging view of the Chanin Building would have also come into consideration. Furthermore, the penultimate plate of the adventure, where Tintin bids farewell to New York boards a marked similarity to a skyline view of the city shown in Le Crapouillot.

Apart from the numerous illustrated examples the magazine furnished to Hergé's advantage, it also contained an account of the shocking expulsion of Indians from their oil-rich lands which was to become Tintin in America's moral core, by which Hergé to his credit stood tenaciously.

ADJUSTMENTS

The revisions made by Hergé to the original version for its adaptation in 1945 to the new colour format were well thought out and reflect the command of the medium that came with greater experience. He cuts and edits, streamlines and improves the flow of one of the fastest moving of any of the Tintin adventures. When, for example, Tintin bursts into the cabin to find Bobby Smiles already gone on page 18 of the colour edition, he logically rushes out to the right; in the black and white version he had dashed out to the left, disrupting the natural flow of left to right dictated by the reader's eye. A similar problem concerning the Indians' subterranean passage discovered by Tintin is put right in the later edition. In the original there is an apparent muddle over whether Tintin and Snowy are descending or ascending the tunnel; this is sorted out by adding a couple of frames and placing the emphasis on going up rather than down, giving a more natural progression from left to right.

But as often with simplifications there are losses too. First thoughts are sometimes best, first drawings often more spontaneous. It is a pity that the scene with the begging Indian is toned down. Tintin's acquisition of a horse (page 17) is also bland in the colour edition. In the first version he greets a mare called Béatrice with a "Good-day Bucephalus!" (Alexander the Great's fabled steed) and is kicked out of the stables, prompting him to ask for a horse with more of a sense of humour. In the later edition there is no reference to Bucephalus and Tintin merely asks for a horse with a better disposition. But while, as in the reworking of the Congo adventure, some of the freshness is sacrificed in the later rendering, it is without doubt technically superior.

EFFICIENCY

Phrases in English, such as "Hands up!", "How are you?", "What's the matter?", or "Darned!" which pepper the original French version are eliminated later to be replaced by the French equivalent. After cutting Tintin free from the track, the engine driver's "Never mind, of fellow" disappears altogether. As in the Congo revision, references to his native Belgium are dropped to broaden the book's appeal, so Tintin, about to be executed by one of Capone's henchmen, no longer concludes: "No way of escaping, my God!... Receive my soul!... And now die courageously, like a real Belgian!" Instead the colour edition has Tintin observing: "No way to cut short... This time I'm done for!" The pair of evil-looking Chinamen (reminiscent of the Chinese torturers in the Soviet adventure) entrusted with organised crime's second attempt to dispose of Tintin in the depths of Lake Michigan, and Snowy's vision of ending up on his dining table, are cut from the later edition, Hergé having painted an altogether more sympathetic picture of the Chinese in the intervening Blue Lotus.

Some changes are less explicable. Just as Hergé substituted blank luggage labels in the later Congo version with a consequent disappointing loss of detail, the belligerent sheriff drinks from a blankly labelled bottle on page 36 of the revised edition. No longer is it "Old Scotch Whisky," which is a pity.

The ransom note left after Snowy's abduction is revised down to a perhaps more realistic $50,000 on page 44 of the colour edition from the $100,000 demanded in the original black and white. But the financial sums remain the same in the marvellous preceding sequence where Tintin and Snowy are courted by film, music-hall, advertising and radio executives and finally a religious crank who implores the reporter to be converted to a new religion "Neo-Judeo-Buddhismo-Islamo-Americanism, and earn the highest dividends in the world!" The English translation of the colour edition turns the General Broadcasting Corporation unnecessarily into Pantechnicon Radio and has the film studio executive
ET MAINTENANT, A NOUS DEUX. MONSIEUR LE BANDIT!

COURONS... CE WHISKY-EST DÉCIDEMMENT DELICIEUX.... ALLONS, LE COUP DE L'ÉTRIER....

BUVONS, CELA ME DONNERA DES FORCES....

OK, Bobby Smiles, we're right behind you

Git movin', Sheriff... My, ain't this whisky jes' delicious... Now...

...One for the road!... Jes' to give me strength...

1. The photograph of the Manhattan skyline that appears in Le Crapouillot.
2. Tintin’s farewell to America.
3-4. The change of direction implemented at the time of the colour edition (right) allows a more natural reading.
5-6. The arbitrary omission of the markings on the whisky flask in the colour version is a disappointing amendment.
ET J'EMPORTERAI DE MON SEJOUR EN AMERIQUE UN SOUVENIR EXCELLENT!

CA Y EST... HIC...
MOI, J'... HIC...
JAI LE HO...
HIC... LE HOQUET.

ELLE EN FAIT DES CHICHIS, CETTE MARY PIKEFORT !...

Soyez assurés, Mesdames et Messieurs, que j'emporterais de ce trop court séjour en Amérique un souvenir inoubliable. Et c'est de tout cœur que je vous dis...

Ça y est... hic...
Moi, j'ai... hic...
J'ai le ho... hic...
Le hoquet...

Right page: Triumphant ticker-tape parade for Tintin.

ridiculously (even in 1978, the year of its first appearance in English) talk of a “new billion-dollar movie spectacular” for “Paranoid Productions,” much less subtle than Hergé’s French original where the executive is simply charged with hiring the reporter to star in an adventure film by Paramount Pictures.

In the original version, the banquet in honour of Tintin includes a reference by a matronly dowager to the celebrated actress Mary Pickford, thinly disguised as Mary Pikefort. This is dropped later, presumably because it would no longer have been so obvious. Next to Tintin at the table in both editions, however, is the unmistakable figure of Roberto Rastapopoulos, the tycoon film director and arch villain whose debut proper comes in the next adventure, the Cigars of the Pharaoh.

Hergé returned a third time to the American adventure for a 1973 edition, when apart from tightening up the formatting of the script by cutting out wherever possible hyphenated breaks, he made significant concessions to his American publishers by removing in three cases blacks from the narrative. They objected to the placing of blacks alongside whites in a story destined for young readers. So on the very first page the negro gangster on the right of the group addressed by Al Capone is replaced by a crook of Puerto Rican appearance; the commissaire on duty at the unfinished Petroleum & Cactus Bank on page 29 becomes a white, as does the wailing baby and mother on page 47. The last is the least dexterous change with the outcome baby substituted making Tintin look particularly puny. But Hergé somehow retained through the three versions, if not the English translation where unfortunately this is diluted, his indictment of lynching and small town American racism on page 34 of the colour edition.

WINNING FORMULA

Like the first two Tintin adventures, Tinnt in America is action-packed, if anything it is even faster paced. It has, too, a much more developed sense of satire and thus depth, demonstrated in such scenes and particularly that of the expulsion of the Indians from their land. Hergé paints a picture of 1930s America that is exciting, hectic, corrupt, fully automated and dangerous, one where the dollar is all powerful. It rings true enough, at least as much as the image projected by Hollywood at the time.

“You may be certain, ladies and gentlemen, that I shall take away unforgettable memories of my short stay in America,” Tintin quite truthfully tells the assembled dignitaries before his final abduction. His reappearance and direction of police to the hideout of the Central Syndicate of Chicago Gangsters, resulting in the arrest of 355 suspects, leads to the traditional ticker-tape reception reserved in the United States for heroes, and a wistful return to Europe. “Pity! I was almost beginning to get used to it!” remarks Tintin in the later edition, Snowy in the original, as they mount the gangway onto a liner that could well be the Queen Mary.

They had travelled a long way in one adventure and the next would offer them no respite. By now there could be no doubt, Hergé had devised a winning formula.

After a full round of celebrations, Tinnt and Snowy embark for Europe.

Pity! I was almost beginning to get used to it!
On the trail of desperate drug smugglers and unscrupulous gun runners, Tintin traverses the Orient from the sands of Egypt and Arabia to the jungle and mountain passes of India.
Tintin’s voyage East beginning in December 1932 marks a new departure with a matured hero, more inclined to be a detective than a reporter. Rather than himself reporting, he is increasingly being reported about, to some extent fulfilling a pre- and immediate post-war ideal of the reporter himself creating news. This time Tintin is not despatched to a far-flung land by his newspaper Le Petit Vingtième. But enjoying what anyone would agree was a well-earned rest after the demanding of his first three adventures, this episode begins and ends with Tintin on holiday. However, the events packed in between are as hazardous and gripping as ever.

A GALLERY OF CHARACTERS
What should have been a quiet, and for Snowy excruciatingly boring, cruise is short-circuited by their encounter with the enigmatic professor of archaeology, Sophocles Sarcophasus (Philippe Sislon in the French edition) and Tintin’s subsequent arrest on a trumped up charge of smuggling cocaine and heroin, a crime as topical in the 1930s as today. Who should arrest him but the bowler-hatted Scotland Yard detectives Thompson and Thomson, making their debut in the adventures immediately after the introduction of the series’ durable arch villain, Roberto Rastapopoulos, already fleetingly glimpsed seated at the banquetting table towards the end of the American adventure. From now on Rastapopoulos becomes as essential an ingredient to the Tintin stories as Moriarty in Conan Doyle’s adventures of Sherlock Holmes. Indeed, his apparent demise at the end of the Cigars of the Pharaoh in a fall down a Himalayan precipice is to prove as illusionary as the consequences of Holmes’ tussle with Moriarity at the Reichenbach Falls.

Thompson and Thomson, not twins though identical except for the trim of their moustaches, are a rich addition to the cast, their guaranteed clumsiness and bungling proving a constant source of amusement and, initially, irritation as they wrongly pursue Tintin, impeding his own investigations. In the original black and white version of the narrative they are merely identified as X-33 and X-33A. Their identification in French as Dupond and Dupont came only later.

It would seem that their appearance was inspired by the cover photograph of the Paris weekly Le Miroir of March 2, 1919, showing a pair of bowler-hatted, mous- tached detectives with an arrested suspect, to which one is handcuffed while the other looks after their two umbrellas. Hergé’s father and uncle may also have provided some inspiration for their wonderfully predictable appearance, whether in their funereal dark suits, in absurd disguise or elaborate fancy-dress national costumes. From the Cigars of the Pharaoh onwards they appear in every adventure bar two: Tintin in Tibet and Flight 714.

As it to underline that this first instalment of what was originally presented as “the Adventure of Tintin, reporter in the Orient” (The Blue Lotus was the more considered sequel) marked a new, formative stage in the development of Hergé’s immensely successful hero, a fourth character is introduced who is to reappear on later occasions: Oliveira da Figueira, the benevolent Portuguese merchant who takes Tintin into all kinds unnecessary purchases on their first encounter, but who in subsequent adventures helps him out of more than one tight corner. Overburdened with a pair of skis, poles, a golf club, watering can, bucket and towel, alarm clock, spare shoes, top hat, bow tie and for Snowy a collar and kerchief, Tintin comes away memorably from his first brush with Senhor Oliveira remarking: “Just as well I didn’t fall for his patter. You end up with all sorts of useless junk if you’re not careful.” Later, the estimable Oliveira could be relied on to produce a bottle of good Portuguese wine and consolation whenever he came across his old friend.

The 1955 colour edition additionally inserts Allan Thompson, the crooked mariner and associate of Rastapopoulos, who otherwise makes his first appearance in 1940 in The Crab with the Golden Craw as first mate to Haddock’s drunken captain. Here, The City of Doodlecastle and its anonymous crew, which pick up the contraband and reject the coffins in the first version, is replaced by the Sereno, captain by Allan, who ditches his incriminating load as the coast guards close in. Hergé was creating a cast of characters, a family, around Tintin and Snowy that he could draw on in the future to give the narrative both a feeling of depth and familiarity. It was, together with a great concern for accuracy of detail and fact, part of a formula that was to make Tintin an enduring success. For this reason alone, quite apart from the introduction of a new element of mystery and suspense, Cigars of the Pharaoh is a key adventure in the series’ development.

Another change prompted by the consistent success of the Tintin books so far and Hergé’s mounting self-confidence saw the dropping of Tintin’s name from the title itself. It was not to reappear until the eve of war in 1939 when Tintin in the Land of Black Gold started to appear. Otherwise, among the later works only Tintin in Tibet, Tintin and the Picaros and the final unfinished Tintin in Tibet and Alph-Art include the hero in the title.
THE SIGN OF KHI-OSKH
At the time of Cigars of the Pharaoh, newspapers were still fascinated by the sensational archaeological discoveries unearthed in Egypt during the past decade. Above all, the discovery and opening up by Howard Carter in 1922 of the tomb of Tutankhamen and the apparent curse on those involved that followed was firmly embedded in Hergé’s and the public’s imagination. Stylised Egyptian designs and patterns were in vogue, even inspiring lines stocked in department stores and influencing fashion. Egypt and a mysterious pharaoh’s tomb were a perfect setting in which to place Tintin and such a contemporary crime as drug smuggling.

Hergé’s master-stroke unifying what would otherwise be two disparate adventures with its long-distance jumps from Egypt to Arabia and then finally to India was the introduction of a leitmotif, the sign of the comically named pharaoh, Khiosh. This memorable design would seem to have been inspired by the mystic Chinese emblem of Ying and Yang which Hergé, an avid reader of the writings of Swiss psychiatrist Carl Gustav Jung, may have found on the title page of one of his works. But far from denoting the harmony of Ying and Yang, Hergé’s subtle design has a sinister line breaking the perfect circle with one dot placed inside and the other outside it, suggesting menace and disorder appropriate to a secret society trafficking in narcotics. It would, furthermore, be difficult to conceive of an emblem more suitable for the band of a superior Flor Fina cigar, for the insignia of the society’s purple Masonic-like robes or for the entrance to the pharaoh’s tomb. It is also eminently daubable, as demonstrated by the mentally disturbed Seroephagus on the trees of the Indian jungle.

HIEROGLYPHICS
Turning to the interior of the pharaoh’s tomb, Hergé clearly delighted in rendering the stylised wall paintings and hieroglyphics. Tintin and the readers are startlingly confronted with nineteen mumified Egyptologists, lined up in their coffins with their names and dates of death carefully recorded. “All the Egyptologists who have tried to find this tomb have disappeared mysteriously.” Tintin recalls uncomfortably. Then, Hergé has Tintin discover the empty coffins reserved for “Tintin, Journalist” and “Snowy, Dog,” their dates of death given as 16/1-33 in the original version. “No! No! Never in a thousand years! No one’s going to turn me into a mummy!” Tintin responds defiantly. The Egyptologists assembled by Hergé merit scrutiny: in the original black and white version; there is the clearly French M. Dupont (12-6-1872), the obviously German professor Sauerkraut (23-10-1890), in a play on the word hieroglyph there is I.E. Rohigflh, presumably English if only because of his appended umbrella, Lord Carnaval (10-10-1929) bearing the likeness of Lord Caernarvon, Howard Carter’s sponsor who died unexpectedly six months after the opening of Tutankhamen’s tomb, and the Italian sounding M. Trentinat (5-7-1932).

Hergé’s line-up is revised when in 1955 he produced the colour edition of the adventure. His main change is to mummify his true friend and collaborator Edgar-Pierre Jacob who helped him transform the early books into colour immediately after the war. His likeness is immortalised on the new cover of Cigars of the Pharaoh and inside as E.P. Jacobini. Himself a comic strip author of some distinction, one of his characters, the German Egyptologist Herr Grossgrabenstein, who appears in the 1950 Mystère de la Grande Pyramide (Mystery of the Great Pyramid), keeps him company on the cover as Grossgrab, German for “big tomb.” Otherwise in the bilingual edition I.E. Rohigflh loses his umbrella, Trentinat is Frenchified to M. Trentin and Lord Carnaval is Anglicised further to Carnawal. An empty coffin is added for Ph. Sisone so as to absolve him from any implied complicity in the conspiracy surrounding the tomb. In the English edition, which appeared in 1971, inexplicably Rohigflh becomes P. Schwarz and Sandy is preferred to Carnawal, forgoing the allusion to Lord Caernarvon if not the physical resemblance. The empty coffin is reserved for S. Seroephagus.

HALLUCINATION
Hergé’s fantasy and humour next produces the exquisite dream sequence where Tintin, overcome by the drugs he inhales, sees himself and Snowy snugly mumified in their coffins. The Thonilpsors portrayed as ancient Egyptians except for their bowler...
Cigars of the Pharaoh

1 Egyptian images used by Hergé for the decoration of Kh-Osik's tomb.
2 Tintin discovers the wealth of ancient Egyptian art (page 17).
3 The chariot of Ramses II from a press cutting kept by Hergé.
4 The row of mummies below the chariot of Ramses II (page 17).
5 Edgar-Pierre Jacobs, who shared an enthusiasm for Egyptology.
6 Jacobs immortalised as a mummy (page 8).
Cigars of the Pharaoh

1 Tintin’s meeting with Henry de Montfried (page 21 of the first edition).
2 Photograph of the writer/adventurer Henry de Montfried.
3 The gun-runner’s vessel (page 13).
4 Photograph used by the artist for de Montfried’s boat.
5-6 The filming scene from Rastapopoulos’s blockbuster: the public’s taste had moved on between the two versions and the actors’ appearance alters.
hats trying a cigar from a box proffered by a diminutive Professor Sarcophagus, also in Egyptian dress embelished with his top hat. An unconscious Tintin is then carried off by two Egyptians, one with the head of an unforgiving Snowy, the other a sinister pharaonic Rastapopoulos. It ends with a screaming baby Tintin being rocked in his cradle by a cigar-smoking Professor Sarcophagus. The extraordinary sequence amounts to one of the most imaginative and disturbing scenes in Tintin, displaying Hergé’s growing virtuosity with the medium.

But as was his rule, Hergé kept his fantasy anchored in reality and the hierarchic pose adopted for the seated cigar-smoking Thomson and his near namesake giving him a light is reproduced faithfully from a scene depicted on the back of one of the chairs recovered from the tomb of Tutankhamen.

Curiously, the pyramids, Egypt’s most recognisable hallmark, are conspicuously absent from the original black and white version of the adventure, though minarets and mosque are plainly discernible as first Tintin then the Thomson’s stroll through the bustling streets of Port Said. However, the pyramids are introduced—33 years later— as part of the background “somewhere near Cairo” on page six of the colour edition. Just as the reader begins to relish the Egyptian detail, including the Thomson’s local costume, the action moves abruptly to the Red Sea and an encounter which drew on a contemporary figure of some repute.

Adrift in their coffins performe life rafts and finally overwhelmed by gigantic waves, Tintin and Snowy would have been doomed to a watery end had they not been fished from the sea by the ostensibly affable sea captain modelled, Hergé later acknowledged, on a notorious contemporary adventurer. Henry de Monfreid abandoned a life of convention and comfort for the sea and the excitement of gun-running, smuggling and pearl fishing. For all his apparent charm, Tintin’s pipe-smoking saviour turns out to be de Monfreid to be an unscrupulous scoundrel, prepared to fuel instability in the region by supplying weapons to rival factions.

But de Monfreid was a rogue who could write well and it was almost certainly in the pages of Le Crapouillot that Hergé discovered him in 1932. In April of that year one of his short stories, significantly entitled La Fèche empoisonnée (The Poisoned Dart) appeared in the magazine. It was well illustrated and included photographs of de Monfreid and his boat, both of which bear a remarkable resemblance to Hergé’s captain and his vessel. In the same year the Paris publisher Grassat brought out de Monfreid’s Les Secrets de la mer Rouge (Secrets of the Red Sea) which quickly became a runaway best-seller. That Hergé read it is apparent from a passage where de Monfreid recounts how he used to let the natives know that he always carried a case of dynamite on the lower deck so that he could blow everything up “when the game was up.” In fact, he used it for a highly unorthodox method of fishing: dynamiting shoals of fish. “If you’ve given me away, just remember this. My boat is mined, and I’ll blow her sky high before I surrender!” the captain tells Tintin after having him tied up before and making a hasty exit from the adventure. As for de Monfreid, he lived contentedly until 1974 when he expired at the grand age of 95.

**A TASTE OF MOVING PICTURES**

Tintin’s first taste of Arabia on disembarking from de Monfreid’s sailing vessel is an overture to more than one desert adventure. The Arab world features again in The Crab with the Golden Claws in Land of Black Gold and The Red Sea Sharks. In Cigars of the Pharaoh, Hergé understands the Arab mind as well as David Lean in his filming some thirty years later of Lawrence of Arabia. Hergé’s Arabs are as naïvely fascinated by Senhor Oliveira da Figueira’s wares as by the spoils they lift from the ambushed Turkish train in Lean’s epic.

The world of film-making, moreover, is only a page away in the Tintin adventure, as the reporter now wearing Arab headress like Peter O’Toole as Lawrence, stumbles upon the film set of the “Super-scope Magnavista” feature of Arabian Knights—in the French original Petite-fille de Sheik (The Sheik’s Grand-daughter) or ‘Haine d’Arabe’ (Arab Hatred). In the first black and white version, the matinee idol whose entrance is ruined by Tintin’s blundering interference is naturally inspired by Rudolph Valentino, immortalised in one of the most popular films of the 1920’s, ‘The Sheik’. In the later colour edition, he is more rugged 1940/1950’s-Kirk Douglas perhaps—while the blonde heroine mistakenly “rescued” by Tintin is the standard pre- and post-war Hollywood starlet, long on sex appeal and short on brains.

Rastapopoulos is portrayed as a typical movie mogul of the period. “the millionaire film tycoon, king of Cosmos Pictures” described by Tintin after their first acrimonious encounter on the deck of the cruise liner at the start of the adventure. Bush hat, jodhpurs, boots, natty neckwear, monocle and, in the original version, obligatory cut-size cigar, complete the attributes of the autocratic and vain film supremo. It is a suitably ambiguous cover for Tintin’s chief adversary and one that initially takes him in. Just before Tintin barges into the film sequence of the heroine being horse-whipped, recalled later (The Blue Lotus) in a trailer shown in a Shanghai cinema, he is abducted by Arabs who have a complaint against Senhor Oliveira da Figueira. He is called to account before Sheikh Patash Pasha whose fury turns to delight when he discovers that his prisoner is none other than Tintin the celebrated reporter whose fame has permeated even the Arabian desert. “For years I have read of your exploits,” the Sheik declares and...
to prove it he has his servant produce a Tintin book. In the original black and white version it is, as one would expect, the previous adventure: Tintin in America. But in revising the first version for later editions, Hergé causes some chronological confusion. In the second edition of 1955 (the first in colour), the servant presents the earlier Tintin in the Congo, and in the third edition, most extraordinarily, he finds a copy of Destination Moon which itself first appeared in 1953 and which Hergé could not even have dreamed of when in 1932 he was writing Cigars of the Pharaoh. The discrepancy in time apart, Hergé does at least succeed in proving that Sheik Patash Pasha was an avid reader of the Tintin adventures, just as in the African volume the Congolese know Tintin from Le Petit Vingtième.

THE THOM(P)SONS IN ACTION

After Tintin has uncovered the arms shipment aboard de Monfreid’s chow and narrowly escaped being held culpable of gunrunning by the Thom(p)sions acting with the local coast guard, he reports back to Rastapopoulos who he still takes for a friend. Another desert trek follows as Tintin sets out on foot for the holy city of Mecca, though its identification as such is
dropped in the later, revised editions. Typically, the Thompsons crop up in the most unlikely guises and places, this time as a pair of Arabs sitting by a desert oasis. Their attack on a member of a rival tribe who they mistake for Tintin provokes war and indirectly his forced conscription, under the splendid name of Ali-Bhai in the English edition (first Bah-Behr then Beh-Behr in French), into the Arab army. They do, however, redeem themselves by arranging for his execution as a spy and subsequent burial to be a surprisingly successful sham—all so that they can carry out their orders and arrest him as a suspected drug-smuggler and gun-runner. For two such consistently incompetent detectives, they also unusually succeed in saving Snowy from being sacrificed to Siva when later the adventure moves on to India. On this occasion too, their aim is to achieve Tintin’s arrest.

To carry through their ruse and rescue Tintin in Mecca, they take the veil and fool even Tintin: “Ladies I shall never forget what you have done for me. Just before the execution the sergeant told me the rifles would be loaded with blanks. I collapsed when they fired, and pretended to be dead...” But Tintin loses the detectives and just shakes off the pursuing soldiers in a desperate dash through Mecca’s great gate to a conveniently parked aircraft whose guard, thinking Snowy rabid, prefers not to linger. Hergé’s detail is typically authentic; the troops wear uniforms modelled on those of the Arab League, they are armed with British manufactured Lee Enfield rifles. The aircraft Tintin gets away in is a British made De Havilland DH-80 “Puss Moth” of 1929 vintage, similar to one. Hergé knew from press cuttings, that was owned by King Faisal of Arabia. Designed for civil use with a range of 900 kilometres carrying two or three passengers, it was used for long hauls, though Tintin’s Mecca to India flight without refuelling rather stretches credibility—such a distance adding up to at least four times the aircraft’s maximum range.

The Arab colonel scrambles two British designed Hawker Hart fighter-bombers in pursuit, a task for which they would have been well suited with a top speed of 277 kph against the Puss Moth’s maximum 203 kph. While the Harts are already obviously identifiable in the original black and white version, Tintin’s aircraft is somewhat more basic than the Puss Moth so accurately depicted in the later editions. The two-seater Hawker Hart which went into production in 1928 was highly regarded by pilots for its reliability and manouevrability and, though by then outdated, was used by the Royal Air Force in some of the first air attacks of the 1939-45 war.

Predictably, the Arab pilots catch up with Tintin and, deceived by his dive and spin, believe they have shot him down. “That’s a very old trick, Snowy... Go into a spin, then disappear into the clouds. But our troubles aren’t over, by any means... We’re running low on fuel.”

**BESTIARY**

As we know from the earliest adventure (in the Land of the Soviets), Tintin is an intrepid aviator with a rich vein of luck. This time, out of fuel, he crash lands in the jungle and gets away in the later editions with only a bump on the head from a falling first aid kit and manual—an amusing touch added to the original version. For the ailing elephant whom Tintin immediately encounters, Hergé needed to look no further than a black and white photograph of a seated elephant he had cut from a magazine. He had another picture of an elephant with an extended trunk which clearly was useful for his drawing of Tintin being given a shower on page 35 and the siphoning off two pages later of the district commissioner’s aperitif. From the beginning, Hergé was a natural and compulsive archivist, clipping and collecting all sorts of material for possible future use. It was a habit which was to
stand him in good stead, ensuring the accuracy of all kinds of detail in an extraordinary range of settings.

The Soviet adventure had shown Tintin to be not only an adept aviator but an accomplished wood carver, skilfully fashioning a replacement propeller for his aircraft. On this occasion he makes a trumpet to enable him to communicate with his elephant friend. His, and Hergé’s, boy-scout background is all too evident.

**ATMOSPHERE**

Hergé’s picture of British India is wonderfully characterised, from the constant drinks on the verandah of the bungalow to the furnishings, the tiger skin rug, the Asiatique antiques and especially the guests to the party given by the district commissioner, immaculately turned out in his khaki uniform. The Reverend Peacock is a splendid parody of the colonial clergyman, while Mr and Mrs Snowball (of the India and India Bank in the original version) are quintessentially English in the later edition where Hergé, sizing up the bank manager type so perceptively, almost succeeds in creating a Mainwaring of Dad’s Army character—underscored and over-important. Their unmasking at the end of the adventure as members of the secret society forming an international drugs ring underlines its sinister and pernicious nature. The well-known poet Zloty, as in the Polish currency (the Hungarian writer Zlotkwtz in the first version), is one of those weak, haunted characters, like Baxter in the Moon adventure, created by Hergé to sow doubt in the reader’s mind about their reliability. The rather loss subtle, heavily bearded cotton planter, Mr Bearding, who appears fleetingly in the original version, hardly contributing, is understandably dropped later. Then there is the pipe-smoking Dr Finney (Dr Lawson in the first version), a picture of benevolence whether in or out of evening dress. Even before the tropical storm descends, Hergé manages to create a claustrophobic and sinisterly dramatic atmosphere—worthy of Agatha Christie—in the outwardly cozy setting of the colonial bungalow. In this adventure, Tin Tin has moved on from mere helter-skelter, rough and tumble to a narrative rich in mystery and drama, making Cigars of the Pharaoh as much of a landmark in the series as its more widely acclaimed sequel, The Blue Lotus.

As usual, Hergé reveals in name play and his fictional Indian destinations are no exception. In the French version, the “gare de Arbouaz” (Arbouaz station) sounds like “karabouza,” a popular aniseed sweet in Belgium, while Sehru is pronounced identically to Céroux (Mousty), the small village in Brabant where Hergé had his country home. In the English translation, the references are more obvious: Jamijah and Sethru, indicated on the side of the railway carriage as Sethru-Jamijah.

**DISAPPEARANCES**

The Maharaja de Rawhaipoutala in French becomes rather charmingly the Maharaja of Gaipajama in English. His three advisors, Bahadhpur, the treacherous Jagmanpatah, and Ghandaladhir, introduced in the original version, are dispensed with in revised editions. The conspiratorial counsellor, who is found among the members of the secret society rounded up by Tintin, becomes anonymous, referred to only as the Maharaja’s secretary and source of the palace’s stock of opium-filled Kih-Oskh cigars.

In trimming and cutting the original Cigars to the 62-page format of the colour edition, Hergé made other more extensive cuts, including two episodes involving snakes. In the first, having discovered the underground lair of the secret society, Tintin encounters at least seven deadly cobras that sink menacingly out of a statue of Vishnu. Tin Tin throws a bar of chocolate at them and literally allows them to get knotted before moving on and narrowly avoiding falling into a crocodile pit. For his depiction of the cobras, Hergé relied on an engraving he had kept by Sargent after W.H. Freeman. A few pages on, after he had succeeded in rounding up the whole gang of drug traffickers except for the slippery fakir, Tintin goes to bed, protected from any poisonous dart by an upturned table. Earlier in both the original and later versions he had saved the Maharaja from the madness of the dart dipped in Rajajah and the dreadful fate shared by his father and two brothers (brother in revised edition), by placing a dummy in the prince’s bed. It was a trick he had employed equally successfully only a few months earlier to draw the fire of a Chicago assassin in the American adventure. But this time the fakir slips a cobra called Coco through the open window to take vengeance on the snoring Tintin. Snowy wakes up and in a brilliant display of initiative goes to the gramophone and puts on a record entitled “The Snake-Charmer” played by a “native orchestra” on the “Discobol” label. Mesmerised, the snake gyrates to the music, allowing Tintin to get up, turn the lights on, find his revolver and shoot it dead.

Snowy is truly in top form in the original version, having immediately before thwarted an attempt by the fakir to blow them all sky high—also dropped in the revised edition—by lifting his leg and extinguishing the fizzling fuse: a useful canine trick he was to repeat nine years later in The Shooting Star.

Having during the course of the adventure blended various elements favoured in contemporary thrillers, Hergé opts for a highly cinematic ending: a wild car chase along the narrow mountain roads of the snow-capped Himalayas and an apparently successful conclusion crowned with a magnificent, pageant-filled procession on elephant back—the Indian version of the ticker-tape reception accorded Tin Tin in the previous adventure. But questions remain, whether for the elegantly turbaned Tintin and Snowy sitting alone on the sofa at the end of the original black and white version, or for them joined by the grateful Maharaja and his son in the colour edition.

“And you, my young friend, have earned a good holiday,” says the Maharaja. “Maybe a nice quiet cruise... Now that we have seen the last of that evil gang... I hope your are right, Highness, I certainly hope so... But somehow, I wonder...”

In a postscript below the Kih-Oskh sign used for the ending in the 1955 French edition, we are advised: “Tintin’s idea—clearly visible—is that his adventures in the Far East are far from finished: and in fact, they do continue in The Blue Lotus.”
1 Photograph of an Asian elephant from Hergé's tiles.
2 TinTin meets a real elephant (page 34).
3 Photograph of a racing car from a copy of Le Crapouillot.
4 The car chase in the black and white edition (page 114).
5 Document used by Hergé for the Maharaja's cortege.
In a troubled China, Tintin makes a special friend and finds a new realism. Hergé foresees sabre-rattling Japan gird itself for greater conflict.

The Blue Lotus
The second instalment of Tintin’s adventure in the Orient is a masterpiece—Hergé’s first by general agreement, his finest in the opinion of some. Nobody would dispute that it represents a turning point in his work. Qualities which were budding in the earlier adventures burst into bloom in The Blue Lotus. For the first time an adventure has a carefully devised structure. It marks an end to the ad hoc development of a plot. Hergé no longer improvised the story from week to week, excruciating Tintin from one scrapes only to land him into another until the adventure had run its course. He clearly felt that the Cigars of the Pharaoh had led him on a trail which risked getting out of hand. As a result, The Blue Lotus is better planned; it is briskly paced without being hectic-skelter and more firmly rooted in reality. Hergé knew where he was going and how.

REVELATIONS

The change sprang from a sense of frustration over the evolution of the Cigars of the Pharaoh narrative, but more significantly from a happy encounter with a Chinese art student in Brussels.

To date, the foreign lands to which Tintin had travelled and their peoples conform to the pictures or clichés held in the 1920s-30s, often verging on caricatures. Bolsheviks were cynically evil, Africans backward and superstitious. Americans were either capitalists or gangsters, and even Hergé’s beloved Red Indians were portrayed as particularly gullible and naive. There was concern among some of Tintin’s loyal followers in Belgium that the forthcoming adventure, which they were told would take the reporter to the Far East, would follow such a pattern.

Belgian missionaries, so active in the Congo, were also spreading Christianity in distant China. Inspired by their teaching, a number of young Chinese came to Belgium to complete their studies. A priest, Father Gosset, who was chaplain to the Chinese students at the University of Louvain, wrote to Hergé urging him to avoid resorting to clichés by having a closer look at the Chinese and doing his research properly. Always keen to learn and prone to perfectionism, Hergé willingly took the advice and responded. So in the spring of 1934 Father Gosset introduced him to Chang Chong-chen, a promising sculpture student at the Brussels Académie des Beaux-Arts who, like Hergé, was aged 27. The two instantly took to each other.

Long discussions followed which gave Hergé a true taste of China that went far beyond what the newspaper cuttings he continued to accumulate could suggest. A lifelong fascination with China was awakened by Chang: its complex history, its extraordinary geography, language, literature, philosophy and religion, all of which was revelatory to a highly receptive Hergé. He learned about Chinese art and the techniques of traditional painting. The immense richness of Chinese culture was revealed to him and he was fascinated.

"Chang was an exceptional boy," Hergé was to say. "He made me discover and love Chinese poetry, Chinese writing..."

I'm Tintin..."  "I am Chang Chong-chen... But... why did you save my life? I thought all white devils were wicked, like those who killed my grandfather and grandmother long ago. During the War of Righteous and Harmonious Fists, my father said," "The Boxer Rebellion, yes. But Chang, all white men aren't wicked. You see, different peoples don't know enough about each other. Lots of Europeans still believe... that all Chinese are running and cruel and wear pigtails, are always inventing tortures, and eating rotten eggs and swallows' nests... The same stupid Europeans are quite convinced that all Chinese have tiny feet, and even now little Chinese girls suffer agonies with bandages designed to prevent their feet developing normally. They're even convinced that Chinese rivers are full of unwanted babies, thrown in when they are born. So you see Chang, that's what lots of people believe about China!" "They must be crazy the people in your country!" a laughing Chang concludes.

THE QUEST FOR REALITY

Hergé himself had fallen into the stereotype trap in two of the early Tintin adventures: in the Land of the Soviets, Tintin tangles with two pigtailed Chinese torturers, while in the black and white version of Tintin in America, Snowy imagines ending up as the main course for two similarly sinister Chinese who, on behalf of their gangster employers, are about to deposit his master, tied and weighted, into the depths of Lake Michigan. But thanks to Chang, such popular prejudices were behind Hergé, who from now on strove to counter myths by presenting as accurate a picture of China as possible. Hergé admitted that he had "discovered a civilization which I had completely ignored and, at the same time, I assumed a feeling of responsibility. I was from that time that I undertook research and really interested myself in the people and countries to which I sent Tintin, out of a sense of honesty to my readers."

It was, according to Hergé, the beginning of his "documentalist" period. He looked further for pictures of the real China he was to portray and did not merely reproduce what he found. He began to sketch particular poses and activities, as well as make pencil studies of Chinese dress and architecture, just as an artist would in preparing a painting. While in Cigars of the

1 Entretiens avec Hergé, op. cit., p. 54.
Pharaoh, for example, he had created a generalised Arabic for relevant episodes based on copies of Arabic script he kept among his files, his use of Chinese in The Blue Lotus, thanks to Chang, has much greater depth and can be very subtle. When the appalling Gibbons beats the unfortunate rickshaw driver, the wall poster behind proclaims “Down with Imperialism!” in Chinese. Seconds earlier, as he is on the point of running into Gibbons, the Chinaman exclaims in the vernacular: “Sorry Sir!” Earlier the rickshaw bearing Mitsukura hurtles past a poster showing a light bulb with the inscription “Electrical Workshop Siemens” in Chinese, while next to it is a poster with the message: “To possess a thousand acres of land is not worth having a simple job.”

The narrative is deliciously punctuated by such inscriptions and ideograms, whether calling for a boycott of Japanese goods or the abolition of unfair treaties, meticulously written out by Chang. Tintin enjoys tea under a restaurant sign, pretends to smoke opium next to the Chinese inscription for “Best Wishes” and is marched shackled through the streets of Shanghai with a block around his neck proclaiming: “Condemned to death for opposing the Japanese Army.” Street names and signs are as accurately rendered, providing much to delight any student of Mandarin and giving the setting a compelling authenticity. The Chinese setting and decoration carries this on, with Chang supervising the representation of vases, furniture, screens and wall hangings.

But even more remarkable is The Blue Lotus’ political accuracy and forthrightness, its grasp of the complex current affairs of the time. The storm clouds of world war were beginning to mass in 1934 but few commentators saw the extent of the danger. In Europe, imperial Japan, an ally of France and Britain in the Great War and an old antagonist of politically suspect Russia, was viewed favourably and her belligerent behaviour in Asia largely ignored. In view of the chaotic political conditions prevailing in China, there were many in the West who thought the Japanese occupation of a great part of Manchuria might lend some stability to the region. The Western Press—when concerned with such distant affairs—was still broadly sympathetic to Japan.

**Commitment**

However, Chang opened Hergé’s eyes to the distant politics of Asia and Japan’s naked imperialist ambitions. Tintin’s Chinese adventure started to appear in Le Petit Vingtième in August as Japan continued its agitation, recorded in the narrative, in China. So Hergé incorporates the Mukden railway incident (which he shifts further south towards Shanghai) into the story and has Tintin witness how Japanese-paid saboteurs blow up the line so that the Chinese can be blamed and an excuse offered for Tokyo’s military intervention. In a marvellous example of political satire, tail-coated Japanese diplomats defend the despatch of troops to the Chinese mainland and, as in reality, later storm out of the League of Nations. In actual fact the incident on the line between Mukden and Tien Tsin occurred on the night of September 18–19, 1931, and was attributed to Chinese troops in a communiqué issued by the Japanese legation. Japan walked out of the League of Nations 15 months later on February 24, 1933, after being heavily censured in the Lynton report.

In a stunning sequence of plates which elevates the cartoon strip to the level of stinging political caricature, Hergé shows the flag-waving crowds in Japan hear the politician passionately declare: “Japan must never forget her duty as the guardian of law and civilization in the Far East... Glorify our brave soldiers who have now gone to defend this noble cause!” At the League of Nations, a bespectacled delegate with a bristly toothbrush moustache declares excitedly: “And once again Japan
1 Original advertisement for Gold Dragon cigarettes.
2 Tintin, speeding past the poster advertising Gold Dragon cigarettes (page 39).
3 Advertising the Siemens workshops (page 8).
4 Photograph of prisoners wearing black collars featured in Hergé's files.
5 Tintin is paraded through the streets of the city (page 37).
6-7 The Bauhaus-style chair and its use at the Occidental Club, page 17 of the black and white edition.
has fulfilled her mission as guardian of law 
and civilisation in the Far East!... If we have 
been forced, to our utmost regret, to send 
troops into China, it is for the good of 
China herself!! In between, troops march, 
battleships cruise menacingly by moon-
light, escorted by squadrons of aircraft, 
while armoured trains rumble to strategic 
points. The carefully planned operation 
outlined by Hergé anticipates with remar-
kable foresight Japan’s surprise raid seven 
years later on Pearl Harbor that brought a 
shocked United States of America into the 
world war.

Hergé’s total absorption in his subject 
gave him an extraordinary feel for it. Like 
some finely tuned political commentator, 
he was able to see where events were lea-
ding. In previous adventures Tintin’s esca-
pades had been loosely related to current 
affairs. In the latter stories actual events 
were skilfully fictionalised and camoufla-
ged, often by substituting inventive names. 
But in The Blue Lotus, contemporary news 
and politics for the first time played a sub-
stantive and undisguised part in the narra-
tive. Hergé was overtly political and bluntly 
critical of Japan and its expansionist poli-
cies of the time. For the weekly children’s 
supplement of a Catholic newspaper, such 
political satire was an unexpected ingre-
dient and there were complaints from the
Nations. However, in upholding truth, the pen is indeed mightier than the sword and knowing that his portrayal was so much more accurate than anything he had done so far, Hergé could shrug off criticism. Children loved the adventure for its excitement and exoticism even if they were not fully aware of its political agenda. Later, of course, its politics were to give the adventure and its author an enhanced credibility. It provided a convincing example of political correctness to set against the accusations of collaboration with the occupying power that were to be levelled against Hergé at the end of the war.

As for Father Goosens at the University of Louvain, he must have been satisfied with the result of his intervention. The Japanese, for their part, have not, with the passage of time, been offended, numbering today among the most assiduous readers of Tintin in Asia.

The Blue Lotus may be a much more serious adventure than its predecessors, but it is no less enjoyable. Slapstick humour is curtailed and diverted from Tintin and Snowy to the Themp(s)ons who appear in

 Nous l’aurons rejoint dans deux minutes....

1. The motorcycle and side-car chasing Tintin on page 32.
2. A motorcycle side-car from Hergé’s film: the drawing is more dynamic than the photograph.
3. The Chinese dragon featured on the cover of the black and white edition.
full Mandarin rig on page 45 of the colour edition having been entrusted with: “A rotten job! Just our luck!... Ordered to arrest a friend!” They do not disappoint. “Just as well we came in disguise” “Precisely!” “Imagine the sensation we’d have caused, coming to a place like this in European clothes...” says the ridiculously attired Thomson, oblivious of their Pied Piper of Hamlin attraction to the townspeople of Huikow. “Don’t look now, but something tells me we are being followed,” he adds from behind his fan in a joyous half-page plate that relieves some of the tension that has been building up.

If Cigars of the Pharaoh had introduced a sense of mystery and suspense into the Tintin adventures, then The Blue Lotus brought emotion and tragedy. Faced with the distress of Doci’s madness before his parents, Tintin is for the first time shown to have a heart and to be able to shed tears. “Poor, poor Mrs Wang...” he says, weeping along with Snowy. Tarsis flows again on the final page of the adventure as the dignified Wang toasts Tintin: “Your courage and nobility have restored happiness to this humble house. Your memory will be engraved upon our hearts as in finest crystal.” Chang adds to the emotionally charged scene by declaring the presence of a rainbow in his heart, “I weep because Tintin is going but the sun shines because I have a new mother and father.” And so Tintin bids a tearful adieu to Cheng and Wang, now the boy’s adoptive father, from aboard the S.S. Ranpura. It is a sentimental ending, but one worthy of the best cinema of the time.

TOUCHING UP

The adventure had begun in a leisurely and also somewhat cinematic fashion with Tintin still comfortably installed in the magnificent palace of the Maharaja of Gaipajama, where he could indulge in his latest hobby—playing with a short-wave radio receiver to Snowy’s intense irritation. In the original black and white version, the narrative was cleverly resumed by a newspaper article recalling the ending of the previous adventure. It was signed with the initials G.R., standing for Georges Remi, in other words Hergé. This, unfortunately, is dropped in the colour edition where just a summary occupies the book’s opening plate; it is simplified further in the English translation. Similarly, as the adventure draws to a close, the original version gives over a full page to the front-page account of events in Le Journal de Shanghai (Shanghai News in the later English translation) which is sadly truncated to only half the length in the colour edition. Moreover, the map at the start illustrating Tintin’s location and the direction-finder’s line West-South-West, East-North-East, is dispensed with in the later edition for the sake of concision. Otherwise, the transformation from the black and white format to colour involved relatively few amendments. The black and white version, which came out in book form in 1936, was already so well thought out and constructed that its adaptation for the new format 10 years later involved little more than colouring.

For instance, the unmistakable English accents of the British troops in the French versions (“Et nous on dit à vo de garder à vo tranquille”) is inevitably lost in the English edition which first appeared as late as 1983.

Tintin’s subsequent escape from British troops pursuing him in a motorcycle and side-car—copied exactly from a newspaper cutting he had kept of a cross-country motor race—by diving into a cinema is a clever play. By a remarkable coincidence the cinema is showing the very film, now called The Sheik’s Hate, which Rastapopoulos’ Cosmos Films was shooting in the desert in Cigars of the Pharaoh. The trailer has the heroine being horsewhipped by the arabs, exactly the scene Tintin had interrupted like a latter day Don Quixote in the previous adventure. The Worldwide News—modelled on Movietone or Pathé—which follows has a triumphant cross-country cyclist making banal comments about winning, Sir Malcolm Campbell beating the land speed record in his Bluebird, a dog-show that excites Snowy, and an item on the return to Shanghai from a lengthy lecture tour of Europe and America of Professor Fan Hsi-ying, the world authority on insanity. In the later colour edition the reference to Sir Malcolm Campbell, a compelling link with reality in the newsreel sequence, is cut. As for the dog show, it remains but is opened by the President of the Republic of Poldomoldarque in the French edition and the President of the Plichardian Republic in the English. The bearded opium smoker mistaken for Tintin in the Blue Lotus smoking den is the "consul de Poldévée" in the French versions, and straightforwardly the consul for Pol-davia in the English translation.

Among the minor changes, we find that the three Jocks originally sent into Tintin’s prison cell to give him “a spot of corrective treatment” become three anonymous but impossibly burly Sikhs. Ending up being taken themselves by ambulance from St James Prison to the English Hospital, the Highlanders were identified as Private John Smith, Sergeant Jack Brown and Private Mclnt., according to the progress charts on their bed-ends. The strongly ironic plate where the political and military establishment praise the three battered and bemused “heroes” is also eliminated. There are differences too brought by translation.

The Poldavian consul, mistaken for Tintin (page 55).
The European Palace Hotel where Tintin stays on his arrival in Shanghai becomes The Continental in the later edition, though on the false telegram sent to him the address is still partly legible as "Europ," a rare oversight on Hergé's part.

In the original version we learn from the blackboard in Mitsuhirato's office that the S.S. City of Doodlescastle, on which the sarcophagi containing Tintin and Snowy were loaded in the previous adventure, is bound with a cargo of opium for the Belgian port of Antwerp. The S.S. Harika Maru, from which the barrels are unloaded later, is carrying a similar load to Marseilles and the S.S. Ville de Rouen such a cargo to Le Havre. Other destinations noted are Rotterdam, Hamburg and Liverpool. The Harika Maru remains in the French colour edition, while the ships bound for Rotterdam, Hamburg and Liverpool are identified as the Blackstar, Cervin and Saturne. The City of Doodlescastle is no longer visible. In the English edition, however, the Harika Maru, though still featured later in the port scene with the barrels, inexplicably becomes the Marigold on the blackboard, a mistake of the translators not Hergé. The other vessels are the Black Star, Everest and Saturn. The visiting card of the loathsome Gibbons, found in the street where Fang Haiying was abducted, is emended slightly between editions. In the original he appears as W.R. Gibbons, Director, Americo-Anglo Chinese Steel (sic) Company Limited, New York, Shanghai, Bunc, 53, Shanghai. Later, while the other details remain the same, his company becomes American & Chinese Steel Incorporated.

**REUNION**

The mask of civility maintained by Rastapopoulos on his renewed acquaintance with Tintin at the European Palace—abbreviated to the Palace Hotel in the later edition—is finally and dramatically dropped when he confronts Tintin in the cellar of the Blue Lotus opium den, introduced by Mitsuhirato: "Ah, here's an old friend of yours... He doesn't want to miss your execution!... We got him, Grand Master." "Mr Rastapopoulos!" explains a staggered Tintin. And he sees him draw up his sleeve and expose the tattoo on his forearm—the sign of Kh-Oskh, the leitmotif of the preceding adventure.

Though apprehended by Tintin together with Mitsuhirato and the rest of the gang in the adventure's dénouement, the undoubtedly evil Rastapopoulos somehow and sometime after gets away to come up against Tintin in the future—twenty years later in *The Red Sea Sharks*. There he appears under the alias of the fabulously wealthy, yacht-owning Marquis of Gorgonzola, proprietor of Arsbar and modern day slave trader. Mitsuhirato is less durable and persnheit, we learn from a newspaper cutting, at his own hand, committing Hara-Kiri three days after his arrest. "Poor devil!... Still he was a real villain!" Tintin concludes. Gibbons and Dawson, Chief of Police of the International Settlement and to his discredit an associate of Mitsuhirato, who ganged up unsuccessfully against Tintin are left to rue their failure over drinks at their club. Dawson reappears twenty years later as an arms dealer in *The Red Sea Sharks*. While it is Japanese imperialism which is subject to the most savage satire and criticism in Hergé's account, the International Settlement is shown to be rotten and corrupt to the core, solely interested in maintaining its commercial interests, if necessary at the price of colluding with the Japanese. In Europe at the time that would hardly have been the prevailing view and again Hergé, well informed thanks to Chang, was taking a radical view later justified by historical events. For such a view to ap-
pear in the children's supplement of a Catholic newspaper in the 1930s is, to say the least, surprising. It is the political content and depth to this well considered sequel to the Cigars of the Pharaoh which makes it exceptional, together with the new realism and understanding that came from the contact with Chang. Its embroilment with contemporary history led some to believe that years later it would seem dated and explains why, for example, Hergé's British publishers, Methuen, waited until the year of his death to publish it. But such pessimism about its prospects has proved ill-founded.

For Tintin's sixieth birthday in 1989 an exhibition was put together by the Fondation Hergé and shown in London which had as its centrepiece the complete original black and white ink drawings for the adventure presented in one room. It proved, if proof was necessary, that The Blue Lotus has such inherent quality and class that it can be considered a strip cartoon classic which raised the comparatively young medium to new heights.
Tintin sails for South America in search of a stolen statue. Escaping execution by firing squad, he is quickly embroiled in revolutionary politics and regional war.
For the first time in any of his adventures, Tintin is to be found at home at the start of The Broken Ear—in bed and then in the bath, to be precise. For the last time he appears as a convincing, practising journalist, dashed off to chase a good story after hearing of the robbery at the Museum of Ethnography.

SELF-PORTRAIT
In the original black and white version with fewer plates to the page, Tintin only appears on page two, roused by his alarm clock at 7.30 a.m. Hergé himself, however, sneaks in before, in a typically unassuming self-portrait, hat in hand among the Ethnographical Museum's display of painted posts from Dahomey, on the second plate of the first page.

In the earlier adventures, readers never got nearer to Tintin's home than the Brussels station platform from which he was departing for distant destinations. But for the first dozen pages—or twenty-four of the black and white edition—of The Broken Ear, Tintin remains in Brussels or its environs before he resumes his globe-trotting, this time setting out for South America.

Readers are shown for the first time his simply but comfortably furnished flat at 26 Labarroi Road, where he lived modestly until some time after the conclusion of Red Rackham's Treasure nine years later he joined Captain Haddock in the rather grander surroundings of Marlinspike Hall.

He has a magnificent Chinese vase as a reminder of his last adventure, together with a painted wall hanging of a tree with inscriptions in Mandarin as a memento of Chang. There is an invitingly large red armchair which is very 1930's in style, solid furniture and a couple of impressionistic landscapes; one a striking winter scene. Tintin has a good library, a simple iron bed and blue gingham cloth-covered kitchen table where a cup of coffee or tea, toast and jam suffice for his breakfast. There is none of the rather appealing artistic clutter of the sculptor Balthazar's Bohemian attic flat in London Road.

That Tintin has a good line in pyjamas, readers may recall from earlier adventures. He is first seen here in a snazzy pair with fogginess but already by page seven of the colour edition he has changed into others—also in favoured blue—with a single buttoned front. He begins his day with morning exercises to a radio physical fitness programme which could not be more up to date as these were only introduced on Belgian Radio in 1935, the year The Broken Ear began its serialisation in Le Petit Vingtième. The 9 o'clock news bulletin which follows in the original black and white version remains highly contemporary with a report on the war in Abyssinia (Ethiopia) and conflicting accounts from Addis Ababa and Rome of the fortunes of Mussolini's forces. In the revised colour edition, first published eight years later, this is dropped—presumably to make the news more timeless—and the theft from the Museum of Ethnography becomes the lead item.

But as in The Blue Lotus, current affairs continue to play a determining rôle in the plot of the new adventure. This time, however, Hergé chose to camouflage the countries involved by giving them fictitious names. Both plausible and amusing, Hergé's invented nomenclature added a new dimension to the narrative—one which he was to turn to in subsequent adventures, often enhancing its credibility by retaining allusions to actual places. Thus Tintin sails for the fictitious South American republic of San Thedorea from the very real French port of Le Havre, or three years later in King Ottokar's Sceptre he flies to Syldavia, Hergé's most memorable and enduring creation, via Frankfurt and Prague. With such a plausible itinerary, who could reasonably doubt the existence of Syldavia or its capital Klaw?

THE GRAN CHAPO WAR
The Broken Ear is essentially a detective story sparked by a puzzling theft. Tintin, who rushes to the museum, notebook in hand, to report on the crime turns into the detective who after a great many twists and turns gets to the bottom of the mystery. The Thom(p)sons, who put in a brief appearance on pages two and three, are literally left standing. As Snowy observes a few plates on: "Oh dear, here we go again... Sherlock Holmes on the trail!" This time there is no drug smuggling, as in the previous two and future adventures, but a desperate and even murderous hunt for a fabulous diamond.
Beyond the criminal thriller element, Hergé’s fictitious South American background is inspired by and modelled on contemporary political events on the continent.

Between 1932 and 1935 a bloody war raged between Bolivia and Paraguay over the potentially oil rich Gran Chaco, claiming nearly 100,000 lives. The conflict was only resolved in 1936 when the Buenos Aires conference called to settle the dispute allowed Paraguay the greater part of the contested territory. Wider interests were at stake with British Controlled Oilfields and London financiers backing Paraguay while the Americans and specifically Standard Oil supported Bolivia. At the time the clash of capitalist interests was glaringly inappropos in the Soviet newspaper Iseviste in a cartoon captioned “An oil war.” It showed a Bolivian and a Paraguayan confronting each other bayonets fixed over an oil barrel; one bears a flag with a dollar sign, the other a banner marked with a pound sterling. On the barrel is inscribed “the oil of the Chaco.”

Hergé took this contemporary conflict as the starting point for his scenario. He transformed the Gran Chaco into the Grand Chapo—a “grand chapeau”, French for a big hat, possibly an appropriate sombrero. Bolivia becomes San Andrés, while its capital La Paz is turned into Las Dópcos. Paraguay is changed more amusingly to Nuevo-Rico, as in “nouveau riche” and Sanfacion (“sans façonn,” without manner or rough and ready) substituted for Asuncion. That Bolivia and Paraguay are the countries in question is confirmed on the very last plate of the adventure where a map on the museum wall illustrates the geographical provenance of the now returned statue of the fetish. The parallels continue as the political satire is deepened. So Standard Oil of the United States is turned by Hergé into a convincing sounding General American Oil. Its unscrupulous representative is a R.W. Chickett, as in the popular American chewing gum, who in the English translation is turned into R.W. Tricker. After being informed by General Alcazar of the Nuevo-Rico declaration of war (page 42), Tricker puts his telephone down and remarks: “The Grand Chapo fields are ours!... Once again General American Oil has beaten British South-American Petro!” Meanwhile in Sanfacion, General Mogacor tells the portly, cigar-smoking British representative: “In a fortnight all the Gran Chapo will be in Nuevo-Rican hands. Then I hope you in British South-American Petro will not forget your promises.”

**SATIRE**

Hergé’s most savage and transparent satire is reserved for an international arms dealer of Greek origin who made his fortune from the industry of death of the First World War and afterwards, Sir Basil Zaharoff. A figure of some notoriety at the time, Zaharoff, who bought a British baronetcy, represented arms manufacturers Vickerey Armstrong. Hergé presents him in the thinnest of disguises as B. Mazaroff of the Vicking Arms Company Ltd in the original black and white version and as Basil Bazavoff in the later colour edition. However, the link is weakened and subtlety lost in the English translation, which came 40 years later in 1975. Here he becomes Basil Bazavoff and his company is Germanized to Korrupt Arms GMBS.

Hergé may have tinkered with the tycoon’s name but not with his appearance. His distinctive goatee board, hat, coat and walking stick are reproduced exactly as in contemporary photographs. Hergé would have seen these in Le Crapouillot, where Zaharoff regularly featured, and notably the February 1934 issue with its exposure of the sinister rôle of the superpowers, Britain and America, their oil companies and financiers in the Gran Chaco war. He seems also to have obtained a copy of Richard Lewinosohn’s Zaharoff, l’Européen Mystérieux (Zaharoff, The Mysterious European) published in Paris by Payot in 1930, which is referred to in Le Crapouillot, and which offers further revelations and has more pictures of the tycoon, invariably dressed in the same austere manner.

Hergé’s mirror image of his double sale of howitzers and shells to the two countries manipulated into war by their superpower backers is one of the most devastating and damning moral comments in all of Tintin. It is at least as powerful as the social comment levelled later in Tintin and the Picaros where baton twirling riot police are seen patrolling the shifty towns both before and after the revolution.

For Hergé, Le Crapouillot was a dependable source during these years with its articles uncovering or drawing attention to international corruption and issues ignored or neglected by mainstream daily newspapers. It gave Hergé ideas and material for a deeper, critical political perspective and dimension to the Tintin adventures beneath the pure adventure, suspense and slapstick he could provide in abundance.

**HUMOUR AND ACCURACY**

Serious political satire aside, Hergé’s depiction of Latin American military dictatorships is full of humour. The operetta uniforms, the San Theodoran army with its forty-nine corporals and three thousand four hundred and eighty-seven colonels. The very names of the generals are comic: Alcazar, as in a Spanish fortress, his chief rival Tapiccas, and the Nuevo-Rican leader Mogacor. The spirited full length statue, sword in hand of “General Olivar, Liberator de San Teodoro, 1805-1899” outside the general’s palace is Hergé’s tribute to Simon Bolivar (1783-1830), who liberated from Spanish rule Columbia, Venezuela, Ecuador, Peru and, named after him, Bolivia, the model for San Theodoros.

Typically, Hergé’s detail is generally very accurate, as for instance regarding aircraft types: the aeroplane boarded on the last plate of page 12 is a Dewoitine D-332, a French commercial aircraft dating from 1933; Bazavoff flies in his own 1926 German-built Junkers W-34, and the flying boat which takes Tintin to the SS Washington on pages 59-60 is a Lione at Olivier H24-2 of 1932.
1 Photograph of Sir Basil Zaharoff cut from Le Crapouillot and filed by Hergé.
2 Basil Bazarov, the arms dealer, as large as life (page 35).
3 French triple-engined Dewoitine D.332 of 1938.
4 The same aircraft, in which the fetish thieves pursue Tintin (page 12).
5 Liore et Olivier H24-2 flying boat.
6 The Liore et Olivier loaded with mail on which Tintin catches up the “Washington” (page 59).
As became more and more his habit, Hergé fell back on his stock of cuttings for motifs. One marked 1930 showed the French fin-de-siècle writer Octave Mirbeau and his 828-E8 vintage car which clearly is the model for the ancient doctor, car and driver on page 10 of the colour edition. An old brown and white photograph filed under “Trees” and showing the Guianese forest would seem to have inspired the rain forest depicted on pages 47-49, while another was clearly the model for the book’s cover, with Tintin travelling down the fictitious river Colifor (Badurayal in French) in a dug-out canoe—repeated on page 46. Perhaps an old black and white photograph Hergé kept of a large bunch of bananas hanging down as in a shop rather than growing upwards was behind one of his rare mistakes on page 32. There Ramon’s ill-aimed dagger severs a similar bunch of bananas growing the wrong way up. An expert on chess would also question the checkmate claimed by Tintin against Alcazar on page 29.

Although the depiction of the tropical rainforest inhabited by the feared Arumbayas begins promisingly enough, Hergé suddenly and unusually seems to lose interest from the bottom of page 51 of the colour edition where he substitutes a plain green wallpaper-like background for any vegetation. The same disinterest is apparent in the earlier black and white version where Hergé leaves an undamaged white background. Lack of time to execute the painstaking detail is the probable explanation, as Hergé was still under the pressure of having to produce his strip and a cover once a week for Le Petit Vingtième. Similarly, little time was lost or available when it came to bringing the adventure out in its colour edition eight years later. Hergé seems to have concentrated instead on his intriguing and amusing invention of the Arumbayas language with its heavy dependence on Bruxellois—Brussels dialect—mixed with Spanish endings and constructions. It was a convincing formula and the Crusoe-like Ridgwell, the Arumbayas and their colourful language reappear forty years on in Tintin and the Picaroos, the last complete adventure. Bruxellois, Hergé had discovered, was the ideal ingredient for invented languages and he was to dip into and borrow from it again in his Slav languages, such as Syldavian and Bor-duran, and occasionally in his rendering of Arabic. One senses the tongue-in-cheek enjoyment he derived from those inventions recognisable to himself and a core of Tintin enthusiasts in Brussels, but merely suitable mumbo-jumbo to the world at large.

**ETHNOGRAPHY AND GEOGRAPHY**

Hergé’s powers of invention are well tested by the Arumbayas and their exotic language. While Tintin can look up the Arumbayas in A.J. Walker’s Travels in the Americas (London, 1875) or, in the early black and white version, rather less convincingly in Ch. J. Walker’s Voyages aux Amériques (published by Graveau, 1853), Hergé had to draw on his own resources and imagination. It is tempting to think that he had a Rumbaba pudding in mind when he came up with Arumbaya. But like Tintin he did delve into reference books and would have found the headshrinker Jivaros or Jibaro which presumably explains how he came up with the Bivaros as the sworn enemies of the Arumbayas. Forty years later, Tintin’s English translators felt free to transform the Bivaros into the Rumbabas, so opting unambiguously for the pudding.

The topography of Tintin’s trek south to Sanlacion from Las Dopicoos after his gaol break corresponds roughly to that between La Paz and Asuncion, the plains alternating with the mountain passes and torrents of the Andes. But the tropical jungle inhabited by the Arumbayas on the banks of the river Colifor is more reminiscent of the Amazon basin further north in Brazil. Moreover, if, as all the evidence suggests, Hergé’s San Theodoros is indeed based on Bolivia, then the capital Las
sauvagement contre la souffrance qui les mord.

Olympe, de ses yeux torpides, suit les plus infimes tressaillements de leurs muscles, la plus petite panique de leurs nerfs.

Sur le visage décomposé de Yaochi, elle lit l'agonie du combat, la défaillance proche. Elle voit la sueur rouler de ses tempes à son cou et, sur ses jambes trop faibles, courir un tressaillement si réprimé qu'il n'est plus qu'un frisson.

Munali, les veines dilatées, près d'éclater, confie son torse d'acier sous la rage de l'effort.

Enfin délivrés, les suppliciés sont recroquevillés dans leur carbet. Alors les femmes se précipitent pour leur apporter, à pleines catélasses, le cachiri.

Leurs estomacs tordus par le faim refuseront tout d'abord cet alcool qui les brûle ; mais qu'importe, les malheureux, épouillés, anéantis, le rejeteront et l'avaleront tour à tour jusqu'à ce qu'ils arrivent à garder le rude breuvage qui laverà leur soif et apaisera l'ardeur fiévre qui les enfamme.

Tokko repose, la nuit est blanche comme un flux d'argent. Le ciel est une vaste emeraude pâle de lune, un souffle glace court sur les dômes trapus, quelques troncs qui brûlent ça et là, le lancent des feux rouges.

Aux alentours, la forêt boude. Les ssingis hurleurs déchirent l'air de leurs cris pareils aux mugissements des bœufs en détresse. Les chats-tigres miaulent ; les pumas ronflent ; les serpents entremêlent cette cacophonie de sifflements plus aigus que des flèches. On dirait les voix monstrueuses de fan-
1 The Arumbaya fetish under the scrutiny of a visitor to the Museum of Ethnography (page 1).
2 The Pre-Columbian wooden statue belonging to the collection of the Royal Museum of Art and History in Brussels.
3 The African masks of the Museum of Ethnography (page 1).
4 Perse mask of the Royal Museum of Central Africa at Tenueze.
Dopicos should be further east and inland to correspond to La Paz. It could not be on the coast as located by Hergé since Bolivia lost its seacoast to Chile in 1884.

Similarly, Tintin would not have been able to leave landlocked Paraguay by ship for Europe as he does Nuevo-Rico.

However, there is no room for pedantry in Tintin; Hergé used facts as raw material and allowed himself some license in fashioning them. The combination of accuracy and informed invention is never detrimental to the story, on the contrary it is all the more compelling.

Having found the relevant pages in his volume of Travels in the Americas, Tintin reads to Snowy: "Today we met our first Arumbayas. Long, black, oily hair framed their coffee-coloured faces. They were armed with long blow-pipes which they employ to shoot darts poisoned with curare..." Once again, as in the previous two adventures, Hergé falls back on the blow pipe as a favoured weapon, a preference found in a number of thrillers of the period that include an exotic element. The sequence in the original black and white version—dropped later—where TinTin dreams of an Arumbaya stealing into his bedroom and stinging him with a poison dart, only to wake up suddenly and find it was a mosquito bite is identical to a passage in one of the English "Sapper" novels which were popular at the time.

Hergé himself seems to have found some reference to the Jivaro Indians who inhabited dense tropical jungle in Peru. The long blow-pipes, quivers and arrows employed by the Arumbayas reproduce faithfully those used by the Jivaros.

For the object at the centre of the adventure, Hergé needed to look no further than The Royal Museums of Art and History in Brussels where the identical wooden statue of the fetish is to be found to this day. Measuring 55 centimetres in height, the pre-Colombian masculine figure from Peru is a Chimu idol dating from between 1200 and 1438 A.D.

Hergé clearly relished filling the rooms of the Museum of Ethnography with works he had seen in The Royal Museums of Art and History in Brussels and The Royal Museum of Central Africa at Tervuren, which he merges into one. He reproduces with fidelity striking examples of tribal art, whether brightly painted posts from Dahomey or Pende masks and ceremonial axes from Zaire. The elderly lady with perfumes in the fourth plate of page one is examining an object which bears a marked resemblance to a Senoufo hybrid mask from the Ivory Coast that forms part of the Tervuren collection.

Music, more particularly French opera, has its moment in The Broken Ear as the museum attendant breaks with gusto into the Torero's song from Bizet's Carmen while he sweeps and dusts at the start of the adventure, picking up the refrain once more in the final plate and so providing pleasing asymmetry. It is a foretaste of the more persistent Bianca Castafiore and her ear-splitting performances of the Jewel Song from Gounod's Faust which she gives from King Ottokar's Sceptre onwards.

This first of altogether three Tintin adventures with a South American setting introduces the irrepressible and inscrutable Alcazar with his perpetual five o'clock shadow. He resurfaces as a music-hall knife-thrower under the alias of Ramon Zarate in The Seven Crystal Balls eight years later and, another thirteen years on, in The Red Sea Sharks. Finally in Tintin and the Picaros, he is back at home as the guerrilla leader poised to overthrow his old rival General Tapioca. This final complete Tintin adventure published in 1973, some thirty years after The Broken Ear, also sees the return of the untrustworthy Pablo (Juan Paulino, "the terror of Las Dopicos," in the black and white version), Tintin's would-be assassin turned rescuer, and the re-doubtable Ridgewell, still trying to teach the Arumbayas golf.

**PUNISHMENT**

Good and evil are basic ingredients in any Tintin adventure. However, as The Broken Ear nears its conclusion, Hergé allows his imagination to run away in a truety medieval manner. The villains of the adventure, the blundering Ramon Bada and Alonso Perez sink to the bottom of the sea and in the...
The Broken Ear

Ramon Badea et Alonzo Perez carried off to hell by horned, smiling devils (page 61). The artist let his imagination loose for this unexpected composition, unique in the Adventures of Tintin.

most fanciful image in all of Tintin—except for dreams—Hergé portrays three winged, horned and cloven-footed demons, armed with two-pronged forks, dragging the unfortunate pair down to hell. Such treatment is more typical of a medieval illuminated manuscript than a twentieth century strip cartoon, and as such remains an anomaly in the Tintin adventures. It introduces a fantastic element which jars with the serious moral condemnation of capitalism, imperialism and war which is evident alongside Tintin’s incident-packed pursuit of the stolen fetish. Devils and hell, however, would have seemed to the young Roman Catholic readers of Le Petit Vingtième to be just and expected retribution for evil and, in this case, murder. The tally of two murders—the sculptor Balthazar and the splendidly named Tortilla—and what must be presumed an accidental death in the case of the bungling Corporal Diaz, is high by Hergé’s standards where there is generally more injury than mortality.

It is also unusual and very much out of character for Tintin to be found completely tight as on page 21. While Snowy, and of course later Captain Haddock, have a known penchant for alcohol, Tintin is generally a confirmed teetotaller. But having twice cheated death facing the firing squad and with the prospect of being unlucky the third time, it is only human for him to accept the colonel’s offer of a glass or two of Aguardiente. The consequences, Tintin’s escape from a third attempt to execute him and, taken for a hero of the revolution, his elevation to the rank of colonel and ADC to General Alcazar, is high farce.

STRUCTURE AND DEVELOPMENT

The Broken Ear is not as perfectly constructed as The Blue Lotus; it is less detailed and realistic and the drawing at times is not as accomplished. But it has its strong points, being richer in humour and invention. Some plates such as the burglar shining his torch in the museum with its brilliant chiaroscuro (page 1), the two kidnappers lurking in the shadow of the colonnades (page 24), the crowd scene outside the general’s palace (page 30), or the sentries flagging down Tintin’s car (page 37) are of singular artistic merit. Begun in Le Petit Vingtième in 1935, a year before the Buenos Aires conference settled the Gran Chaco war, The Broken Ear was published in black and white by Castor in 1937. Six years later it was the first of the early adventures to be trans-
formed by Hergé at Casterman's request into a new colour format. Few revisions were needed, only a cut or two and more extensive rejigging to fit the required 62 pages.

It is a book which can be read at different levels: as a thrilling detective story, sometimes tragic, sometimes comic, as a fast-paced farce or as a subtle political satire on military dictatorships, superpower manipulation, international finance and arms sales. It proved that by the mid-1930's Hergé had become a master at creating multi-faceted adventures with a correspondingly broad appeal.

Having crossed the Atlantic twice in this adventure and logged yet another continent to his tally, Tintin would next have only a short sea crossing to a very real destination.
Tintin crosses the Channel bound for Sussex, then heads north to the Hebrides, in pursuit of a gang of counterfeiters, a German spy, and a mysterious "monster".
Tintin to Britain and pit him against a gang of forgers led by a German fifth columnist.

As in the case of The Broken Ear, Hergé's well-thumbed copy of the February 1934 issue of Le Crapouillot seemed to have provided some inspiration. In the very same article by Antoine Zischka that gave Hergé ideas for Tintin's just concluded South American adventure, there is mention of a singularly sinister Dr Georg Bell, a Scot living in Germany who took German nationality. He was linked to the nascent Nazi party and was involved in counterfeiting Russian roubles in an attempt to destabilise Soviet Russia. Failing out with his patrons and threatening to reveal all, Bell fled to Austria where the Nazis tracked him down and liquidated him in April 1933.

With the advance of printing technology, forging bank notes had become by the mid-1930s a very contemporary crime. The Nazis, moreover, knew its value as a means of economic warfare and by the end of the Second World War had probably printed more pound notes than the Bank of England in a never realised plan to ruin the British economy.

REALITY AND FICTION
The unsavoury and ill-fated Dr Bell provides a model for the principal villain of the new adventure, a German doctor, J.W. Müller, practising and living in some style in Sussex. Two of Müller's henchmen have Russian names: the chauffeur Ivan and the baid but extravagantly bearded Wronzoff, renamed Puschof in the 1966 English translation.

The plot devised by Hergé—very much that of the detective thriller—displays in addi-

tion a thorough awareness of contemporary cinema. There was Alfred Hitchcock's evocative and dramatic 1935 adaptation of John Buchan's novel of pre-1914 war German espionage in Britain, The Thirty-Nine Steps, with the hero, like Tintin, pursued by both police and villains across England to the Scottish Highlands. As for the monster, cinemagoers had been introduced to the fearsome King Kong's rampaging in 1933 and had not forgotten him.

Hergé skilfully merged this with the intense speculation that had recently broken out over the existence of a monster in the chilly depths of Loch Ness. Barely four years previously, on May 2, 1933, hoteliers Mr and Mrs John Mackay claimed the first sighting of the Loch Ness monster. By November of that year, the first photograph of the reputed beast was taken; a month later the first cine film. In April 1934 a London doctor snapped the clearest picture of the mysterious monster. Nessie was all the rage and newspapers, including those in Belgium, were full of sightings and theories. Hergé was fascinated, as he was to be later by the equally elusive Himalayan Yeti, and collected whatever he could find on the subject. The merging of Nessie and King Kong into the gorilla Ranko was a clever formula which conformed with Hergé's basic belief in realism and did nothing to undermine the adventure's credibility. The transformation of a terrifying beast into a meek and lovable animal at one bank of Snowy's follows a pattern begun memorably with his taming of the lion in the Congo.
Hergé enhanced the adventure further by placing alongside the doom-laden myth of a monster redolent of archaic superstition, the most modern technological developments, notably television but also a selection of aircraft, motor vehicles, radio transmitters and the sophisticated printing press employed by the forgers. The contrast between ancient and modern gives The Black Island, as the tale was entitled on publication in book form in 1938, a distinct quality and special popularity.

A SENSE OF ANTICIPATION

As in the previous two adventures, Tintin was thoroughly immersed in contemporary affairs and technological developments. “A television set!” the mesmerised reporter exclaims on encountering one in the early edition of the adventure. By the third and final version of 1966, this becomes a much less excited, more matter of fact: “Its only a television set!”

But the presence of a television set in 1938 was certainly up to date and Tintin was in the right country to find one. On November 2, 1936 the British Broadcasting Corporation had launched the world’s first regular high definition television service. In Tintin’s native Belgium, television transmissions only began in October 1953, fifteen years after the publication of The Black Island. Other, less perceptive authors would have ignored a development which at that stage had hardly caught on. It was still for most people an intriguing but expensive novelty which was never going to supplant radio.

When in 1943 the adventure was put into colour Hergé stuck his neck out further by having the television reproduce colour images, years before this became possible; as was to be the case even more significantly in the moon adventure, Hergé had the ability to anticipate future developments. However, his more mundane editors (at Methuen in London) considered this an anomaly and insisted that in the 1966 edition—ironically just one year before colour transmission was introduced—the television pictures should be changed back to black and white. Later in The Castafiore Emerald, published in 1963, Hergé, or to be more exact Professor Calculus, experiments not altogether successfully with colour transmission. Yet in the 1943 edition of The Black Island Hergé stole a twenty year march on the re- doubtable Calculus. Television was to feature strongly in the two Tintin adventures that followed The Castafiore Emerald. The denouement of Flight 714, published in 1968 or a year after the first colour broadcast, is played out on a black and white screen before the insufferable Jojo Wagg and his awful family. In Tintin and the Picaros, the last completed adventure, television is used to propel the narrative along, reporting on the arrival of Bianca Castafiore and the Thom(p)sons in San Theodoros as well as later their show trial, and in between relaying the vitriolic accusations hurled by General Tapioca at Tintin, Haddock and Calculus. As was to be demonstrated later by his taste in art, where for his personal pleasure he snapped up abstract works long before they became part of the average collector’s canon, Hergé was unashamedly a modernist. He believed in innovation. So it was with new inventions and the latest scientific breakthroughs. His archives are full of newspaper and magazine cuttings on such developments which he monitored and put aside for possible future use. When he decided to include one of the new-fangled television sets in the Black Island he had what he required at his fingertips, even if by introducing colour broadcasts in the 1943 edition he was jumping the gun. That Hergé should recognise the potential of television so early is remarkable.

ONE STORY, THREE BOOKS

Among the Tintin adventures, The Black Island is unique in existing in three versions, the original black and white that appeared weekly in Le Petit Vingtième between 15 April 1937 and 16 June 1938 and was published soon after in book form by Casterman, the scarcely modified colour edition of five years later which was among the first of the books transformed into the new format, and the drastically revised and redrawn 1966 version. This reworking was made at the insistence of Methuen, Tintin’s publishers in London, who felt that Hergé’s depiction of Britain needed to be more accurate and up-to-date if it was to succeed on the British market. In an exercise in pedantry, they compiled a list of altogether 131 errors of detail in the 1943 edition which should be put right.

Hergé himself was preoccupied with the next Tintin adventure, Flight 714, so in his place he sent his most trusted collaborator in the Studios, Bob De Moor, on a two-week trip to the British Isles to make sketches and take photographs for the necessary amendments. From the moment he stepped aboard the Channel ferry, De Moor took notes as he retraced the steps Tintin had taken twenty-eight years earlier. This version of Tintin’s British adventure was to be based on careful observation not the inspired imagination of the original. At the end of the fortnight, De Moor came away with almost everything he thought he required, including a police constable’s uniform lent to him by the local Constabulary. However, an oversuspicious British
1 The cross Channel ferry from Hergé's files.
2 Tintin heads for England (page 7 of the final edition).
3 Printing press of the time featuring in the artist's files.
4 The forgers study the result of their work (page 97 of the black and white edition).

5-6 Television (successively in black and white, then colour, then black and white again in the three versions of the adventure): technological advances are a common feature in the Tintin books. Here, page 107 of the black and white edition and page 54 of the final colour version.

7 Photograph kept by Hergé of a British policeman. For the final version, Hergé sent Bob De Moor to make observations on the spot. He came back with a uniform lent to him by the local police.

8 Tintin and Snowy, surrounded by "Bobbies", appear on the front page of the Morning News at the end of the adventure (page 123 of the original black and white edition).
Rail was rather less accommodating, refusing the somewhat flamboyant looking De Moor permission even to photograph the uniforms of its employees.

**STICKING TO REALITY**

Bob De Moor returned to Brussels and set to work on his overhaul, aided by the Studios’ aviation expert, Roger Leloup, who updated the considerable number of aircraft that feature in the adventure.

So Leloup modernised the counterfeiters’ aircraft to a Percival P-40 “Prentice,” a British trainer that could carry two passengers and operate with a short take-off, clearly ideal for the Black Island. Tintin himself, on pages 37-38, pursues Dr Müller in a two-seater Bristol “Chipmunk,” an aircraft so simple to fly that at the very time Leloup introduced it to the adventure I was being taught to fly an identical model with the Royal Air Force. Müller is flying an American-made Cessna 150 which appeared on the market in 1958 and quickly became a widely popular private aircraft. The Thom(p)sons’ extraordinary cup-winning aerobatics are performed in a vintage De Havilland DH-82 “Tiger Moth.” At the same airshow on page 54, Johnny James flies a Hawker “Tempest II” and the Royal Air Force flight formation is of Hawker “Hunter” fighters. Finally Tintin departs in a properly liveried British European Airways De Havilland DH-121 “Trident,” behind which is parked a Vickers 950 “Vanguard,” also belonging to BEA.

For his part, De Moor electrified the railway, updated every car model—not the fashionable Triumph “Herald” pulling an improved caravan on page 29—and issued the Sussex Fire Brigade with a modern Dennis fire vehicle.

It is not that Herge’s earlier aircraft were inaccurate, only that they belonged to a different generation. The modernisation of the adventure is nowhere better symbolised than in the final plate where the then absolutely up-to-date BEA Trident jet replaces the more leisurely Italian-made Savoia-Marchetti S-73P, the same propeller-driven aeroplane dating from 1935 that in the next adventure was to fly Tintin as far as Prague.
1 Dr Miller's mansion was comfortably refurbished for the final colour version (page 16).
2 A period interior from Hergé's files.
3 The steam engine pulling Tintin's train was inspired by the famous Flying Scotsman (page 6 of the first edition).
4 Photograph which Hergé used for the steam engine.
5 In the final colour version, the railway has been electrified (page 3).
6 An electric locomotive of the BB type.
7 Railway workers of British Rail in their distinctive uniform (page 34 of the final colour version).
8 Photograph of a British Rail employee. This document was used for the exact representation of the railway employees' uniforms.
engine and proper uniforms in place of hand-pulled carts and brass helmets. The absent-minded fire officer is given a pretty, flower-bordered cottage, while Müller’s mansion is made conspicuously Jacobean. Only sparingly decorated before, the now richly beamed house is fussy furnished in baronial style. Among its embellishments, however, is a fine period fireplace instead of the plain 1930s brick of the early editions, a well-stocked library and a couple of good pieces of eighteenth-century furniture. It is an almost total redecoration; even the curtains are changed from green to a warmer deep red. Only the sporting picture above the doorway which, brought down by a stray bullet, falls Ivan (now in modern chauffeur’s dress instead of dated driving coat and boots), and the round occasional table that Tintin hursts at Müller, knocking him into the fire, remain from the earlier editions.

In 1966 Ivan no longer reaches for his Browning, but for “Quick, my automatic!”

**NOTHING CHANGES. EVERYTHING IS CHANGED.**

From start to finish, the changes are evident. Dress is especially affected, even though Tintin himself remains in plus-fours while his assailant on page 1 has changed into jeans and a short flying jacket instead of the pre-war one-piece leather aviator’s suit. On the following page, the doctor treating Tintin has aged considerably between editions, his beard having grown quite white; his staff nurse is also older but has acquired a more modern uniform. Tintin’s hospital bed is covered with a brown blanket instead of red.

Still in Belgium, on page 3, the ticket collector has dispensed with a wing collar and bow tie, preferring an ordinary tie and collar and a shorter coat. The Thom(p)sens have lost their luxurious moustaches and Wronoff/ Puechov has changed from a brown into a grey suit. On the run again after discovering the Thom(p)sens at the blacksmith, Tintin disguises himself as an old man in a brown coat and blue cap instead of black, and watches out of a window which, rightly for Floridan, now has shutters. A pot of geraniums is substituted for the incertinate single red bloom that adorned the sill before. The lamp-post is improved and telegraph poles now punctuate the countryside.

The changes continue with Tintin’s arrival on the English south coast. After disembarking in all editions at Dover, the reporter takes a train to Sussex and fictional Pulloxcombe in the early versions, to Littlegate in the 1966 revision. From there, it is a taxi to Eastbury in 1938 and 1943, changed to Eastdown in 1966 when there is no mistake the crocks’ powerful pursuing Jaguar XJ6. Tintin himself is by now in his familiar pale blue crew-neck pullover in place of the earlier brown tweed jacket and tie.

Bob De Moor’s homework extended to placing a Sussex County Council signpost at the top of page 11 in place of the red-hued milestone that marked the road before. He rejuvenated the gamekeeper, substituting a cloth cap for his predecessor’s deer-stalker. Tintin, meanwhile, is caught painfully in a more sophisticated man-trap and is led away past pretty lupins planted in borders where there was just parkland previously. Müller’s dapperness is now expressed by a purple waistcoat instead of a scarlet tie. As for the fire station, part of its modernisation includes a shrill siren signalling an emergency, in place of a primitive hand-pulled bell.

**ENRICHMENT?**

By the time Tintin discharges himself from hospital on page 23, the village he passes on his return to Müller’s gutted mansion has acquired a picture postcard Elizabethan thatched cottage and Gothic church, further evidence of De Moor’s soaking up of the English countryside. In the pub on the next page, Müller and Ivan properly drink their bitter from pint mugs. On their trail again after his unfortunate dip in the duck pond, Tintin prefers the comfort of a lift: thumbed in De Moor’s Morris to jumping onto Hergé’s moving lorry. With its typical Gothic church towers, the station town—built-up in De Moor’s reworking—is quintessentially English. However, rail enthusiasts will miss the fact that electrification of the railway means that there is no longer a steam locomotive modelled on The Flying Scotsman. In another touch of realism, the carriage windows now bear British Rail’s distinctive blue First Class stickers.

But whisky enthusiasts, if not Snowy, must be disappointed that Methuen did not approve of the too real Johnnie Walker rail tanker and called for its substitution. The result was a tanker-load of a less authentic tipple, the future Captain Haddock’s favourite, Loch Lomond. By the time Tintin reaches Ye White Hart Inn in 1968 it has lost its simplicity and become an extravagantly wood-beamed sixteenth-century structure. Inside an advertisement for ginger beer has been replaced with a sporting print and the classic “Guinness is Good For You!” has been removed. But “Drink a Gin and Lime and be happy!” remains beside a stuffed fox’s head, old keys and some saddle brasses which have all been added. As might be expected, Halchoster Flying Club has an altogether more modern appearance, along with its aircraft. North of the border, the pipe-smoking Scottish crofter who comes across Tintin and his pilot after their crash landing, now has a crook instead of an umbrella and only the original waistcoat remains from his outfit of matching green tweeds. Bob De Moor’s prettifying of his cottage by adding thatch is less convincing. Hergé’s original austere stone building is more typical of the region. As for Tintin, he chooses a more strikingly patterned tartan kilt in 1966, but prefers plain to Argyll stockings. Over his breakfast the next morning, he listens to a considerably updated radio set.

The very plausibly named Kiltoch and ruined castle of Ben More need no revision and Bob De Moor spares giving charmingly picturesque Kiltoch too radical an
overhaul; Ye Dolphin is nevertheless replaced somewhat more convincingly by The Kitcho Arms. Gone is a sign for all too familiar John Haig Whisky to be replaced by one for the now ubiquitous Loch Lomond. There is again more detail in the pub, including a dartboard. The sailors in the port whom Tintin asks for a passage to Black Island all undergo modifications of dress and appearance, the third of them sacrificing a rather smart red tweed o’shanter and pipe for a more common cloth cap and cigarette, while the name of the boat emblazoned across his chest becomes Summer Rose in place of Hope.

CONCERN FOR DETAIL
Apart from a more detailed view of Ban More’s towers perched upon the precipitous rocks at the top of page 43, Black Island itself is subject to fewer changes. The style of the arched doorways, however, advances to Gothic from Romanesque, allowing for more elaborate detail. Appearing whip in hand urging Ranko on, Wronzoff/Puschev wears a dull olive drab suit in the 1966 edition, much plainer than the striking cross-hatched brown tweed suit he wore in 1943. The tigers are more nattily dressed in the later version, one of them going as far as changing out of his blue dungarees into a very contemporary blue woollen top supplemented perhaps surprisingly by a polka dot bow tie. The cavern where they print the counterfeited banknotes is now equipped with strip lights and what must be a more up-to-date printing press. Electric cables, a ventilation shaft, an empty box, stool, desk with Anglepoise lamp and assorted clutter, including a Loch Lomond Whisky ashtray filled with cigarette stubs, complete the much more detailed later picture.

Sartorial modernisation is taken to an extreme when Müller and Ivan burst in, the chauffeur wearing tight-fitting blue jeans and a short leather jacket instead of the earlier racing breeches and boots. Müller himself is dressed in a two-piece brown suit which is less formal than the three-piece light green outfit of 1943. The office Tintin stumbles into on hearing the television is changed radically; 1930’s simplicity gives way to the fussy 1960’s interior decoration. Previously there were no pictures, now there are three modern paintings of dubious merit, a breeze block wall, modern furniture and fittings and, of course, a new, more compact television set showing black and white in place of colour pictures. The neighbouring radio room and the one contacted at Scotland Yard have more advanced equipment. Wall maps have also been added. The police arrive in an altogether better equipped, if less graceful, launch and, true to the traditions of the British force, no longer carry automatics; instead of helmets they wear peaked caps to which De Moor has not forgotten to give the black and white check band which distinguishes the Scottish force.

By 1966 the journalists conduct their interviews in the Kitcho Arms with tape recorder as well as notebooks, and among them for the first time is the unmistakeable Christopher Willoughby-Drup (even more memorably Jean-Loup de La Batellere in French), familiar from The Castafiore Emerald and Tintin and the Picaros.

The adventure’s final page is thoroughly revisited: there are the new aircraft faithfully reproduced by Roger LeLoup and a completely rejigged newspaper front page reporting the rounding up of the gang of counterfeiters. In the early versions of The Black Island, the page illustrated from The Morning News of June 16 (the date of the adventure’s completion in Le Petit Vingtième in 1938) amounts to little more than a series of captions to a set of four photographs (coloured sepia in the 1943 edition). The five gang members are shown being taken away for trial in Edinburgh, of which there is no mention in 1966. Tintin bids farewell to Ranko whom he is presenting to London Zoo, according to the early account, and stands before a group of four policemen, identified as Edwards, Johnson, Wright and O’Regan, who helped capture the gangsters. But in 1966 the newspaper is the Glasgow edition of The Daily Record, the banknotes illustrated are brought up to date, Ranko is destined for Glasgow Zoo, and in the group photograph with Tintin the constables are given the recognisably Scottish names of MacGregor, Stewart, Robertson and MacLeod, while Snowy is allowed a bone. Additionally, on the top right corner an advertisement can be made out for what by now is the Tintin adventures’ house whisky, Loch Lomond.

In the early editions, Hergé had also begun the adventure with a newspaper cutting, a favoured opening gambit which he had already resorted to for Tintin in the Land of the Soviets and The Blue Lotus. This time Tintin is shown walking in the country above the caption: “The famous reporter Tintin is currently resting in the country. Here he is out for a walk with his inseparable Snowy.” The second plate shows him in “real life” enjoying such a walk. For some reason the first plate is dropped in the 1965 edition which launches straight into Tintin’s actual walk. It is an economy which can hardly be said to improve the adventure’s first page.

COMPARISON
So it is with a plate by plate comparison of the early and late versions of The Black Island. The original black and white version and the bareilly changed first colour edition of 1943 have a spontaneity and poetry which is too often sacrificed by the over-detailed and fussily accurate 1966 reworking. Even the early colour printing is stronger on charm and subtlety. The half-light, followed by the beautifully evocative glow of dawn on page 27 is a compelling example.

On its own, the 1966 edition, which even had a redesigned cover placing Tintin in the boat crossing to the Black Island instead of on the rocks facing it, may have much to recommend it, being strongly representative of the 1960’s style of the Studios Hergé. But set against Hergé’s original creation, it must be considered inferior.

In 1996 Casterman took the inspired step of republishing the 1943 edition in a carefully reproduced facsimile edition. Although, like earlier facsimile editions of the original black and white versions, targeted primarily at Tintin connoisseurs, this expensively produced book is more than a luxury. It deserves a much wider readership for the original conception of an adventure that is well established as one of the most popular of the series.
1. Typical crofter's cottage in the Scottish islands from Hergé's files.
2. The crofter's cottage which greets Tintin and the pilot after their crash-landing (page 30 of the final edition).
3. Tintin outside the Ye White Hart inn (colour insert, first edition).
4. In the village of Kiltcho, Tintin makes his way to Ye Dolphin (page 41 of the first colour version).
5. In the final edition, Ye Dolphin has become The Kiltcho Arms (page 41).
6. The cover of the first edition of The Black Island.
7. The cover was entirely reworked for the final colour version.
From a park bench to Prague, a lucky landing in Syldavia and how Tintin saves a kingdom from fascist takeover.
Having flown back to Belgium from Scotland by either a Sabena Sa-
voia-Marchetti in the early Black Island editions, or a British European Air-
ways “Trident” in the later version, Tintin was back at home in Brussels at the start of
his next adventure: strolling with Snowy down the tree and statue-lined avenues of
the Cinquantenaire Park. But before very long—about a quarter of the way into the
new adventure—he is back at the airport, this time bound for Prague via Frankfurt in
another Sabena Savoia-Marchetti.

If The Black Island had been written against a background of rising European
political tension, then this had heightened dramatically by August 4, 1938, when
Tintin in Sylavia, as the latest adventure was initially known, began appearing in Le
Petit Vingtième.

HISTORICAL BACKGROUND
Months of Nazi destabilisation had led to
Austrian Chancellor Schuschnigg step-
ping down on March 11. That night
German troops moved into Austria, al-
lowing Hitler to declare its annexation on
March 13. The so-called Anschluss was
complete and Austria, whether willingly or
not, had become a new province of the
Third Reich.

This first coup fuelled the appetite of
Hitler’s aggressive foreign policy. By the
ead of September sufficient sabre-rattling
pressured Britain and France into signing
the Munich agreement forcing Czechoslo-
vakia to cede the largely German-popu-
lated Sudetenland to the Reich. But far
from satisfying Hitler’s territorial ambitions, as Britain’s Prime Minister Neville Cham-
berlain had naively hoped, it only increased
his lust for further expansion.

As Hergé continued his own tale of fascist
expansionism aimed at Sylavia—with ficti-
tious Borduria the aggressor—Hitler en-
couraged Slovakia to declare its inde-
pendence and become a satellite of
Germany; the following day, March 15,
1939, German troops began the occupa-
tion of Czechoslovakia which the Nazi dic-
tator declared on March 18 to be a pro-
tectorate of the Reich.

The next target was Poland, on which
Hitler had long held designs. Nazi Ger-
many, just like Borduria in the new Tintin
story, set its fifth columnists and saboteurs
to work. Before long the SS staged an in-
cident that provided the excuse for
German intervention. An attack on the
Gleiwitz radio transmitter was portrayed
by the Nazis as the work of the Poles.

So, on September 1, 1939, just three weeks
after the Sylavian adventure concluded with
Tintin saving the kingdom from a fas-
cist takeover, Nazi tanks rolled over the
Polish border and began Hitler’s well-
planned Blitzkrieg, provoking the Second
World War. Despite hopelessly valiant re-
sistance, Poland was crushed in less than
a month. Once again world events had
been anticipated by Hergé with extraordi-
nary foresight.

Hergé himself described the story of
King Ottokar’s Sceptre as one of a “failed An-
schluss,” bringing to mind the Nazi takeover
of Austria. However, written against the
background of the Czechoslovak crisis and
the frantic but misguided diplomatic efforts
to resolve it, wider parallels are apparent.

A SYLAVIAN SURVEY
There was obviously Poland, Hergé
favouring, for instance, the “ow” endings
found in Polish, as for Klow, Kropow, etc.
Poland’s medieval history may well have
additionally provided ideas for Hergé, with
Mieszko I uniting the country much as
Muskar I did in Sylavia, and Mieszko II
showing a weakness similar to Sylavia’s
Muskar II who allowed his kingdom to be
taken over by Borduria. It was Casimir III
(1333-70) who returned Poland to a posi-
tion of strength and prosperity, just as Ot-
tokar IV managed in Sylavia when he
came to the throne in 1360.

Sylavia’s Ottokar, however, evidently
stemmed from the Bohemian dynasty of
Ottokar Przemsyl, demonstrating how
Hergé could synthesise historical facts and
current affairs into compelling fiction.
By an extraordinary coincidence, restora-
tion of King Ottokar II’s tomb in Prague’s
St Vitus cathedral many years later—in
1976—led to the unexpected discovery of
his sceptre! And browsing one day in a
bookshop near the city’s Charles Bridge, I
found a finely cast reproduction of the seal
of the same Ottokar II dating from 1257,
an object that almost certainly would have
been represented in the collection of Pro-
fessor Hector Alemibick. Elsewhere in cen-
tral Europe, oil-rich Rumania had a vulner-
able monarch, King Carol II, and an
aggressive fascist party, significantly
named the “Iron Guard,” which in 1938
forced him into the German orbit.

Albania, ruled by King Zog I until its oc-
cupation in 1939 by the troops of Italian fas-
cist leader Benito Mussolini, is another
model that occurred to Hergé, according
to his own admission in a letter to his pub-
lisher. Hergé’s minaret-dotted landscape
and the peasants with their distinctive felt
or astrachan hats are typical of this Balkan
country on the fringe of Europe. Moreover,
the black pelican of the Sylavian flag bears
a striking resemblance to Albania’s black
eagle. Sylavia, like Albania, had
during its chequered history been sub-
jected to Ottoman rule, which explains
the crescents that share the quartering of its
crest of arms with the black pelican.

For the fictional names of Sylavia and
Borduria, Hergé may have been inspired
by Moldavia and Bulgaria, though more significant seems to be a paper published in 1937 in the British Journal of Psychology. Here an article written by someone called Richardson and entitled "General Foreign Policy" has an account of a hypothetical conflict between a small kingdom and an annexing power, identified as Syldavia and Borduria. Somehow, in some form, Hergé must have come across this. It is a striking example of how wide Hergé cast his net in his search for ideas and how he hoarded material of every description for his constantly swelling archives.

AGAINT FASCISM

As years later by Numa Sadoul about his creation of Borduria, Hergé noted that there were in this adventure "insignia that very clearly denoted the SS."

"At the time," he continued, "Germany was of course in mind; Ottokar's Sceptre is nothing other than the tale of a failed Anschluss. But one can take it to be any other totalitarian regime. Colonel Sponz appears as well to be typically German, an Erich von Stroheim type. Moreover, isn't the villain of Ottokar's Sceptre called Müssier, evidently a combination of Mussolini and Hitler? It strikes me as a clear allusion."

Despite Hergé's statement, Colonel Sponz was only to appear much later in The Cal- culus Affair, the serialisation of which began in 1954. By then, in the changed post-war order, Borduria had become a Stalinist state, akin to communist East Germany. In Ottokar's Sceptre it is the monarchised Colonel Boris, the king's treacherous aide de camp, whose appearance and manner is reminiscent of the SS, particularly when dressed in his black uniform and Sam Browne belt.

True to the form of an old Nazi, this colonel reappears in the post-war Syldavia of Destination Moon under the alias Colonel Jorgan. He has himself smuggled aboard the moon rocket hidden in a case of opti- cal instruments from Jena, the East German headquarters of prestigious instrument-maker Carl Zeiss.

Highlighting the perversely narrow line between pre-war fascism and post-war com- munism, the now open files of the former East German secret service (Stasi) reveal cases of ex-Nazi agents turning to work for the communists.

of Berlin's Charlottenburg Palace, even if the simpler facade of the black and white original may be inspired by the to Hergé much more familiar Palais Royal in Brus- sels.

The vulnerability of the small Kingdom of the Belgians to a German push, already tragically illustrated in 1914, and of the king himself, would also have been at the back of Hergé's mind. Apart from the obvious parallels presented by certain Central European states, Syldavia can therefore also be seen as a Balkan Belgium.

When after a frantic chase Tintin recovers the sceptre from the conspirator dashing for the frontier, he finds in addition two incriminating documents. The first with the number 1239 and the heading Z.Z.R.K., denoting the Zylav Central Revolu- tionary Komizät, is marked "secret" and addressed to Section Commanders, Shock Troops, Subject: Seizure of Power.

"I wish to draw your attention to the order in which the operations for seizure of power in Syldavia will take place. On the eve of St. Vladimir's Day, agents in our propaganda units will foment incidents, and arrange for Bordurian nationals to be beaten up. On St. Vladimir's Day, at 12 o'clock (H-hour), shock troops will seize Radio Klow, the airfield, the gas works and power station, the banks, the general post office, the Royal Palace, Kropow Castle, etc... In due course each section com- mander will receive precise orders concern- ing his particular mission. I salute you! (signed) Müssier."

The second document, numbered 1240, is identical but gives further instructions: "I wish to remind you that I shall broadcast a call to arms when Radio Klow is in our hands. Motorized Bordurian troops will then cross into Syldavian territory, to free our native land from the tyranny of King Muskar XII.

"Allowing for the feeble resistance they may meet from a few fanatical royalists par- tisans and certain subversive sections of the populace, the Bordurian troops will ar- rive in Klow at about 5 p.m. I shall gather the whole of Z.Z.R.K. to defend until then, with the last drop of their blood, the positions they will have occupied at midday. I salute you! (signed) Müssier."

1 Entretiens avec Hergé, op. cit., p. 110.
1 Macedonian lemonade seller from Hergé's archives.
2 Trin asks a Sydavian lemonade seller for directions (page 33).
3 A Czechoslovak border guard before the Nazi occupation.
4 The uniform of the Borduvian troopers at the border of the two rival countries combines the Czechoslovak uniform with German "Wehrmacht" issue.
5 Photograph of the dinosaur skeleton at the Berlin Natural History Museum from the artist's files.
6 The Diplopterus gigasirmus of the Klown museum, minus a bone taken by Snoby (page 32 of the black and white edition).
French, the “I salute you!” signing off of the instructions is rendered simply as “Amalî!” intended by Hergé as a Syldavian “Heil!”

The situation is highly precarious for the king, as outlined by his Interior Minister, elevated in the English translated version to Prime Minister: “Things are grave, Sire! ... the people are suspicious: there are rumours that the sceptre is missing. Furthermore, Bordurian shops were looted again yesterday. These incidents are of course the work of agitators in the pay of a foreign power, but we are faced with a dangerous situation. And if Your Majesty appears before the crowds without the sceptre, I fear...” German details continue to punctuate the narrative. The Bordurian border troops encountered by Tintin carry Mauser rifles and wear ammunition belts and webbing identical to that issued to Hitler’s Wehrmacht. The aeroplanes at the Bordurian airstrip—one of which Tintin commandeers—are patently German. In the original black and white version, Tintin gets away in a Heinkel 112, the maker’s name clearly inscribed on the engine cowling. In the colour edition, the aircraft is updated to a Meesser-
schmitt BF-109, the German single-seat fighter that the Luftwaffe preferred to the Heinkel 112. The Messerschmitt BF-109 set a speed record of 610.95 k.p.h in 1937 and first saw action in the Spanish Civil War when it was flown by the Condor Legion, whose pilots were drawn from Luftwaffe volunteers, and bore the markings of a white cross in a black circle—not unlike the Bordurian insignia, red in a black circle in the colour edition.

A SECOND SHORT LESSON IN LINGUISTICS

Such realistic examples and allusions give the narrative a convincingly authentic feel, much as Hitchcock achieves in his contemporary and comparably tense The Lady Vanishes. But characteristically, Hergé retained sufficient scope for invention, notably over the opportunity to create a new language based again on Bruxellois, the Brussels dialect; this time a Slavonic touch was required and, occasionally, for example for signs, the use of Cyrillic alphabet. This had the already proven double advantage of providing strong local colour and, for insiders familiar with Bruxellois, an added dimension of amusement. The clusters of consonants is suitably Central European sounding, his use of onomatopoeia often piquant, nowhere more so than in the studio notice behind
the announcer on the penultimate page of the adventure: “Radio Klow, Szcht - Silence.”

The Sylavian national motto, emblazoned below the arms of Ottokar IV, is delightfully plausible: “Eih bennek, eih blavek”. Did you know that Slavonic sounding, it too is well rooted in Bruxellosian and has similarities with the Dutch “Hier ben ik, hier blijf ik”, better known in its French form “J'y suis, j'y reste.” Like much else about Sylvania it is amusingly explained in the fascinating tourist brochure “Sylvania, Kingdom of the Black Pelican” which TinTin pulls out on the aeroplane. It relates how Ottokar IV, who ascended the throne in 1370, came to utter those famous words which became the motto of Sylvania.

Hergé completes his anecdote by illustrating an illuminated page from “The Memorable Deeds of Ottokar IV”, a 14th century manuscript, itself humorous in its colourful but stiff portrayal of the courtly incident and its description in an impeccable medieval Sylavian hand.

On the facing page of the brochure in the colour edition, Hergé indulges in a full page battle scene depicting in compelling and captivating detail the battle of Zieheroum, “after a 17th century miniature.” Quite unlike the illuminated manuscript opposite, it is in the style of Persian miniatures of the period with a flattened perspective and rather balletic warriors prancing, or elegantly lying dead, between pretty flowers and trees. The battle, the brochure tells us, was fought in 1127 when Hveghi, leader of a Slav tribe, routed the occupying Turks. The device of the brochure is a masterly play by Hergé, allowing unknown Sylvania suddenly to become a reality before Tintin arrives there in spectacular fashion, ejected from the aircraft, losing his parachutes and landing fortuitously in an ox-drawn hay-cart.

TOURING

“Among the many enchanting places which deservedly attract foreign visitors with a love for picturesque ceremony and colourful folklore, there is one small country which, although relatively unknown, surpasses many others in interest. Isolated until modern times because of its inaccessible position, this country is now served by a regular airline network, which brings it within the reach of all who love unspoiled beauty, the proverbial hospitality of a peasant people, and the charm of medieval customs which still survive despite the march of progress.” The brochure continues: “Sylvania is a small country in Eastern Europe, comprising two great valleys: those of the river Vladir, and its tributary, the Moles. The rivers meet at Klow, the capital (122,000 inhabitants). These valleys are flanked by wide plateaux covered with forests, and are surrounded by high, snow-capped mountains. In the fertile Sylavian plains corn-lands and cattle pastures. The subsoil is rich in minerals of all kinds. Numerous thermal and sulphur springs gush from the earth. The chief centres being at Klow (cardiac diseases) and Kragow (rheumatic complaints). The total population is estimated to be 642,000 inhabitants. Sylvania exports wheat, mineral water from Klow, firewood, horses and violinists.”

Like Hergé’s best creations, whether characters or places, Sylvania is far too good to be limited to one adventure. Readers duly return there in the two-volume moon adventure, while Bordurian-Sylavian rivalries resurface in the Cold War climate of The Calculus Affair.

THREE CHEERS FOR THE OPERA!

Apart from Sylvania, King Ottokar’s Sceptre is remarkable for the introduction of the dominant female character of the Tintin stories, the redoubtable Signora Bianca Castafiore of La Scala. Milan. Hergé’s love of art did not really extend to opera which he found faintly ridiculous. “Opera bores me, to my great shame. What’s more, it makes me laugh,” he was to admit.

The Milanese Nightingale begins her part in the Tintin books as the statuesque soprano with the ear-splitting top notes that sends wild animals and Tintin scurrying. Later, by which time Captain Haddock has become her prime victim, she develops into a parody of not just any prima donna but the soprano of the 1950s and 1960s, Maria Callas. Like her Greek-born counterpart, Castafiore was a favourite of gossip...
columnists and the illustrated weeklies; impeccably dressed by Paris fashion houses, possessing fabulous jewels, she was at the apex of fashionable society. Men, if not Haddock, are fascinated by her: the villainous Rastapopoulos, masquerading as the Marquis of Gorgonzola aboard his luxury yacht the ‘Scheperezado’ (modelled on Aristotle Onassis’ ostentatiously splendid Christina), the monocled Colonel Sponsz arid, most touching of all, Professor Calculus.

Although in The Castafiore Emerald, she eventually leaves Marlinspike Hall to sing Rossini at La Scala, appropriately La Gazza Ladra (The Thieving Magpie), her calling card aria is the Jewel Song from Gounod’s Faust which she lets rip at every possible opportunity: “Ah! je ne revois si belle en ce mirable!” The aria, a potent and once popular example of the grand opera manner, fits her overpowering vanity like a glove. Opera, at least indirectly, was to play a further role in the evolution of King Ottokar’s Sceptre, for when it came to its transformation into colour in 1947, Hergé picked one Edgar-Pierre Jacobs, a former opera singer, to assist him. Jacobs, whom Hergé portrayed as a monocled cavalry officer standing in shining breastplate, helmet in hand, in the scene depicting Tintin’s presentation at court on page 59 of the colour edition, took on responsibility for improving the array of uniforms in the adventure and generally “Balkanising” details. The same court scene provides an excuse for Hergé to introduce himself behind Jacobs in a green uniform with gold frogging, while to his right, in a lilac dress, is his first wife Germaine and on her right, monocled and in a black uniform with red collar, his soldier brother Paul, himself a model for Tintin. In addition, at the bottom of page 38 of the revised version, Hergé and Jacobs inserted themselves on the left as

And now the King is once more in his palace. Time and again the delirious crowds have called His Majesty back on to the balcony to receive their fulsome acclaim. But now he is seated here in the Throne Room, where an investiture is taking place...

Tintin’s triumphant reception by the Syldavian sovereign (page 89). Among the assembly we can identify, from right to left, Hergé in green uniform with gold frogging, next to Germaine, his first wife, in a pink ball gown partly obscuring Paul, his brother; wearing a monocle and, in front of them, helmet in hand and with a casket plate, Edgar-Pierre Jacobs. On the left, holding a shako, Jacques Van Meekebeke, a friend of the artist and the first editor of Tintin magazine, and behind him, in evening dress and bespectacled, Marcel Stobbaerts, painter and illustrator.
1. The royal coach cheered by the crowd during the Saint Vladimir celebrations (page 59).

2. The carriage of George V, King of England. Hergé used this picture for the decoration of Muskat XII's coach.

3. The Syldavan Royal Guard (page 42 of the black and white edition).

4. The British Beefeaters whose uniforms were imitated by Hergé for the members of the Syldavan Royal Guard in the black and white edition. For the colour version, they were redone and present a more “balkanised” appearance.
nonchalant officers attired in uniforms similar to those they wear later. They are barely ruffled by the ripple caused by Tintin’s interruption of the diva’s recital before the king.

Prior to Jacob’s intervention, Hergé’s principal inspiration for the splendid uniforms required were newspaper and magazine cuttings he had collected of ceremonial surrounding the 1935 Jubilee of King George V in London. Faded and brittle, they are still to be found among his papers. He noted the uniforms of the Household Cavalry, while those of the Beefeaters inspired the costumes—with their extravagant ruff collars—of the guards of the Klow Royal Treasure House in the original black and white version. A photograph of the British royal carriage, accompanied by a Beefeater, was adapted for the King’s procession on what became page 59 of the colour edition. The windows and gold foliated decoration of the royal carriages are identical.

REALITY IS STILL HARDER

Fine though Hergé’s original work was, the collaboration with Jacobs was particularly successful. The eager recruit clearly relished his responsibility, tackling the Balkan detail with great care and skill. Jacobs can, for instance, take credit for providing the engaging full-page battle of Zileheroum added to the travel brochure. He also adorned the walls of the Kropow Castle Treasury Chamber with delicate pastel frescoes illustrating the lives of Saints, a notable improvement on Hergé’s original plain white walls.

The colour edition of King Ottokar’s Sceptre emerged as one of the most polished and accomplished of Tintin adventures, with the narrative perfectly paced and balanced, the drama and comedy well matched. Fact and fiction are intriguingly intertwined, the real Brussels shown at the start contrasting with plausibly imagined Syldavia. At the top of page seven of the revised version, Tintin strides thoughtfully down an easily recognisable Avenue Louise, the central Brussels thoroughfare where a few years later Hergé would set up his studio and the Fondation Hergé is to be found today. Later, the more sedate streets of Klow are utterly convincing and strongly reminiscent of Central Europe.

Furthermore, as examined, the political tensions mirror those of the time when King Ottokar’s Sceptre was first written, with Nazi Germany gobbling up one neighbouring state after another. The German invasion and conquest of Poland finally precipitated a second world war; Tintin had saved Syldavia, but in reality he could neither rescue his native Belgium nor the rest of Europe. Hergé, as Georges Remi, together with thousands of Belgians, was called to arms. Like the quickly to be bypassed Maginot Line and other ineffectual preparation, it was of little avail.

During the strange months of phoney war spent attached to a Flemish infantry unit at Turnhout, Hergé continued to produce and send the strips of a newly begun adventure, Tintin in the Land of Black Gold, to Le Petit Vingtième. It reeked of the impending hostilities.

By May 1940, when the German Panzers rolled across Holland, Belgium and France with greater alegory and far more devastation than the Kaiser’s armies had managed in 1914, Tintin was apparently doomed: left to die in the desert by the German villain Dr Müller, making a comeback after his arrest at the end of The Black Island.

Meanwhile, the battered British Expeditionary Force was pushed into the sea and the Swastika left to fly triumphantly over continental Europe.

Hergé, on sick leave because of a rash of boils, was stranded in France as it fell; in occupied Brussels, Le Petit Vingtième, which had launched Tintin and sustained the reporter for over 10 years, was shut down. So, by the summer of 1940, the prospect could hardly have seemed bleaker. Yet the intrepid reporter had managed to wriggle out of so many tight spots that it would surely be premature to write him off now.
A discarded tin of crabmeat sends Tintin to sea, leads to his first meeting with a whisky-sodden Captain Haddock and a crash landing in the Sahara.
The Land of Black Gold with its German villain and tale of international sabotage and subversion had no future under the jackboot it implicated. Hergé, left without an outlet by the closure of Le Petit Vingtième on the Nazi takeover, sensibly put the adventure aside for possible future use. However, if Hergé himself was not to be put in abeyance, Hergé needed to find a newspaper where the reporter could continue to appear.

THE WAR

Not surprisingly, Tintin was to prove more resilient than Le Petit Vingtième and soon Hergé’s popular creation was sought for the newspaper Le Soir with its significantly higher circulation. But there was a large, unpleasant fly in the ointment which, in retrospect, Hergé would have been better advised to take more seriously. Le Soir, as Brussels’ leading French daily, had immediately been taken over by the occupying power as its mouthpiece in Belgium; in other words it became a collaborationist newspaper staffed, if not exclusively, by collaborators. Where did Hergé stand?

Tintin’s credentials had been impeccable, fighting fascism only too obviously in his last completed adventure and from the very first battling for the underdog, for the oppressed, for good over evil—as one would expect from a character born out of the Boy Scout movement. The same, of course, was true of Hergé himself. Despite ill-informed post-war suspicions and accusations that touched him to the quick, no one who knew Remi, or his work, could accept that he ever sympathised with the Nazis. Yet, as time proved, he made a serious error of judgment in tying Tintin’s good name and reputation to a newspaper which had fallen into the wrong hands. Belgians referred to it as “Le Soir volé”, or “stolen.” Wartime paper shortage meant that Tintin’s appearance in a specially created weekly supplement, Le Soir Jeunesse, would be short-lived and before long the reporter’s adventures were portrayed on the same pages as the “heroic exploits” of the Wehrmacht.

At the time, however, the situation was not quite as clear and Hergé, even though his work may have shown extraordinary political perception, seems himself to have been remarkably politically naïve.

He was a patriot and a royalist and quickly responded to King Leopold III’s call for Belgians to return home and work for the national good. Stranded in France at the fall of Belgium, he motored back to Brussels and looked how he could resume employment. After the war Leopold’s advice was to rebound on him, Hergé and others who had held prominent positions during the occupation, prompting the king’s abdication in favour of his son Baudouin.

Had Leopold opted for a government in exile in London, away from his people, history would have been kinder to him. Instead he felt his place was with his subjects, even under occupation, a view shared by Hergé who would have done himself a great deal of good if he had chosen to continue Tintin from abroad. These were dismal days and Hergé was as depressed as anyone. “War... It’s horrible... I can’t get it out of my mind... Surely to goodness the statesmen will come to suffer for it after his country’s collapse. Wilhelm Furtwängler was a patriot who despised the Nazis. But he had an overwhelming love of music which he believed would redeem his people in their hour of need and perhaps bring them to reason. As scores of distinguished musicians, many, though not all, Jews, fled Nazi oppression, including Szyman Goldberg, the leader of Furtwängler’s own beloved Berlin Philharmonic, he remained to conduct Beethoven, Brahms and Bruckner under the Swasika and even in front of Hitler himself. His critics pointed out with reason that had Germany’s most prominent conductor withdrawn his music-making from Nazi service he would, at least culturally, have dealt the regime a humiliating blow. He could have joined other luminaries of pre-war German cultural life and from an American or British exile broadcast unshackled to his compatriots.

Fritz Busch and Otto Klemperer, among a number of top conductors, had chosen such a course, and in literature, the Nazis had to contend to their distress with the weighty voice of Thomas Mann.

Hergé would have been reluctant to equate his with such names, and Belgium was only a small country with modest pretensions, but nevertheless...

In Hergé’s defence it should be pointed out that he did have the sense to turn down an offer to become an official illustrator of the fascist Rexist movement, headed by the infamous Léon Degrelle. Hergé had
The Crab with the Golden Claws

known Degrelle since the start of his career with Le Vingtième Siècle, as he recalled in a 1975 interview with La Libre Belgique: “I discovered the strip cartoon thanks to… Léon Degrelle! He had left as a journalist for Mexico and sent back to Le Vingtième Siècle not only personal reports, but also local newspapers (to convey the atmosphere) in which there were strip cartoons. So I came across my first comics.” Hergé had additionally provided illustrations for Degrelle’s L'Histoire de la Guerre Scolaire (History of the Scholastic War) published in 1932 by Rox Éditions. Degrelle was also the owner of a number of Hergé’s drawings which he had acquired during their time on Le Vingtième Siècle.

As for Le Soir, Hergé was brought on to it through his friendship with Raymond de Becker who became Editor when the newspaper came under Nazi control but later resigned—and was deported—rather than be told what to write.

Working for a press that was no longer free was problematic and liable to be misunderstood at the very least. There were other patriotic courses that could be taken. For example, the Free French from their headquarters in London did much to assuage the shame of France’s collapse and the collaboration of the Vicom administration while spurring resistance at home and kindling hopes of liberation. It was a more obviously laudable way of keeping the home fires burning and maintaining morale.

CENSURED

Tintin, familiar with England from The Black Island, would surely have been better off in London, continuing to battle fascism and evil and relying on propaganda drops by British bombers to keep the people of Belgium and France abreast of his escapades.

As it was, Tintin did not escape scot-free under the Nazis. Along with other contemporary literature, he was subject to the Nazi censor who without much subtlety promptly banned The Black Island, because of its British setting, and later Tintin in America, on account of its title. But the most anti-fascist book, King Ottokar’s Sceptre, was spared and allowed to remain in print, suggesting that the censors did not dig too deep in their assessment of the redoubtable reporter.

And so initially in a newly created weekly supplement, Le Soir Jeunesse, modelled on the past success of Le Petit Vingtième, Tintin on October 17, 1940 resumed his adventures and Hergé began a fresh tale in a new setting. Coming out on Thursday, in the manner of Le Petit Vingtième, the first issue of Le Soir Jeunesse showed Tintin striding confidently along a country road following the milestones to Brussels, an unusually broad smile across his face, a copy of Le Soir in his sack and a hole in the sole of his shoe. Snowy follows panting behind, above the caption: “Tintin et Milou sont revenus!” (“Tintin and Snowy are back!”).

This time, Hergé decided, he would steer clear of contemporary politics and return more safely to a modern subject he had already introduced in The Cigars of the Pharaoh: drug trafficking. Whereas on that occasion opium had been smuggled in the guise of Havana cigars, this time it was to be concealed equally ingeniously in tins of crab meat. Early in the adventure, Hergé additionally broaches an investigation-conducted needlessly to say by the Thom(p)sons with a typical lack of competence—into counterfeit coinage, but as the story gains momentum this is quietly forgotten.

A FRIEND TO ETERNITY

Apart from the circumstances in which it was written, the new Tintin adventure was remarkable for the most significant addition made to the Tintin “family”—a pathetic alcoholic sea captain called Haddock. Hergé had devised a perfect foil to the goody-goody reporter, though it was to be at the expense of Snowy whose role was henceforth to be diminished as Haddock’s was enhanced. Haddock was the very opposite of Tintin. While the reporter was sober and sensible, Haddock was more often than not drunk and impulsive. Whereas Hergé kept Tintin’s facial expression to a bare minimum—little more than two dots for eyes, a button for a nose and a line as mouth—Haddock’s could be contorted with emotion. Tintin’s thoughts and speech are always well considered, Haddock’s spontaneous and—a perfect excuse for firing a broadside of his splendidly salty and inventive vocabulary—explosive.

The arrival of Haddock offered the series a tremendous new potential which Hergé made the most of in this and the subsequent fourteen adventures he managed to complete. Unlike other characters who would appear, drop from view and then be brought back, giving the adventures an arresting sense of continuity and familiarity, Haddock was now a permanent fixture, second only to Tintin. Captain Archibald Haddock—his splendid Christian name is only revealed in the ultimate adventure, Tintin and the Picaros—is an English mariner who has spent years at sea before his meeting with Tintin. His name was apparently suggested by Hergé’s first wife Germaine when over dinner she described a haddock as “a sad English fish.” And certainly in The Crab with the Golden Claws, the alcoholic Haddock is a pathetic specimen. In 1979 a reader was delighted to find a naval certificate of discharge from 1913 for the Liverpool registered Olympic bearing the signature of its Master, one H.J. Haddock. Hergé had without doubt come up with an eminently suitable name for a seafarer.

Unkempt and with neither idea nor control over what was going on aboard his ship, the dishevelled Haddock first introduced to readers is in desperate need of reform from alcohol abuse. By nature emotional and irascible, Haddock is yet fundamentally a decent soul whose virtues are unrecognisable amid the haze of alcohol in which they are enveloped. In this his first adventure his drink-induced unreliability is both infuriating and highly hazardous, posing as great a threat to Tintin as the villains against which he is battling. But Tintin does not allow exasperation to get the
The first meeting between Tin Tin and Haddock. Original of page 15 in the coloured version (Indian ink and gouache on drawing paper).
1 The Afghan outpost (page 33).
2 North African troops.
3 Tintin and Haddock escape from the Karaboudjan (page 18).
4 Lifeboat from the artist’s archives.
5 Tintin and Haddock attacked by Berbers (page 35).
6 Desert patrol and his chroomarty.
better of his infinite patience. By the end of The Crab with the Golden Claws he has clearly all but rescued Haddock from self-destruction and cemented an enduring friendship. In future Haddock would be a loyal and true companion, if no less colourful.

UNEXPECTED PROFIT

Forced to move away from current affairs because they had in effect caught up with him with the Nazi occupation, Hergé concentrated more on his characters, widening and embellishing the Tintin cast to its long-term benefit. From now on he laid greater store on the characters than the places to which Tintin travelled. The changes in his working practice imposed on him during the war years, the constraints, limitations, rethinking and necessary consolidation, produced a Tintin that was more mature, diverse and durable.

In his quest to unravel the mystery surrounding the discarded tin of crab meat and the drowned sailor, Herbert Dawes, Tintin is clapped into iron aboard the Karaboudjan, run not by the inebriated Captain Haddock but by the First Mate Allan (Thompson), fleetingly refe rent to in the later edition of the Cigars of the Pharaoh.

Escaping from the ship, first by long-boat then by commandeered sea-plane (a Moroccan-registered, American 1930s manufactured Verville Air Coach), Tintin and Haddock crash land in the Sahara in French Morocco. Here Hergé could draw on a novel by Joseph Peyré which he had read in 1936: L’ascension blanche (The White Squadron). In Hergé’s account, Lieutenant Delcourt, commander of the French Foreign Legion fort of Algiers, rescues the unconscious Tintin, Haddock and Snowy from certain death under a blazing desert sun. In the novel, published by the Grasset in 1934, the protagonist is a Lieutenant Marcay, Commandant of an outpost that existed at Adghar.

Hergé indulges in some punning over his other place names; the debonair, pipe-smoking Delcourt receives a wireless message that twenty Arab raiders were “proceeding to the wells of Keltheir”, a witty arabisation of the French “Qué faire ?”—“what’s to be done?” Similarly the fictitious Moroccan port of Bagghar is amusingly derived from “bagarre”, French for a scrape or fight.

But without an Arab Chang to guide him, Hergé’s Moroccan setting is generalised. Whereas Chang ensured that the Chinese used in The Blue Lotus was correct, the Arabic employed in this and subsequently in The Land of Black Gold is pure invention: merely arabised arabesques modelled on examples of Arab script that Hergé had collected and filed away for such use. It was, however, given some sense in later revisions.

CHANGING RHYTHM

As long as the adventure continued to be published in weekly instalments in Le Soir Jeunesse, Hergé was able to carry on the working practices and routine he had developed for Le Petit Vingtième: a weekly strip leading, at the adventure’s conclusion, to its publication as a book. But change was at hand. By May 1941, paper restrictions forced Le Soir Jeunesse to be reduced to one page, by September it had to be dropped altogether, with Tintin continuing as a daily three or four-frame strip in Le Soir itself. With space at a premium, the size of the strip was reduced to just seventeen by four centimetres. Producing this daily was a very different proposition to the two pages a week that Hergé had previously provided. A new rhythm was required with more frequent climaxes. But Hergé took the changes in his stride and typically used the new requirements to refine his skills as a strip cartoonist. At the end of its serialisation, The Crab with the Golden Claws was as usual published in book form by Casterman. However, heralding another change, it was the last time that a newly completed Tintin volume came out in black and white.

Casterman had been looking at the possibility of publishing the adventures in colour for some time, and from the subsequent adventure—The Shooting Star—onwards the books were in colour and in a new, more economical 62-page format. The question of putting the adventures of Tintin into colour had arisen as early as February 1938 when Charles Lesne, who had introduced Hergé to Casterman, wrote: “As for the contents of the books, one must at all costs, at least for France, take a new path-colour.” Hergé’s response was to create full-page colour plates for insertion into the black and white volumes for the first edition of The Blue Lotus and for new impressions of Tintin in America and Cigars of the Pharaoh.

By February 1942 Casterman’s acquisition of an offset machine, the shortage of paper and a sharp increase in its price led to the publisher gaining Hergé’s agreement to the switch to colour and a prescribed length of 62 pages instead of the 100 to 130 pages of the black and white books. These would in due course be reissued in the new format of four strips per page instead of the previous three, with The Broken Ear, The Black Island and The Crab with the Golden Claws the first to be ready for publication in 1943.

TRANSFORMATIONS

The transformation of The Crab with the Golden Claws raised a particular problem, as, unlike the other adventures which had to be cut back, it was by far the shortest, needing the equivalent of ten extra colour pages to meet the 62-page requirement. Hergé padded it out cleverly by using four memorable full-page plates: of the seaplane swooping over Tintin and Haddock clunking to their capsized boat, of the pair trudging forlornly across the sun-baked Sahara, of them rushing down a cobbled alley in Bagghar, and of the mysterious Omar Ben Bella returning to his house on donkey-back. Other frames were enlarged or extended and a number without dialogue and superfluous to the narrative were added, making up the shortfall.

Hergé’s flexibility in reducing or extending the size of frames to heighten the action displays both new virtuosity and the recur-
rent influence of cinematographic techniques, evident already on the first page of the adventure in Snowy's tussle with the empty crab tin. There is, moreover, no doubt about the cinematic and specifically Hitchcockian quality of the hair-raising dockside sequence where Tintin, distracted by the number of seagulls circling overhead, narrowly escapes being crushed by a weighty crate let slip by Allan.

In this adventure Hergé also returns to the portrayal of dreams and hallucinations which he had broached in Cigars of the Pharaoh and which were to continue to fascinate him and recur in The Seven Crystal Balls, as mirages in The Land of Black Gold, and most portentously in Tintin in Tibet. Haddock's visualization of Tintin as a bottle of champagne shimmering under the desert sun, waiting to be popped, and Tintin's nightmare that mistaken for a bottle of Burgundy the crazed captain is about to skewer him with a corkscrew, are redolent of the surrealism in vogue in the late 1930s—Magritte, it should be remembered, was a compatriot of Hergé—as well as established interest in Freudian psychoanalysis.

War and occupation proved to be no dampener to Tintin's success. Having had his audience widened further by the increased readership that came with serialization in Le Soir, the publication of the first black and white edition of The Crab with the Golden Claws was a notable success.

As the first Tintin adventure since Cigars of the Pharaoh to have kept unequivocally clear of politics, it posed no problem for the Nazi censor. However, years after the war when the question of its distribution in the United States arose, it fell foul of American censors who objected to Haddock's alcoholism and the presence of blacks—mixing races was deemed unsuitable in children's books. In response, Hergé toned down the sequence in the long boat where Haddock gulps down the rum, replacing two frames where he takes a swig directly from the bottle. Similarly, a substitute is provided for the frame where, having found a bottle of whisky on board the seaplane, he puts it to his lips. As for the blacks, the ship's hand Jumbo who is delegated by Allan to watch over Haddock in his cabin is replaced by a white. Further on, in the scene where the captain is being flogged, a gang member of Arab appearance steps in for the burly, bare-chested black in baggy pantaloons—which does not stop Haddock chasing him several pages on and calling on the police to "arrest that negro!"

**VOCABULARY**

It is not Haddock's fondness for the bottle or his human fallibility which makes him the most endearing of characters in the Tintin adventures; it is his irascibility and his unlimited and wonderfully irrelevant repertoire of expletives. These have engendered studies in themselves, with Tintinophiles listing, categorizing and counting the more than 200 examples.

According to Hergé, the idea of the irrelevant insult struck him several years earlier when he witnessed an argument between a shopkeeper and customer. After a long rally of insults, the shopkeeper offered the ultimate unanswerable insult—"You Four Powers Pact!"—and so had the last word, game, set and match. This extraordinary term of abuse was based on the Four Powers Pact signed on July 15, 1933, between Britain, France, Germany and Italy. In the case of Haddock, Hergé said he so-
lected the expletives according to their “sonority.” For his inspiration he drew heavily on nautical, scientific, ethnographic and zoological terms, the obscurer the better. Some are untranslatable and translators of the adventures have had to turn to encyclopedias to compete.

Haddock’s first diatribe, prompted by a Berber marksman striking his bottle and his furious desire for revenge, was scarcely improved upon in the subsequent fourteen adventures Hergé completed. “Swinel!... Jellyfish!... Tramps!... Trogloidytes!... Toffeeneuses!...” the enraged captain shouts as he charges towards the Arab gunner brandishing his rifle uselessly, “Savages!... Aztecs!... Toads!... Carpet-sellers!... Iconoclasts!...” And, sending them it seems running, “Rats!... Ectoplasms!... Freshwater swabs!... Bashi-Bazouks!... Cannibals!... Caterpillars!... Cowards!... Baboons!... Parasites!... Pockmarks!...”

His stock expletives are “Billions of blue blistering barnacles!” imaginatively translated from Hergé’s original French “Mille sabords!” and its variants, and “Thundering typhoons!” derived from “Tonnerre de Brest!” in the French.

REPTENANCE
Only once, a few years later, did Haddock’s outlandish language cause Hergé trouble or embarrassment, and then only because of his gullibility. In one of Haddock’s trades, a “clyspump” cropped up, a medical term concerning the bowels. This was seized upon by his friend Jacques Van Melkebeke as an opportunity for a practical joke. Posing as a father furious at his son being exposed to such a word, he wrote an outraged letter to the author, only dropping his mask after Hergé’s abject apology.

“I was stunned to hear my son yesterday employ the term “clyspump,” which I quickly found out you put into the mouth of Captain Haddock!” wrote “Paul Devigne.” He continued, “I would like to think, bearing in mind your background, that you used this highly improper term without suspecting its exact significance. But in this case, it is no less true that you have acted with incredible loyalty.”

Falling for the criticism hook, line and sinker, Hergé replied: “I have just read your letter of yesterday and I still do not realise exactly the mishap that has hap-

expresses himself in the Tintin book, thanks to your intervention, for which I am grateful. “On reflection, I think however that it would pass unnoticed and that children are only dazzled by it. During the almost twenty-five years that I have tried to interest them in my drawn stories, it is the first time that I have had such a misadventure. I am terribly sorry that this ‘accident’ will in future modify the regard with which you have held me for so long and, beating my chest, I promise, Sir, ‘to do better next time.’” Three weeks later the letter came back to Hergé marked “Unknown, Return to Sender.”

In Haddock, Hergé had come up with his most inspired character since creating Tintin himself a dozen years earlier. The reporter had got through eight adventures before changing inadvertently into Haddock’s cabin aboard the Karaboudjan. From then on, through thick and thin, the two were inseparable. There could be no looking back, as brisk sales for this ninth Tintin volume demonstrated. The next adventure, Hergé shrewdly decided, would be dependent on a reformed captain—once he had recovered from the effects of drinking a glass of water.

The Captain’s greatest trea- and the summary of Hergé’s expression: this picture alone is a complete sequence where movement is presented in each one of its stages (page 38).
An apocalypse is averted. Tintin joins a European expedition racing against ruthless transatlantic rivals to claim a meteorite from Arctic waters.
Hergé lost no time in beginning a new adventure the moment The Crab with the Golden Claws was concluded on October 19, 1941, a year after it had begun. The very next day he plunged into the first strip of L’Étoile Mystérieuse—later translated into English as The Shooting (rather than Mysterious) Star. From start to finish, just seven months later, this was the first Tintin adventure to appear in its entirety as a daily newspaper strip. The Crab with the Golden Claws having commenced in weekly instalments until the demise of Le Soir Jeunesse led to the story’s continuation as a daily strip in Le Soir itself. This was also the first adventure to make its subsequent appearance as a book directly in the new colour format agreed by Casterman and Hergé.

OMENS AND EVERYDAY LIFE

While the previous adventure succeeded in avoiding all allusion to the reality of war and occupation, even below the surface, Hergé this time did not attempt to escape from the prevailing mood of gloom and despondency. The opening pages of The Shooting Star are unique in his work for the feeling of foreboding they convey. Panic-stricken rats surge from the sewers, car tyres explode and tarmac melts in the stifling, oppressive heat. Prophets of doom wander the streets. The far from harmless shooting star spotted by a prematurely cheerful Tintin in the second frame soon becomes a sinister threat to the world’s existence as it hurtles towards the Earth: "Yes! That fire-ball is going to collide with the Earth!" the professor tells a shocked Tintin. "Great heavens! But that'll mean..." "...THE END OF THE WORLD, YES?!" the scientist affirms. The symbol is uncomplicated. By the autumn of 1941, with the world at war as never before, a similar sense of hopelessness, of impending apocalypse was pervasive. In no other adventure is the generally unfappable Tintin so perturbed, so visibly afraid at the prospect of an end to the world, or so overjoyed when it becomes clear the danger has passed. From then on the story becomes a diversion. Nevertheless, sinister surreal touches persist, resulting in the most disturbing of any of the adventures. Despite the now indispensable presence of Captain Haddock, this adventure is shorter of humour than usual. The captain is altogether more responsible and serious than in The Crab with the Golden Claws, even if as President of the Society of Sober Sailors (S.S.S) he is seen to have a generous supply of whisky directed to his cabin. The Thom[po]sons are dispensed with, except for a cameo appearance striding to the dockside (together with Quick and Flupke, Hergé’s parallel creation) to see the expedition off. Snowy, meanwhile, assumes greater responsibility for light relief, whether guzzling sausages purloined from the ship’s galley, getting entangled in spaghetti or, as in the first edition of Cigars of the Pharaoh, lifting his leg to prevent an explosion.

The air of menace in this adventure is also more pronounced. Apart from the grim prospect of a cataclysm with which it opens, there is the appearance of the thoroughly unpleasant and mentally deranged Philippus and, as the tale draws to a climax, the first mate of the Peavy’s chilling intention to shoot Tintin in cold blood as he parachutes down to the meteorite. If

He comes back again, in reality, to hurl abuse and a stick of dynamite from the Aurora’s crow’s nest before Tintin persuades him to descend and attendants return him to the mental hospital from which he has absconded.

In The Shooting Star Hergé daringly eschews the strip cartoonist’s recognised means of denoting a dream, deliberately confusing the reader. So the extraordinary scenes following Tintin’s landing on the meteorite, the exploding mushrooms, the giant spider, butterfly, and huge apples dropping from almost instantly sprouting trees, are more like a bad dream than reality, and as such deeply disturbing. Though not a dream, Tintin’s time on the meteorite is much more plausible as one.

Merging dreams with reality, Hergé was stretching the boundaries of the strip cartoon much as a film director like Alfred Hitchcock was doing in the cinema. As al-

![The meteorite appears in the night sky as a star too many in the Great Bear (page 1).](image)

only indirectly, the tension of occupation and war makes itself felt.

As was his inclination during a crisis, Hergé reverted to the world of dreams in his narrative. But this time, unlike previously in Cigars of the Pharaoh and The Crab with the Golden Claws, he blurs the distinction between dreams and reality. So the unsettling figure of Philippus, prophet or mad scientist, really does wander on in hand through the streets proclaiming the end of the world to be nigh. Soon afterwards, however, banging his resonant instrument, he enters Tintin’s front room in what, after initial ambiguity, turns out to be a dream—"How did you get in here?" "Prophets come and go as they please!"

ATTACKS

The Shooting Star has been seized on by some critics as proof that Hergé was both anti-American and anti-Semitic, convenient views, they would maintain, for a contributor to a collaborationist newspaper to hold. Their case is based on the Stars and Stripes flown by the rival expedition, its ship, the Peavy, and most chillingly on the palpably Jewish-American financier Bluimenstein, the villain of the piece. In fact
Hergé's satire was directed— as in The Broken Ear where he more discreetly devised fictitious identities—at unscrupulous American commercial interests and the power of the dollar, a reasonable target in normal circumstances. As for Blumenstein, he was more parodied as a financier than a Jew. However, when it was pointed out to Hergé that his portrayal was liable to misunderstanding, he quickly undertook revisions. He fell back on the name for a confectionery shop in Brussels dialect, bolzwinkel, for the oily, cigar-smoking villain who was transformed into a Sao Rican financier called Bolzwinkel. The Peany retained its obviously American name (after the celebrated Polar explorer), but its launch would in future fly the red and black flag of fictitious Sao Rico, very much a flag of convenience. The ship ordered by Bolzwinkel to ram the Aurora stayed as the clearly American S.S. Kentucky Star.

However, Hergé's attempt at defusing the controversial allusions fell flat when it was found that Bolzwinkel was not merely a Brussels confectioner but also an established Jewish name. Bolzwinkel, nevertheless, remained the villain's name, with no particular anti-semitism intended.

The European scientific team to which Tintin is attached has also come under critical scrutiny, made-up as it is exclusively of academics from neutral or Axis countries. However, this can hardly be a stick to beat Hergé with. A European expedition assembled in 1941-42 would necessarily have had to draw on experts from neutral or occupied countries and, in the world of science, a German member would seem to be "de rigueur", regardless of the Nazis. Moreover, Captain Haddock, and his old friend Captain Chester who gives the expedition such invaluable assistance in Iceland, are obviously Anglo-Saxon.

FOCUSING ON TECHNIQUE
Hergé's main concern, however, was over criticism that the Aurora, as portrayed by him, may not have been seaworthy and certainly not up to navigating hazardous Arctic waters. It was galling as he had referred to his growing file on ships, for example for the drawing of the Sirius taking fuel from the Golden Oil II tanker on page 31—inspired directly by a photograph in his archives showing the Prince Baudouin being refuelled by the Shell IX. In future he would be even more meticulous in his nautical research. The Aurora's catapult-launched sea-plane was accurate enough, based on a 1038 German Arado Ar198 reconnaissance aircraft such as he would have seen mounted on German warships illustrated in propaganda photographs published in Le Soir or elsewhere.

When it came to the adventure's adaptation to book form, Hergé would not have filled the new 62-page space with the 176 strips he had drawn for Le Soir. So he had to insert purely descriptive frames, as well as extending and enlarging others to make up the difference. Half a page, for instance, is given over to the vast domed interior of the observatory with its giant telescope. It is drawn directly from a faded brown and white press photograph Hergé had kept of "the biggest telescope in the world." This, according to the caption, was at the Mount Wilson observatory. The building itself, evocatively portrayed against the night sky on page two of The Shooting Star, is recognisably the Brussels Observatory. Hergé's star-studded sky in the opening pages was also carefully prepared. In his archives under the heading "Astronomie - Sciencia - Méteorologie" is an Italian chart showing, among other constellations, the Great Bear— as observed and pointed out by Tintin to Snowy. With it is a transparent disc allowing the exact configuration of

The launch of the Peany flies the Sao Rico flag (page 47) and no longer the Stars and Stripes.
The next morning...

1. Hergé’s photograph of the Prince Baudouin being refuelled by the Shell IX.
2. The Golden Oil II refuels the Aurora thanks to the Sirius and Captain Chester (page 31).
3. Reconnaissance hydroplane, the Arado AR 196.
4-5 The FERS hydroplane, inspired by the Arado AR 196, carries out a perilous sea-landing in the middle of drifting icebergs (page 96).

We’re done for this time, Snowy!
1 Tintin, diligent reporter that he is, gets information at its source, here, from the observatory (page 4).

2 Photograph from Hergé’s files: the biggest telescope in the world—at the time—fitted with a 2.5 m diameter mirror.

3 The observatory and the meteorite in the starry night: in one plate, Hergé sets the scene and atmosphere (page 2).

4 The observatory of Uccle in Brussels, which was used as a model.

5 Hergé’s obsession with realism (page 41).

6 Photograph of a marine engineer: the artist’s files covered every subject imaginable.
stars to be worked out. That it was used by Hergé is apparent from the marks left by a geometry compass.

As a result of the tinkering necessary for the book adaptation, the flow of the narrative is less accomplished than in other adventures; there are spurts and rushes followed by slower passages, upsetting the rhythm and pace. But there are also masterly effects, none more successful than the sequence at the top of page 24 where the Aurora tosses and turns on the swell and the scientists' queasiness becomes visible: their faces progress from pallid grey to green before they retire clutching their stomachs, hands before mouths, to their cabins. Tintin and Haddock with their well-tried sea legs are left at the table enjoying the conclusion of their meal. It was a passage which Hergé himself considered especially effective.

Before becoming overcome by sea-sickness the professors had, in most versions, partaken of a meal of sauerkraut: which would have been garnished with sausages if Snowy had not rifled them—"choucroute garnie" in the French original. However, revealing a cultural difference, mashed potatoes are served without sausages in the English translation.

The storm at sea, centred on page 25, with wind and waves lashing and buffeting the Aurora while Haddock maintains a steady course, is another virtuoso passage: the ship's violent movement depicted through acute tilting angles within the frames. The effect is once more almost cinematic. Haddock, so composed and collected at the wheel, is a very different character to the miserable drunken wretch who only one adventure ago had broken up the ears of the longboat for firewood. Clearly his presidency of the S.S.S. was doing him no harm. With this adventure so quickly over, Hergé had to think of a new departure for the reformed captain and his reporter friend. He wasted little time.

During a three week break between the conclusion of The Shooting Star and the start of the new adventure in Lo Soir, Hergé came up with a fresh idea far removed from the stress and exigencies of war: a treasure hunt involving a long sea voyage, a swashbuckling ancestor of the captain's and an enduring eccentric professor, Cuthbert Calculus (Tryphon Tournesol in the French original). It was to be more relaxed and better crafted than The Shooting Star and, marking it out from Tintin's previous exploits, the story was to be in two parts, or two books at the end of its newspaper serialization.

Haddock, the old sea-dog, has seen worse and fares better than anyone in the "nice little breeze" (page 25).
A treasure hunt takes Tintin and Haddock from a Brussels flea market to the Caribbean. They encounter Professor Calculus and Haddock acquires Marlinspike Hall.
Like many significant artists, Hergé can be said to have distinctive early, middle and late periods. With The Shooting Star, the wonderfully adventurous and diverse early period was well and truly over. New circumstances, altered production requirements and accumulated experience had brought a succession of changes for both Hergé and Tintin. After 13 years and 10 adventures, they were wiser, more sophisticated; in the rapidly evolving world of the strip cartoon, they had become old hands.

By 1942 Hergé had settled in to the daily slot given him in Le Soir and was mastering the transformation from black and white newspaper strip to colour book. The time had come, moreover, to start putting the previously published black and white books into colour editions. The war had not curtailed demand for the stories, on the contrary it was greater than ever before, fuelled by the enhanced exposure offered by Le Soir and doubtless an increased desire for diversion.

INNOVATION AND ACHIEVEMENT
The decision to divide the new adventure into two parts was innovative. Hergé had been tempted in this direction ten years earlier when he embarked on what he initially called “Tintin in the East” in Le Petit Vingtième. Cigars of the Pharaoh onwards, to be followed by The Blue Lotus, a companion volume rather than a straight sequel. For despite their common elements, both are quite self-sufficient and self-contained.

But The Secret of the Unicorn, having prepared the ground intriguingly for a treasure hunt, deliberately leaves readers waiting expectantly for the denouement in Red Rackham’s Treasure. Hergé was, however, such a consummate craftsman that each part can be—and very often is—read separately with the greatest enjoyment. The double adventure was such a successful formula that he repeated it in the next four books: The Seven Crystal Balls and Prisoners of the Sun, followed by Destination Moon and Explorers on the Moon. For long Hergé considered The Secret of the Unicorn to be his best story; Red Rackham’s Treasure has, meanwhile, sold more copies than any other single adventure.

It is in Red Rackham’s Treasure that Hergé introduces us to the last key member of the Tintin “family”, the endearingly infuriating Professor Calculus. Over the years, from Cigars of the Pharaoh onwards, he had developed quite a line in eccentric professors, a breed which clearly appealed to him and his readers. However, with Calculus he had found his non plus ultra. For Calculus, Hergé had a particular model in mind. For some time he had been clipping press cuttings on a remarkable Swiss physicist/inventor who had a burning ambition to soar higher in the sky and dive deeper in the ocean than any man before him.

“IT IS MUCH EASIER TO DRAW FROM A GOOD MODEL.”

Professor Auguste Piccard, who in 1931/32 made the first balloon flight into the stratosphere, like Calculus still had some of his most notable achievements ahead of him. In 1953, 10 years after Hergé began Red Rackham’s Treasure, the 70-year-old Piccard broke deep sea records with his purpose built “bathyscaphe” submarine. Among Hergé’s papers, under the heading “Özeanographie,” is a German newspaper interview with Piccard on his latest plan to dive 5,000 metres below sea level. In August 1953 he reached a depth of 1,080 metres in the bathyscaphe “Trieste.” A month later he extended this to 3,150 metres. In May 1931 the Swiss scientist had set an altitude record of 15,500 metres in a balloon with an enclosed gondola, and in August the following year he took this to 16,900 metres. Among his numerous publications were: Au dessus des nuages, entre terre et ciel (Above the clouds, between earth and sky): Über den Wolken, unter den Wellen (Above the clouds, below the waves), and, in English, In Balloon and Bathyscaphe.

Hergé would occasionally spot Piccard in the street in Brussels, where he held a professorial post at the university from 1922 to 1954, and found him “the very incarnation of a professor.” Piccard was highly regarded in Belgium and was made a Commander of the Order of Leopold and a Grand Officer of the Order of the Crown. Similar honours were sure to have been showered on Calculus, notably by a grateful Syldavia for his work in being the first to send a manned rocket to the moon and back.

Photographs show the resemblance between Piccard and Calculus to have been marked: pronounced dome-like forehead, round gold-rimmed spectacles, moustache (though Piccard lacked Calculus’ goatee), battered hat and long overcoat, a quaint disregard for dress and above all the long, thin neck protruding tortoise-like from too wide a stiff collar. But there was one key difference: Piccard, unlike his counterpart, was unusually tall. Hergé had to make Calculus smaller “or else I’d have had to make the frames bigger!” With Calculus, he created, in his own words, a “mini-Piccard.”

What either Hergé did not know, or deliberately decided not to be tempted by, was the piquant fact that Piccard had an identical twin brother called Jean, also a physicist conducting similar stratospheric flight experiments in America. Perhaps he felt he had exhausted this possibility with the Alembick twin brothers/professors he had introduced to King Ottokar’s Sceptre. Auguste Piccard also had a son, Jacques, who helped him develop his deep sea diving vessel. The scientific tradition in the family was dominant with Auguste’s father, Jules, having held a professorship at Basle university. Even though Piccard broke a number of records, he could not match Calculus’ extraordinary achievement of beating the Americans to the Moon by seventeen years.
Whichever language Hergé’s professor appears in, the eccentricity and alliteration of his names is vital; so he is happily transformed into Cultbert Calculus in English or Baldun Birlein (meaning little bee) in the German translation, taking just two examples. In the original French, he rejoices in the names Tryphon Tournesol. Hergé had been saving Tryphon for use ever since he came across a carpenter called Tryphon Beckaert in the Brussels suburb of Boitsfort, where he was living at the time. Tournesol is the French for sunflower.

CALCULUS

His introduction on page five of Red Rackham's Treasure is a comic tour de force, contrasting Calculus’ quiet persistence with Haddock’s explosive impatience at the professor’s deafness—"a little hard of hearing"—by his own account. "I'd like to speak to Mr Tintin," the professor inquires politely after Haddock has despatched the crowd of "fancy-dress freebooters" claiming to have a connection with Red Rackham. "Why? No doubt your name happens to be Red Rackham?" “Yes?” replies an uncomprehending Calculus. And when, after another unsuccessful exchange Haddock blsts: "YOUR NAME!", the comedy reaches a climax with Calculus’ staggering reply: "Gone away? What a pity! Never mind, I’ll come again. I particularly wanted to speak to Mr Tintin himself." The combination of deafness and inventive genius provides a rich vein of humour for the rest of the Tintin series. Like Haddock, the professor never misses an adventure and even has one named after him, The Calculus Affair. "The dear professor!... Another whom I never suspected would take on such importance," Hergé came to admit.

As with Haddock, the introduction of such an important stock character diminishes further the role of Snowy who, after a central part in the early adventures, is reduced to little more than Tintin’s faithful companion. Calculus also upstages to some extent the Thom(p)sons whose role is restricted to slipstuck and who, though introduced much earlier, are occasionally dispensable.

Another key element added to the Tintin adventures at this stage was Marlinspike Hall, or Moulinsart in the original French. The elegant château Hergé chose for Haddock and his friends was a replica of the Loire château of Cheverny, shorn of its wings and so not over grand. Among Hergé’s papers is a tourist prospectus for Cheverny emblazoned with the château’s outline: clearly the inspiration for Moulinsart. A close examination of the cover reveals a faint pencil sketch of Tintin and Haddock striding towards the château. The name in French was derived from the Belgian town of Sart-Moulins, inverted like Georges Remi’s initials. The “sart” ending to a place name features quite commonly in Brabant where Hergé had a house at Céroux-Mousty, itself a model for the village of Moulinsart. Marlinspike Hall represents a lavish improvement in accommodation for Haddock and his friends. The captain’s previous flat was sparsely furnished to the point of being spartan: a sturdy table and chairs, alleviated only by a collection of maritime paintings, the most notable of which is the striking, ornately framed portrait of his illustrious forbear Sir Francis Haddock.

There is too an appropriate ship in a bottle and, in somewhat questionable taste, a chandelier in the form of a ship’s wheel which the exuberant captain brings down on his head. Such a ship’s wheel chandelier features on a postcard sent to Hergé on July 4, 1942, still to be found in the archives. As he only began The Secret of the Unicorn in Le Soir on June 11, this clearly provided the idea for such an unusual example of overhead lighting.

In 1952 Casterman tried prematurely and unsuccessfully to enter the English-speaking market with newly-translated versions of The Secret of the Unicorn and Red Rackham’s Treasure, where among other curiosities, Marlinspike Hall (Moulinsart) was unaccountably called Puckeridge Castle. Unlike Marlinspike with its nautical associations, this seems to be just a name plucked from the blue. Seven years later Methuen, who took over as Tintin’s English publisher, made a second, this time successful attempt with a version of the double adventure translated by
1 Professor Auguste Piccard, who estab-
lished new records for altitude and diving.
2 Professor Guthbert Galileus, whose
dealness hides a multi-faceted genius.
3 The staircase at Cheverny in a photograph
used by Hergé.
4 The great hall at Madingley and
its staircase (The Secret of the Unicorn,
page 44).
5 Postcard kept by Hergé: the ship’s wheel
converted into a chandelier gave him
the idea for the decoration of Haddock’s
apartment.
6 Haddock re-enacting his ancestor’s last
tight (The Secret of the Unicorn, page 20).
Leslie Lonsdale-Coooper and Michael Turner whose privilege it became to put all the Tintin adventures, one by one, into English.

Tintin’s flat in Labrador Road, under the eye of the long-suffering concierge Mrs Finch, is cosier than Haddock’s with its well-stocked bookshelves, agreeable landscapes and inviting red easy chair. Professor Calculus’s home, as revealed in Red Rackham’s Treasure, is strictly functional, a workshop/laboratory with a space saving fold away well bed.

Adorned with baroque Old Masters, a quality impressionist in Alfred Sisley’s Le Canal de Loing (shown hanging on page 10 of The Red Sea Sharks), fine antique furniture, suits of armour and no shortage of space, Marinispke Hall is a very different proposition. There is even the butler Nestor who goes with the house and proves his worth by meeting Haddock’s demand for a bottle of three-star brandy the moment he has been freed of his handcuffs. “It is magnificent!” observes Haddock on first entering Marinispke. “Wait, you haven’t seen anything yet,” replies Tintin. “Well, it’s a wonderful house! ... My ancestor had good taste, didn’t he?”

TRUE COPY

Apart from the absorbing mystery surrounding the models of the Unicorn, the pieces of parchment and the not, as it happens, totally irrelevant outbreak of pick-pocketing, The Secret of the Unicorn is most remarkable for Hergé’s introduction of Sir Francis Haddock into the narrative as an almost tangible character. With identical mannerisms and as robust and original a vocabulary, he becomes scarcely distinguishable from the captain, well fortified by rum, gallivanting about his front-room wearing his ancestor’s luxuriantly plumed hat, brandishing his cutlass and, repelling the boarders of his imagination, overturning furniture.

Carrying on the merging of dreams and reality he had experimented with in both The Crab with the Golden Claws and The Shooting Star, Hergé draws no distinction between the historic episode and Haddock’s graphic retelling of it in the confines of his flat. The result is compelling as well as comic. The rich detail and colour of the encounter between Sir Francis and the pirate captain Red Rackham is enhanced by the reversion to a progressively more excited captain and a Tintin so gripped by the tale that he does not even think of taking his raincoat off.

The character of Red Rackham came to Hergé from a page of Dimanche-Illustre of November 27, 1938, which told the steamy story of the English “Femmes pirates” (women pirates) Marie Read (born 1680).
and Anne Bonny, and their compatriot Jean Rackam (sic), pirate captain and scourge of the merchant marine and the high seas. Rackam flew a Jolly Roger depicting a skeleton brandishing a cutlass in one hand, a bottle of rum in the other, striking terror in the hearts of his victims.

According to Maurice Kerou’s torrid tale, Bonny, despite being Rackam’s mistress, falls dangerously and hopelessly in love with Read who had joined the pirate band in the guise of a man. Read in turn is attracted to Rackam. Before the complicated triangular relationship resolves itself, the pirates are finally cornered, outnumbered, defeated and captured. They are all sentenced to hang. However, Marie Read has her sentence commuted to life imprison-

ment. On November 20, 1720, Rackam and Bonny are strung up on the yard-arm of their ship in Port Royal, Jamaica. A few days later Read commits suicide.

While the Jolly Roger flown by Hergé’s Red Rackam (on page 15 of The Secret of the Unicorn) is the standard skull and crossed bones with neither bottle of rum nor cutlass, the red pennant signalling that no quarter is to be given is copied carefully from a card filed in the archives. There too a city of Antwerp photograph can be found depicting a seventeenth century vessel engaging Barbary pirates. “The red pennant!... No quarter given!... A fight to the death, no prisoners taken! You understand? If we’re beaten, then every man to Davy Jones’s locker!” an excited Haddock tells Tin Tin.

Above: Haddock and Tin Tin in front of the portrait of the Captain’s ancestor, Sir Francis Haddock (The Secret of the Unicorn, page 6).

Below, from left to right: photograph of a ship’s cannon, the drawing on page 16 of The Secret of the Unicorn and a preparatory sketch by Hergé.
1674. David Ogg in England in the Reign of Charles II records that this Haddock commanded the fire-ship Ann and Christopher which became separated from its squadron and put into Malta to take on supplies that could be resold in England on commission. The tribunal ordered that Haddock should forfeit all profits from the transaction and suspended him from his command for six months.

VIGILANCE

For his ships, Hergé this time took much greater care, following doubts over the seaworthiness of the polar vessel Aurora in the previous adventure. For the Unicorn he studied plans and made drawings of a number of vessels of the period which he found in the archives of the Naval Museum in Paris. His principal model was Le Brillant constructed in Le Havre in 1690 by the shipwright Salicon with decorative sculpture by Jean Berain who had been entrusted by Louis XIV with bringing greater conformity to naval decoration. With ships of the period divided into five categories according to their firepower, the Unicorn with its fifty guns would rate as a ship of the third rank, measuring over 120 feet in length and about 35 feet in width. Material in the archives show that Hergé also studied other late seventeenth century vessels: Le Soleil Royal, La Couronne, La Royale, where he copied in pencil details of the rigging, and La Reale de France, a scale plan of which provided a model for the jollyboat in which Sir Francis Haddock rows away from the Unicorn. Hergé additionally kept illustrations of contemporary ship’s cannon which he copied exactly for pages 16 and 19 of The Secret of the Unicorn.

With no Unicorn listed in the annals of the French navy, Hergé took the name and figurehead of a mid-eighteenth British frigate for Sir Francis’s ship. Many years later, in a manner not dissimilar to that in which Tintin finds the model of the Unicorn in a street market (inspired by Brussels’ Jeu de Balle market), Hergé’s Danish publishers Carlsen acquired for the author a model of a Danish Unicorn which had indeed been built early in the seventeenth century and wrecked in an attempt to navigate the north-west passage. Though Hergé laboured over historical detail to produce an accurate picture of a naval encounter at the time, there are pedantic maritime experts who have questioned whether the two vessels would in fact have long remained vertical at such an angle to the wind.

It was to counter such tiresome critics when it came to Red Rackham’s Treasure that Hergé went to the docks at Ostend to take the exact specifications of a trawler, the John or 0.33, which was then made up into a model which still graces the Avenue Louise offices of the Fondation Hergé. From this model the Sirius was drawn, a technique that Hergé was henceforward to favour, notably for the impressive spacecraft drawings in the Moon adventure.

Some years after creating Sir Francis Haddock, Hergé found that by a remarkable coincidence there had indeed been a Haddock commanding a vessel of King Charles II at the time and that there was a lineage of Haddocks serving in the Royal Navy. The Haddocks of Leigh-on-Sea in Essex counted among their number a succession of captains and two admirals, including Admiral Sir Richard Haddock (1629-1715), a direct contemporary of Sir Francis. He commanded the Royal James, flagship of the Earl of Sandwich, at the battle of Sole Bay. His vessel went up in flames and Haddock was rescued from the sea and presented to King Charles II. In a gesture of appreciation the king doffed his satin hat and placed it on the head of Sir Richard who went on to command another ship, the Royal Charles, before becoming a naval administrator. This and more is recounted on the Haddock family memorial and vault inside the church at Leigh-on-Sea.

Historians of the period have, moreover, found another Captain Haddock who appeared before an Admiralty tribunal in
"It is much easier to draw from a good model," Hergé was to explain later.

**DOCUMENTATION**

His archives are rich in pictures of marine life, whether fish, sea anemones or plants, which he could refer to for his evocative portrayal of Tintin's underwater search for the wreck of the Unicorn. A newspaper photograph of an American shark-shaped one-man submarine was the direct inspiration for Professor Calculus's identical invention. There is also a French illustrated magazine article relating how American underwater photographer Otis Barton, inventor of a deep sea diving bell, fended off a shark with his camera-swallowed by the fish and subsequently recovered from its stomach in exactly the same fashion as Tintin uses and later reclaims the casket. In Hergé's marine file there is even an example of such a casket. He also kept a National Geographic Society colour drawing of divers retrieving parts of the wreck of the Vasa, pride of the Swedish fleet which sank to the bottom of Stockholm harbour on her maiden voyage on August 10, 1628, which bears more than a passing resemblance to the main plate of page 40 of Red Rackham's Treasure. There are several photographs of deep sea diving suits, including one with a girl model, that match the one worn by Tintin and Haddock. A November 1932 edition of Le Crapouillot kept by Hergé also provided examples of diving equipment. As for the dockside junk shop where it was acquired, Hergé possessed a comic drawing of a harbour bar with a very similar decor and a photograph of a sword-fish similar to the one depicted hanging from the ceiling.

To a much greater extent than before, Hergé accumulated and used a variety of material for this double adventure. Such thorough and careful research and preparatory work accounts for the particular success of The Secret of the Unicorn and Red Rackham's Treasure. The narrative is perfectly paced, without that feeling of haste for which Hergé can occasionally be criticised in his earlier work. Furthermore, the two-part adventure offered a pleasurable and welcome escape from reality during the difficult days when it first appeared. Begun in June 1942 in Le Soir, the adventure was published in two colour volumes by Casterman in 1943 and 1944, hct on the heels of the reworked colour versions of The Broken Ear, The Black Island and The Crab with the Golden Claws.

Unlike The Shooting Star, there is scarcely an allusion to occupation and war. Only the first page of Red Rackham's Treasure, with the entry of the ship's cook familiar from the previous adventure, suggests the ominous wartime "walls have ears" caution. In a world of agents, Nazi collaborators and constant terror of the Gestapo, the reporter overhearing and noting the seamen's conversation seems more sinister than he actually is.

In true journalistic fashion, Hergé knew the wisdom of sticking to a successful formula once he had struck one. Though he was now comfortably installed at Marlinspike Hall, enjoying the life of a country squire, Haddock was to set out with Tintin on another distant adventure that would again only be resolved over two books, with the first spent setting the scene. South America beckoned and the newly-introduced Professor Calculus was to play a central, if largely off-stage, rôle.
1 A model of the Sirius, built in 1959.
2 The Sirius (Red Rackham’s Treasure, page 12). In search of realism, Hergé found an Opstand trawler, the John O.35, the characteristics of which he carefully noted and sketched on location in the Belgian port.
3 Press cutting showing a German single-seater submarine similar to Calculus’s invention.
4 Tintin searching for the Unicorn using the shark-shaped submarine (Red Rackham’s Treasure, page 33).
5 Photograph of an American submarine shaped like a shark to be found among the press cuttings assembled by the artist.
6 Calculus’s prototype has fulfilled its mission: Tintin has spotted the wreck (Red Rackham’s Treasure, page 99).
From music hall to museum, a terrible curse strikes down members of an expedition. Calculus is kidnapped, prompting a search that leads to Peru where Tintin and Haddock join the professor as prisoners of the Sun, saved from its flames by an eclipse.
The pair of books that emerged from the strip which Hergé began on December 16, 1943, rank as classic middle-period Tintin. They offer scant evidence of the trials and tribulations their author experienced as, dogged by interruptions, he developed a surprisingly well-balanced narrative. The story was finally concluded nearly 4½/2 years later, on April 22, 1946.

**TENSION**

Even more than The Shooting Star, the first part of the new adventure, The Seven Crystal Balls, has an air of doom matching the mood of the time. The world war had reached a critical phase, suffering and death mounted inexorably and 3½/2 years of occupation were a heavy price for existence. For his new adventure, Hergé returned to the idea of the curse from the tomb he had already broached in Cigars of the Pharaoh and which before the war had been of such topical fascination, ever since Howard Carter’s team was pursued by ill-fortune after uncovering the tomb of Tutankhamen.

The stifling heat, the dark brooding skies that envelop Professor Tarragon’s suburban villa, the fireball unleashed by the storm and its destruction of the mummy of Rascar Capac, thus fulfilling an Inca prophecy, seem to confuse reality with the supernatural.

On the one hand, The Seven Crystal Balls is a simple detective story where Tintin in typical Sherlock Holmes fashion painstakingly follows the clues to Calculus’s disappearance. On the other, it is laced with sinister elements: Madame Yamiah’s swooning as she reveals the expedition photographer’s afflication by a mysterious illness; the striking down one by one of the other explorers and their subsequent daily ordeal when, on the dot of 10.30, they all wither and squirm in agony in their hospital ward; the identical dream that Tintin, Haddock and Calculus share of the skeletal Rascar Capac coming through their bedroom windows and smashing a crystal ball. It is all deeply disturbing, as were the times.

Not for the first time, Hergé was creating a story that was truly Hitchcockian in its suspense and quite cinematic in its presentation. Hitchcock had himself used the music hall, contrasting outward jollity and amusement with the unsettling, in The Thirty-Nine Steps. So Hergé juxtaposes Madame Yamiah’s revelation with the very varied entertainment offered by the other acts: knife-throwing, Bianca Castafiore blasting out the Jewel Song from Faust– her visiting card ana–a conjurer whose trick is interrupted by the blundering Haddock.

After delighting the audience with her accurate though banal observations, Madame Yamiah reveals that the lady in the third row is married to a photographer. “I see him... returning from a long journey to a distant land... He... he... What is happening?... He is ill... very ill... with a mysterious sickness... It is a deadly sickness. The vengeance of the Sun God is terrible indeed... His curse is upon him! EEEEEEK!” she screams and swoons, only for the stage manager to come on stage and announce: “Ladies and gentlemen, we are interrupting the programme for a moment as we have an urgent message for a member of the audience... Will Mrs Clarkson, who is believed to be here tonight, please return home immediately, as her husband has just been taken seriously ill.”

Professor Tarragon’s translation of part of the inscriptions carved on the walls of Rascar Capac’s tomb provide a sinister key to events. “After many moons will come seven strangers with pale faces; they will profane the sacred dwellings of the who-unleash’es-the-fire-of-heaven. These vandals will carry the body of the Inca to their own far country. But the curse of the gods will be as their shadow and pursue them over land and sea...”

With a tremendous crack a fireball whizzes down the chimney and turns the room upside down before causing the mummy of Rascar Capac to vaporize. A visibly shaken Tarragon asks Tintin to read the rest of the translation.

“There will come a day when Rascar Capac will bring down upon himself the cleansing fire. In one moment of flame he will return to his true element; on that clay will punishment descend upon the desecrators.”

The later hospital scene is equally unnerving. Tintin is summoned there and told: “Yes, it is most extraordinary. Every day, at the same time, the seven patients go into some sort of trance... It’s quite inexplicable... Look, it’s almost time for their seizure now... You’ll see what I mean...” So Tintin and several leading consultants witness the extraordinary scene of the patients having a collective fit, the explanation of which only comes towards the end.
of the second part of the adventure when the Inca prince shows Tintin and Haddock seven small effigies of the explorers. "Each of these images represents one of the men for whom you plead," he explains. "Here in this chamber, by our hidden powers, we have tortured them. It is here that we will release them from their punishment."

"Witchcraft!" Tintin exclaims. "I can't believe it! But the crystal balls: what were they for?" "The crystal balls contained a mystic liquid, obtained from coca, which plunged the victims into a deep sleep. The High Priest cast his spell over them ... and could use them as he wished." "Now I see it all! That explains the seven crystal balls, and the extraordinary illness of the explorers. Each time the High Priest tortured the wax images the explorers suffered those terrible agonies."

Hergé's putting forward of the occult as an explanation for the explorers' predicament does not make the story any less convincing. Nor did it later prompt second thoughts on his part. However, the solar eclipse, noted by Tintin in the scrap of newspaper he salvaged from Haddock and Snowy, was to cause him some concern. There was a historical precedent: Christopher Columbus subdued a revolt of native Jamaians in 1503 with the aid of a lunar eclipse he knew about from a calendar drawn up by Giovanni Muller in 1474. However, Hergé came to conclude, few would have been more familiar with the ways of the sun than the Incas who so 'fascinously' worshipped it. Hoodwink them with an eclipse, though a neat escape, would have been highly unlikely. Nevertheless, delighted by such a gripping tale and dénouement, Hergé's readers are likely to be less critical than he was.

As usual with Hergé, anything at all fantastic is more than compensated by the realism of his detail. Car model types, such as the Opel Olympia 38 used by Calculus's kidnappers, are meticulously observed and reproduced; the port and docks of Saint-Nazaire, to which the trail leads in the original French version, accurately and atmospherically portrayed. In recognition of this and to mark Tintin and Haddock's presence in the port, the local authorities have recently put up half a dozen greatly enlarged enamelled metal reproductions of scenes relating to Saint-Nazaire from The Seven Crystal Balls. The juxtaposition of image and location is striking and makes it all the more disappointing that in the English version of the adventure, first produced by Methuen in 1963, Saint-Nazaire is dropped and anglicised to a fictional Westermouth, presumably inspired by Weymouth.

Hergé's attempt to recreate as realistic a background as possible led to a near brush with the SS in Nazi-occupied Brussels. For Professor Tarragon's gloomy suburban villa he had the perfect model in Boisfort. Hergé recalled: "Jacobs (Edgar-Pierre) found exactly the type of villa which was suitable, not very far from me and also in Boisfort. So we stationed ourselves outside the house and went on sketching without worrying about anything; it would be easy, we thought, to provide a plausible explanation if anyone had asked what we were up to. Anyway, the house seemed to be empty ... When our work was completed we quietly set off. At that moment two grey cars suddenly appeared packed with German soldiers and came to a halt in front of the villa—it had been requisitioned and occupied by the SS! If they had surprised us a few moments earlier while we were sketching, we would certainly have been interrogated."

The near incident is reminiscent of the eighteenth-century English painter William Hogarth being arrested by the French for sketching the gate at Calais, considered by them to be part of the port's defences, a scene he reproduced in his popular painting The Roast Beef of England.

PURGE

In Hergé's case, however, it was not the Germans who were to question his activities but the Allied authorities following the liberation of Brussels on September 3, 1944. On that day, publication of Le Soir, which had become sporadic as the British closed in on the Belgian capital, ended abruptly. Three days later a purged Le Soir introduced a new editorial team and all previous employees, regardless of the nature of their work, were banned from employment. On September 8, the Inter-Alled High Command issued an order proscribing from work those who had been employed by the collaborationist press during the occupation. It stipulated that any journalist who had helped produce a newspaper during the occupation was for the time being barred from practising his profession.

Hergé's unfortunate and ill-judged, even if well-intentioned, decision four years earlier to transfer Tintin to the pages of a Nazi-

1 Entretiens avec Hergé, op. cit., p. 106.
1 Photograph from the artist’s archives: a country road in the rain.
2 Hergé’s reworking of the subject (The Seven Crystal Balls, page 55).
3 Liner leaving Saint-Nazaire.
4 Hergé faithfully reproduced the bustle and atmosphere of the port of Saint-Nazaire (The Seven Crystal Balls, page 58).
5 Port activity at Saint-Nazaire, photograph from Hergé’s files.
6 Accuracy in fiction, one of the keys to Hergé’s work. Here, copying and adapting the photograph gives the story reality (The Seven Crystal Balls, page 59).
controlled newspaper had caught up with him. There were unpleasant repercussions. During the chaotic weeks that followed, when feelings of relief mingled with those of revenge, different groups arrested a bewildered Hergé four times and, like Tintin on rather more occasions, the indignity of a night in prison was forced upon him. He needed all his friends, especially those who had earned a reputation in the resistance, to support him during these hours of need when accounts were being settled blindly.

La Patrie, a newspaper closely associated with the resistance, published a scurrilous strip of The Adventures of Tintin and Snowy in the Land of the Nazis. It began with Tintin declaring “Captain, you are an agent of the Gestapo. Hergé has moved on,” and Haddock, whisky bottle in hand, replying: “Hergé is a freshwater sailor, a Bashaskou, a poltroon. At heart I was always an Anglophile.” “Hergé never stopped me liking cowboys,” Tintin goes on, while Snowy chips in: “And he never managed to make me pass for a German shepherd dog.” It was all painfully unfair. There were no evidence assembled in his and Tintin’s defence. Most notably, The Blue Lotus and King Ottokar’s Sceptre had seen Hergé and Tintin take a dastardly forthright anti-fascist stand. The first had brought diplomatic protests from the Japanese, the second’s transparent condemnation of a fascist dictator, Müßuster and his policy of annexation, was somehow lost on the Nazi. Instead they banned Tintin in America, “probably because they imagined it was an apology for the Americans,” Hergé believed, and Black Island because there was a Scotsman on the cover!”

Hergé had avoided other pitfalls which would have been much harder to explain at any post-war inquest. Léon Degrelle, the Belgian fascist (Rexist) leader so beloved by Hitler, was an admirer of the work of Hergé, whom he had known since the days they both worked for Le Vingtième Siècle. At that time Hergé had illustrated a book of his, but more recently he had very wisely turned down an offer to become the official artist of the Rexist movement. All Hergé had done, according to his own account, was work. “I worked just like a miner, a tram driver or baker! But while one found it normal for an engineer to operate a train, members of the press were labelled as ‘traitors’.”

“Experience of complete intolerance” was deeply depressing and not surprisingly left Hergé with a bitter taste and memory.

RENEWAL
The enforced respite may have been detrimental to Hergé’s morale but it was to prove beneficial for his work. The two-year-long break from newspaper/magazine strips enabled him, working now with Edgar-Pierre Jacobs as colourist and with the assistance of Alice Devos, to adapt the remainder of the early adventures for colour publication—except for Cigars of the Pharaoh which only came out in colour in 1955 and Tintin in the Land of the Soviets, which Hergé had come to consider a best-forgotten sin of his youth.

It also relieved the relentless pressure of daily production which could and later did become too much for the artist/author. With Tintin, Hergé had created a myth which at times of overwork or depression threatened to become a monster. There is an illustration from a Tintin magazine issue of 1947 which shows Hergé slaving over yet another Tintin drawing while the reporter, martinet in hand and perched on a couple of desk dictionaries, looke on sternly with a grim-faced Snowy beside him. The more Tintin came to take over his life, the more Hergé found he had a love/hate relationship with the character he had created. The time for thought and consolidation offered by the withdrawal of newspaper work was therefore in some ways timely.

Between its first appearance in Le Soir on December 16, 1943, and its premature curtailment with the newspaper’s closure on September 3, 1944, Hergé had produced 152 strips of The Seven Crystal Balls, equivalent to fifty pages of the latter book. The point had been reached where Tintin leaves the hospital perplexed by the spectacle of the smitten expedition members having their daily fit. The final strips that appeared in Le Soir show Tintin, absorbed in a newspaper report, literally bumping into General Alcazar who is simi-
larily distracted. There follows a conversation essentially similar to the one depicted on page 57 of the subsequent book, when Tintin catches up with the general as he is about to board a ship bound for South America. In both cases Alcazar tells of how he has been left in the lurch by his music-hall partner Chiquito, who, he reveals, is in fact an Inca descendant by the name of Rupac Inca Huaco. This allows the plot to thicken considerably.

**TINTIN MAGAZINE**

Re-employed thanks to Raymond Leblanc, himself significantly something of a resistance hero, and with the opportunity to pick up the pieces of the well-advanced adventure with the launching of Tintin Magazine on September 26, 1946, Hergé decided to precede the Alcazar encounter with a highly symbolic and appropriate return of Tintin to Marlinspike Hall.

He repeats the scene shown at the beginning of the adventure (page 2 of the book) where Tintin strides up to the magnificent house and rings the bell, so demonstratively restarting the story. Tintin enters to find an unkempt and thoroughly dejected Haddock, still in his dressing gown, slumped in his favourite wing chair, waiting anxiously for news.

Hergé had allowed himself to step for a moment into Haddock's shoes and to be autobiographical. Haddock's long, demoralising wait for news of Calculus mirrored Hergé's forced two-year suspension from continuing the cartoon strip. Nestor's comment that Haddock had "aged ten years since this trouble began" was applicable to Hergé himself.

But the telephone rings, much as it did with Raymond Leblanc's offer of employment, and Haddock jumps up, storms upstairs and re-emerges on the final plate of page 51, dressed in his familiar sailor's kit, sack packed, pipe in mouth. "Let's go!" he barks with a determination that must have matched Hergé's enthusiasm at the chance to pick up where he had left off. Leblanc was a fervent admirer of Tintin from the time of Le Petit Vingt-Sept. His idea of creating a magazine dedicated to the cartoon hero provided a golden opportunity for Hergé to get his career on the rails again and to ensure that there were more Tintin adventures. With his unimpeachable wartime credentials, Leblanc would have no difficulty obtaining for Hergé the "certificate of good citizenship" which was necessary for his re-employment. Paper and ink, which in the immediate post-war period were in chronically short supply, would not pose a problem for a man as resourceful as Leblanc.

Inspired by the example of Le Petit Vingt-Sept, Tintin magazine would be a weekly, centred on the hero, with Hergé called on to produce a double page of the adventure in hand, but with other characters, topics and features. It would be in colour, so for the first time Hergé would be employing colour from the outset. Such an undertaking required a team of writers and artists; among those to join were Edgar-Pierre Jacobs, giving him the opportunity to create his own successful characters—
1 A policeman shoots at a silhouette spotted in the dark in the grounds of Tarragon’s villa (The Seven Crystal Balls, page 37).

2 One of Hergé’s sketches for the night shooting scene. Edgar-Pierre Jacobs posed as the policeman.

3 Rasar Capac, the mummy displayed by Tarragon (The Seven Crystal Balls, page 31).

4 Photograph of a Peruvian mummy from Hergé’s files.

5-8 Drawings by Hergé based on illustrations in Werner’s book (Prisoners of the Sun, page 1 and page 62).

7-8 Illustrations from Pérou et Bolivie by Charles Werner. Hergé made use of this well-documented work.
most notably Blake and Mortimer—and Jacques Van Melkebeke, whom Hergé had made friends with on Le Soir, who became the magazine’s first editor.

Tintin magazine was a runaway success, with weekly circulation quickly hitting the highly satisfactory 100,000 mark. But for Hergé, the new magazine was to prove something of a mixed blessing. While it offered a steady income and employment, as well as a valuable window for the unfolding Tintin adventures, the weekly demand for the equivalent of two pages put a great deal of pressure on him. He had to re-adapt his working methods and routine from the previous daily strip requirement to the status ante quo prevailing at the time of Le Petit Vingtième. He needed more help from Jacobs whose response was to demand that The Adventures of Tintin should henceforward be by Hergé and Jacobs, something the reporter’s creator rightly refused. The contretemps spelled an end to close collaboration between the two, at least for the time being, and in future Jacobs knew his place. Hergé needed to seek assistants who under his supervision could follow his instructions, a first step towards the setting up of the Hergé Studios.

RESEARCHING LOCATIONS

It had been with Jacobs that Hergé adjourned to the theatre to make sketches and soak up the mood for the music hall sequence at the start of The Seven Crystal Balls. Hergé would also occasionally call on Jacobs to hold poses that he could sketch, as in a lively crayon drawing that provided the basis for the detective shooting from the window in the fifth plate of page 37. He also had a striped poncho made which he called on Jacobs to model. And it was Jacobs who spent hours in the Cinquantenaire museum poring over volumes about South America and the Incas in a search for convincing detail for the adventure’s continuation. His contribution was valuable but could not be on a par with Hergé. The collaboration between the two lasted from the very beginning of January 1944 to the end of 1946 when Jacobs went on a separate way, concentrating on his own creations for Tintin magazine.

Hergé himself either had in mind or had gathered useful source material for the transfer of the action to South America in Prisoners of the Sun. His principal source was a hefty volume entitled Pérou et Bolivie (Peru and Bolivia) by Charles Wiener, published in 1860. Wiener, like Hergé’s Sanders-Hardiman (Sanders-Hardmuth in the original French), had undertaken an expedition to Peru and Bolivia and come back with a mass of sketches which provided raw material for the 1,100 or more engravings reproduced in his book.

The smallest details could be accurately copied, whether pottery, decorative friezes or dress. For instance, the elaborate bas-relief figure depicted above the throne in the hall into which Tintin, Haddock and Zornino burst so unexpectedly in the half-page plate on page 47 of Prisoners of the Sun, reproduces almost exactly one of the engravings in Wiener’s book. For the distinctive and elaborate decoration of the Temple of the Sun itself, Hergé looked at the examples provided by Tahuano and Sacsahuaman.

Hergé also had at the back of his mind a novel he had read years earlier: L’Épouse du Soleil (Bride of the Sun) by Gaston Leroux. Hergé admitted that the tale—set in Peru and concerning Incas and revenge by sorcery—had made a great impression on him.

The new format adopted for the magazine involved three long colour strips covering the double centre page spread. It offered considerable possibilities for an enhanced setting and Hergé typically took advantage of them. He provided a spectacular Andean backdrop, richer and more detailed than that for The Broken Ear.

The Inca costumes are designed and drawn with a care and flamboyance that would do great credit to a major opera house production, something acknowledged in Calculus’s wonderfully uncomprehending lines when, fantastically attired and tied to the stake, he awaits immolation: “And you too, my dear Tintin!... I’m so pleased to see you again!... But tell me, what is all this performance?... Where are we?” “With the Incas...” “Ah, the cinematic!... Good, I quite understand... Some historical drama, no doubt... Those people there are dressed like... like Aztecs, I think... Or rather, I should say, Incas.” “Incas, exactly. Now you’ve got it.” “Yes, their make-up is perfect... And look at those dancers; so natural: who’d believe they are acting.”

The scene, with the snow-capped Andes in the background, is certainly worthy of a Cecil B. de Mille film spectacular. The dénouement, even if it failed ultimately to satisfy Hergé himself, is just as exciting.
DELETING, STRENGTHENING

The space offered by the magazine allowed Hergé to run below the strips an explanatory block of text about Inca civilisation for part of the adventure. Entitled “Qui étaient les Incas?” (“Who were the Incas?”) and signed by Tintin, it served a pedagogic purpose without cluttering up or bogging down the narrative. It was not repeated in the book where Hergé was compelled to carry through unusually heavy editing to reduce the material published in the magazine to the requisite book format of four strips over 82 pages. Some 333 illustrations used in the magazine, where the adventure was finally completed on April 22, 1948, were dropped from the book published the following year. None of them were integral to the narrative and their exclusion improved its structure. The excisions include various animal encounters (with a jaguar and poisonous snake) in the cross country search for Calculus, a scene where Haddock is forced to dispense with a quantity of gold nuggets the size of potatoes which he has stuffed into his pockets, and another where Zorrino gives him coca leaves to chew to overcome mountain sickness. Other cuts include a sequence extending the scene where the Thoms(ons) scour the beach for traces of Tintin but end up butting into one another, forcing the rims of their bowlers over their eyes. In another,
Haddock asks an Indian (in fact Tintin in disguise) if he has seen the reporter, a likeness of whom he then proceeds with some facility to chalk on the wall.

The feliciter counterpart of the Thom(p)sons traversing the world in their search, directed absurdly by a pendulum, is retained, providing relief to the tensions arising from Tintin and Haddock's predicament. At police headquarters in Europe they tell their superior: "We've searched South America from top to bottom, sir, without result. We lost all trace of Tintin, the Captain and the Professor." "To be precise: we got lost." "We have now decided to undertake a fresh search using entirely new methods. It's the only way; otherwise we have absolutely no hope." "To be precise: we're absolutely hopeless." Their superior responds: "I see... And what are your new methods?" "You must allow us to preserve absolute secrecy, sir... "Dumb's the word": that's our motto." And so they start out in the streets of Brussels, directory in hand and guided by their pendulum; climbing next to the top of the Eiffel tower before plunging down a coal mine, wandering amid Egypt's pyramids, surveying the dodgems at a fun-fair and finally freezing in Antarctica. The llamas too, and their spitting exchanges with Haddock, survive uncut, as does the rather playful looking bear which to his horror paws the captain on the shoulder and was apparently inspired by a humorous colour drawing of a bear and cubs by a certain Gia Gia Gia that is to be found in the archives. An illustration of a tailor identical to the one cutting along at the bottom of page 38 of the Prisoners of the Sun survives among his papers as well as photographs of llamas, lizards, alligators, anteaters and ants, all of which feature in the adventure. His arsenal of material to be drawn on included a newspaper article recording that a Professor Forel had sold his collection of some 200,000 ants to the Museum of Geneva!

In his files there is additionally an illustration of a colour painting by Elise Bostemann for the National Geographic Society entitled "Mexico offers flowers of the Aztecs, who worshipped at the Temple of the Sun," itself shown on the right of the picture. Even though Hergé was dealing with Incas not Aztecs, a confusion made initially by Calculus, the colourful, chocolate box image is relevant.

Possessing a two-volume picture encyclopaedia of Railways, published by Librairie Hachette in 1927, Hergé could ensure that his depiction of the Peruvian railways locomotive and train (page 13) was accurate. He also had models for the dizzying viaduct over which the carriage hurtles out of control.

DREAMS
Dreams, which from early on were important to both Hergé and Tintin, recur in the reporter's disturbing nightmare retained at the top of page 23—the hydrangea like skull flowers in the goldfish bowl being especially sinister. Moreover, as in The Blue Lotus, Tintin intervenes in a case of colonial bullying (page 18) and, as in the earlier adventure, his forthright action brings both a dividend and a new friendship, this time with Zorro.

The two-part adventure has a remarkable symmetry—compare for example the half-page plate on page 18 of The Seven Crystal Balls with that on page 47 of Prisoners of the Sun—which belies the circumstances of its composition and confirms Hergé's confidence and mastery of the medium he had done so much to develop.

Having after some time successfully completed one interrupted adventure, it was now time to turn to another.

![Engraving from Peru and Bolivia: it inspired Hergé's vertiginous scene set on the mountain viaduct](Prisoners_of_the_Sun_page_15).
1 The High Priest as depicted in National Geographic magazine.
2 Huaco, High Priest of the Sun, preparing to light the pyre (Prisoners of the Sun, page 57).
3 Illustration published in National Geographic showing the virgins of the holy temple. It is signed H.M. Herget, which must have amused Herget.
4 The procession of the young virgins of the Temple of the Sun as interpreted by the author (Prisoners of the Sun, page 57).
5 Inca mummy head shown in Wiesner’s book.
6 Tintin discovers the Inca tomb (Prisoners of the Sun, page 45).
Return to Arabia. The reappearance of a German villain, Dr Müller. The Thom(p)sons excel and Abdullah infuriates.
Hergé did not like loose ends. Once a story idea was allowed to take root, it was not forgotten. With the manifestly successful completion of the interrupted Seven Crystal Balls and its sequel Prisoners of the Sun, he demonstrated how shelved material could be usefully resuscitated.

So he now turned to the adventure he had begun so promisingly on the eve of the outbreak of hostilities in 1939, had continued during the phoney war but was forced to abandon with the fall of Brussels to the Nazi and the closure of Le Vingtième Siècle. The plot of 1939-40 typically had the contemporary relevance of the pre-war adventures: a German plot to sabotage the oil supplies of rivals and so paralyse their military capability. For this operation, Hergé brought back Dr Müller, the German villain of Black Island whose plan to undermine the British economy with forged banknotes had been thwarted by Tintin a few years earlier.

It was clearly not a suitable subject to be continued under the Nazi and was dropped. In its place and marking his new association with Le Soir, Hergé embarked in October 1940 on the politically uncontroversial Crab with the Golden Claws.

Haddock is inserted in a one plate cameo at the top of page three where, with the Marlinspike Hall butler Nestor hovering behind, he reads to Tintin the Admiralty orders he has just received: "CAPTAIN HADDOCK. IMMEDIATE PROCEED TO ASSUME COMMAND OF MERCHANT VESSEL: BLANK BLANK! (THE NAME'S SECRET, OF COURSE) AT BLANK, WHERE YOU WILL RECEIVE FURTHER ORDERS! So that's that... I've been mobilised!... No, there won't be time to see you. I'm off right away... I'll keep in touch..." By, Tintin." He then reappears out of the blue on page 54 in time to rescue Tintin from the elaborate bunker complex Müller has hewn out of the rock. He tries repeatedly to explain to Tintin his sudden appearance—"It's quite simple really... but also rather complicated..." However, each time he is interrupted, finally by an exploding cigar planted by his tormentor Abdullah: "Adorable... Adorable!... I'll say he is!... Well, if you want to hear my story, it won't be from me... Blistering barricades, as far as I am concerned, this is the end!" And so the adventure ends, Abdullah daubing a final END on the palace wall and sticking his tongue out, and neither Tintin nor readers ever find out Haddock's story.

The "quite simple really but at the same time rather complicated" formula seems to reflect, like Haddock's state of depression on the resumption of The Seven Crystal Balls, Hergé's own predicament, having to pick up and bring to a conclusion an adventure he had been forced to halt because of the war. For Hergé too, the revival and completion of Land of Black Gold was "quite simple really and at the same time rather complicated." Calculus and Marlinspike Hall, while not actually appearing, are not forgotten. An excited Haddock rushes forward at the bottom of the penultimate page: "Tintin! Tintin!... A letter from Calculus!" In it we learn of his analysis of the suspect tablets and their effect. To Haddock's distress, Calculus encloses a photograph of a battered and shattered Marlinspike Hall following his first experiments on the Formula Fourteen tablets. Thus the adventure of 1939-1940 is brought up to date with Tintin's situation in 1948. Following its completion in Tintin magazine, the book of Land of Black Gold was pub-
1. Difficult situation for Tintin and Snowy (page 20).
2. Photograph of a bedouin horseman from Hergé's records.
3-4. The call to prayer (page 94).
5. Press cutting on the end of Britain's manchis in Iraq from Hergé's files; it provided a model for the mosque.

La illaha illallah!... Mo-hammed ras-soul! Allah!...
lished in 1950. The first part of the adventure having already gone through pre- and post-war versions, the whole was subjected to a further, more fundamental revision in 1971 at the insistence of Hergé's London publisher, Methuen. It considered that the references to British mandated Palestine and Jewish terrorist groups were dated and called for a modern version in a fictional Arab setting. Hergé agreed to undertake an overhaul.

As in the case of Black Island, where Hergé acceded to a similar demand, the result is disappointing, lacking the urgency which the contemporary allusion gave the earlier version. The Blue Lotus, which first appeared in English as late as 1983, would have been a very dull affair if Methuen had insisted on the deletion of references to Japan on the grounds that they had lost relevance!

CHANGING TIMES

A close look at details of the three versions of Land of Black Gold points to the differences in emphasis. The name of the port where Tintin lands, for example, is Gaffa—fictionalised but transparent—in 1939, the very real Haifa in 1948 and a completely fictional Khemkhâh (unsubtly translated to Khemikhal in the English version) in 1971. The Royal Navy boarding party equipped with Lee Enfield rifles is later replaced by American-armed Arab military police under the command of a sergeant wearing sunglasses. On landing, there is no sign of the Jewish shops with their Hebrew signs, and Tintin is no longer under the guard of British troops wearing kilts and khaki aprons, reproducing exactly contemporary photographs to be found amongst Hergé's papers. Tintin remains with the military police until other Arabs abduct him. In the earlier accounts, members of the Jewish Irgun group let off the gas grenade and bundle Tintin into their car having mistaken him for a member of their group—Salomon Goldstein in 1948, Finkestein in 1939. They in turn are ambushed by Arabs who, believing Tintin to be Goldstein, take him to Bab El Ehr's desert hide-out. The final re-
vision significantly truncates the sequence of events from the moment Tintin and the Thom(p)sons are brought ashore under armed guard. There is no longer any mistaken identity: Tintin is snatched from under the noses of his Arab guards by followers of Bab El Ehr who take him for a foreigner willing to provide guns for the rebel sheik. Consequently, he arrives at Bab El Ehr’s camp two pages sooner than in the earlier version and before, instead of after, the memorable sequence where, confused by mirages, the Thom(p)sons manage to crash their jeep into the only desert palm for miles around. The jeep, that American-manufactured siadwart of the recently concluded world war, was a topical and instantly recognisable addition to Hergé’s narrative when he resumed it in 1948. Bright red here, it would—painted blue—continue to have a cover role in the next adventure, Destination Moon.

In his final revision Hergé dispensed with Thorpe, the British commanding officer who deals with the Thom(p)sons. Lieutenant Edwards, who reports to him the arrest of Tintin’s three Igun abductors, is also dropped. With Thorpe, Hergé had untypically lapsed on two points: “Commandant,” the rank ascribed to Thorpe, may exist in the French and Belgian armies but not in the British where its equivalent would be Major; second, he has no shoulder pips to denote rank, an oversight inconceivable for a British officer. As a major he should have a crown stitched to each shoulder epaule. In the much briefer later sequence a rather less engaging Arab officer replaces the dapper Thorpe, whose appearance is so reminiscent of David Niven. Arab number plates replace the Hebrew registration of the car used to abduct Tintin and, correcting another oversight of the earlier versions, it is given rear lights.

Able later to draw on the resources of his studio, Hergé sent Bob De Moor to the port of Antwerp to sketch an oil tanker of 1939 vintage that was moored there. The result is a redrawn and much more authentic Speedol Star in the revised edition. However, the splendid Supermarine Spitfire in desert camouflage that bombards Bab El Ehr’s camp with leaflets is retained from one edition to the next, even if the Royal Air Force roundels are later replaced with an Arab star and crescent as part of the general Arabisation. When a bundle of the leaflets knocks Bab El Ehr down, his Arab invective is in the later version improved into actual Arabic rather than fanciful Arab script. “Such language!... Don’t listen to him, Tintin... even in Arabic!” advises a disapproving Snowy. Real Arabic is also introduced onto the adventure’s cover and title page in the later version, replacing the highly decorative arabesques that previously embellished the title with Hergé’s favourite letter type and adding below its actual rendering in Arabic—a revision that is more authentic but less visually pleasing. The use of Arabic in the earlier versions had been based on the look of the characters rather than their actual sense.

LINGUISTIC VARIATIONS
The name Bab El Ehr, like much of Hergé’s linguistic invention, is rooted in Brussels dialect: bableler being Brusselis for chatterbox or babblier in English. Allusions recognisable to any Belgian abound. Thus the Arabs trekking across the desert with Tintin in tow (page 21) sight the well of “Bir El Ambik” which to any beer-loving Belgian is tantalisingly recognisable as thirst-quenching Lambic. The later English translation avoids any finesse, opting straightforwardly for: “Allah be praised... Soo! The well of Bir Kegg!” Ben Kalish Ezab, the ruling emir and sworn enemy of Bab El Ehr, is splendidly inspired by the Bruxellois “kaische zap” or liquorice juice! His military adviser, Yussouf Ben Moulid, is named after that most popular Brussels dish “moules frites”, mussels with fried chips. This is rather obscured in the English translation where he appears as Yusuf Ben Mulrid. In the final version, Ben Kalish Ezab’s palace is located in Hasch El Hemm, amusingly derived from the initials H.L.M. in French, standing for “habitation à loyer modéré” or housing at moderate rent. Hergé was repeating the formula which gave him his own nom de plume: Hergé being the initials R.G. (for Remi, Georges) in French. His English translators did not attempt to match this but cleverly substituted the equally witty Hasch ABAABAD. Wadesah requires no translation: stemming from “What is there?” whether in Brussels dialect or English. A “petite ville” (small town) in the early versions, it is upgraded to the emirate’s capital city in the 1971 revision.

The final version also plays down the earlier British-German rivalry over oil supplies and the virulent anti-British feeling harboured by Bab El Ehr—“Chers d’Angleterre!” (English dogs!) he shouts at the RAF Spitfire’s hailing his camp with propaganda leaflets.

Whereas Hergé originally had in mind Nazi Germany’s strenuous pre-war attempts to secure the oil supplies (notably the Romanian oilfield) so vital for its war machine, such ambitions are reduced in the later version to strictly commercial competition between petroleum concerns Arabex and Skoil, the latter represented by the German Müller, alias Professor Smith.

Apart from contemporary events, of which Hergé was only too aware, he once again derived inspiration for his subject from the same well-thumbed back issue of Le Crapouillot (February 1934) that he had drawn on for The Broken Ear. Anton Ziechka
1. The ubiquitous Jeep.
2. The Thongs go round in circles. The Jeep reappears, in another colour, in Destination Moon and Explorers on the Moon.
3. Petrol tanker at Antwerp. Hergé sent Bob Do Moor to the Belgian port to make sketches of the ship.
4. The Speedol Star on route for Khemîkh (page 81).
5. Supermarine Spitfire; photograph from a German magazine filed by Hergé in his files.
6. Ben Kalish Ezab's Spitfire dropping tracts onto the enemy camp (page 18).
That must be Professor Smith’s palace, up there...

1. The Emir Ben Kalish Ezab.
2. Ibn Saud, the founder of Saudi Arabia.
3. Abdullah, the “adorable” little pest.
4. Faisal II of Iraq. Hergé used this picture as a model for Abdullah.
5. Müller’s fortified palace (page 40).
6. Photograph of the ‘Yemen kept by Hergé.
wrote there not only of Sir Basil Zaharoff and the unscrupulous dealings of arms producers (picked up in The Broken Ear) but also of the international rivalry for and strategic significance of oil supplies. The managing director of Speedol outlines to Tintin the catastrophic consequences of the mysterious sabotage of oil supplies. "Even worse! What about the international situation?... Supposing war comes... breaks out tomorrow?... Imagine what'll happen... Ships... planes... tanks... The armed forces completely immobilised... The mind boggles!... Disaster!"

**INSPIRATION**

Apart from the Gropuillot article, a book by Zischka published in Paris in 1934, "Ibn Séoud, Roi de l'Arabie," provided Hergé with further ideas. This biography of the founder of Saudi Arabia gave him a direct model for the emir, Ben Kalish Ezab.

Contemporary photographs of King Saud reveal a remarkable likeness with Hergé's cultivated but cruel emir, while those showing him with his sons provide a choice of obvious prototypes for the outrageously spoiled Abdullah. However, the principal inspiration for Abdullah was to be found in Faisal I1, who at the tender age of four became king of Iraq in 1939, just when Hergé began work on the adventure. Among Hergé's papers is a photograph of the young Faisal which he copied in every detail, including dress and footwear, for Abdullah. Later he admitted having a considerable affection for the emir and his unbearable son. Like the emir, King Saud, who in 1924 regained and extended his former homeland by conquest, carving out a kingdom, had rivals against whom he battled. Moreover, in 1932, the year of Saudi Arabia's foundation, King Saud concluded an agreement with Britain's Standard Oil for the exploitation of the Arab kingdom's mineral resources that mirrored Ben Kalish Ezab's contract with Arabex. With Ben Kalish Ezab, and even more notably with his diabolical son Abdullah, Hergé had added to the constantly expanding Tintin cast or "family." The emir was to appear again in a later adventure, Red Sea Sharks, while his son was to be recalled in a further three.

**A LITERARY TECNIQUE**

The return of characters was a device where Hergé could follow Balzac's example in La Comédie Humaine, but with the visual bonus offered by the strip cartoon. Like a leitmotif in music, the recurring character is a highly effective means of engaging the reader's attention by providing a point of reference. It also gives a sense of continuity linking some of the earliest adventures, such as the Cigars of the Pharaoh, The Blue Lotus and The Broken Ear with later works such as Flight 714 and Tintin and the Picaros. Thus Rastapopoulos, the villain of Cigars and Blue Lotus (as well as Red Sea Sharks), takes his curtain call in Flight 714. General Alcazar makes his debut in The Broken Ear, appears in The Seven Crystal Balls. The Red Sea Sharks and finally in the last complete adventure, Tintin and the Picaros. The recurring character was a formula certain to succeed. If the reader was already familiar with the character, then recognition would deepen and enrich his or her enjoyment. If not, then re-acquaintance in another adventure would be something to look forward to. Furthermore, the reader cannot help feeling that Hergé himself derived great pleasure from wheeling in familiar characters at unexpected moments. In this adventure, for example, no sooner does Hergé re-introduce the inestimable Oliveira da Figueira, familiar from the Cigars of the Pharaoh, than Tintin plugs in the Portuguese merchant's radio and hears none other than the Milanese nightingale, Bianca Castafiore, trilling away her show piece, the Jewel Song from Gounod's Faust. She does not even need to be referred to by name—Tintin readers instantly recognising Hergé's most significant female creation.

The Thorns, sons, the oldest stock characters in the series, have a splendid adventure from its explosive start. They have ample opportunity to dress up in a range of costumes: whether as uniformed breakdown mechanics employed by Autocar (Simoun in the French), as deckhands—wonderfully absurd in their mate's oilers, or surreally black-suited and bowler-hatted in the desert, where they suddenly don outrageously striped long john swimsuits and plimsolls for an illusory dip, sacrilegiously crash into a mosque during prayers and, to cap it all, finish by mistaking Müller's Formula Fourteen capsules for aspirin—with extraordinary capillary consequences. But it is the six-year-old Abdullah—Quick or Flupke transformed into a pampered Arab prince—who suitably has the last word and finally brings to an end a tale which took such a long time to tell.

It had been the third Tintin adventure to despatch the hero to the desert where, like T.E. Lawrence, he seems to have had a natural affinity. There would be a fourth such excursion, but his next voyage was to take him further than he would ever go, to a desert of a very different kind—the barren expanses of the Moon which he was to tread almost 20 years before the first ordinary mortal.
Tintin blasts off for the Moon and makes history twenty years ahead of time.

Destination Moon and Explorers on the Moon
While still working on Prisoners of the Sun, Hergé toyed with the idea of despatching Tintin to the Moon in his next adventure. Both he and his public had taken to the double book format and a Moon mission would be a complex undertaking well suited to such treatment. But if outstandingly Tintin was to leave the planet he had travelled so well for the Moon, it would only be because scientific developments were pointing in that direction. For his mission to succeed completely, Hergé shrewdly realised, it would have to be rooted as much as possible in reality.

THE SPACE RACE

In the late 1940s a handful of scientists were occupying themselves with the feasibility of sending men into space and to the Moon. The Nazi rocket programme and the development of the fearsome V-2 rocket had demonstrated that rockets and eventually men could be sent into space. However, space travel was hardly yet topical, it was pie in the sky, a suitably obscure subject for an eccentric professor like Calculus. His interest in such a project, according to his own account, was a burning desire to know more about the Moon which by causing an eclipse had saved him, together with Tintin and Captain Haddock, from immolation at the climax of Prisoners of the Sun. A decade would pass before the launching of the Soviet Union’s first Sputnik on October 4, 1957 put space exploration onto newspaper front pages. Two decades would elapse before, on July 20, 1969, the United States’ Apollo XI mission seized the world’s attention by putting men on the Moon.

“This is it... I’ve walked a few steps!... For the first time in the history of mankind there is an EXPLORER ON THE MOON! Tintin could declare in 1953, sixteen years before Neil Armstrong’s “one small step for man, one giant step for mankind.”

Tintin’s first steps on the Moon would have been interesting but rather less remarkable if they had been, as might be expected, contemporary with the great breakthroughs of the space race. That Hergé should have begun the Moon adventure in Tintin magazine as early as March 1950 and completed it, after occasionally long interruptions, by the end of December 1953 is staggering. The first part of the adventure, Objectif Lune (Destination Moon), was published in book form in 1953, the second, On a marché sur la Lune (Explorers on the Moon), came out the following year. British readers had to wait until 1959 for their translation, which nonetheless anticipated by ten years the achievements of Armstrong and Aldrin. To mark Armstrong’s historic moment, Hergé produced a splendid colour drawing of the startled astronaut stepping out of the module to be greeted by Tintin, Snowy, Haddock and Calculus in their familiar orange space suits, their pioneering moon rocket in the background. Calculus, a keen rose grower as we know from The Castafiore Emerald, is clutching half a dozen crimson blooms. Haddock holds a placard with the message “Welcome!” in English while Tintin, in French, declares: “Welcome to the Moon, Mr Armstrong!” Hergé dedicated the drawing to Armstrong with the inscription: “By believing in his dreams, man turns them into reality.” It was a sentiment equally applicable to Hergé and Tintin.

The interchange between Hergé’s fiction and fact continued. Later in 1969 the French weekly magazine Paris-Match commissioned from Tintin’s creator a four-page strip cartoon relating from start to finish the subsequent Apollo XI mission. This black and white sequence—so strongly reminiscent of the Tintin moon adventure—is Hergé’s only known documentary strip cartoon.

A few months later in an interview in La Libre Belgique newspaper, Hergé admitted: “One was staggered, when the Americans landed on the Moon, to see that they wore helmets just like Tintin. I did not invent this helmet. I know it was necessary because of meteorites. But I made it transparent, unlike the American helmets which were only transparent in the front, so that one could identify my heroes, even from the back. While one could identify Snowy immediately... it would be impossible to distinguish Tintin or Captain Haddock under an opaque helmet.”

Hergé achieved his almost prophetic accuracy in the moon adventure by first doing his homework very thoroughly and, second, eaching anything fanciful or fantastic. There would be no men in the moon, no weird beasts, nothing which could not be based on sound scientific knowledge and observation. For this, apart from reading extensively, he turned to two experts for advice: Dr Bernard Heuvelmans, who wrote L’homme parmi les etoiles (Man among the Stars), and Professor Alexandre Ananoff, author of L’astronaute-
Astronautique (Astronautics), Professor Picard, the direct model for Calculus, was by now plumming the depths of the ocean after his pre-war stratosphere records in a balloon. He would certainly have shared Calculus’s interest in space.

PRELIMINARY WORK
As usual Hergé amassed material for his new project, to be found today among his papers under the heading Astronautique, Documentation Lune. Particularly relevant are articles he cut out from an American publication, Collier’s magazine of October 18 and 25, 1962, which coincided with the time he was producing the adventure for Tintin magazine. The October 19 issue of Collier’s carried a feature entitled “Man on the Moon. Scientists tell how we can land there in our lifetime.” It continued: “Man on the Moon. Scientists have dreamed for centuries of a lunar voyage. Now we know it can be done within the next 25 years... In this symposium a distinguished panel tells how.” The panel was made up of Willy Ley, a writer on scientific subjects, Fred Whipple of Harvard University, Dr. Wernher von Braun who had headed Nazi Germany’s rocket research programme before being poached by the victorious Americans, billed by Collier’s as “the world’s top rocket expert,” and finally associate editor Cornelius Ryan, best known today for his memorable account of the D-Day landings, The Longest Day, who assembled the material. Wernher von Braun contributed “Man on the Moon. The Journey... Here is how we shall go to the Moon... and then tries to answer the question, “What do we find when we get there?”

His expertise was doubly relevant for this Tintin adventure, as Calculus’ moon rocket was directly inspired by pictures and drawings of the Nazis’ ultimate weapon of destruction, the V-2 rocket developed by von Braun at the Peenemünde research centre and unleashed with devastating consequences on London in the closing weeks of the world war. Following the capitulation of Nazi Germany, the American military authorities quickly sought out von Braun and his team and took them to America before they could fall into the hands of the Russians. The former Nazis were put to work on the United States’s fledgling rocket programme and von Braun became largely responsible for developing the Saturn rocket that propelled the first American astronauts to the Moon two decades later.

The Collier’s articles noted that “present rocket motors develop only about a sixth of the velocity—seven miles per second—necessary to get out of the earth’s gravitational pull,” but concluded, like Professor Calculus, that “there is a strong chance atomic energy will provide power for trips to the moon—and beyond.” As it was, the atomic option, so carefully outlined and explained in Destination Moon, was not resorted to in reality where highly refined fuels proved sufficient to power the colossally powerful engines of the Saturn rocket. Collier’s showed the interior of a spaceship—very similar in design to Hergé’s—accompanied by another feature: “Inside the Moon Ship.” By Willy Ley. “Aboard the Moonship, living is cramped but not uncomfortable.” Such are the conditions when Haddock, under the pretext of perusing over a weighty Guide to Astronomy, uncovers his whiskey supply and sees the precious liquid float from his glass as a ball under conditions of weightlessness. “Everything floats without weight as the rocket falls toward the earth. Transparent globes are water which has drifted out of pitcher and glass,” the Collier’s feature noted.

Hollywood artist Chesley Bonestell provided the drawings and depicted the journey by rocket, imagining the trip to and landing on the Moon. His orange moon tractors are very much in the spirit of Hergé. Bonestell’s vision of the moon recurs in other material Hergé had at hand, an article in Le Patriote Illustré of June 25, 1960 entitled “A Destination de la Lune.” It describes scenes from a recently completed Hollywood film, “Destination Moon,” under the headlines “The fantastic on screen; a dream today, tomorrow reality.” Its principal illustration is a panoramic view of the crater where the Moon rocket lands “constructed by the Hollywood studios after a painting of Chesley Bonestell, itself based on telescope photographs recorded by the Mount Wilson observatory.”

The Hollywood rocket bears some resemblance to Calculus’s design, though less than the V-2. They, for instance, employ a similar means of landing. Other similarities include the crew’s well-padded, posture-moulded bunk beds, the use of magnetic boots, the design of space suits, oxygen cylinders and, most notably, the foolhardy decision of one of the astronauts to leave the rocket and, like Haddock, risk remaining permanently in orbit. Despite the details the two accounts have in common, Hergé’s depiction of space and the lunar landscape is much more evocative and poetic. Ultimately it is more convincing.

SIMILARITIES AND DIFFERENCES
In his search for accuracy Hergé adopted a novel approach. Already inclined to sketch from life when necessary to capture a particular pose, he now had a scale model of the Moon rocket assembled to enable details to be copied accurately. He took this magnificent model, to be found today in the Brussels offices of the Hergé Foundation, to Paris to be approved by Professor Ananoff. More than 20 years later Ananoff recalled the occasion in a letter to Hergé. “I remember, as if it was yesterday, your visit with the model of the space cabin, our talk, the concern for detail which you never cease to show, not wanting to leave anything to chance.” Ananoff described Explorers on the Moon as “a story that was compelling because of its realism (which would soon come true).” Returned to Brussels and the newly-formed Hergé Studios, the rocket, which could be dismantled to reveal each section clearly, was available for his assistants, notably Bob de Moor who was responsible for decoration. “I wanted Bob De Moor at the moment of drawing to know exactly whichever part of the space vehicle the characters were to be found in,” Hergé related. “It was essential that each detail was in place, that everything
1 Prototype of a space suit.
2 Haddock tests the mobility of the space suit designed by Calculus (Destination Moon, page 37).
3 Photograph from Ananoff’s book showing a prototype of an ergonomic bunk enabling the body to bear violent acceleration.
4 Tintin’s bunk in the moon rocket (Destination Moon, page 63).
5 A miniature model of the space ship was made to facilitate attention to detail. Here, the control cabin. (Col. Fondation Hergé)
6 Professor Calculus introduces his two friends to the control cabin of his moon rocket (Destination Moon, page 44).
was perfectly exact: the venture was too dangerous for me to be involved without guarantee." However, subsequent lunar exploration inevitably revealed discrepancies. Acting on the advice (later to be proved inaccurate) of Heuvelmans, Hergé depicted the existence of ice in subterranean caves on the Moon. Snowy falls down a crevasse and drops onto an ice slide. In the preceding panel, Tintin and Haddock find "Stalagmites and stalactites... This proves that at some period there was water on the Moon."

Hergé had been in touch with Heuvelmans for some time over the planned Moon trip. There is a letter of September 1947 where Heuvelmans refers to it as a long-standing project for which he was continuing to gather material. Several months later Heuvelmans came up with a plot for the adventure which he had devised with Jacques van Melkebeke, editor of TinTin magazine, and before thinking better Hergé used it as a starting point. This initial draft, which Hergé took as far as a pencil and ink drawing of the first page, is quite different to the adventure which came to be completed. It is set in America, symbolised by its skyscrapers, cowboys and gangsters. Much play is made of Professor Calculus's deafness, a handicap which Hergé makes sure is overcome with a hearing aid in the actual adventure. The suggested scenario has Professor Deimius Phostle, familiar from The Shooting Star, cast as the villain who hands over the Moon rocket's secrets so as to finance the purchase of a stunning diamond for the very real Rita Hayworth. It did not take Hergé long to see the shortcomings of the plot, a pale reflection of his own.

While sticking to realism of detail, he relocated the rocket site to the fictional Sylvania he had created so convincingly for King Ottokar's Sceptre. There is no question of Professor Phostle appearing and there is, perhaps wisely, no place for wartime pin-up Rita Hayworth. Columbia Studios dubbed her "The Love Goddess" and it was her image that adorned the atom bomb dropped on the Bikini atoll. Had she appeared, apart from being a rival to the redoubtable Bianca Castafiore, Hayworth would have been the first actual personality to appear in Tintin since Al Capone.

However, a few ideas from the Heuvelmans/Melkebeke outline were retained.

The weightless scene when the rocket engine is accidentally cut when Thomson and Haddock's whisky rolls into an elusive floating liquid ball was too good to lose. "G-g-goodness g-g-gracious! M-m-my whisky's r-r-rolled itself into a b-b-ball! That's impossible! Have I d-d-drunk too much already? Too m-m-much or n-n-not... a decent whisky d-d-doesn't behave h-h-like this... C-come here at once! 'W-w-whisky, stop f-f-fooling about! Get b-b-back in my glass this m-m-minute!'"

Haddock's drunken space walk where he narrowly escapes becoming a satellite of the asteroid Adonis is also kept. Its almost catastrophic consequences are reminiscent of the time in The Crab with the Golden Claws when he burns the lifeboat's cars to keep warm. So is his absentmindedness afterwards. "I... I'm a miser... I... I'm terribly sorry..."

Hergé was a sure judge of quality and there were scenes that could be considered repetitious or long-winded from the magazine version of the adventure which he dispensed with in the books. There are two and a half pages (following from the end of page 31 of Explorers on the Moon) where the Thom(p)sons become lost on their Moon walk before Thompson overdoes on oxygen, becomes daeinicus and fools about stupidly with Tintin's revolver. Another cut is a passage where Haddock gathers together the shorn locks of the Thom(p)sons-oblivious of the fact that a half-covered Snowy is comfortably snoozing among them-and jetsisoms the load out of the rocket. Tintin improbably leaped out and just catches Snowy by the tail as Haddock holds onto him.

UPSETS
As so often with Hergé the quality of the finished product belies the difficulties, setbacks or interruptions which accompanied the composition of the adventure. In this case, Hergé was on the verge of a nervous breakdown—not for the first or last time—because of overwork and exhaustion. Already in 1949 while writing Land of Black Gold, he had felt unable to continue and suddenly disappeared. There was consternation at TinTin magazine which could hardly afford to lose its title star. Embarrassed, it felt compelled to offer an explanation for the abrupt interruption of Tintin's Middle Eastern adventure. Sandwiched between a drawing of a deep concern Captain Haddock telephoning a flabbergasted Tintin, it printed the headline: "Sensational News—Hergé has disappeared!" The new version of Land of Black Gold had to be suspended after progressing about twenty pages.

It was almost four months before the adventure could be resumed. "He's back!" TinTin magazine trumpeted and Hergé depicted himself as being returned in handcuffs by the Thom(p)sons, surrounded by members of the "family" he had created. Tintin himself declares; "It's alright, friends! Hergé has been found! We can finally discover what happens in 'Black Gold'!" The joke is over, old boy! To work!" Thomson orders, clasping the artist's shoulder. "To be precise: to work!" adds Thomson, his hand gripping him on the other side. Pointing at a blank magazine cover with the Tintin masthead, an irate Haddock intercepts: "And these pages need to be filled, don't they, son! And quickly too, blistering barnacles!..." Dr Müller scratches his head, saying "Curse! He's going to put Tintin on my trail again!" when the emir only has thoughts for his precious offspring: "Will he finally let Tintin bring back my dear little Abdullah?" The invaluable Senhor Oliveira chips in: "Here he is! What good fortune! I wonder what I will still be able to recount to the servants of Professor Smith..."

1 Entretiens avec Hergé, op. cit. p. 170.
Tank calling Base... We're returning at reduced speed. We can see the rocket... Can you hear me?...
1 The lunar rocket approaches the Moon, the surface of which is pitted with numerous craters (Explorers on the Moon, frame 13).
2 The Moon’s craters revealed in a photograph used by the artist.
3 The Astronautical Centre for Atomic Research in Strock, Calculus, furious at being accused of "acting the goat", introduces Hardock to the engineers at work in front of their drawing tables (Destination Moon, page 40).
4 Drawing table, from an advertisement kept by Hergé.
Calculus, as usual, is quite detached, pendulum in hand, declaring "It's to the west that one must look, I always said so." Only Snowy dissent. "Dash! I was so content and now he's going to throw me again into a whole lot of adventures!"

As early as 1947, Hergé had hinted at the pressure he was subjected to by Tintin in an illustration he completed for the new magazine. It showed him working under duress on a drawing of his hero who watches, martinet in hand, perched on a couple of volumes with an equally stern-faced Snowy. Not long afterwards Hergé, who had shown he was prone to psychosomatic ailments such as the rash of boils he developed on the outbreak of war, was afflicted by painful eczema of the hands when he resumed drawing Tintin. By the time he started work at the end of March 1950 on the Moon adventure, the strain had begun to tell again and a crisis loomed. This time the adventure ground to a halt with Tintin left, perhaps appropriately, in his hospital bed. The story was suspended with a notice at the bottom of the page advising "End of part one."

The break lasted 18 months. To get away from the mounting responsibilities and pressures he found Tintin and the magazine placed upon him, he went on a camping holiday with his friend Marcel Dehaye. It was pure escapism. Sleeping in a tent and spending evenings over a camp fire, he was able to relive the scouting expeditions of his youth which were so deeply and happily imprinted on his memory. A trip to Switzerland followed during which he spent time fishing on Lake Geneva with the exiled King Leopold III, who like him felt unjustly castigated for staying at home after the Nazi invasion of Belgium and with whom he developed a warm friendship. Meanwhile at the magazine, to fill the gap left by Tintin, it was decided to recycle old sequences of Quick and Flupke, the Brussels urchins Hergé had created in parallel with the more widely known Tintin. Originally in black and white they, like Tintin before, were in the process of being republished in colour.

The magazine offered no clue to Tintin's prolonged absence until Hergé himself decided it was time to explain things. He wrote a letter for publication in the magazine which quite frankly attributed the absence to his exhaustion. But readers should not despair, Tintin would return and possibly soon. The letter, published in issue sixteen of 1951, was accompanied by a drawing of Hergé slumped in an armchair, dazed and utterly exhausted, pen and paper discarded on the floor beside him. The message was clear, if Tintin was to continue, it would have to be on Hergé's own terms. Just as in fiction Tintin was lucky to be alive and recovering from a superficial head wound in hospital, so in fact Hergé after twenty years of relentless creative work needed time to recuperate. He had, without doubt, developed a love-hate relationship with the reporter he had created in 1929 whose popularity and durability exceeded all expectations.

**THE HERGÉ STUDIOS**

One thing the repeated breakdowns and Hergé's poor mental and physical state proved was that his earlier reservations about the involvement of others, he needed help with his work. Tintin had become too big for him to handle alone. Edgar-Pierre Jacob, who at the end of the war had provided invaluable assistance, was now happy to be doing his own strip cartoons, even if he remained at hand and even portrayed on page 40 of Destination Moon as one of the boiler-suited draughtsman engaged on the project—in the middle of the central plate, typically wearing a bowtie. Hergé needed to find an artist as talented who was willing to be subjugated to him and Tintin. He followed a recommendation and took on Bob De Moor. Taciturn, discreet and a talented draughtsman, De Moor was to become the pillar of the newly-formed Hergé Studios playing a key role in the future development of the Tintin adventures. Already with Explorers on the Moon, De Moor assumed responsibility for drawing the crucial details of the rocket, the haunting views of space and the Moon itself, amounting to some of his finest work. Industrious and unassuming, he was just the support Hergé needed. Other artists whose talent filled the pages of Tintin magazine came over to the studios to help with the central creation. Secretarial and administrative assistance followed.

Apart from lightening the workload, the setting up of the Hergé Studios on April 6, 1950, gave the cartoonist the physical detachment and psychological independence from Raymond Leblanc's Tintin magazine offices that he desperately needed. Ever since Hergé was charged with setting up Le Petit Vingtième twenty-one years earlier, he had grown accustomed to running his own operation. But Tintin magazine at its inception had put him on the spot. On the one hand, it offered a lifeline, a chance to resume the Tintin adventures after the post-war bar imposed on his work, for which he had to be grateful. On the other hand, he was no longer entirely his own master: hovering in the background was the man who had made it all possible, Raymond Leblanc, an entrepreneur who was highly aware of Tintin's commercial possibilities. Suddenly it was no longer just a question of Hergé producing gripping adventures to delight a youthful au-
ience. Much more was involved: Leblanc pioneered the merchandising of Tintin products, about which Hergé initially had his doubts, and then there was the advertising potential. By setting up a studio separate to the magazine’s Rue du Lomberd offices, Hergé was asserting the key, determining role he had to play in all matters concerning Tintin. It was an essential step towards regaining his physical health.

REVIVAL
The studio, moreover, proved an ideal means of tackling the various production stages of a strip cartoon, from the first peremptory sketches to the well considered finished product. Each assistant had their particular talent, each had their role and area of responsibility. The master, meanwhile, had both the decisive overview and drew the principal figures. It was very much like the studio of a Renaissance master, such as Raphael who had a team of artists working for him on background and detail, enabling him to concentrate on the central composition and subject. As with Raphael and his studio, so with Hergé it becomes possible as new adventures were produced by this means to detect the individual hands of those involved. The master himself was always the most fluent, but in the later Tintin adventures—where his role was enhanced—Bob De Moor’s drawing is as distinctive as Giulio Romano’s in the late paintings of Raphael. Both De Moor and Romano were considerable talents blessed with great facility, but their work lacks the poetry and more subtle expression of their respective masters. The research and preparation required for the Moon adventure, Hergé’s complete commitment to realism, his state of mental and physical exhaustion, all contributed to the need for an efficient studio team. Its institution was a watershed in the life of Hergé and Tintin which enabled the adventures to continue, albeit at a more measured rate, until the cartoonist’s death thirty-three years later.

So far Tintin had in twenty years travelled from Moscow to the Moon; he would never go further. Nevertheless, the reporter had no intention of giving up travel. There would be return trips to Arabia and South America, an adventure in Tibet, one somewhere in the Indonesian archipelago, another combining a very recognisable Switzerland with fictional Borduria and one, The Castafiore Emerald, where the heroes never leave home at all.

Back on earth at the end of the Moon adventure, Tintin remarks “Well, Snowy! That’s the narrowest escape we’ve ever had!” A Sylvanian guard brings a bottle of whisky and glasses to a Haddock miraculously revived at the mention of the golden liquid and even Calculus succumbs. “A glass for me too, Captain, I want to drink a toast with you! It’s the first time in my life I have tasted this beverage. But this is not the moment to drink camomile tea!”

The professor’s promise that they would return to the Moon triggers a furious response from Haddock who, like Hergé, had more than enough of space travel and entertained no wish for a repetition. “I tell you, I’ve learned just one thing from all this: MAN’S PROPER PLACE... he trips and falls flat on his face ‘... is on DEAR OLD EARTH!’

As for Hergé, after bringing Tintin back from the Moon, he admitted “interplanetary travel is for me a played out subject.” Having stolen a march of some 20 years on the Apollo XI mission, he could afford to sit on his laurels and forget about space.
From a not so peaceful Marlinspike to first Switzerland and then Cold War in Borduria.
Stared in December 1954, The Calculus Affair marked a return to the single volume format which was to persist for the remaining adventures. Meticulously crafted by a highly motivated studio, this Cold War drama has become recognised as one of Hergé’s finest creations.

More than any of the earlier volumes it has distinct cinematic qualities. But while in the earlier adventures the thrillers of Alfred Hitchcock were the predominant influence, this is the world of Carol Reed’s acclaimed contemporary Cold War classics: The Third Man of 1949 (written by Graham Greene) and The Man Between (1953), set respectively in divided Vienna and Berlin. As always, Hergé was right up to date. The fascist-nationalist power struggle, pitting the Bordurian dictatorship against the vulnerable Syldavian monarchy, which had provided the backdrop to the pre-war King Ottokar’s Sceptre, was superseded in The Calculus Affair by an apparently communist Borduria rearing with Syldavia for military secrets across the Cold War divide.

Not only was Hergé’s subject redolent of the cinema, so was his composition. Taking advantage of the possibilities offered by the extra assistance of the studio, he tried in drawings to “shoot” the scenes, with long, middle and close-up shots, as a film director would. More than ever before the rooms he depicted became “sets”, his characters “actors.” From the start he had tried to break new ground with the strip cartoon, now once again he was stretching the possibilities of the medium. The fluent flow of the adventure is proof of success.

NEW METHODS

A fresh approach required new techniques. Previously Hergé would draft his scenes in pencil; when satisfied with the composition, he would work over the drawings and text in ink. Now, with the assistance of the studio, he would select the best from a number of sketches and have it traced onto the page he was creating. It was painstaking work but it appealed to his perfectionism. The method was not dissimilar to that of the Renaissance master in his studio, using “cartoons” to transfer subjects to canvas or wall paintings.

But there was also a highly contemporary counterpart: the working of the Walt Disney studio and its method of developing the artists’ ideas from preparatory sketches to finished drawings. Hergé was interested in and aware of Disney’s approach, even if he himself stopped short of the animated cartoon. Mickey Mouse, of course, was a direct contemporary of Tintin and references to Disney’s best known creation are to be found in the adventures. Here in The Calculus Affair, for example, the professor whom Calculus goes to consult about his ultrasonic experiments is called Topolino, the Italian for “little mouse” and the name by which Mickey Mouse is known in Italy. In the final completed adventure, Tintin and the Picaros. Mickey Mouse appears in the carnival procession with which it winds up. So, incidentally, do later popular cartoon creations such as Astérix and Snoopy.

Once more the guiding principle of the adventure embark upon at the end of 1954 was to be realism. While the German V-2 rocket design played a key role in Tintin’s Moon adventure, at the core of The Calculus Affair is another scientific development pursued—their time not realised—by the Nazis: ultrasonics. The publication Tintin finds open on Professor Topolino’s table, German Research in World War II by Leslie E. Simon, existed even if Hergé redesigned its cover showing a V-2 rocket and a prototype of a Messerschmitt jet fighter. Somehow Hergé got hold of a copy of the book published in New York in 1947 by John Wiley and Sons. It included a “summary of more important development work” where, as figure 69, it showed a photograph captioned “SOUND USED AS A WEAPON by means of large parabolic projectors. Research conducted near Lofer, Germany, under the auspices of the Speer Ministry.” Albert Speer was Hitler’s Armaments Minister. The illustration on page 23 of the adventure is an exact reproduction, the only difference being the forage cap given the guard in place of a baret. Hergé even kept the text in the original English.

ON SITE

Hergé’s insistence on realism took him to Switzerland, equipped with a camera and a sketchbook, to ensure the accuracy of
The Calculus Affair

the Swiss setting. It was the first time in twenty-five years of writing and drawing Tintin adventures that Hergé himself reconnoitred where he was to send his hero. From the moment the Sabena Belgian Airlines Douglas DC-6 touches down at 3.30 p.m. at Geneva's Cointrin Airport, the Swiss episode is perfectly observed: the airport control tower and buildings, the arrival at the Cornavin Station bus terminal, the walk past the café and across the road to the Cornavin Hotel. Having stayed at the hotel, I can confirm the accuracy of Hergé's observation, from the swing doors of the entrance, to the lobby and lifts. There is only one discrepancy, Calculus's room does not exist—there is no "Number 122, fourth floor." In recent years the hotel has recognised the compliment paid by Hergé and placed a life-size cardboard cut-out of Tintin by the entrance, as well as an explanation that it is not possible to stay in Professor Calculus's room.

Hergé's depiction of Cornavin Station and the road to Nyon is just as accurate. "I needed to know the exact spot near Geneva where a car could leave the road and plunge into the lake," Hergé told Numa Sadoul. "All around the lake, there are any number of private properties, villas, etc., and very few places where the road borders and overhangs the lake. I therefore went to check the spot." The Cervens road and the town of Nyon came under his careful scrutiny. The detail was absolutely accurate too: the uniforms of the Swiss gendarme, the national serviceman, the rail inspector, the tram, the car models, whether Simca, Citroën or Volkswagen, and their Geneva or Canton Vaud number plates.

It is this compelling realism which makes the arrival of Tintin and Haddock in Szenhó, the capital of fictional Bor duria, so convincing. Here is an East European city exactly as one would expect to find it during the Cold War years. It could be communist Warsaw, Sofia, Bucharest or East Berlin. In fact the plate on page 47 showing Kürvi-Tasch Platz bears an extraordinary resemblance to East Berlin's Platz der Republik as it finally emerged in the 1970's—twenty years after Hergé's drawing!

The splendidly named Hotel Zsnór has all the attributes of a luxury East Bloc hotel catering for foreign guests paying their bills in hard currency. The primitive bugging of the hotel rooms goes without saying. The crab, poorly-lit streets are typical of a Central European capital. The only unlike element is the apparent speed and ease with which Tintin and Haddock sail through the "Tzholi" (Customs, as in the German Zoll). But credibility quickly returns with the guard's shout of "Stroffie!" The conspicuously and identically raincoated and hatted ZEP (secret police) agents, or "interpreters" as they are presented, fit the bill perfectly.

At this point there is an appropriate reference to the previous adventure with the sinisterly affable police officer stretching out his hand to Haddock. "Ah, Captain, this is a great privilege for us. We in Bor duria salute you, hero of that great interplanetary flight... Amah!" To Tintin he adds: "And you too, Mänhle Tintin. I am proud to shake the hand which... or... first set foot on the Moon. I salute you. Amah!"

Despite appearances, the totalitarian state which post-war Borduria has become is not under the sway of the Soviet empire's recently deceased communist dictator. Stalin had died in March 1953 and at the time Hergé embarked on this new adventure the Soviet Union was in the throes of "de-Stalinisation." Stalin and his excesses were for the first time being freely aired and condemned. But Borduria is not Stalinist, it is Tschist, after its "glorious ruler" Marshall Kürvi-Tasch. His statue adorns Kürvi-Tasch Platz and the motif of his magnificent mustaches adorns all kinds of objects from the circumflex-like accent employed so liberally in Borduria to motor car insignia and radiators. Door handles, light fittings, military badges and markings, calendars, inkstands and sentry boxes all bear the motif. The dictator's portrait is hung in offices, sometimes with the greeting Amah! as in the German Heil!, his bust is in the foyer of the opera house.

The distinctive name of Kürvi-Tasch, however, with its allowance for the circumflex-like accent was the imaginative invention of Hergé's English translators. Hergé himself opted for the Polish sounding Pleszys-Gladz, as in "pleszygas." The observant reader will be able to detect traces of the name Pleszys-Gladz on the captions to his portraits in the English version of the adventure, which first appeared in 1960, four years after its publication in book form in French.
1. The Hotel Conravin shown in a photograph kept by the artist.
2. The exact rendering of reality was a preoccupation in the creation of the story (page 17).
3. The villa at Nyon chosen as a model for Professor Topolino’s house.
4. Haddock and Tintin arriving at Topolino’s villa (page 22).
5. The artist selected this elegant building for the Bordurian embassy.
6. Tintin and Haddock approaching the villa by night (page 26).
7. The distinctive bus used by Hergé as a model.
8. Tintin, Haddock and Snowy about to board the Swissair bus (page 44).
LIFELIKE

The Calculus Affair's blend of studiously observed facts and realistic fiction brings many felicities. It also introduces to the Tintin cast two robust characters with a future: Jojoyn Wagg (Séraphin Lampion in the original French) and Colonel Sponsz, a villain to replace Colonel Bons, alias Jorgen, who had been killed off in the previous adventure.

"I therefore went to check the spot."

Wagg, as he is so well translated in English, is an inspired comic creation. Over the years there had been a good deal of slapstick—and in the future there would be plenty more—with the Thom(p)sons, endless buffoonery with Haddock and a succession of scrapes with Snowy, but here was a fresh and all too familiar figure of fun, the crushing bore.

Wagg is the proverbial bore: the type colour supplement love to parody with a cameo. Spouting on regardless, a man oblivious of punctuation, lacking in either restraint or modesty, pontificating on anything ad nauseam; a lover of his own voice and wit above all else. He was, as Herge so pertinently put it, "a belt and braces man." Someone so petty and small-minded, so reluctant to take risk of any kind that he wears both braces and a belt to make sure his trousers stay up. We all know the type. How suitable that such a sedulous exuberance of caution should be an insurance salesman—for the Rock Bottom Insurance company! Which is itself an inspired corporate identity thought up by Leslie Lonsdale-Cooper and Michael Turner, Herge's English translators. In the French original it is the somewhat flatter Assurance "Mondia."  

Looking back to the origins of Wagg (or Lampion in French, meaning a Chinese lantern—an alternative Crampon was rejected as too explicit and hard sounding), Herge told Numa Sadoul: "It was some time ago that I found my model for Lampion: during the war, when I lived in Boitsfort, I received a visit from a character who wanted to sell me I no longer know what. He took a seat and pointing out my chair said: 'Do take a pew!' The unwelcome visitor in all his glory!" Lampion or Wagg is readily recognisable. "He exists in thou-
mistakeable. It is a cruel compliment. Hergé's old collaborator, Edgar-Pierre Jacobs, meanwhile, is also referred to—appropriately since he had actually been an opera singer—in the opera house scene. On the posters for Faust, he shares star-billing with Bianca Castafiore under the guise of Jacobin, an alias he was to retain as a mummified archaeologist in the updated colour cover of Cigars of the Pharaoh.

In the back-stage hubbub after the performance, it is Castafiore who spots Tintin, allowing her to meet for the first time an "admirer" with whom she would become romantically attached—Captain Haddock. She soon calls him something else—Mr Paddock—and a long succession of misnomers begins.

Vainglorious Castafiore may be, but she proves her mettle and loyalty to Tintin by swiftly concealing Tintin and Haddock from Sponsz in her dressing room. "Dio! What shall we do? Irma, wait a moment!... Quick! Hide in my wardrobe, behind this curtain."

The game is almost up when Sponsz sits on Haddock's cap. Castafiore with impressive sang froid thinks up a wonderfully plausible operatic explanation: "It belongs to the tenor who sings in Madame Butterfly," she says. So, by having to assume the role of Pinkerton in Puccini's opera, Haddock is saved!

The diva may more often than not be insufferable, but she has courage which she displays again in Tintin and the Picaros where, rock solid, she fearlessly defies in court the military prosecutor and his demand for the death penalty. Though less noticable than either Wagg or Sponsz, The Calculus Affair features another memorable débutant, Mr Cutts the butcher, n.b. telephone Marlingspike 431 not to be confused with 421! Again Tintin's English translators have done well with the name. In the French original the references are all to the Boucherie Sanzot, sounding amusingly like "sans os" (without bones). Cutts is most appropriate and Hergé's portrayal of him on page 43 is impeccable.

The leitmotif of misdirected calls for the butcher taken at Marlingspike Hall begins in the adventure's very first frame and continues here and in a further three adventures. It is an engaging diversion which is suitably disruptive to any hope Haddock may entertain of a settled life in his ancestral home. As invariably with wrong numbers and crossed lines, the calls come at the most inconvenient moments, particularly bath-time. For years my telephone number was maddeningly mistaken for that of the visa department of the Chinese embassy; as in the case of the Marlingspike numbers, the constant confusion was caused by a difference of one digit. Hergó had found a very real source of everyday irritation with which to amuse his readers.

One character who unfortunately makes but a solo appearance in this adventure is the proverbial road hog, the generously named Arturo Benedetto Giovanni Giuseppe Pietro Archangelo Alfredo Cartoffoli, automobile virtuoso, who gives only a "solo recital" in this book (page 36).

absolutely everything in his path. Whether there was a particular model for such an extravagant character is a matter for conjecture. However, during the mid-1950s, at the time of The Calculus Affair, newspaper gossip columns were full of the eccentricities of and passion for fast cars of the celebrated pianist Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli. There was, moreover, a Milanese connection. Though from Brescia, Michelangeli had studied at the Milan Conservatory.

The Calculus Affair introduces additionally (on page 13) another feature of the late Tintin books: a public manifestation at the gates of Marlingspike Hall. Fuelled by Press interest, all and sundry, including inevitably the appalling Wagg, gather outside "to make a day of it." Picnics are out, tents are up. Television cameras and photographers are perched on their ladders and vantage points. There is everything to cater for the curious: an ice-cream van, fish and chip stall, souvenir and balloon sellers, even an organ-grinder. One can almost smell the sweat of the masses. The horror of the occasion is all carefully recorded by Hergé, self-portrayed on the bottom right corner as a reporter quizzing a bystander, so relishing a small walk-on part in the manner of Alfred Hitchcock.

The studio and a reinvigorated Hergé worked at their best to produce The Calculus Affair. The result was a well crafted adventure notable for its new technical departures as well as its successful expansion of the Tintin "family." Both were to be developed further in the next adventure which would see Tintin returning for the last time to the Middle East.
Nestor minds Abdullah at Marlinspike, as Tintin uncovers shady arms deals and a trade in slaves on the pilgrims' route to Mecca.
Hergé's new adventure, which began appearing in Tintin magazine at the end of October 1956, has a marked retrospective quality. Its most striking feature is the number of stock characters from earlier adventures which it assembles; apart from the immediate, indispensable Tintin "family," readers will recognise ten familiar characters, most of them villains. It was Hergé's fullest endorsement of Balzac's example and deployment of characters through the more than forty volumes of La Comédie Humaine.

A contemporary of Hergé in Britain, the novelist Anthony Powell, was applying a similar method to his great twelve volume novel cycle, A Dance to the Music of Time, begun in 1951 and concluded in 1975, covering the same span of years as those Tintin adventures where recurring characters were increasingly employed.

It amounted to an immensely appealing technique that bound the Tintin adventures together and heightened reader awareness. Each adventure may have been self-contained and could be read out of chronological sequence, but it would relate to others, with characters providing a link and continuity. For Hergé and his team at the Studios, moreover, devising new situations for old faces was fun and, as so often in creative work, the enjoyment rubs off. Cross fertilisation across different Tintin adventures also made sound commercial sense for publishers Casterman. Annual sales of the Tintin books were by now topping a million copies.

**GETTING TOGETHER AGAIN**

So the new adventure was full of old characters and one new, the Estonian pilot Picr Skut (more happily Szut in the original French), who had the distinction of appearing on the cover of the book that followed serialisation in 1958 and who was to return in another adventure, Flight 714. Meanwhile, Tintin, whose first trip to Arabia was made some twenty-five years earlier in Cigars of the Pharaoh, was back in a part of the world with which, like Lawrence, he seems to have had considerable affinity. After the interruption of the Moon trip and The Calculus Affair, this can in some respects be seen as a sequel to the much interrupted Land of Black Gold. The bane of Nestor and Haddock's life, Abdul, is back, propelling the Captain and Tintin to the Middle East to end the squat of the Arab princeling and his min...
It's extraordinary! Imagine! The Captain and I were just this moment talking about you!

Què?... Of me?

A figure from the past: General Alcazar (page 2). Recurring characters ensure an overall cohesion to the work, whilst at the same time providing the reader with a familiar context.

Scouring the newspapers for material as usual, Hergé had collected a number of recent press cuttings concerning a clandestine traffic in slaves for Arab clients, a subject which even today, a further forty years on, has not lost its relevance.

At his hide-out, a Roman temple hewn from the rock directly inspired by Petra in southern Jordan, the deposed emir tells Tintin of the involvement of Arabair in slave trading.

"Slave trading no less... Their planes touching down at Wadesah on the way from Africa are always full to bursting with native Sudanese and Senegalese. These are Mohammodan converts, making their pilgrimage to Mecca... On the other hand, on the return journey their planes are mostly empty... Why?... Because somewhere between Wadesah and Mecca these unfortunate negroes are sold as slaves." Arabair, we learn a page later, is owned by Rastapopoulos alias di Gorgonzola—"shipping magnate, newspaper proprietor, radio, television and cinema tycoon, air-line king, dealer in pearls, gunrunner, trafficker in slaves—the man who helped Bab El Ehr to seize power..."

Trading in slaves was a suitably sordid activity for the amoral Rastapopoulos and his bullying henchman Allan to be involved in, in an injustice waiting to be put right by Tintin.

It also offered Hergé scope to prove that he was not the racist his detractors made him out to be on the basis of the early Tintin in the Congo, a dated and prejudiced view of Africa he had tried to distance himself from. However, his well-intentioned portrayal of the trapped African pilgrims liberated by Tintin and Haddock was to backfire.

In January 1952, some four years after publication of the original Coke en Stock in book form, an article appeared in the periodical Jeune Afrique denouncing its racism.

"Oh, there, once again, I am a racist? Why? Because the blacks speak pidgin!... At least that's the opinion of the weekly Jeune Afrique which dragged me through the mud on account of it," Hergé told Sadoul.

1 Entretiens avec Hergé, op. cit., p. 174.
Toi, pas te fâcher, missié... Toi pas crier... Nous pas savoir toi bon Blanc... Nous croire toi méchant Blanc qui enferme pauvres Noirs dans ventre du bateau... Où être méchants Blancs?

Écoute, M'sieur... Faut pas te fâcher... On a été enfermés ici par des méchants Blancs... On croyait que tu étais avec eux... On ne savait pas, nous, M'sieur. Où sont les méchants Blancs, maintenant, M'sieur ?...

1 Petra in Jordan, from an illustration in Hiett's collection.
2 The Emir Ebe Kaliash Ezah, overthrown by his rival, has found refuge in the temple hewn out of the rocks (page 206).
3-4 Some disapproved that the blacks spoke "pidgin". The criterion deeply affected the arist.
1 The "sambouk" on which TinTin and Haddock embark for Mecca (page 33).
2 A plan of the sail boat from the artist's files.
3 Kurt, the submarine commander who attempts to torpedo the Ramona (page 54).
4 In this photograph of a German U-boat commander, Hergé found his source for both the submarine interior and for the character, Kurt.
5 The submarine breaks surface: danger seems to be averted (page 57).
6 Photograph from the artist's files showing the conning tower of a German submarine in 1942.
Susceptible to the criticism and hurt by its unfairness, Hergé amended the speech of the blacks for a revised edition in 1967, improving their grammar and adopting the American practice of dropping letters, so that the dated and objectionable misèè became M’sieur.

Anticipating the protests of animal rights campaigners, Hergé also came to regret the scene where the shark swallows an indigestible limpet mine with fatal consequences. ‘I have to blame myself once more (I hope for the last time) for altogether gratuitous cruelty to an animal: the poor shark which, without hesitating, I cause to explode... I still believed that sharks were big evil beasts.’

While toning down the sequence with the African pilgrims Hergé chose at the same time to enhance the emir’s letter entrusting Abdullah into the care of Captain Haddock. Originally the emir wrote simply: ‘Most esteemed and well-beloved friend, I entrust to you my son Abdullah, to improve his English. Here the situation is serious. Should any misfortune befall me, I count on you, my friend, to care for Abdullah.’

The later version is in the more florid style one would expect of the rheumy-eyed emir: ‘This is to tell you, oh highly esteemed friend, that I entrust to you Abdullah, my beloved son. Because here, you should know, much is happening. Should misfortune descend on me like the hawk on the innocent gazelle (for the world is made of life and death) I am sure that Abdullah will find with you warmth of affection, refuge and peace. And in doing this you will be performing a fragrant act before Allah. Peace be upon you and all those of your house.’

Alas, thanks to Abdullah, peace is the last thing which descends upon Marlinspike or the Captain, tormented by one practical joke after another. Unable to take any more, he agrees to Tintin’s suggestion of a trip to Khemed to seek out the root of the problem. Poor Nestor is left behind to mind the house and the Arab prince. By the time Haddock and Tintin return forty-seven pages later, the loyal butler is reduced to a nervous, emaciated wreck. And what reward awaits him on the next, final page? The arrival of a fate arguably worse than Abdullah, Jolyon Wegg and his Vågabond Car Club! Enough to complete any nervous breakdown.

The scene on page 23 where the captain, losing his stirrups, finds it difficult to keep his saddle, is taken directly from a letter from Paul Remi in which he, an accomplished rider, gave his brother some useful tips.

Amid the chaos of that final scene, apart from the Thoma(son)s pushing a Citroën 2CV, which they came to advertise, it may just be possible to make out Hergé portrayed as a rain-coated adjudicator in the middle of the drive, and with bow tie and spectacles, appropriately near a portable wireless playing music, the opera-loving Edgar-Pierre Jacobs.

The rally was not wholly imagined, according to Hergé. ‘This scene is authentic, believe me! It illustrated a misadventure that sometimes happened to me. I have a country house... Three or four times during the summer rallies passed by and my house often featured on the menu of these celebrations: ‘Find Hergé’s house’ or ‘Calculate the weight of the gate of Hergé’s house’... So they came to ask this or that...’

REALITY, AS EVER
His portrayal of the Ramona was also based on experience. Following his fact- finding trip to Switzerland for The Calculus Affair, he embarked on a voyage from Antwerp to Gothenburg and back in a cargo vessel, the Reine Astrid, in the company of Bob De Moor. “We accumulated photographs and sketches, as it was ne-

1 Entretiens avec Hergé, op. cit., p. 176.
2 Id.
I'm going to try to restart the engines. You go up on the bridge and take the wheel.
Algiers Museum. Its acquisition demonstrates how Captain Haddock’s taste has moved on from the predictable maritime paintings already seen at Marlinspike. It also shows that whether on account of Red Rackham’s Treasure, or the Inca gold and jewels pressed upon him at the end of Prisoners of the Sun, he is a man of some wealth.

That Rastapopoulos is rolling in ill-gained money comes as no surprise, nor is his fabulous yacht, the Scheherazade—inspired by Aristotle Onassis’ much discussed Christina, on which Hergé had kept cuttings—ostentatiously decorated with modern masters. A Picasso is plainly visible in his cabin on page 36, and the corner of a Miro on page 51. Such works were in Hergé’s own collection which he built up significantly in the post-war years as he furnished his newly-acquired country house in Brabant, his own modest answer to Marlinspike.

Pictures and surroundings were of the utmost importance to Hergé. “Let’s say I like painting very much and having drawings or canvases on the walls. I do not think I can live without paintings around me,” he told Benoît Peeters a few months before his death.

Since his youth he had always been abreast of and absorbed by new movements in art. The achievement of Russian suprematist Kasimir Malevich was already apparent in the first Tintin adventure, his fast-moving foray in Bolshevik Russia, and the Italian Futurists’ attempt to reproduce movement by repeated images was occasionally successfully imitated by Hergé. On pages 24–25 of The Broken Ear, dating from 1935, there is a clear awareness of de Chirico’s strongly shadowed arcades with their extraordinary feeling of space and depth.

During the 1960’s Hergé gained a particular penchant for avant-garde works which he began to collect avidly. He was to be seen regularly at private views at Brussels galleries. As in his handling of Tintin, he was perceptively forward-looking, with a marked ability to anticipate trends. Not surprisingly Pop Art, with its references to the comic strip and use of printed coloured dots, appealed strongly to him and he acquired a set of Roy Lichtenstein’s silk screen prints—themselves inspired by Monet’s series of paintings of Rouen cathedral—to adorn his office at the Studios. On a trip to New York in 1972, Hergé went to see Andy Warhol in his studio and allowed himself to be inspired and influenced by the American artist’s work. They met again in Brussels four years later at a showing of Warhol’s works which by then included a striking silk screen portrait of Hergé himself.

The distinctive, idiosyncratic world of galleries, private views and contemporary artists in the end provided Hergé with the scenario for his last, unfinished work, Tintin and Alph-Art. As usual, even in its incomplete state, it smacks of authenticity.

Elsewhere in The Red Sea Sharks, modern art is well represented in the corridors and public rooms of the Hotel Excelsior, where Alcazar is staying and has his meeting with the pipe-smoking Dawson. Among the selection, there are examples of abstract art, landscape, a portrait and a large painting with a figure of green hue that is strongly evocative of German Expressionism. Similarly the furniture is reminiscent of leading contemporary Scandinavian and Italian designers.

Even the endearing Senhor Oliveira da Figueira has a small, elaborately framed—probably nineteenth century—oil painting hanging haphazardly on the wall of his cluttered abode.

**DETAIL**

Detail can be relished throughout the adventure, from the depiction of Brussels’ fashionable, glittering Avenue de la Toison d’Or at the start to the various car models assembled outside Marlinspike in the closing plate. Unlike the revised edition of The Black Island, where Hergé changes very real Johnnie Walker whisky to his own Loch Lomond, the bottle maliciously presented by Allan to Haddock is recognisably Haig whisky, identical to the advertisements for that brand which Hergé put away with his cuttings.

Despite the adventure’s generous dose of villainy, there is also a good measure of humour, as when Castafiore has a chance to follow up her first meeting with the Captain in the preceding Calculus Affair “Per la Macchina! Can you believe it!... It’s Tintin, and his friend the deep-sea fisherman, Paddock... I must go and welcome...

1 Le Mondo d’Hergé, op. cit., p. 25.
them. Art must embrace the children of Adventure!... Delighted to see you again, my dear Padlock...er...Harrock. "...n roll, Signora Castoroli, Harrock’n roll!"

And Hergé was absolutely right, for rock and rolling is exactly what readers were doing in 1958 when the adventure was completed and published in book form.

The adventure’s production was successful enough to suggest that the division of labour offered by the Studios had by now sufficiently lessened the burden presented by Tintin, and given Hergé some peace of mind, indeed that all was well. In fact, his personal circumstances had put him in such turmoil that a complete breakdown seemed inevitable. It remained to be seen whether Tintin could continue, or through his next adventure rescue not only his best friend but Hergé too.
Tintin traverses the Himalayas to rescue a friend from long ago and tangles with the fearsome Yeti, the legendary abominable snowman.
By the time he concluded _The Red Sea Sharks_, Herge's private life was in deep turmoil. His marriage and his state of mind were at breaking point. The relentless demands imposed by Tintin and a marriage which after twenty-six years had gone cold left him feeling hopelessly shackled, unable to continue.

The malaise took the form of gruesome nightmares where everything became enveloped in overpowering, screaming white. "At the time I was going through a real crisis and my dreams were nearly always white dreams. And they were extremely distressing. I took note of them and remember one where I was in a kind of tower made up of a series of rooms. Dead leaves were falling and covering everything," Herge later related to Numa Sadoul.

"At a particular moment, in an immaculately white alcove, a white skeleton appeared that tried to catch me. And then instantly everything around me became white." Herge was shatterd.

**CRISIS**

The dreams were so persistent and obsessive that he decided to turn to psycho-analysis for a solution. "I went to see a Swiss doctor, Professor Ricklin, a pupil and follower of C.G. Jung, who told me: 'I don't want to discourage you, but you will never reach the end of your work. In your place, I would stop immediately... I did not stop.'"

Herge's decision not to abandon Tintin despite such expert advice had a direct parallel in the new adventure with Tintin's dogged insistence on rescuing Chang whom everyone else believes to be dead. It was a brave decision and a good one. Few problems, psychological included, are solved by abandoning them. On the marital front too, he opted not to fudge the issue. He had been captivated by the charming, elegant Fanny Vlaminck, a young artist who had recently joined the Studios. Half his age and full of zest, she lifted his morale and gave life a new meaning. Suddenly he found a companion who shared his most compelling interests. But the break with his first wife Germaine, whom he had known since Tintin came into being, was not made lightly. His rigid Catholic background, his Boy Scout values and especially the premium he attached to loyalty, made this an almost impossible decision. It explained, moreover, why the marriage had lasted so long after the characters he continued to create in the Studios. The tremendous personal significance of the Tibetan adventure, providing as it did an actual catalyst in his life, ensured that it became his favourite Tintin story, supplanting _The Secret of the Unicorn_ in his estimation.

Tintin in Tibet is exceptional in many respects, standing out among the twenty-three completed Tintin adventures. It is most conspicuous for its lack of villainy and overt display of emotions. Tintin wears his heart on his sleeve, forgetting the Boy Scoutish stiff upper lip of the earlier adventures where no threat or danger was too much for him. The thought of Chang's death here is enough to reduce the fearless reporter to tears, the first he has shed since waving goodbye to Tchang on leaving China at the end of _The Blue Lotus_.

**AS PURE AS CRYSTAL**

After the unusually long cast list of _The Red Sea Sharks_ where Herge delights readers by wheeling out characters old and new, Tintin in Tibet is pared down to essentials: Tintin and Snowy, Captain Haddock playing a vital role offering friendship and the necessary light relief and, of course the adventure's raison d'être, Chang, the orphan rescued from the muddy river and befriended by Tintin in _The Blue Lotus_ and not seen or heard of again until now. Professor Calculus, a regular since his memorable entrance in _Rod Rackham's Treasure_, has an inconsequen-

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1 Entretiens avec Herge, op. cit., p. 178.
2 Ibid., p. 58.

**Chang! My dear friend Chang! We shall never see him again... never again!**

Affected by his friendship, Tintin is not afraid to show his feelings.
FORESIGHT

In this most personal adventure, Hergé was able to indulge in two other personal interests—shared with Fanny—that fascinated him: the question of extra-sensory perception and the mysticism of Tibetan Buddhism.

Nodding off while playing chess with the captain, Tintin has a frightful vision of Chang, a nightmare matching those that Hergé was suffering from. “I’m terribly sorry, I must have dropped off... I had a horrible nightmare... Yes, I was dreaming about Chang... you remember Chang, the boy I made friends with in China... I saw him... it was ghastly... He was lying there hurt, half buried by snow... He was holding out his hands and calling to me, ‘Help, Tintin! Help!’ It was all so terribly real... I’m still quite stunned by it...” Tintin retires to bed early.

The next morning he appears for breakfast and reports: “No dreams, but not much sleep, either. I was haunted by that picture of Chang lying in the snow, calling to me for help.”

And what should be waiting for him, propped up against his coffee cup, a letter from Hong Kong, posted on his way to Europe by Chang! Tintin is overjoyed until he realises that travelling via Calcutta and Nepal, Chang may have been a victim of the Indian Airways air crash reported in the previous day’s newspaper. He quickly turns to that morning’s paper and finds “Nepal Air Disaster. No survivors.” He reads on: “TRAGIC DELAY. Among the missing is a young Chinese, travelling from Hong Kong to London. He arrived in Patna in time for an earlier aircraft but failed to obtain a seat. Forced to wait overnight, he caught the ill-fated D.C.3. The victim of this tragic delay is Chang Chong-Chen, adopted son of Mr Wang Chen...”

Tintin, sensing Chang’s survival regardless, is resolved to travel to Nepal to find out for himself and takes a reluctant but sturdily loyal Haddock with him. A friend who, when their lives are in peril on the mountain face (page 40), is willing to make the ultimate sacrifice to enable Tintin to survive.

THE MARTYRDOM OF TIBET

The extra-sensory perception merges with mysticism when the Tibetan monks watch one of their number, Blessed Lightning, levitate and have a vision: “I see three men... no, two men and a young boy with a great heart... And a little dog, white as powder snow... They are in mortal danger...”

Hergé’s interest extended beyond the spirituality of Tibet’s monks to the plight of the country itself. The 1950s saw the brutal subjugation of this culturally rich mountain land by its expansionist neighbour, communist China. Already at the end of 1949, fearing the loss of its cherished independence, the Lhasa government had in vain implored Britain and the United States of America to back its bid to join the United Nations. In October, Peking sent 40,000 troops of its People’s Liberation Army to enforce its claim to Tibet and “free” the Himalayan state. The Tibetan government was bludgeoned by military force into signing a seventeen point agreement that accepted annexation and communist Chinese rule. Political oppression and civil disturbances followed, leading in March 1959 to the flight of Tibet’s political and spiritual leader, the Dalai Lama, to exile in India.

Again Hergé was on top of current affairs, completing the adventure in November 1959, not even nine months after the Dalai Lama’s dramatic escape. And as so often with his choice of subjects, its topicality has endured. Recent years—particularly since the collapse of communism in Europe and the end of the Soviet Union—have seen a mounting international campaign to highlight the continued suffering of the Tibetan people under communist Chinese rule; whereby language, culture, religion and architecture are all suppressed in the interests of Chinese uniformity.

In choosing to include the elusive Yeti in his adventure, Hergé was additionally reflecting a phenomenon that in the late 1950s gripped the public imagination. Newspapers were full of sightings, there were the mysterious single footprints (as depicted on the cover of the Tintin book) and possible explanations. My father, Walter Farb, as Foreign Editor of The Daily Mail in London, had to supervise an expedition to the Himalayas to track down the Abominable Snowman led by a senior foreign correspondent. The Snowman was not found but the hunt for him was thrilling and newspaper sales soared.

One of the scenes that Hergé clearly delighted in. Only Calculus remains unfazed.
1 Letter from Hong Kong.
2 The same, reproduced by Herge.
3 Photograph kept by Herge of a fragile series of bridges thrown over the Himalayan rapids.
4 Herge reworks reality, allowing Haddock to cross the torrent.
5 The “Yeti’s footprints” from a photograph published in Paris-Match in the late 1950’s.
6 Haddock, Tintin, Tharkey and Snowy discover the tracks left by the yeti (page 26).
7 In Tintin in Tibet friendship and compassion assume a special place (page 59).

With my usual good fortune, this should end with a loud splash!

Look! Footmarks... The Abominable Snowman!
1 The Tibetan monastery (page 43).
2 Hergé made particular use of the work of Alexandra David-Neel. Here, the photograph behind the monastery on page 43.
3 Tintin, Snowy and Haddock in front of the Grand Abbot (page 46).
4 The picture from Hergé’s files.
5-6 Katmandu as seen by Hergé (page 10) and by National Geographic magazine.
As usual Hergé did his homework. He turned to his friend Bernard Heuvelmans, who had already given advice for the Moon adventure. Heuvelmans had written a book, On the Tracks of Unknown Animals, which included a significant section on the Yeti. He provided material to supplement the newspaper cuttings Hergé had already accumulated. It amounted to "very comprehensive documentation," according to Hergé.

"I had a list of everyone who could be believed who had seen the Yeti; I had a very detailed description of his habitat, his behaviour, photographs of his tracks, etc... I also met Maurice Herzog, who had climbed Annapurna and had seen tracks. He assured me that they were not the tracks of a bear, as this was a quadruped animal which only stood on its hind legs on rare occasions. The tracks were clearly those of a biped and stopped at the foot of a large rocky outcrop... With all this information, I was easily able, as in the Moon books, to avoid the pitfalls of the legend."

Should the Abominable Snowman ever be found, the chances are that it will be much as visualized by Hergé, just as Tintin's voyage to the Moon was prophetically accurate. There is some similarity, moreover, between Hergé's depiction of the fearsome Yeti and the "beast" of Ktiloch in the earlier Black Island. The main difference is the Yeti's pronounced ovoid head. Ranko in the Scottish adventure is a conventional, large, gorilla. Both are shown to have an affectionate side belying their terrifying exteriors. One is presented by Tintin to London Zoo, the other is left to continue a lonesome life in his Himalayan hiding place.

PRAISING FRIENDSHIP

Hergé saw Tintin in Tibet as "a song dedicated to friendship," a quality that shines through. The Yeti he portrays is almost human. "My Yeti is a being that also seeks friendship. Already at the outset I had the intention of making him more human and not at all 'abominable.'" In support of this approach, Hergé had the evidence of a sherpa, according to which a young girl was picked up and looked after by a Migou (the Tibetan name for the Yeti). So the injured Chang, the sole survivor of the airliner crash, is found and cared for by this fearsome-looking but warm-hearted beast. Chang recounts to Tintin and Haddock how fond the Yeti was of him. "At first he brought me biscuits he found in the wreckage of the plane. Later I lived on plants and roots he brought back from his nightly prowl... Sometimes he brought me little animals..." Tintin notes that Chang calls him "poor Snowman" and observes "How strange. The only one who knows him and you don't call him 'abominable.'" Of course I don't, Tintin: he took care of me. Without him I'd have died of cold and hunger."

Then there is the adventure's bitter-sweet ending with Tintin, Haddock and Chang riding away with the caravan, observed at a distance from behind the rocks by a sedentary Yeti. He lets out a parting wail. "A goodbye from the Yeti, Chang... Now he's alone again... until someone from an expedition manages to catch him," says Tintin. "You know, I hope they never succeed in finding him," replies Chang. "They'd treat him like some wild animal. I tell you, Tintin, from the way he took care of me, I couldn't help wondering if, deep down, he hadn't a human soul." "Who knows?" responds Tintin. For Hergé there was nothing evil about the Yeti.

MYSTICISM AND TRADITION

He was also intrigued by another Tibetan phenomenon: levitation. This, he noted, was "recorded by a good number of highly credible authors, notably Alexandra David-Neel and, I believe, Fosco Maraini, who spent some time in Tibet." The reducible Alexandra David-Neel, a pioneering Tibetologist, was Hergé's principal source for his highly authentic and sympathetic portrayal of Tibet, its monasteries, monks, people and way of life. David-Neel was a prolific writer on Tibet, many of whose books were published during the 1930s. They included With Mystics and Magicians in Tibet, published in London in 1931, and Initiations Lamalques, which appeared the previous year in Paris and seems in particular to have influenced Hergé.

Numerous details and examples of local colour are picked up from David-Neel's writing and woven into Hergé's narrative. The camp struck by Sherpa Tharkey and the porters on page 22 bears a striking resemblance to one of David-Neel's illustrated in her book. The expedition eats Tsampa, which following David-Neel Hergé describes as cooked barley meal, with tea and butter. We learn of the drink Chang, the very strong local beer. There are prayer flags, and the religious monuments known as chortens that adorn the Tibetan landscape are illustrated in David-Neel and copied by Hergé. "That is chorten, Sahib. Ashes of great lamas preserved there," Tharkey explains to Tintin and then to Haddock: "It brings you bad luck, Sahib, if you pass right of a chorten."

Further on (page 51) the elaborate head-gear of the procession of Tibetan monks and their distinctive musical instruments are to be found in David-Neel, as is the ritual gift of a scarf, a well-nurtured Tibetan custom: "Greetings, O Great Heart!" the Grand Abbot says to Tintin. "Following our custom, I present you with this scarf of silk."

Hergé makes good use of another Tibetan custom related by David-Neel: the sticking out of the tongue as a form of greeting. Captain Haddock is incensed when, on page 53, the village children greet him so. "You little scallywags! Is that what they teach you in school, eh?..." Haddock returns the compli-
Hergé found in National Geographic magazine all the necessary details for headgear, clothes and instruments. 

The cortège of lamas and their musical instruments. 

ment with nobs on: “Same to you, cheeky!” “Would you believe it,” he tells Tintin, “this bunch of young scamps—they had the nerve to put out their tongues at me!” “But of course, Captain: that’s how you greet people in Tibet...” Having learnt the local custom, Haddock is keen to put it into practice. “Goodbye... Tibetan style!... NHH!” he says displaying his tongue to the boy who has guided them up the mountain. The captain’s behaviour is in the same vein as the tit-for-tat revenge he takes on spitting llamas at the end of Prisoners of the Sun.

MOUNTAIN LANDSCAPE

Typically Hergé’s trawl for suitable material was not confined to a single source. His subscription to the National Geographic Magazine provided a series of photographs of value, a selection of them put away in his “Alpinisme” file. Number 29, for example, has an illustration relevant to the incident involving the ice axe on page 33. The caption explains: “Axe and spikes provide firm footing—climbing rope anchored around braced axe handle.” The central photograph of “Alpinisme 1” shows a glacier and ice cave with a marked resemblance to that depicted on pages 34 and 35 of the adventure. The verso of “Alpinisme 42” shows “rope climbers near Mount Rainier’s top” in almost identical positions to those of Tharkey, Tintin and Haddock on the second and fourth plates of page 43. The photograph Hergé filed as “Alpinisme 48” is just like the third plate on the same page. Another file, headed “Spéléologie,” offers other examples with “1950 France Spéléologie” providing further direct inspiration for the ice cave into which Haddock tumbles on page 34. Hergé’s Himalayan mountainscapes is by no means monotonous, even if for the most part, like his dreams, it is overwhelmingly white. His mastery of the medium allows demonstrations of graphic virtuosity such as the three plates across page 35 where the mountain range is continued from one to the next, allowing it to be viewed as one scene, enhancing the sense of time and space. The vivid Tibetan scenes of the adventure’s climax are matched by the compellingly realistic pages earlier showing New Delhi and Katmandu. There are, for in-
1 Himalayan porters. Photograph from Hergé’s files.
2 The porters preceded by Haddock, Tintin and Tharkey (page 16).
3-4 This photograph illustrating a difficult ascent was used by Hergé for Haddock’s perilous position on the overhang.
stance, delightful cameos of Delhi’s Qutab Minar and the Red Fort as Tintin and Haddock have time for some sightseeing on their stop-over. Such are the cinematic qualities, it is as if Hergé has taken a production team to these colourful cities and filmed on location. Indeed the setting was carefully put together on the desks of the Studios team in Brussels’ mundane Avenue Louise.

Even the adventure’s gentle opening in the French Alps has all the repose of a summer holiday at a mountain resort—until shattered by Tintin’s dream and news of Chang’s place on the crashed airliner. The clear, pure air is indeed like champagne. The hotel, with its stylish 1950s furniture, generous collection of paintings, houseplants, including monstera and rubber plant, could not be more typical and would have been highly familiar to Hergé with his love of holidays in the French and Swiss alps. Here he chooses the alpine resort of Vargese in Haute-Savoie where he also begins the JO, Zette and Jocko adventure of The Valley of the Cobras, completed in 1957 and first published in English in 1986.

PRECISION

The National Geographic again provided ideas. He even kept a file entitled “Piment,” “pepper. Glued to sheet three is a National Geographic colour photograph of red peppers drying in the sun in Majorca, a spectacle repeated by Hergé on page 11 of the adventure in Kathmandu. In his “Accidents” file he had a picture of the wreckage of a DC-6 crash near Cairo bearing similarities to the remains of the DC-3 on page 28 of the adventure. The markings of the DC-3 on page 9 are accurately copied from a picture of a Lockheed Constellation with Air India markings dated 1954 that can be found in Hergé’s civil aviation file. The Air India Constellation itself features as the airliner from which Tintin and Haddock disembark in New Delhi on page 6. Furthermore, under “Personnel Air India 1958,” he had a card showing aircrew and providing a model for the stewardess depicted on page 9. There is even a prototype for the bewildered traffic policeman on page 8.

However, his striving for accuracy and realism was to bring him a reproach. Hergé related how a representative of Indian Airways came to complain about the negative publicity he had caused by giving the crashed DC-3 its name, livery and emblem. “It’s scandalous! None of our aircraft has ever crashed! You are doing us a considerable wrong,” Hergé remembered him saying. In response he altered the stricken aircraft’s name and emblem. Nevertheless, he remained concerned that the fictional “Sari-Airways” he settled on might yet actually exist in a sub-continent with a good many airline companies. “Such is the price of precision,” he remarked.

By their singular determination to continue against the odds—Hergé the adventure and Tintin his search for Chang—the way was cleared for further episodes in the future. Tintin and Hergé each gained a new lease of life through this therapeutic adventure which had started so unpromisingly under the working title of Le Musée de la Vache (The Cow’s Snout) or even Le Musée de l’Ours or Le Musée du Yak (The Bear’s, or Yak’s Snout). Significantly, Hergé looked back to the reporter’s first globe-trotting forays and reverted to the Tin Tin... formula for the final title. Apart from Tintin au Pays de l’Or Noir, the French title of Land of Black Gold, there had not been a Tin Tin... since America, almost thirty years earlier. It was turned to again for the final adventures, the completed Tintin and the Picaros and the unfinished Tintin and Alph-Art. In between, however, there would be two more adventures where Tintin’s name did not feature in the title itself.

Tintin in Tibet stands out as an exceptional work because of Hergé’s personal predication and its concentration on the chief protagonists. The next adventure, The Castafiore Emerald, born out of his new, happier circumstances, would also be unique but as the only Tintin adventure where the reporter goes nowhere. An uninspired author could have called this uncharacteristic tale: Tin Tin Stays At Home.

1 Entretiens avec Hergé, op. cit., p. 183.
...Or that way?

Right: the scattered remains of a crashed DC-6 near Cairo; photograph filed under “Accidents” by Hergé.

Below: the wreckage of Chang’s plane (page 28).
The spotlight falls on Marlinspike as Tintin and a beleaguered Haddock stay at home, Castafiore comes to stay and Calculus falls in love.

**Tell me,**

**was I ever**

**Marga...**
For more than thirty years Tintin had been despatched to almost every corner of the world. For the past twenty years he had been accompanied by an increasingly travel-worn Haddock, anxious only to enjoy the considerable comfort of the ancestral home he had purchased with the help of Calculus at the end of Red Rackham's Treasure. Whenever previously Haddock had sung the praises of country life and craved its tranquility, it was a sure sign that Tintin was about to drag him off on another distant adventure.

"Ah, the merry month of May!... Spring, the sweet spring... Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-ew, to-witta-wool! The chorus of birds... the woodland flowers... the fragrant perfumes... the sweet-smelling earth! Breathe deeply, Tintin. Fill your lungs with fresh air... air so pure and sparkling you could drink it!" So opens the new adventure.

A bad odour cuts short the idyll, but this time Hergé was to grant Haddock—in so many respects his alter ego—his long-expected wish to stay put. However, there was a catch: the adventure itself would move to Marlingspike, and the Captain would have everything except the peace and quiet he yearned for. Mispah is piled upon mishap after his instant instinct to escape—an learning of the imminent arrival of the dreaded Castafiore—is scotched by an unfortunate accident.

**SOMETHING DIFFERENT**

Having spent years devising the conventions of construction of a strip cartoon adventure, Hergé decided on this occasion to ignore his own rules. He deliberately broke the classic adventure mould he had created. Using different methods and displaying great virtuosity, he succeeded in creating a comic masterpiece in the manner of a well-constructed stage comedy or farce. The Castafiore Emerald emerges as a tour de force of the strip cartoonist's art, quite unlike any other Tintin story. Had Hergé at this point decided to cave in to the relentless pressure he felt subjected to and end the adventures of Tintin, this would have been a suitable final volume to close the series.

"You are going to see the comedy... Quiet! And now take your seat in the theatre!"

On the cover Tintin, acting for Hergé, puts his finger to his lips and invites us to watch the comedy unfold. In Hergé's own words: "You are going to see the comedy... Quiet! And now take your seat in the theatre!!" The narrative, in the manner of an Agatha Christie detective novel, is littered from start to finish with clues, most of which are false, fooling Tintin as well as readers. And yet a highly discerning reader might just notice the key to the adventure in its very first, apparently innocuous plate.

"I took a mischievous pleasure in side-tracking the reader, in making him hold his breath while depriving myself of the traditional panoply of the strip cartoon: no villain, no real suspense, no adventure in the normal sense... A vague detective mystery with the key provided by a magpie... I wanted to amuse myself with the reader over a period of sixty-two weeks (during which page by page the story appeared in Tintin magazine), lead him on false trails, raise his interest in things which weren't worth his while..."

Hergé admitted "great pleasure" in composing a mystery so replete with red herrings and comedy. "Just another false trail," declares Tintin after finding a harmless owl to be responsible for the suspicious sounds in the attic.

The author's own experiences and preferences played a role in an adventure which also had its personal side, if not in the same sense or extent as in Tintin in Tibet. Not only Haddock longed to remain in peace at his country house. The fact that The Castafiore Emerald unfolds at Marlingspike, Hergé suggested, was "doubtless a subconscious projection of my own desire for rest."

The newly introduced character of the elusive stonemason, M. Boullé (dully translated as Mr Bolt in the English version), was based on someone who had actually worked for Hergé. He did not even bother to invent the name. "I had some experience in the matter: the changes to my

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1 Entretiens avec Hergé, op. cit, p. 166.
2 ibid., p. 196.
3 ibid., p. 186.
country house took two years! One day, after the publication of the book, I received a letter from a lady living in Brabant, asking if the Boullu of the Castafiore Emerald was the same Boullu who had once constructed a terrace for her, a terrace which she wanted to repair. If this was the case, could I please pass on to her his present address? Similarly the incident with the local brass band, of which it should be noted both Boullu and the butcher Sanzot (Cutte in English) were members, was based on an actual experience of Hergé's. A band rolled up uninvited at his country retreat, played a tune and drank him out of house and home. To cap it all, they left offering three cheers for Spirou, the cartoon creation of a rival. His observation of the Marlingspike Prize Band (Harmonie de Moulinsart in the original French) and its rendering of a congratulatory aubade could hardly be more authentic for in his files he kept a cutting of exactly such an ensemble, its uniform and instruments, headed "L'Orphéon, France." After Castafiore forces a reluctant Haddock to reward the players with champagne, they too leave totally inebriated "several glasses later."

EXPERIENCE

Hergé also had a good deal of experience of the press: from the start of his career with the Vingt-Quatre Heures, through the wartime years with Le Soir, to becoming himself a subject of interest as a result of fame and fortune. His inclusion in The Castafiore Emerald scenario of paparazzi—even more poignantly topical today than then—was bound to be spotted. There is no more mistaking the derivation of Paris-Flash, a glossy, gossipy weekly obviously modelled on Paris-Match, than Castafiore's choice of jewellery by Tristan Bior! "It's not that this necklace is particularly valuable: it's only fashion jewellery. But it's from Tristan Bior. And say what you like, Bior is still Bior." And, it may be echoed, come what may, Christian Dior remains Christian Dior.

It is noteworthy that La Castafiore's carefully chosen wardrobe—a different outfit for every occasion—is clearly by a couturier of similar standing. It is quite as extravagant and elegant as that of Maria Callas, the most talked about contemporary diva and clear post-war model for Hergé's Milanese Nightingale. Callas was pursued by paparazzi seeking titbits on her private life, her affair with Aristotle Onassis, the tantrums with theatre managements. Like Callas, Castafiore has, according to the press, had her amorous attachments. She tries to reassure Haddock: "But it doesn't mean a thing. The newspapers have already engaged me to the Maharaja of Gopal, to Baron Hamaszout, the Lord Chamberlain of Sydavia, to Colonel Sponsz, to the Marquis di Gorgonzola, and goodness knows who. So you see, I'm quite used to it..." Like other celebrities, Castafiore has a love-hate relationship with the popular press, on the one hand despising, on the other cultivating it, but always becoming a victim of publicity. "Oh, I almost forgot... The reporters will probably run to earth here. May I ask my brave sailor to protect me?... Not a single interview, no publicity, no photographs... nothing! I came here incognito; you must help me escape."

Hergé conjures up wonderfully appropriate names for the two Paris-Flash reporters whom readers might already have spotted at the end of The Black Island. They return to Marlingspike for another interview in Tin tin and the Picarois. Castafiore herself delights in introducing them here to a singularly unenthusiastic Haddock. "Permettez-moi de vous presenter Jean-Loup de la Batellerie, et le photographe Walter Rizzato, de Paris-Flash." In the English translation the reporter becomes rather promisingly Christopher Willoughby-Druce, though the photographer's first name is for some reason unnecessarily amended to Marco. They certainly look and play their parts to perfection, completely misinterpreting Calculus' few remarks and blowing them up into the sensational cover story declaring the imminent nuptials between the Captain and Castafiore. The already damned journalists of "Tempo di Roma" by sneaking into Marlingspike manage to produce a feature entitled "La Diva e il Pappagallo" that is no better, this time invoking the wrath of Castafiore. "No! I won't stand for it! I tell you: I won't stand for it! I'll take them to court!... I'll have them locked up!... To make fun of a poor, weak woman!"

The Italian photo-reporters—one is called Gino—behave suspiciously from their first appearance outside Marlingspike Hall in a cream coloured Alfa Rome (final plate on page 9). Like true paparazzi, they lurk expectantly in the Marlingspike grounds from which they are first chased by Snowy and Tin tin, and then by an angry squadron of wasps they have disturbed. When they finally make their getaway on page 35, having surreptitiously got their photographs, a keen-eyed reader will note their car has a Rome numberplate, indicating that they are indeed paparazzi and not common crooks after Castafiore's jewels. Gino reappears this time for a photograph of Haddock, among the throng of journalists that descend on Marlingspike in Tin tin and the Picarois. The television types who roll up late and take over Marlingspike's imposing maritime gallery are as acutely observed. The bow-tied presenter is dapper.

Marlingspike's elegant furnishings were modeled on such period pieces (page 31).
1 "L’Orphéon France" band provided Hergé with a model.
2 "The Maltese Porsche Band" congratulating Castalire and Haddock on their "engagement" (page 29).
3 Fur coat from the 1960 winter collection included among Hergé's papers.
4 The "Milanese Nightingale" remains a dedicated follower of fashion.
5 Extract from a luggage and leatherware catalogue retained by the artist.
6 Bianca Castalire finds her luggage awaiting her. (Page 11)
1 The gipsies’ fireside music-making (page 40).
2 The photograph which inspired Hergé.
3 Suspected of theft, the travellers move on (page 47).
4 Hergé copied almost exactly a book cover showing gipsies (page 47).
and confident. The casually turned out producer—André in the original, Andy in the English version—never removes his sunglasses and constantly draws on a cigarette. Apart from a team of technicians, there is also a serious-looking, bespectacled female research assistant, not unattractive in a bright pink jacket and knee length dark skirt. While Hergé’s own direct experience of journalists is evident, he punctuates the narrative with other personal touches, left to be spotted by observant readers. There is, for instance, the book being read by Tintin on page 43: Robert Louis Stevenson’s Treasure Island, a favourite of Hergé’s which, together with Defoe’s Robinson Crusoe and Tho Three Musketeers, he numbered among his top ten books.

There are other delightful details. Supreme egotist that she is, it is hardly surprising that Castafiore adorns her dressing table with a large portrait photograph of herself. But as a declared enthusiast for Dior, alias Bior, it is less predictable that arrayed on the same table should be a large bottle of Lanvin scent, recognisable by its distinctive silhouette. Earlier, she immodestly presents Tintin with a long-playing record of her singing in Faust. “I thought it would remind you of our first meeting in Sylvania (King Ottokar’s Sceptre). Do you remember?” “Shall I ever forget it? Of course, that was the first time I heard you sing the Jewel Song from Faust.” Oddly, for the English edition the record is entitled “Margarethe,” the name by which Gounod’s opera is sometimes known in Germany but not in England where “Faust” is usual. In the original French version, the record sleeve has Castafiore singing in “Faust.” With Tintin by now well established in Britain, The Castafiore Emerald became the first book in the series to be published in England in the same year—1963—as in Belgium and France. It unfolded week by week in Tintin magazine from July 4, 1961 to September 4, 1962.

SYMPATHY

Hergé had originally intended the adventure to centre more on the gypsies, a misunderstood minority group for which he typically had some sympathy. Haddock’s instant intolerance on seeing them encamped by the rubbish tip quickly changes when he learns they have been forced there by the authorities. He responds generously. “Blistering barnacles! Now, just you listen to me. You’re not staying here! There’s a large meadow near the Hall, beside a stream. You can move in there whenever you like.” As Haddock walks away with Tintin, he adds: “Making people live on a dung-heep like this. It’s revolting.” “I’m glad you could help them,” Tintin replies. Earlier Tintin does what he can to console the little gipsy girl Marka who has lost her way in the woods, and then trips and bangs her head; a rare contact between Tintin and a girl in—Castafiore excepted—the predominantly male world in which he moves.

Before the story moves away from the gypsies and they—as figures under suspicion—move off Marlinspike land, Hergé portrays the prejudice against them and the rancour of one of their number, Mateo in the original French, banally translated into Mike in the English edition. When Thompson finally finds out about the Romany camp at Marlinspike, he jumps to a predictable conclusion: “Is that true? Why didn’t you say so before? They’re the villains, without a shadow of doubt!” “But look here, what proof have you?” interjects Tintin. “Proof? We shall find it!... Those sort of people are always偷偷ing! There’s no time to be lost: take us to their camp.” Of course, the suspicion is heightened when no camp is to be found. “They’ve done a bunk,” pronounces Thomson. The detectives persist in their belief of the gipsies’ guilt to the bitter end and Tintin’s revelation of the real culprit.

“So far as we’re concerned, there’s absolutely nothing Tintin can add to the case. Once and for all, the job was done by gipsies, with the help of their monkey... It’s as clear as day to us, eh Thomson?” When Tintin pulls the wool from everyone’s eyes, the detectives respond famously: “Just our luck! The one time we manage to catch the culprits they turn out to be innocent! It’s really too bad of them! You’d think they’d done it on purpose!”

The Romany wagons and gipsy garb are, as one would expect of Hergé, faithfully and colourfully reproduced.

With great skill he creates a night scene by the camp fire on page 40. The setting, illuminated by moonlight and the warm red glow of the fire is brilliantly evocative, with highly effective use of chiaroscuro. Mateo (Mike) plays the guitar just like the bottom figure in an illustration Hergé had kept and filed away among his papers under the heading “Musique, Tsiganes” (Music, Gypsies). He also incidentally fulfils the Oxford dictionary definition of the gipsy as a “race living by basket-making, fortune-telling, etc.” by showing them engaged in both activities.

A GENIUS IN LOVE

Calculus, the multi-talented scientist who succeeded in landing Tintin and others on the Moon, is here shown in a more human light. In an apparent tribute to Professor Auguste Piccard, his model in real life,
Bianca Castafiore greets him as a famous balloonist. “How enchanting, how absolutely thrilling to meet you; the man who makes all those daring ascents in balloons!”

When I began this book, my aim was to simplify further, to try this time to tell a story where nothing happened. I wanted simply to see if I could keep the reader in suspense until the end.

Soon Calculus displays a visible weakness for so illustrious a representative of her sex and art, having what he terms the “inspiration” to breed a new rose and name it after her. “Yes, Bianca, like our delightful guest. This rose shall be called ‘Bianca Castafiore’. A charming compliment, don’t you think?”

At her departure, he conceals the splendid bouquet behind his back before presenting it with a carefully considered speech: “Dear lady, I beg you to accept these humble roses, the first of a new variety I have created... I have ventured to give them your beautiful name, ‘Bianca!’ “What a sweet idea!” she responds before sniffling them. “They are exquisite... Ex-xx-quisite...” Then the coup de fole: “Dear Professor, let me embrace you!” as she gives the delighted Calculus an almighty smacker. Unlike Haddock, he is a willing recipient of her attention. “Goodbye, dear lady...” he waves, the lipstick still imprinted on his blushing cheek. “Come back soon!!” As it is, on the pretext of attending the International Television Congress, it is Calculus who pursues her to Milan and with an invitation to return to Marlinspike!

Calculus had no chance to come up with any ground-breaking invention during his cursory appearance in Tintin in Tibet. Here he produces a most imperfect attempt at colour television, but nevertheless some five years ahead of its day. As ever Hergé, well prepared and informed, was able to anticipate developments. One can only hope that by the time Calculus demonstrated his “Super-Calocolor” at the Milan television congress, it was more convincing than at its Marlinspike trial. Thare the guests invited to witness what Calculus describes as a “historic moment” were dazzled, dazed and left with eyes smarting from the topsy-turvy, wildly flickering images of primary colour with which they were confronted. It isn’t quite the breakthrough Calculus makes out. “Tintin! Captain! My dear friends!... A sensational discovery!... Sensational!... I’ve just invented a television set!” To which Haddock replies splendidly: “You old pioneer!” “Colour television, of course! The other day, looking at all those sets, I thought what a pity the pictures are only in black and white!” He goes on to explain his technique, ignoring Haddock’s attempt to refer to the latest developments in America (in the original French edition).

The Marlinspike experiment is one of Calculus’ few failures, ranking with the first prototype of the shark submarine which collapses under his weight in Red Rackham’s Treasure. In this adventure at least, Cuthbert Calculus is luckier in love than in invention. As for colour television, it had to wait for the adventure after next, Tintin and the Picarreta, published as a book in 1976, for its proper appearance in the adventures. In the next book, Flight 714 (1968), the excruciating Wagg and his family are left watching a black and white set at the adventure’s conclusion. Incidentally, a story of a stolen jewel presents a wonderful opportunity for a tenacious insurance salesman and the cigar-puffing, purple-suited Wagg just happens to drop by and join the besiegers of Marlinspike.

PERFECT ACHIEVEMENT, HALF-SUCCESS

After the seriousness and poignancy of the Tibetan adventure, the almost static, drawing room face of The Castafiore Emerald, catapulting characters and readers along a succession of false trails, offers unalloyed amusement. Hergé admitted enjoying immensely his work on the story. “When I began this book, my aim was to simplify further, to try this time to tell a story where nothing happened. Without resorting to anything exotic (except the gypsies), I wanted simply to see if I could keep the reader in suspense until the end.” He did, and earned critical acclaim for his achievement. However, The Castafiore Emerald has never gained the public recognition it merits, perhaps because of its experimental, exceptional nature. It has a loyal following but unjustly fails to rank as one of the most popular Tintin books. It was a departure from a well-established pattern to which Hergé would now return in the remaining two adventures he was able to complete.

Above all, Calculus is an inventor, far ahead of his time, and no scientific or technical field is unknown to him. Sometimes, however, he could be a little more successful. (Page 48)

1 Entretiens avec Hergé, op cit., p. 70.
1 A selection of jewels for Hergé to choose from.
2 Castaforo, resplendent in her jewels, keeps Wagg at bay (page 42).
3 Presentation of jewels. Advertisement from the artist's files.
4 The missing emerald (page 80).
Tintin returns to long distance travel in his most far-fetched adventure with its extra-terrestrial dimension.
Tintin's publishers and his by now huge world-wide audience had to wait four years for his next adventure to materialise. After approaching forty years of toil with his hero, Hergé's enthusiasm was no longer boundless. He craved for a change which Tintin's success would not allow.

His private passion at the time was contemporary painting and though distinctly publicity shy about his own work, he would not miss private views of topical modern artists at Brussels' galleries. Such were the financial rewards of Tintin that he could easily afford to toy with the idea of abandoning the reporter to take up painting instead. Such a move, moreover, promised to relieve him of the stress which still brought on the disagreeable eczema rashes to which he was prone.

**TEMPTATION**

Long ago, aware of his talents as a boy, his parents considered formal art training and he was enrolled for drawing lessons at the Ecole Saint-Luc in Brussels. But any enthusiasm instantly evaporated when he was placed before a plaster Corinthian capital and told to copy it as accurately as possible. He never returned to Saint-Luc or any other art school, preferring to instruct himself. So, self-taught, he began years later to dabble and experiment with paint. But he was always his sternest critic and failed to be convinced that painting was in fact a valid alternative for him. "I got fed up with Tintin and tried to paint for four years," he told The Sunday Times in 1968, "but if one wants to paint, it must come from here (the heart), and for me that is already occupied by Tintin, however unfortunately. So I was caught again."

Instead, using his discerning eye and judgement, he would cultivate his interest in contemporary art by continuing to collect works. There is a splendid reference to the world of salon rooms and collectors in the new adventure as billionaire Laszlo Carreidas picks up a call on the airport tarmac. "Hello... Yes... Of course: the Parker-Bennett sale... Well?... Three Picassos, two Braques and a Renoir... Junk!... Anyway, I haven't an inch of space to hang them. What's that?... Onassis after them?... Then buy... Got them all... What?... I don't care how much, buy!"

Hergé would on other occasions allude to modern art in the adventures, actually entering the flamboyant world of galleries and dealers with which he was so familiar in his final, unfinished work, Tintin and Alph-Art.

After accomplishing such a well-crafted domestic detective drama in The Castafiore Emerald, Hergé allowed himself time to cast around for new ideas for his next Tintin adventure, so desperately demanded by his publishers and public.

"I wanted to change, to return to adventure with a capital A... yet without altogether going back to it. I wanted to demystify adventure in a way, through 'baddies' who are not as bad as that, and 'goodies' who are not so good... There are, however, a great many tricks and betrayals in this story: Carreidas' rigged game of battleships, the behaviour of the distinguished Spalding, etc..." Hergé explained to Sadoul. In The Sunday Times interview of 1968, he elaborated on his portrayal of Spalding: "an English public school man, obviously the black sheep of his family."

Resurrecting his vintage villain Rastapopoulos after his last minute escape at the end of Red Sea Sharks—still Moriany to Tintin's Holmes—he proceeded to humiliate him. “During the story, I realised that when all was said and done Rastapopoulos and Allan were pathetic figures. Yes, I discovered this after giving Rastapopoulos the attire of a de luxe cowboy; he appeared to..."

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me to be so grotesque dressed up in this manner that he ceased to impress me. The villains were debunked: in the end they seemed above all ridiculous and wretched. You see, that’s how things evolved... Thus undone my villains appeared to me a little bit more likeable. They are rogues, but poor rogues.""

NEW CHARACTERS
Apart from the familiar villainous figures of Rastapopoulos and Allan, Hergé introduces the particularly sinister Dr Krollopp, ready with syringe and truth drug to make his victims talk. His cadaverous appearance, orenium incongruously capped by a baseball hat, his dark glasses, miserable beard and bad teeth, his cackling laugh, all contribute to a picture of unmitigated evil. He is clearly another ex-Nazi—modelled no doubt on the notorious Dr Mengele of Auschwitz—in the pay of the unscrupulous and immoral Rastapopoulos. "Dr Krollopp probably ‘worked’ in a nazi camp," Hergé was to admit. Like his model, Krollopp managed to slip away at the war’s end and find a distant refuge, gaining employment, according to the original account, as director of a psychiatric clinic in New Delhi: an institution the sinisterness of which Hergé already revealed in The Cigars of the Pharaoh. For some inexplicable reason, Hergé’s English translators decided that Krollopp’s clinic should be in Cairo rather than New Delhi. More fundamentally they decided to drop the flight destination from the adventure’s title, so Hergé’s Vol 714 pour Sydney becomes simply Flight 714.

After initially portraying Krollopp in such unequivocally evil terms, Hergé modifies the picture after the doctor learns—thanks to the truth serum—that he too is to be swindled by Rastapopoulos. “You, doctor, I promised you forty thousand dollars to help me get the account number out of Carreidas. And all the time I’d made a plan to eliminate you when the job was done... Diabolical wasn’t it... Don’t you agree?” So Krollopp changes sides and ends by helping Tintin and Haddock.

The other newly-created character, business tycoon Laszlo Carreidas is equally enigmatic. Though ostensibly friendly with Tintin and Haddock—inviting them to fly with him in his private jet—he proves to be thoroughly undesirable, from his systematic cheating when playing “Battleships” to placing their lives in jeopardy through his extreme selfishness. As Hergé noted, it becomes hard to decide who is more odious: Tintin’s sworn enemy Rastapopoulos or Carreidas who has supposedly befriended him. The English translation, incidentally, takes another curious liberty with regard to Carreida’s age, rejuvenating him by seven years with a birth date of 1906 instead of 1899 in the French edition.

Carreidas, “the man who never laughs” whose extensive business interests range from the aircraft industry, electronics and oil to woodpens and the suitably named soft drink Sani-Cola, was discernibly modelled on Marcel Dassault, the French aerospace magnate and manufacturer of the Mirage jet fighter. As if to consolidate his considerable power and influence, Dassault was also a MP in the French parliament (Assemblée Nationale). I remember as a reporter in Paris having to listen to his incredibly dull speeches on matters relating to defence industries. Small in stature, spectacles perched on his nose just like Carreidas, of generally insignificant appearance in a grey flannel suit, he hardly looked a pillar of the French establishment Hergé’s introduction of this new, less than sympathetic character is masterly: Haddock sighting a miserable, dishevelled looking figure sitting disconsolately in the airport waiting room, sneezing uncontrollably. The well meaning Haddock imagines him to be down on his luck. “Look at him, not a penny... Where does he come from? How long since he had a square meal?... Alone in the world... No one to care... Human flotsam, one of life’s failures... even catches cold in the tropics.” Picking up the stranger’s battered hat, Haddock discreetly slips a five dollar note into it, imagining the down and out’s gratitude on finding he can finally afford a well-filled sandwich.

A couple of pages on Carreidas, accompanied by his dapper secretary Spalding, appears shambling along, his hat back on and the collar note sticking out from behind his ear. Haddock has meanwhile bumped into an old acquaintance, the Estonian pilot Skut, befriended in The Red Sea Sharks and now in the employ of the unprepossessing looking Carreidas. Skut effaces an introduction, but Haddock predictably takes the tall, suavely dressed figure of Spalding for the billionaire, noting to himself: “Still, he must be kind-hearted: he’s taken that little emigrant under his wing. Good for him!” A moment later Professor Calculus, seeing the dollar note, pulls it away from behind the billionaire’s ear, causing the man who never laughs to dissolve in mirth.

“A remarkable day, gentlemen! I haven’t laughed for years! We must have a proper celebration... Allow me to offer you some Sani-Cola. Healthy, invigorating, overflowing with chlorophyll...” So much so that when Haddock discreetly empties his glass into the departure lounge potted plant, it swiftly withers and dies.

THE OPENING: A TOUR DE FORCE
The adventure’s opening in the airport terminal is a tour de force notably superior to what follows. Hergé admitted being fascinated by the possibilities offered by an airport setting. After completing the subsequent, final complete adventure, Tintin and the Picaro, he told Numa Sadoul that his next idea would have an airport for its setting. “I would very much like everything to happen in an airport, from start to finish. An airport is a centre rich in human possibilities, a meeting point for various nationalities; the whole world is to be found

1 Entretiens avec Hergé, op. cit., p. 70.
2 Ibid., p. 182.
1 Marcel Dassault, French aircraft manufacturer, industrialist, press baron and politician. Hergé used him as the model for Lusio Carelde.

2 Carelde, “the man who never laughs”, confusing his mediterranean and showing all his rigidity, under the influence of the truth drug (page 24).

3 Hergé possessed ample documentation on all sorts of animals. Here a proboscis monkey from Borneo.

4 The monkey on page 42 presents an obvious physical resemblance to Rastapopoulos.

5 Photograph of a Komodo dragon (monitor), an unusual reptile, filed along with others in the fauna category.

6 Tintin and Haddock disturb a monitor (page 35).
Is dinghy from Carreidas 160... Zafi is suggesting how adventure can be finishink for Tintin and comrades.

I see someting in ve sky! What if it?

... and you are havink to board rubber dinghy.

1 The villains, saved from the volcanic eruption, see a flying saucer pass over their heads (page 94).
2 Photograph showing a flying saucer or what appears to be one, from Hergé's collection.
3 Tintin, Haddock and Snowy transfer from the spaceship to the life raft (page 80).
4 A contemporary inflatable life raft, which Hergé took as a model.
scaled down at an airport! There anything can happen, tragedies, jokes, things exotic, adventure..."

Certainly the first seven pages of Flight 714 are rich in encounters, comedy and intrigue. Thereafter the adventure loses subtlety in both narrative and drawing, with the Studio and particularly Bob De Moor responsible for a good deal more than the usual background and detail. While De Moor's work had previously done-tailored well with Hergé's, and there is no doubting his talent as a strip cartoonist, evident in his own books, his drawing line is less sophisticated, less charged than Hergé's. It lacks the master's electricity and is, by comparison, coarser. It is as if in the world of the Old Masters, one was to compare the genius of Raphael with the talent of his most gifted pupil, Giulio Romano. Haddock's already expressive face can become overly so; the close-ups of Allan and Rastapopoulos are on occasions more than merely grotesque, they are crude—nowhere more so than the plate on page 37 where Allan rips the plaster off his boss's neck. While Hergé has been criticized (and was critical himself) of the rough and ready nature of some of the drawing in the first Tintin adventure (In the Land of the Soviets), there is not one plate there as displeasing as some of the excesses to be found in Flight 714.

The narrative too degenerates after such a promising start. Open to every topical subject, Hergé was fascinated by the debated over the possible existence of extra terrestrial life. However, the introduction of a flying saucer into a Tintin adventure casts aside one of the key canons of the Tintin adventures: that they should be rooted in reality. Even the most fantastic and prophetic of the adventures, Tintin's landing on the Moon, was extraordinarily realistic—and gained from being so. Though restrained, with only the saucer itself and the strange rock carvings as evidence, the introduction of this extra terrestrial element in Flight 714 is esoteric and speculative enough to weaken and trivialize the whole adventure. "I shouldn't perhaps have shown the flying saucer quite so precisely," Hergé later admitted. In this case he was either wrong or too far ahead of his time.

Matters are luckily brought emphatically back to earth by the satirical appearance in front of his television set of Jolyon Wagg and family for the closing sequence of the adventure. If the beginning and end of a book are its most important parts, then to some extent Flight 714 succeeds, even if it lacks the consistent quality of the preceding adventures.

"I like to divert."

WEIRDNESS
The weirdness of the adventure's development is not confined to the flying saucer. Literally hearing voices, Tintin, under gunfire from Allan and his men, is directed to a subterranean cavern/temple where a bizarre character suddenly pops out of its shadows. Hergé introduces this new figure as Mik Ezdanitoff, recognized by Tintin as "the celebrated Ezdanitoff of the magazine Comet." For the name, Hergé resorted as so often to Brussels dialect (here meaning "isn't that great!"), for the boffin-like character, he locked to the television personality and author Jacques Bergier of Planète magazine.

In a lapse of inspiration, Hergé's English translators—well below par in this adventure—changed the name to Mik Kanroktioff and gave him a funny accent worse than anything concocted by Monty Python, going much further than the purring r's of Hergé's French. So Tintin recognizes him as "the famous Kanroktioff of the magazine Space-Week." And Kanroktioff explains: "I am initiate, so to say... Zat is, like number of other men, actink as link between earth and... another planet. My job to keep... or... extra-terrestrials informed on all aspects of human activity... Understandink'... Meetink with zem on zis island, twice a year..."

Haddock's response is quite justified, "I've had enough of you and your cock-and-bull story! I don't believe a word of it. You can't fool me with your astronomical asininalities!" But Kanroktioff silences him and goes on: "Nu, to continue. Astroskip bringink me here last night. Zis mornink observed great activity on this island, which is usually deserted..." The unbearable accent goes on. What it could be remains a mystery, unaided by a "Nie?!" (No!) randomly thrown into the English version, for Russian it certainly is not. The accent given by Hergé in French is much less absurd and, like the name Ezdanitoff itself, suggests something East European, perhaps Bulgarian. Whatever nationality, this character, created in the image of the typical scientist/mathematician to be found on any university campus, is an expert on telepathy—aided by the thought transmitter conveniently attached to his spectacle plates—and hypnosis. "I like to divert," Hergé told Sadoul. "Ezdanitoff is diverging..." Jacques Bergier was delighted to see himself thus sketched as the initiate: now he features in a strip cartoon! The astonishing Bergier..." Apart from his..."

1 Entretiens avec Hergé, op. cit., p. 209.
2 Ibid., p. 189.
of Mexico well before the Maya civilization. It depicts a facial type untypical of the region wearing a strange helmet. Charroux suggests that this could be a representation of an extra terrestrial cosmonaut, venerated as a god who arrived from “the shining planet” and returned “on a flying machine.” A belief maintained in Maya and Inca traditions.

Hergé found this absorbing and created a similar huge, helmeted stone head as the centrepiece of the subterranean temple, which is additionally adorned with primitive drawings of flying saucers and cosmonauts. “See there, on wall. Is certainly machine used by people from... er... other planet,” Kanrokitoff points out.

It is not the first time in many adventures that Tintin finds himself unexpectedly in an underground cave or temple. Already in Tintin in America he uncovers a subterranean passage used by redskins venerating their ancestral spirits; in Black Island he finds a rocky corridor leading to the cave where the counterfeiters have their printing press. Most notably in Prisoners of the Sun he discovers the underground route to the Temple of the Sun. Now on an Indonesian island he wanders warily through the eerie lit spaces of the temple with its bizarre images, stalactites and stalagmites. “It’s queer. It reminds me of that strange light in the Temple of the Sun,” Tintin tells Haddock.

For his graphic drawing of a volcano in eruption and the molten rivers of lava flowing from it, Hergé delved into his files and a selection of photographs he kept of Etna erupting and of Kilauea in Hawaii. He may have been stretching the bounds of accepted reality with aspects of this adventure, but typically in the science/astronomy section of his archives he also had a picture of a flying saucer he could refer to.

The design and rendering (by aircraft expert Roger Leloup) of the Carreidas swing-wing jet prototype is painstakingly executed and, of course, viable. Carreidas offers a flabbergasted Haddock a technical explanation of the procedure: “Well, the wings are pivoted at the leading edge. The pilot has to move them forward to give maximum lift for take-off or landing. As he goes through the sound barrier he has them in mid-position. Then in supersonic flight he swings them right back: and that’s what’s happening now...”

For Tintin magazine Leloup produced a magnificently detailed double page sectional view and description of the Carreidas 160 jet. British readers will be gratified to learn that it was powered by Rolls-Royce RB 272 Turbocan engines.

**UNKNOWN CALCULUS**

Calculus, whom by now is addressed as Cuthbert (Tryphon in the original French) instead of the more respectful “Professor” by both Tintin and Haddock, is—as in The Castafiore Emerald—in vintage form after his disappointing appearance in the Tibet adventure. The sequence of mishapings as they disembark at Djakarta’s Kemajoran airport is priceless. He succeeds unintentionally in the impossible: making Carreidas laugh, whether by his apparent conjuring trick producing the five dollar note from behind the billionaire’s ear or by his exuberant display of savate or French boxing. “And you, Professor. You enjoy Battleships?” he is asked. “Battleships? I used to be very good... And not only battleship. I’ve been an all-round sportsman in my time, though you may not think so now. Tennis, swimming, rugger, soccer, fencing, skating... I did them all in my young days. Not forgetting the ring, too: wrestling, boxing, and even savate...” “Savate?” “No, no, no! I said savate. French boxing... Stars above! They make me laugh nowadays with their judo and their karate. Savate! That was real fighting!... Using your feet as well as your fists... I was a champion... unbeatable... just you watch this... Hup!” and down he crashes. “Perhaps I’m a little out of practice. I’d soon come back if I went into training.” “Ha! Ha! Ha! He’s a remarkable fellow!” chuckles Carreidas while Haddock risks provoking a temper fit—as in Destination Moon—by calling on him to stop “acting the goat.” Luckily he manages to backtrack in time: “Er... I... er... was saying you... must stop tiring yourself out.”

But the professor’s fury does flare later when Carreidas flicks off his hat. He subjects the billionaire to a severe mauling, halted only by Tintin and Haddock physically restraining him. The otherwise docile Calculus has the penultimate word when, in the concluding television interview, he produces “a metal rod with a hemispherical head” found in his pocket. “Nuts! It’s a common-or-garden valve! Pinched from a car engine,” volunteers Jolyon Wagg in front of his television set. “But the matter really assumes a fantastic character when...”
1. Herge had a miniature model made of the huge pivoting statue located under the temple. Here it is in open and closed positions.

2. The statue closes suddenly. (Page 43)

3. Model of the Carreidas 160 and its technical specifications drawn for TinTin magazine by Roger Leloup, the aeronautical expert in the Studio.

4. The cabin of the Carreidas 160. Haddock is about to engage in a game of battleships hardly suspecting the outcome is rigged (page 8).

5. Now then, Captain, what about a little game of Battleships?

   Fine!
I tell you this object is made of a metal not found on our earth," Calculus says. The professor explains that analysis shows it to be "cobalt in the natural state, alloyed with iron and nickel." He goes on: "Since cobalt in the natural state does not occur on earth, this object is of extra-terrestrial origin." Wagg continues his put-down: "Bats in the belfry! ...Come on, Prof, give us some more! Go the whole hog! I say it dropped off a flying saucer. Made by a Martian with his little space-kit... Tell that to Lord Nelson, he'll fall off his column laughing!" Hergé had left readers waiting to see if the irreplaceable Wagg was to appear in this adventure. He does with a vengeance as late as page 60 for a brilliant finale: without tie or collar, wearing belt and braces, drinking beer, pontificating before the television, his frightful family in attendance. A sobering end to an adventure which had perhaps gone too far.

The final plate has Tintin, accompanied by Haddock and Calculus, joining the passengers for Qantas Flight 714 for Sydney, a trip to the one continent so far neglected by the globe-trotting reporter. Though by now internationally known figures (certainly since the Moon landing), Haddock discreetly carries a reminder of their origins: a copy of Le Soir, the Belgian daily for which Hergé had worked during the difficult war years.

For the next and final adventure, however, Tintin was not to tangle with kangaroos, koalas or aborigines—all of which could well have appealed to Hergé. Instead he would be forced to return to South America, a continent he had travelled to twice before, and to a familiar republic, revolution-prone San Theodoros.
A reluctant Tintin returns to revolutionary San Theodoros for his final complete adventure.
Since his debut in January 1929 Tintin had completed twenty-two adventures. For forty years Hergé had been compelled to come up with original and convincing scenarios for his hero and the ‘family’ he had built up around him. It had never been easy, always a struggle in one respect or another. Hergé hated the element of compulsion that Tintin brought, the lack of respite he afforded. He depicted himself as a convict sentenced to forced labour with Tintin as the merciless overseer. His health invariably suffered whenever he was forced back to the drawing board. Medically, Tintin caused his eczema.

IDEAS
Flight 714 saw Hergé celebrate his sixtieth birthday. He was in no hurry to work on the next adventure although he had been mulling over an idea inspired by Latin American liberation movements since the early 1960s. Castro’s 1956 vow to grow his beard until his revolutionaries liberated Cuba stuck in his mind. He toyed with the idea of a band of guerrillas (led obviously by Alcazar) who similarly let their moustaches grow with comic possibilities—such as getting caught up with their machine guns. As the Spanish for moustached is ‘bigotudo’, the adventure in its raw form became first Los Bigotudos, then evolved into Tintin and the Bigotudos, before finally emerging minus the moustache motif as Tintin and the Picaros.

With the passage of time and the treatment of so many subjects, Hergé found conjuring up a new adventure more, not less, difficult. He felt entitled, meanwhile, to take a break and to embark at last on some of the travel he had allowed Tintin. No longer was his astoundingly convincing vision of the world to be limited to what he was able to glean from encyclopedias and his formidable collection of newspaper clippings.

TRAVELS
So he traveled to the not-so-Wild West, meeting the once proud Sioux on their reservation, sad victims of modern times, of exploitation and alcoholism; in Rapid City, South Dakota, he bought himself a rigid Stetson, the equal of Rastapopoulos’ ridiculous headgear in Flight 714. It was not something he wore in Brussels, except, he confessed, at home in front of the mirror. More adventurously, he took up an invitation proffered many years earlier—in recognition of his pro-Chinese stand in The Blue Lotus—by Madame Chiang Kaishik, wife of the Chinese nationalist leader, to visit Taiwan.

Declaring himself something of an Anglophile, he came to England. While Switzerland remained his natural holiday refuge, he also visited Italy, Greece, Denmark, Sweden and the Bahamas, apart from his trips to the United States. He was no longer an armchair traveller, even if he could never hope to catch up with Tintin.

However, Tintin’s attitude to globe-trotting had changed too. By the time the reporter embarked on this final completed adventure, he had lost much of his earlier zest for travel, his previously insatiable ‘Reiselust’. “In this story,” Hergé noted, “Tintin asks for nothing more than to stay at home.” Mirroring Haddock in earlier adventures, it is now Tintin who is extremely reluctant to leave the comfort of Marlinspike Hall. He even allows the captain and professor to set out alone for South America in their bid to secure the release from prison of Blanca Cestafore, her maid Irma, accompanist Igor Wagner and the Thom(p)sons. But he soon relents, knowing full well that they have been lured into a trap. “You’d hardly left when I began to blame myself for not having gone with you,” he tells Haddock and Calculeus when he catches up with them in San Theodoros. “I thought of all our friends in prison and the need to try to save them... So I took a plane...”

At the end of the adventure, aboard a jumbo jet bound for home, Haddock ex-
presses a familiar sentiment. "Blistering barricades, I shan't be sorry to be back home in Marlinspike..." This time Tintin, whose adventures have all come to an end, replies: "Me too, Captain..."

As he approaches retirement, Tintin has changed. Typical of some men in mid-life, he has tried not altogether convincingly some rejuvenating touches. After twenty-two adventures, or nearly fifty years of sturdy wear, he discards his distinctive plus fours, preferring in their place a pair of slightly flared brown jeans. For footwear, loafers replace his old brown walking shoes. He may be more "with it" by mid-1970s standards, but persistently such image modernising only succeeds in dating the adventure. The plus fours were both a hallmark of this intrepid reporter and much more timeless. To alter Tintin's appearance at the end of his career was not only superficial but a mistake.

Tintin has also a fashionable sheepskin-lined flying jacket for motorcycling and is, readers gather from the pan-the-bomb sticker on his helmet, a supporter of nuclear disarmament. "That's normal: Tintin is a pacifist, he was always anti-war!" Hergé explained.

GESTATION

Hergé's own travels and his lengthy deliberations on the new adventure meant that his public had a long wait for its appearance. There had been a four-year gestation for Flights 714; another eight years elapsed before Tintin and the Picares appeared. "The idea took a long while to take shape," Hergé explained. "It was like a seed which took its time germinating. I had a framework: South America. There was the Régis Debray affair, the Tupamaros guerrillas, some events connected with this vague idea or framework. But nothing took shape for a long while: a trigger was needed." Hergé had to think of a reason to send Tintin back to South America. "How about sending Tintin there to rescue a friend? Why not? Otherwise I don't see why he would make the journey."

Eventually in 1973 he settled down to work on the new adventure and took three years about it. He protested that he had not been idle since finishing Flight 714. He had supervised the "remake" of Black Island resulting from the demands of his British publishers and Bob De Moor's consequent trip to Britain, as well as the depressingly disappointing attempts at two Tintin cartoon feature films (The Temple of the Sun and Tintin and the Lake of Sharks) with which, however, he had little direct involvement.

For this final full adventure, Hergé assembled a full and familiar cast, even though he did without his two arch villains Rastapopoulos and Allan, taken away mysteriously by the flying saucer at the end of Flight 714. Instead the forces of evil are represented by San Theodoran dictator General Tapioca (often referred to but never previously shown) and his imported (from Borduna) security chief Colonel Sporez, alias Colonel Espanja. Jolyon Wagg pays a pivotal role in the revolution by unusually allowing himself to be completely upstaged. The doughty Ridgwell, still an ace with the blow-pipe, is to be found again after an interval of forty years continuing his efforts to educate the Arum-bayans in golf and other aspects of western civilisation. Pablo, who saved Tintin's life in The Broken Ear, almost accounts for it here. The Thom(p)sons, meanwhile, are heroic in the face of death by firing squad from which they are snatched at the last possible moment. Bianca Castafiore, as one might expect, is indomitable.

COUNTERPOINT

Not only is the new adventure a vehicle for one of Tintin's oldest acquaintances, ex-general Alcazaar here in Castorea's revolutionary guise as leader of the Picares, but it introduces for the first time his wife Peggy, a frightful dragon, all curtseys and venom.

At the bottom of one of Hergé's preliminary drawings, Alcazaar offered Tintin an explanation: "Peggy?... It's Peggy Bazarov, the daughter of the well known Basil Bazaroff of the Vicking Arms concern. I met her in New York, at the Music-Hall... She is extremely rich and still sits on the supervisory board of Vicking Arms... which has greatly simplified my problems of securing arms supplies..." Basil Bazarov, modelled on the very real arms tycoon Sir Basil Zaharoff of Vickers Armstrong, is familiar from The Broken Ear where without scruple he sells arms to both belligerents. The intriguing revelation that the fearful Peggy is his daughter is not, however, included in the adventure as it finally evolved.

There was an actual model for this harpy. Hergé generally kept his home life free of Tintin, but one evening while watching television he was so struck by the awfulness of an American matron on view that he picked up a pencil and sketched her then and there. "She exists! I saw her on television... an American woman who was something in the Ku-Klux-Klan, a fact which adds to the horror of the character! That's obviously not spelled out in the story, but one clearly senses how the dictator is dictated!" The ruthless revolu-

1 Entretiens avec Hergé, op. cit., p. 193.
2 Ibid., p. 192.
3 Ibid., p. 192.
4 Ibid., p. 198.
1 Mayan pyramid in Mexico, from Hergé’s files.
2 Tintin, Haddock and Snowy on a guided tour of the archaeological wonders of San Théodoro (page 25).
3 For these cigar-loving revolutionaries, Hergé did not have to look far: Castro’s rebels provided a ready example.
4 Tintin and Alcazar realise a trap was laid for them (page 27).
5 In these photographs of Hergé’s, Brazilian Harik Indians look very similar to the Arumbayas for whom they served as models.
6 Professor Calculus is teased by the Arumbayas (page 32).
7 Indian huts in Venezuela shown in the National Geographic magazine. Hergé used this photograph for the Arumbaya village.
8 Calculus, preparing a surprise, struts through the village with a falsely innocent air (page 33).
tionary is cowed into submission and an apron by this monstrous woman he so inappropriately calls his "dove." To say that Alcazar is hen-pecked is an under-statement. "Look who's here!... And just where d'you think you've been, Mr Big?" she snorts as her bulky troussered figure strides out to blast Alcazar with a broadside of reproach. Red hair ranged in curlers, winged spectacles, evidently false teeth and a good sized cigar complete a picture far removed from most conceptions of feminine pulchritude. Yet Calculus, always susceptible to the fair sex in any form, succumbs. "Thank you, gracious lady, for those kind words!... Please believe that we are extremely touched by your generous welcome, and allow me to offer you our most humble respects...."

He bends to give her hand a resonant kiss and adds: "That a weak woman should share the hardships and, let us admit it, the dangers of guerrilla life, commands not only our utmost respect but our profound admiration... And I speak in all sincerity, dear lady!" As she leads off a well castigated Alcazar, Calculus concludes in wonder: "What a delightful lady!... So graceful... Such exquisite femininity!"

In fact her only concession to femininity is the fearful lilac gown in which she later emerges for breakfast and her incongruous pink fluffy bedroom slippers. When she arrives at the presidential palace, now in the hands of Alcazar, she is in strikent pink too, her hair finally out of curlers and tied into an absurd pony tail.

True, if overpowering, femininity is to be found elsewhere: in the city prison where an immaculately coiffured Castafiore, wearing an impeccably cut day dress in stunning Schiaparelli pink, emerges from her cell, the prima donna's acute fashion consciousness absolutely unscathed by incarceration. Earlier in court, she displays contempt for the ridiculous allegations ranged against her as she carefully paints her lips and powders her face. For her court appearance, she is dressed in an outfit that could only be by Chanel or Dior (if not Tristan Dior), completed by an extravagant hat and jewellery that is pure Cartier. Like Callas, this is a diva who knows her Vogue and does her shopping in the Faubourg St Honoré. After Peggy, her sense of style is delicious.

**LIFE IS NO LONGER WHAT IT USED TO BE**

Not only was Hergé slow beginning work on the new adventure but he got off to a false start, noticed later by one of his assistants. Originally Tintin motorcycles up to Marinspike on a beautiful summer's day: the countryside is verdant, except for the golden wheatfields, bordered by poppies and cornflowers, waiting to be harvested. Tintin wears his familiar blue pullover with uncharacteristic white jeans and a matching crash helmet. Greeting him, Captain Haddock is initially in a white polo-neck sweater instead of the familiar nautical blue.

It was then pointed out that the adventure's dénouement revolves around a carnival and carnival time can only be in February. So Hergé had to substitute a cold grey-blue winter landscape with furrowed fields and bare trees, relieved only by a couple of robins and a flight of rooks. And to keep him warm, Tintin is provided with a distinctly fashionable sheepskin jacket.

As in The Castafiore Emerald and Flight 714, and clearly a feature of Hergé's late work, there is an element of dismantling of the characters and their traits. Tintin no longer embraces the prospect of distant adventure; Haddock can no longer enjoy whisky—"No! Enough is enough! Don't let me hear any more about whisky!"—; the Thorn(p)s whom should be doing the arresting are themselves under arrest; the irrepressible Wegge has his carnivall costumes and tour bus taken from under his nose, and the guerrilla leader Alcazar while succeeding in overpowering one dictator, Tapioca, succumbs to another, his wife, Snowy, whose status was never the same after the introduction of Captain Haddock in The Crab with the Golden Claws, had a good adventure in Flight 714, managing to bite through Tintin's bonds.
and free him. Here, however, he is reduced to the periphery. In the opening sequence Tintin even prefers to fuss over Snowy's old rival, the Marlinspike Siamese—similar to a cat owned by Hergé.

Tintin, who used to call the tune in the earlier adventures, allows himself here to be buffeted by fate. The idealist of the 1930's is by the 1970's a realist. The political analysis has not changed but the conclusion has. Totalitarianism—Tapioca's Borodinian-backed Taschist regime—and the manipulation of the multinational concerns—the support of the International Banana Company for Alcazar—are still concerned, but Tintin accepts he can do little to change them. So in perhaps the most powerful social comment in all of Tintin, Haddock and Calculus arrive in Tapioca over slums patrolled by steel-helmeted riot police in front of a hoarding proclaiming “Viva Tapioca.” They leave with Tintin to a closing image of baton-twirling police patrolling slums where nothing has changed except the placard which now reads “Viva Alcazar.” It is an observation which should be enough to disarm all those who ever questioned Hergé's own politics.

STICKING TO REALITY

The political background of the adventure reflected the real politics of the time. Just as the Soviet Union gave military and eco-
nomic backing to Cuba and later Nicaragua, so Borduria, still under the rule of the Stalinist Kūrvi-Tasch, supports General Tapioca's regime, providing among other things its chief of security police. "Before I was appointed by General Kūrvi-Tasch to be technical adviser to General Tapioca, I was Chief of Police in Szchód," Colonel Esponja reveals to Tapioca's aide-de-camp Alvarez. Esponja is, of course, none other than the Erich von Stroheim lookalike Sponsz—still modelled on Hergé's brother Paul—who courted Castafio at the Calculus Affair. Retaining his monacle, he is thinly disguised by the Walter Ulbricht (communist East Germany's first leader) type beard he has since acquired. Disconcertingly, and at the core of the adventure, he has a debt to settle with Tintín and Haddock who on their earlier encounter snatched Calculus from his clutches. As for Castafio, she clearly had not required his attentions to the extent hoped and, if circumstances had demanded, might even have played Tosca to his Scarpia. In The Castafiore Emerald (page 28) readers are reminded by the diva herself that "the newspapers have already engaged me" to Colonel Sponsz, among others. Hergé drew another sequence immediately following page 22 which he later had to suppress because it would have pushed the adventure over the 62-page limit. It pro-

Ladies and gentlemen, in a few moments we shall be landing at Tapiocapolis. Please fasten your safety belts and extinguish your cigarettes...

ecutor. In the televised show trial he de-
nounces the Thom(p)sons: "Men who, to appear as loyal supporters of General Tapioca and the noble ideology of Kūrvi-Tasch, carried their duplicity so far as to grow moustaches!" The Thom(p)sons re-

spond furiously: "That's a lie!... We've been wearing moustaches since we were born! To be precise: we're worn bearing them!" As in the depiction of Borduria and its capital Szchód in The Calculus Affair, moustaches and the Taschist emblem are ubiquitous, though not as Hergé first en-

visaged in his scenario for Tintín and the Bigchudos. The Picaros themselves tend towards beards, though some are surprisingly clean-shaven. Alcazar himself has a clipped back moustache accompanying his familiar five-o'clock shadow.

Borduria's placement in the East Bloc is confirmed by the Mil-1 Soviet general use helicopter sent out in search of Tintín and the Picaros on pages 35-36. As for the Picaros themselves, they can be compared not only with the Tupamaros but also with the American-backed Contras who were to emerge later in Nicaragua.

INDICTMENT

The interference of business concerns in Third World politics is predictably parodied in Hergé's San Ñeodos, as it had been in The Broken Ear. "Everybody knows that goes on in reality; international political intrigues depend to a great extent on the powers financing them. Here, even Loch Lomond becomes involved, making donations!"

Alcazar has the dubious backing of the International Banana Company, while Loch Lomond whisky not only sponsors the carnival but provides Tapioca with the means to neutralise both the Picaros and the native Arumbayas. As Alcazar observes: "Tapioca succeeded all too well with his parachute drops of whisky... Caramba! How can one mount a revolution with that bunch of crunks?" Earlier Ridgwell tells Tintín of the Arumbayas: "They've made great strides... in drunkenness, I'm afraid... By courtesy of General Tapioca!" On his visit to South Dakota, Hergé had been shocked by the effect of alcohol sales to the Sioux indians. "Dpsomaniacs!... That's what 'civilisation' has done for these savages!" Calculus says of the Arumbayas. Again Hergé does not shy from alluding to

1 Entretiens avec Hergé, op. cit., p. 200.
1. Haddock, in one of his customary falls, knocks over a very smart Bertola bench (page 17).

2. Wooden seat and metal base, this bench is a 1952 creation by Harry Bertola, an American designer of Italian origin. Hergé obtained two such benches, one of which stands today in the entrance hall of the Fondation Hergé.

3. The folklore group the “Jolly Follies”, presided over by Jolyon Wagg (page 55).

4. The Gilles of Binche on whom Hergé partly based his “Jolly Follies”. 
the sometimes manipulative Third World presence of multinational concerns, in this case telecommunications giant ITT, its logo minimally altered to TIT atop a skyscraper on page 60.

The modern art admired by Hergé is given a good showing in this adventure. In Tapioca, the model is itself modelled on Belo Horizonte, the Brazilian metropolis carved out of the Amazon jungle, on which Hergé had ample documentation. His carnaval was based “a little bit” on celebrated one in Rio but, according to his own account, it was “above all Nice which provided the model, notably the huge king’s head.” Hergé would have liked to have given a whole page to the main carnaval scene but space was at a premium. Nevertheless, the half-page plate allowed is a wonderful opportunity for him to let his hair down and indulge in an orgy of obvious and obscure references. The street itself is named the Calle 22 de Mayo, marking his birthday on May 22, while a whole range of characters from the world of strip cartoons and beyond can be recognised. The list includes Tintin’s contemporary Mickey Mouse, Greco Marx leering at a voluptuous blonde dressed as a playing card, Zorro behind his mask and, as the procession moves towards the prison, a large Snoopy joins in. Bob De Moor’s “Coconuts” band (from one of his Barelli books) is there too, lending musical support.

**FORCED CHEERFULNESS**

For The Jolly Follies (les Joyeux Turbulons in French) with their ridiculous costumes designed by Wagg, Hergé had suitable material on file. Under a section headed “Cortèges Carnaval,” colour photographs can be found of the orange-tossing Gilles of Binche, clearly the model for The Jolly Follies. Hergé deliberately capitalised on the sinister side of the carnival’s enforced jollity. It was as suitable a backdrop for Alcazar’s military coup as for the tragic ending of Marcel Carné’s influential film Les Enfants du Paradis. “That’s what I wanted: to add a disturbing element. Since the masks of the Follies are disturbing, aren’t they?” “We’re the Jolly Jolly Follies... Hey nonn’y no... Hey nonn’y no...” they sing as they disembark from their coach in front of the presidential palace. “Where are those people from?” asks the cigar-puffing dictator Tapioca, himself described memorably by Haddock as a “fancy-dress fascist” after a vituperative tirade earlier before the world’s media, including the microphones of the BBC (almost BBC). “The programme says: ‘The Jolly Follies, a charity concert party from Europe!’” Alvarez answers. “Excellent!... Just listen to the beat!... They’ve even got our guards joining in the dance!” “Ready!... On the next hay nonny no, out comes the chloroform!” instructs a carnival conspirator and, moments later, they burst into the palace anticipating Tapioca’s request for a meeting. “Ha! Ha! Ha! They’re hilarious! I have some of them brought up here, I’d like to meet these jolly fellows!” “You sent for us, General? Here we are... Happy Carnival!” There follows a marvellous exchange over Tapioca’s fate where Alcazar is compelled by Tintin to flout accepted conventions. “My heartfelt congratulations, General!... Death to Tapioca!... Would you like him shot at once?” asks the erstwhile aide-de-camp Alvarez. “Executions are out! His life will be spared,” Alcazar states. “But General, it’s contrary to every custom... The people will be terribly disappointed.” “The colonel is right. General... For pity’s sake don’t pardon me! Do you want me completely dishonoured?” “My decision is irrevocable: your life will be spared! An aircraft will be placed at your disposal, to convey you wherever you may wish to go.” “Are you mad?” “No, I’m not... But he is... This muchacho made me give my word that the coup would be bloodless! I’m desperately sorry...” “Ah, an idealist, is he?... Young chaps nowadays have absolutely no respect for anything... Not even the oldest traditions!” “We live in sad times!” Alcazar concedes. Not only are Tintin’s well-worn plus fours sacrificed to fashion and times in this ultimate volume, but colour television finally makes the entry of the ball later than in the first adventures.

Perhaps most surprisingly, readers at last learn Captain Haddock’s improbable Christian name: Archibald. Accidentally struck on the back of the head by a bottle of Loch Lomond whisky, he suffers a memory loss. “You’re Captain Haddock...” Tintin tells him. “How ridiculous... What’s my first name, then?” “Archibald, isn’t it?” “Even worse... What’s yours?” “My name’s Tintin.” “Grotesque!” There are few secrets left. The long-suffering Nestor is found to be in the habit of jotting by key-hole, as well as having a weakness for his master’s favourite tipple. Hergé’s character dismantling spares none.

**LAST SPARKLES**

Another feature of this final completed adventure is the return of so many familiar characters: whether principals such as Alcazar and Wagg or fringe participants such as Ridgwell and Pablo, Tintin’s one-time rescuer but here his Judas-like betrayer in the pay of the secret police. Christopher Willoughby-Drupa and Marco Rizotto of Paris-Flash return to Martinspike for an interview, as does the suspicious Il Tempo reporter from The Castafiore Emerald. Cutts the butcher is included as a result of another wrong number, while Igor Wagner and Irma are arrested as accomplices rather than companions of la Castafiore. The Thompsons have a small but not insignificant rôle which almost ends with the firing squad and the exchange: “Can you perhaps think of some famous last words?” “Er... What about, ‘Kiss me Thompson’? Will that do?”

Hergé denied that this—as he pointed out—from complete parade of characters was meant as Tintin’s swansong. He had another adventure in mind, one which was, however, to remain unfinished at his death seven years later.

**1 Entretiens avec Hergé, op. cit., p. 201.**

**2 Ibid., p. 201.**

**3 Ibid., p. 206.**

**4 Ibid., p. 202.**
On his final adventure Tintin is drawn into the art world, uncovers a forgery ring linked to a sect and faces the gruesome prospect of being cast as a 'living' sculpture.
Tintin's final, least known adventure is an almost perfect ending to more than fifty years of defying danger, threats to his life and a succession of villains. Unfinished at Hergé's death in March 1983, this ultimate episode left Tintin's own fate in the balance. Was he to escape the gruesome prospect of being cast as a 'living' statue, or not? It was a singularly appropriate end for a reporter who had achieved worldwide fame and whose likeness had already been unveiled as a bronze statue in a Brussels park.

In fact, the fate of both Tintin and Hergé was inextricably bound. Whether and how Tintin escaped this time depended on Hergé living long enough to save him. He did not. For fifty-four years the artist had breathed life into the intrepid young reporter; now that "the good God"—to use his own words—had taken him, his reputation would live on through the extraordinarily enduring popularity of Tintin.

EXCLUSIVE PATERNITY
"Tintin, c'est moi!" Hergé had declared. Tintin was his sole creation, his only child. With the setting up of the Studios, others had helped fill in the details, design the uniforms, draw the background, the cars, the aeroplanes. But Tintin himself, his companions and every adventure into which he was propelled were Hergé's responsibility alone. When Edgar-Pierre Jacobs had suggested a shared credit, Hergé ended the collaboration. Bob De Moor was probably the ideal assistant because he accepted his subordinate role willingly. Nevertheless, his closeness to and friendship with Hergé did not qualify him to complete—as he would have liked—the unfinished adventure or undertake any others.

"There are certainly a number of things which my collaborators can do without me and many that they can do better," Hergé told Sauvajol, "but to breathe life into Tintin, Haddock, Calculus, the Thom(p)sons and all the others, I believe that only I can do that: Tintin (and each of the others) is me, as Flaubert said: 'Madame Bovary, c'est moi!' It is highly personal work, in the same way as a painter’s or novelist's. If others were to continue Tintin, they might do better, they might do worse. One thing is certain, they would do it differently and so it wouldn't be Tintin any more!"

So Tintin, locked up on the glittering island of Lachia and in a particularly tight corner, came to an end when, on March 3, 1983, a few months short of his 75th birthday, Hergé, who had been suffering from anaemia, passed away in a Brussels hospital.

He had been in poor health for some time. A programme of elaborate celebrations and social engagements for Tintin's fiftieth birthday in 1979 left him exhausted. But physical weakness did not prevent him launching into the new adventure with a gusto not seen since he had embarked upon The Castafiore Emerald.

1 Entretiens avec Hergé, op. cit., p. 66.
RENEWED GUSTO
The drawing for Tintin and Alph-Art—the
name he devised for an art movement
based on the letters of the alphabet; in
English a better translation would have
been Tintin and Alpha-Art—is full of vigour
and enthusiasm disappointingly absent
from the two previous adventures: Tintin
and the Picapar and Flight 714.

The sketches, in pencil and black ballpoint,
occasionally heightened in red, black or
blue felt-tip pen, extend to forty-two pages
of the intended book. The opening frames
are highly worked and practically ready for
the final ink drawing. The subsequent draft
pages are in varying states of advance-
ment, with some existing in different
versions. The most rudimentary sketches
have an electricity of line that marks Hergé
out from his most talented collaborators.
The flow, even in such rough form, is re-
markable, the story compelling. All in all, it
promised to be Hergé’s most accom-
plished Tintin story for twenty years.

It would have been a great loss to have
held back an adventure of such potential
because of the raw state it was left in. But
with twenty pages left to run and Hergé’s
concept still in a state of flux, it would have
been too much—despite his eagerness—for
Bob De Moor to complete. The result
would certainly have been a pale and un-
exact reflection of what Hergé himself
would have achieved.

AWARE OF THE possibilities and difficulties
posed by Hergé’s final thoughts, his widow
Fanny came to a decision that respected his
intentions and preserved their integrity. So
in 1986 Tintin and Alph-Art was published
as a book in the state in which it had been
left: a collection of unfinished sketches with,
for the sake of coherence, Hergé’s hand-
written text typed out separately in the
manner of a play-script. It is a fascinating and
fitting testament that provides a consider-
able insight into his working methods. An
English translation followed in 1990.

But this twenty-fourth adventure is very
much the odd-one-out, incomplete as it is.
Even the pioneering black and white Tintin
in the Land of the Soviets, which years
later Hergé reluctantly agreed could be re-
published in facsimile form, is less excep-
tional. If this was music, it would be no
symphony but the as yet unorchestrated
piano sketches for one. Some effort is
needed to follow an adventure which in

embryo form is above all a reward for the
most dedicated Tintin enthusiasts. Having
devised a good many plots over the years,
Hergé hit this time upon an idea that ap-
pealed to him strongly.

“A scenario which had
as a background
the world of painting.”

After completing Tintin and the Picapar he
had spoken of the possibility of a scenario
which “had as a background, the world of
painting.” This time he decided to bring to-
gether the often affected and artificial world
of modern art with the “production line” for-
gery of well-known masters. Somehow im-
plicated in the forgery racket is a dubious
religious sect and its sinister leader, a
vaguely familiar figure.

CROWNING PIECE
This intriguing art world-related scenario
superceded Hergé’s earlier idea of setting
his next adventure in an airport terminal,
a location already exploited with some suc-
cess in the opening pages of Flight 714.

As an avid gallery-goer and collector of
modern art, Hergé was all too familiar with
the round of private views where, cham-
pagne glass-in-hand, invited guests would
attend an exhibition on the eve of its
opening to the general public. If tempted,
they could make a purchase and have a red
spot placed on a chosen work of art. They
were able, moreover, to chat with dealers,
critics and, of course, the artist him- or her-
self. In Brussels, Hergé could regularly be

spotted at such occasions and it is exactly
such a scene that inspired one of his first
sketches for the new adventure’s opening.
Subsequently, however, he relocated the
first page to Marinspike where Haddock
has a fearful nightmare involving Castafiore
transmuted into a predatory bird.

If Hergé denied that he intended a final pa-
rade or curtain-call of characters in Tintin
and the Picapar, he could not at this time. He
realised that if he was to finish the new ad-
tventure, it would be his and Tintin’s last.
So apart from the usual cast—Tintin,
Snowy, Haddock, Calculus, Castafiore,
The Thom(p)sons, Nestor, Waag—we find
among his notes for possible inclusion
names from the sometimes distant past:
Dawson, the chief of police of the Interna-
tional Concession in Shanghai in The Blue
Lotus who also appears as an arms
dealer in Red Sea Sharks; the bullying in-
dustryist Gibbons from The Blue Lotus
whom Hergé mistakenly refers to here as
Gibson; Chicklet whom he wrongly spells
Chicklet! (Trickler in the English transla-
tion) of “General American Oil” in The
Broken Ear; the clairvoyante from The
Seven Crystal Balls Madame Yamiah and
her husband; the crooked antique dealers
the Bird brothers and the collector Ivan
Sakharne from The Secret of the Uni-
com/Red Rackham’s Treasure, as well as
Kanrokkoff and Carreidas (a competitive
collector of modern art) from Flight 714.
Ben Kalah Ezah is interviewed on television
while, predictably, his son Abdullah is
responsible for the Thom(p)sons’ and
Haddock’s exploding cigars.

Alph-Art opens with Haddock's nightmare of a Castafiore, part caring diva and part threatening woodpecker.
1 Endaddino Akasa, the guru (page 24/2).
2 The Bhagwan, surrounded by his followers, wearing a necklace, in a Paris-Match feature of November 1982.
3 Preparatory portraits of Endaddino Akasa. Who is hiding behind that hat, beard and those sunglasses? (Page 27/2)
4 A model for Akasa: the forger Fernand Legros.
5 With Hergé reality always merges with fiction: Endaddino Akasa shows Tintin an “expansionist piece” by César, at the same time indicating the fate that awaits him.
6 César Baldassini, more simply known under the name of César, French sculptor, famous for his “compressions” and his “expansions”.
7 An “expansion” by César: is this the way the reporter will be immortalised, permanently set in polyester?
Then there are the new characters connected with the art world, notably the artist and forger Ramo Nash (Ramon Hasj) in an early draft, short, bearded and a wearer of Cuban heels, and the gullible gallery assistant Martine Vandezande who, with her large spectacles and dark flowing hair, bears a marked resemblance to the singer Nana Mouskouri. She is one of the few women—apart from Castafiore—to be given more than a walk-on role in a Tintin adventure.

There are other additions. Since her gift of a parrot to Haddock in The Castafiore Emerald, the diva has herself acquired a miniature French peacock which forcefully rejects the bruq sex attentions—"Hello beautiful!"—of Snowy.

OLD ADVERSARY
Religious sects, whether escapists or fashionable, had a topicality in the early 1980’s that has not been lost since. Generally based on the charismatic personality of an “enlightened” individual, they rely on a fanatically loyal following prepared to reject everyday values and be subjugated to the leader’s authority. Hergé produces such a character in the enigmatic Enddachine Akass, the villain of the piece. The gallery assistant Martine is among those to fall under his spell.

There was an actual model for Akass: the notorious purveyor of art forgeries Fernand Legros, a colourful character whose beard, sunglasses and pendant are echoed in Hergé’s drawing of the sect leader. But it is obvious too that behind the mask is one of Tintin’s oldest adversaries. Nonetheless, just as Hergé’s death left Tintin’s fate uncertain, so confirmation is withheld that the redoubtable, irrepressible Rastapopoulos has indeed returned to resume his duel with the reporter after his presumed demise at the close of Flight 714.

As Rastapopoulos reminded Tintin towards the end of The Blue Lotus: “And you thought I died... Rastapopoulos, alive and well... And as always, coming out on top...”

Like Conan Doyle’s Moriarty, Rastapopoulos was a master of both the unexpected comeback and disguise: as himself (The Blue Lotus and Flight 714), as the Marquis of Gorgonzola in The Red Sea Sharks, and now as Enddachine Akass? If not the first villain—various Bolsheviks and a collection of gangsters in the pay of the very real Al Capone preceded him—Rastapopoulos was by far the most durable and formidable of Tintin’s opponents. Filmmaker and cinema mogul, drug smuggler, tycoon, slave trader, hijacker and kidnapper, he was a man without morals, a suitable adversary for the impeccably upright reporter. Ill-gotten gains gave him a fortune and a taste for modern art already evident in his lavishly appointed yacht in The Red Sea Sharks. As the Marquis of Gorgonzola, moreover, his name had already been romantically linked to Blanca Castafiore who here is infatuated with Endduttle, whom she considers the most ad-o-c-rable man.

When out of curiosity Tintin and Haddock attend Encadinn’s advertised ‘Health and Magnetism’ meeting, the reporter notes: “That voice... Some of his interations re-mind me of... of... but of whom?”

Later, after arriving on Ischia, Tintin receives an anonymous telephone call advising him to leave by the next boat. “Crumbs... That voice?!” he remarks after the receiver is slammed down.

In Flight 714 after the Carreidas jet is sky-jacked and landed on the island runway, Tintin hears an angry shout and thinks: “That voice!” A moment later he exclaims: “RASTAPOPOULOS!” and sure enough the reply comes “Himself, dear boy!”

THE ROAD TO IMMORTALITY
With Alph-Art, Hergé admitted that he was unsure where the adventure was taking him. “Unfortunately I cannot say much about this forthcoming Tintin adventure because, though I started it three years ago, I have not had much time to work on it and still do not know how it will turn out. I know very roughly where I am going... I am continuing my research and I really do not know where this story will lead me,” he said just three months before his death.

There were similarities with the early days when he was writing his strip for Le Petit Vingtième from one week to the next, not knowing exactly until the night before what twist or turn the tale would take. The adventure would run its course, eventually reaching a conclusion at which point it could, with some editing, be transformed into book form.

Had Hergé lived to continue the adventure, one must assume that Snowy would once again have rescued his master, as he had last managed when Tintin was locked up in the jungle bunker in Flight 714. This time he will have got to Captain Haddock the message scribbled on Tintin, and at the last possible moment the reporter will be saved from being turned into a sculpture by César, a real artist born in 1921, imitated by Ramo Nash on Enddachine’s orders.

“César, the sculptor, the master of compression. Look this is one of his. He’s also an expansionist, as in this piece here...” Enddachine explains to Tintin on confronting him before the freshly-produced forgeries. “Well, my friend, we’re going to pour liquid polyester over you: you’ll become an expansion signed by César and then authenticated by a well-known expert. Then it will be sold, perhaps to a museum, or perhaps to a rich collector... You should be glad, your corpse will be displayed in a museum. And no-one will ever suspect that the work, which could be entitled ‘Reporter’, constitutes the last resting place of Tintin...”
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