

Chapter 10

The Fantastic Garden of Dr. Mesmer

By mid-March of 1777 considerable progress had been made in the cure of the blindness of Marie-Therese von Paradis; although it was unlikely that she would ever be able to see completely, in what is considered the normal manner. After a long struggle, despite reverses and periods of depression, she could now recognize and identify a great many of the familiar objects in her domestic environment. For the most part, this was still restricted to the darkened rooms of the clinic. Franz Anton Mesmer now deemed that it was the right time to introduce a schedule of conducted strolls around the gardens of his estate into her daily routine.

Landscape of terraces, statuary, follies , pools , fountains, shrines, installations and flower beds, Mesmer's garden was exotic beyond the limits of human imagination, the envy and admiration of *le tout monde* of fashionable Vienna. In this, my 'unauthorized' account, its' scope will be permitted greater amplitude through the influence of 3 exogenous powers.

The first is the power of Animal Magnetism. If it is expected of us that we should credit the fabulous claims advanced for the gardens of Findhorn, why not ascribe similar things (*in a work of fiction*) to those of the magician Mesmer? His psychic forces, strengthened and concentrated by continual exercise can, to command, cause flowers and trees from everywhere in the world to bloom at any time of the year. Thus we behold the giant sycamore by the entrance to the Landstrasse

estate, blossoming in less than a year's time, though this "tree of modesty and patience" may normally need as many as 20 years to do so. So mighty, so universally dispersed is the tidal pull of the magnetic flux that saturates this fruitful jungle!

One discovers that numerous trees, bushes and flowers from all parts of the world have been successfully transplanted here. At the edge of the famed park in the Prater, in a lower corner of the grounds, stands a 6-trunked Indian banyan tree. Four of its trunks stand within the garden, while the dangling roots of the other two have, as if laying a claim to all Vienna, reached over the fence to anchor in the soil of the Prater itself. Cobras nestle in the hollows of the banyan's twisted branches; guardian against potential intrusions from the revelers in the park, a gem-studded tiger prowls around its base day and night. In the upper reaches of the tree are nests for vultures, macaws, seagulls and parrots. All of these creatures have been rendered docile through the enchantments of its master.

On misty days (and then only in conjunction with Sirius, Neptune and the asteroid belt) one may be able to make out the outlines of a Hindu fakir, seated lotuswise beneath the banyan and perpetually meditating. It is from this holy saint that Mesmer derives all his wisdom, though none of the history books will tell you as much. Is it, perhaps, a conspiracy of metaphysical silence?

The second miraculous influence shaping these gardens is the *Zeitgeist*, particularly strong in this corner of Vienna in the late Eighteenth century. The Turkish presence in Central Europe, now inexorably on the way out, can be seen in the minarets, Persian arbors and gardens, tilework, Oriental fruits such as pomegranates, flowers

like the tulip, and in the magnificent trellises that cover the containing walls and border the sides of the pathways.

A Renaissance pavilion surrounds a miniature fountain, replica of many in Versailles; its' waters shoot up to a dizzying heights, to fall over a group of sculpted figures depicting the moment of triumph of Prometheus' wresting of fire from the gods. From there its' waters drop into a large marble basin: the "soup tureen", Marie-Therese will call it. In the small copses, flower gardens and shrines that dot the hillsides, one may see the effects of the growing popularity throughout Europe of the English country garden.

The third transnatural influence on the contents of Mesmer's garden is, of course, the imagination of the author. Because it is imperative for those (among whom he includes himself) who have any respect for history that he return in the final chapter to the sober transmission of the historical record, he now willingly succumbs to the (irresponsibly self-indulgent?) urge to pull out all the stops.

On the morning of a certain damp, fragrant, beautiful, blue-skyed and sparkling day in the early spring of the year 1777, in the late autumn of the Enlightenment, (whose sun, fermenting the vineyards of France, defenestrating governments in America, awakening the native talents of inventors in the British Isles and a reforming zeal in the hearts of all the despots of Eastern Europe, was also spilling its majestic rays over the lower reaches of the Danube), a 37 year old mage, wizard, shaman, doctor, scientist, millionaire, dilletante and charlatan by the name of Franz Anton Mesmer, stepped out from a side door of his

glamorous mansion at 22 Landstrasse and, in the company of his most celebrated patient, the musical prodigy Marie-Therese von Paradis , entered into the spectacular bewilderment of his Magnetic Gardens.

Infestations of lucerne grass, gadding vines and sweet clover tussled bitterly in fierce energy in the lawns bordering the lane. Soon after the onset of their stroll, they found themselves walking within an alleyway lined by stately eucalyptus trees until, as if by magic, they found themselves within a small herb garden flourishing underneath the protection of a stout blossoming cherry tree . Wrapping itself thickly about the tree's trunk was a blanket of ivy. Calmly and very quietly, Marie-Therese gazed upon the scene with a high intensity of curiosity.

"So *this* is a tree? How amazing! But tell me, doctor: didn't you notice those tall beings striding by, giving off an aroma of some fine scented medicine or soap ?"

"Those were eucalyptus trees, my dear. They have a very strong affinity to the magnetic force; I don't think you'll find them anywhere else in Vienna, save perhaps in the Botanical Gardens or maybe the Schönbrunn Palace Zoo . But they're much happier here."

" They are living creatures , aren't they? Like ourselves?"

" Well, yes, of course ; although they tend to be homebodies and don't travel very much. They find their roots at a young age. "

He started to laugh at his own joke, but Marie-Therese , who thought she was being made fun of, became indignant.

" Why doctor, that's certainly not true! I found it impossible to keep up with them, they travelled so swiftly."

Mesmer jotted something down in his notebook.

" Whatever gave you that idea, my dear?"

" Didn't you notice? They walked past us with giant steps, like Puss-in-Boots! Or, like high-born personages on some important mission! Obviously they who couldn't be bothered to greet us in the normal fashion!"

She looked around, " They must have all moved on by now, because I don't think I see them anymore."

Mesmer smiled, and wrote: " The persistence of after-images leaves her with the impression that the copies of any frequently recurring object, like trees in a row or the slats of a picket fence, are moving along with her."

" Well, little Marie" he said, putting away his notebook, "let's postpone that question until later, shall we? You will grant me, at least, that this tree in front of you is stationary? It's a cherry tree, the symbol of education ."

Marie-Therese smiled with delight, inquisitively feeling her way about the trunk. She tore off a cluster of ivy leaves and thrust them out to him:

" And what are these, doctor? One might take them for pieces of old leather from worn shoes. It's odd, I think, that cherry leaves should grow on vines around the trunk. But", she laughed, "what do I know of trees? "

" That's not part of the tree, Marie. The plant you've got in your hands is called ivy. It's a decorative vine that grows over walls, trees, rocks, and towers. It holds fast to its appointed substrate and is known as the plant of friendship. That accords well with my views, which hold that education should be rooted in firm bonds of friendship, a very

special kind of trust, between students and teachers. It's rarely that way, unfortunately."

" And so, doctor, in this magical garden of yours, you have friendship holding fast to education. An idea out of the books of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, no doubt ?"

" Not exactly, my dear. I find Rousseau amusing, even intelligent, but frankly a bit of a crank. He never actually educated anyone with his methods. It's not like what I do in *my* work, where I've got to cure real ailments! Heaven help us that anyone should attempt to base a working government on his ideas!"

She became melancholy:

"How is it possible that a student should not love his teachers? I love all of my teachers: Friberth and Salieri, Righini and Vogler, and most of all Carl Kozeluch, my piano teacher! When I am with them I completely forget my handicap."

" You are most fortunate, child. Your pension from the court gives you the best instruction anyone can have; and you and they are united by a common love of music. Yet that is not the general way of the world, I'm afraid. I quarreled with almost all of my teachers at Ingoldstadt University. "

Marie-Therese chuckled, and thought to herself,(though she was too polite to say so) : " Beloved doctor, you quarrel with everyone, everywhere!"

Beds of thyme, mint, vervain, balm and aloes had been planted around the foot of the tree. She sat down in the middle of the herb garden and reached out in all directions, tearing off pieces of plants feeling and rubbing them , gazing upon all that lay within her grasp.

Mesmer left her alone to her investigations and went back to the house, promising to return shortly.

She pressed each plant in turn to her cheeks, ran her tongue over them to judge their shape and texture, bit off pieces of them and chewed them. The effect of the thyme was so strong that she nearly passed out. The aloes puckered her lips, and she spit them out with disgust.

Mesmer returned, bringing with him a picnic lunch in a basket. He suggested that they wait until they had reached the top of the hill before opening it. He lifted her up and they set off again.

A 7-foot high, elaborate trellis bordered the left side of their path. Thick with vines, lilacs and wisteria, the slats of the intricate trelliswork also supported hosts of terra-cotta and bronze figures. These were the Bacchantes, dancing, lusty, goaded to frenzy by the hypnotizing gestures of a mighty Dionysos. The god himself was represented naked at the head of the procession in the form of a baroque marble statue. Upon his flowing locks were placed braided crowns of laurel and grape-leaves, while with the long fennel thrysus he cast his powers of enchantment into the midsts of the hysterical throngs.

Marie-Therese experienced head-on the shock of confrontation with this surge of collective agony that mounted and rolled along her pathway like an engulfing thunderstorm. It seemed to her as if all of these twisted figurines writhing in the throes of ecstasy and torment were running alongside her. The effect terrified her; she ran faster, stumbling and getting up, but to no avail. She collapsed on the side of the road, shrieking hysterically, at the very place in the decorated trellis where the sculptor had portrayed the dismemberment

of Pentheus, the disbelieving tyrant, at the hands of four women, among them his own crazed mother.

Mesmer came running up to her. He picked her up and apologized for the distress she had been caused. He suggested that perhaps the bandage could be temporarily wound around her eyes, already greatly fatigued by over-exposure. By his calculations she had already been exposed to more sunlight in that one morning than over the previous month; he promised to remove it at the top of the hill. He was certain she would enjoy the sight of the Danube from that height.

Climbing out onto the summit of the hill, they found themselves outside a circle of hazel trees. Entering it they discovered that it functioned as the enclosure of a shrine to Apollo, god of knowledge, healing, music, and the sun. The construction of this installation was unusual: a dozen rudely cut boulders in the form of slabs and plinths stood in a semi-circle, like the structures at Stonehenge. At the geometric center of this arc a great sundial had been placed, set onto a low marble column wrought with sculpted figures depicting various scenes in Apollo's mythical career.

In thus arranging these metaphorical installations for the Dionysan and Apollonian philosophies, Mesmer had left no doubt as to where his sympathies lay. He removed the bandage around Marie-Therese's eyes and seated her on a formation of stepped rocks. The lunch basket was opened and the banquet spread out on the grass. Then he said to her :

“ Little Marie, the Greek god Apollo embodies all that is noblest and best in human nature: wisdom, healing, compassion, art; above all, self-discipline and restraint. There are many people who would find it

very strange that such praise should be coming from me. They include a good part of professional Vienna, I dare say, and much of the rabble. To them the very name, Mesmer, conjures up an image of claims to supernatural powers, like some possessed wizard; or, as Professor Hell would have us believe, some monster of depravity! They see me, a modern-day Dionysos, inciting mobs of the sick and the deranged to ravings, debaucheries, orgies! Hah!"

Marie-Therese sat in the grass, sorting the leaves and flowers she had collected during their rambles. Her soft voice was like the crystalline peal of a small bell :

"What hideous interpretations people make!", she exclaimed, "Doctor, can you explain that?"

Franz Anton Mesmer placed one foot on the side of a boulder, assuming the stance of a visionary who discerns some revelation very far away in the depths of the clouds. He sighed, (with a degree of pretention that was perhaps ludicrous, yet carried a certain charm) as if from boundless pity for mankind. When he spoke, it was in the lecturing manner that came naturally to him:

"Ignorance, child! Ignorance - and envy! Those who fail in their endeavors will seek any stratagem to bring about the ruin of someone who, through no particular virtue of his own, happens to have hit upon the right way to the truth. The spleen of mine enemies has swollen fat to bursting with my successes!

"And, also, there is the additional factor of diseased imagination. My clinical work has taught me, my dear, that much insight may be gained into the workings of another person's mind through an

examination of the fantasies that spontaneously arise when confronted with something foreign to its' experience.

"Certain minds leap instantly to the basest motives; others imagine sinister dangers or the presence of ridiculous storybook villains . Others see drunkards, or fools, madmen , assassins.

"Confronted with someone like myself the public imagination waxes delirious through lurid images of diabolism, casters of spells, paralyzers of the will. They imagine me, like the Parisian Cagliostro, surrounding himself with familiars and slaves to do my every bidding.

" Yet, the truth of the matter is that I am a true worshipper at Apollo's shrine, a dedicated worker in the service of medical science: The healthy mind and body, nothing developed to excess, harmonious, rejoicing in the pure art of living. That has ever been my creed, my dear, and I am one with the age in this respect , with Voltaire, Locke, Diderot , Leibniz

"All that I'm really trying to say - and my critics often lose sight of this by debating the reality of the magnetic fluid (which is only a hypothesis to explain the phenomena I've discovered) is that mental conditions, just like matter and light, may be studied by the scientific method. ¹ Those persons who imagine that I wish a return to the Middle Ages know nothing whatsoever of what I am trying to do."

When they had finished lunch, Mesmer took her by the hand and together they walked to the edge of the hill. With her free hand she clung to a picket fence. From where they were standing they could take in a broad view of the shimmering Danube coursing in the valley below,

¹ Such ideas were current in the 18th century. Alas, that such little progress should have been made in 250 years!

like a sarabande, stately and sad, yet serene in its beauty and flowing majesty. Marie-Therese stared at it for several moments, fascinated.

Then, somewhat timidly , she asked:

“ Do you think that she would mind?”

Mesmer stared at her, flabbergasted:

“ Who, my dear? Mind what? “

She pointed in the direction of the river: “Someone’s been here before, and she lost the ribbon she ties around her waist. Maybe she doesn’t want it anymore, and we can give it to Maman to sew something pretty for me.”

“ Ribbon, child? Why, what ribbon are you talking about?”

And she pointed once again in the direction of the river.

Stunned, Mesmer removed his notebook from his waistcoat, and wrote : “ Seeing the Danube from a distance she imagines it to be a white ribbon.”

The path down the hill lay alongside the fence separating his property from the famed Prater park, the gift of Joseph II of a royal hunting preserve to the people of Vienna. As they walked along Mesmer explained to her the limitations of binocular vision, and how it was that even normally sighted people were obliged to make continual re-adjustments of their estimates of the size and distance of things by comparing them with more familiar objects in the surrounding environment.

From this height the roads of the Prater were visible between the trees like lines on a map. She remarked that the chestnut trees bordering its avenues were so close that she was certain she could reach out and

stroke their leaves. Mesmer invited her to do so. She did; her hands grasped at nothing. Astonished she exclaimed:

" Why, there's just nothing there! I must be witnessing an illusion; what do they call it, a mirage?"

"Well, yes and no. Everything in this garden is in some sense a mirage, being the product of several imaginations acting simultaneously. However the trees you see over there in the Prater are really there: all the authors of books and novels about us , Wycoff, Walmsley, Zweig, Buranelli, Dougherty, Goldsmith, Lisker, are going to mention your mistaken impression of them."

"Well, you know, doctor: I really am anxious to visit the Prater! I was talking to Michael O'Kelly a few months ago. He's an opera singer from England who comes here frequently to perform. He just raved on and on about the Prater! He says it's better than anything they have in England, better than Hyde Park! He told me all about the fine chestnut trees, the avenues, the drives, the throngs of carriages; and wild deer, cabarets, dancing, music...What a jolly place it must be!"

Mesmer let her gaze at it for some time, allowing its' figures and features to come into focus: "I 'll suggest to your father and mother that we take you there. We should also return frequently to this hill. This view will be very helpful in developing your sense of proportion."

The color went out of Marie-Therese face : "Not past those horrible dancers?!"

Mesmer laughed:

"We'll come by another road."

It took them half an hour to reach the foot of the hill. They now entered onto a stretch of desolate marshland. Hot gases, emitting blasts of steam and noxious odors, percolated upwards through the cracks of tiled mud-flats. Here and there cactuses, tall and short, tore at the sky with savages spines, while the fields were foul-smelling with nettles and mandrakes and carnivorous plants belching from their huge gullets. Gaunt, lightning-blasted oaks encircled by strangling vines and weighted down with parasitic lichens and mosses exposed their bare, rickety arms to opaqued skies.

Marie-Therese shuddered: "Whatever is this dreadful place?" she cried!

"A kind of desert, child. A dismal isolated moraine in the extravagant conception of my magnetic gardens. Its' rather forbidding, I agree, although I planned it that way. It's my opinion that every garden ought to have at least one such area."

"Whatever for?"

"Because, my dear, the structure of human consciousness itself requires that we pass through despair to arrive at hope. At certain moments there can be a purpose in taking refuge in such a wasteland: when, for example, we're convinced the world has abandoned us, or see no issue from our difficulties. Don't worry; we'll soon pass through it. Look over there to your right."

He pointed out a monumental installation of statuary, natural rock, stylized pavillions and ornamental funerary urns. The group of sculpted figures depicted, with all of its raw savagery, the legend of the demiurge, Cronus, devouring his children, Hestia, Demeter, Hera, Hades and Poseidon, head-first, at the moment of their emergence from the womb

of Rhea. Directly in back of him stood a statue of Zeus, the only one of his children to escape, preparing to bind him in chains.

Marie-Therese saw only a random assemblage of shapes. As Mesmer recounted the legend to her, her face became filled with inexpressible anguish:

“ Is there any meaning in such a revolting legend?” she asked.

Mesmer commented, somewhat sadly:

“ The myth of Cronus speaks of repression and freedom: essential aspect of the human dilemma. Cronus represents Time: he overthrows his father, Uranus, Heaven itself, and is defeated in his turn by Zeus. In the mythology of the Greeks, Zeus is timeless, a supreme, unconquerable god. This also impresses me as false, which is why I prefer certain parts of the German version of the old pagan faith. In the legend of the Ragnarøk, even Odin 's kingdom, Valhalla, is reduced to ashes. One of these days somebody ought to make an opera of that story; it's great material.

" History supplies us with frequent instances in which the older generation, through jealousy, or fear of being cast out, or just from visceral need, attempts to devour its own children. It does this in various ways, loading them down with gratuitous guilt and shame, sabotaging their ambitions, lying to them, deceiving them with false hopes.

"This creates many personal catastrophes, as in the paupers and outcasts that one sees roaming about in the streets. Many of them were ruined by their families, who could not bear the thought that they might be successful in life.

Yet ever and again there arises a Zeus, to best their reactionary strategms and redeem his generation."

Before he'd finished Marie-Therese had fallen lifeless to the ground. She lay there, drained and woebegone as a stack of autumn leaves soaked by rain . Bitter anguish contracted her brow; quietly she wept , helplessly, without restraint. Her eyes were shut tight and her arms flailed about as they did at the onset of one of her hysterical seizures; these had all disappeared over the two weeks of hypnotherapy.

Mesmer raised her to a sitting position and restored the bandage around her eyes. Then he worked with her for upwards of half an hour, using the customary passes and massages of the hypnotic therapy. Once she'd recovered her equilibrium he apologized for the negative effect that the artworks in his garden seemed to be having on her. Images from Greek drama and legend were to be found at all places in the garden. He had considered the possibility that this tradition, fundamental to European civilization, might constitute too heavy an ordeal for a sensitive young woman with a serious psychomatic condition. If he wished, he said, they could return immediately to the house.

She would not hear of it. She insisted on being treated as a grown woman; the operas she attended and the songs she performed often included things far worse than what she had seen. It was only 3 o'clock: they did not need to be back at the house for another two hours; she felt that the benefit she had already received from it far outweighed any adverse reactions that might arise.

They hurried away quickly from the region of the marshes, not stopping until they came to a creek spanned by a little bridge rising over onto an island.

Marie-Therese had recovered her good spirits and was eager to see more.

“ So doctor?” she asked, “ Where are we now? What new surprises do you have in store for me?”

Mesmer , flustered, cast about in some confusion, his gaze darting among the trees:

“For the life of me, I don’t know, child. This island was not of my own doing: it emerged spontaneously on the day after the garden was completed. It’s a manifestation of pure magic, magnetism, divine whimsy, whatever else you want to call it!

The first time that I set out to explore it I came across an artist, or sculptor, a very eccentric character. He was working hard, extremely hard, at whatever he was doing, which I thought totally disoriented, completely senseless - both the things he was making and the way he was going about it.

"He claims to be from the 20th century.He comes and goes in a mysterious fashion. In the years since I first met him he's filled the island with mountains of his foolish art. He insists that he's following certain French theories of art which he claims will be as fashionable then as they are now. He was very patient with me and tried to explain himself. Unfortunately he was sucked back to his century before he could finish. I think I've succeeded in figuring out what most of it means."

Walking some distance, they stopped before an odd construction. This was a tall vertical circular frame set against a painted backdrop of the solar system and the fixed stars. Before this stood a rather intricate clockwork mechanism, something like an orrery or home planetarium.²

² These were fashionable in the 18th century; there is a famous one by Rittenhouse at the University of Pennsylvania.

The hands of this machine tapered into long, lean surgical scalpels. As these hands turned, they hacked off slices of primate genitals, both gonads and ovaries. Dripping with blood and gore, these pieces of organic matter dropped into rusty watering cans, which, forever overflowing at their tops, spilled their contents into a creek. Hundreds of small wriggling eels and watersnakes leapt from the waters, in giddy gyrations, to lap at the drops of blood, while the pieces of meat disappeared down the stream to be devoured by schools of tropical carnivorous fish. Mesmer glanced at it with a wry grimace. He didn't bother to explain it, but merely said: "Clockwork and quackery."

They penetrated deeper into the island. Presently they beheld another installation, even stranger than the first: a tall silo in the midst of a clearing in the trees. It was about 10 feet tall. Near the conical roof was an opening and, affixed to this, a long metal ramp that jutted downwards at an incline of about 60° to a level about 5 feet off the ground. At the lower lip of the ramp stood a pair of statues: the blind Oedipus, his head thrown back, drinking from a bowl of water being poured out to him by his daughter Antigone. In his left hand was extended a sword, braced against unseen enemies.

From the opening in the silo and down the ramp there rolled a continuous stream of rotting eggs. These fell off the far end of the ramp and spattered on the upturned face of Oedipus, which was therefore covered with a permanent ooze of yolk, dropping from it onto his body and into the creek.

From time to time a few golf balls would come rolling along with the eggs. These would bounce off his scalp and onto that of Antigone.

When this happened, a cuckoo bird emerged from her mouth, emitted a typical cuckoo call, and was swallowed up again.

As Mesmer explained all this to Marie-Therese, she stared at him, dumbfounded.

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“ You’ve got me on that one, my dear.”, he confessed, "According to this artist from the 20th century, it's a representation of some theory of the mind that will claim to both explain and replace mine. The inventor is another one of us Viennese lunatics. Honestly, I must say, that I can't look at it without laughing. Let’s go on.”

Finally they came to the further edge of the island. A third installation stood in their path between them and the bridge. Its central block was formed from a 20th century Steinway grand piano. Its legs rested in a swamp, while its body was covered with spirogyra and other seaweeds. The lid was raised to a vertical position. Upon its stringboard rested the smoking and mangled hulk of a wrecked motorcycle. The battered transistor radio in the hulk was still working, emitting a tinny version of *“It’s been a hard day’s night”* . The piano keys, depressed without any human agency, were banging out meaningless arpeggios in the style of Yanni. A TV set hanging from the lid showed the image of Michael Jackson singing his most popular songs , while at the same time a dozen electric guitars played riffs of Heavy Metal.

Marie-Therese held her hands to her ears: *“We must be in Hell!”* , she cried.

“ I quite agree with you, child. Evidently we’re being shown a picture of what the world is going to look and sound like in a few centuries from now. Carcasses of strange juggernaut machines

everywhere, with stupid goons leering from moving posters, and a dozen varieties of idiotic music simultaneously blasting into one's ears.

"I've discovered that the whole thing works by electric and magnetic force fields. In fact.." He pointed to a knob on the piano, then placed her right hand upon it. She turned the knob to the left; both the music and the TV images went dead.

"What a great relief!" she cried, "The disgusting noises won't be so terrible if one can control them!"

"Yes, my dear. But look at it another way: these sounds are an indication of how horrible the world of the future will be! Can you imagine that human beings will choose, of their own free will, to be bombarded by such hideous noise? We should be happy, I think, to be alive in our own time."

They crossed over the bridge and, after a walk of a few yards, found themselves once again within a temple complex. Reeds, waterlilies, and lotus plants covered the face and shores of a tiny lake. On both sides of their path lay flower beds of tulips, roses, and rhododendrons. Walking through an alleyway of laurels and acacias, they came to a shrine devoted to Orpheus and Eurydice, god and goddess of music, theatre, poetry.

Surrounding the sculptural display stood a semi-circle of pillars, crowned with acanthus capitals. Eurydice was portrayed following the sound of Orpheus' lyre out of the blackness of Hades, her arms before her as in a trance; while the body of Orpheus was turned, capturing the moment when he gazes at her and loses her forever.

Here they stopped to rest for a few moments. Marie-Therese arranged the bouquets of flowers, grasses, plants and bits of tree bark

that she would be examining in her spare time at the clinic. Mesmer placed them carefully into the empty picnic basket. The day was already reconciled by now to its inexorable decline. They had to return to the estate to prepare for dinner. Hand in hand they quickly walked the remaining distance to the principal mansion of the Mesmers' estate.
