



# **NIXE III PROJECT**

## **2010 – 2015**

ARCHDUKE LUDWIG SALVATOR

1) PERSONAL TRAITS

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## 1) PERSONAL TRAITS

### Naturalist, traveller, author, artist, unconditional fan of Mallorca and one of the oddest Archdukes: First impressions of Ludwig Salvator, House of Hapsburg-Lorraine

“I would have liked to have been that Archduke who owned half the coast and was visited by the Empress Sisi on her yacht.” With these words, the King of Spain, Juan Carlos I, declared his admiration for the beauty of Mallorca in an interview. Every year he spends his summer holidays in Marivent Palace near Palma de Mallorca, his stay representing a break from official obligations. That notwithstanding, the moments he can actually escape from protocol and formalities and feel like a normal citizen are scarce. His distant relative, Archduke Ludwig Salvator (1847-1915), however, spent his entire life laughing at protocol.

The Archduke came to the island for the first time in 1867 and left in 1915 to wait out the end of the First World War in his castle in Brandeis in north-east Bohemia near Prague. He would never return to the island where he had chosen to live and which had become his true home after many years.

Nearly 45 years would transpire between his birth in Florence and his later death in Brandeis, 45 years under the southern sun, happy, satisfying and fulfilling years. He was a man who knew how to live and for whom his social rank was neither a weight nor a pretext for doing nothing. Taking advantage of his possibilities, he became an avid student of the Mediterranean, always with an urgency to observe, travel, write, learn and preserve. The Son Marroig Museum in Miramar and the Cartuja Municipal Museum in Valldemossa have over seventy books written by the Archduke.

His unique character and not very royal appearance were not well understood by his kinsmen in the Viennese imperial court. This aristocrat, responsible for the best and most extensive scientific body of work ever written on the Balearic Islands, was considered wise though somewhat “odd.” He had a yacht with which to sail across the Mediterranean, but he wore worn-out suits; when travelling by train, he preferred the third-class carriage, his shirt cuffs tied with ropes and accompanied by an ancient suitcase, while his servant travelled in first class without any luggage.

The Court in Vienna had to reluctantly tolerate one more non-conformist. In the best of cases, he was admired for his scientific work, and perhaps there was even some well-hidden envy for his romance with the Mediterranean, the Balearic Islands and its people for whom he felt special affection.

He hid his true personality like a crab within its shell. Even in Mallorca, where he was well liked, he was misunderstood and made fun of. There are still many anecdotes, whether real or imagined, associated to the Archduke. A typical story is similar to the following: when an important landowner invited the Archduke to a family banquet to give the act a bit more glamour, the Archduke appeared wearing an elegant suit in keeping with the host's express requests. He was led to the place of honour at the table but, instead of eating the soup served as the entrée, he dumped it into his suit pockets.

He then got up and said goodbye: “You didn’t invite me but, rather, my suit, and my suit has just eaten.”

In his house in Miramar, on the romantic northern coast of the island, the Archduke liked to bring together a group of the most diverse people: artists, painters, poets and scholars from diverse nationalities and even people he had brought back with him from his multiple trips, as if he were a collector. The contrasts would clash with all their fury: on the one hand, Mallorca, with its classic traditions and morals and, on the other, Ludwig Salvator’s private “county,” where differences between classes did not exist and people could live their lives dedicated to the beauty of nature, art and love. The Archduke’s passion for plants and animals made him extravagant. On his properties, horses and dogs died of old age, and sick trees were treated instead of being cut down. To him we owe the beautiful paradise between Valldemossa and Deiá we can still admire to this day.

An alabaster statue of the Virgin Mary is kept on the estate in Miramar, reminding us of a very special visitor: Empress Elisabeth of Austria (Sisi), a woman with a difficult character and hardly conventional lifestyle. Within the Austrian imperial family, frozen in its traditions and ceremonies, she was one of the few who truly understood the Archduke and was the only member of his Viennese family to visit the home he had chosen for himself under the southern sun.

The Austrian Archduke’s wishes to end his life on Mallorca and be buried on the island were not fulfilled. The Court’s ceremonial designs imposed themselves with his death. His body was not laid to rest under olive trees but imprisoned in the imperial crypt in the Capuchin Church in Vienna, a few meters from his closest soul-mate, Empress Sisi.

His memory, however, is still alive, though not in Vienna but, rather, in Mallorca.

## 2) HIS WORKS

### The Archduke's work

“The best school would be reading the great book of nature which is always open and which so many ignore, without thinking how much they could extract from it in terms of knowledge and pleasure. They tenaciously read poorly printed books under the bleary light of a lamp, hurting their eyes, or climb up and down museum stairs to contemplate all that found alive and active in nature but which they ignore.”

When the Archduke wrote these words in 1912 (*Sommerträumereien am Meeresufer* – “Summer dreams by the sea”), he was already near the end of his laborious life, having published more than seventy books, the majority – with few exceptions – published anonymously. A few, for example, indicate that the author was simply “L” while others published by Leo Woerl specifically name Archduke Ludwig Salvator as the author. It's possible that there may be other books which haven't been catalogued as yet.

His books weren't written for a large circle of readers; nor were they generally for sale. He gave them as gifts to friends, interested people, institutions, libraries, employees, etc. Between 600 and 800 copies of the books were printed compared to only 100 of his large monographs. All of them were gifts. It is difficult to know who all the recipients were nor why they received one or another book, though there are some shipping lists and publishing house bills available.

Leo Woerl, the publisher in Leipzig, was dedicated especially to publishing travel guides and related literature. He was the only one who succeeded in having the Archduke publish some of his work in his publishing house, books which would later be sold in edited versions in bookstores. As such, Woerl published a “popular edition” of the Archduke's work on the Balearic Islands *Die Balearen* though reduced to just two volumes. Leo Woerl also edited the first biography on the Archduke published in German (*Erzherzog Ludwig Salvador aus dem österreichischen Kaiserhause als Forscher des Mittelmeeres*, Leipzig 1899). The Archduke also published a few books through F.A. Brockhaus in Leipzig, but the majority of his work was published by Heinrich Mercy, later called Heinrich Mercy Sohn, in Prague.

Today his books are considered treasures, actively sought by an increasing number of collectors. The majority of his work included a marvellous introduction: “Well before the noble sport of bibliophily had a new, distinguished group of followers, this prince knew how to provide his books with a beautiful typographical design, drawings and a magnificent binding, something which only the most refined tastes would have been able to imagine. It wasn't the pleasure of luxury nor the overdone décor with gold filigree and silk which moved him but, rather, the sensitivity of a man of culture who knows he has it without the need for showy displays.”

These luxurious editions of the Archduke's work are distinguished by their cloth covers with gold etchings, lithographs of innumerable drawings done by the author in full colour, maps and diagrams reproduced on cloth and good paper. In times like today in which economic paperback editions are the norm, the Archduke's work represents a testimony to the lost art of publishers.

In general, the illustrations were taken from the Archduke's drawings, and xylographs and lithographs were then made in Prague. "The Archduke's pictorial talent is very noteworthy; he handles the pencil with elegance and grace, firmness and decisiveness, like only truly gifted artists know how to do. His appreciation is concise, incredibly accurate, and his eye is sensitive and focuses on detail, equally firm in portraying landscapes or architecture. He likes to give the objects precise profiles, the strokes underlining their strength and sense, as occurs with ink drawings. These interesting pages have been engraved on wood exclusively for the illustrations, faithfully reproducing the strokes of the renowned writer-artist's hand."

We can't say that Archduke Ludwig Salvator was a good painter, but he was, without doubt, a very good illustrator, dominating perspectives and proportions. In reality, his drawings weren't conceived as works of art in and of themselves; they simply served to illustrate what he had written, completely fulfilling this objective: "The reproductions are photographs of the author's original drawings, just how he drew them *in situ*, amongst the hubbub of the people. No stroke was later modified in the publishing house, thus perfectly accompanying the text which has also been reproduced without any embellishment."

The author was proficient with both pen and pencil. He was especially successful in capturing the penetrating light of the south and in reproducing its atmosphere and contrasts.

Almost all his books appeared first in German; only very few were later translated into English, French, Spanish, Greek, Czech, etc. In his early literary work there are drawings and descriptions of his trips in which the Archduke aimed to reproduce all he had contemplated and experienced with enthusiastic words. The majority of his work, however, consists of luxuriously designed, large monographs, worked on systematically based on his *Tabulae Ludovicianae* and using local sources and original documents. Many of them are dedicated to a single place or a single island and provide encyclopaedic knowledge along with information about its situation, history, climate, etc., and even its customs and typical proverbs. The Archduke also wrote more poetic and almost philosophical texts such as *Lieder der Bäume*, *Einiges über Welt-Ausstellungen*, *Sommerträumereien am Meeresufer*, etc. Reflection and memories are given greater weight in these. Lastly is the difficult-to-classify *Schiffbruch oder ein Sommernachtstraum*, written after his yacht, *Nixe*, sank.

At the request of various publishers, the Archduke also published some articles in magazines such as *Adria*, *Österreichisches Illustriertes Familienblatt*, etc. Without doubt, he published much more than what we are aware of today.

An interesting example of his "journalistic" work is the article, "Warum die Nordseite der Mittelmeerinseln die mildere ist", published in 1908 in the magazine, *MÖGG 51*. In it the Archduke used concrete examples to try to explain why the northern coasts on the large islands in the Mediterranean were gentler than generally known. In this case, it's worth wondering up to what point the Archduke was aware of the rules which made geography an independent science in the 19<sup>th</sup> century (e.g., work by Alexander von Humboldt) or if he was familiar with work by other authors such as Ritter, Pestalozzi,

Ratzel and von Hann. These questions remain unanswered as we still don't know the exact contents of his studies in Prague.

What is certain is that Ludwig Salvator never wrote about a country he had not personally visited. His work was always the result of trips in which he came into direct contact with the place he described, exploring it, talking with its inhabitants and winning them over to collaborate with him. He then distributed his *Tabulae Ludovicianae* to priests, mayors, engineers, doctors, teachers, professors, pharmacists, botanists, zoologists, etc., asking them to fill in with as much detail as possible a questionnaire he provided. We don't know who drafted this survey which, in the 1869 edition, spanned 100 pages written in German, French and Italian. We should assume that he had help from his professors in Prague or Vienna because the order and precision of the questions reveal the hand of a "specialist" which he certainly wasn't at that time, still being quite young.

The aim of these *Tabulae* was to gather as much exact information as possible about a concrete subject which would then serve as the basis for the definitive work. The Archduke also used these "tables" for his own personal notes. He was, as such, a hard-working author, methodical and systematic in thought, one who awoke very early and for whom his literary efforts were above all else.

There is no other explanation for the large number of work he published. He knew how to choose those collaborating with him and infuse in them his own enthusiasm. Beyond these collaborators who he used in and for everything, he was the head of the "company".

As a show of gratitude, his collaborators received a copy of the book in question which thanked them in either the prologue or epilogue. However, determining the exact identity of these assistants requires additional work. To date, only Francisco Cardona y Orfila from Menorca has been identified (\* 19.11.1833 Mahón, + 17.1.1892 Mahón). The latter collaborated with the Archduke from 1867 until 1892, participating on both volumes dedicated to his island, Menorca, amongst others.

### 3) SOME ANECDOTES

#### Anecdotes from the life of an atypical Archduke

##### “The suit makes the man”

On a certain occasion, the Archduke and his Viennese painter friend, Edwin Hubert, were travelling by train, speaking in Italian to each other. There were also two young Austrian officers travelling with them in the same compartment, though making fun of the Archduke’s clothing – his lack of care in this respect is well known – comparing him to a swineherd.

When they reached the border, the “swineherd’s” true identity was soon revealed. Aware of what it could mean to have made fun of someone from the Royal Family, the two young officers dropped to their knees before the Archduke and nervously stammered out their apologies. The Archduke limited himself to recommending that they never judge a person by his clothes. He got off the train laughing, leaving the two officers perplexed and fearful for their future military careers.

In this same vein, his informality and the way he dressed (not differentiating him from the rest of the people on Mallorca) led to other incidents which humoured the Archduke:

##### “The first salary I ever earned”

Near Son Marroig, in Mallorca, a farmer’s cart got stuck in the mud. Ludwig Salvator helped the poor farmer lead the horse and cart out of the mud. The farmer then gave the Archduke a coin with which to have a glass of wine as gratitude. They say the Archduke kept that coin in Miramar and liked to show it to his visitors, proudly declaring, “this is the first salary I ever earned!”

Similarly, Ludwig Salvator could have earned more money in Los Angeles:

##### “3 and a half dollars per day”

The Archduke himself told this story as follows: “One morning, while we were on Fifth Avenue looking at the house of a very wealthy man, a house with every detail, built in the late Goth and Renaissance style and with many columns and bas-reliefs imitating the Doges palace in Venice, a man came up to us and offered us 3 and a half dollars to work as stonecutters.”

Confused with a swineherd and later as a stonecutter looking for work, on another occasion he was confused for a cook. The story goes as follows:

##### “The fat one is the cook”

When travelling through the county of Ragusa (Dubrovnik), like so many other times, the Archduke sat down on the driver’s seat next to the coachman while Antonio Vives and his children, all dressed in white, sat down inside the coach. The latter drew the

attention of passersby, and one thought Antonio Vives was the Prince and that the Archduke was the cook. When asked why, the man answered: “The one seated on the driver’s seat is the fattest, and his suit is covered in stains!”

Another similar episode also occurred in Dubrovnik proper due to the Archduke travelling incognito as per usual. The anecdote was reported in various newspapers:

“We’re all equal”

Every day for a week, two sailors could be seen in the city carrying baskets full of food on their way to Gravosa. A fifty-something-year-old man was always with them. They would then take a coach on the outskirts of Pile. The sailors would sit inside while the older man would sit next to the coachman.

The man who went shopping every day with the sailors was none other than Archduke Ludwig Salvator. He had arrived on his yacht, *Nixe*, and maintained the strictest anonymity. The Prince liked these outings in which he could move about with absolute freedom without any consideration for his position. The captain of the port in Gravosa heard that a member of the Royal Family had docked there and headed to the boat to make himself of service to the Archduke. There he found the same man who went every day with the sailors to buy food, dressed like all the others.

“Where can I find the ship’s captain?” asked the captain of the port.

“That’s me.”

“I heard there was an important person on board.”

The captain-Archduke’s laconic response was, “that’s a mistake; we’re all equal here,” cutting short the conversation and making it clear that he wanted to maintain his anonymity.

On the outside, Ludwig Salvator certainly didn’t look like an Archduke, at least not in keeping with the typical image people had of a Prince:

“On one occasion, one of the Archduke’s servants travelled to Barcelona and stayed at a small inn; upon returning at night, the innkeeper told him that one of his sailors had been looking for him. When he didn’t find him, the man left him a card reading, *Neudorf was looking for you.*”

“From now on I’ll like Corfu less”

Empress Elisabeth of Austria (Sisi) visited the Archduke in the country he had adopted as his own. On her first visit – her yacht was moored next to the Archduke’s at Foradada roads – her host enthusiastically showed her the beauty of Mallorca’s landscapes. In ecstasy due to his admiration and love for his “paradise,” the Archduke took the Empress to S’Estaca, Miramar and Sóller, impatient to see the reaction from the generally cold and reserved Sisi.

On the last day of her visit, the Archduke, Mr Herreros and numerous other members of the “Court at Miramar” accompanied their illustrious guest to her yacht (even until the early 20<sup>th</sup> century old fisherman still referred to the place as the *Empress’ dock*.) They say that when the Empress left, she said: “From now on I’ll like Corfu less.”



In one simple phrase the Austrian Empress summarised all her admiration for the island of Mallorca, a single phrase which her host gleefully repeated: "Did you hear what the Empress said? From now on she'll like Corfu less!"