GLOZEL, A MYSTERY

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Those who have read something about Glozel may wonder why I speak of it here. Is it not a dead issue? No, for as a study of human credulity and as a commentary on the hot-headedness or should I say pig-headedness of many men of science, it will always occupy a prominent place in the history of civilization.

Although many of the audience are probably familiar with the main facts, I want to give a brief synopsis of the involved story. I say “story” advisedly, for from the very outset the mystery of Glozel has formed a fascinating tale, very much in the genre of our best thrillers, with plot and counter-plot, gum-shoe detectives and all the pertinent paraphernalia.

Glozel is a small hamlet of four farmhouses, about fifteen miles from the famous spa of Vichy. Emile Fradin, then a youth of eighteen and belonging to an old local family, was one day working in his grandfather’s field when a cow suddenly slipped into an unsuspected hole. Fradin went to investigate and found that the hole led into an oval pit containing a variety of remarkable objects—bricks, tablets, vases—which he gathered and as soon as possible showed to the village schoolmistress, Mlle. Pleandet. The latter in turn showed some of the tablets to M. Clément, a school teacher in la Guillermie. Eventually the news of the discoveries came to the ears of Dr. Albert Morlet, a surgeon of Vichy and an amateur archaeologist. Thereafter Dr. Morlet and Emile Fradin together began to excavate at Glozel and brought to light more and more buried objects which they collected in grandfather Fradin’s house and which Dr. Morlet described in detail in an endless series of articles in a literary journal, the Mercure de France. It was through this magazine—the Atlantic Monthly
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