Zola's Nana or the writer's own Lucie Pellegrini—"the modern fille, product of our advanced civilization, agent of the destruction of the upper classes." Those words are Alexis's own, in fact, written the previous year in praise of Zola's great novel of prostitution; and they surely determined his attitude to Manet's picture in April 1882.54

The Folies-Bergère was a kind of café-concert. The guidebooks of the time invariably listed it under that rubric, though they warned their readers that it cost money to go in. The entry in Baedeker's 1878 survey of "cafés-chantants" is representative:

The Folies-Bergères [sic], Rue Richer 32, near the Boulevard Montmartre, a very popular resort, belongs to the same category. Visitors take seats where they please, or promenade in the galleries, while musical, dramatic, and conjuring performances are given on stage. Smoking is allowed. Admission 2 fr.55

The decor of the Folies was garish, and its entertainments more high-faluting than was usual in the Alcazar—the green shoes and yellow socks of a trapeze artist signal that fact in Un Bar's top left-hand corner—but the tone of the audience was much the same. Or so Guy de Maupassant would have us believe, propelling his hero Forestier along the Folies' galleries in his novel Bel-Ami:

... Duruy hardly bothered at all with the spectacle on stage, and, turning his head, he kept his eyes fixed on the great gallery behind him, full of men and prostitutes.

Forestier said to him: Notice the orchestra stalls; nobody there but bourgeois with their wives and children, good stupid souls who come for the show. In the boxes, boulevard types, a few artists, a few women from the demi-monde; and, behind us, the most bizarre mixture in all of Paris. Who are these men? Look at them closely. They are of all types, of every profession and caste, but the scum predominates. Look at the clerks, the clerks from the banks, the stores, the ministries, look at the reporters, the pimps, the officers in multi, the toffs in the evening dress, who have just eaten in some tavern and have slipped out of the Opéra on their way to the Boulevard des Italiens, and then again a whole world of dubious men who defy analysis altogether. And as for the women, there is only one kind: the kind that eats supper at the Américain, the forty-franc whore who lies in wait for the foreigner with a hundred francs to spend and tips off her friends when she is free.56

This is a piece of fiction, of course, and we should not take its description too much to heart: the loathsome Forestier has to be provided, after all, with appropriate surroundings, in his case those of dissolution and social decay. But it is evidence enough for our purposes that Maupassant saw the Folies-Bergère as the right place for his hero to relax in, and trotted out the clichés with such gusto. He was not alone in so doing in 1882: the novelist-critic Robert Caze—the same who waxed sarcastic in the last chapter over Blanche's Les Pivoines—had a prostitute in a story from his Paris vivant come home from the Folies-Bergère in the small hours, remembering how

she plied her trade in the middle of a mob of German whores, croaking away with some Jews and some youngsters, commis from the wholesale houses on the Rue Hauteville. They bared her sick, that crowd. She doesn't like Germans. Really! Things'll have to be bad before you'll catch her going back to the Folies.57

Without a doubt, by the time Manet painted it the Folies-Bergère had become a "permanent fair for prostitutes."58 It was already firmly established as such by the middle of the 1870s, and its reputation survived various attempts to clean it up and "give less importance to its promeneurs."59 The entry in the Guide secret de l'étranger célibataire à Paris for 1889 was succinct and unambiguous: "The Folies-Bergère, 32 Rue Richer: famous for its promeneurs, its garden, its constantly changing attractions, and its public of pretty women."60

Prostitution, electric light, general glitter, Jews, Germans, crapule, and commis: the images are ordinary enough, and choosing to paint the Folies-Bergère presumably meant that Manet did not wish to avoid them completely. At one level, Alexis's confidence was understandable: Manet's picture did seem "the most exactly modern and the most typical" of the works shown in the 1882 Salon. One has only to compare it in passing with some of its competitors for such a title for the point to be clear: with Alfred-Philippe Roll's enormous Grottesse jolies, for example, which lorded it over the Salon Carré, or with Ernest-Ange Duez's careful Auteur de la lampe, or Henri Gervex's mural for the Mairie du Dix-Neuvième entitled Les Basains de La Villette. Modern life for Manet, by contrast, is not greatly animated, not familial, and not proletarian. It lacks the composer of real private life, but equally the energy of a public one. On those occasions when the classes are encouraged to celebrate the same symbols, their unanimity rings hollow; and when one class is extracted from the mix and made into a symbol, it straightforwardly takes on a doleful solemnity—muscular stevedores replacing downtrodden peasants in the repertoire of official concern for the poor.

Manet's picture of modernity is limited in comparison with those of his rivals: he is less certain of relationship than Duez, less confident than Roll in showing how citizens interact and have emotions, and more opaque about class—its costume and physiognomy—than all the other three. I do


not want simply to celebrate those limitations and say they are the truth of modernity; for modern life does include relationships of Duer's kind and even of Roll's, and it certainly includes a proletariat. Modern painting suffers, I think, from not having the means or perhaps the occasion to depict them. But the sense of limits in Manet's painting—the sense of distinctions made between those things in modernity which can be represented and those which cannot—seems to be the other face of a massive ambition to be definitive about something, and that not unimportant in the Paris of 1881. The picture is almost ostentatiously exact, well adjusted, grand, quiet, and complete. It stakes its claim to classic status; and its tentative, guarded quality seems quite compatible with that claim—indeed, seems to be part of it. I shall therefore cast my own description of the picture initially in negative terms, starting out from its lack of depth, its resistance to interpretation, its impossible mirror and incomprehensible barmaid. To that extent my description will start from those written in 1882, but alter their emphasis; what the critics then took to be oddities or incoherences, or anyway features which on the whole prevented the picture from making sense, I shall take to be systematic, and supportive of a quite simple meaning for the actions and persons shown.

Un Bar is a painting of surfaces: that verdict applies not just to the things in the world it seizes on as paintable—the gold foil, the girl's makeup, and the shine on the oranges—but to its insistence that painting is a surface and should admit the fact. Where solids and volumes are suggested in the picture, as of course they have to be, the business of shading is got over in a few brilliant strokes—a patch of shadow to turn a wrist, black-and-white hatching on a bottle of champagne, abbreviated lines of white on the oranges and glass of flowers. The paint surface itself is mostly dry, with almost a scraped quality, a bit harsh, a bit brittle, on the edge of being flimsy. This has to do, among other things, with the amount of white paint worked dryly across the other colours—the powdery white of the chandeliers and crystal, the white of marble, lace, makeup, rose, and buttons, the smudges of white put everywhere to stand for dazzle and discoloration on the mirror. These marks draw attention to themselves; they make it clear that the picture surface is all one thing. So does Manet's way of drawing here—his arrangement of the edges of his main forms. The barmaid's waist and shoulders, her hands on the counter, the cut glass against her arm, the chandelier just touching her reflection's head: the picture depends on these sharp edges and intersections, in much the same way as Olympia had done; it is organized around juxtapositions on the flat.

Thus the inevitable platitude imposes itself, and need not be avoided—
is seemingly a main part of that arrangement: it is one more flat surface taking its place among the rest. Are we being invited, then, to insert into this orderly sequence of spaces another space altogether, a quite contrary diagonal? We surely cannot do it, by and large—or not in a way we can keep in being, and make part of a reasonably coherent picture; that tilted mirror will not stay in place, it keeps lining up again parallel to the bar and the balcony; the reflection at the right escapes from the person it belongs to.

This last is not simply a matter of inconsistent spaces, I think; it also derives from the painter’s rather careful mismatching of the front and back views of his barmaid subject. Looking out at us, the woman is symmetrical, upright, immaculate, composed; looking in at him, the man in the mirror, she seems to lean forward a little too much, too close, while the unbroken oval of her head sprouts stray wisps of hair. She looks a bit plumper than she ought to; the pose she adopts is more stolid and deferential. And thus the critics’ descriptions come back to mind: the “jolie vendue,” the “marchande de consolation,” “bien camée dans un mouvement naturel,” exchanging clichés with her serious admirer. The critics have a point, of course: the girl in the mirror does seem to be part of some such facile narrative, or could easily be made so. But that cannot be said of the “real” barmaid, who stands at the centre, returning our gaze with such evenness, such seeming lack of emotion or even interest.

And then, of course—final uncertainty—there is the gentleman in the mirror, standing in the top right-hand corner, clutching a gold-knobbled cane, wearing a top hat, a wing collar, and a drooping moustache. Who is this unfortunate, precisely? Where is he? Where does he stand in relation to her, in relation to us?

I wrote just now “looking at us . . . looking in at him”; but the problem the picture presents is that the barmaid must be doing both at once, that we must be where he is. But we cannot be; not, anyway, if we are to remain what that easy “we” implies, in the discourse of looking—the single viewer of the painting in question; ourselves, myself; the subject for whom the picture exists and makes sense, who stands and sees a determinate world. “We” are at the centre; he is squeezed out to the edge of things, cut off by the picture frame. His transaction with the barmaid cannot, surely, set the tone for ours.

I suppose most viewers believe that the tone will be set properly, if at all, by the expression on the barmaid’s face (Plate XXV). And presumably those viewers do some work to make the face take on an expression that seems plausible given the circumstances, and compatible with the general air of deadpan. (I am leaving aside the inveterate modernist here, who no doubt sees at once that the face is nothing but that of painting itself, the presence of the signifier, the absence of the signified, etc.) It is perfectly possible, in fact, to imagine the barmaid’s face as belonging to a definite state of mind or set of feelings: that of patience perhaps, or boredom and tedium, or self-containment. We might even have it be “inexpessive,” in the sense of the word that implies there is something being deliberately kept back, or that some mistake has been made about how best to signal what one is feeling. But the problem is that all these descriptions fit so easily and so lightly, and none cancels out or dominates the rest; so that I think the viewer ends by accepting—or at least by recognizing—that no one relation with this face and pose and way of looking will ever quite seem the right one. In any case, we resist the suggestion that everything depends on the man with the cane and his ordering the next round. “We” are not looking from where he looks: we do not believe that all we are seeing is the professional impassivity of a barmaid or a prostitute. (It might be possible to dismiss this as a kind of sentimental wish for complexity on our part, were it not for the way the more general perplexities of the picture chime in with the viewer’s sense of the face as ambiguous. Or, to put it another way: if this is the professional look of a prostitute, then surely the picture divests that look of any simplicity: it suggests that expressions have complex circumstances, and are best understood as constructions—rather fragile constructions—in their own right.)

What I have been describing up to now is a texture of uncertainties. Some of them may have struck the reader as a bit hectic and contrived, and some not; the point in following them thus far is to suggest how easily doubts about looking accumulate in front of Un Bar aux Folies-Bergère, doubts of various kinds, all reinforcing one another. What begins as a series of limited questions about relationships in space is likely to end as skepticism about relationship in general. Little by little we lose our imagined location, and because of that—as part of that—our first imaginary exchange of glances with the person in the picture is made to appear the peculiar thing it is. Here too, in the matter of persons and looks, we begin to struggle for a reading, become aware of contradictory cues, and feel obliged to include in the transaction the various things which may or may not be there in the mirror. And we cannot do it: the equation fails to add up. We cannot or will not take the place of the gentleman in the top hat, but there is no other place to occupy, it seems; we are left in a kind of suspended relation—to the barmaid, to ourselves as viewers, to the picture itself as a possible unity.

There seems little doubt that the structure which gives rise to these uncertainties was devised by the artist with conscious care. But we have an
oil sketch in which Manet put down his first general idea for *Un Bar* (Plate XXVI), and it serves to show how easily things might have been sorted out and put in order if that had been what Manet had wanted. He might have given us, as he did in the sketch, a readable, eye-catching relation between the barmaid and man in the mirror; the more or less blousy dame de comptoir dwarfing the eager buyer of drinks. He might have put the barmaid and her reflection together, back to back, with the mirror established between them. He could have pushed the counter back in space and marked out its edges and sides; he could have put the barmaid safely behind it, and taken away her peculiar symmetry and her absolute, outward stare. But of course he did not: he seems to have worked instead to discover and exacerbate inconsistencies in his subject, teasing out the anomalies, letting in the blanks, having them dictate the picture’s order.

And so the further question occurs, as to why the mirror was treated in this peculiar way. What does the mirror do in Manet’s painting? Why is it placed as it is? What is the viewer supposed to make of the distance opened up between the objects and their reflections, and the suggestion that one belongs to the other only incompletely? These are partly questions about Manet’s possible working procedures, about how it happened that the glass and reflections took this form in the process of painting. And partly they feel for possible intentions: kinds of matching, most probably sensed by the painter only indirectly, between a formal arrangement of this type and the actual subject, the bar and the barmaid. Both questions are speculative, given the evidence we have, and the answers I offer are therefore meant to be tentative. But at least they proceed from what seems to me the plausible hypothesis (on which this book as a whole is based) that inconsistencies so carefully contrived must have been felt to be somehow appropriate to the social forms the painter had chosen to show.

A mirror is a surface on which a segment of the surrounding world appears, directly it seems, in two dimensions; as such it has often been taken as a good metaphor for painting. Is that perhaps the way it is meant in *Un Bar*? The great room, the lights, the crowd, the trapeze, the elusive atmosphere—the mirror fixes and flattens them all, before the painter begins. There is literally nothing behind the barmaid but glass, on which the world already takes place in miniature, much as it will on canvas. But in order for the mirror to have that connotation—for it to be read as a simple, factual surface calling to mind the plainness with which painting puts down the world of appearance—it would not do for the glass to be pictured at an angle. The mirror must repeat the picture’s literal surface: it must be the same surface, only farther back. The thing it must not do is act on the matters of visual fact it shows; it must not do things to them.

There is a plain fact of vision somewhere, and an equally plain one of painting; the mirror is there to show that each can be true to the other: it guarantees the orderly unfolding of the real world to the eye, band after band—counter, frame, counter, balcony, pillars—until the picture stops.

The mirror must therefore be frontal and plain, and the things that appear in it be laid out in a measured rhythm. And yet it is clear that some of these things will not be allowed to appear too safely attached to the objects and persons whose likenesses they are. I think that this happens, to repeat my previous point, as a result of Manet’s attitude towards the Folies-Bergère towards modern life in Paris, if you like. It seems to me also that a degree of conflict exists between that attitude and the beliefs about painting and vision—the metaphysics of plainness and immediacy—just outlined. That Manet held both sets of beliefs is incontestable, and the tension between them was never more visible than in his last big painting.

It is a picture of a woman in a café-concert, selling drinks and oranges, and most probably for sale herself—or believed to be so by some of her customers. Those customers, we know, were a motley crew, “le plus drôle de mélange qui soit dans Paris,” and therefore peculiarly hard to make out. The elements involved in making sense of the situation were as follows: that the entertainments provided were popular, the general decor pretentious and glittering, the women loose, and the men engaged in a quite serious game of class. The face that the barmaid presents to this spectator is, we might think, the only one possible. It is the face of fashion, first of all, made up to agree with others quite like it, the hair just hiding the eyebrows and leaving the ears free, the cheeks pale with powder, the lips not overdone this season, the pearls the right size. Fashion is a good and necessary disguise: it is hard to be sure of anywhere else about the barmaid, in particular what class she might belong to. She does not seem, as the critics hinted in their choice of language in 1882, to be firmly part of the bourgeoisie; and that fact is the key to her modernity, in Alexis’s snug sense; it is part of her appeal. The face she wears is the face of the popular, as previously defined, but also of a fierce, imperfect resistance to any such ascription. It is a face whose character derives from its not being bourgeois, and having that fact almost be hidden. For if one could not be bourgeois—if that status was always pushed just a little further out of reach—then at least one could prevent oneself from being anything else: fashion and reserve would keep one’s face from any identity, from identity in general. The look which results is a special one: public, outward, “blâmé” in Simmell’s sense, impassive, not bored, not tired, not disdainful, not quite focused on anything. Expression is its enemy, the mistake it concentrates on avoiding at all costs; for to express oneself would be to have one’s class legible.
Un Bar is surely concerned to picture that kind of effacement, but also the actual social circumstances in which it took place and which made it obligatory. The painting delights in flatness in general, wherever it occurs, and no doubt it aims to show us what a face looks like when it too becomes two-dimensional—when that is the way it presents itself to the world. But it offers at the same time a form of explanation for that state of affairs, a form built into the picture’s visual structure. The explanation consists, if I can put it this way, in the “actual social circumstances” barely appearing to be any such thing—to be either actual or social—to us or the actors involved in them. A curious balance must thus be struck. The circumstances must all be there in the picture, but somehow not quite convincingly. They must be seen to apply to the barmaid, but at one remove, as if they came to her—to us—as things slightly insubstantial, not wholly real.

That is why they are placed in a mirror and only half attached to the figure in front of it. For if the barmaid were in the mirror—part of the glamour of lights and performances, directly addressed by the man with the cane—she would be given back the actual social circumstances which are precisely what she does not have. And equally, if the mirror were all paradox and instability, its angle turning the room around and opening it up, then the gap between the woman and her reflection would lack the peculiar tension it has. It is important that even the Folies-Bergère appears in the picture as almost real, almost orderly, only just interrupted by the glass. For there is a definite set of class relations here to which the barmaid belongs; it is only her way of belonging to them that is the problem. The world that Manet offers as “modern”—and the same is true of Olympia or Argenteuil, les canotiers—is not simply made up of edges and uncertainties. It is plain as well as paradoxical, fixed as well as shifting; it lacks an order, as opposed to proclaiming the end of order as the great new thing.

I do not think, in other words, that the barmaid is carried away into the odd spaces and displacements I have spent my time describing; she is not dispersed by them. Even the word “ambiguous” will not quite do if we are aiming to describe her place in the picture and her relation to the life in the mirror. To disagree with Alexis one last time, it does not seem to me that she is animated by her alienation; she is posed and composed and confined by it; it is felt as a kind of fierceness and flappiness with which she seals herself against her surroundings. She is detached; that is the best description. She looks out steadily at something or somebody, the various things which constrain and determine her, and finds that they all float by “with the same specific gravity in the constantly moving stream of money.” The customer evidently thinks she is one more such object which money can buy, and in a sense it is part of her duties to maintain the illusion. Doing so is a full-time job.

Let me compare Un Bar aux Folies-Bergère, finally, with a painting by Degas done in the later 1870s of two women sitting at a café table, with some kind of foliage behind them: the women seemingly engaged in a quizzical conversation, and one of them holding a flower in her fist (Plate XXVII). Degas seems to have believed for a while in the 1870s that modern life would offer the painter of sufficient skill a new set of characteristic physiognomies; he would be able to elaborate a repertoire of types, gestures, and expressions to stand for his century and give the viewer the feel of its life. The project bore fruit for a time in pictures like this one, or portraits of friends, or the pastels shown in the 1877 Exhibition, or the parallel study of brokers and dealers outside the stock exchange. Nonetheless the project did not continue for long; in the 1880s Degas largely abandoned it in favour of studies of the ballet and the nude. There was to be no physiognomy of modern life, and surely the reasons for Degas’s failure to design one have to do with his whole notion of the form in which modernity would show itself. The modern city, Degas thought, would produce “characters”; it would therefore be subject to sharp, ironical notation and equally sharp physiognomical encoding. What this confidence amounted to—it was plain—still in the sketches and recipes of Degas’s spokesman, Edmond Duranty—was a kind of nostalgia for times when identities had been stamped on a man’s skin; and this at a moment when the mapping of the psyche around the polarities of “inside” and “outside” was being displaced by quite other topographies.

These were eventually to issue in a new kind of polarity—that of conscious and unconscious mind—which theorized (among other things) the great fact of character in bourgeois society: that the “inside” cannot be read from the “outside,” and that the determinant facts of mind need have no visual effects, or may appear at most as interruptions in the flow of public signals. The previous pictorial concept of the psyche had depended on a notion of the self as something acted out, in familiar contexts and informing roles. This chapter has tried to describe the circumstances in which such acting out became rare.

For various reasons Manet seems to have been able to accept the implications of the new situation for painting more readily than Degas, but this is not to say that Degas’s effort at modern physiognomy came to nothing. The nature of Degas’s achievement in the 1870s is suggested well, I think, by Au café, and the artist’s seeming admission of defeat in face of
his trivial slice of modernity. The picture of the women—talking? dreaming? gloomy? intent on something? exchanging confidences?—left, as it is, half finished, picked out mostly in livid grisaille, is a kind of study in the resistance of modern life to physiognomic reading. And so are many others of Degas’s pictures at this time: what comes across most strongly is the muffled, secretive, fragmentary, almost catatonic quality of the sitters and their expressions. Behind them all—behind the woman in *L’Absinthe* or the puppets on the Place de la Concorde, behind the snarling brokers, pouting girls, slouching seducers, and barking singers—lies the final lack of animation in the *Portrait de Michel-Lévy* (Plate XXVIII).

There the modern artist stands, in a corner of his studio, surrounded by his props. The walls on either side of him are hung with freshly painted canvases—picnics and landscapes, ladies with parasols, glimpses of riverbank and greenery, absence of restaurants and regattas. The painter is in shirt sleeves, leaning against one of his *Déjeuner sur l’Herbe*. His outfit and pose are informal, but somehow uneasily smart; he wears a cryptic, acidulous expression, and at his feet is modern woman herself, the lady he chooses (or is able) to represent. She sits on the floor of the studio, a mannequin made up for the countryside, out of joint and overdressed, compliant and
featureless, her minimum physiognomy seeking the studio sun. She is
wedged into the same unsatisfactory space as the painter; they are both
awkward and impenetrable, both lurking in the "cover of restraints."

What is visible in modern life, in other words, is not character but class.
And yet of course the culture presented its own set of obstacles to the
recognition of that fact, or to taking it seriously. In the case of the artists
who concern us, the obstacle took the form of an ideology: the avant-garde
appears to have been persuaded by the view that modernity was no longer
characterized by a system of classification and control but, rather, by mix-
ture, transgression, and ambiguity in the general conduct of life. It seems
to me that this was to mistake the real and important margin of error in
capitalist society for an overall loosening of class ties. (It is true that cap-
italism by its very nature does not affix and stabilize status in the way of
feudalism, say; it does not require its identities to be absolute, so many
forms of the Sacred on earth. It is part of the new order that a few should
escape it.)

The perfect heroes and heroines of this myth of modernity were the
petite bourgeoisie. They appeared in many ways to have no class to speak
of, to be excluded from the bourgeoisie and the proletariat and yet to
thrive on their lack of belonging. They were the shiftrrs of class society,
the connoisseurs of its edges and waste lands. And thus they became for
a time the alter egos of the avant-garde—ironically treated, of course,
laughed at and condescended to, but depended on for a point of insertion
into modern life. I believe that sometimes in depicting them the painters
discovered the limits and insufficiency of their own ideology, and in some
sense described these people’s belonging to the class system. That only
happened occasionally. In any case, once the "nouvelles couches sociales"
were no longer available as heroes of modern life—once they became a
banal and established part of the bourgeoisie—description of that life,
ideological or otherwise, largely ceased.

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CONCLUSION

What I take to be the essential criticism of modernist painting was made
at the time by the young writer Camille Lemonnier. In his "Notes on the
Universal Exhibition" of 1878, he had this to say of Degas, Manet, Call-
lebotte, and Forain (I have been literal with his entry’s staccato French):

None of them appears to possess the sense of the picture. They make fragments;
they confine themselves to certain specialties of observation; they have familiarized
themselves with only certain corners of humanity, the most striking in their display
of corruption. They have above all the sense of the immoral woman. From them
one gets frightful gesticulations of filles perdues. They deliberately keep company
with the demented. Let them beware: this too is a form of virtuosity. The lower
depths in which they linger have excessive aspects to them which are easier to
do and more accessible than the simple order of bourgeois life, so hard to express
because it has no surprises.'

Lemonnier’s first sentence probably strikes us now as excessive; which is
to say that these artists and others have so altered our “sense of the picture”
that we find it hard to imagine what other sense a good critic could have
had. But the charges that follow still have their force. They amount to
saying, as this book has done, that modernist painting accepted and re-
worked a myth of modernity in which the modern equalled the marginal.
Shifting and uncertainty were thus taken to be the truth of city life and
of perception, the one guaranteeing the other. I have spent my time trying
to suggest the strengths and limitations of this belief, and have put more
stress than is usual on the latter.

In particular I have argued, as Lemonnier did, that this painting did
not find a way to picture class adequately; though adequately here should
not be understood to mean simply or unequivocally. It was not able
to devise an iconography of modern life, one capable of being sustained and
developed by succeeding generations. That failure derives above all, I think,
from its mistaken sense of what class was and how it showed itself, its
belief that the founding categories of social experience could only appear—
or could only be represented—as an absolute presence on the other side
of codes and conventions, or as a glimpse, a flickering into visibility, itself
part of the general rule of elusiveness. "Content . . . is a glimpse," a later
lieux nord-ouest, p. 254. The first rubber works was built in 1803.
37 Barron, *Les Environs de Paris*, p. 72: "par le chemin d'Argenteuil, on se bâtit de faire le spectacle monotone des carrières exploitées sur le flanc des collines aux larges sections jaunâtres, des plâtriers qui fixent dans la région toute groupe d'ouvriers pauvres, des vignes, des interminables carrés de légumes dont la route est bordée." The Joanne guide *Environs de Paris* for 1854 describes "les carrières de plâtre" as employing 6,000 workers (p. 90), though this seems high. But given the itinerant character of this labour force, and of the pleasure-seekers, population figures for Argenteuil do not give a good picture of the actual occupation of the land.
38 Le Petit-Journal, 25 May 1877: "Argenteuil (gare Saint-Lazare).—Continuation of the See. A 2h. 45, course by bicycle, organized by the Union vélo-pédagogique with the music municipal, costume of viguere—A neat heures, grande re-traite aux flambeaux avec la musique and the sapers-pompers.*
39 Louis Blaireau, "Aout de Paris," *L‘Opinion*, 8 June 1884: "Quand vient le dimanche, c'est une invasion à la gare Saint-Lazare; il n'y a pas une voiture sur la rue Saint-Denis, pas un chenêtre de la rue de Clery, pas une chocolatière de la rue Vivienne, qui ne s'abatte sur le bord de la Seine, au pied du moulin d'Orgeonnet ou dans l'abri de ces caniveaux. Or, comme dit Aimé Lévy-Achard, côté une Parisienne, passe un Pa- risen. Une femme représente toujours deux personnages. On chante, on crie, on danse, on court, on tombe, on s'égare. Tout commençant par des entrées au cresson et tout finit par des courbatures. Les bords de la Seine sont tout pleins de mystères ce jour-là, mystères de la vie intime et chanteurs."
40 "On mange des salades de homards sur l'herbe, messieurs!"
41 See D. Wildenstein, *Claude Monet: Biographie et catalogue raisonné*, vol. 1, 1840-1883; *Peintures*, nos. 170 and 337; also nos. 334, 335, 338, 368, 369. I notice since writing this that Robert L. Herbert, "Industry in the Changing Landscape," p. 269, proposes Wildenstein no. 327 as the picture on the easel. The relation of the tree and rigging to the picture's upper edge is not quite right, but it does look closer than any other. [I have heard this picture's authenticityuestioned, incidentally—even the suggestion made that it is a mock-up after the Monet!]
43 See Robert L. Herbert, "Method and Meaning in Monet," *Art in America*, September 1979, for extensive discussion of how little spontaneity Monet's technique actually had—which still leaves us with the question of what the illusion of spontaneity was for.
44 Wildenstein, *Claude Monet*, nos. 221, 222, 223, 224.
45 Ibid., nos. 219, 237, 240, 314; 251, 256, 453
46 Ibid., nos. 360, 342, 279.
47 See Monet's letter to Durand-Ruel, 15 February 1883, discussing a forthcoming exhibition: If it's not too much trouble, try to see the picture of mine that Monsieur Hayem has, I have a good memory of it and it would strike a different note."
In Wildenstein, *Claude Monet*, p. 447, Pièce justificative 56. Compare Tucker's very similar discussion of this picture, in *Monet and Argenteuil*, pp. 53-56, where the only point I cannot follow is the suggestion of churches in the final sentence.
48 See, for instance, Wildenstein, *Claude Monet*, nos. 271, 272, 271, or the distinctive unpic-true scene of Moulins d'Orgeonnet, no. 254, the celebrated *Coup de Pinceau* à Argenteuil, no. 274, and nos. 226, 276, 271, 377, 379. The closest one comes to an exception is *La Plaine de Gen- neville*, no. 272, or the celebrated *Coup de Pinceau* à Argenteuil, in the foreground are piles of fresh-cut logs, and in the distance what appears to be a plough team. Compare my discussion of the related *Gelée blanche au Petit Givernu*, p. 256, pp. 191-93.
49 There is disagreement between Wildenstein and Tucker about the precise motif; Tucker's compar-ison to the houses in Wildenstein no. 278 is surely right.
50 There is (understandably) very little literature on Ajalbert. The most useful account is R. Ber- nier, "Un Poète impressionniste: Jean-Ajal- bert", *La Revue Moderne* (Marseille), 20 January 1886.
51 Wildenstein, *Claude Monet*, nos. 348-62 (the most doubtful member of the series is *Gelée blanche*, no. 361, though it seems thematically connected with the rest).
52 Tucker does not take them as a pair—he does not treat the Kansas City picture—but he and others provide the information which entitles one of the *Monet and Argenteuil*, pp. 42, 47 (on the new house near the station), p. 50-51 (on the proximity of the Jew ironworks), p. 52 (on the Boston picture of the Boulevard Saint-Denis). For further information, and photographs of Monet's house, see R. Walter, "Les Maisons de Claude Monet à Argenteuil", *La Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, December 1966, and the expanded version of this essay in Wildenstein, *Claude Monet*, p. 58 ff. There is brief mention of the Kansas City picture in "In- dustry in the Changing Landscape," p. 155, again on its own.
53 Wildenstein, *Claude Monet*, nos. 281; 280; 282 (cf. the connected series nos. 323, 406, 411, 414, 415—the last two the dahlias pictures), 285; 356, Tucker, *Monet and Argenteuil*, chap. 5, has much fuller discussion, though somewhat different emphasis.
56 Édmond et Jules de Goncourt, *Mémoires de la vie littéraire*, 2:121. The French description of the crowd is worth giving: "des clients de femmes de la barrière; miliciens; des enfants en képis; quelques chapeaux de pu-tains avec des commis de magasins, quelques rubans roses de femmes aux jolies..." The conjunction of "puts" and "humiliation" we shall see. Compare a line from Ajal- bert's "Chromolithographic" which comes just before the lines quoted in the previous chapter (in Sauve le soir: Vers impressionnisme, p. 108) and is the centrepiece of Ajalbert's description of the "cohebdomadaire à travers les ban- lieues"—"Des calicoin en fête et des filles de joie." This book could be described as an at-tempt to explain what was meant by this pair-ing of terms for the "modern."* 
58 A. Delvaux, *Les Plaisirs de Paris: Guide pratique*, p. 64: "Vivre chez soi, penser chez soi, boire et manger chez soi, même chez soi, souffrir chez soi, mourir chez soi, nous trouvons cela en-
59 dans tous les Café Concerts," preserved in the Archives Nationales (hereafter referred to as AN), P 5:8068 (1865). "At the Ballet Mabille [one of the leading dance halls of Paris in the pe-riod], between two dances,/A young man who said he was a Baron,/Offered me a townhouse and two carriages//As a setting for my good taste./Lowering my eyes, I went towards him,/But there's something new/I see some scissors sticking out of his pocket...//The Baron was only a shop assistant..."
nueux et incommodé. Il nous faut la publicité, le grand jour, la rue, le cabaret, le café, le restaurant, pour nous éménager en bien ou en mal.

Nous aimons à pionner, à nous donner en spectacle, à avoir un public, une galerie, des témoin de notre vie.

6 C. Delon, Verso Capitale Paris, p. 371: “Pe- sonne n’y est chez ses hôtes le Parisien n’a plus de chez soi. Tout le monde comme en hôtel gare; Si bien que l’intérieur n’avant plus ni intimité, ni agrement, chacun est conse de s’en dégoûter et de vivre au dehors le plus possible.” (This was part of an attack on Hau- mansmannisation—even so late in the day!)"n
7 René Degas, letter of 17 July 1872, cited in Diguet and C. June 1979; “I especially tried to take heed of Rikfin’s criticisms of my 1977 essay. The ready will find I disagree both with Rikfin’s implic- able view of the café-concert as a cog in the machine of social control, and with his at- ancére’s picture of it as the site of real subversion. But I am deeply indebted to both readings. On the look of the place, see also M. Shapiro, Degas and the Siamese Twins of the Café-Concert. The Ambassadeurs and the Alcazars of Toulon, Gazette des Beaux-Arts, April 1980; and (most dealing with the 1880s and 1890s) Le Café- concert: Affiches de la Bibliothèque du Musée des Arts Décoratifs, 1977.

9 C. Delon, Verso Capitale Paris, p. 371: “Quo aux chansons mauvaises qui auraient pu se glisser sur les programmes depuis les seize mois que fonctionne l’Inspection des théâtres, il est peut-être juste de faire observer au lendemain de la Commune et de l’orgie de chants qui s’était passée pendant cette époque, il a fallu, pour la préfecture de Police, réorganiser lentement et avec peine un service complètement dans- sert et dretre des agents suffisamment capa- ble…”

11 By far the best treatment of the café-concert seems to me J. Rancière, ‘Le Bon Temps ou la barrière des plaisirs,’ Les Révolutions Logiques, Spring issue 1978, which uses some of the same archival materials on which I in turn worked. Compare A. Rikfin, “Cultural Neov- ments and the Paris Commune,” Arts History, June 1979, I especially tried to take heed of Rikfin’s criticisms of my 1977 essay. The ready will find I disagree both with Rikfin’s implic- able view of the café-concert as a cog in the machine of social control, and with his at- ancére’s picture of it as the site of real subversion. But I am deeply indebted to both readings. On the look of the place, see also M. Shapiro, Degas and the Siamese Twins of the Café-Concert. The Ambassadeurs and the Alcazars of Toulon, Gazette des Beaux-Arts, April 1980; and (most dealing with the 1880s and 1890s) Le Café- concert: Affiches de la Bibliothèque du Musée des Arts Décoratifs, 1977.


15 Victor Fournel, Ce qu’on voit dans les rues de Paris, pp. 364-65.

16 The official statistic for 1872: see AN Fais 11438, 1872. Maxime Du Camp offered the figure of 180 in his Paris Ses Organes, ses fonctions et sa vie dans la seconde moitié du dix-neuvième siècle, pp. 6:127 (basing himself, presumably, on the 1872 census). Le Figaro Illustré in 1876 gave the num- ber as 274.


19 Admission charges are given in Murray and other guides. It seems that the Elaborado first insisted on “la renouvellement des consommations” in 1876, when the prefecture relaxed its regulation of the physical detail of the performances.

20 E. Drumont, Mon Vœu Paris, 2012: “Le câ- le e crois sur le tableau pour le flâneur qui observe, c’est l’assistance extérieure qui se donne le plaisir gratuit de saisir au vol la chanson nue; ceux-là sont des Parisiens écouteurs avec naïveté ces interprétations qu’ils ont la potentialité de répétir. Pas de risques qu’ils in- terrompent les chanteurs par un de ces chalots formidables qu’organisent, c’est la mode, nos jeune siffleture avec leurs compagnes. L’autorite naïf ne comprend pas, l’indigne, et le pro- vincial est terrorisé. Une certaine kind of contrast pointed out in G. Goq, Dimanches d’été pp. 1-2.

24 Pierre Larroque, Grand Dictionnaire universel du dix-neuvième siècle, 716.


26 Maurice Talmey, “Cafés-concerts,” p. 178 (the date of the article is very late, of course, but its terms and transitions are those established in the discourse on the café-concert from the 1860s onward): “Puis, aux mêmes places, les cou- doyant, beaucoup aussi de petites gens, des buzi- tiers, des commiss, des vendeurs de chaussures, et les inévitables râles bizarres, violentes, patibulaires. On sent là, sans barrière entre eux, dans un sans-gêne commun, la femme tarifée. and the
mondaine, le rejet de justice et le magistrat, les maîtres et les domestiques, les humbles gris et les filous.


28 See chapter one, note 88. For further cabinet references, see this chapter’s epigraph and the line from Alajbert cited in note 3.

29 P. Véron, Paris caramuse, p. 87: "Il y a des gens qui viennent ainsi chaque soir déposer leur tribut floral aux pieds d’une prima donna de plein vent. Ceux-là, vous les remarquerez aux tables près de l’orchestre. Ces adorateurs à vue d’œil sont en général des cailons dont le magazine ferme de bonne heure, des clercs de notaire qui font l’étude buissonnière, des hommes maîtres, — qui sort-dînant vont au Cercle.

30 M. Vaucouleurs, "Café-chantant: A. M. de Hérédia," in Effets de théâtre, p. 106: "They spend all their time laughing and clapping. These bourgeois, counter-jumpers, and flâneurs, none of them very respectable. Who call out to the singer and beckon her. Here one is happy, one drinks, one sings, one can smoke, and keep that up for a while before one has to catch cold.


33 Anglo-Parisian, Paris by Day and Night, p. 221. Guidebook writers were unable to make up their minds as to a convenient shorthand for the café-concert’s public. Beredere (Paris and Its Environments: Handbook for Travelers, p. 17) in 187 A said that the establishments on the Champ-Élysées were "dolls unbound to delight to the middling and lower classes of Parisians." Galgani’s Illustrated Paris Guide for 1879, p. 236, avoided the issue: "cafés-concerts or chantants are the favourite evening lounges of the Parisian bourgeoisie, who does not object to hearing favourite songs and other music, while regaling himself." Murray retreated from his 1882 verdict to this, in his 1882 Handbook (p. 109): "Café-Concerts or Chantants. These are all of the ‘music-hall’ order, both in the style of the entertainment and in the class of their frequenters." Parallels between the concert and the music hall are real; see G. Stedman Jones, "Working-Class Culture and Working-Class Politics in London, 1870-1900," Journal of Social History, Summer 1972, pp. 491-509. The questions raised here about the music hall’s place in a complex class culture very much influenced my approach to the French case.

34 From the growing literature on "popular culture," the following items were most helpful to my discussion: G. Stedman Jones, "Working-class Culture"; Clement Greenberg, "Avant-Garde and Kitsch," in Art and Culture; Theodore Adorno’s various splashy essays on jazz; Philip Cohen, "Sub-Cultural Conflict and Working Class Community," Working Papers in Cultural Studies, Spring 1977; S. Hall and T. Jefferson, eds., Resistance Through Ritual: Youth Subcultures in Post-war Britain; Roger Taylor’s swinging Art: An Enemy of the People, especially chap. four, on jazz; Tom Crow’s "Modemism and Mass Culture in the Visual Arts," in Modernism and Modernity, ed. S. Giulian, and D. Soklin. There is an oddly heterogeneous list, I realize, that testifies to the shifting status of the subject. It has not yet (see quite) become a "field." A good essay I read after writing this chapter is S. Hall’s "Notes on Deconstructing The Popular." in "People’s History and Socialist Theory," ed. R. Samuel. There is suggestive material also in R. Holt, Sport and Society in Modern France, and in some items on the petty bourgeoisie recommended in chapter three, notes 14 and 54, especially those by R. Q. Gray.


36 Villanée de Max Dapreval, Chantée par Mlle Thérésa de l’Alcazar Lyrique." The printed sheet music I used can be found in AN F18 1865 (1865), among other banned material, with the censor’s "Non" scrawled across it. This does not mean it was never performed, of course, but is evidence that occasionally the censor was sensitive to its double-entendres. "How I love to see your white breast! Whose whiteness rivets that of milk?" its twin billows that swell and overflow./And seek to escape from corset’s confines./I know your refinements, come back on Sunday /Sir, paws down if you please! /—Look at the bowl from which you quench your thirst./ One would say its handle was broken./ Permit me to put the handle back on./ It’s my trade, I’ve always been good at it, etc.) Sunday, by the way, turns out to be the day the couple will be married; so the song is "unmarried" in the end, in a way that is typical of the official café-concert repertoire.


38 AN F1 1860 (1864), Alcazar.

39 Gustave Geoffroy, Veuillot’s Cabinet: "Pour les autres /[those Parisians who are not content with the interior], l’important, qu’ils l’avoue, est / de sortir de chez eux où ils s’ennuient, et de s’aller n’importe où chercher la lumière, le bruit, et la complicité tacite de la foule, des êtes semblables à eux, de la cohue des ennuyés."

40 I realize the echoes here of Walter Benjamin’s famous description of film: "Reception in a state of distraction, which is increasingly noticeable in all fields of art and is symptomatic of profound changes in apperception, finds in the film its true mode of exercise. The film with its shock effect meets this mode of reception halfway. The film makes the culminating value [of art] recede into the back ground not only by putting the public in the position of the critic, but also by the fact that at the movies this position requires no attention. The public is an examiner, but an absent-minded one." ("The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction," in Illuminations, pp. 242-43.)

41 Edgar Degas, letter to Lerolle, in Lettres de Degas, ed. M. Guérin, p. 56, cited in "Degas," by Shapiro, pp. 198-199. Compare Malmèr’s verdict in his newspaper, La Dernière Mode, "Chronique de Paris," 4 October 1874: "tout ce joli temps de jolie belle houmme, de gosseuline magnatique, qu’elle a autour d’elle, mais sans le partager avec autres, cette femme toujours étonnante, Thérésa!" (Stéphane Malmèr, Oeuvres complètes, 775-757.)


43 Anon., Le Rêveï, 29 September 1866: "J’ai eu astroïdées pour Thérésa beaucoup d’admiration. Il me semblait que dans cette grosse voix des grâces naturesl grasse voisine était une âme du peuple. Elle me remuait et me donnait le frisson; plus d’une fois, elle m’arrachait des larmes. Depuis deux ans, je vais à ses concerts comme une ancienne amie, cherchant cette impression passée qu’elle ne révèle plus. Sa belle sçhôoti si forte et si nette s’est gâée par la prétention, la pompe et la solennité. Elle imagine sans doute qu’elle est maintenant une force sociale et que chacun des mots tombés de ses lèvres se répercutera dans le monde. Elle accueille sans discrétion des chansonniers ingrats et cherche à colorer ces paroles vides d’une sentimentalité redondante et d’un faux pittoresque. Au lieu de l’art brutal et sincère, elle prétend voir un procédé uniforme et la recherche de l’effet violent." She sang “Le Sapeur,” apparently, as if now a mere gendarme was beneath her. The hall’s verdict was that "elle pontifiait son sapeur."

44 The latter triumph is recounted in Gaston Julivet, Souvenirs de la vie de plaisir sous le Second Empire, p. 253. Khalil-Bey, the Turkish admirer of Courbet’s erotic art in the 1860’s, was reputed to have given Thérésa two diamonds together worth 10,000 francs. But it would be wrong to paint her success as unchallenged: there were plenty of people who followed Veuillot and Larousse in finding her "la muse de l’horrible" (L. Ulbach, "Courrier de Paris," L’Indépendance Belge, 6 May 1865). She provided a natural term of comparison in oppression passed wishing to abuse Olympia. Bertall in one cartoon imagined Manet repainting his picture as follows: "M. Manet nettoie la place de son chat, envoie son bouquet à Thérésa, et sa charbonnière aux Bagatelles" (L’Illustration, 17 June 1865, p. 584). Compare Olivier Merson’s calling Olympia "Témoignage de la Femme à Barbe"—one of the songs that had made Thérésa’s name.

45 Impavidus, "Correspondance parisienn," La Revue Gauche, 18 June 1865: "Dernièrement, une rose dont elle était le sujet, a eu lieu aux Champs-Élysées entre la police et la foule des badauds et de gadins venus pour l’endire. Quelques sergents de ville ont refusé des horizons, parallèl, et ont du déguiser, mais le sang n’a pas été répandu. "Quel grand peuple que celui qui sait se battre pour une chansonette de brasserie, et ne sait rien faire pour conquérir sa lièvre!"

46 Hector Berlioz, Le Figure, 4 April 1848: "You love music and have no fear of alcohol and the smell of tobacco. Then go to the Passage Jouv-
froy... around ten at night, when the crowd is as thick as the pipe smoke, if you manage to find a free seat in the house, you will see a strange man come on stage. It is Darier. ... His face already expresses the character of the person whose grim or naive or lamentable history he is about to sing to.

46 Jollivet, *Souvenirs*, p. 253: "elle jetait, du creux de son magnifique contralto, son défi révolutionnaire aux patriotes exploitants du 'poivrot public'."

47 The evidence preserved in the Archives Nationales, especially the boxes F8 1338, 1339, 1680, 1681, affords quite a full picture of the censeur's activities—the licensing regulations, the regular moves to tighten them, lists of censored songs, the song sheets of songs refused a license for performance at the main cafés-concerts, occasional reports of police spies, the censor's annual statement to the minister, etc. Rancière, "Le Bon Temps", has an incisive discussion, particularly of the political dimension of censorship, on pp. 38-42.

Cafés-concerts were supposed to submit copies of their programmes every morning to the bureau, but the conditions of any kind were not permitted. Proctor himself was not slow to point out the sheer impracticability of such a system. Nevertheless, it survived with very little modification: a letter of 25 April 1880, signed by the owners of the leading establishments, is still complaining of the old restrictions and inflexibilities (AN F8 1338).

48 Paulus, *Trente ans de café-concert: Souvenirs recueillis par Oseaus Pradelles*, pp. 70-71 ("Le Baptême du pit ébène, paroles Émile Durand-Deau, musique Charles Plantade"): "Over there, over there, at the end of the earth. Over there, far away, deep in the Luxembourg. Was an old man, a popular songwriter / Béranger / Or that one, let's always hold him in high esteem. / How I love to see around this table / Savoyards, / Cabaret-makers, / Builders, / How like a bunch of flowers it is. / Little Léon, on your mother's breast / You have never known adversity: / You have not seen the flag of your fathers / Sullied with mud, covered with insult. / But, / without wishing to talk politics, / Let's all shed a tear for him who has gone. / The enemy shot him up on an island / Where he died that great legislator... / Let's leave, let's leave to vulgar dealers / The search for love in carnal pleasures, / True love, ah! it's that of a father. / Who gives the word to a little newborn child. / And why are we not concerned for the mother / Who even now is still confined to her bed, / She has suffered much more than the father / Who has had all the joy of..."

49 AN F8 1680, "L'Etoile des concerts," submitted by the Eldorado and rejected 15 Feb., 1869: "Since it is necessary, and to please you, / I speak in argot, a language / I adopt a folksy's voice, / And the manners of a beggar, / I kick up my legs better than Clochette, / I don't sing as well as Malbronn, / I am as distinguished as Gavroche, / What, what do you care? / I earn a hundred thousand francs."

50 See, e.g., AN F8 1338 (1853) for a "Liste des chansonnets interdits, qui ne peuvent être chantés ni sur les Théâtres, ni dans les concerts, cafés concerts..." from which my titles are drawn. (Among the others is an "Appel au Béranger," which goes to show, quite typically, that even the good Paulus's efforts could be turned to bad uses. There is a distinctly Courbetist flavour to many of the songs, not surprisingly at this date: "L'Aumône du pauvre," "Hymne aux paysans," "Le Mécénas de campagne," "Le Rentier," "Le Vrai paysan," and even "La Noce de l'enterrement.") AN F8 1680 contains material showing the censor's record book against political material in the early 1870s, after the Commune. There are 187 censored songs in October-December 1872 alone, considerably more than in any whole year during the 1860s. Most of the censored songs are obscene or renoncement—there is only a smattering of "social" ballads bemoaning the poor worker's fate. But some extraordinary Commune songs do get as far as the censor's office, as Rancière points out in his discussion in "Le bon Temps", pp. 38-42. I think Rancière could overestimate the political explosiveness of the café-concert repertoire on the basis of these exceptional post-Commune years; but he could reasonably count it as it is only when periods that the always present political subtext of the "popular" bubbles up into the censorship records.

51 See, e.g., AN F8 1313, file on the Café-concert de la Scala, April 1887, a spy's exaltation of a sanguinary uprising of an interpolated verse in "Le Pistolet d'Hortense": "Oh! je voudrais être l'œuf / Où tu sais ce pistolet, j'y fouir. / De cet instrument..."
64 Pour le petit-bourgeois consommateur de culture en France, le second tiers du vingtième siècle, l'aspect populaire, le caractère déroutant et provocant de ce théâtre de la rue, avec ses costumes extravagants, ses débordements de la norme, est un élément clé dans la création d'une identité de quartier qui dépasse les frontières du stéréotype. C'est dans ce contexte que l'œuvre de Manet et des peintres de son temps est perçue comme une rébellion contre les normes sociales et artistiques de l'époque.

65 L'une des tendances les plus marquantes de l'art du XIXe siècle est l'intérêt pour les représentations de la rue et des personnages qui la peuplent. Cette fascination pour la vie quotidienne est particulièrement visible dans les œuvres de Manet, qui, par sa capacité à capturer le dynamisme et l'atmosphère de la rue, est devenu l'un des artistes les plus représentatifs de l'époque.

66 Dans l'article de 1882, l'auteur souligne l'importance de la rue dans la vie quotidienne des Parisiens. La rue est vue comme un espace de rencontre et de dialogue, où les citoyens peuvent se rencontrer et échanger des idées. C'est à travers ces interactions que la rue acquiert son rôle de médiation entre les individus et la société.

67 La rue est également un espace d'expérimentation esthétique, où les artistes ont pu explorer de nouvelles formes de représentation et de composition. Manet, en particulier, est considéré comme un pionnier de la représentation de la rue dans l'art moderne, et son œuvre a eu un impact majeur sur les artistes qui l'ont suivie.

68 En conclusion, l'article de 1882 souligne l'importance de la rue dans la vie quotidienne des Parisiens et l'impact majeur de l'art de Manet sur cette représentation. L'article montre également comment l'art moderne a révolutionné notre façon de voir et d'interpréter le monde qui nous entoure.
pressionistes, qui ont d’excellentes raisons pour traiter de haut le dessin, le modelé et la perspective. Du moins, nous avions toujours entendu raconter que le premier mérite de M. Manet avait été de montrer les hommes et les choses avec leur couleur vraie, dans l’atmosphère qui les environne; voyons comment ce beau principe est appliqué ici: le bar et la salle sont éclairés par deux globes de lumière électrique, de cette lumière blanche et aveuglante qu’on sait; or, M. Manet a probablement choisi le moment où les appareils ne fonctionnaient pas, car jamais on ne vit lumière moins éclatante, les deux globes de verre dépoli ont l’air de lanternes aperçues au travers d’un brouillard d’hiver.” Comme stressé les hélas il a délibérément restricting himself to observations “qui portent sur des faits, non sur des appréciations” — see my discussion in the previous paragraph.

69 Dubois de Pesquiède (this entry is worth quoting as a whole, coming as it does from an intelligent Catholic critic who had had his say in 1866): “M. Manet, qui a fondé sa réputation en renouvelant sur Courbet, se distingue dans le débordement actuel du réalisme, non par la surpasser du sujet, mais par l’excentricité de la facture et les brisements de l’exécution. Sa danse au bistrot aux Folies-Bergère, i.e., la boîte du bar et de la salle des folies Bergères, est une scène de ces amusantes fantaisies ou gageures dont l’auteur a le monopole. Vêtue d’un corsage bleu, faisant face aux chandelles, elle se reflète dans la glace posée derrière son dos et cause avec un interlocuteur qu’on ne voit, lui, dans le miroir. On juge de l’effet de ce trio d’images ainsi groupé, fondé sur la belle, de deux eaux de bouteilles et de coupes remplies d’oranges, elle ressort sur le fourmillement des spectateurs. La lumière toutefois est tellement indécente qu’il est difficile de distinguer si elle est produite par le jour ou les flambeaux. Mais la réalité est pour ainsi dire palpable.

70 Le Foujol — voir au catalogue des galeries, s’agit et revit avec une étonnante intensité. En somme, le tableau, qui est une espèce de fantasmatographe pictural, obtient le même effet de poésie et de tout pleine de caractère. Que vous fait-il donc? La plantation du tableau? Il n’en saisit pas plus de spiritualité. L’accord que l’effet de l’eau reflétée dans la glace ne se comprend pas du premier coup. Mais quelle loi en acte décrète que les effets doivent être saufs et précis dès l’abord? Je suis désolé, disent certes. Vous n’êtes donc pas une figure des plus innocentes pour faire croire qu’elle ne sait pas que sa soeur jumelle s’en fait parler dans la salle en face d’elle, par un monologue acide — Hypocrisie! Tu te dis, libre donc jusque dans le sanctuaire des plaisirs faciles! s’écrie M. Joseph Prudhomme.

71 Hooysay: “Il paraît que ce tableau représente un bar des Folies-Bergères, que cette table bleue a réuni [sic], surmontée d’une tête de carrousel comme on en voyait jadis au vitrail des motines, représente une femme; que ce mannequin est forme indécise et que la face dénudée de trois coups de brosse représente un homme, et que ce moignon qui tient une canne représente une main. Il paraît encore que les ombres soutenues et tranchées font un décor devant la façade du nouvel Opéra, avec des ballons flottants tout au-dessus d’eux, représenté, réfléchis par une glace, le public des Folies-Bergères, la scène où s’exercent les gymnastes et les globes de lumière électrique. Nous serions bien tenté de feindre la fâcheuse et de passer tout de suite à une autre toile. Mais on nous dirait que notre critique n’est pas sérieuse. Comme si la peinture de M. Manet était sérieuse. De bonne foi, faut-il admirer la face plate et plâtreuse de la bar-girl, son corsage sans relief, sa couleur offensante? Faut-il admettre que la peinture a réussi, au moyen d’un peu de pousière blanche épandue sur le dos de la jeune femme, à donner l’illusion d’une scène réelle dans une glace? Ce tableau est-il vrai? Non. Est-il beau? Non. Est-il séduisant? Non. Mais alors qu’est-il?”

82 Chevreau (again worth quoting in full: the comparison with 1856 is interesting: by now a reading of Manet’s art as essentially concerned without “subject” but “vision” has been confidently stabilized, and it allows Chevreau to be quite pleased—as pleased as he is brief—about the former): “Ceux qui redoutent comme nous les maîtres et les faiseurs où même instamment la recherche des sujets distingués en peinture, sont servis à souhait en ce dernier tableau de M. Manet. Il n’est pas permis d’être plus que le créateur installé par l’histoire de l’art. Et puisque l’il est le créateur, il faut se demander si ce n’est pas en quoi nous voyons l’essentiel mérite de ce tableau. Et cette mérite est dans la juste vision des choses, de leur coloration, de leur vibration lumineuse, de leur apparente ondoyante et passante si fugitive, si rapide. L’étoffe est le triomphe de M. Manet; il n’imprime pas les formes, comme le fait M. Béraud en des sujets analogues, il les prendrent de leur étrangère mobilité, et l’on ne garde pas de ses tableaux une impression plus nette, plus nette que de la réalité en mouvement. C’est une formule d’art très neuve, très personnelle, très piquante, conquête directe de l’artiste sur le monde des phénoménes extérieurs et qui ne se sert pas de seule pour l’avant...” Modernist discourse has arrived: the stab at prophecy in the last sentence sounds the distinctive note.

83 Tamerlan: “Une jeune personne préposée au bar—en français buffet—prend une figure des plus innocentes pour faire croire qu’elle ne sait pas que sa soeur jumelle s’en fait parler dans la salle en face d’elle, par un monologue acide.—Hybridité! Tu te dis, libre donc jusque dans le sanctuaire des plaisirs faciles! s’écrie M. Joseph Prudhomme.”
lament ce bar, fait face au public. Elle a der-rire elle une grande grâce, où se reflète sa personne d'abord, puis celle de monseigneur avec lequel elle vivait : puis, enfin, toutes les premières galeries, et la base du lustre. Tout cela vibre et tremble dans la grâce." Compare Alexis's similar tone. Even Émile Bliémond's description of the woman as "la fille de compo- toir" probably was meant to carry some such message; see note 90 below for the "dame de comptoir's" reputation.

89 Paul Alexis, Le Figure, 12 March 1881; cited in Nana, by Émile Zola, p. 430: "Avec Nana, l'auteur des Rougon-Macquart se retrouvait dans son élément: en petit casse-cou! Camper de- bout la fille moderne, produit de notre civi-

lisation avancée, agent destructeur des hautes classes; écrire une page de l'histoire éternelle-
mente humaine de la courtoisie; montrer, dans une sorte de chapelle ardente, au fond d'un tabernacle, le sexe de la femme et autour, un peuple d'hommes, prostrés, ruinés, vidés ou abîmés: tel était son sujet." It is worth pointing out that Zola's fiction is one of the few things we know Manet read. H. Mitterand notes an unpublished letter from him to Zola in early August 1867, saying he was reading La République des lettres and birds is "épa-
tant." See Émile Zola, Les Rougon-Macquart, 2:569. Apart from The Mystery of Marie Roger, the only other book I am aware Manet men-
tioned is another detective story, Pierre-Alexis Ponson du Terrail's Épitaphs de Rocambule, which he declared "extraordinaire" in a letter to Mal-

larmé, 1884 (in Vie de Mallarmé, by É. Mourot, p. 442). Mallarmé in turn mentions that Manet read Rousseau's Confessions (Stéphane Mallarmé, Correspondance, 2:231).

86 Baudelaire, Paris and its Environs, p. 96.

87 Guy Maupassant, Bel ami, p. 16. The list of types should be given in French: "Il y a de tout, de toutes les professions et de toutes les castes, mais la caprice domine. Voici des employés, employés de banque, de magasin, de ministère, des reporters, des souteneurs, des officiers en bourgeois, des gommeux en habit..."

88 Robert Caze, "Dame du Matin," in Paris Vi-

turer, pp. 152-53: "Maintenant qu'elle est dans la rue sabée et toute grise de brouillard; elle se remémore un à un les incidents de la soirée passée, la voile, aux Folies-Bergères [sic] où elle a fait son petit pèlerin au milieu d'un tas de

gres allemands qui hachent de la paille avec des juifs et des jeunes gens, commis dans les maisons de gens de la rue Hauteville. Ça l'ennuie, ce monde-là. Elle ne s'y attarde pas aux Allemands. Vra! Il ferait chaud quand on la repirera aux Folies..."

89 C. Virmax, Trotteurs et laprains, p. 115; cited in Les Folies de noce, by A. Corbin, p. 259: "le promeneur du bas, autrement dit le Marché aux Veaux, est une foire permanente de pasions."

90 For instance, in 1877, an article by "E. F." in La Revue Parisienne, 23 November 1877, says that the new owners of the establishment aim to change the côté moral: "il tend à donner moins d'importance à ses promenards." The writer is confident that this will soon render outdated a story entitled "Une Soirée aux Fol-

ies-Bergère," published in the same journal, in which a Milord Williams had encountered a variety of fille—"inclus le demons de comp-
toir." There is no evidence that the new pro-

prieters were successful.

91 Guide secret de l'étranger célibataire à Paris, p. 4: "célerie par ses promenards, son jardin, ses attractions toujours nouvelles et son public de jolies femmes." This guide, published in Brus-

sels, is essentially a list of brothels.

92 Eugène Manet records his brother's workings and reworkings in a letter to Berthe Morisot in April 1882 (in Correspondance de Berthe Morisot avec sa famille et ses amis, ed. D. Rouart, p. 107): "Il se prépare un four pénible à l'ex-

position. Il refait toujours le même tableau; une femme dans un bateau..."

93 Maupassant, Bel ami, p. 16.

94 See the critics' insistence on such facts: De Seigneur, Alexis, Houssaye, Le Sienne.

95 On Degas's interest in physiognomy, see Theo-
do Deffet, Degas: The Artist's Mind, pp. 217-45; Theo-
dore Deffet, Degas: The Notebooks of Edgar Degas, 1517 (notebook 23, pp. 44 on Lavaré), 127:49-
40; and 2: notebook 33, head of criminal, car-

icatures, etc. Compare Edmond Dunant, La Nouvelle France: A propos du groupe d'artistes qui expose dans la Galerie Durand-Ruel, and M. Crozatier, Un Méconnu du réalisme: Dunant (1837-1886). L'Homme-Le Critique-Le Ro-
mancier, pp. 335-44, on relations between De-
gas and Duran in 1874; pp. 458-49 and 465-
57 on Duranty's 1887 article "Sur la physio-

gnomie." As late as the sixth Impressionist ex-

hibition, in 1888, Degas showed two "physiog-

nomic" studies of criminals.

Conclusion

2 Camille Lemonnier, Les Peintres de la vie, p. 211: "Aucun d'eux ne parait posséder le sens du tableau. Il faut des fragments; ils n'y sien-
toient à des certaintes spécialités d'observation; ils ne sont familiarisés qu'avec de certains coins de l'humanité, les plus saillants par leur cor-

ruption étalée. Ils ont surtout la sensation de la femme malaise. Il y a d'eux d'effroyables gentiléculages de filles perdues. Ils hantent vo-

lontiers les exaspérés. Qu'ils prennent garde: ceci encore est une des formes de la virtuosité. les fables trouvables auxquels ils s'attardent ont des côtés excessifs plus faciles à faire et d'un effet plus accessible que la simple ordonnance de la vie bourgeoise, si aride à exprimer cela qu'elle est sans surprises."

2 Willem de Kooning, "Content Is a Glissmpse," Location, Spring 1963, pp. 45-46. "Content, if you want to see, is a glimpse of something, an encounter, you know, like a flash. It's very tiny — very tiny, content."

3 See Harrison and Cynthia White, Cannes and Carrières: Institutional Change in the French Painting World, chap. 5.

4 Louis Barron, Les Enseignes de Paris, p. 30: "L'Ile de la Grande-Jatte, sans être un Eden cham-


de, offre à la jeune parisiense des charmes que celle-ci est loin de dédaigner. Les jours

décidés, des bâtiments, un bal, dont la splendide rivières avec le luxe de l'Elysée-Montmartre, y retiennent des premières, nombreux et en-

châtel qui se couvrent de l'ombre, et les balançoires, les jeux de ton-

neau et de quelques fleurs à placer à la place

des arbres abrégés..."

L'illustration, 15 June 1878, pp. 492-493: "C'est dans l'île de la Grande-Jatte, entre Neuilly et Asnières, que M. Jaurais a étalé comparer les promeneurs du dimanche et ceux du lundi, nous avons vues les premières, nombreux et en-

dimanches, qui circulent le long de la berge, tandis que dans l'île les favorisés de la fortune ont trouvé plus d'ombre et de solitude. Le gra-


cieux anime d'aucous a été tiré sur l'herbe; on en a enlevé les coussins pour asseoir les dames qui redouaient l'humidity pour leurs robes nou-

veuses; puis on a sorti les provisions, on a été

une grande nappe sur l'herbe verte, on a ouvert le pâtre réglementaire et découvert les bouteilles cachetées.

On venait de loin, l'appétit était vif; on a fait honneur au déjeuner. . . . Mais le dessert a ses surprises: voici l'un des canotiers qui re-

vient du bateau portant triomphalement deux bouteilles de ce champagne; on a encore le droit d'avoir soif. . . .

"Employés et commis sont rentrés au bureau et au magasin: nous sommes au jour de l'ou-

vrage. Le champagne de la veille a fait place au petit vin d'Argentueil; on ne s'étend plus folle-

ment sur l'herbe, on se groupe devant de mau-

vais tables, sur les bancs du cabaret.

Les gens de la veille se sentaient le droit de s'amuser; les amateurs du lundi sont sourciceux; le souvenirs de l'atelier hante leur esprit; les reproches qui les attendent génient la franchise de leur bonne humeur: il faudra prier diverses livres encore pour éloigner ces fantômes fi-

cheux.

The captain wrote incidents, eventually, by de-

scribing the pictures' success in the salon, and claiming they are "appréciées par ceux du di-

manche et par ceux du lundi." The reference to Joan Weinstein, who presented pictures and caption in a paper to a graduate seminar at UCLA in 1977. The pictures, minus captions, were later reproduced in J. Rosso's "Measuring in Seurat's Figure Painting," Art History, September 1980.

6 See the discussion of saints lunés in M. Perron, Les Ouvriers en grève. France 1871-1890, 3:225-

39.

7 P. Lelièvre, Les Ateliers de Paris, 1865, p. 35, cited in Perex, Les Ouvriers, 2:226. (Lelièvre was a carpenter.)

8 Ibid., p. 48.

9 Of the criticisms I cite, one (Christophe) is not included in the valuable bibliography and col-

lection of extracts in Henk Derric and John Rewald, Seurat: L'œuvre peint, biographie et catalogue critique; two others (Ajalbert and Adam) are included but not cited. To this extent Derric and Rewald's treatment somewhat underestimate the critics' interest in 1886 in the social detail of Seurat's painting, though it is clear that by this date a deliberate overlook-

ing or downplaying of such detail is an estab-

lished avant-garde critical strategy. Félix Fé-

néon and Emile Verhaeren employ it, but not Christophe and Ajalbert.