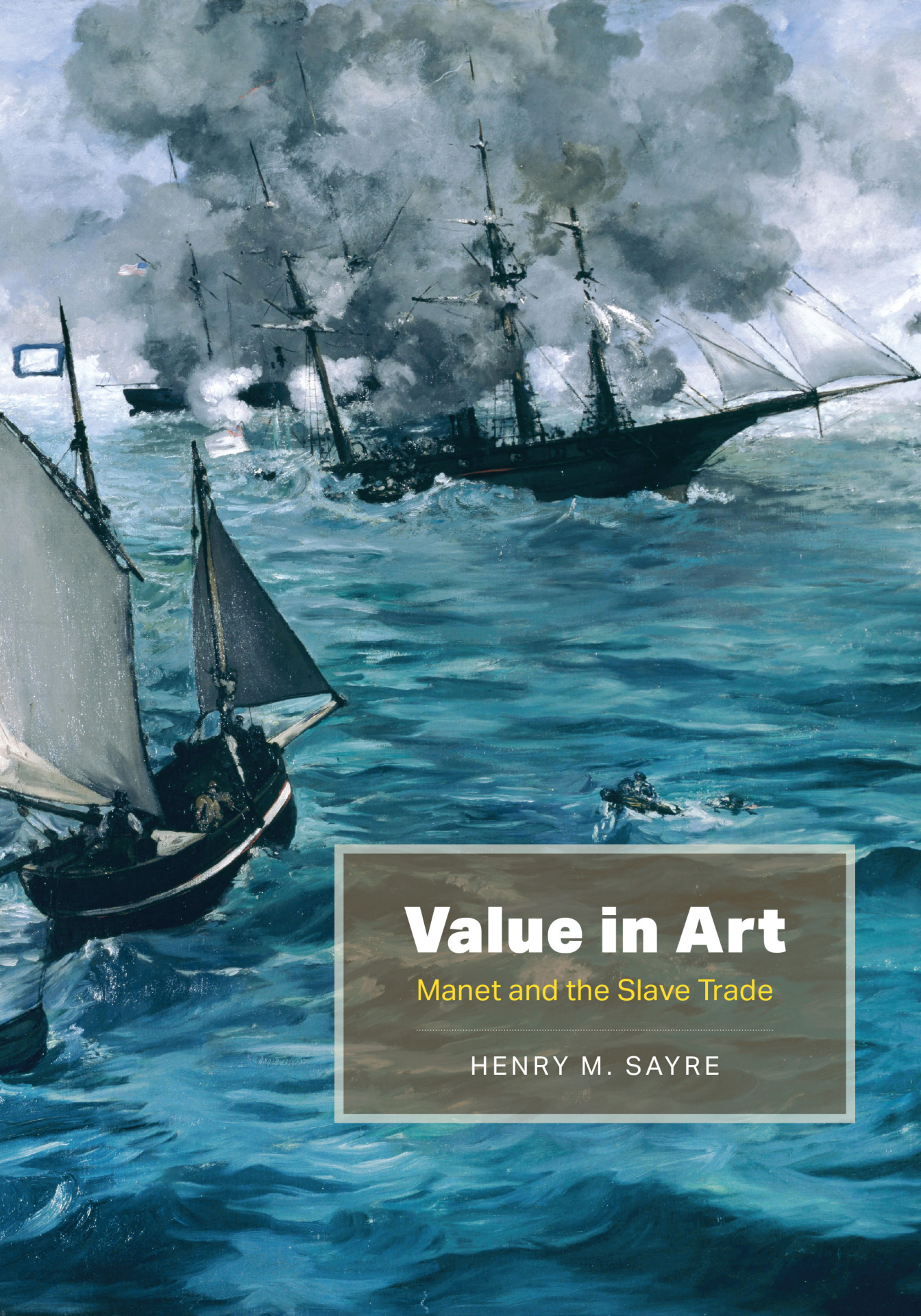

Value in Art

Manet and the Slave Trade

HENRY M. SAYRE

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For Sandy Brooke

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A NOTE ON TRANSLATION

Much of my argument rests on what I take to be mistranslations of primary French texts that have for the most part survived to this day in Manet scholarship. In most instances, therefore, I have offered my own, usually closely literal, translations accompanied by the French text, either in the body of the text or in the notes. Whenever I have relied on someone else's translation, I acknowledge that in the notes. In the case of Baudelaire's poetry, I have used whichever of several translations I have found closest to the original and have so indicated in the notes. In the case of Baudelaire's translations of Poe, I have, obviously, provided Poe's original English text and noted Baudelaire's sometimes curious changes. In the case of Zola's fiction, I have found existing translations by and large inadequate—either totally misrepresenting the original, as is the case with the Ernest Alfred Vizetelly translations, or too loose for my purposes—and thus I have translated those texts myself.

FIGURE 1 Édouard Manet, *Émile Zola*, 1868. Oil on canvas, 57 5/8 × 44 7/8 in. Musée d'Orsay, Paris. Photograph: Erich Lessing / Art Resource, New York.

PREFACE

Édouard Manet's notorious *Olympia* was painted in 1863 and first exhibited in 1865 at the annual Parisian survey of the best French painting, the spring Salon. Its centrality to Manet's oeuvre is nowhere more forcibly stated than in his 1868 portrait of his friend, the novelist Émile Zola, where it rests in black-and-white reproduction on the wall behind the author's desk just above the pamphlet *Ed. Manet: Étude biographique et critique*, penned by Zola to accompany Manet's "exposition particulière" of fifty-six works at the Place de l'Alma in May 1867 (fig. 1). But two years earlier, in Room M at the Salon, what Manet's portrait of Zola and Zola's essay on Manet announced as triumph had endured all manner of public ridicule. In his 1985 book *The Painting of Modern Life: Paris in the Art of Manet and His Followers*, art historian T. J. Clark describes the public's reaction.

> From the first days of the salon, it seems that Room M was more than usually crowded. "Never has a painting," wrote Louis Auvray in *La Revue Artistique et Littéraire*, "excited so much laughter, mockery, and catcalls as this *Olympia*. On Sundays in particular the crowd was so great that one could not get close to it, or circulate at all in Room M; everyone was astonished at the jury for admitting Monsieur Manet's two pictures in the first place." The crush of spectators was variously described as terrified, shocked, disgusted, moved to a kind of pity, subject to epidemics of mad laughter.[1]

What prompted this reaction is Clark's subject, and his book, particularly the chapter "Olympia's Choice," was, in 1985, a revelation. It challenged, first and foremost, what was then the predominant view of Manet's work—that,

in Clement Greenberg's famous formulation, "Manet's paintings became the first Modernist pictures by virtue of the frankness with which they declared the flat surfaces on which they were painted. The Impressionists, in Manet's wake, . . . [left] the eye under no doubt as to the fact that the colors they used were made of paint that came from tubes."[2] *Olympia* had inaugurated, in this story, the unflinching march toward abstraction that culminated in what was still, in 1985, commonly thought of as "the triumph of American art," the abstract expressionist painting of the likes of Willem de Kooning, Mark Rothko, and Jackson Pollock. But for Clark the real point of Manet's *Olympia* was not that "the painter seems to have put his stress deliberately on the physical substance of his materials and the way that they only half obey his efforts to make them stand for things,"[3] but rather that the painting catalyzed, in Room M at the Salon and in the Parisian press afterward, a kind of class warfare—"Class," Clark writes, "was the essence of Olympia's modernity and lay behind the great scandal she provoked."[4]

I think, after Clark, there can be no doubt that *Olympia* is, as a painting, a work of profound social commentary. But, as I will argue, it is not in the courtesan alone that this commentary rests but around the courtesan *and* her maid, the relation between capital/class/prostitution (Olympia herself), as Clark has outlined it, and race (her attendant), that fabric of black and white, that opposition of "tones." Clark would come to understand as much. In his 1999 preface to the revised edition of *The Painting of Modern Life*, he remembers "one of the first friends to read the chapter ["Olympia's Choice"] saying, more in disbelief than anger, 'For God's sake! You've written about the white woman on the bed for fifty pages and more, and hardly mentioned the black woman alongside her!'" He admits he had no "genuine way" of responding to this criticism. In writing the chapter, he had struggled to articulate "the relation between the two terms 'class' and 'nakedness,'" and "blackness" had been forgotten:

> "Nakedness" was a term (or a possibility, an interruption) that played against various others in a complex field—against "the nude," obviously, but also against the "courtesan" and "fille publique," against "Woman," 'Desire," transgression, mobility, masking, self-making, slumming and the power of Money. To which I would now add the fiction of "blackness," meant preeminently, I think, as the sign of a servitude still imagined as existing outside the circuit of money—a "natural" subjection, in other words, as opposed to Olympia's "unnatural" one. "Nakedness" was a word, as the chapter surely finally makes plain, for a form of embodiment that somehow put the free circulation of those images just listed—all of the shifters, all of them figures of the whirl of exchange—in doubt.[5]

I take it that Clark means here to suggest that the servant's "blackness" would have largely gone unnoticed as "natural" in the Second Empire, and in that he is surely right. Being black, servitude would have been understood as her proper condition. That Clark seeks to insert "blackness" back into "the whirl of exchange"—into a world centered on the commodity, including the body as commodity—anticipates the argument of the following pages. But to accomplish that task requires that we think more deeply about that black maid—Olympia's *slave*, as she is explicitly called in the poem by Manet's friend Zacharie Astruc that accompanied the painting when it was first exhibited in 1865 in Room M. I want to take that word *esclave*, in Astruc's original, seriously, to consider how it was inscribed in the social imaginary of the Second Empire—and thus in Manet's painting. We have been reminded by Darcy Grimaldo Grigsby—the best student of race, slavery, sex, and the politics of empire that we have—in her groundbreaking *Extremities: Painting Empire in Post-Revolutionary France*, that "the studio was not . . . simply the site of imaginary flights by the masturbatory Romantic artist; it was instead a social space characterized by inequitable power relations." As she summarizes her project: "This historical account [focusing on paintings Girodet, Gros, Géricault, and Delacroix] also insists that the politics of art cannot be pried apart from the politics of empire, nor those of empire from the politics of sexuality. . . . But my goal has also been to illuminate how brushes heavy with viscous paint and applied to canvas could make public arguments about empire, slavery, and the nature of 'race.'"[6] In many ways my project is simply an extension of the one Grigsby has initiated in *Extremities*.

~

I first began to think about Olympia's maid in the fall of 1990 in the space between the original publication of Clark's *The Painting of Modern Life* and its revised edition, when an event that had nothing at all to do with *Olympia* occurred on the Oregon State University campus in Corvallis. A white student shouted a racial slur at black student Jeffrey Revels, coordinator of the university's Black Cultural Center, and then almost ran him down with his car. Fortunately, no one was injured, but the next day many classrooms on campus were turned over to a discussion of the events. In my art appreciation class—which was very large, maybe 150 students—a black student raised his hand and asked, "Dr. Sayre, if you've got it so together, how come, in this class, when you refer to something white, you say it's 'high in value,' and when you refer to something black, you say it's 'low in value'?" It had never occurred to me, and I was stunned.

Almost all textbooks—and almost all art teachers, for that matter—refer to the light reflective nature (high or low) of light and dark colors in terms of their

relative value, and I decided to look at the history of this usage, which led me almost directly to Émile Zola's famous defense of *Olympia* in his essay "Édouard Manet," first published under the title "A New Manner in Painting: Édouard Manet," in the *L'artiste*: *Revue du XIX*e *siècle* on January 1, 1867. Zola republished the essay that same year as a separate pamphlet. (It appears in Manet's portrait of Zola painted soon after.) There, Zola describes Manet's painting in terms of its analysis of what he calls *la loi des valeurs*, "the law of values."[7] Before this moment in 1867, the standard way to approach light and dark in painting was in terms of musical metaphor—higher and lower tones, notes, scales, and so forth. Suddenly Zola resorts to economic metaphor. His usage takes over art discourse from then on.

The argument of this book is that Zola's usage was a feint, a figure of speech wholly characteristic of journalism in the *petit* press—that is, the artistic, literary, and ostensibly *non*political monthlies of the era in the pages of which the Second Empire had explicitly forbidden discussion of political and economic policy—designed to deflect attention away from Manet's actual subject, which was, I argue, the political and economic realities of the day symbolized by the presence of a prostitute and her maid in a darkened room somewhere near or among the cafés, theaters, racetracks, and department stores that defined Parisian boulevard culture.[8] Both Olympia and her maid are "models," one white, one black, but as the presidents of the Musée d'Orsay and Guadeloupe's Mémorial ACTe (the Caribbean Center for Expression and Remembrance of the Slave Trade) have put it in their catalog preface to *Le modèle noir: De Géricault à Matisse*, "*C'est bien au 'modèle' que nous nous intéressons, modèle dont le double sens—sujet regardé, représenté par l'artiste, aussi bien que porteur de valeurs*" (It is to the "model" that we turn our attention, model in a double sense—the subject viewed and represented by the artist, but also a bearer of values).[9] Zola's usage is a kind of double coding possessing a second sense beyond its overt reference to formal issues of light and dark.[10] What I hope to demonstrate is that *valeur*, for Zola, is a trope for the political economy of slavery and the Second Empire's complicity in the ongoing slave trade in the Americas, which in 1863, as Manet painted *Olympia*, had far-reaching implications for French society—even though, technically, slaves had been emancipated in the French colonial empire (for the second time) in 1848.

In my pursuit of the meaning of Zola's *valeur*—which I assume, like me, most readers have heretofore taken as a purely aesthetic term—I came to think that I had found a new way to read *Olympia*, or, at any rate, to cast the painting in a new light. Little did I realize then that in rooting out the idea of value in art, I would find myself investigating the history of French (and English) involvement in the American Civil War, Baudelaire's poetry and translations of Poe, Zola's early novels, the imperial aspirations of the Second Empire and its atten-

dant predilection for repression and censorship, and, in the end, questions of race that lie, I am now convinced, at the very heart of the modernist enterprise, like some literal "heart of darkness"—full circle, in other words, to a question posed in an art appreciation class one spring nearly three decades ago.

1

Olympia's Value

In what was the first defense of Manet's painting, "*Une nouvelle manière en peinture: Édouard Manet*" (A new manner of painting: Édouard Manet)—a few months later, expanded for the brochure *Ed. Manet: Étude biographique et critique* that accompanied Manet's "exposition particulière" at the Place de l'Alma—Émile Zola insisted that the painter was indifferent to his subject matter, and, since the novelist and the painter were very close friends, we have had little reason to doubt the veracity of Zola's claim. Zola writes that if Manet "assembles several objects or figures, he is guided in his choice only by the desire to obtain a set of beautiful spots of color and light, a set of beautiful oppositions" (*s'il assemble plusieurs objets ou plusieurs figures, il est seulement guidé dans son choix par le désir d'obtenir de belles taches, de belles oppositions*).[1]

Manet observes, with the utmost fidelity, what Zola calls *la loi des valeurs*, "the law of values." What is this law of values? "If a head is placed against a wall, it is nothing more or less than a white spot against a more or less gray background. . . . From this results an extraordinary simplicity—almost no details at all—an ensemble of precise and delicate spots of light and color" (*Un tête posée contre un mur, n'est plus qu'une tache plus ou moins blanche sur un fond plus ou moins gris. . . . De là une grande simplicité, presque point de détails, un ensemble de taches justes et délicates qui, à quelques pas, donne au tableau un relief saisissant*).[2] Directly addressing Manet, Zola continues: "A picture for you is simply an excuse for analysis. You needed a nude woman and you chose Olympia, the first-comer. [Fig. 2] You needed some clear and luminous patches of color, so you added a bouquet of flowers; you found it necessary to have some dark patches, so you placed in a corner a Negress and a cat. What does all this amount to—you scarcely know, no more do I" (*Un tableau pour vous est un simple prétexte*

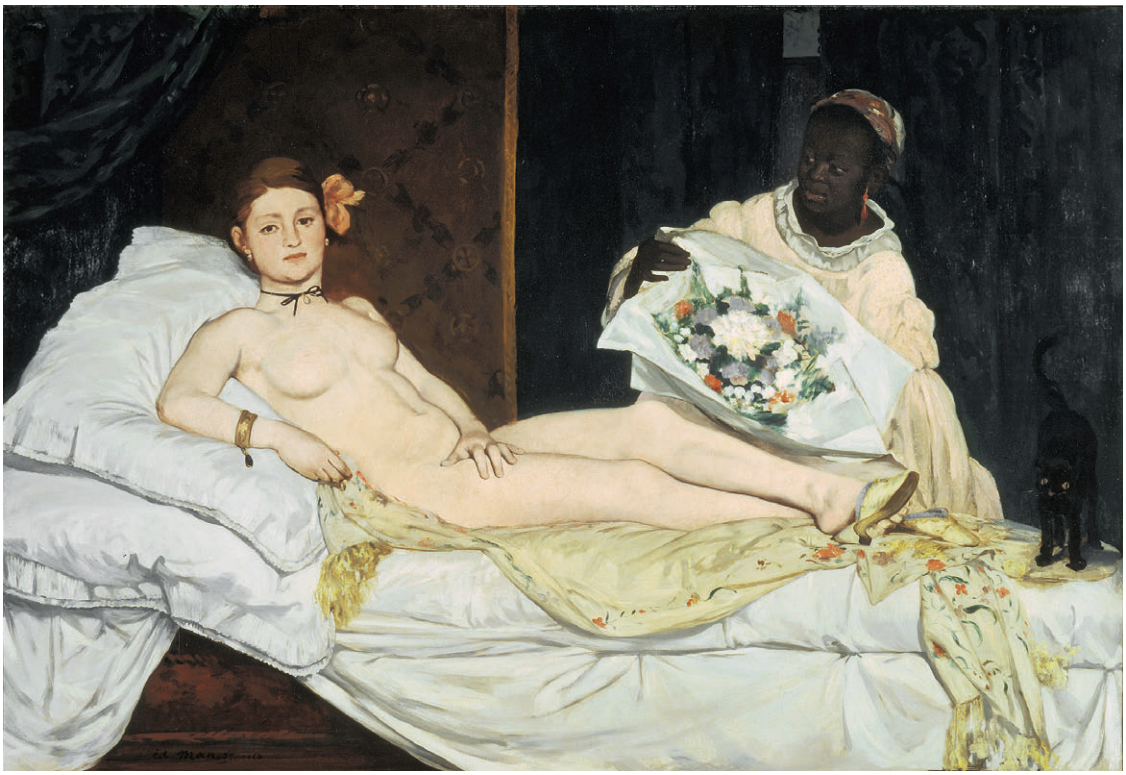

FIGURE 2 Édouard Manet, *Olympia*, 1863. Oil on canvas, 4 ft. 3 in. × 6 ft. 2¾ in. Musée d'Orsay, Paris. Photograph: Scala / Art Resource, New York.

à analyse. Il vous fallait une femme nue, et vous avez choisi Olympia, la première venue; il vous fallait des taches claires et lumineuses, et vous avez mis un bouquet; il vous faillat des taches noires, et vous avez placé dans un coin une négresse et un chat. Qu'est-ce que tout cela veut dire? vous ne le savez guère, ni moi non plus).[3] "In conclusion," Zola writes, "if I were being questioned and were asked what new language Édouard Manet speaks, I would reply: he speaks a language of simplicity and exactitude" (*En somme, si l'on m'interrogeait et si on me demandait quelle langue nouvelle parle Édouard Manet, je répondrais: il parle une langue faite de simplicité et de justesse*).[4]

It was through Zola's words that modernist art history learned to see the painting—as a play of light and dark on a flat surface, a study in what Zola called "the law of values." In fact, to speak of light and dark in terms of their respective values is a usage relatively rare in the French language in 1867. It is hard to say just who first used the term in this way to speak of light and dark—Sir Joshua Reynolds uses it twice in his *Discourses*, and Goethe employed something like it in his *Theory of Colors*. In a lecture delivered on December 10, 1778, to imbue the graduates of the Royal Academy with a summary sense of the principles of art,

Reynolds had summarized the "indisputably necessary" rules of composition:

> This only is indisputably necessary: that to prevent the eye from being distracted and confused by a multiplicity of objects of equal magnitude, those objects, whether they consist of lights, shadows, or figures, must be disposed in large masses and groups properly varied and contrasted; that to a certain quantity of action a proportioned space of plain ground is required; that light is to be supported by sufficient shadow; and we may add that a certain quantity of cold colors is necessary to give *value* and lustre to the warm colors.[5]

Reynolds's rules are not entirely remote from Zola's summary of Manet's disposition of light and shadow in *Olympia*—the *Discourses* were first translated into French by Henri Jansen in 1787 and were widely known[6]—but by and large, Reynolds uses the word *value* in the more usual sense of relative merit or worth, economic or otherwise: "This leads us to another important province of taste,—that of weighing the value of the different classes of the art, and of estimating them accordingly."[7]

In part 6 of his *Theory of Colors*, "The Effect of Color with Reference to Moral Associations," Goethe speaks of the Renaissance practice of painting with transparent colors in order to allow the white ground to shine through: "The artist could work with thin colours in the shadows, and had always an internal light to give value [*werth*] to his tints."[8] But Goethe most usually refers to light and dark in terms of music—tones, notes, and scales—a usage we still employ when we speak of the "gray scale." Two sections on "Genuine" and "False Tones" occur just a few paragraphs before his use of the word *value* just quoted. This is the first, in its entirety:

> If the word tone, or rather tune, is to be still borrowed in future from music, and applied to colouring, it might be used in a better sense than heretofore.
>
> For it would not be unreasonable to compare a painting of powerful effect, with a piece of music in a sharp key; a painting of soft effect with a piece of music in a flat key, while, other equivalents might be found for the modifications of these two leading modes.[9]

In Zola's time, the musical metaphor still dominates the literature, and even in his 1867 essay on "A New Manner of Painting: Édouard Manet," Zola speaks of tones and notes of colors as much as their value.

It may be that Zola's distinctive use of the word is more indebted to Goethe's fiction than his theory of color. Anyone with even a rudimentary understanding of German would have understood the pun on value—or *werth*—in *The Sorrows of Young Werther*, to say nothing of the connection between the hero's

moods and the weather, in which the light of a spring sun he finds "wondrous serenity," while in the darkness of an Ossianic storm he despairs. Werther is, of course, an artist, and this play between light and dark is characteristic of Goethe's treatment of artists throughout his work. A particularly relevant example can be found in the brief fiction *The Good Women*, in which a young artist shows some "sketches of naughty ladies" to a group of woman friends. Although they object to them, they appeal to one Seyton, "a man who had seen much of the world," to judge their worth:

> Why should our pictures be better than ourselves? Our nature seems to have two sides, which cannot exist separately. Light and darkness, good and evil, height and depth, virtue and vice, and a thousand other contradictions unequally distributed, appear to constitute the component parts of human nature; and why, therefore should I blame an artist, who, whilst he paints an angel bright, brilliant, and beautiful, on the other hand paints a devil black, ugly, and hateful?[10]

Indeed, in his *Theory of Colors*, Goethe had argued that colors exist halfway between the goodness of pure light and the damnation of pure blackness. In the preface to the book, he outlines his basic theory:

> We will here only anticipate our statements so far as to observe, that light and darkness, brightness and obscurity, or if a more general expression is preferred, light and its absence, are necessary to the production of colour. Next to the light, a colour appears which we call yellow; another appears next to the darkness, which we name blue. . . . To point out another general quality, we may observe that colours throughout are to be considered as half-lights, as half-shadows.[11]

Similarly, Goethe's most famous character, Faust, discovers himself to be drawn to both Mephisto, the dark side of the universe, and Gretchen, its pure light. He, too, could be considered half light and half shadow.

Valeur as a painting term does, however, seem to have been in circulation in early nineteenth-century France. It appears, for instance, in Jean Baptiste Bon Boutard's *Dictionnaire des arts du dessin, la peinture, la sculpture, la gravure et l'architecture*:

> VALUE, s. f. *Painting*. Degree of elevation [i.e., high or low], effect of a tone of color, relative to neighboring tones. In this sense, one says that a tone lacks value; that certain tones must be suppressed to impart value to others, or that certain tones must be enhanced in order to bring them to a suitable value.

(*VALEUR. s. f.* Peint. *Degré d'élévation, effet d'un ton de couleur, relativement aux tons avoisinans. On dit en ce sens qu'un ton manque de valeur; qu'il faut éteindre certains tons pour donner de la valeur à d'autres, ou bien qu'il faut rehausser ceux-ci pour les porter à la valeur convenable.*)[12]

But in Michel Eugène Chevreul's *De la loi du des couleurs contraste simultané*, first published in 1839 and reissued in 1855, the word *valeur* occurs in this sense only once in its 755 pages. A guide for mixing colored threads in carpet making, Chevreul's ideas on color harmony, contrast effects, optical mixtures, and legibility would have considerable influence on the postimpressionists. (And might it be that Zola takes his idea of a *loi des valeurs* from Chevreul's *loi du contraste*?) Chevreul, at any rate, uses the word *valeur* in a section on "Carpets following the system of chiaroscuro [*clair-obscur*]." A workman who understands how to mix complementary colors without allowing his brilliant (*brillantes*) colors to be "suppressed" (*éteindre*) by one another, he writes, will, perforce, know what "most of his fellow workers are ignorant of,—the *value* of the colors of his palette, and in this *value* we perceive the knowledge of the resulting color he will obtain, either by mixing a given number of threads of the same scale, but of different tones, or by mixing a given number of differently colored threads belonging to different scales" (emphasis added).[13] Again, notice the predominance of musical metaphors—at any rate, by "value" Chevreul seems to be speaking of colored threads of relative intensity or purity of color. Indeed, by the mid-1870s, *valeur* as a painting term is defined in the *Grand dictionnaire universel du XIX^e^ siècle* simply as "relative intensity" (*intensité relative*)[14]—two words among an entry consisting of over 1,800 words otherwise dedicated to *valeur* as an economic term.

In a section of *De la loi du contraste simultané des couleurs* dedicated to "The juxtaposition of colored substances with white," Chevreul addresses the relationship of black and white in terms that might have interested Manet:

> Black and white, which may in some respects be considered as complementary to each other, evidence, in accordance to the *law* of contrast of tone, greater difference from each other [when seen side by side] than when viewed separately: and this is owing to the effect of the white light reflected by the black being destroyed more or less by the light of the area of white; and it is by an analogous action that white heightens the tone of the colors with which it is juxtaposed.[15]

So, too, for Manet and Zola, in *Olympia*: "You needed some clear and luminous patches of color, so you added a bouquet of flowers; you found it necessary to have some dark patches, so you placed in a corner a Negress and a cat." And

FIGURE 3 Édouard Manet, *Le déjeuner sur l'herbe* (*Luncheon on the Grass*), 1863. Oil on canvas, 7 ft. × 8 ft. 10 in. Musée d'Orsay, Paris. Inv. RF1668. Photograph: © RMN-Grand Palais / Art Resource, New York. Photography: Benoît Touchard / Mathieu Rabeau.

this juxtaposition of light and dark in *Olympia* itself is mirrored in what is often considered as its companion piece, painted just a few months earlier, in 1863, and exhibited in the notorious Salon des Refusés that autumn, *Le déjeuner sur l'herbe*, then titled simply *Le bain* (Fig. 3).

In his 1886 novel *L'oeuvre* (*The Masterpiece*), which recounts the career of the painter Claude Lantier—who variously resembles, at different moments in the text, Manet, Cézanne, and Monet—Zola describes a painting that, though not quite *Le déjeuner* is so recognizably close that it barely qualifies as a fiction. Claude and his friend Pierre Sandoz (a writer closely resembling Zola himself) are looking at an *ébauche* (an early stage) of a canvas called *Plein-air*, which Claude intends to submit to the Salon of 1863 and which will, in the pages that follow, find itself subject to the same ridicule as *Le déjeuner* at the Salon des Refusés:

> It was a canvas of five meters by three, entirely covered with painting, though some *morceaux* barely emerged from the *ébauche*. The *ébauche*, flung there at one go, had a superb violence, an ardent coloristic life. In a forest clearing, with thick walls of greenery, the sun poured down; to the left there was a shadowy path with a patch of light in the far distance. There, on the grass, in the midst of the June vegetation, a naked woman was lying, one arm under her head, thrusting her breasts upward; and she smiled, without seeing, her eyes closed, in the golden sunlight raining down on her. In the background, smaller, two other women, one dark and one fair, were laughing and tussling, making two lovely patches of flesh color against the green. In the foreground, the painter had need of a black contrast, which led him to insert a seated figure of a man dressed in a plain velvet jacket.[16]

There will be much to say about the differences between the real and fictive versions of this painting—most notably, about the naked woman lying on the grass with her eyes closed, who contrasts sharply with the sitting figure whose gaze addresses us directly in the actual painting—but I am struck, particularly, by the novelist's assertion that Lantier "had need of a black contrast" (*le peintre avait eu besoin d'une opposition noire*) and thus inserted the black-cloaked male. In his 1867 "Édouard Manet," he pays more attention to the nude:

> This female nude scandalized the public. . . . The crowd . . . believed that the artist's intentions, in so arranging his subject, were obscene and flashy. . . . But painters, especially Édouard Manet . . . do not have this preoccupation with subject matter, which above all torments the crowd; the subject for them is a pretext for painting. . . . Thus, assuredly, the female nude in *Déjeuner sur l'herbe* is only there to provide the artist an occasion for painting a little flesh . . . this firm flesh modeled in broad areas of light.[17]

Or to put it slightly differently, "You needed some clear and luminous light, so you painted the nude; you found it necessary to have some dark patches, so you painted the gentlemen in their black coats." The two paintings, *Le déjeuner* and *Olympia*, are similarly divided left and right, light and dark. And they can perhaps best be thought of as two views of Paris, the one outside and in daylight, the other inside and at night—light and dark again—both employing, not coincidentally, the same model, Victorine Meurent, whose gaze, in both, strikes the viewer dead in the eye.

Ever since Manet exhibited the two paintings side by side in his exhibition of 1867, they have been seen as a pair, a pair distinguished, as Carol Armstrong points out,

by two facts: Victorine is rendered naked in both (all the other paintings of her show her clothed) and she appears in company; whereas all the other images of her are essentially single-figure pictures, both of these are multi-figure compositions. Moreover, the 1863 duo is the most dramatically quotational of all of the pairs; each is a direct citation from Venetian painting, the one of Giorgione/Titian's *Fête champêtre* in the Louvre, layered together with other quotes, and the other of Titian's *Venus of Urbino*, which Manet had copied in the Uffizi on an early trip to Italy.[18]

These quotations are important, although when the paintings were first exhibited, almost no one noticed them.[19] That so many critics did not see these quotations, or did not admit to seeing them, is part of the argument that drives T. J. Clark's chapter on *Olympia* in *The Painting of Modern Life*. Why not? What made them blind to the Venetian sources in them both? For Clark, they simply could not fathom the connection: "The new Dona Olympia was too much the opposite of Titian's for the opposition to signify much, and the critics were able to overlook those features the two pictures had in common."[20] And the two critics who did recognize the *Venus of Urbino* as its source did so derisively: "This Olympia, a sort of female gorilla, a grotesque in India rubber outlined in black, apes on a bed, in a state of complete nudity, the horizontal attitude of Titian's *Venus*," wrote Amédée Cantaloube in *Le Grand Journal*; "a woman on a bed . . . blown up like a grotesque in India rubber; a sort of monkey making fun of the pose and the movement of the arm in Titan's *Venus*," wrote one Pierrot, surely, as Clark notes, one and the same writer publishing in different forums—and both assessments to which we shall later return. "The past was travestied in *Olympia*," Clark concludes.[21]

Travesty is, I think, the right word. John House—and Linda Nochlin before him—has suggested that *Le déjeuner* needs to be considered in terms of *la blague*, the joke or parody—the farce that Marx suggested in 1852 in the opening pages of *The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Napoleon* (the famous dictum that "all facts and personages of great importance in world history occur, as it were, twice . . . the first time as tragedy, the second time as *farce*")[22]—and that the Goncourt brothers, among others, recognized as "a key symptom of the degeneracy of modern civilization."[23] House argues—it seems to me pretty convincingly—that the painting is a parodic realization of a debate about the morality of Paris's student population in the Quartier Latin precipitated by a pamphlet apparently penned by the journalist Noel Picard alleging "with salacious glee, that the well-brought-up, innocent sons of the bourgeoisie were being corrupted as soon as they reached Paris by the night life and the demi-mondaines of the left bank."[24] Fair enough, but why then choose to quote the *Fête champêtre* to make the joke? The answer might lie in an observation made

by Adrian Rifkin some years ago in a discussion of why political cartoonists in the era of the Commune (1870–1871) often parodied academic and museum art in their work:

> If the ability to produce such images can be attributed to the professional formation of cartoonists, the importance of museum art in official culture, the Great Industrial Exhibitions, the importance of the Salon, etc., it too gives rise to a means of signifying social difference. Implicitly the museum art is deprived of its supposedly de-sexualized universality, and is relocated in the turbulence of the political struggle, its nudity endowed with a lasciviousness that is an homology of political corruption. The middle-class aesthetic norm is turned back on itself, a process that conservative critics clearly felt when they searched for epithets to describe these kinds of print.[25]

This is to suggest that both *Le déjeuner* and *Olympia* might well be considered as caricatures of the Venetian masterpieces they quote, designed precisely to sexualize the desexualized nudity of the Titians and to reveal their nudity, in T. J. Clark's terms, as "nakedness." And perhaps the blindness of the critics to Manet's sources has more to do both with the distance of Manet's extravagantly large canvases from the world of cartoons published in newspapers or popular political prints plastered throughout the city in poster form (the latter quickly removed by the postering service of the Paris police) and their very presence within the confines of "official culture"—the Salons, *réfusés* or not—subverting the very culture in which they have chosen to participate.

Considering *Le déjeuner* and *Olympia* in this light, it becomes hard for me to think of Manet himself thinking of these works as "underlining his bid to be considered Titian's descendent"—Carol Armstrong's words[26]—nor is it easy to agree with Michael Fried when he suggests that "what strategically was at stake in Manet's use of past art in his paintings of the 1860s was a desire to establish both the Frenchness and, going beyond that, the universality of his own painting."[27] A consideration of Manet's other famous source for *Le déjeuner* and the rationale that might have led him to choose it as a model suggests something of the provocation he had in mind. It has long been known that one of the sources of Manet's *Déjeuner* is a print by Marcantonio Raimondi after a lost painting by Raphael depicting three wood nymphs, sitting along the banks of a stream, as, to the left, Paris chooses which of the three goddesses—Athena, Hera, or Aphrodite—is the most beautiful (fig. 4). His choice of Aphrodite leads, of course, to the Trojan War. In the lower left-hand corner of the print, engraved on a block of stone, are the words *Sordent prae forma ingenium virtus regna aurum*, roughly translated, "In front of form [i.e., beauty], intelligence, imperial power, and gold seem ignoble." The seductive power of beauty is Raimondi's

FIGURE 4 Marcantonio Raimondi, after Raphael, *The Judgment of Paris*, ca. 1510–1530. Engraving, 11 7/16 × 17 3/16 in. Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Rogers Fund, 1919 (19.74.1). Photograph: Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

theme, and that is also, surely, what holds thrall over the males seated in *Le déjeuner*. And that seductive power is both good and evil, a "fleur du mal," to borrow Baudelaire's phrase, leading to love on the one hand and to war on the other.

In a catalog essay for an exhibition organized by the Musée d'Orsay in 2000, *Manet: The Still-Life Paintings*, George Mauner has pointed out that just before Manet began work on *Le déjeuner*, a faience plate reproducing the Raimondi (or, perhaps, the original drawing by Raphael) entered the collection of the Louvre and was exhibited to the public at the Palais de l'industrie beginning on May 1, 1862. The work of the sixteenth-century atelier of Orazio Fontana in Urbino, which specialized in creating faience works based on the compositions of the city's native son, *The Judgment of Paris* was one of the workshop's most popular subjects (fig. 5). The edition that entered the Louvre in 1862 was inscribed with the following lines:

> O you who will read this
> dictum, remember the fear of God
> And think of the end
> that will do good works
> And not waste your precious time.[28]

FIGURE 5 *The Judgment of Paris*, after Marcantonio Raimondi, ca. 1575–1600. High-fired faience (polychrome), diameter 23⅝ in. Musée de la faïence et des beaux-arts, Nevers, France. Inv. NF 970.1.1. Photograph: © Musée de la faïence et des beaux-arts de Nevers.

Mauner reads this, appropriately, as a *vanitas* admonition, extending its sentiments to the still-life rendering of the neglected luncheon that occupies the lower left-hand corner of the painting. The *vanitas* theme can be extended to *Olympia* as well, to the bouquet of flowers in the maid's arms—cut flowers, more precisely, fleeting as their beauty is.[29]

Such moralizing on the state of French society was nothing new to Manet. He had entered the studio of Thomas Couture in 1850 and remained there for six years (more on Couture in the next chapter).[30] Couture's reputation had been secured in 1847 with the exhibition of his mammoth painting *The Romans during the Decadence of the Empire* (the reclining female in not exactly the pose of Olympia, but one close enough to bear comparison) (fig. 6). The painting was widely understood at the time to be a parable of contemporary French society, an attack on the moral decadence of France under the July Monarchy of King Louis-Philippe, who, a few short months after the painting's exhibition would be overthrown in the Revolution of 1848. Standing above the debauched orgy is a statue (probably representing Germanicus, the great military leader and favorite grandnephew of the emperor Augustus but also father of Caligula and maternal grandfather of Nero, thus the genealogical forbearer of the decadence), mute witness to the excess into which Rome had descended. But everyone recognized the painting to be an allegory. As Arsène Houssaye, Couture's contemporary and later Zola's publisher, put it, Couture had actually "depicted the *French* of the Decadence."[31] This is to suggest that *Le déjeuner sur l'herbe* and

FIGURE 6 Thomas Couture, *The Romans during the Decadence of the Empire*, 1847. Oil on canvas, 15 ft. 6 in. × 25 ft. 4 in. Musée du Louvre, Paris. Inv. 3451. Photograph: Erich Lessing / Art Resource, New York.

Olympia both might be best understood as admonitions to the French, warning the bourgeois of the decadence of their empire (and, by extension, themselves), and that the gaze of Victorine Meurent is the agent of that challenge to their complacency.

But to make this claim would be to lend the paintings a subject matter—indeed, a politics—that Zola denies. Zola denies a lot. Perhaps most surprisingly, he denies Manet his sources. He does point out that the public so scandalized by a nude woman sitting with two fully clothed men need only visit the Louvre—"there are more than fifty pictures in the Louvre in which clothed people mix with naked ones" (*il y a au musée du Louvre plus de cinquante tableaux dans lequels se trouvent mêlés des personnages habillés et des personnages nus*)[32]—thus at least pointing his audience in the direction of the Louvre's *Le fête champêtre* (fig. 7). But of the Raimondi there is no mention, nor of Titian's *Venus of Urbino* (fig. 8). Indeed, Zola writes of the young painter, just finding himself as an artist:

> Feeling that he was getting nowhere copying the masters nor by painting nature as seen by personalities different from his own, he came to understand, quite naively, one fine morning, that it remained for him to try and see nature as it really is, without regard for the works or opinions of others. . . . He tried

FIGURE 7 Titian, *Le fête champêtre*, ca. 1510–1511. Oil on canvas, 41 3/8 × 53 15/16 in. Musée du Louvre, Paris. Photo: Scala / Art Resource, New York.

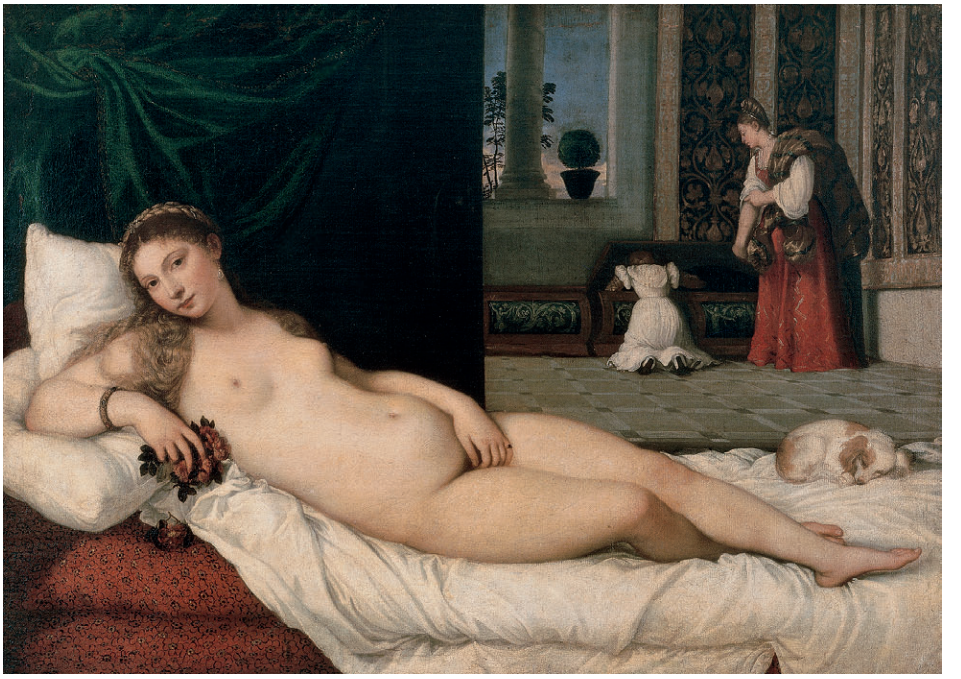

FIGURE 8 Titian, *Venus of Urbino*, 1538. Oil on canvas, 46 7/8 × 65 in. Galleria degli Uffizi, Florence. Photograph: Alinari / Art Resource, New York. Photography: Nicola Lorusso.

> to forget everything he had learned in the museums; he tried to forget all the advice he had ever been given, all the paintings that he had ever seen.[33]

It is interesting that Zola attributes Manet's supposed rejection of the past to a certain naivete, which suggests to me, at least, that he knows better than to think such an attitude has lingered on to the present day. It is as if Zola is willing to hint at Manet's sources but not admit them outright.

Zola's essay is full of such hints, but in English translation, much of its subtlety is lost on the reader. The phrase *tout naïvement*, which I have translated above as "quite naively," is rendered in the most widely used translation, that of Michael Ross, first published in 1960, as "quite naturally"—which, at the very least, misses Zola's implication that Manet's abandonment of the past was short sighted and perhaps even suggests the naivete of Zola's audience if they should believe him.[34] Or consider a passage quoted earlier: "If I were being questioned," reads the translation, "and were asked what new language Édouard Manet speaks, I would reply: he speaks a language of simplicity and exactitude." Here is the French again: "*En somme, si l'on m'interrogeait et si on me demandait quelle langue nouvelle parle Édouard Manet, je répondrais: il parle une langue faite de simplicité et de justesse.*"[35] "Exactitude" translates Zola's *justesse*, which is not quite "justice" but closely related, like the *rapports justes*—just, or right, relations—that Zola describes elsewhere in the essay as existing among and between Manet's various *tons* or tones: "*Édouard Manet multiplie les tons et met entre eux les rapports justes.*"[36] Might it not be true that such *rapports justes* between light and dark in the painting might be a metaphor for right relations between white and black people, between, that is, the races? Might it not be that Zola's choice of words to describe Olympia and her maid—"*une tache blanche*" and "*une tache noire*," both subscribing to a larger "*loi des valeurs*"—is purposeful, an economic metaphor supplanting the traditional musical trope? Might it not be that in writing his formalist defense of Manet's painting, Zola was purposefully deflecting attention away from its subject matter, which was so controversial, in order to draw attention to Manet's considerable skill as a craftsman? But might his language not reveal, to a knowing, insider audience the true subject of the work—right relations and the consequences of valuing people in economic terms—the commodification, in other words, of the body in the coequal institutions of prostitution and slavery?

2

Prostitution and Slavery

When he was not yet seventeen years of age, on December 8, 1848—two days before the French people would overwhelming elect Louis-Napoleon Bonaparte first president of the Second Republic—the young Édouard Manet set sail for Brazil aboard the three-masted merchant marine vessel *Le Havre et Guadeloupe*. It was a training voyage designed to prepare him for the entrance exam for the French naval officers' school, which he had failed a few months before. From Rio de Janeiro, where he had arrived on February 5, he wrote his mother,

> After lunch I went with my new friend to look at the whole town. It is quite big, though the streets are very narrow; for a European who has any artistic sense at all it has a very special air to it; the only people you meet in the streets are negroes and negresses; the Brazilian men go out little, and the women even less. . . . In this country all the negroes are slaves; all these wretched people look brutalized; the power the whites have over them is extraordinary; I saw a slave market, which is a fairly revolting sight for us; the negroes are dressed in trousers, sometimes a loose cloth jacket, but as slaves they are not permitted to wear shoes. The women are mostly naked to the waist, some have a silk scarf round their necks, falling down over their chests, they are mostly ugly, though I saw some quite pretty ones; they dress themselves with much care. Some make themselves turbans, others arrange their frizzy hair in a most artistic fashion, and almost all wear skirts decorated with monstrous flounces.
>
> Most of the Brazilians, however, are very pretty; they have magnificent dark eyes and hair to match; they all wear their hair Chinese style and they

always go out bare-headed . . . they never go out alone but are always followed by their negress or they are with their children.[1]

In a letter to his cousin, Jules Dejouy, written a few days later, he would follow up: "The population is three quarters negro or mulatto; most of them are hideous [*affreuse*] except for some exceptions among the negresses and mulattas—the latter are almost all pretty. In Rio all the negroes are slaves. The trade [*traite*] here is extremely strong."[2]

In Rio, Manet was rehearsing the experience of the French colonial slave trade, figuratively if not literally. Indeed, when Manet writes his cousin of the *traite*, he employs a usage that by the late seventeenth century had come to signify, standing alone as here, the French Atlantic slave trade as a whole.[3] And the name of the ship on which he found himself—*Le Havre et Guadeloupe*—took for its name two of the three vertices of the French Atlantic Triangle, the pattern of trade that until 1831 had moved goods from France to Africa, where they were exchanged for slaves, slaves to the French Caribbean, where they were traded for the sugar cane and coffee that they were enslaved to cultivate, and then sugar and coffee back to France, where these commodities fed the country's ever-increasing craving for sweetness and stimulation.[4] Before the slave trade was brought to a halt in 1831 by the passage of a law providing for the imprisonment of French slave traders and seizure of their ships and the implementation of two treaties with Great Britain for the mutual right of search of suspected slavers off the coast of Africa and in the West Indies, some 1.1 million Africans had been exported to the French Caribbean in 3,649 recorded voyages, the vast majority of these in the eighteenth century—about 77,300 slaves were transported between 1814 and 1831.[5] Despite the end of the trade itself, until the Commission for the Abolition of Slavery of the Second Republic emancipated the slaves by decree on April 27, 1848, slavery continued in the islands unabated. At that point in time, the Provisional government estimated the slave population in the French colonies at 248,310.[6] Manet in Rio might have felt as a Frenchman some satisfaction that his own country had finally abolished slavery some nine months previously.[7] But he might have also felt at least slightly discomfited by the fact that as *Le Havre et Guadeloupe* disembarked from Rio in March, it took on between 2,500 and 3,000 bags of coffee, the product of the largest slave state in the world.[8] The ship was, indeed, profiteering from the slave trade.

This initial encounter with slaves and slavery would find its reprise some seventeen years later when Manet's friend, Zacharie Astruc, would provide him with a poem to accompany the exhibition of *Olympia* at the Salon of 1865:

Quand, lasse de songer, Olympia s'éveille,
Le printemps entre au bras du doux messager noir;

C'est l'esclave à la nuit amoureuse pareille,
Qui vent flurir le jour délicieux à voir:
L'auguste jeune fille en qui la flamme veille.

(When, weary of dreaming, Olympia wakes,
Spring enters in the arms of a gentle black messenger.
It is the slave, like the amorous night,
Who comes to make the day bloom, delicious to see:
The august young girl in whom the fire burns.)[9]

This verse, the first five lines of a fifty-line poem titled "Olympia: La fille des îles," did not appear affixed to the painting's frame nor did it even appear in all editions of the Salon's catalog (the lines did at least appear in the catalog's first printing).[10] But it has played an important role in almost all readings of the painting since in no small part because Manet seems to affirm Astruc's connection to the painting in his 1866 portrait of the artist and writer in a painting that echoes the structure of *Olympia* in its division of light and dark and, indeed, Titian's *Venus of Urbino*, as it both echoes and reverses the domestic scene on the right of Titian's painting, seen here perhaps through a doorway or, more likely, reflected in a mirror (fig. 9).

FIGURE 9 Édouard Manet, *Portrait of the Poet Zacharie Astruc*, 1866. Oil on canvas, 35 ½ × 45 ¾ in. Kunsthall, Bremen. Photograph: akg-images.

The literal translation above, which appears in almost all English language books on Manet with little significant variation, does, however, miss some of the subtleties suggested by the French. In the first line, *songer* can, indeed, be translated "dreaming," but, as E. D. Lilley has pointed out, "it carries with it associations of musing, of daydreaming." He goes on:

> One is tempted to desert literalism and translate the first line as: "When Olympia snaps out of her post-coital reverie." The second line presents no real problems, but the third is again enigmatic. The fact that, in the context of later nineteenth-century France, an "*esclave*" virtually demanded an "*odalisque*" has often been noted, but the juxtaposition of "*C'est l'esclave*" with "*à la nuit amoureuse pareille*" is strange. Astruc did not write "*à la nuit amour pareille*," but I think that may get closer to an acceptable meaning. A clumsy and circumlocutory translation of lines three and four might produce: "The slave arriving with the flowers makes the day as delightful to see as does a night of love." It would seem that Astruc and Manet were evoking a very similar mood.[11]

Furthermore, in the larger poem, the maid is not the only slave in the scene. *"Où puises-tu ces airs d'esclave?,"* Astruc asks Olympia—"From where do you get these airs of a slave?"[12] Olympia, too, is a slave, recalling the description of the lowest level of prostitutes in "The Painter of Modern Life," an essay exactly contemporaneous with Manet's painting of *Olympia* in 1863 written by his good friend Charles Baudelaire:

> The poor slaves of those filthy stews which are often, however, decorated like cafes; hapless wretches, subject to the most extortionate restraint, possessing nothing of their own. . . . Some of these, examples of an innocent and monstrous self-conceit, express in their faces and their bold, uplifted glances an obvious joy at being alive (and indeed, one wonders why). Sometimes, quite by chance, they achieve poses of a daring nobility to enchant the most sensitive of sculptors.
>
> (*Ces ésclaves qui sont confinées dans ces bouges, souvent décorés comme des cafés; malheureuses placées sous la plus avare tutelle, et qui ne possèdent rien en propre. . . . Parmi celles-là, les unes, exemples d'une fatuité innocente et monstrueuse, portent dans leurs têtes et dans leurs regards, audacieusement levés, le bonheur évident d'exister (en vérité pourquoi?). Parfois elles trouvent, sans les chercher, des poses d'une audace et d'une noblesse qui enchanteraient le statuaire le plus délicat.*)[13]

Or, perhaps, the most sensitive of painters. But from where, to return to Astruc's question, does she get these airs? The poem's subtitle gives us a clue—she is a "*fille des îles*." Had this subtitle accompanied the excerpt from Astruc's poem published in the Salon *livret*, there would have been no question that Olympia was a prostitute, since *fille* was common shorthand for *fille publique* (a streetwalker) or *fille à numero* (that is a *fille* identified only by a number in the files of the police).[14] But more importantly, she is a *fille* from *les îles*—common French parlance for the West Indies. At least in Astruc's poem, Olympia is Creole (*Creole*, as understood at the time, to mean an inhabitant of the islands of pure French ancestry). And her (now emancipated) slave, one presumes, was brought with her to Paris from Martinique or Guadeloupe. If most Creole women arriving from the islands in the 1850s and 1860s were the wives and daughters of at least once-wealthy planters, Creole women were, nevertheless, held in a certain disregard, or, perhaps better, regarded with a certain suspicion. It seemed obvious to most people that the vast numbers of people of mixed race in the islands could not be exclusively the progeny of white men and black women.[15] When in 1840 the abolitionist journal *Revue des colonies* published examples of white women bearing mixed-race children culled from Martinique's civil records, Rebecca Harkopf Schloss tells us in her study of the last days of slavery in Martinique, "*colons* [colonial planters] and their metropolitan supporters mounted a vigorous counterattack in response to these perceived slurs against Creole women's sexual virtue," one going so far as to assert, in the pages of the *Revue de Paris*, that "the beautiful white [women] of the colonies were from too fine of families, too proud, too noble, too distinguished, too like princesses, to elevate a vile, stupid, dirty, and black *esclave* to their level."[16] Olympia was not one of these.

If in 1865 anyone had read Astruc's poem with an eye toward such race relations—and even more pointedly, with an eye toward the American Civil War, which had wreaked havoc on the French economy—had they not been so shocked by the effrontery of Manet's purposefully untraditional depiction of a nude prostitute, they might have recalled, however fleetingly, a scene from Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (as we shall shortly see, almost everyone in France had read *La case de l'Oncle Tom*) in which the slave girl Topsy gives a bouquet of flowers to the dying Eva in chapter 26. As death approaches the almost unnaturally pure child, she spends most of her time "reclined on a little lounge." One day, she suddenly hears her mother's voice "in sharp tones, in the veranda":

"What now, you baggage!—what new piece of mischief! You've been picking the flowers, hey?" and Eva heard the sound of a smart slap.

"Law, Missis! they's for Miss Eva," she heard a voice say, which she knew belonged to Topsy.

"Miss Eva! A pretty excuse!—you suppose she wants your flowers, you good-for-nothing nigger! Get along off with you!"

In a moment, Eva was off from her lounge, and in the verandah.

"O, don't, mother! I should like the flowers; do give them to me; I want them!"

"Why, Eva, your room is full now."

"I can't have too many," said Eva. "Topsy, do bring them here."

Topsy, who had stood sullenly, holding down her head, now came up and offered her flowers. She did it with a look of hesitation and bashfulness, quite unlike the eldritch boldness and brightness which was usual with her.

"It's a beautiful bouquet!" said Eva, looking at it.

It was rather a singular one,—a brilliant scarlet geranium, and one single white japonica, with its glossy leaves. It was tied up with an evident eye to the contrast of color, and the arrangement of every leaf had carefully been studied.

Topsy looked pleased, as Eva said,—"Topsy, you arrange flowers very prettily. Here," she said, "is this vase I haven't any flowers for. I wish you'd arrange something every day for it."[17]

It is, of course, impossible to say whether the single white flower in the center of Manet's bouquet is an example of japonica, by far the most popular species of camellia in the nineteenth century (and, not coincidentally, the Alabama state flower). But the care of the arrangement—its radial balance and contrast of color—is apparent. Phylis A. Floyd has noted that *camélia* was, at the time, the appellation given women distinguished by their devotion and fidelity to a single lover, a term that owed its currency to Alexandre Dumas's 1848 novel *La dame aux camélias*.[18] One can hardly ascribe to Olympia such devotion and fidelity, though of course her unseen visitor might well desire it. In an effort to raise Olympia above her station as a common prostitute, Floyd goes so far as to suggest that the flower in Olympia's hair is a camellia. I think a line in Astruc's poem suggests, rather, that it is an Oriental lily: "*Jeune lys d'Orient au calice vermeil*" (Young Oriental lily with calyx ruby red), he addresses Olympia.[19] I do think, however, that Manet means to elevate her above the everyday, or to suggest, at least, that she considers herself better than most of her kind. As Floyd also notes, Auguste-Jean-Marie Vermorel's *Ces dames, physiognomies parisiennes*, published in 1860, asserts that higher-class courtesans were notable for having as a companion "*un nègre*." He writes of a well-known courtesan named

Finette: "Finette did not want for anything, nothing, not even a negro: a negro with whom she shared everything; a negro who belonged only to her and who obeyed only her. She loved her dearly, her negro!"[20] Manet surely means for Olympia to contrast with his model's previous incarnation in *Le déjeuner sur l'herbe*. In *Le déjeuner*, she is participating, as Manet identified the scene in a later inventory of his work, in a *partie carrée*, a four-way sexual tryst the name of which harkens back to Watteau's *fêtes de galantes*.[21] She is, further, identified with the small frog or *grenouille* at the lower left edge of the painting—*grenouille* being a popular term for prostitute in Parisian parlance.[22] Considered as a pair, *Le déjeuner* might be compared to *Olympia* in terms of not only day and night, outside and indoors, but common and *haute* prostitution. Or perhaps it is better to say that the common prostitute of the first painting aspires to the *haute* position of the courtesan in the second, and it is perhaps the evident failure of this aspiration that most irritated the painting's critics in 1865. As T. J. Clark has put it, quoting from a variety of sources:

> The *courtisane* was supposed not to belong at all to the world of class and money; she floated above or below it, playing with its categories, untouched by its everyday needs. It was not clear that Manet's prostitute did any such thing. To more than one critic in 1865 she seemed to occupy a quite determinate place in the Parisian class system: she was an "Olympia from the Rue Mouffetard," "the wife of a cabinetmaker," a "coal lady from Batignolles" . . . "a *petite faubourienne*," a woman of the night "haunting the tables of Paul Niquet's [which] was to place her in the lower depths of prostitution, among the women who catered to the porters of Les Halles. (Niquet's establishment in the Rue aux Fers stayed open all night and "was frequented by a quite special clientele of ragpickers, idlers, drunkards, and women whose sex and age were indistinguishable beneath their mass of rags.")[23]

Given the lens through which Olympia was thus seen, it is hardly surprising that no one noticed the similarity between her maid's gift of flowers and Topsy's presentation to Eva. The moral zones of the two transactions were like night and day, black and white. But consider this: Just moments after Topsy's presentation of the flowers to Eva, Eva asks that a large portion of her honey-brown hair be cut off so that she might give a curl of it to each of the servants: "There isn't one of you that hasn't always been very kind to me," she says, "and I want to give you something that, when you look at, you shall always remember me, I'm going to give all of you a curl of my hair; and, when you look at it, think that I loved you and am gone to heaven, and that I want to see you all there." Topsy is the last to leave, "but, as she went, she hid the precious curl in her bosom."[24] In 1983 Alain Claret identified the bracelet and locket on Olympia's

arm as once owned by the artist's mother in which she kept a lock of her beloved baby Édouard's hair.[25]

Uncle Tom's Cabin was first published in serial format in the abolitionist weekly *National Era* from June 5, 1851, to April 1, 1852, and subsequently released in book form by the Boston publishing firm of John P. Jewett on March 25, one week before its last installment in serial form. By the time the last installment of the novel appeared in the *National Era* on April 1, Jewett had sold out the first edition of five thousand copies and had already issued a second printing of the same number.[26] By the end of the year, three hundred thousand copies of the novel had been sold in America (by way of comparison, in the five years following its publication in 1850, Nathaniel Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter* sold eleven thousand copies).[27] By the summer of 1852, several British publishers had issued editions of the novel, and during two weeks in October, ten editions appeared, in no small part because no international copyright laws protected the novel from pirated editions. Clark and Company bragged in the introduction to one of its three editions that it had already sold ninety-six thousand cheap railway copies and twenty-five thousand illustrated copies: "A Hundred and Fifty thousand Copies of this Work are already in the hands of the public while still the weekly returns of sale show no decline."[28] In Britain and its colonies, 1.5 million copies of the novel would be sold in its first year of publication.

In France, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* appeared almost simultaneously (beginning on October 31, 1852) in serial form in three of the most influential French dailies—*La presse*, a more or less independent paper; *Le siècle*, a paper with republican leanings; and *Le pays*, a paper sympathetic to the emperor that, beginning in December 1852 began to subtitle itself *Journal de l'empire*—in short, Frenchmen from across the political spectrum could read the same novel in three different translations.[29] After publishing the first chapter on October 31 on its *rez-de-chaussée* (literally, the ground floor, but in the French dailies the bottom of the front page, a space normally reserved for serial novel publications) but unhappy with the translation, the paper waited a week to publish chapter 2. They hired Léon Pilatte, who, they claimed, had "recently arrived from America" after spending two years there, particularly in the South, "where he had lived in the midst of the blacks." They promised that this background made him a particularly qualified translator who could, in his accompanying notes, keep the French reader current about the realities of life across the Atlantic. Meanwhile, *Le siècle*'s publication (titled *La cabane de l'Oncle Tom* instead of *La case*) was translated by Léon de Wailly and Edmond Texier, the former a well-known man of letters and biographer of Angelica Kauffman, the latter author of the two-volume *Tableau de Paris* (Paris: Paulin et Le Chevalier, 1852–1853),

published with over 1,500 illustrations. At first, *Le pays* did not publish the book as a daily serial but rather in a weekly supplement translated by "one of our most distinguished linguists, M. Louis Enault," who would subsequently publish more than eight novels, Salons in both 1883 and 1891, and numerous travel books, including *La Méditerranée, ses îles et ses bords* (Paris: Morizot, 1863). Apparently they did not want to supplant the daily serial of the moment, George Sand's *Mont-Revêche*. But by December 5, *Le pays* had succumbed to pressure from its subscribers and began publishing the novel on a daily basis. Still, the decision put them well behind the other two papers, and when both *La presse* and *Le siècle* published the final chapter of the book on December 16, *Le pays* was only on chapter 25 (of 45).

In December these translations began to appear in book form—Pilatte's in an edition published by La librairie nouvelle and Wailly-Texier's published by Perrotin (Enault's translation would follow later in July 1853, published by Hachette in its new series designed to appeal to the traveling public, the Bibliothèque des chemin de fer, priced at 2 Fr. 50).[30] All in all, eleven different translations of the novel appeared between 1852 and 1853, a number not even approached by any other English language book (Sir Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*, probably the most popular English novel in France in the first half of the nineteenth century, was translated only a half-dozen times over the thirty years between 1820 and 1850). These various translations in turn accounted for some twenty editions of Stowe's novel published in France by the end of 1853. In addition, many of the English editions were readily available at the foreign language bookstores such as Stassin and Xavier or Reinwald's. As George Sand put it in 1852, "This book is in everyone's hands, in all the newspapers. It will have, it already has editions in every size. One devours it, one drowns it in tears."[31] Or as the chief historian of its publication in France, Claire Parfait, concludes, "It would have been difficult for anyone who wished for one not to find a copy of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in 1852 and 1853. It would have been even more difficult, in reality impossible, for anyone to ignore its existence, hammered upon in the daily papers and reviews, and, after January 1853, in the posters for its theatrical adaptations," such as that promoted by the Wailly-Texier translating team.[32] The leading caricaturists of the day parodied its popularity. In *Le charivari*, Cham (Amédée de Noé) depicted a sleeping couple being awakened by "*tommanie*"—"Tom Mania"—in the person of a man at their window holding a sign imploring them to "Read Uncle Tom" (fig. 10). In *Le journal de rire*, Nadar (Gaspard-Félix Tournachon) depicted a Paris where "it's beginning to rain Uncle Toms" (fig. 11).[33]

Uncle Tom's Cabin would influence French painting well into the next decade, as Isolde Pludermacher has outlined in her *Le modèle noir* essay. Of particular interest are three paintings by François-Auguste Biard, known today

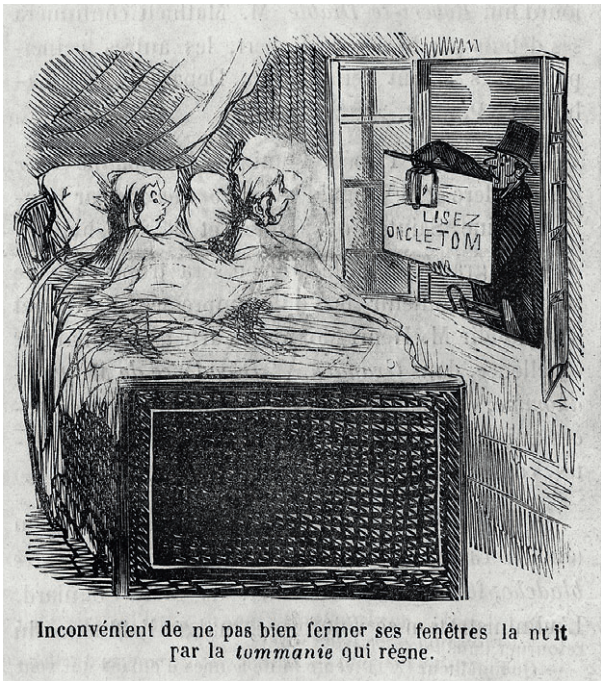

FIGURE 10 Cham, *Inconvénient de ne pas bien fermer ses fenêtres la nuit par la* tommanie *qui règne* (The downside of not properly closing your windows at night[: a visit] by the "Tom Mania" that reigns), *Le charivari*, November 28, 1852, 5. Photograph: Bibliothèque nationale de France.

FIGURE 11 Nadar, *Mais voilà qu'il se met à pleuvoir des oncles Tom* (But look, it's beginning to rain Uncle Toms), *Le journal de rire*, December 25, 1852, 1. Photograph: Bibliothèque nationale de France.

only through surviving engravings, exhibited at the Salon of 1861, *La chasse aux escalves fugitifs* (fig. 12), *Emménagement d'esclaves à bord d'un négrier* and *La vente d'esclaves dans l'Américque du Sud*. Theóphile Gautier picked them out for special praise in his Salon, calling them "*magnifiques vignettes abolitionnistes on ferait avec ces toiles traduites au burin pour la* Cabine de l'oncle Tom *de Mme Beecher Stowe!*" (magnificent abolitionist vignettes that one would like to see translated from canvas to engraving for *Uncle Tom's Cabin*!).[34] Even more forceful was the commentary of Alfred Nettement on the three paintings: "*C'est ainsi que le pinceau de l'artiste comme la plume de l'écrivain, le pinceau de M. Biard comme la plume de l'auteur de la* Case de l'oncle Tom, *contribuent à former cette puissance de l'opinion qui tôt ou tard agit sur les faits*" (And thus the brush of the artist like the pen of the writer, the brush of M. Biard like the pen of the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, help to form the power of opinion that sooner or later acts on the facts).[35] Nettement's is effectively a call to action in the face of slavery's reality—and, as he wrote these words, the reality of the Civil War that in April had formally begun when Southern forces fired on Fort Sumter. It is in the Salon of this same year, and in this broader context, that Manet would enjoy

FIGURE 12 Henri Duff Linton, after François-Auguste Biard (Salon of 1861), *La chasse aux esclaves fugitifs*. Wood engraving, 9 ½ × 13 ¼ in. Musée de la cooperation franco-americaine, Blerancourt, France. Inv. No. CFAc248.9. Photograph: © RMN-Grand Palais / Art Resource, New York. Photography: Gérard Blot.

his first real success, his *Guitarrero* being awarded an honorable mention, and Gautier picking it out for special praise as well.

Nearly a decade earlier, during that first outburst of Parisian *Uncle Tom* book-buying mania in 1852–1853, Manet had been studying in the studio of Thomas Couture, who, not coincidentally, was a close friend of George Sand. Couture called Sand, in his *Méthode et entretiens d'atelier* (*Methods and maintenance of the studio*), "the greatest author of the modern period."[36] In her essay on Stowe's novel, Sand writes, "*En fait d'art, d'ailleurs, il n'y a qu'une règle, qu'on loi, montrer et émouvoir. Où trouverons-nous des créations plus complètes, des types plus vivants, des situations plus touchants et même plus originales que dans* l'Uncle Tom?" (In matters of art, there is but one rule, one law, to show and to arouse. And where will we find creations more complete, types more vivid, situations more touching, more original, than in *Uncle Tom*?)[37] And so, perhaps, might have Manet taken Sand's advice and turned to *Uncle Tom* to find his characters? Certainly it was his habit to peruse the popular press for inspiration.[38]

Olympia, in its play of values, recalls, in fact, one of the most famous passages in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, from chapter 20:

> There stood the two children [Eva and Topsy], representatives of the two extremes of society. The fair, high-bred child, with her golden head, her deep eyes, her spiritual noble brow, and prince-like movements; and her black, keen, subtle, cringing, yet acute neighbor. They stood the representatives of their races. The Saxon, born of ages of cultivation, command, education, physical and moral eminence; the Afric, born of ages of oppression, submission, ignorance, toil, and vice![39]

Here we find the same identification of light and dark with good and evil that so dominates Goethe's thinking, and we witness here, perhaps more blatantly than in any other passage in *Uncle Tom*, the racism latent still in Stowe's novel. But if Manet was indeed thinking of this passage—and I will argue that he was—then he has inverted Stowe's moral stance. For it is not the black slave but the Saxon, Olympia herself, the prostitute who embodies "ages of oppression, submission, ignorance, toil, and vice!"

Manet's painting also recalls the famous image in the 1853 "Splendid Edition" of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the scene of Eva's death, which takes place just pages after Topsy's gift of flowers (fig. 13). The American illustrator Hammatt Billings

FIGURE 13 Hammatt Billings, headpiece illustration for *Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life Among the Lowly*, by Harriet Beecher Stowe. Engraved by Baker and Smith (Boston: John P. Jewett, 1853). Clifton Waller Barrett Library of American Literature. Photograph: Albert and Shirley Small Special Collections Library. Digital Photograph: Uncle Tom's Cabin & American Culture: A Multi-Media Archive, Institute for Advance Technology in the Humanities, University of Virginia, Charlottesville, VA.

had contributed six illustrations for the first edition of the novel, but when the second "Splendid Edition" was published in 1853, he made ninety-four more. None were reproduced in any French editions of the novel, but in 1853, a copy found its way into the collection of the Bibliothèque nationale in Paris. Manet may have seen the Billings illustrations there, or he may well have seen the Jewett "Splendid Edition" proper, or else its pirated London reprinting by Sampson Low, in one of the foreign language bookstores in the city.[40]

All viewers of *Olympia* are acutely aware of their own position, kneeling or bowing before the courtesan as the black cat raises its back in hissing protest, having just brought the flowers held by the black maid, making the viewer the subject of Olympia's gaze, not she the subject of theirs. It was, of course, the viewer's place in the painting that Cézanne acknowledged a decade later, at the first Impressionist exhibition, in his *Modern Olympia* (fig. 14). As André Dombrowski puts it in his analysis of the Cézanne, "there is always already someone in *A Modern Olympia* who has hired the prostitute"—and that someone is recognizably Cézanne himself.[41] Manet's implication of the viewer in the scene, this reversal of power relations in the exchange of money for sexual services, is

FIGURE 14 Paul Cézanne, *A Modern Olympia*, 1873–1874. Oil on canvas, 18 × 21¾ in. Musée d'Orsay, Paris. RF1951-31. Photograph: © RMN-Grand Palais / Art Resource, New York. Photography: Hervé Lewandowski.

in no small part what so disconcerted Olympia's audience in 1865. They did not particularly like finding themselves in the place that Cézanne a decade later was so apparently eager to assume.

Note how formally related are the Billings illustration and Manet's painting, the curve of the drapery to the left, the window to the right, the presence of the flowers arranged by Topsy. More important is the fact that Manet has reversed the positions of the black maid and the white man in the illustration. In *Olympia*, the maid stands over the courtesan in the position of the hypocrite, Augustine St. Clare, and we viewers—each of us now, in Baudelaire's famous phrase, "Hypocrite lecteur, mon semblable, mon frère!"[42]—kneel at her bedside in the position of Topsy. Together with Olympia herself, it is we who are the agents of oppression, submission, ignorance, toil, and vice, the agents of what Karl Marx called, in the title of his 1867 book *Capital*.

3

Sand/Baudelaire, Couture/Manet

Probably sometime in 1859 Charles Baudelaire began to accumulate notes toward an autobiography in which, he wrote to his mother, "I collect all the targets of my rage" and which he intended to title *Mon coeur mis à nu* (*My Heart Laid Bare*).[1] He would never complete the project, but among his notes is this terse assessment of George Sand: "She is stupid, heavy and garrulous. Her ideas on morals have the same depth of judgment and delicacy of feeling as those of janitresses and kept women. . . . The fact that there are men who could become enamored of this slut is indeed a proof of the abasement of the men of this generation."[2] His distaste for Sand stems from the fact that on August 14, 1855, he had taken the liberty of writing her a rather long and remarkably solicitous letter begging her help in getting his lover of the moment, the actress Marie Daubrun, a role in Sand's play *Maître Favilla*, scheduled to premiere in mid-September. Although he claimed in the letter that his entreaties on Daubrun's behalf were a source of neither embarrassment nor humiliation, Baudelaire was, it seems, humiliated when those entreaties failed. At any rate, he never forgave Sand.

Manet's relations with Couture, even during the six years that he studied in Couture's studio, were likewise contentious. After he left the studio on February 1, 1856, he traveled widely throughout Europe—to Belgium, Holland, Germany, and Italy. Each time that he returned, according to his lifelong friend Antonin Proust, in whose company he had entered Couture's studio in 1850, he "risked an appearance at Couture's to show him the copies he had made in the museums or the impressions that he had fixed on paper or on canvas." Proust reports an exchange between the two concerning Couture's portrait of Mlle Poinsot (fig. 15) that resulted in Manet painting his *Absinthe Drinker* (fig. 16):

One afternoon they had a debate about a portrait that Couture had just finished of Mlle Poinsot, of the Opéra. Couture asked the opinion of Manet, who replied that it was very good, but that the coloring seemed heavy, too encumbered by half-tones.

"Ah!" said Couture, "I see what you're getting at. You refuse to see the succession of intermediate tones that lead from shadow to light."

Manet argued that for him light presented itself with such a unity that one tone alone sufficed to render it and that it was more preferable, even though it might seem drastic, to proceed abruptly from light to shadow than to accumulate things that the eye doesn't see and that not only weaken the force of the light but lessen the coloring of the shadows that is so important to emphasize [*mettre en valeur*].

"For," he added, "the coloring of the shadows is not uniform, but widely various."

Couture, who was that day in good humor, tried not to laugh, saying to Manet that he was always incorrigible, which was annoying because he had talent.

As luck would have it, as Manet was leaving, the engraver Manceau, who had reproduced the drawing that Couture had made several years earlier of George Sand, arrived at Couture's. He took Manet to task, intoxicated by his own words, and finished by cranking the handle. Manceau, who was as talkative as a magpie, went everywhere, repeating the ideas of Couture.

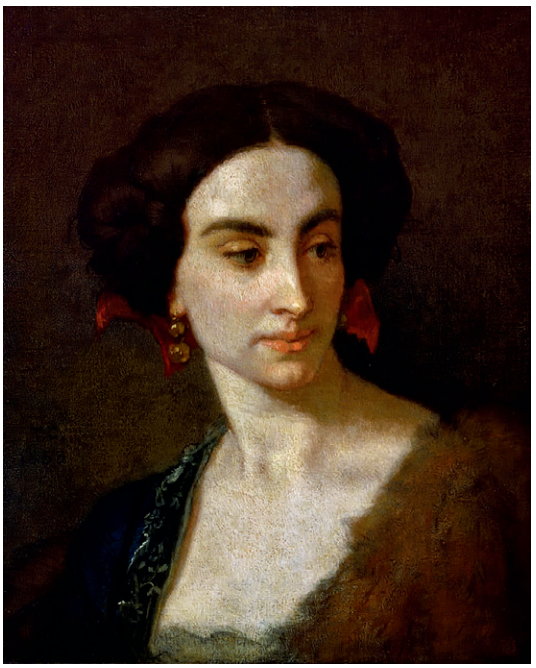

FIGURE 15 Thomas Couture, *Mademoiselle Poinsot*, 1853. Oil on canvas, 22 ½ × 17 ¾ in. Alte und Neue Nationalgalerie, Berlin. Photograph: Peter Horree / Alamy Stock Photo.

FIGURE 16 Édouard Manet, *The Absinthe Drinker*, 1858–1859. Oil on canvas, 71 × 41 ½ in. Ny Carlsberg Glyptotek, Copenhagen. Photograph: Erich Lessing / Art Resource, New York.

"Very well," said Manet, "I'll toss off a painting for him that I'm sure he will like."

He was annoyed however, and he waited a long time to retrace his steps to Couture's, but after having painted his *Absinthe Drinker*, he returned to his master's and invited him to look at his painting. Couture went to [Manet's studio] in the rue Lavoisier, and after looking at the *Drinker*, said to Manet:

"My friend, there is indeed an absinthe drinker here, it's the painter who produced this insanity."

This was the last time that the two men ever saw each other.[3]

It is worth noting that the engraver Alexandre Manceau was not merely the engraver of Couture's portrait of George Sand; he had been, since 1849, Sand's lover—and everyone knew it. Thus, Manet's little verbal spanking at the hands of Manceau was also, at least indirectly, administered by Sand—in Baudelaire's words, that "stupid, heavy and garrulous" woman. But more important, if we can trust Proust's memory, very early on in Manet's career the question of light and dark arises. Manet eschews what Couture describes as "the succession of intermediate tones that lead from shadow to light"—in short, chiaroscuro. Instead, he prefers to set a single tone of light next to a comparable depth of shadow without any intermediary steps between. The *Absinthe Drinker* is a demonstration of Manet's point of view.

The year of Manet's last encounter with Couture was 1859, and, indeed, Manet would submit his *Absinthe Drinker* to the Salon, where it would be rejected. That said, the painting as it appears today is not the same painting that Manet originally submitted. Most notably, the glass of absinthe—in all its seductively green glory—was added sometime after 1867, when he cut about sixteen inches off the bottom of the work for his retrospective exhibition and before 1872 when he sold it to Durand-Ruel along with twenty-three other works, restored to its original length and the glass of absinthe added.[4] The glass appears in neither Manet's 1862 etching of the painting nor in his 1867 aquatint (fig. 17), and its sudden appearance may in fact be a response to the caricaturist G. Randon's commentary on the work in his three-page visualization of Manet's 1867 retrospective: "Let's see, monsieur Manet, how can we know that this individual loves absinthe more than something else? . . . You who have such resources at your disposal, it would cost you so little to offer him a glass, even if only half full."[5] If we cannot now be sure just how much Manet did or did not change the painting between 1859 and 1872—beyond the addition of the glass of absinthe—we can, I think, consider how it represents, in its formal means, a response to Couture.

Compare, in the first place, the face of Couture's Mademoiselle Poinsot to which Manet so objected to that of Manet's absinthe drinker—traditionally

FIGURE 17 Édouard Manet, assisted by Félix Henri Bracquemond, *The Absinthe Drinker*, 1867–1868 or 1874. Etching and aquatint in black on cream Japanese laid paper, 9⅞ × 5¾ in. (etching); 14¼ × 10¼ in. (sheet). Art Institute of Chicago. Gift of the Print and Drawing Club. Photograph: © Art Institute of Chicago.

identified as the ragpicker Colardet.[6] It was Couture's habit to prepare his canvas with an underpainting, or *ébauche*, of black and red-brown pigments creating an overall bister tone and then to trace the previously drawn contours of his subject with the bister pigment mixed with a medium of heated oil and turpentine.[7] The shadows are suggested by this color, and, indeed, the shadowed side of Mlle Poinsot's face is a wash of bister and medium highlighted with the same vermillion of her lips and eye shadow. Couture builds up the rest of her lighted flesh with a mixture of what is probably alizarin lake (given its bluish undertones), cadmium yellow light, and zinc white, culminating in touches of opaque lead white (below her eyes, at the tip of her nose, and, more broadly, across the expanse of her chest). Now, as Albert Boime has pointed out, in his *Absinthe Drinker* Manet is still very much the student of Couture: "Manet himself admitted preparing the underpainting in accordance with the master's procedures, and this is confirmed by the red-brown tonality which peeks through in the areas of the cloak and the wall. The heavy outlines in the trousers, the warm patchwork in the face and the sliver of white collar also attest to Couture's unyielding sway over his pupil."[8] Indeed, the ragpicker's flesh is composed of

the same mixture of alizarin lake, cad yellow light, and zinc white that Couture uses, though with a much higher concentration of the alizarin. Manet altogether abandons Couture's use of lead white to suggest highlights and, in the ragpicker's beard and neck, he seems to have applied terre verte and/or raw umber to darken, rather than heighten, the face, so much so that the line delineating the chin is almost lost. The last remnant of the master's general application of lead white is the ragpicker's collar. And if Couture's influence is visible in the heavy outlines of the ragpicker's trousers (and note also the outline delineating the right, shadowed side of his face), the care with which Couture has drawn his figure is entirely absent, so much so that while Mlle Poinsot is a recognizable individual, her brow and nose, her eyes and lashes, her chin and cheek bones, all carefully rendered, the ragpicker's eyes are only hinted at through the shadow cast by the brim of his hat, his nose a sort of triangle of light, his upper lip almost buried in what is either shadow or mustache or both. He is not so much an individual—known to be Colardet or not—but a type.

Other things about Manet's formal means would have disturbed Couture. As Ewa Lajer-Burcharth puts it in what remains the only extended study of the painting, "Manet's canvas appears to have been painted quickly, the shallow space announcing itself in a thin coat of paint applied hastily, in light brushstrokes patched together to form a pattern of a ragged fabric. There is no gradual recession of space, no respectful imitation of textures [compare Mlle Poinsot's jacket and shawl], and the laws of perspective are applied with confusion. The substance—whether of the wall, the clothes, or the body—is rendered ephemeral owing to lack of volume."[9] Most disconcerting are of course the dangling legs, which descend in flat volumeless form from oddly rounded knees attached to the body like the limbs of a marionette, and the confusing shadow cast by the bottle. The scumbling of the *ébauche* that serves as the background of Couture's portrait of Mlle Poinsot is painted over—if it were ever there, though evidently its color was—in broad sweeps of the light sepias and ochers that compose the bench and the ground, both apparently swathed over the same terre verte that Manet has applied to the wall behind his figure. (Perhaps Manet considered this overall green effect suggestive of absinthe itself.) In the painting's self-conscious rejection of modeling and chiaroscuro, Manet adopts a radically different approach to light, nowhere more apparent than in the etching and aquatint executed some eight years after the original painting in which the face of the ragpicker rises, in effect, out of the dense fabric of shadow itself. If it is the coloring of shadows that brings out light's value, as Manet argued with Couture, and if, as he also said, "the coloring of the shadows is not uniform, but widely various," then *The Absinthe Drinker* might best be considered a study in shadows—and the denizens of its shadowy world.

When Manet received the news that *The Absinthe Drinker* had been rejected by the Salon, he was in the company of both Proust and Baudelaire. The latter had first met both Proust and Manet in the early 1850s, when they would dine, almost every day, at the rotisserie Pavard on rue Notre-Dame-de-Lorette, in his company.[10] By 1859 they were the closest of companions. As Proust notes, "Baudelaire was Manet's habitual companion whenever Manet went to the Tuileries, making his studies *en plein air*, under the trees, of the children playing and the groups of nannies slumped in their chairs. The strollers looked curiously at the elegantly dressed painter arranging his canvas, loading his palette and painting with the same tranquility that he might have had in his studio."[11] At this point in his memoirs, Proust refers his readers to Manet's *Music in the Tuileries*, first exhibited in 1862 at Manet's one-man show in the Galerie Martinet (fig. 18). Manet is depicted in top hat on the far left, half out of the frame. The man directly in front of him, also in top hat and sporting a walking stick (an implement that Manet also seems to be carrying), is Albert de Belleroy, with whom Manet shared the studio on the rue Lavoisier and who was known chiefly as a painter

FIGURE 18 Édouard Manet, *Music in the Tuileries*, 1862. Oil on canvas, 30 × 46 ½ in. National Gallery, London. Sir Hugh Lane Bequest, 1917 (NG3260). Photograph: © National Gallery, London / Art Resource, New York.

of hunting scenes. Between them, also in top hat, is the art critic Champfleury, who had known Baudelaire since 1844 and who had famously been the first critic to champion Courbet. The bearded man seated between these three and the two women in blue bonnets is Zacharie Astruc. Facing right, in front of the tree directly behind the seated woman in the cream-colored dress and blue bonnet who faces the viewer, is Baudelaire. He is conversing with Théophile Gautier, facing out, and the Baron Isidore Taylor, both of whom were enthusiastic hispanophiles. The previously mentioned woman in the blue bonnet below the three is Valentine Thérèse Lejosne, wife of the avid Republican Commandant Hippolyte Lejosne, in whose home Manet was first introduced to Baudelaire. Seated beside her is Madame Offenbach, wife of the *opéra bouffe* composer Jacques Offenbach, who is himself seated with his back to the tree directly behind the painter's brother, Eugène Manet, standing in profile and bowing to a veiled lady who points her umbrella at his stomach.

Manet's *Music in the Tuileries* is something of a reprise of Courbet's 1855 *Painter's Studio: A Real Allegory Summing Up Seven Years of My Life as a Painter*, which, like Manet's painting, included portraits of both Baudelaire and Champfleury. Given that Manet almost assuredly intends to usurp Courbet's (and Constantine Guys's) role as Baudelaire's "painter of modern life" in this painting[12]—surrounding himself with his friends and champions—it has

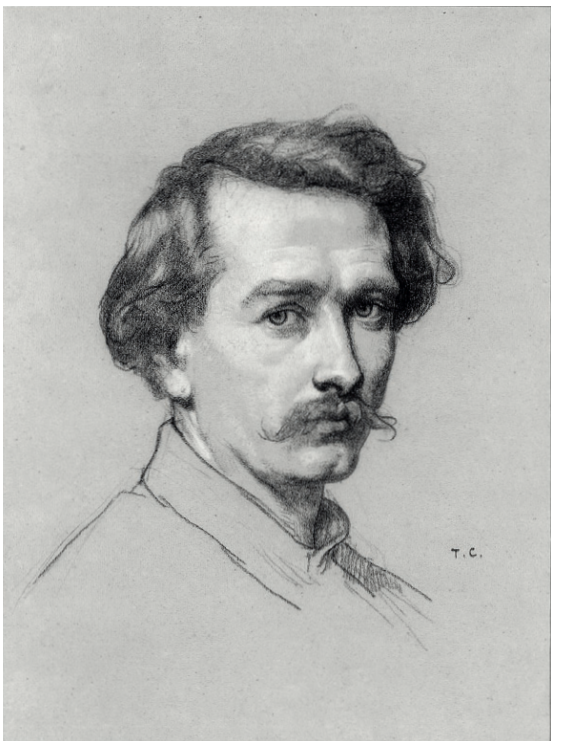

FIGURE 19 Thomas Couture, *Portrait of Monginot with Unfinished Portrait of a Woman on the Reverse*, n.d. Pencil with black chalk heightened with white on paper. Photograph: Courtesy of Sotheby's, Inc. © 2002.

always surprised me that Antonin Proust is not there. But perhaps he is. Traditionally, the figure at the right, doffing his cap to the ladies, has been identified as Charles Monginot, a painter of portraits, still lifes, animals, and genre scenes who trained with Couture, made his debut at the Salon of 1850, and lent Manet the sword for *Boy with a Sword* (1861).[13] Couture's undated portrait of Monginot (fig. 19) bears no resemblance to the figure in Manet's painting. I think it far more likely that this figure is Proust.

The same year that he painted *Music in the Tuileries*—and quite possibly at the same time—Manet was at work on another painting nearly twice as big, *The Old Musician* (fig. 20). Rather surprisingly, *The Absinthe Drinker* makes a reappearance at exactly the same shape and size as in the earlier painting.[14] But now he is extricated from the shadows and brought into the light of day—the opposite of the movement from daylight in the open air to nighttime in the courtesan's chamber that he would later effect in *Le déjeuner* and *Olympia*—

FIGURE 20 Édouard Manet, *The Old Musician*, 1862. Oil on canvas, 73 ¾ × 97 ¹¹⁄₁₆ in. National Gallery of Art. Chester Dale Collection (1963.10.162). Photograph: National Gallery of Art, Washington, DC.

from the urban milieu into the countryside and from, quite possibly, France into Spain. On this latter transubstantiation of the Parisian absinthe drinker into a Spanish musical performance, Proust would remember that the Parisian absinthe drinker "recalls, as Manet himself says, the *Drinkers* in the Prado," and furthermore that Manet complained that he had made the original absinthe drinker as "a Parisian type, studied in Paris, while putting into its execution the technical naïveté that I recognized in Velásquez's painting."[15] Thus, it is worth remembering, *The Drinkers* not only informs *The Old Musician*—and *its* centrality to Manet's oeuvre is certainly confirmed by the inclusion of a black-and-white reproduction of it in Manet's later *Portrait of Émile Zola*—but also the earlier painting that he has incorporated wholesale into the later one.

For the most part, there is no need here to rehearse the myriad art historical sources that inform *The Old Musician*—from Velázquez to Watteau to the Le Nains and Henri-Guillaume Schlesinger[16]—since I am more interested here in Manet's adaptation of what he saw as Velásquez's "technical naïveté" (*naîveté du métier*). Commenting on Manet's use of the phrase, Svetlana Alpers thinks that it "has something to do with a frankness and an economy in the handling of paint," something to do, in Manet's case especially, with the "lack of finish [that] was repeatedly the source of critical attack."[17] We have become so used to the ostensibly quick and nonchalant brushwork of the impressionists that we rather too easily take for granted the "technical naïveté" of a painting like *Music in the Tuileries*. Michael Fried, however, thinking Manet might have been encouraged by puppet theater, remarks, quite correctly, on "the willed, intense naïveté—the deliberate, almost painful crudeness—with which *Music in the Tuileries* was painted."[18] Compare two sets of trouser legs, Belleroy's left leg and Astruc's right in *Music in the Tuileries* (fig. 21) and the two legs of the absinthe drinker as transposed to *The Old Musician* (fig. 22). Modeling—the gradual modulation from light to dark—is forsaken in both. Each of the absinthe drinker's legs consists of two flat bands of color—a narrow black band to indicate shadow and a broader band of what is likely burnt umber. Belleroy's trousers are a flat plane of gray, Astruc's a smear of bright lead white, evidently hastily applied over the still wet gray beneath it, ending abruptly at the dark black body of the ladies' dog. (One is tempted to say, with Zola, "you needed a clear and luminous patch of color, so you put Astruc in a pair of white trousers, and you found it necessary to have a dark patch, so you placed on the chair in front of him a black dog.") It is important to recognize as well that these two details, reproduced here at the same height, are vastly different in scale (approximately 5 in. vs. 16½ in. high in the actual paintings), and, that said, the handling of the absinthe drinker's legs is at least as audacious as the apparently slapdash application of lead white on Astruc's trousers. Manet's "technical naïveté" is nothing short of an act of defiance—against Couture originally, but by the time he was

FIGURE 21 Édouard Manet, *Music in the Tuileries* (detail of Figure 18). The National Gallery, London. Sir Hugh Lane Bequest, 1917 (NG3260). Photograph: © National Gallery, London / Art Resource, New York.

FIGURE 22 Édouard Manet, *The Old Musician* (detail of Figure 20). National Gallery of Art. Chester Dale Collection (1963.10.162). Photograph: National Gallery of Art, Washington, DC.

at work on these two paintings, against everyone but the crowd whom he has chosen to include in *Music in the Tuileries*.

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Upon getting the news of *The Absinthe Drinker*'s rejection, Proust reports that Manet told Proust and Baudelaire that he had been aware of its refusal for three days but he just hadn't told them. He takes some consolation, though, from the fact that Delacroix liked the painting (*"l'a trouvé bien"*). Delacroix, he says, is a different kind of *rapin* than Couture—*rapin* being slang for a bohemian painter of doubtful talent. At this point, Proust tries to calm Manet by reminding him that it was not Couture who turned his painting down, for Couture was not on the Salon jury. As for Delacroix, "he has shown more than once that he is above the petty-mindedness of his contemporaries" (*il a montré une fois de plus qu'il est au-dessus des petitesses de ses contemporains*). Proust tells the story of Delacroix working beside the great sculptor of animals Antoine-Louis Barye in the Jardin des Plantes as they drew a panther: "'How do you do it, Barye? The tail of your panther moves. Mine is like a piece of wood.' And Barye replied: 'It's because I draw what I see, while you draw what you think you have seen.' Delacroix knew that Barye was right" (*"Comment faites-vous, Barye? La queue de votre panthère*

remue. La mienne est comme un morceau de bois." Et Barye de répondre: "C'est que je la fais telle que je la vois, tandis que vous la faites telle que vous l'aviez prevue." Delacroix reconnut que Barye disait vrai).[19] Painters like Ingres, Courbet, and Couture could never admit they made such a mistake. "I have always asked you why you have doggedly tried to please Couture," Proust asks, "while in reality you have never been his student any more than he was the student of Gros" (*Je me suis d'ailleurs toujours demandé pourquoi tu t'acharnes à vouloir plaire à Couture. Vous vous êtes constamment détestés, et en réalité tu n'as jamais été son élève pas plus qu'il n'a été l'élève de Gros*):

> *—La conclusion, fit Baudelaire, c'est qu'il faut être soi-même.*
> *—Je vous l'ai toujours dit, mon cher Baudelaire, répliqua Manet. Mais est-ce que je n'ai pas été moi-même dans le* Buveur d'absinthe*?*
> *—Euh! Euh! reprit Baudelaire.*
> *—Allons, voilà Baudelaire qui va me débiner. Tout le monde alors . . .*
>
> ("The moral," said Baudelaire, "is that one must be true to oneself."
> "I've always said that to you, my dear Baudelaire," replied Manet. "But have I not been myself in the *Absinthe Drinker*?"
> "Hah! Hah!" replied Baudelaire.
> "Come now, even Baudelaire is badmouthing me. Everybody then . . .")[20]

So Proust concludes the chapter.

Whenever this passage is cited, Baudelaire's advice to Manet to be true to himself is almost always read as sincere.[21] But it is, I believe, deeply ironic, the kind of empty platitude that the despised Couture might well have addressed to his students. And, indeed, as Baudelaire surely knew, Manet had both been himself and *not* in *The Absinthe Drinker*. Baudelaire probably recognized the traces of Couture's influence that remained in the work and recognized as well that his young friend had, in the first place, taken the painting to show Couture in order that the master might acknowledge the student's growing command of his medium. And, as Manet well knew, Baudelaire was the last person to ever be true to himself. As Walter Benjamin would later put it, "Because he did not have any convictions, he assumed ever new forms himself. Flâneur, apache, dandy, and ragpicker were so many roles to him. . . . When Courbet was painting Baudelaire [in *The Painter's Studio*] he complained that his subject looked different every day. And Champfleury said that Baudelaire had the ability to change his facial expression like a fugitive from a chain gang. Vallés, in a malicious obituary that displays a fair amount of acuity, called Baudelaire a *cabotin* [ham actor]."[22] Hence, Baudelaire's guffaw. In *The Absinthe Drinker* he surely recognized that Manet was playing just another role.

If Couture had indeed hated Manet's *naîveté du métier*, he probably would have hated its politics more had he even thought about it. He was himself caught up in other works in the grand manner of *The Romans in Their Decadence*, such as *The Baptism of the Prince Imperial*, an 1856 commission glorifying the Second Empire that both celebrated the continuity of the Napoleonic dynasty and the emperor's close ties to the papacy. It is a massive work highlighted by an allegorical representation of Napoleon I looking down on the baptism from a perch on the transept of Notre-Dame. Couture was promised, as well, a commission to decorate the Pavilion Denon in the Louvre, built in 1852 by the emperor to connect the Old Louvre to the Tuileries Palace. It would be another massive work, a depiction of *The Empire Relying on the Church and the Army to Suppress Anarchy*. Although by 1856 Couture was making sketches for the latter, that commission never came, and in 1859, around the time that Manet showed him *The Absinthe Drinker*, he had a falling out with the emperor and his court coupled with an earlier public scandal centered on the artist's excessive ego, and the *Baptism* too, which he had planned to exhibit at the Salon of 1859, was never finished. He nevertheless continued to work on the painting for years, and the government continued to support his progress.[23]

Couture's and Manet's temperaments were vastly different. Couture could never have painted such a "low" subject as a *chiffonier*, or ragpicker, and he probably could not even recognize that his student's painting was *political*, that, indeed, it shared a politics very similar to his own in painting *The Romans in Their Decadence*. Despite all the latter's allegorical trappings and historical sweep—despite, that is, its very ambition—Manet's little painting was as much a swipe at the French in their decadence as Couture's own, vastly more famous masterpiece. Robert L. Herbert has got it right:

> The marginals that Manet represented were much admired. . . . Ragpickers were especially favored. . . . They were not the lowest of the working class, but self-employed men and women who formed a guild that regulated the gathering of urban detritus. They had their own clubs in Paris and the near suburbs; one of the best known, near the Panthéon, was devoted to communal drinking of absinthe. Manet, like Baudelaire, associated them with the tradition of the beggar-philosopher, a well-established Parisian type whose gradual disappearance, owing to Haussmann's transformations and police repression, was cause for grievance. The ragpicker was a liberated spirit who moved about at night, flouting the habits of the bourgeoisie in their comfortable beds; he was despised by society (a piece of irony, since he was an entrepreneur), therefore an outcast, but this freed him from society's restrictive conventions; he gathered up discarded scraps from the city, just as writers and painters chose bits and pieces of urban life—commonplace

realities, not the ideal elements sanctioned by academics—with which to create their works. Further, ragpickers had self-esteem . . . and were proud of their opposition to a government whose agents constantly harried them.[24]

The Second Empire was anathema to Manet—and to Baudelaire as well. For all the previous generation's disgust with Louis-Philippe, for all that the likes of Couture and Sand had disavowed the politics of the monarchy, Manet's *Absinthe Drinker* is of a piece with the ragpickers celebrated in Baudelaire's "Le vin de chiffonniers," the flotsam and jetsam of the Second Empire's expansive dreams:

Oui, ces gens harcelés de chagrins de ménage
Moulous par le travail et tourmentés par l'âge
Eteintés et pliant sous un tas de débris,
Vomissement confus de l'énorme Paris.

(Yes, these folk, badgered by domestic care,
Ground down by toil, decrepitude, despair,
Buckled beneath the foul load that each carries,
The motley vomit of enormous Paris.)[25]

And this goes a long way toward explaining the *chiffonier*'s reappearance in *The Old Musician*, where he sits beside a white-bearded figure holding a walking stick that Anne Coffin Hanson first suggested might be a representation of the Wandering Jew.[26] As it turns out, Champfleury was an expert on the legend of the Wandering Jew, and for the frontispiece of his *Histoire de l'imagerie populaire*, published in 1869, he reproduced, in black and white, a print that had circulated in France in the early years of the nineteenth century (fig. 23) and that fifteen years earlier had also been the source of his friend Courbet's painting *The Meeting* (1854).[27]

A decade earlier, Eugène Sue's *Le Juif errant*, published serially in the *Constitutionnel* from June 25, 1844, to July 12, 1845, depicted the Jew and Jewess as "symbols of unceasing persecution . . . the two chief victims of contemporary society: the worker and woman."[28] Famously, in the novel the Jew laments, "My brethren! through me—the laborer of Jerusalem, cursed by the Lord, who in my person cursed the race of laborers—a race always suffering, always disinherited, always enslaved, who, like me, go on, on, on, without rest or intermission, without recompense, or hope" (*Mes frères à moi . . . l'artisan de Jérusalem, l'artisan maudit du Seigneur, qui, dans ma personne, a maudit la race des travailleurs, race toujours souffrante, toujours déshéritée, toujours esclave, et qui, comme moi, marche, marche, sans trêve ni repos, sans récompense ni espoir*).[29] In this Jew, then,

FIGURE 23 *The True Portrait of the Wandering Jew: What Was Seen Passing through Avignon on April 22, 1784*, France, Orléans, 1814–1816. Wood engraving on colored paper, 11 ⅞ × 11 ⅞ in. Musée des Traditions Populaires, Paris. Photograph: © RMN-Grand Palais / Art Resource, New York. Photography: Jean-Gilles Berizzi.

we have an image of the proletariat enslaved by empire, a proletariat that finds itself, even as these words were written, "without rest or intermission, without recompense, or hope," just as in the *chiffonier* we are witness to a figure "ground down by toil, decrepitude, despair."

I am struck by the fact that this figure in *The Old Musician* stands in exactly the same relation to the scene, half in and half out of the frame, as does Manet himself in *Music in the Tuileries*, only on the opposite side of the painting. I'm further struck by the fact that Champfleury, the expert on the Wandering Jew, stands directly behind Manet and Belleroy, both of whom, like the Jew, sport a walking stick. Top hats proliferate, as if spawned by that of the absinthe drinker. Behind Eugène Manet a seated woman in gray comforts a child who leans onto her lap, recalling the gypsy girl holding the child in *The Old Musician*. And has no one ever noticed that Madame Offenbach is posed in a manner remarkably similar to the posture of the old musician himself, she sedentary on her wrought-iron chair, he pausing for a moment from his pizzicato play on his violin, the itinerant gypsy balanced on his suitcase?

In effect Manet offers us, in these two paintings, an essay on the wanderer in modern life—gypsy and flâneur—the one alienated, even oppressed by modernity, the other immersed in it even as he maintains his critical distance, the walking stick their common emblem. But these are paintings about women as well, the impoverished and the well to do, the barefoot girl charged with the care of an infant—nothing suggests that the child is her own—versus the feminine universe of the Tuileries dominated by the theme of maternity. In her catalog essay on the painting, Françoise Cachin has noted how, in *Music in the Tuileries*, the "repeated curves" at the base of the painting, including the children, bonnets, parasols, wrought-iron chairs, and the hoop and the ball at the right, contrast dramatically with the "dark verticals—trunks, coats, top hats" of the male zone above.[30] This tension is underscored, I think, by the interchange in the painting's center between Eugène Manet and the seated woman who points her umbrella at his chest. He leans over her from a position of, if not mastery, then domination. Does that umbrella suggest her resistance or, even more pointedly, her defiance?

Which question brings us back to Sand. If among Manet's closest companions in 1863 Baudelaire despised Sand, another—Astruc—admired her deeply. In 1859 she had written a gracious preface to his Salon (on which more later), and as Sharon Flescher puts it in her detailed study of Astruc's career, "he remained forever grateful to her."[31] He dedicated a thank-you poem to her, sketched her portrait in watercolor, and mentioned her favorably in numerous newspaper reviews, going so far as to call her in one "*l'incomparable, la curieuse, la singulière, la vaillante*."[32] Most importantly for us, in 1865 he wrote a play (unpublished) set at her country estate in Nohant titled "Le chateau de Lélia." Lélia is, of course, the eponymous name of one of Sand's most famous novels, first published in 1833.[33] Sand's heroine is a scandalously independent woman who once enjoyed many lovers but has come to reject physical passion because, she believes, it represents the chief means by which men dominate the female sex. From the male point of view, women are merely "submissive, devoted slaves . . . a thing made for man's pleasure, incapable of resistance or change" (*esclaves soumises et dévouées . . . une chose faite pour le plaisir de l'homme, incapable de résistance ou de changement?*) (203; 2:302).

Sand had first addressed the theme of the sexual enslavement of women in her first novel, *Indiana*, published just a year before *Lélia* but released in a new edition in 1861. There, her heroine says to her husband Delmar, "I know that I am the slave and you the lord. The law of the land has made you my master. You are able to tie me down, bind my hands, control my actions. You have the right of the stronger party, and society confirms you in it; but over my will, sir, you are powerless." (*Je sais que je suis l'esclave et vous le seigneur. Le loi de ce pays vous a fait mon maître. Vous pouvez lier mon corps, garrotter mes mains, gouverner*

mes actions. Vous avez le droit du plus fort, et la société vous le confirme; mais sur ma volonté, monsieur, vous ne pouvez rien).[34] In *Lélia*, the thirty-year-old Lélia describes her affair with twenty-year-old Sténio this way: "I loved him madly. The more he made me feel his domination, the more I cherished it, the greater pride I took in wearing my shackles. But I also began to curse my slavery at the first moment of freedom he left me through forgetfulness or indifference." (*Je l'aimais follement. Plus il me faisait sentir sa domination, plus je la chérissais, plus je mettais d'orgueil à porter ma chaîne. Mais aussi je recommençais à maudire ma servitude au premier instant de liberté que son oubli ou son indolence me laissait*) (112; 2:24).

The irony, of course, is that Sténio is himself enslaved by his love for Lélia. "As for you, Lélia," Sténio writes to her early in the book, "I pity you and I pity myself, too, because I am your disciple and your slave" (*Quant à vous! Lélia, je vous plains, et je me plains aussi d'être votre disciple et votre esclave*) (21: 1:71–72). In fact, Sténio and Lélia reverse roles. He is weak, vulnerable, a creature of passion; she is strong, implacable, indifferent. At a ball early in the novel, Sténio and Trenmor, a redeemed convict and close friend of Lélia's who is sympathetic to the young man's plight, sees her across the amphitheater dressed in men's clothing. Lélia, Trenmor exclaims, embodies "the genius of the poets . . . all the exalted thoughts, all the generous feelings: religion, enthusiasm, stoicism, pity, perseverance, suffering, charity, forgiveness, ingenuousness, boldness, contempt for life, intelligence, activity, hope, patience—all the virtues!" (*le génie de tous les poëtes . . . tous les grandes pensées, tous les généreux sentiments; religion, enthousiasme, stoïcisme, pitié, persévérance, douleur, charité, pardon, candeur, audace, mépris de la vie, intelligence, activité, espoir, patience, tout!*). "All except love!" (*Tout hormis l'amour!*), the despairing Sténio replies (30; 1:103–4). By way of contrast, Trenmor describes Sténio, in a letter to Lélia, pleading with her to show more compassion for the youth.

> I have never seen a more angelically calm face, nor eyes of a more limpid and celestial blue. I have never heard a young girl's voice more harmonious than his. His words are like the velvety notes the wind confides to the strings of the harp. I think of his slow step, his dispassionate, sad attitude, his fine, white hands, his frail, supple body, his hair of such silken softness, his complexion that changes like the autumn sky, the blush a glance from you spreads over his cheeks, the bluish pallor your words imprint on his lips. He is a poet, a young man, a virgin.
>
> (*Je n'ai point vu de physionomie d'un calme plus angélique, ni de bleu dans le plus beau ciel qui fût plus limpide et plus céleste que le bleu de ses yeux. Je n'ai pas entendu un voix de jeune fille qui fût plus harmonieuse et plus douce que la sienne;*

les paroles qu'il dit sont comme les notes faibles et veloutées que le vent confie aux cordes de la harpe. Et puis, sa démarche lente, ses attitudes nonchalantes et tristes, ses mains blanches et fines, son corps frêle et souple, ses cheveux d'un ton si doux et d'une mollesse si soyeuse, son teint changeant comme le ciel d'automne, ce carmin éclatant qu'un regard de vous répand sur ses joues, cette pâleur bleuâtre qu'un mot de vous imprime à ses lèvres, tout cela, c'est un poëte, c'est un jeune homme vierge.) (33; 1:112–13)

In short, it is worth suggesting that Sténio is to Lélia as the unseen visitor is to Olympia in Manet's much later painting. He submits weakly to her power, to her evident scorn.

But if Lélia is no Olympia, her sister, Pulchérie, is. Lélia and Pulchérie are doubles. No one can easily tell them apart. When they meet at a costume ball in Paris just after Lélia has broken off her relationship with Sténio, Sténio mistakes Pulchérie for her sister, and Pulchérie is all too willing to seduce the young lover, a seduction that leads him into a life of near total debauchery (Baudelaire would have surely identified). At the center of the novel is a dialogue between Pulchérie and Lélia in which the "sinful" sister engages in a stirring defense of her occupation:

> Unlike you [Lélia], I haven't lived with deceptions. I haven't demanded more of life than it could give me. I have reduced all my ambitions to knowing how to enjoy what exists. I have put my virtue into not despising them, my wisdom into not desiring beyond certain limits. . . . But to keep me from despair I have the religion of pleasure. . . . To face shame is my virtue, as it is yours to avoid it. This is my wisdom, and it leads me to my goal, it survives the anguished that are always being recreated, and at the cost of this struggle I have pleasure. This is my ray of sun after the storm, the enchanted island upon which the tempest casts me, and if I am degraded, at least I am not ridiculous. . . . What does God impose on us? . . . It is to live, isn't it? What does society impose on us? Not to steal. But society is so constructed that many individuals are forced, for survival, to practice an occupation authorized by society but given the odious name of vice. Do you know with what steel a poor creature must be tempered to live with that? Do you know how many affronts people give the creature to make her pay for the weaknesses she has surprised and the brutalities she has appeased? Under what mountains of injustices she must accustom herself to sleep, to walk, to be lover, courtesan, and mother! These are three conditions of woman's fate that no woman escapes whether she sell herself in a market of prostitution or by a marriage contract? . . . Do you see, if there is a heaven and hell, heaven will be for those who have suffered most and have found a few joyous smiles, a few benedic-

tions for God, even on their bed of suffering. Hell will be for those who have monopolized the most beautiful part of existence and failed to appreciate its value. The courtesan Zinzolina [Pulchérie's working name], in the midst of the horrors of social degradation, has confessed her faith by remaining faithful to voluptuousness. The ascetic Lélia, in the depths of an austere, respected life, has denied God every moment as she closed her eyes and her soul to the blessings of existence.

(*Je n'ai pas, comme vous, vécu de déceptions. Je n'ai pas demandé à la vie plus qu'elle ne pouvait me donner. J'ai réduit toutes mes ambitions à savoir jouir de ce qui est. J'ai mis ma vertu à ne pas le dédaigner, ma sagesse à ne pas désirer au-delà. . . . Mais j'ai, pour me préserver du désespoir, la religion du plaisir. . . . Moi, braver la honte, c'est ma vertu; c'est ma force, comme la vôtre est de l'éviter; c'est ma sagesse, vous dis-je, et elle me mène à mon but, elle surmonte des obstacles, elle suivit à des angoisses toujours renaissantes, et pour prix du combat, j'ai le plaisir. C'est mon rayon de soleil après l'orage, c'est l'île enchantée où la tempête me jette, et, si je suis avilie, du moins je ne suis pas ridicule. . . . Enfin, qu'est-ce que Dieu nous impose sur la terre? . . . C'est de vivre, n'est-ce pas? Qu'est-ce que la société nous impose? C'est de ne pas voler. La société est ainsi faite, que beaucoup d'individus n'ont pas autre chose pour vivre qu'un métier autorisé par elle et par elle flétri d'un nom odieux, le vice. Savez-vous de quel acier il faut qu'une pauvre créature soit trempée pour vivre de cela? De combien d'affronts on cherche à lui faire payer les faiblesses qu'elle a surprises et les brutalités qu'elle a assouvies? Sous quelle montagne d'ignominies et d'injustices il faut qu'elle s'accoutume à dormir, à marcher, à être amante, courtisane et mère, trois conditions de la destinée de la femme auxquelles nulle femme n'échappe, soit qu'elle se vende par un marché de prostitution ou par un contrat de mariage? . . . Vois-tu, s'il y a un ciel et un enfer, le ciel sera pour ceux qui auront le plus souffert et qui auront trouvé sur leur lit de douleur encoure quelques sourires de joie, quelques bénédictions à envoyer vers Dieu; l'enfer pour ceux qui auront accaparé la plus belle part de l'existence e qui en auront méconnu le prix. La courtisane Zinzolina, au milieu des horreurs de la dégradation sociale, aura confessé sa foi en restant fidèle à la volupté.*) (98–100; 1:332–33, 335, 337–38)

No female character in fiction before this ever dared utter such libidinous words—and none for many years after, either. Later in the novel, writing to Sténio after Pulchérie has seduced him, Lélia defends her sister. "She is no vulgar courtesan. Her passions are not feigned, her soul is not sordid. She does not upset herself with imaginary promises of a durable love. She worships only one God—Pleasure." (*Pulchérie n'est point une courtisane vulgaire. Ses passions ne sont pas feintes, son ame n'est pas sordide. Elle s'inquiète peu des engagemens*

imaginaires d'un amour durable. Elle n'adore qu'un Dieu et ne sacrifie qu'à lui. Ce Dieu, c'est le plaisir) (154; 2:154). But Sand is of two minds about Pulchérie's position. Lélia and Pulchérie are the two sides of Sand herself. Lélia is the masculine to Pulchérie's feminine, just as George Sand, who dressed in pants, top coat, and hat (actually illegal, but Sand openly flouted the law, and as early as 1839 her cigar-smoking and male dress was openly caricatured in the press), was the masculine to Aurore-Lucile Dupin, her feminine other.[35] "Had I been a man," Lélia declares, "I would have loved combat, the odor of blood, the pressures of danger. . . . As a woman I had only one noble destiny on earth, which was to love. I love *valiantly*" (*Homme, j'eusse aimé les combats, l'odeur du sang, les étreintes du danger; peut-être l'ambition de régner par l'intelligence, de dominer les autres hommes par des paroles puissantes, m'eût-elle souri aux jours de ma jeunesse. Femme, je n'avais qu'une destinée noble sur la terre, c'était d'aimer. J'aimai* vaillamment) (110; 2:18). But Lélia, of course, is not a man. And, indeed, she has not loved particularly valiantly. If her refusal to engage in physical intimacy represents a feminist resistance to male domination, in equal measure Pulchérie's indulgence in pleasure represents a kind of freedom from the strictures of society. Both, in fact, embody *resistance*.

Indeed, if Sand's resistance to marriage—to marriage as an institution of enslavement—had been the theme of both *Indiana* and *Valentine*, written just before *Lélia*, what the latter adds to the rhetoric of subjugation is the equation of prostitution and marriage, the "mountains of injustices . . . that no woman escapes whether she sell herself in a market of prostitution or by a marriage contract." She shared this position with the Saint-Simonists, the collectivist utopian movement especially active in the 1820s and 1830s that believed in the equality of men and women, she sharing his traditional rights and he her traditional duties. Recalling the reception of *Valentine* some years later, she would recall, "The plot provoked some lively criticism on the antimatrimonial doctrines that I was alleged to have broached before in *Indiana*. In both novels I pointed out the dangers and pains of an ill-assorted marriage. I thought I had simply been writing a story and discovered that I had unwittingly been preaching Saint-Simonism."[36] She would claim, "I was not Saint-Simonian, I never have been, although I have had great sympathy with some of the ideas and for some of the members of the fraternity: but I did not know them at that time, and was uninfluenced by their tenets."[37] The critic Charles Augustine Sainte-Beuve, who was probably her closest male friend at the time she was writing *Lélia*, had gone to Brussels in 1831 to stay in the house of the Saint-Simonians, and he wrote to Victor Hugo that he "liked them a lot."[38] Perhaps it would be accurate to say that she was a Saint-Simonian à la Sainte-Beuve.

Among the Saint-Simonians, prostitution and the enslavement of Africans were the favored analogies used to describe the oppression of women in Euro-

pean society. As Karen Offen has pointed out, the connection to the enslavement of Africans had long standing among French women writers: "Feminist use of the slavery analogy to underscore the need for emancipating women," she writes,

> was launched, not in the American or French Revolutions, not in the Declaration of the Rights of Man, but in the widely-read women's novels of seventeenth-century France [novels such as Madeleine de Scudéry's *Clélie* (1654–1660)]. These feminist novelists had been using the slavery analogy to sustain their own claims for marriage law reform and divorce far longer than has been evident to scholars of the modern period. . . . Would it be too much to claim that in France demands for the radical reform of marriage and individual liberty by feminists preceded, and may have even served as a template for the antislavery sentiment that developed only a good deal later? . . . Even as, in the early nineteenth century, some French women began to write eloquently about Black slavery, others continued to insist—as they had during the revolution and well before—that women's emancipation was the key to all other emancipations.[39]

What is new in Sand's sense of woman's place in French society is, in other words, not her sense of woman's enslavement by men but her insistence, in the person of Pulchérie, that prostitution might not be so much a form of subjugation as an act of defiance. No Saint-Simonist would have argued that.

4

"La Femme" de Baudelaire

In 1841, six years before Manet set sail for Brazil, Baudelaire, at the age of twenty, was dispatched by his family on a voyage to India and the East Indies on board a small sailing ship, the *Mers-du-Sud*. The hope was that a year at sea might cause him to reflect on his prospects and, if nothing else, remove him from the company of, in his brother's words, the friends who "introduced [him] to certain women" whom he "imagined . . . because they had fallen into the error of yielding to poverty and hankering after the rewards of immorality, were to be regarded as models for the free life."[1] Baudelaire never made it further than the Mascarene islands of Mauritius and Réunion (then called Bourbon) in the middle of the Indian Ocean, where abandoning his original transport, he would stay, first in Mauritius and then in Réunion, for forty-five days, from September 1 until November 4. Women, "la femme," remained his chief diversion. On the outward journey, he sought out the company of an *ayah* (a nursemaid from India) whose apparently unbridled passion for the young man irritated the other passengers so much that the captain was forced to confine her to her cabin. In Mauritius, he was charmed by the wife of his host, Autard de Bragard, to whom, from Réunion, he would soon send a sonnet in praise of Madame's beauty—it would appear in *Les fleurs du mal* as "À une dame créole." On Réunion, he did not meet with the same sympathetic reception that he had enjoyed on Mauritius. Soon after his return to France, at dinner with Théodore de Banville and Privat d'Anglemont, he claimed that he became so bored with his hosts on the island that he went off into the hills to live "with a tall colored girl, quite young and knowing no French, who cooked him strangely spiced stews in a great cauldron of polished copper, round which a troop of little blackamoors danced and shrieked."[2] There is no reason to believe him, but it is certainly notable that he

FIGURE 24 Édouard Manet, *Woman with a Fan*, 1862. Oil on canvas, 35 ½ × 44 ½ in. Museum of Fine Arts (Szépmüvészeti Museum), Budapest. Photograph: HIP / Art Resource, New York.

should claim such a liaison. At any rate, at around the time he first met Banville, he also met Jeanne Duval, whom Banville recalls first meeting in Baudelaire's rooms at the Hôtel Pimodan on the Île Saint-Louis in 1843.[3] She was the granddaughter of one Marie Duval, probably born on the Guinea coast and sold into slavery and then to brothel keepers in Nantes, where the baptismal records of Jeanne's mother, Jeanne-Marie-Marthe, born on June 25, 1789, just weeks before the Revolution, refer to her as "the illegitimate daughter of Marie Duval, prostitute."[4] Baudelaire's friend, the caricaturist Nadar, had seen Jeanne as early as December 1838 acting the part of a maid in a farce called *Le système de mon oncle*; he described her as "a negress, a real negress, or at least a mulatto, incontestably; the packets of powdered chalk she had crushed over her face, neck and hands could not whiten their coppery hue."[5] Almost a quarter century later, Manet would paint her in his studio on the rue Guyot, reclining on a green sofa, her crinoline dress spread out around her (fig. 24).

It is a startling picture, one charged with a simultaneity of attraction and repulsion, which, indeed, matched Baudelaire's feelings for his mistress. This is not the place to rehearse the pair's tortured relationship, but suffice it to say that if she was his "Black Venus," she also drove him to distraction:

> Once she had certain qualities, but she has lost them, and I myself have gained insight. TO LIVE WITH A PERSON who never shows any gratitude for your efforts, who thwarts them by being clumsy or deliberately spiteful, who only considers you as her servant and her property, with whom it is impossible to exchange one word on politics or literature, a creature WHO DOES NOT ADMIRE ME, and who is not even interested in my studies, who would throw my manuscripts into the fire if that would bring her more money than publishing them.[6]

By the time that Manet painted her, she had suffered a stroke, and most biographers assert that Baudelaire had not seen her for some months—although Léon Leenhoff, Manet's unacknowledged son, wrote on the back of a photograph of the painting in 1883 that Baudelaire himself had escorted Duval to the rue Guyot studio in 1862 to sit for her portrait (Leenhoff would have been ten years of age at the time). And perhaps this is so, for it is clear that she was still in the forefront of Baudelaire's mind as late as March 1862, when he wrote a letter to his mother summarizing their long affair and claiming that it was finally over.[7]

But it is not Baudelaire's relationship with Duval that interests me; it is, rather, the fact that Baudelaire, from the time of his youthful sojourn to Mauritius and Réunion, wished, so adamantly, to inscribe himself, as Gayatri Spivak has put it, "as an admirer of negresses." Spivak is, to say the least, unsympathetic. And she is particularly unsympathetic to Baudelaire's apparent conflation of all women with any tint to their skin as "negresses"—that is, his "carelessness about identities."[8] She focuses on two poems, both products of the Mauritius/Réunion trip, "La cygne" and "À une Malabaraise." The latter refers to a woman from Malabar, on the west coast of India, who worked in the kitchen of the Autard de Bragard house in Mauritius and who evidently expressed her desire to see France. It begins:

> Your feet are agile as your hands; your hips
> make well-endowed white women envious;
> your velvet eyes are blacker than your flesh,
> and for the artists pondering his theme
> your body is a blessing undisguised.
> Livening hot blue landscapes where you live,
> you fill the water-jugs and perfume jars,

you light your master's pipe and wave away
mosquitoes from his bed—such are your tasks,
and when the plane-trees rustle in the dawn
you buy bananas ripe from the bazaar.

(*Tes pieds sont aussi fins que tes mains, et ta hanche*
Est large à faire envie à la plus belle blanche;
À l'artiste pensif ton corps est doux et cher;
Tes grands yeux de velours sont plus noirs que ta chair.
Aux pays chauds et bleus où ton Dieu t'a fait naître,
Ta tâche est d'allumer la pipe de ton maître,
De pourvoir les flacons d'eaux fraîches et d'odeurs,
De chasser loin du lit les moustiques rôdeurs,
Et, dès que le matin fait chanter les platanes,
D'acheter au bazar ananas et bananes.)[9]

Baudelaire cannot imagine her shivering, in France, in the snow and hail ("*Frissonnante là-bas sous la neige et les grêles*"), a brutal corset imprisoning her flanks ("*le corset brutal emprisonnant tes flancs*"). In the other poem, "Le cygne," Baudelaire draws an analogy between a swan who has escaped from captivity ("*un cygne qui s'était évadé de sa cage*") and a negress, thin and tubercular ("*la négresse, amaigre et phthisique*") exiled from her home in "la superbe Afrique." Both are trapped in the Île de France, and they remind him of sailors forgotten on some other island, of captives, the vanquished, and of many others besides ("*Je pense aux matelots oubliés dans une île, / Aux captifs, aux vaincus! . . . à bien d'autres encor!*").[10] Critics have long associated this "négresse, amaigre et phthisique" with Jeanne Duval, and, in fact, the poem did not appear in *Les fleurs du mal* until the 1861 edition, which suggests that it had been composed after Duval suffered a debilitating stroke in April 1859. But I can find no evidence that Duval was ever tubercular.

Whatever the case, I want to draw attention here to the rhetoric of captivity and servitude in both poems. In this, they both echo two other works that date from Baudelaire's sojourn in the Indian Ocean, "À une dame créole" and the prose poem "La belle Dorothée." The wife of Baudelaire's host in Mauritius, Emmeline Autard de Bragard, inspired the first. Baudelaire sent it to her husband from Réunion on October 20, 1841, with the note, "Since it is good, decent, and appropriate that verses addressed to a lady by a young man should be handed to her husband before reaching her, I am sending them to you, so that you may only show them to her if you so desire."[11] The sonnet to Emmeline was Baudelaire's first poem published in Paris, in *La revue*, in May 1845, and subsequently appeared in the first edition of *Les fleur du mal*.

The isle is fragrant and the sun is kind;
shadows of palm and poinciana shed
their languor of a lady living there
unknown to men's acclaim. I know her, though:

warm and white beneath a cloud of hair,
her face is borne with noble elegance—
she walks like Artemis, as tall, as lithe,
and when she smiles, assurance lights her glance . . .

If you should ever visit glory's home
along the green Loire or the Seine, Madame,
your loveliness, a match for our chateaux,

would prompt in "scholarly retreats" a flood
of sonnets from our poets' hearts, enslaved
more humbly than your blacks by those great eyes.

(*Au pays parfumé que le soleil caresse,*
J'ai connu, sous un dais d'arbres tout empourprés
Et de palmiers d'où pleut sur les yeux la paresse,
Une dame créole aux charmes ignorés.

Son teint est pâle et chaud; la brune enchanteresse
A dans le cou des airs noblement maniérés;
Grande et svelte en marchant comme une chasseresse,
Son sourire est tranquille et ses yeux assurés.

Si vous alliez, Madame, au vrai pays de gloire,
Sur les bords de la Seine ou de la verte Loire,
Belle digne d'orner les antiques manoirs,

Vous feriez, à l'abri des ombreuses retraites
Germer mille sonnets dans le coeur des poètes,
Que vos grands yeux rendraient plus soumis que vos noirs.)[12]

Emmeline is "*la brune enchanteress*," but where *brune* is often translated as "dark" or "brown," here Baudelaire probably means simply brunette, dark haired—note that Howard avoids the word in his translation—since Emmeline was clearly French, born Emmeline Carcenac to Pierre Carcenac and Marie François Desachis on Mauritius June 25, 1817—and hence also *créole*. She was

herself just twenty-four years of age when Baudelaire met her, nine years younger than her husband, whom she had married when she was seventeen.[13] And she represents one of the earliest examples in Baudelaire of what he called in *The Painter of Modern Life* "La Femme":

> The being who, for the majority of men, is the source of the liveliest and even—be it said to the shame of philosophic pleasure—of the most lasting delights . . . for whom, but above all *through whom*, artists and poets create their most exquisite jewels . . . Woman, in a word. . . . She is a kind of idol, stupid perhaps, but dazzling and bewitching, who holds wills and destinies suspended on her glance.
>
> (*L'être qui est, pour la plupart des hommes, la source des plus vives, et même, disons-le à la honte des voluptés philosophiques, des plus durables jouissances . . . pour qui, mais surtout* par qui *les artistes et les poètes composent leurs plus délicats bijoux . . . la femme, en un mot. . . . C'est une espèce d'idole, stupide peut-être, mais éblouissante, enchanteresse, qui tient les destinées et les volontés suspendues à ses regards.*)[14]

If Emmeline Autard de Bragard was, by all accounts, anything but stupid—and Baudelaire is probably thinking of Jeanne Duval here—she was Baudelaire's first *enchanteresse*. It is important to note as well that this enchantress was also the mistress of the servant to whom "À la Malabaraise" is dedicated, suggesting that the malabaraise was one of her *noirs*, "blacks," as the poem concludes. Even more important is that Baudelaire all but admits that his own sonnet is among those thousand others by future poets potentially more enslaved by Emmeline Autard de Bragard's eyes than Emmeline's *noirs* are enslaved by her.

For Spivak, the question is this: If the *malabaraise*—that is, a woman of Indian descent—is one of the Autard de Bragard household servants, how could she possibly be, also, one of their *noirs*? Is Baudelaire simply conflating ethnic identities? But for me the question is this: Is there some motive, other than the obvious rhyme scheme, that Baudelaire should refer to the servants as *noirs*—rather than slaves (as, indeed, *noirs* has often been translated)? Françoise Lionnet has pointed out in an important essay examining Baudelaire's sojourn in the Mascarenes that the *malabaraise* was perhaps one of the many indentured laborers that had arrived in Mauritius from India after the British takeover of the island in 1814 and the emancipation of slaves throughout the British Empire in 1835. In fact, Indian indentured labor was common in Mauritius even before the British takeover, the population of African origin was itself substantial, and intermarriage was not uncommon.[15] She may well have been at least partly black. And, if slavery had been abolished, the moral world of slavery was still alive:

Upon departing the *Mers-du-Sud,* Baudelaire had witnessed in the marketplace of Port Louis the public flogging of a black woman accused, apparently, of some petty theft.[16]

But Lionnet makes a more important distinction between the status of people of color on Mauritius and those on Réunion. On Réunion, slavery still existed. Although it had been abolished in all French colonies in 1790, Napoleon Bonaparte, married to the Creole Josephine (born to a sugar plantation-owning family in Martinique), and thus inclined to look on colonial interests favorably, reinstated slavery and the slave trade in the colonies in 1802. Where the Franco-Mauritian population, living under British rule, welcomed all things French—even, apparently Baudelaire—the slave-owning planters on Réunion were wary of outsiders, especially young rebellious ones from the motherland who, they worried, might encourage the practice of *marronnage*—running away into the island's mountainous interior.[17] Whether Baudelaire's story about heading into the hills "with a tall colored girl, quite young and knowing no French, who cooked him strangely spiced stews" is apocryphal or not, it does capture the mood of the island.

So, too, does the prose poem "La belle Dorothée." Dorothy, who is also the subject of the poem "Bien loin d'ici" in *Les fleurs du mal*, is described as walking down the street, a "brilliant black splash against the light" (*sur la lumière une tache éclatante et noire*). She is a black *tache*, a patch of color as in a Manet painting:

> She moves forward, softly swaying her delicate torso on her broad hips; her robe of clinging silk, bright rose in color, makes a lively contrast with the darkness of her skin, and molds exactly her tall figure, her hollowed back and pointed breasts. Her red umbrella, filtering the light, throws on her dark face the blood-red tint [*fard*, make-up or rouge] of its reflections.
>
> (*Elle s'avance, balançant mollement son torse si mince sur ses hanches si larges. Sa robe de soie collante, d'un ton clair et rose, tranche vivement sur les ténèbres de sa peau et moule exactement sa taille longue, son dos creux et sa gorge pointue. Son ombrelle rouge, tamisant la lumière, projette sur son visage sombre le fard sanglant de ses reflets.*)[18]

I will return to the color combination of black and rose, which Baudelaire reiterated at about the same time in the verse he provided Manet to accompany the painting *Lola da Valence*, but it is Dorothy's connection to slavery that interests me here. Baudelaire notes, in particular, that the pleasure she takes in being admired is more to her than the pride she takes in her status as an emancipated slave ("*le plaisir d'être admirée l'emporte chez elle sur l'orgueil de l'affranchie*"),

and then he adds that although she is free, she walks barefoot ("*et, bien qu'elle soit libre, elle marche sans souliers*"). Most translators have rendered *l'affanchie* as simply "free" or "freed," but that is to underplay the fact that Baudelaire specifically uses the French for emancipation, in direct contrast to his use of *libre* in the next few words to describe her walking barefoot. Baudelaire, it seems to me, means to distinguish between political and bohemian freedom, literal emancipation and sexual license, both of which Dorothy enjoys. Certainly by 1863 *l'affanchie* could not help but have resonated with Abraham Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, which was widely celebrated in the French press. The usage matters given the prose poem's concluding paragraph:

> She would be perfectly happy if she were not obliged to put aside copper after copper so as to buy the freedom of her little sister, who has all of eleven years and who is already a woman, and so beautiful. She will succeed, no doubt, this good Dorothy; the child's master is so miserly, too miserly to understand any other beauty than that of gold.
>
> (*Elle serait parfaitement heureuse si elle n'était obligée d'entasser piastre sur piastre pour racheter sa petite sœur qui a bien onze ans, et qui est déjà mûre, et si belle! Elle réussira sans doute, la bonne Dorothée; le maître de l'enfant est si avare, trop avare pour comprendre une autre beauté que celle des écus!*)

Dorothy is emancipated, but her eleven-year-old sister is still enslaved, and Dorothy is piastre by piastre buying her freedom (the practice of *rachat*, or self-redemption, allowing slaves to buy their own freedom, vehemently opposed by the colonists, advocated by French abolitionists beginning in the 1830s, but not formally adopted until the Mackau Law of 1845).[19] Both Dorothy and her sister would probably have traced their ancestry back to Madagascar or East Africa. Between 1610 and 1810, 45 percent of the 160,000 slaves imported to the Mascarenes came from Madagascar, 40 percent from East Africa, and, by 1800, slaves costing between 20 and 25 piastres in Madagascar were resold in the Mascarenes for 90 piastres.[20] One can only imagine that the master's asking price for Dorothy's beautiful young sister, given forty years of inflation, might have been considerably more.

In her essay on Baudelaire in the Mascarenes, Lionnet spends considerable time discussing not this last paragraph of "La belle Dorothée," but the penultimate paragraph. Baudelaire imagines Dorothy's tryst with some young French officer who has heard his comrades speak of Dorothy's charms:

> The simple-minded girl will beg him to describe the Opera ball to her, and ask him if one may go there barefoot, as one may on the Sunday dances, when the

> Kaffir women themselves get drunk and furious with joy. And then again she will ask if the fair ladies of Paris are all more beautiful than she.
>
> (*La simple créature, de lui décrire le bal de l'Opéra, et lui demandera si on peut y aller pieds nus, comme aux danses du dimanche, où les vieilles Cafrines elles-mêmes deviennent ivres et furieuses de joie; et puis encore si les belles dames de Paris sont toutes plus belles qu'elle.*)

For Lionnet, the key word here is *Cafrines*, mistranslated as "Kaffir" by Crowley (and by virtually everyone else until Lionnet). "Kaffir" has a long history—originally an Arabic word meaning "disbeliever," later adopted by the Portuguese to refer to non-Muslim blacks on the East African coast, and today a distinctly racist slur in South Africa that gained particular currency during Apartheid. What Lionnet discovered in her research in the Mascarenes is that *Cafrine* is a word in the local Creole language still spoken today on Réunion and meaning "a woman of the black race, of African type."[21] Thus, as Lionnet suggests,

> the word "Cafrine" in the prose poem gives us the sound of the voice of the black woman herself, a voice Baudelaire knew, had heard, and that he lets us hear in the reported speech or indirect discourse of the sentence. . . . "Cafrine" in Baudelaire's poem is the point of emergence of the other's voice in his text . . . the place where Baudelaire is both seduced by the voice of the woman and enshrines her. . . . The word "Cafrine" is a node in . . . a network of signifying practices that can help us arrive at a more global understanding of "French" literary history. Baudelaire's use of the local dialect in this prose poem is an undeniable clue about the conditions of production of the poem and the contexts within which it acquires meaning.[22]

It seems to me that this eruption of local dialect is inscribed within four interrelated contexts: *la femme*, prostitution, blackness, and, perhaps most of all, slavery. And it helps us arrive not merely at a more global understanding of "French" literary history but French and "modern" art history as well.

Thus, for Lionnet, the poem "La cygne," with its two captives on the Île de France, the swan and the *négresse*, is a more global poem than it might at first appear. Certainly the *négresse* is a product of "la superbe Afrique," and Baudelaire's mind turns to sailors lost on some forsaken isle, but even more important to the poem is a string of correspondences that, Lionnet convincingly argues, should not be ignored. In the first place, before it became known as Mauritius, that island in the Mascarenes was known as Île de France. Furthermore, its newspaper, which Baudelaire must certainly have seen during his stay there, was named *La cygne*, and its logo was a white swan, swimming free. (The first

Portuguese sailors to have arrived on the island apparently mistook its now extinct dodo for a kind of swan, a species that could not fly and was thus stuck on the ground just as Baudelaire's swan is stuck in the gutter, "*Près d'un ruisseau.*")[23] In other words, "La cygne" is the site of a complex interchange between captivity and freedom but also of past and present (he remembers the streets of Paris before Haussmannization, but equally, it would appear, his own sojourn in the Mascarenes), France and its colonial enterprise.

One could say that the forty-five days he spent in the Mascarenes permanently marked Baudelaire. The voyage's effect was indelible, and the terms of its influence are most stunningly described in "Le Voyage" (the title of which Richard Howard rather mysteriously changes to "The Travelers"). It begins with the youthful, fully Romantic excitement of setting off on an adventure.

> For children crazed with postcards, prints, and stamps
> All space can scarce suffice their appetite.
> How vast the world seems by the light of lamps,
> But in the eyes of memory how slight!
>
> One morning we set sail, with brains on fire,
> And hearts swelled up with rancorous emotion,
> Balancing, to the rhythm of its lyre,
> Our infinite upon the finite ocean.
>
> (*Pour l'enfant, amoureux de cartes et d'estampes,*
> *L'univers est égal à son vaste appétit.*
> *Ah! que le monde est grand à la clarté des lampes!*
> *Aux yeux du souvenir que le monde est petit!*
>
> *Un matin nous partons, le cerveau plein de flamme,*
> *Le coeur gros de rancune et de désirs amers,*
> *Et nous allons, suivant le rythme de la lame,*
> *Berçant notre infini sur le fini des mers*).

But half way through the poem, the weight of the world descends on the poet. Asked to tell what he has seen on his travels, to "Make your memories, framed in their horizons, / Pass across our minds stretched like canvasses" (*Faites . . . / Passer sur nos esprits, tendus comme une toile, / Vos souvenirs avec leurs cadres d'horizon*), he replies,

> Not to forget the most important thing,
> We saw everywhere, without seeking it,

From the foot to the top of the fatal ladder,
The wearisome spectacle of immortal sin:

Woman, a base slave, haughty and stupid,
Adoring herself without laughter or disgust;
Man, a greedy tyrant, ribald, hard and grasping,
A slave of the slave, a gutter in the sewer;

The hangman who feels joy and the martyr who sobs,
The festival that blood flavors and perfumes;
The poison of power making the despot weak,
And the people loving the brutalizing whip:
. . . . . .

Bitter is the knowledge one gains from voyaging!
The world, monotonous and small, today,
Yesterday, tomorrow, always, shows us our image:
An oasis of horror in a desert of ennui!

(*Pour ne pas oublier la chose capitale,*
Nous avons vu partout, et sans l'avoir cherché,
Du haut jusques en bas de l'échelle fatale,
Le spectacle ennuyeux de l'immortel péché:

La femme, esclave vile, orgueilleuse et stupide,
Sans rire s'adorant et s'aimant sans dégoût;
L'homme, tyran goulu, paillard, dur et cupide,
Esclave de l'esclave et ruisseau dans l'égout;

Le bourreau qui jouit, le martyr qui sanglote;
La fête qu'assaisonne et parfume le sang;
Le poison du pouvoir énervant le despote,
Et le peuple amoureux du fouet abrutissant;
. . . . . .

Amer savoir, celui qu'on tire du voyage!
Le monde, monotone et petit, aujourd'hui,
Hier, demain, toujours, nous fait voir notre image:
Une oasis d'horreur dans un désert d'ennui!)[24]

The canvas the poet paints is anything but beautiful. *La femme* here is a base

slave, *esclave vile*. And man but the slave's slave, *esclave de l'esclave*. The romantic allure of distant lands, like the romantic allure of woman herself, is but a youthful illusion. They are defined, rather, by the tyranny of colonial despots, who take nothing but joy in executions and the brutality of the whip. We can wander, Baudelaire writes, "Like the Wandering Jew or the apostles" (*Comme le Juif errant et comme les apôtres*), but we cannot escape the merciless net of Time:

> Yet we are his in the end. One hope remains:
> To venture forth, with "Onward!" as our cry . . .
> Just as once we set sail for Cathay,
> Wind in our hair, eyes on the open sea,
>
> We shall embark upon the Sea of Shades
> With all the elation of a boy's first cruise . . .
>
> (*Lorsque enfin il mettra le pied sur notre échine,*
> *Nous pourrons espérer et crier: En avant!*
> *De même qu'autrefois nous partions pour la Chine,*
> *Les yeux fixés au large et les cheveux au vent,*
>
> *Nous nous embarquerons sur la mer des Ténèbres*
> *Avec le coeur joyeux d'un jeune passager.*)[25]

Assuming that he read it, Manet would surely have identified with Baudelaire's poem. His own youthful voyage to Brazil echoes, in so many ways, Baudelaire's to the Mascarenes, especially if we are to believe his biographer Henri Perruchot. Perruchot's 1959 *La vie de Manet* is largely forgotten in the literature, but after Proust's memoir (also too often neglected), it is probably one of the most authoritative accounts of the painter's life. Perruchot was given access, as he says in his foreword and acknowledgments, "to files of important unpublished material of all kinds," among them, apparently, a letter from Rio detailing the exploits of the young painter and his companions during carnival.[26] As Perruchot relates it,

> They wondered through the town in a state of bubbling excitement. In the evening, they went to a masked ball, which was "an imitation," said Édouard, "of the balls at the Opéra." It was gate-crashed by some Negresses wearing masks and long gloves, but they could always be recognized by the way they swung their hips as they walked. The boys did not stay there long. In the more distant quarters of the town rockets were flaring into the night. Excluded from the festivities of the whites, the Negroes were dancing to a wild music

with an insistent, rhythmic beat. Fireworks exploded in the braziers or rose to spangle the sky with stars. Édouard and some of his companions suddenly found themselves surrounded by the frenzy of a wild dance, by black bodies whirling to the rhythmic clapping of hands from the shadows.

This was a new, a different world. . . . Here the night had a quality of unreality. Édouard abandoned himself to the feverish tempo of the music. The dancers brushed against him as they passed, panting, their faces set. His nostrils were full of the odor of black bodies and the scent of flowering pomegranates. Bodies quivered, arched, parted. The glow of the braziers shone on black, gleaming, naked breasts.

Later, towards dawn, when the stars were paling in the southern sky, Édouard knew that this, his first experience of love, was embodied in the sable feature of a Rio slave girl.[27]

I have been unable to locate the source of Perruchot's narrative. Up until this point in his recounting of Manet's trip to Brazil, he follows very closely the letters published in *Lettres de jeunesse: 1848–1849 voyage à Rio*. One can imagine this letter being suppressed by the family. Manet nevertheless remembered the evening with a drawing of his friend Aldolph Pontillon, dressed as a pierrot, dancing wildly in the streets of Rio (fig. 25).

FIGURE 25 Édouard Manet, *Pierrot danseur*, 1849. Brush and ink, watercolor, and pencil on paper, 10 ⅝ × 8 in. Private collection. Photograph: Art Heritage / Alamy Stock Photo.

Pontillon would later marry Berthe Morisot's sister Edma (herself often a model for Berthe), and, of course, Berthe was married to Édouard's brother, Eugène. Perhaps Perruchot got the story from that side of the family.[28] Whatever the case, the captain of the paquebot *Le Harve et Guadaloupe* apparently lectured the boys about their behavior, reminding them of "the dangers of associating with the Rio Negro women, many of whom were syphilitic. Were they unaware of the fearful results of infection, that the impulse of a moment might spoil their lives, and be visited years later with appalling consequences?"[29] And for the remainder of their stay in Rio, he put them ashore only on the side of the bay opposite the city.

We can never know whether Manet and Baudelaire shared their experiences, but they have much in common: the mutual repugnance both would have felt for the Rio slave market and the Port Louis flogging; more broadly, their shared sensitivity to the dynamics of slavery as an institution; their mutual sexual attraction to women of color; and, of course, their shared attraction to a libertine and bohemian lifestyle that these women came to represent to them both—a lifestyle freed of the fetters of bourgeois society, freed from the families that had attempted to thwart them by sending them to sea. And both must have recognized that rather than taming them, their voyages had released them.

Here then is the context in which Manet painted Jeanne Duval, for he surely knew that she evoked, for his friend Baudelaire, the voyages of their youth, as is made abundantly clear in the first sonnet of his cycle of poems dedicated to her, "Parfum exotique":

When I, with eyes shut, on warm autumn eves,
The fragrance of your warmer breast respire,
I see a country bathed in solar fire
Whose happy shores its lustre never leaves;

An isle of indolence, where nature raises
Singular trees and fruits both sweet and tender,
Where men have bodies vigorous and slender
And women's eyes a candour that amazes.

Led by your scent to fairer climes at last,
I see a port of sails, where every mast
Seems weary of the labours of its cruise;

While scents of tamarind, blown here and there,
Swelling my nostrils as they rinse the air,
Are mingled with the chanties of the crews.

(*Quand, les deux yeux fermés, en un soir chaud d'automne,*
Je respire l'odeur de ton sein chaleureux,
Je vois se dérouler des rivages heureux
Qu'éblouissent les feux d'un soleil monotone;

Une île paresseuse où la nature donne
Des arbres singuliers et des fruits savoureux;
Des hommes dont le corps est mince et vigoureux,
Et des femmes dont l'oeil par sa franchise étonne.

Guidé par ton odeur vers de charmants climats,
Je vois un port rempli de voiles et de mâts
Encor tout fatigués par la vague marine,

Pendant que le parfum des verts tamariniers,
Qui circule dans l'air et m'enfle la narine,
Se mêle dans mon âme au chant des mariniers.)[30]

The poem more or less directly references "À une dame créole," especially the "*grands yeux*" of Emmiline Autard de Bragard, which make poets more her subject than her blacks. Her home on Mauritius is here remembered as an "isle of indolence" (*île paresseuse*) where women's eyes "possess a candor that amazes" (*sa franchise étonne*), while in the earlier poem, her home is a place where this same "indolence rains into your eyes" (*d'ou pleut sur les yeux la paresse*). In the version of "À une dame créole" published in *Les fleurs du mal* in 1857, the second line reads "*J'ai connu sous un dais d'arbres tout empourprés,*" but in the original poem sent to Emmiline from Réunion it is, "*J'ai vu dans un retrait de tamarins ambrés.*" This original language is more subtle than the published version: *retrait* evoking both a retreat (*retraite*) and a grove or group of tamarind trees, while *ambrés* is not so much a color as a perfume (the ambergris of the whale used as a fixative in fine perfumes). Thus, in the last stanza of "Parfum exotique," the "parfum des verts tamariniers" directly recalls the perfumes of the Autard de Bragard plantation.

Similarly, in "Le chevelure," the luxuriant "scented forest" (*forêt aromatique*) of Duval's hair conjures up the Mascarenes. Her hair becomes an ebony sea ("*mer d'ébène*") (rather curiously translated by Campbell as "black river") on the perfume of which the poet swims ("*nage sur ton perfum*")—and it cannot be coincidence that slave traders euphemistically called themselves "ebony" merchants and that this *mer d'ébène* calls forth "a dream of masts and rowers, flames and sails. / A port":

Hot Africa and languid Asia play
(An absent world, defunct, and far away)
Within that scented forest, dark and dim.
As other souls on waves of music swim,
Mine on its perfume sails, as on the spray.

I'll journey there, where man and sap-filled tree
Swoon in hot light for hours. Be you my sea,
Strong tresses! Be the breakers and gales
That waft me. Your black river holds, for me,
A dream of masts and rowers, flames and sails.

A port, resounding there, my soul delivers
With long deep draughts of perfumes, scent, and clamour,
Where ships, that glide through gold and purple rivers,
Fling wide their vast arms to embrace the glamour
Of skies wherein the heat forever quivers.

(*La langoureuse Asie et la brûlante Afrique,*
Tout un monde lointain, absent, presque défunt,
Vit dans tes profondeurs, forêt aromatique!
Comme d'autres esprits voguent sur la musique,
Le mien, ô mon amour! nage sur ton parfum.

J'irai là-bas où l'arbre et l'homme, pleins de sève,
Se pâment longuement sous l'ardeur des climats;
Fortes tresses, soyez la houle qui m'enlève!
Tu contiens, mer d'ébène, un éblouissant rêve
De voiles, de rameurs, de flammes et de mâts:

Un port retentissant où mon âme peut boire
À grands flots le parfum, le son et la couleur
Où les vaisseaux, glissant dans l'or et dans la moire
Ouvrent leurs vastes bras pour embrasser la gloire
D'un ciel pur où frémit l'éternelle chaleur.)[31]

Neither "Parfum exotique" nor "Le chevelure" readily yields up their historical underpinings, the deep-rooted narrative of slavery and colonial domination that lies beneath both. But that narrative surely resides in them in what Baudelaire calls, in the last line of "Le chevelure," the long draughts of the wine of memory (*longs traits le vin du souvenir*).

The question of *la femme* that so preoccupies Baudelaire in his "Painter of Modern Life" is thus far more complex than simply, as Carol Armstrong has put it, in one of the best discussions of the essay, "the image of Art, both muse and model . . . the figure of Art itself, at once its subject and its object."[32] Armstrong is well aware of this. She knows that Baudelaire sees in *la femme* a double nature. She is "beauty"—the pure aesthetic sense—but also, again in Armstrong's words, "the snaky incarnation of modern evil, [and] barbarity."[33] That is to say, she is, on the one hand, fashion personified:

> Everything that adorns woman, everything that serves to show off her beauty, is part of herself. . . . No doubt Woman is sometimes a light, a glance, an invitation to happiness, sometimes just a word; but above all she is a general harmony, not only in her bearing and the way in which she moves and walks, but also in the muslins, the gauzes, the vast, iridescent clouds of stuff in which she envelopes herself, and which are as it were the attributes and the pedestal of her divinity; in the metal and the mineral which twist and turn around her arms and her neck, adding their sparks to the fire of her glance, or gently whispering at her ears. What poet, in sitting down to paint the pleasure caused by the sight of a beautiful woman, would venture to separate her from her costume . . . the woman and her dress—an indivisible unity.[34]

No passage in Baudelaire better explains the billowing crinoline dress spread out around Jeanne Duval in Manet's portrait. How could the painter, given this text, separate the woman from her costume? But she is, on the other hand, something quite opposite this picture of indivisible unity. In the section of his essay titled "Les femmes et les filles"—as in Astruc's later "Olympia: La fille des îles"—*filles* referring not to "girls" but to prostitutes:

> She is the perfect image of the savagery that lurks in the midst of civilization. She has her own sort of beauty, which comes to her from Evil always devoid of spirituality, but sometimes tinged with a weariness which imitates true melancholy. She directs her gaze at the horizon, like a beast of prey; the same wildness, the same lazy absent-mindedness, and also, at times, the same fixity of attention.

(Is this Olympia's gaze?)

> In that vast picture-gallery which is life in London or Paris, we shall meet with all the various types of fallen womanhood—of women in revolt against society—at all levels. First we see the courtesan [*la femme galante*] in her prime, striving after patrician airs, proud at once of her youth and the luxury

> into which she puts all her soul and all her genius, as she delicately uses two fingers to tuck in a wide panel of silk, satin or velvet which billows around her, or points a toe whose over-ornate shoe would be enough to betray her for what she is, if the somewhat unnecessary extravagance of her whole toilette had not done so already. Descending the scale, we come down to the poor slaves [*esclaves*] of those filthy stews which are often, however, decorated like cafés; hapless wretches, subject to the most extortionate restraint, possessing nothing of their own, not even the eccentric finery which serves as spice and setting to their beauty.[35]

Here is that word again, *esclaves*—and the French is more telling yet: "*nous descendons jusqu'à ces esclaves qui sont confinées dans ces bouges, souvent décorés comme des cafés; malheureuses placées sous la plus avare tutelle*." They are confined (*confinées*) in their hovels (*bouges*), like animals in cages. Even more to the point, Baudelaire introduces here the fact of economic subjugation: These *escalves* are subject to the most avaricious (*avare*) and extortionate kind of *tutelle*—literally, "guardianship," but Baudelaire is speaking tongue in cheek, for there is nothing benign about their overseers; rather, these *malheureuses* find themselves under the "protection" of some exploitative madame or pimp.

La femme for Baudelaire, then, is both beautiful and fallen, a "general harmony" and "the perfect image of the savagery that lurks in the midst of civilization"—at once an object of both attraction and repulsion. She seduces the poet with her beauty—which is to say, she *enslaves* him—even as she is herself enslaved. But—and this is crucial—Baudelaire well knows that her beauty is *bought*. Early in "The Painter of Modern Life," he reminds us that "Beauty is made up of an eternal, invariable element" but also "of a relative, circumstantial element, which will be, if you like whether severally or all at once, the age, its fashions, its morals, its emotions. Without this second element, which might be described as the amusing, enticing, appetizing icing on the divine cake, the first element would be beyond our powers of digestion or appreciation."[36] And of all *les femmes et les filles*, it was the courtesan who perhaps worked hardest at putting the icing, so to speak, on her cake. As Charles Bernheimer reminds us,

> The attraction of the courtesan for bourgeois writers and intellectuals derived from their vision of her artificial brilliance, ostentatious falsity, and spectacular theatricality. These women, who shone on the wonderful new stage for Parisian venality created by Baron Haussmann, on the broad sidewalks, in the bustling cafés, and along the animated boulevards . . . represented the deluxe modern commodity, the image of Desire packaged and displayed for greatest impact, not just on the potential customer but also on all those who would envy him. The courtesan did not signify the sexual body so much as

> its production as elaborate spectacle. She was artfully constructed according to the codes defining modern desirability. Her appeal was thus largely a function of her ability to dissolve the beastly immediacy of the female animal in a play of intriguing signs and changing masks, all of them lavish and expensive. Indeed, the courtesan's life seemed to be made up entirely of exchange, for she was as ostentatious a consumer as she was an object of consumption.[37]

Thus, for Baudelaire,

> Woman is quite within her rights, indeed she is even accomplishing a kind of duty, when she devotes herself to appearing magical and super-natural; she has to astonish and charm us; as an idol, she is obliged to adorn herself in order to be adored. Thus she has to borrow from all the arts in order to lift herself above nature, the better to conquer the hearts and rivet attention. It matters but little that the artifice and trickery are known to all, so long as their success is assured and their effect always irresistible.[38]

If embedded in *la femme* are two subtexts, *le fille* and *l'esclave*, *la femme* could said to be a product of an "artifice and trickery" that allows her to rise above the condition of them both. This is not to say that all women are at heart prostitutes and slaves but rather that Baudelaire—and Manet—understood that women's position in the Second Empire social milieu was determined by the deep-seated social narrative of their subjugation to *le maître*, a social narrative determined, in turn, by a culture governed and ruled by the commodity and its consumption, of which the bodies of the slave and the prostitute are among the most abject examples.

Into this constellation of floating signifiers, Manet, sometime in late 1862 or early 1863, inserted a *Négresse* (fig. 26). In *Manet et ses oeuvres*—the 1947 work that in many ways laid the archival foundation for Manet studies—Adolphe Tabarant notes in connection with the painting that Manet had jotted a note to himself that in all likelihood names her: "Laure, très belle négresse, Rue Vinitimille 11, au 3e"—"belle négresse" like "La belle Dorothée."[39] Griselda Pollock, with the help of her research assistant Nancy Proctor, has discovered a birth certificate for an "orphan" named Laure dated April 19, 1839, and a baptismal certificate dated the next day. She has also confirmed the presence of Laure's name in the rent registers for the fourth floor (*troisème étage*, 3e) for 11 rue Vintimille.[40]

But this is by no means Pollock's only discovery. She notes, first of all, that the word *négre* in French dictionaries and encyclopedias of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries "fundamentally functioned as a synonym for slave."[41] According to Pollock, Manet first encountered her working as a nannie in the

FIGURE 26 Édouard Manet, *La négresse* (Portrait of Laure), ca. 1862–1863. Oil on canvas, 24 × 19¾ in. Pinacoteca Gianni e Marella Agnelli, Turin. Photograph: © Gilles Mermet / Art Resource, New York.

Tuileries on one of those occasions that Proust describes when Manet, accompanied by Baudelaire, "went to the Tuileries, making his studies *en plein air*, under the trees, of the children playing and the groups of nannies slumped in their chairs," and she sits at the far right of Manet's *Children in the Tuileries* holding the hoop of her charge, seated in front of her (fig. 27).[42]

Recently, Darcy Grimaldo Grigsby has made much of this connection of Laure to nannies and wet nurses—*nourrices* in French—noting that in the 1860s at least four thousand live-in wet nurses worked in Paris and reminding

FIGURE 27 Édouard Manet, *Children in the Tuileries*, ca. 1861–1862. Oil on canvas, 14⅞ × 18⅛ in. Rhode Island School of Design Museum, Providence. Museum Appropriation Fund 42.190. Photograph: Historic Images / Alamy Stock Photo.

us that in order to perform the duties of a wet nurse, these women had themselves to have recently borne children, the birth of whom initiated the mother's lactation.[43] Indeed, in Grigsby's words, wet nurses "could suckle the bastard children of prostitutes; even working-class women in nineteenth-century Paris relied on wet nurses." Thus, Grisby concludes, "although Manet's painting undoubtedly suppresses this scenario, the prostitute Olympia could have been seen as a mother, her black servant as a wet nurse."[44] Indeed, in the nineteenth-century imagination, the two roles were oddly conflated. When, in 1874, *La loi sur la protection des enfants du premier âge* was enacted, designed, in the words of its author, the physician and deputy Théophile Roussel, to address the "oft-repeated lamentations over the weakening of family spirit and maternal sentiment" and the "abuses" that arose from "mercenary motherhood," it was strikingly similar to the efforts of the authorities to police prostitution, conflating, as it did, "unnatural" mothers and prostitutes. As Sylvia Schafer has described the law in her book *Children in Moral Danger and the Problem of Government in the Third Republic of France*, "The Roussel law attempted to regulate maternal bodies that were given meaning by the market rather than by the physical expression of natural motherly sentiment. It is perhaps not surprising, then, that the late nineteenth-century debates over wet-nursing, and over the protection of children from their debased mothers generally, coincided temporally and thematically with the debates over the regulation of prostitution."[45] To this end, Grigsby quotes Alexandre-Jean-Baptiste Parent Duchâtelet, who in his *De la prostitution dans la ville de Paris* (1836) notes that "there are perhaps no better

wet nurses than prostitutes whether in terms of their care or the attachment they have for their infants and for the infants they adopt or have given to them." He then goes on to note, "Nineteenth-century working-class women moved in and out of professions; the maid could intermittently work as a prostitute even as she modeled for artists and suckled both legitimate and bastard children for pay."[46] Grigsby's point, finally, is that women finding themselves out of work in Paris in the 1860s had two options—prostitution and wet-nursing—and then one other: modeling. All these roles are conflated in Manet's *Olympia*. I am sure Grigsby is right, except I would counter that just because the maid is a working-class model/wet nurse/domestic does not necessarily mean that she is any less inscribed in the rhetoric of slavery in the French imagination, a rhetoric, as we have seen, that Manet and his contemporaries—Baudelaire and Zola particularly—extended not only to prostitution but to the plight of Woman in general. As Woman, as domestic servant, as black, she is three times enslaved.

Grigsby notes that at least four thousand live-in wet nurses were in Paris in the 1860s, but how many were black? Indeed, how many blacks of any persuasion were there in Paris in the 1860s? In the introduction to their compilation of essays *Blacks and Blackness in European Art of the Long Nineteenth Century*, Adrienne L. Childs and Susan H. Libby write,

> Black people, although marginalized, were part of an increasingly international population in Europe. Even though the lived experiences of blacks in Europe during this period are difficult to reconstruct, black people were visible on the streets of major European cities. Black men and women from Africa, the Caribbean, and even North America worked in domestic service, as laborers and seamen, among other professions. Black musicians, dancers, artist's models and other entertainers were also commonplace. Their presence as free people of color in Europe was a sure sign of the nascent emergence of modern black identities, even in the face of colonial slavery and its legacies, empire, and an entrenched European sense of power and authority over all others.[47]

I think this rather overstates the case, at least so far as France is concerned. Recent scholarship on racial identities in France has tended to focus on the eighteenth and twentieth centuries to the exclusion of the nineteenth, but some estimates about the numbers of black men and women in France can be made by extrapolating census figures from the early nineteenth century to the 1860s. In 1807, five years after Napoleon Bonaparte reinstated slavery in the colonies, French authorities banned the immigration of mixed-race people (known as *gens de couleur*, freed mixed-race individuals, almost exclusively the product of consensual or nonconsensual misogynous relationships in the colonies) and

ordered every mayor in the metropole to account for all people of African descent living in their cities, regardless of status, including those of mixed race. The port cities reported the most—180 in Bordeaux, for instance—but the total came to no more than two thousand, and among these were the servants of colonists visiting from the islands (although only one enslaved person was permitted to accompany any freed person visiting metropolitan France).[48] Now, unlike the rest of Europe, France saw no strong population growth during the nineteenth century (although Paris itself grew enormously, a function of massive immigration of the rural population into the city). The population of France in 1806 was just over twenty-nine million, in the 1860s around thirty-six million. Assuming that the Afro-Caribbean population grew proportionately, the black population in the 1860s would have been approximately 2,500, or seven blacks for every one hundred thousand whites. It seems that in 1844 approximately seventy-five families of French West Indian planters were living in Paris, and each employed at least one mixed-race or black domestic.[49] These were the families, to return to Grigsby's argument, most likely to have used Afro-Caribbean women as wet nurses, a practice that was widely condemned in metropolitan French society but that was widespread in its Caribbean colonies.[50]

This is not to suggest that in the 1860s most blacks in Paris, however few their number, were wet nurses, domestics, or models—these were simply three of the more common occupations open to them. Both Denise Murrell's *Posing Modernity* and the Musée d'Orsay's *Le modèle noir* offer many examples of others, from "*la famille Dumas père et fils*," obviously highly respected as French men of letters but often the butt of racist caricature,[51] to Maria Martinez, born in Havana in about 1830 to freed parents and known as "*le Malibran noi*re," a singer whose career was championed by Théophile Gautier and whom Isolde Pludermacher suggests, as her career faded around 1859, might have posed for Nadar as Maria l'Antillaise (fig. 28).[52] There was the nineteen-year-old student Marie Lassus, borne in New Orleans to a black mother and Parisian father, her photograph taken by Jacques-Philippe Potteau and Louis Rousseau, who used such photographs for the study and classification of various racial "types" at the anthropology collection of the Muséum d'histoire naturelle in Paris (fig. 29).[53] A little later, in 1870, Manet's friend Frédéric Bazille would paint his *Jeune femme aux pivoines* in the occupation of a florist.[54] There was Cyrille Bissette, born in 1795 in Fort-de-France, Martinique, his mother the illegitimate daughter of plantation owner Joseph Tascher de la Pagerie, making him the unacknowledged cousin of the Empress Josephine and one of two *gens de coulour* elected to represent the Caribbean colonies in 1848.[55] The violinist and composer Edmund Dédé, the son of free black West Indian parents, arrived in Paris in 1855 to begin a career that lasted for nearly forty years, working first as assistant conductor at the Grand Théâtre and later as conductor at the Théâtre l'Alcazar in Bordeaux.

FIGURE 28 Nadar, *Maria d'Antillaise*, between 1856 and 1859. Salted paper test, 9 ⅞ × 7 ½ in. Musée d'Orsay, Paris. Inv. PHO1981-37. Photograph: © RMN-Grand Palais / Art Resource, New York. Photography: Hervé Lewandowski.

FIGURE 29 Jacques-Philippe Potteau and Louis Rousseau, *Portrait of Marie Lassus of New Orleans*, 1860. Albumen silver print, 6 ⅞ × 4 ¾ in. New Orleans Museum of Art. Museum purchase, Clarence John Laughlin Photographic Society Fund. 86.113. Photograph: New Orleans Museum of Art.

Like many *gens du couleur* from New Orleans, Louis Charles Roudanez came to Paris in the 1850s to study medicine before returning to his native city to practice.[56] As Murrell suggests of Manet's engagement with his model, "The evolving specificity of his images of Laure, from blank-faced nanny to portrait and finally as Olympia's maid, is perhaps an indication of Manet's gradual awareness of this expanding black presence."[57] But my point is that Laure's presence in Paris—whatever her occupation—was, at least in some measure, *exotic* or, in the literal sense of the word, *extraordinary*. Seen here, in the painting, she represents the ordinarily *unseen*.

But Manet is looking very intently at her. Perhaps Grigsby's most important contribution to our understanding of the maid in *Olympia* is her recognition of the considerable advances Manet made in his attempt to render Laure's face. In *Children in the Tuileries*, she is a featureless type—the ubiquitous black nanny at the edge of the painting. In *Laure*, Grigsby notes, "his brushwork is uncharacteristically clumsy and uncertain":

> To render her dark face, he first applied brown of a medium value and then tried to establish form with black outlines and a darker umber pigment that carves out her cheek and forehead. This deep brown appears too dark, an overlaid mark rather than an illusion of shadow. Similarly, he resorts to white to lighten a patch on her forehead and chin to suggest their convexity. . . . Manet, known for his elimination of middle values, is fussing here, and we sense a desperate, additive building up of wet pigment, slick oily patches on patches rather than, for example, the remarkably decisive and economical suggestion of form in the thinly painted face of Olympia. . . . The sheer clumsiness of Laure's face contrasts with Manet's assured handling of her colorful head wrap, off-the-shoulders cotton blouse, and briefly suggested necklace and earrings. . . . His entirely new challenge was to paint a black face and body.[58]

Grigsby's description of Laure's face as it appears in *Olympia*—a masterful piece of descriptive analysis—demonstrates how completely Manet addressed this challenge:

> Her dark face is treated smoothly and tonally, not as an accretion of separate wet, relatively thick patches of color. A single, evenly applied, warm dark brown has been laid down continuously from the top of her head to her neck and shoulders and subtly blended with a darker tone modeling the far side of her nose and the receding planes of her cheeks, forehead, and undersides of her eyes. Only the most minimally lightened strokes suggest the protrusion of her nose, the rounding of her upper eyelids, and the convexity of her chin. And Laure's mouth has become gorgeous, a tour de force, the lower lip glistening and red, carefully observed, irregular in shape, with a soft dent at left and a brilliant white highlight at right that is repeated on the long drop of her exquisite coral earring. Now the head wrap is subordinate to her face and earring; her scarf is more loosely and thinly painted than the precise, carefully delineated, thick white collar that beautifully frames her face.[59]

Clearly, even if Laure's face is absorbed into the dark ground of the painting's right side, Manet has paid extraordinary attention to her—and to perfecting her representation. She is no mere *tache noire*, as Zola would have her. And if her headwrap is more quickly rendered here—one could say more confidently—it remains central to her representation, framing her features as surely as the white collar of her dress. Indeed, that headwrap is, as Pollock has noted, "a very complex and important sign."[60]

It was, first and foremost, a sign for slavery, and it was well understood as such in Manet and Baudelaire's Paris through a long history of mostly Orien-

talist paintings depicting a white woman or odalisque in the company of an African slave, including Delacroix's *Women of Algiers in Their Apartment*, which the Louvre had purchased at the Salon of 1834. In fact, in the Orientalist paintings of Ingres, from the *Grande Odalisque* to the *Valpinçon Bather* to the *Turkish Bath*, the turban headdress serves to suggest the enslavement of the harem woman—even though she is white (fig. 30).[61] It is worth pointing out that Ingres's *Turkish Bath* was completed the same year as Manet's *Olympia* (although dated on the canvas 1862) and exhibited at "a small exhibition in his studio, in the manner of the old masters" in 1864, where it was seen by Edgar Degas. (Degas first met Manet in 1862, when Manet interrupted him as he was copying Velázquez's *Infanta Margarita* directly onto a copper plate.)[62] Whether Manet ventured to Ingres's studio to see the painting is unknown, but Degas would have surely reported back to him—Manet was, according to George Moore, "the friend of [Degas's] life."[63] Whatever the case, Manet would have seen both the *Grande Odalisque* and the *Valpinçon Bather* among the sixty-nine canvases Ingres exhibited at the Universal Exposition of 1855.

But Pollock is surely right when she says that Manet "de-orientalizes" both the headwrap and the woman who wears it.[64] If, by the eighteenth century, laws requiring female slaves to wear headscarves or wraps were commonplace in the

FIGURE 30 Jean-Auguste-Dominque Ingres, *The Turkish Bath*, 1862. Oil on canvas on wood, diameter 43 ¼ in. Musée du Louvre, Paris. Photograph: Erich Lessing / Art Resource, New York.

Southern states, among the slave population itself, these headwraps had come to signify a form of self- and communal identity. In West Africa, the headwrap had served to symbolize wealth and social status, and this symbolic weight carried over to the Americas, where it acted—according to Helen Bradley Foster, the leading authority on its uses—as "a badge of resistance against the servitude imposed by whites."[65] Although she is speaking of the use of headwraps among American domestic servants in the 1920s, Laurie A. Wilkie has described its uses in a way that probably precisely defines the headwrap as it appears in Manet's paintings: "The head wrap served as a dual symbol, one of subservience to the planter and of independence to the servant," a double meaning lost on the planter but which "served her need to present one image to her employer and another to other African Americans."[66] Manet might well have seen it only as a marker of servitude. Laure would have understood its larger implications.

And perhaps Manet would have as well. The most well-known image—both verbal and visual—of the headwrap in the mid-nineteenth century is Topsy's wrapping of Miss Ophelia's "very best scarlet India Canton crape shawl round her head for a turban, [and] going on with her rehearsals before the glass in great style" in chapter 20 of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

> "Topsy!" she would say, when at the end of all patience, "what does make you act so?"
>
> "Dunno, Missis,—I spects cause I 's so wicked!"
>
> "I don't know anything what I shall do with you, Topsy."
>
> "Law, Missis, you must whip me; my old Missis allers whipped me. I an't used to workin' unless I gets whipped."
>
> "Why, Topsy, I don't want to whip you. You can do well, if you've a mind to; what is the reason you won't?"
>
> "Laws, Missis, I's used to whippin'; I spects it's good for me."
>
> Miss Ophelia tried the recipe, and Topsy invariably made a terrible commotion, screaming, groaning and imploring, though half an hour afterwards, when roosted on some projection of the balcony, and surrounded by a flock of admiring "young uns," she would express the utmost contempt of the whole affair.
>
> "Law, Miss Feely whip!—wouldn't kill a skeeter, her whippins. Oughter see how old Mas'r made the flesh fly; old Mas'r know'd how!"[67]

Reproduced here is George Cruikshanks's illustration of the scene as it appeared in one of the first illustrated editions of the novel to appear in France (fig. 31).[68] It suggests the sense of liberation that the turban releases in Topsy, and the entire scene in the novel suggests, further, her defiance. Whipping does not deter her; rather, it encourages a certain self-esteem—to say nothing of the

FIGURE 31 Illustration from *La case de l'Oncle Tom*, trans. Old Nick and Adolphe Joanne (Paris: Aux Bureaux du Magasin Pittoresque, 1853), 306. Photograph: Bibliothèque nationale de France.

esteem of her peers—as if she can rise and has risen above the humiliation of the act.

As it turns out, Stowe was careful not to actually describe any actual whippings or beatings in the novel. When she saw the cover of a pirated edition of the book issued in 1852 by C. H. Clarke in London depicting a whipping scene embossed in gold, she shot off a letter to the publisher:

> It was my desire in this work as much as possible to avoid resting the question of slavery on the coarser bodily horrors which have constituted the staple of anti-slavery books before now. . . . Hence you will observe that there is not one scene of bodily torture *described* in the book—they are *purposely* omitted. My object was to make more prominent those thousand worse tortures which slavery inflicts on the soul. . . . It was therefore directly in opposition to the spirit of my intention to have a whipping scene on the cover, and were I at liberty to authorize the work the plates of this kind would be to my mind an objection.[69]

As it so happens, this same illustration of the whipping appears in the text of the 1859 illustrated edition of the Bédollière translation of the novel that still

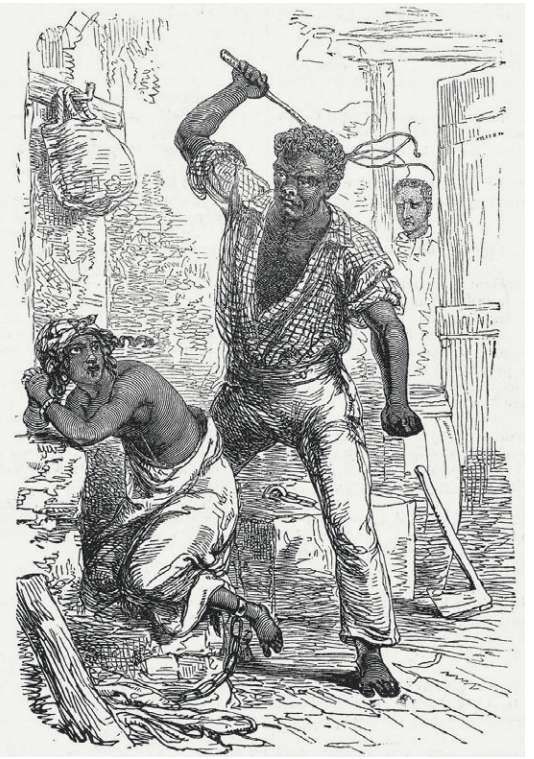

FIGURE 32 Illustration from *La case de Père Tom*, trans. de la Bédouillière, Nouvelle édition augmentée d'un notice de G. Sand (Paris: G. Barba, Panthéon populaire illustré, 1859), 29. Photograph: Bibliothèque nationale de France.

contained, seven years later, George Sand's 1852 essay praising Stowe (fig. 32). It illustrates George's description of seeing his oldest sister beaten in chapter 11:

> Sir, I have stood at the door and heard her whipped, when it seemed as if every blow cut into my naked heart, and I couldn't do anything to help her; and she was whipped, sir, for wanting to live a decent Christian life, such as your laws give no slave girl a right to live; and at last I saw her chained with a trader's gang, to be sent to market in Orleans,—sent there for nothing else but that,—and that's the last I know of her.[70]

Here, George's sister is naked to the waist but for her headwrap, being whipped, quite apparently, by another slave—an image for which the text gives no justification.

The abolition of whipping was a principle fundamental to the French abolitionist movement. In the 1830s Cyrille Bissette, the *gens de couleur* from Martinique mentioned earlier in this chapter who was the most radical abolitionist in France during the July Monarchy, proposed that slaves in the French colonies be freed from the whip as the first concrete step that might be taken in freeing the colonies' slaves themselves. No such law was ever passed, although in

1845 the Mackau Law did finally prohibit the whipping of at least women and children.[71] The whip, it seems, was the symbol par excellence of slavery and its cruelties in the French social imaginary, which explains Baudelaire's inability to forget that moment when he saw a woman flogged in the marketplace of Port Louis, Mauritius, and, more powerfully still, that moment in "Le Voyage" when he speaks of what he has seen:

> The hangman who feels joy and the martyr who sobs,
> The festival that blood flavors and perfumes;
> The poison of power making the despot weak,
> And the people loving the brutalizing whip.

Et le peuple amoureux du fouet abrutissant—and just who are *le peuple*? Not so much Topsy, certainly not George or his sister, but perhaps you, "Hypocrite lecteur,—mon semblable,—mon frère!"

5

Le Sud de Manet

In her groundbreaking study of three of the women who posed for Manet—Berthe Morisot, Victorine Meurent, and "la belle négresse" Laure—Giselda Pollock has pointed out that Manet's "combination of sex and servitude is 'logical' only in an economy that has slavery as its political unconscious, and sedimented in its social rituals and erotic fantasies. This legacy—materially and ideologically—is, was part of Western modernity. . . . This is why Africa—and its histories, complexly woven like the sign of the headwrap itself—is at the center of modernity."[1] That said, it may not be at all obvious how Africa might inform a painting like *Lola de Valence* (fig. 33), which Manet first exhibited in March of 1863 at Martinet's on the boulevard des Italiens, along with thirteen other works, including *The Absinthe Drinker* (rejected at the Salon of 1859) and *Music in the Tuileries*.

At its exhibition, the painting was accompanied by a short verse of Baudelaire's:

> Among so many beauties which one may everywhere find
> I understand well, my friends, that Desire equivocates;
> But one sees scintillating in Lola of Valencia
> The unexpected charm of a jewel rose and black.
>
> (*Entre tant de beautés que partout on peut voir,*
> *Je contemple bien, amis, que le désir balance;*
> *Mais on voit scintiller en Lola de Valence*
> *Le charme inattendu d'un bijou rose et noir.*)[2]

FIGURE 33 Édouard Manet, *Lola de Valence* (*Spanish Dancer*), 1862. Oil on canvas, 48 ½ × 36 ¼ in. Musée d'Orsay, Paris. RF1991. Photograph: © RMN-Grand Palais / Art Resource, New York. Photography: Gérard Blot.

Even at the time, the pornographic innuendo of Baudelaire's "bijou rose et noir" was recognized. As Zola would later put it, "As for *Lola de Valence*, it is celebrated in the quatrain by Charles Baudelaire, which was hissed at and panned as much as the painting itself."[3] Or, as Valéry later put it (remember Berthe Morisot was his aunt), "I recall the delicious line—a line that seemed equivocal to the evil-minded, and a scandal to the Law—the famous *bijou rose et noir*."[4] Valéry and Zola are both referring to the popular understanding of Baudelaire's line as referencing Lola's genitals—a jewel of pink flesh surrounded by black hair. When the poem was published in *Les épaves* in 1866, a note from the editor was attached (soon revealed to have been penned by Baudelaire himself) denying he intended anything of the sort: "These lines were composed to serve as an inscription for the wonderful portrait of Mlle Lola, the Spanish ballerina, by M. Édouard Manet, which, like all the paintings by this same painter, caused a scene—The muse of M. Charles Baudelaire is so generally suspect that it turns out that the critics in the cafés unearthed an obscene meaning in *le bijou rose et noir*. We believe, we do, that the poet wished simply to say that a beauty, of a character at once mysterious and playful, had caused him to dream up the association of *rose* and *noir*."[5] That said, *bijoux* were inevitably associated with "Les bijoux," one of the six poems censored by the government in 1857 for Baudelaire's careful survey of his mistress's body, naked but for

> the bangles and chains
> whose jingling music gave her the conquering air
> of a Moorish slave on days her master is pleased.
>
> (*ses bijoux sonores,*
> *Dont le riche attirail lui donnait l'air vainqueur*
> *Qu'ont dans leurs jours heureux les esclaves des Mores.*)[6]

And the *rose et noir* immediately recalled, for most of Baudelaire's audience, the question asked of the poet by the devil in "Tout entière":

> Among the miracles
> her spell over you comprises—
> among the black or pink
> objects composing her body—
>
> which is dearest?
>
> (*Parmi toutes les belles choses*
> *Dont est fait son enchantement,*

Parmi les objets noirs ou roses
Qui composent son corps charmant,
Quel est le plus doux.)[7]

And the coloration of these bijoux and corporeal objects recall as well "La Belle Dorothée," in which "her robe of clinging silk, bright rose in color, makes a lively contrast with the darkness of her skin" (*Sa robe de soie collante, d'un ton clair et rose, tranche vivement sur les ténèbres de sa peau*).

But *Lola de Valence* resonates perhaps most telling with that other painting of the same year, *La négresse* (see fig. 26). The latter's headwrap is composed of the same red, green, and yellow *taches* as Lola's dress. She wears a necklace the black jewels of which echo in multiple the single stone on Lola's forearm. The two paintings are differentiated primarily by skin color, by the *rose* and *noir* flesh of their two subjects. Here, in a pair of works from the year before *Olympia* was painted, the paired races are conjoined in the coloration of their costume, a coloration echoed in the bouquet that Laure holds in the later painting.

And in the midst of all these correspondences we find Zacharie Astruc, he who would author the verse that accompanied *Olympia* in 1865—as Baudelaire's verse had accompanied *Lola de Valence*—"an Angevin with all the loquacity of the South, who pronounced every syllable like an actor, meddled in all the arts, and had once returned to Paris from Spain—he was, it was said, 'more Spanish than the Cid Capeador'—wearing *espadrilles* and with a trunk full of drawings and poems as his only luggage."[8] A true hispanophile, probably no one encouraged what Carol Armstrong has called the "Spanishicity" of the works Manet exhibited in 1862–63 more than Astruc. As Armstrong points out, of the ten etchings produced by the print publisher and dealer Alfred Cadart in 1862 and 1863, five treated Spanish themes or relied on Spanish sources. Of the fourteen works shown at Louis Martinet's gallery on the Boulevard des Italiens, "at least six were hispanicizing pictures, and of the six painted and etched works at the Salon des Refusés five had Spanish references" (the single exception being *Le déjeuner sur l'herbe*).[9] Astruc was, in fact, so struck by Lola de Valence (the person herself as much as the painting) that he composed a serenade for the dancer, the sheet music for which was published in March 1863 with a cover design by Manet—a lithograph based on the original painting (fig. 34). In her catalog entry for the 1983 Manet retrospective, Juliet Wilson-Bareau has rather usefully summarized the poem, which is in fact some forty-eight lines in length:

> The poem evokes Lola's dancing of a seguidilla to the sound of a guitar, referring to the mortal folly inspired by her smiling eyes, the caress of her voice, and the mocking smile of her lips. It likens her to a crazed butterfly [actually, in the poem, a *libellule*, or dragonfly], as her feet graze and scrape the ground,

FIGURE 34 Édouard Manet, *Lola de Valence: Poésie et musique de Zacharie Astruc*, 1863. Lithograph, 11 ⅝ × 9 ½ in. Art Institute of Chicago. Robert A. Waller. 1959.1464. Photograph: © Art Institute of Chicago.

her "divine legs" obscured from view in the shadows of her heavy parasol of a skirt. The poem concludes with a plea for another cigarette, the sound of another castanet, urging Lola to shake from her locks the jasmine flowers for which a hundred suitors will throw themselves to the ground.[10]

The song's refrain, repeated six times, is a short couplet: "*Désir en fleur / Peine de couer*" (roughly translated "the flowering of desire breaks the heart"), but the key line for our purposes is pure Baudelaire: In the fourth stanza Astruc names Lola the "Rose Satan d'Andalouisie"—the rose Satan of Andalusia.

Manet had come to know Astruc by 1857 when he made the acquaintance of Henri Fantin-Latour, then Astruc's closest friend (he peers out at us from beside the tree in front of which Baudelaire, Baron Taylor, Théophile Gautier chat in *Music in the Tuileries*). Astruc was an ambitious man of the arts—at once a writer and critic, a poet, a playwright, a composer, and by the late 1860s, a painter and sculptor. But as Michael Fried has noted, "Between 1859 and 1863 the young Astruc may have been the best critic of new art in France."[11] His Salon of 1859, *Les 14 Stations du Salon*, was prefaced by George Sand, who heaped praise on Astruc. She appreciated his *forme neuve*—the seemingly random order of his discussion interspersed with meditations, poems, and dialogues sometimes

between imaginary Salon goers and other times between figures or even objects in a painting—as well as his youthful *exubérance* and southern (*méridional*) temperament. She detects a certain intoxication (*un peu d'enivrement*) in his writing that is not displeasing (*qui ne déplaît pas*), including "many zigzags full of *humor*" (*beaucoup de zigzags plein d'*humour):

> A world of colors, of forms, ideas, of compositions, swirl in his style and overflow his discussions. Whether the painter of whom he speaks delights him or angers him, he effortlessly draws out his palette, and puts the painting in its place. That is to say, with the aid of that other art, the word, he explains or remakes as he wishes the subject treated by the brush. His tableaus are charming, so one agrees with them; charming too are the dialogues that he creates between characters, and even between the objects represented on the canvas. One senses there a happy generosity of talent and a love of beauty driven by his enthusiasm.[12]

Thus, just as Baudelaire was writing of Sand in his notebooks, "the fact that there are men who could become enamored of this slut is indeed a proof of the abasement of the men of this generation," Astruc was apparently delighted to be one of these men. For, whatever Baudelaire might have thought of Sand, she was, in 1859, still a very real force in French arts and letters. And, of course, she and Baudelaire had had almost the exact same reactions to the Revolution of 1848 and the disaster of the June Days that followed. On March 8, 1848, Sand would exclaim, "Long live the Republic! What a dream. . . . We are out of our mind, intoxicated, delighted to have fallen asleep in the mire and to have awakened in heaven."[13] In his *Journal intimes*, Baudelaire would echo her in proclaiming "My intoxication in 1848," words he would quickly follow with "The horrors of June. Madness of the people and madness of the bourgeoisie."[14] On June 29 Sand would concur in a letter to her daughter Augustine: "Words fail me and my heart is broken. I don't want to speak about it to you, you know what I think and suffer from such a catastrophic end to our beautiful dream of the fraternal republic."[15] They were, in short, both ardent Republicans—as was Manet[16]—and if by 1860 Sand had retreated from public life to her home in Nohant, nevertheless, between 1859 and 1863 she continued to publish more than two new novels a year, including, in 1860, a new edition of the complete *Romans champètres* trilogy that had so influenced the Barbizon painters in the 1840s.[17]

In his *14 Stations du Salon*, Astruc, it seems, wanted to please everyone. Writing about a landscape by Barbizon painter Charles-François Daubigny, he would say, "In terms of style, impression, and color, he personifies in painting the idyllic manner of George Sand" (*Par le style, l'impression et le couleur, il personnifie en peinture la manière idyllique de George Sand*).[18] But he did not forget

Baudelaire. In a long entry on Antoine Auguste Ernest Hébert's *Rosa Nera à la fontaine* (fig. 35), he explicitly recalls the "les objects noirs ou roses" of Baudelaire's "Tout entière" (while anticipating, of course, "Lola de Valence"), to say nothing of Baudelaire's general tone:

> Why *Rosa Nera*, who is she? Is she an image, a memory, a thought, a symbol, an illustration—this beautiful *black rose* [*rose noire*] so sad, so grieved, and so dreamy in her glum distress? . . . Who are you, dear child, what perfume escapes from your breast, my beautiful *black rose* [*rose noire*], and who will ever know [*connaîtra*] you.[19]

It is worth pointing out that *connaître* here can be taken in the biblical sense, and that Astruc is surely guilty of the kind of erotically charged ethnic confusion to which Gayatri Spivak so objects, for Hébert's subject is decidedly Italian—*nera*, incidentally, is the Italian name for a drink of coffee mixed with chocolate. That said, Rosa Nera is both southern and dark—an exotic *rose noire*—and that Astruc emphasized in italics his play on her name is hardly accidental. He meant, I am sure, Baudelaire to see it.

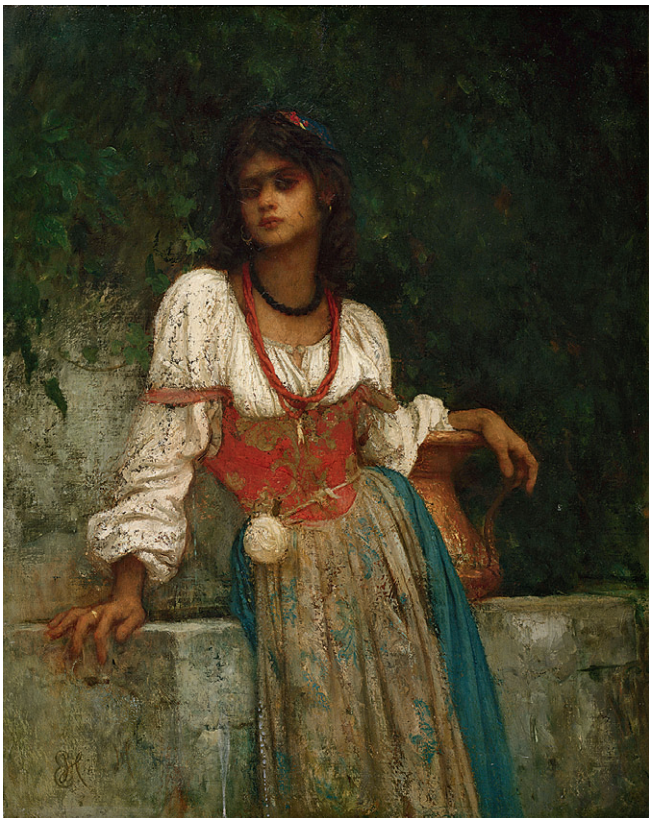

FIGURE 35 Antoine Auguste Ernest Hébert, *Rosa Nera à la Fontaine*, 1859. Oil on canvas, 24 ¾ × 19 ½ in. Musée Ernest Hébert, Paris. Inv. RF1978-62. Photograph: © RMN-Grand Palais / Art Resource, New York. Photography: Jean Schormans.

Astruc had nothing to say, at least in 1861, about Manet's first Salon success, the Honorable Mention he was awarded for the *Guitarrero* at the Salon of 1861, but he singled it out for mention in his Salon of 1863 (he is referring to Manet's exhibition at Martinet's in March as well as the Salon des Refusés):

> Who doesn't recall the small *Boy with a Sword*—that happy page? the *Man with the Book*, the *Guitarrero*, the delicate fantasy *Gil Blas* [*The Students of Salamanca*, dating from 1859–60], his dancer *Lola*—this song of tones [*ce ramage de tons*]—the *Young Woman Reclining in Spanish Costume*, its coloration so gentle. And then! the three paintings:—the *Portrait* of his brother, in Spanish dress [*en Espannol*]—*Repos sur l'herbe*—the *Espada*, bizarre painting that shows us a victorious woman in an arena, are even superior paintings. Nothing more seductive in its tone [*Rien de plus séduisant de ton*] than the young woman holding her naked sword in her hand; nothing more frank, more robust, than the portrait; nothing more to be relished than the large landscape of such a young, alive character, and which Giorgione seems to have inspired.[20]

There is much of interest about this text. In the first place, it seems likely that we can add the *Guitarrero* and *The Students of Salamanca* to Carol Armstrong's inventory of the Spanish subjects at Martinet's, making the total at least eight of fourteen rather than at least six. Second, although *Le déjeuner sur l'herbe* was first exhibited at the Salon des Refusés as *Le Bain*, within five days of the Salon des Refusés' opening—that is, between May 15 and May 20, when this review appeared—its title was already in transition. Third, Astruc was the first, and one of the very few critics to recognize *Le déjeuner*'s debt to Giorgione's *Fête champètre* at the Louvre. Had he discussed it with Manet? Probably. Fourth, he calls *Lola de Valence*, tellingly, a *ramage de tons*, "a song of colors"—advertising, perhaps, his own serenade to the Spanish singer but also, and for our purposes importantly, employing a musical rather than the economic metaphor, *ton* instead of *valeur*.[21] Finally—and this is crucial—Astruc published this, the last of the pieces that appeared in his *feuilleton*, or series, on the Salon of 1863 after the authorities had shut it down only three weeks into its projected run (it was scheduled to appear almost daily for the entire two months of the exposition). This was purportedly because the paper was being sold in too close a proximity to the official Salon, but was more probably—as Astruc claimed in the editorial introducing the last number of the Salon, "À Ceux qui me lisent"—because a week earlier he had criticized Hippolyte Flandrin's official portrait of the emperor (fig. 36): "I dared judge, in the most measured terms, M. Flandrin and his work" (*J'ai osé juger, dans les terms les plus mesurés, M. Flandrin et son oeuvre*).[22] He had not, indeed, been very kind:

FIGURE 36 Jean-Hippolyte Flandrin, *Napoleon III, Emperor*, 1862. Oil on canvas, 83 ½ × 57 ⅞ in. Chateaux de Versailles et de Trianon, Versailles. Photograph: Erich Lessing / Art Resource, New York.

> Balancing the respect I owe the sovereign and the truth that I owe equally to art, I want to criticize the appearance, the design, and the arrangement [of Flandrin's *Portrait of his Sovereign Majesty Napoleon III*]. The line of the body is flabby; the head is too small and in disaccord with his clothes which accentuates this difference. The face is lacking of any interesting features, or subtleties of detail in its somewhat retarded look, or any sense of being solidly tied down, or of tone, or of any incident which might lend his expression all the magic of life. The eyes are of the wrong tone—they are not set into the skin at all and seem vacant.[23]

One can easily understand how the emperor might not have appreciated such sentiments. And, if Antonin Proust is right, the Emperor did not care much for *Le déjeuner sur l'herbe* either. He stood, Proust reports, for a long time in front of the painting, finally declaring that "this painting is an offense against decency" (*ce tableau offensait la pudeur*).[24] Jack Krell long ago suggested that this story might be apocryphal,[25] but Proust claims to have gotten it from Viscount Lezay-

Marnezia, who had once been their comrade at Couture's atelier and who was now chamberlain to the empress Eugénie. He had urged the emperor to visit the Salon des Refusés. So the story, assuming that both Manet and Proust had heard it from Lezay-Marnezia, would have been somewhat chilling, for it was well known that, beginning in the July Monarchy and extending well into the 1860s, the police were offered monetary incentives for arresting prostitutes soliciting on the streets, prostitutes who missed their medical exam, and those caught committing an *outrage public à la pudeur*.[26] Could a painter commit the same *outrage* against the common public sense of *pudeur* by displaying a painting depicting said crime? It was, I think, something of an open question. Certainly such had been the case with Baudelaire's *Fleurs du mal*, and the fact that Astruc's right to publish his Salon had been officially rescinded made it abundantly clear that Astruc at least—and probably his circle of friends—were subject to the scrutiny of the court.

But back to the *Guitarrero*. It was, in fact, sent to the Salon of 1861 under the title *Espagnol jouant de la guitar* (*Spaniard Playing the Guitar*) (fig. 37). It was dubbed the *Guitarrero* by Théophile Gautier:

> MANET—Caramba! Here's a *Guitarrero* who does not come from the Opéra-Comique, and who would look out of place in a romantic lithograph; but Velázquez would have greeted him with a friendly wink, and Goya would have asked him for a light for his cigarette [*papelito*]. How he brawls (braille) with great spirit, scraping [*raclant*] his guitar [*jambon*]. We can almost hear him. This brave Spaniard in his *sombrero Calañés*, his Marseilles-type jacket, has peculiar pants. Unfortunately, the short pants of Figaro are no longer worn by the *espadas* and the *banderillos* either. But this concession to civilized fashion is redeemed by the hemp sandals. There is much talent in this life-size figure, painted with a bold brush and in very true color.[27]

Gautier was Paris's resident expert on all things Spanish, his 1843 travel memoir *Voyage en Espagne* having just been reissued in a new edition in 1859.[28] Therese Dolan has pointed out that, in Gautier's review, "the verb *brailler* means more than just singing; it connotes shouting and noise, while *racler* infers a scraping and rasping of the strings to produce the harsh sound that specifically characterizes flamenco guitar technique"—and *jambon* is Spanish slang for the guitar.[29] The abrasiveness of the *guitarrero*'s song is analogous, in Dolan's view, to Manet's new style in the painting. When Renaud de Vilbac had visited his studio and observed "only one thing: that my *Guitarrero* plays left-handed on a guitar strung to be played with the right hand." Manet shrugged it off: "What is there to say?"[30] "I want to argue," Dolan writes,

FIGURE 37 Édouard Manet, *Guitarrero* (*The Spanish Singer*), 1860. Oil on canvas, 58 × 45 in. Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Gift of William Church Osborn, 1949. 49.58.2. Photograph: Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

> that this was a case where the left hand knew quite well what the right hand was doing. Manet highlights the area of the fingers pressing the guitar strings on the fret by a subtle but perceptible glow of light around the right hand. The white cuff of the guitarist's shirt visually echoes the shape of the frets and the fingers by the repetition of its pleats, creating a visual area of syncopated rhythm, thus calling deliberate attention to the "wrong" hand. . . . Manet deliberately set out to strike a new note, "*une autre guitare*," as the *argot* of the time expressed it. I think he knew that this error would be dis-concerting (*dé-concertant*), just as he intended his own art to be, and the fact that the word *touche* in French means the manner of style of a painting as well as the technical name for the fingerboards of a guitar served Manet's purpose especially well.[31]

I am convinced Dolan is right. And I want to argue that it is out of this *Guitarrero*—or more precisely, out of Gautier's review of the painting—that Manet's hispanisizing tendencies found their subsequent expression.

For his 1867 exhibition at the Pont de l'Alma, Manet would change the name of the *Guitarrero* to *Le chanteur espagnol* (*The Spanish Singer*). Why? I think to imply its pairing with *The Street Singer* (fig. 38), which, Proust reports, was inspired on the very day that, returning to his studio to see the *Guitarrero* on its easel, Manet had dismissed the complaint of Renaud de Vilbac about the "wrong" hand and turned his attention to his technique instead: "Just think, I painted the head in one go. . . . I never added another stroke."[32] They had been standing outside a *cabaret louche*—a seedy nightclub—when a woman left it, "picking up her skirt, holding a guitar":

> He went up to her and asked her to come and pose for him. She went off laughing. "I'll catch up with her again," he said, "and if she doesn't want to, I've got Victorine." Victorine Meurent, whose portrait he had painted, was his favorite model.[33]

The two paintings—*The Spanish Singer* and *The Street Singer*—are, arguably, of a pair like *Le déjeuner sur l'herbe* and *Olympia*, the one of a male sitting and playing his guitar and singing, the other of a female standing, holding her guitar but silently eating. Both are wearing almost the same gray-green, the green contrasting to highlights of red in the guitar strap and the cherries. The one is Spanish, and the other is French. Let us return to Gautier's review: "We can almost hear him" (*Il nous semble l'entendre*), he says of the *Guitarrero*. Now *entendre*, as Dolan has pointed out, means both to *hear* and to *understand*.[34] We certainly cannot hear *The Street Singer*, who neither sings nor plays. Taken together, the pair are a sort of essay on sound and silence, understanding and

FIGURE 38 Édouard Manet, *Street Singer*, 1862. Oil on canvas, 67 ⅜ × 41 ⅝ in. Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. Bequest of Sarah Choate Sears in memory of her husband, Joshua Montgomery Sears. 66.304. Photograph: © 2021 Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

not. Guiding Manet was a constant and abiding sense of innovation. "It has always been my ambition," he told Proust late in life, "not to be consistent, not to repeat, the next day, what I have done the day before, to discover constantly a new look, to seek to hear a new note" (*de chercher à faire entendre une note nouvelle*).[35] Citing this same passage, Dolan adds that during Manet's time, the *argot* for "it's always the same thing," was "*c'est toujours la même guitare*."[36] Given the role that music plays in Manet's oeuvre—Dolan counts sixteen paintings, prints, drawings, and watercolors executed between 1860 and 1870 in which guitars figure, to say nothing of works with music as their theme, like *Music in the Tuileries*[37]—Zola's shift from the musical metaphor to the economic one looms as even more curious. It is hard, so to speak, to *understand* it, let alone *hear* it.

As Charles Moffett points out in his essay for the Cachin catalog, since Manet could already say when he was inspired to paint *The Street Singer* that "I've got Victorine," she must have already posed for him, probably for both her portrait and *Mlle V . . . in the Costume of an Espada* (fig. 39), the latter of which, I think, was directly inspired by Gautier's review of the *Guitarrero* as well.[38] In his review Gautier laments the fact the "the short pants of Figaro are no longer worn by the *espadas* and the *banderillos* either." This evocation of Rossini's opera *The Barber of Seville*, based on the first of Pierre Beaumarchais' trilogy of plays (of which *The Marriage of Figaro* is second) reprises Prosper Mérimée's *Lettres d'Espagne*, first published in 1831 but reissued by Charpentier in 1862. In a chapter on bullfighting, Mérrimée writes,

> There are two principal classes of *toreros*: the *picadors*, who fight on horseback, armed with spears; and the *chulos*, on foot who harass the bull by waving brilliantly colored cloths. Among the latter are the *banderilleros* and the *matadors*, about whom I will soon speak. All wear Andalusian costumes, similar to that of Figaro in *The Barber of Seville*; but instead of short pants and silk stockings, the *picadors* have thick leather trousers.[39]

These are, of course, the same short pants and silk stockings worn by Victorine. Furthermore, in *The Barber of Seville*, the part of the beautiful Rosina was written for a coloratura mezzo-soprano, a voice often used in opera, as it is in Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro* in the role of Cherubino, a trouser role—that is, a male role that is sung and acted by a female singer. It is useful to think of Victorine here as playing just such a trouser role, and it is equally useful to think of the bullfight scene transpiring behind her as a painted stage set—after Goya's *Tauromaquia* (fig. 40)—thus helping to explain Manet's otherwise totally inexplicable disregard for the laws of perspective.[40] In fact, in his *Voyage en Espana*, Gautier describes the role of the *espada* in overtly theatrical terms. He is "the principal actor in the drama" (*principal acteur du drame*), which takes place in

FIGURE 39 Édouard Manet, *Mlle V . . . in the Costume of an Espada*, 1862. Oil on canvas, 65 × 50 ¼ in. Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. H. O. Havemeyer Collection, Bequest of Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer, 1929. 29.100.53. Photograph: Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

FIGURE 40 Francisco de Goya, *The spirited Moor Gazul is the first to spear bulls according to the rules*, from the *Tauromaquia*, plate 5, 1816. Etching, burnished aquatint, and drypoint, 9 ¾ × 13 ⅞ in. Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Rogers Fund, 1921. 21.19.5. Photograph: Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

a "theater so vast that only God could paint a ceiling of such splendid blue (*une théâtre si vaste que Dieu seul peut en pendre la plafond avec le bleu splendide*).

Gautier goes on to describe the whole bullfight, arriving, finally, at the climactic moment:

> The favorable instant having come, the *espada* placed himself exactly opposite the bull, waving his *muleta* with his left hand, and holding his sword horizontally with its point on a level with the animal's horns. It is difficult to convey in words the full anguish of curiosity, the frantic attention that the situation excited, which is worth all the plays of Shakespeare: in a few seconds, one of these two actors will be killed. Which will it be, the man or the bull? There they stand, face to face; the man has no defensive weapon of any kind; he is dressed as if for a ball, in pumps and silk stockings; a woman's pin would pierce his satin jacket; a scrap of cloth and a fragile sword, that's it. In this dual, the bull has all the material advantages: he has two terrible horns as sharp as daggers, an immense implosive force, an animal fury unconscious of danger. . . . The *muleta* was suddenly thrown to the side, leaving the matador's body exposed to view; the bull's horns were not an inch from his breast; I thought he was lost. A silvery flash passed with the rapidity of lightning between the two crescents, and the bull fell on his knees with a roar of pain. He had got the hilt of the sword between his shoulders. . . . The blow which the *espada* had just given is held in high esteem and called la *estodada a vuela*

FIGURE 41 Édouard Manet, *The Dead Toreador*, 1862–1864. Oil on canvas, 29 ⅞ × 60 ⅜ in. National Gallery of Art. Widener Collection, 1942.9.40. Photograph: National Gallery of Art, Washington, DC.

> *piés* [the thrust with flying feet]; the bull dies without losing one drop of blood, which is the height of elegance, and by falling on his knees, seems to acknowledge his adversary's superiority.[41]

Here stands Victorine, in pumps and silk stockings, her *muleta* in her left hand, holding her sword horizontally, at that moment of ultimate danger worth all the plays of Shakespeare. In the next moment she might live—or else find herself a *Dead Toreador* (fig. 41).

Theodore Reff has discovered a second text that might have also served as a source of inspiration. In *Le siècle* of April 30, 1862, there appeared an article datelined Madrid, April 24:

> At this moment the public's attention is entirely absorbed by the deplorable accident that occurred on April 21st at the *corrida* that inaugurated the spring season. An unfortunate *matador*, one of the premier swordsmen of Madrid, José Rodriguez, known by the nickname of Pepete, was killed on the spot by a bull. . . . The superb animal, elegant and nervous in form, had made a magnificent entry. After having surveyed the arena and the audience, it darted like an arrow at the *picador* Antonio Calderon, lifted on its head the man and his horse, and threw them both to the ground. At this moment Pepete saw the imminent danger of the *picador*. More concerned with the salvation of his companion than with his own safety, the brave and generous young man ran

to him. Unfortunately the bull, one of the most dangerous in its agility that has ever been seen, spotted its adversary and, with a leap as fast as lightning, attacked him. It struck him on the hip, passed one of its horns under his ribs and, balancing him for a few seconds above its head, finished by giving him a furious thrust of the horn, which penetrated one lung and his heart. After that it left its victim stretched out on the ground. Pepete raised himself with great difficulty, brought his right hand to his face as if to wipe away the sweat, then placed it over his heart.[42]

As Reff notes, Manet's toreador makes just this gesture, blood pooling on his shirt beneath his right hand and on the ground beneath his shoulder. Both *Mlle V* and *The Dead Toreador* wear the same costume. They enact the same drama. But the space of *Mlle V* is *merely* theatrical. She is, as the painting's title insists, *in costume*. The theatricality of the *corrida* is more, shall we say, *bloodthirsty*.

We know that *The Dead Toreador* was cut out from a larger painting, *Incident in a Bullfight*, which Manet exhibited at the Salon of 1864.[43] The *Incident in a Bullfight* shared with *Mlle V . . . in the Costume of an Espada* an almost total disregard for the laws of perspective. Or, as Hector de Callias put it in the June 1 issue of *L'artiste*,

> He goes to Spain—in body or mind, no matter; will not the soul serve as well as the flesh, witness [Joseph] Méry?—and brings back a *Bullfight* divided into three planes, a discourse in three movements. In the foreground, a toreador, perhaps an *espada*, who has failed to thrust his slender sword into the neck of the bull at the correct angle and whom the bull must have gored with paired swords, his horns.
>
> Next, a microscopic bull. Perspective, you will say. But no; for in the background, against the barriers, the *toreros* are of a reasonable size, and seem to be laughing at this little bull, which they could trample under the heels of their pumps.[44]

It would seem that Callias had been reading his Gautier too. At any rate, when Manet cut the painting apart, what he destroyed was that "microscopic" bull. (The top of the painting survives as *The Bullfight* in the Frick Collection, the top of the bull just visible, and reworked so that the bull's horns show and a live matador is reintroduced to the composition, just as the bull has been erased in *The Dead Toreador*.) Reff has made a convincing case that *Incident in a Bullfight* was begun in 1862, suggesting that its spatial ambiguity was part and parcel of the same manipulation of space that defines *Mlle V . . . in the Costume of an Espada*.[45] It thus might well create yet another pair in Manet's oeuvre of the early 1860s, like the *Guitarrero* and *The Street Singer*: once again female and male; the

female standing erect, the male lying prone on his back; French (assuming that announcing that Mlle V is in costume establishes her as French) and Spanish; and, now, life juxtaposed to death.

The pairing also contrasts the violence of the Sud with—what to call it?—the refinement or sophistication of the Nord. Reff argues that bullfights had been prohibited in France since 1850, when the Loi Grammont was enacted prohibiting cruelty to domestic and farm animals, but Reff's contention that in the case of bullfights, the bull's horns were required to be capped, *torerros* were to carry no weapons, and horses were banned from the arena altogether is to misrepresent the state of things in the 1860s.[46] These are much later applications of the law, implemented in the 1880s and 1890s.[47] The Loi Grammont was actually intended only to prohibit cruelty to animals in a public place—the beating of a dog, for instance, or cruelty to draught horses in the street—and many, according to the French historian Maurice Agulhon, "seriously wondered whether bulls . . . raised in semi-liberty, and difficult to capture, were domesticated animals or wild beasts [*fauves*]." But the disembowelment of a *picador*'s horse—an animal obviously domesticated—was, it seemed to many others, clearly punishable under the law, and thus in France "the battle against the tauromaquia . . . would become a story of horses."[48]

Reff also suggests that Manet's republican sympathies would have predisposed him to disliking the *corrida*—after all, the emperor and his Spanish empress, Eugénie, whose enthusiasm for the sport was unbridled, regularly attended bullfights *à la espagnol* during their summer vacations in Bayonne and nearby Biarritz—going so far as to say that Manet's *Incident in a Bullfight*, like Goya's *Tauromaquia*, expresses "revulsion against the Spanish form of bullfighting and support for contemporary campaigns to suppress or modify its violence."[49] But, as Fred Licht has noted, just because acquaintances of Goya like Gaspar Melchor de Jovellanos argued that the bullfight incited "innocent youth" and "unwary damsels" to rude and lascivious behavior does not mean that Goya agreed with them—or even cared.[50] And the same is true, I would think, of Manet. Describing what attracted Goya to the bullfight, Licht has summarized what I think attracted Manet to the *corrida* as well:

> Two equal but opposed forces act against each other in accordance with a strict set of regulations. The regulations give the bull absolute freedom of action. A force of nature cannot be constrained to follow man-made rules. The torero and his team, on the other hand, since they are deprived of the brute force that is inherent in their antagonist, have only graceful agility and intelligence on their side, and these two forces are subject to conventions elaborated during the long development of the bullfight. Unlike the Greek *agon*, the struggle is not between equals of the same species but between two

FIGURE 42 Francisco de Goya, *Que se la llevaron!* (*And They Carried Her Away!*), from *Los Caprichios*, plate 8, 1799. Etching and aquatint, 8 7⁄16 × 5 7⁄8 in. Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Gift of M. Knoedler & Co., 1918. 18.64(8). Photograph: Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

> equally strong but fundamentally contradictory forces. Both man and beast have an equal claim to our respect.[51]

For Goya, this struggle between two equally strong but fundamentally contradictory forces found its expression in the tension between black and white that so fundamentally defines his prints from his *Caprichios* on. In images like *Que se la llevaron!* (fig. 42), the tension manifests itself as not just the forces of life and death but also good and evil. Above all, the strong contrast between black and white underscores the drama of the scene.

When Manet returned to *The Dead Toreador* in 1868 to transform it into a print (fig. 43), to create his figure he combined, as Goya did before him, deeply etched lines set against the softer, almost velvety but shadowed and haunting tones of aquatint. Nothing in Manet's print is left untouched, and thus it possesses none of the brilliant whites that define Goya's woman and her clothing. But it is the somber tones of the three bands of aquatint beneath and behind the toreador's body that define the emotional pitch of the work. Even more importantly, Manet shares with Goya, if not a fascination with violence then the courage not to turn a blind eye to it. The tauromaquia takes place in an arena of violence. It captures in some sense the violence of Goya's world—*La tauromaquia* might best be thought of as a sort of Indigenous coda to Napoleon

FIGURE 43 Édouard Manet, *Dead Toreador*, 1868. Etching and aquatint, 6 ½ × 8 ¾ in. 3rd state of 6. National Gallery of Art. Rosenwald Collection. 1943.3.5763. Photograph: National Gallery of Art, Washington, DC.

I's invasion of Spain, a meditation on a culture that could manage to survive *The Disasters of War*, as grim a set of etchings as any ever made. (Manet would acquire them after their publication in 1863.) Manet's world was not so visibly violent, but as soon as Napoleon III invaded Mexico on December 8, 1861—out of view, as it were—it was violent enough, which is to say that it is not Mlle V who is in the costume of an *espada* so much as it is France herself, *la femme parisiènne*, decked out as if a hero, as if heroism were even possible.

It is something of a commonplace to treat Manet's single-figure compositions in terms of pairings—like the opposition of black and white within each individual composition—and no one has done so more convincingly than Carol Armstrong, who, for instance, sees *The Street Singer* and *Mlle V* as "pairing several sets of terms—female/male, slim/plump, Parisian/Spanish, clothed/costumed, concealed/revealed, street/hippodrome, from "life"/from art, volumetric/flat, and so on." And she is right in seeing that such pairings disrupt "the binary logic" of their terms "so that they cannot quite be neatly aligned on clearly opposed continuums. And the same unstable binaries operate throughout these mismatched pendants."[52] There is yet another. *Mlle V* is often considered a pendant to *Young Man in the Costume of a Majo* (fig. 44)—after all, the two paintings flanked *Le déjeuner sur l'herbe* at the Salon des Refusés in 1863—but it is equally worth thinking of it as paired with *Young Woman Reclining, in Spanish Costume*, which was simultaneously on view at Martinet's (fig.

FIGURE 44 Édouard Manet, *Young Man in the Costume of a Majo*, 1863. Oil on canvas, 74 × 49 ⅜ in. Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. H. O. Havemeyer Collection. Bequest of Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer, 1929. 29.100.54. Photograph: Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

FIGURE 45 Édouard Manet, *Young Woman Reclining, in Spanish Costume*, 1862. Oil on canvas, 37 5⁄16 × 44 ¾ in. Yale University Art Gallery, New Haven. Bequest of Stephen Carlton Clark, B. A. 1903. 1961.18.33. Photograph: Yale University Art Gallery.

45). Both seem to be dressed, at least from the waist up, in the same costume: a wide pink cummerbund (of the same color and perhaps material as the *Dead Toreador*'s *muleta*), a black jacket open to reveal its white inner lining, and a deeply cut vest beneath. The young man wears a buttoned shirt under both, the young woman a low-cut blouse. She wears white trousers trimmed with black, white silk stockings and pumps (reminiscent of those worn by the *Dead Toreador*), and he black trousers (very possibly, given their tassels, the same as those worn by Victorine in *Mlle V*) and leather leggings covering brown pumps (again reminiscent of those worn by *Mlle V*). And both essentially black-and-white figures contrast with the red tones that predominate the rest of their respective compositions.

In the early 1860s, then, Manet regularly paired his paintings of women with separate paintings of men, as if one sex were painted in response to the other, in a kind of dialogue. Into this network, it is worth adding another of his women, the *Gypsy with Cigarette* (fig. 45), probably painted around the time of *The Gypsies* of 1861–1862, which was exhibited at Martinet's in 1863 but which Manet cut apart into three smaller paintings after his exhibition at the Pont d'Alma in 1867. *Gypsy with Cigarette* seems never to have been exhibited, although it was one of Degas's favorite paintings—perhaps because of its radical cropping, the gypsy leaning against the haunch of the black horse whose mane can be seen behind her—and Degas eventually acquired it. The painting is closely related to Prosper Mérimée's novella *Carmen*, first published in 1845 in the *Revue des deux mondes* and in book form a year later. The story is told by Mérimée himself, who in Cordova in 1830—"now fifteen years ago"—claims to have met the gypsy fortune-teller and thief Carmen one evening as he "was leaning over the parapet of the quay, smoking" (*je fumais, appuyé sur le parapet du quai*). As she approached him he threw away his cigar—a "mark of courtesy, essentially French" (*une politesse toute française*)—but she informed him that "she was very fond of the smell of tobacco, and that she even smoked herself, when she could get very mild *papelitos*. I fortunately happened to have some such in my case, and at once offered them to her" (*me dire qu'elle aimait beaucoup l'odeur du tabac, et que même elle fumait, quand elle trouvait des papelitos bien doux*).[53] Thus, Mérimée contrasts his own northern manners to Carmen's southern indifference. Carmen plans to rob him—and possibly kill him—but the narrator is rescued from Carmen's clutches by one Don José, who subsequently, on the eve of his execution for having murdered Carmen (among other crimes), recounts the story of his affair with the gypsy.

This is not the place to rehearse Mérimée's plot, but suffice it to say that Carmen had been a *cigarrera*, one of the women (mostly gypsies) who prepared and rolled tobacco leaf into cigars in the Royal Tobacco Factory in Seville, a place that Théophile Gautier described as follows in *Voyage en Espagne*:

FIGURE 46 Édouard Manet, *Gypsy with Cigarette*, ca. 1862. Oil on canvas, 36 ¼ × 28 15/16 in. Princeton University Art Museum. Bequest of Archibald S. Alexander, Class of 1928. y1979-55. Photograph: Princeton University Art Museum / Art Resource, New York. Photography: Bruce M. White.

> We were taken to the workrooms where the leaves are rolled into cigars. From five to six hundred women are employed in preparing them. As soon as we set foot in the room we were assailed by a hurricane of noise: they were all talking, singing, and quarrelling at the same time. I have never heard such an uproar. They were for the most part young, and some of them were very pretty. The extraordinary simplicity of their dress and the carelessness with which they wore it enabled one to appreciate their charms with complete

> freedom. Some of them had a cigar stump stuck resolutely in the corner of their mouths with all the aplomb of a cavalry officer.[54]

Manet's gypsy smokes her *papelito* with the same aplomb—perhaps a better title, since it is the creation of later critics anyway, might be *Gypsy with Papelito*. Elsewhere, Mérimée describes her answering everyone "with her hand on her hip, as boldly as the true gypsy she was" (*le poing sur la hanche, effrontée comme une vraie bohémienne qu'elle était*) (57). If Manet's gypsy is not Carmen, Carmen informs his representation of her. And *Carmen*, of course, culminates at the bullfight, when the *picador* Lucas, Carmen's illicit lover—illicit, that is, from Don José's point of view—is "knocked head over heels, with his horse on his chest, and the bull on top of both of them" (*culbuté avec son cheval sur la poitrine, et le taureau par-dessus tous les deux*) (116). In 1865, after his visit to Spain—the itinerary was created by Astruc[55]—Manet painted several small oils and watercolors depicting a *picador* and/or his horse being gored by a bull, perhaps inspired by Mérimée's account. These raise an interesting question: In so painting the domesticated animal's demise, was he protesting the practice, or was he, rather, confronting public sentiment in defiance of self-righteous animal rights advocates? In any case, writing to Baudelaire from Spain on September 14, 1865, he called the bullfight "one of the finest, strangest, and most fearful spectacles to be seen."[56] And three days later, writing to Astruc, he said that he planned to "put a quick impression on canvas: the colorful crowd, and the dramatic aspect as well, the picador and horse overturned, with the bull's horns ploughing into them and the horde of *chulos* trying to draw the furious beast away."[57] It is hard to read into these remarks any disgust at the scene; he is simply fascinated. And I think Mérimée's *Carmen* probably informs this fascination.

But it is not Mérimée's story that seems to me to matter most. It is Mérimée's description of gypsies as a whole that would have attracted the interest of Manet, to say nothing of Baudelaire. Gypsies call themselves, Mérimée explains in *Carmen*, "*Calé*"—*noir*, black:

> Their complexion is exceedingly swarthy, always darker than that of those populations among whom they live. Hence the name *Calé*, the blacks, by which they often refer to themselves. Their eyes, set decidedly aslant, are large, very black, and shaded by long and heavy lashes. One might compare their look to that of a wild beast.
>
> (*Leur teint est très basané, toujours plus foncé que celui des populations parmi lesquelles ils vivent. De là le nom de* Calé*, les noirs, par lequel ils se désignent souvent. Leur yeux sensiblement obliques, bien fendus, très noirs, sont ombragés*

par des cils longs et épais. On ne peut comparer leur regard qu'à celui d'une bête fauve.) (129)

Here again, we find ourselves faced with the erotically charged ethnic confusion to which Spivak so objects, but it might clarify, I think, something of Manet's attraction to all things Spanish. Spain exerts that same exotic pull as Africa, as *l'esclave*. As opposed to the *Nord*—France—Spain is of the *Sud*, as is, one might add, Mexico, where Napoleon was even then exercising his imperial ego, and the American South, which the French habitually referred to in the press coverage of the American Civil War as "le Sud" and just as often, interchangeably in fact, "les États des esclaves," the slave States.[58] It is into this complex network of southern climes—and into their violence—that Manet, by 1863, had inserted himself.

6

Poe

Yet another "Sud" had found its place in Manet's imaginative repertoire, this one coming his way again from the direction of Baudelaire. From about 1859 to 1862, as the friendship between the two developed, Baudelaire was preoccupied with publishing a collection of his critical writings about Poe. As early as May 1859 he was corresponding with Nadar about who might be the most likely candidate to provide him with a portrait of Poe to serve as the frontispiece to his collection (Nadar suggested Doré, but while Baudelaire agreed that Doré was "un talent extraordinaire," that talent was limited to clouds, landscapes, and houses, not figures).[1] Three years later, in the late summer of 1862, he was still writing to his publisher about the project (which would, indeed, never come to fruition).[2] Baudelaire's interest in commissioning a frontispiece of Poe's likeness led Juliet Wilson-Bareau to date both Manet's etching and his brush and ink drawing portraits of Poe to sometime between 1860 and 1862. But in his *Portraits and Daguerreotypes of Edgar Allan Poe*, Michael Deas has demonstrated that the etching (fig. 47) is based on a daguerreotype owned by Sarah Helen Whitman (the so-called Whitman daguerreotype) believed to have been an engagement gift from Poe to his fiancée. As Deas points out, the earliest reproductions of the image were poorly retouched cartes de visite produced and distributed during the late 1860s or early 1870s. Manet probably saw it after it was engraved as the frontispiece to the John Henry Ingram edition of Poe's works in 1874–1875. The brush and ink drawing (fig. 48) seems to be based on a pastel portrait of the writer by Oscar Halling not completed until 1868.[3] Both portraits were instead probably done in connection with Stéphane Mallarmé's prose translation of Poe's *The Raven*, published with six illustrations by Manet in 1875—if not for *The Raven* itself, then for other Poe projects that Mallarmé

FIGURE 47 Édouard Manet, *Portrait of Ewdgar Allan Poe*, 1876. Etching on blue laid paper from 1905 Strölin edition, 7 ¼ × 5 ¾ in. Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Rogers Fund, 1921. 21.76.29. Photograph: Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

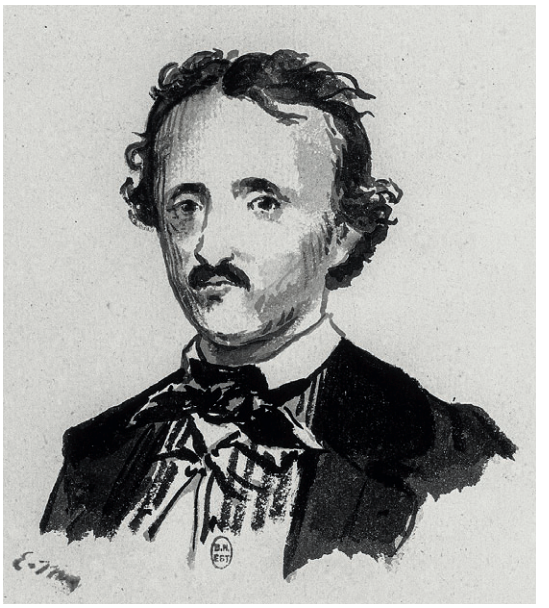

FIGURE 48 Édouard Manet, *Portrait of Edgar Allan Poe*, ca. 1875. Brush and India ink, 12 × 8 ⅞ in. (paper); 4 ½ × 4 ⅛ in. (drawing). Photograph: Bibliothèque national de France.

was contemplating at the time.[4] From Baudelaire to Mallarmé, then, Manet found himself plunged into what might best be called the "cult of Poe"—more specifically into a literary milieu in which one of the primary strategies of affect lay in the tension between light and dark.

In 1857, in his introduction to his new set of translations of Edgar Allen Poe, *Nouvelles histoires extraordinaires*, containing some twenty-three short stories, including "The Black Cat" and "The Fall of the House of Usher," Baudelaire attacked what he saw as the moral hypocrisy of his author's homeland:

> To burn chained Negroes guilty of having felt their black cheeks sting with the blush of honor, to play with guns in the pit of a theater, to establish polygamy in the paradises of the West, which the savages (this term seems unjust) had not yet soiled with shameful Utopias, to post on the walls, doubtless to sanctify the principle of unlimited liberty, *the cure for nine months' illnesses*, such are some of the salient characteristics, some of the moral examples of the noble country of Franklin, the inventor of a counting-house morality, the hero of a century devoted to materialism. It is good to consider these extraordinary examples of gross behavior in a time when americanomania has become almost a fashionable passion.

(*Brûler des nègres enchaînés, coupables d'avoir senti leur joue noire fourmiller du rouge de l'honneur, jouer du revolver dans un parterre de théâtre, établir la polygamie dans les paradis de l'Ouest, que les Sauvages (ce terme a l'air d'une injustice) n'avaient pas encore souillés de ces honteuses utopies, afficher sur les murs, sans doute pour consacrer le principe de la liberté illimitée,* la guérison des maladies de neuf mois, *tels sont quelques-uns des traits saillants, quelques-unes des illustrations morales du noble pays de Franklin, l'inventeur de la morale de comptoir, le héros d'un siècle voué à la matière. Il est bon d'appeler sans cesse le regard sur ces merveilles de brutalité, en un temps où l'américanomanie est devenue presque une passion de bon ton.*)[5]

Baudelaire would have read about being burned alive in any number of narratives, and the Mormon Church's legalization of polygamy was widely reported in France. As for the "cure" for "the nine months' illness"—that is, abortion—such posters were in fact widespread in the United States before 1850, usually advertising some potion or herbal "relief." One assumes by Franklin's "counting-house morality" he refers to such maxims as "a penny saved is a penny earned."

Baudelaire sees Poe as the victim of such a society—a victim, he would come to feel, not unlike himself, subjugated as he was to the bourgeois values of the Third Republic, although Baudelaire remained grateful that he lived, at least, in a society of taste and manners as opposed to Poe, who was subject only to the rule of "shopkeepers." Poe, he says, was "an aristocrat by nature . . . the Virginian, the Southerner, the Byron gone astray in a bad world" (*aristocrate de nature . . . le Virginien, l'homme du Sud, le Byron égaré dans un mauvais monde*).[6] America, he says, is "an environment . . . hardly made for poets":

> What a French mind, even the most democratic, understands by a State, would find no place in an American mind. . . . But *That!* that mob of buyers and sellers, that nameless creature, that headless monster, that outcast on the other side of the ocean, you call that a State!—I agree, if a vast tavern where the customer crowds in and conducts his business on dirty tables, amid the din of coarse speech, can be compared to a *salon* . . . a republic of the mind presided over by beauty!
>
> (*Ce qu'un esprit français, supposez le plus démocratique, entend par un État, ne trouverait pas de place dans un esprit américain. . . . Mais Cela! cette cohue de vendeurs et d'acheteurs, ce sans-nom, ce monstre sans tête, ce déporté derrière l'Océan, État!—je le veux bien, si un vaste cabaret, où le consommateur afflue et traite d'affaires sur des tables souillées, au tintamarre des vilains propos, peut être assimilé à . . . un salon, république de l'esprit présidée par la beauté!*)[7]

Baudelaire's America is, in short, unrefined, crassly materialistic, immoral, and gross. Baudelaire's Poe is its opposite—he is a natural aristocrat, an "*homme du Sud*."

Baudelaire's knowledge of things American can at least in part be attributed to his reading the American journals to which Poe had contributed—the *Southern Literary Messenger*, *Gentleman's Magazine*, *Broadway Journal*, and others. More than half of his first essay on Poe, "Edgar Allan Poe, sa vie et ses ouvrages," which appeared in the *Revue de Paris* in March and April of 1852, was plagiarized from an obituary by John R. Thompson and a review by John M. Daniel, both of which had appeared in the *Southern Literary Messenger* in November 1849 and March 1850, respectively.[8] These he found in the files of William Wilberforce Mann, an American journalist living in Paris who had in his possession every number of the *Southern Literary Messenger* published during Poe's editorship (1834–1838). Mann's files also contained many of the stories by Poe that Baudelaire would go on to translate and many, if not most, of the magazine's subsequent numbers, including those of 1849 and 1850.[9]

To what degree Baudelaire understood Poe's tales—I am going to address, particularly, "The Black Cat," *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym*, and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," all three of which he translated—as being allegories of racial tension is hard to say. But he certainly recognized the central juxtaposition of black and white figures in these works, and he well understood their settings as sites of not just social contention but more usually murderous conflict. In his analysis of "The Black Cat," Leland S. Person notes "the similarity between the narrator's attitude toward the cat and the attitudes of many slaveholders." The cat, Poe writes, is "a remarkably large and beautiful animal, entirely black, and sagacious to an astonishing degree." And Poe's narrator regards the cat as if it were a slave who "attended me wherever I went about the house" until the cat offends him by avoiding his presence and then biting his hand. As Person says, at the very least "nineteenth-century readers would have recognized and perhaps identified with the psychology of power that Poe dramatizes in this gruesome incident. . . . The narrator's enjoyment of absolute power over the black cat mirrors the absolute power of slave ownership." Violence then erupts. The narrator cuts one of the cat's eyes from its socket in retaliation for its biting his hand. Thereafter, the cat flees "in extreme terror" whenever the narrator approaches, irritating him so much that he finally lynches the cat from the limb of a tree.[10] Poe, Person argues, reinscribes "murderous white racism" as an animal cruelty narrative, and when, subsequently, the narrator takes an axe to the head of his wife, that animal cruelty narrative is transformed once again to murderous white *male* racism.[11]

"The Black Cat" was probably the first of Poe's stories that Baudelaire read. It appeared, translated by Isabelle Meunier, in the socialist paper *La démocratie*

pacifique on January 27, 1847. His own poem, "Les chats," appeared in *Le corsaire-satan* on November 14 of that same year. Baudelaire's cats share much with Poe's sagacious black cat before its master mutilates it:

They are the friends of learning and of sexual bliss;
Silence they love, and darkness, where temptation breeds.
Erebus would have made them his funereal steeds,
Save that their proud free nature would not stoop to this.

Like those great sphinxes lounging through eternity
In noble attitudes upon the desert sand,
They gaze incuriously at nothing, calm and wise.

Their fecund loins give forth electric flashes, and
Thousands of golden particles drift ceaselessly,
Like galaxies of stars, in their mysterious eyes.

(*Amis de la science et de la volupté*
Ils cherchent le silence et l'horreur des ténèbres;
L'Erèbe les eût pris pour ses coursiers funèbres,
S'ils pouvaient au servage incliner leur fierté.

Ils prennent en songeant les nobles attitudes
Des grands sphinx allongés au fond des solitudes,
Qui semblent s'endormir dans un rêve sans fin;

Leurs reins féconds sont pleins d'étincelles magiques,
Et des parcelles d'or, ainsi qu'un sable fin,
Etoilent vaguement leurs prunelles mystiques.)[12]

Baudelaire's attention falls chiefly onto four aspects of his cats—their fondness for the dark, "where temptation breeds"; their keenness for learning, expressed in their calm wisdom, as mysterious as the sphinx; their eyes, equally mysterious, but shining like stars; and, not least of all, their "fecund" sexuality. In "Le chat," the animal's sexuality is explicitly compared to that of the poet's "brun" mistress:

Come, my fine cat, against my loving heart;
Sheathe your sharp claws, and settle.
And let my eyes into your pupils dart
Where agate sparks with metal.

Now while my fingertips caress at leisure
Your head and wiry curves,
And that my hand's elated with the pleasure
Of your electric nerves,

I think about my woman—how her glances
Like yours, dear beast, deep-down
And cold, can cut and wound one as with lances;

Then, too, she has that vagrant
And subtle air of danger that makes fragrant
Her body, lithe and brown.

(*Viens, mon beau chat, sur mon coeur amoureux;*
Retiens les griffes de ta patte,
Et laisse-moi plonger dans tes beaux yeux,
Mêlés de métal et d'agate.

Lorsque mes doigts caressent à loisir
Ta tête et ton dos élastique,
Et que ma main s'enivre du plaisir
De palper ton corps électrique,

Je vois ma femme en esprit. Son regard,
Comme le tien, aimable bête
Profond et froid, coupe et fend comme un dard,

Et, des pieds jusques à la tête,
Un air subtil, un dangereux parfum
Nagent autour de son corps brun.)[13]

The poem, indeed, attributes to the cat the same gaze that Baudelaire attributes to the prostitute, cited earlier, in "The Painter of Modern Life":

> She is the perfect image of the savagery that lurks in the midst of civilization. She has her own sort of beauty, which comes to her from Evil always devoid of spirituality, but sometimes tinged with a weariness which imitates true melancholy. She directs her gaze at the horizon, like a beast of prey; the same wildness, the same lazy absent-mindedness, and also, at times, the same fixity of attention.[14]

Cat, mistress, and prostitute are equally representatives of that "savagery that lurks in the midst of civilization," their gaze defined by the same attention that both the courtesan and her black cat fix on the viewer/visitor in *Olympia*. And Baudelaire's obsession with eyes—with the cat's and mistress's gazes, equally "profond et froid" and "dangereux"—of course echoes the narrator's obsession in Poe's story with that "*l'œil unique flamboyant*" (as Baudelaire translates Poe's "solitary eye of fire"), the eye that "*m'avait induit à l'assassinat*" (in Poe's original, "had seduced me into murder"). It is interesting that Baudelaire translates Poe's "seduced" with the verb *induire* (to lead astray or induce) instead of the more obvious—and sexualized—*séduire*. It is as if Poe's verb comes a little too close to the truth.

Cats were not a particularly favored animal in nineteenth-century Paris. As opposed to dogs, which could be domesticated into family life—trained, as it were, into submission—cats were unruly, natural denizens of the street rather than the hearth, whose true nature showed itself in their instinctual preference for dining on rodents and birds rather than supper beneath the table. As Pierre Larousse put it in his *Grand dictionnaire universel du XIX^e siècle* (published in fifteen volumes between 1866 and 1876), the cat was an "unfaithful servant" that one tolerated only because it could "control another enemy of domestic life still more discomforting"—the ubiquitous rodent.[15] The cat was, furthermore, associated with sexual license (hence Manet's substitution, in *Olympia*, of a black cat for the ever-faithful dog in Titian's *Venus of Urbino*) in the female form of the noun, *chatte*, also roughly equivalent to our slang sense of the word *pussy*. Of this Manet was unquestionably aware. He was reportedly "greatly amused" by his illustration, titled *Le rendez-vous des chats* (fig. 49), also widely disseminated as a poster advertisement for Champfleury's *Les chats*, a book on the history and habits of cats published in 1869.[16] *Rendez-vous* is, of course, French slang for the sex act, a usage that would become increasingly popular over the last years of the nineteenth century and into the twentieth as brothels became generally known as *maisons de rendez-vous*.[17] Manet's print is notable for its juxtaposition of the black and white cats, one presumably male, the other female, recalling of course the tension between white and black in both *Le déjeuner sur l'herbe* and *Olympia*. Given the whiteness of Victorine Meurent's body, this suggests that Manet thought of the black cat in *Olympia* as male, corresponding to the black-suited figures in *Le déjeuner*. But more important, the cat is, like the artist, like the *chiffonier*, a figure decidedly antipathetic to bourgeois norms. It is *animal*, willing to negotiate domestic life only on its own terms.

Baudelaire, Champfluery, and Manet were all cat lovers. In *Les chats*, Champfluery discusses Baudelaire's love of cats at some length, illustrates him with his cat (fig. 50), and notes that his love of cats subjected him to some ridicule (*raillerie*) in the popular press.[18] Théophile Gautier, another lover of

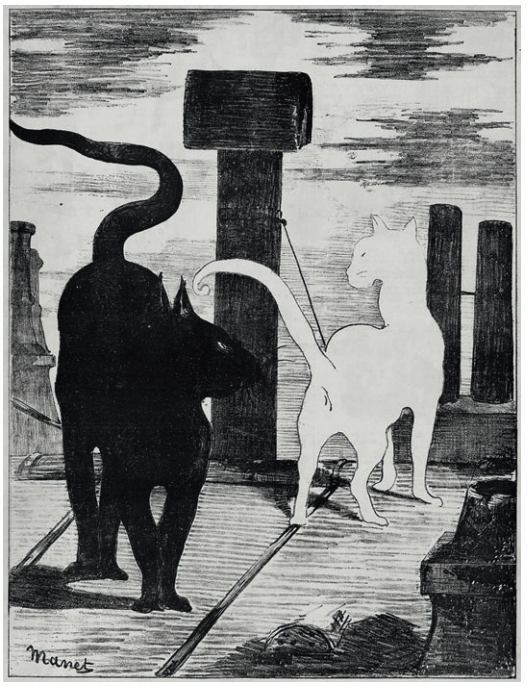

FIGURE 49 Édouard Manet, *Le rendez-vous des chats*, 1868. Lithograph in black on ivory wove paper laid down on ivory cloth, 17 ¼ × 13 ⅛ in. Art Institute of Chicago. John H. Wrenn Fund. 1987.15. Photograph: © Art Institute of Chicago.

FIGURE 50 *Baudelaire*, after a sketch by Edmond Morin, engraved by Gillot, in Champflueury, *Les chats* (Paris: Rothschild, 1868), 110. Photograph: Picture Art Collection / Alamy Stock Photo.

cats, writes in his introduction to Baudelaire's *Oeuvres complètes* in 1868 that Baudelaire was himself "un chat volupté," very much of a piece with the cats in his poems:

> In these sweet animals there is a nocturnal side, mysterious and cabalistic, which was very attractive to the poet. The cat, with his phosphoric eyes, which are like lanterns and stars to him, fearlessly haunts the darkness, where he meets wandering phantoms, sorcerers, alchemists, necromancers, resurrectionists, lovers, pickpockets, assassins, grey patrols, and all the obscene spectres of the night. He has the appearance of knowing the latest sabbatical chronicle, and he will willingly rub himself against the lame leg of Mephistopheles. His nocturnal serenades, his loves on the tiles [*Ses sérénades sous les balcons des chattes, ses amours sur les toits*], accompanied by cries like those of a child being murdered, give him a certain satanical air which justifies up to a certain point the repugnance of diurnal and practical minds, for whom the mysteries of Erebus have not the slightest attraction. But a doctor Faustus, in his cell littered with books and instruments of alchemy, would love always

> to have a cat for a companion. Baudelaire himself was a voluptuous, cajoling [*câlin* in the French—perhaps better translated as "cuddly"] cat, with just its velvety manners, alluring mysteries, instinct with power concealed in suppleness, fixing on things and men the disquieting gleam of its gaze, free, deliberate, difficult to withstand, but faithful and without perfidy.[19]

This cat, with "his phosphoric eyes," seeking out "all the obscene spectres of the night . . . fixing on things and men the disquieting gleam of its gaze" is, of course, recognizably the flâneur. But the animal's satanical air also recalls Poe's black cat, with its "*l'œil unique flamboyant*," wreaking revenge on its former master as its "cries like those of a child being murdered" (*de cris semblables à ceux d'un enfant qu'on égorge*) echo the cry of Poe's cat at the end of his tale: "a cry, at first muffled and broken, like the sobbing of a child, and then quickly swelling into one long, loud, and continuous scream, utterly anomalous and inhuman—a howl—a wailing shriek, half of horror and half of triumph, such as might have arisen only out of hell."[20] I have included the French parenthetically above because it seems to me no coincidence that Manet's poster illustration for Champfleury's *Les chats* and these words—to translate them myself "His serenades under the balconies of the *chattes*, his love affairs on the rooftops"—were published in the same year. Joan Dayan has argued that Poe wrote "The Black Cat" in order "to demonstrate how destructive is the illusion of mastery: just as the pet of perfect docility turns into 'a brute beast,' 'a man, fashioned in the image of the High God,' is dependent on and utterly enslaved by the very thing that he has so lovingly brutalized."[21] All these eyes—the "galaxies of stars" floating in the "mysterious eyes" of "Les chats," the "*regard . . . profond et froid*" of both cat and woman in "Le chat," "the disquieting gleam" of Baudelaire's gaze, the black cat's "eye of fire"—bring to light, like the cry of the cat from behind the wall in Poe's tale, whatever it is we have chosen to hide from "polite" society, from murder to sexuality to slavery. They represent the uncanny return of the repressed.[22]

I think it is fair to say that if issues of race, color, and servitude were not at the forefront of Baudelaire's almost obsessive determination to translate Poe, they were at least themes in Poe to which Baudelaire returned again and again. As Joan Dayan puts it, "The facts of race intrude almost imperceptibly yet persistently into Poe's romance."[23] It is arguably no accident that in *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym*, the lone black man on board the *Grampus* is Seymour, "the black cook . . . who in all respects was a perfect demon," which Baudelaire translates "*le coq négre qui, à tous égards, était un parfait démon*."[24] Now, in French, *coq* generally means "cock," but it also has a secondary meaning, in nautical usage, of "ship's cook" (probably from *kok*, "cook," from the seafaring Dutch). Admittedly, *cuisinier* or *chef* seem far too refined to describe Seymour's

position aboard ship, but Baudelaire was probably equally attracted to the virile masculine implications of *coq*.

It is equally interesting that he chose to translate Poe's "black" by *négre* instead of *noir*, thus underscoring the cook's race. Later in the book, in the penultimate chapter, Pym describes the Antarctic "savages" from whom he has just escaped: "In truth, from everything I could see of these wretches, they appeared to be the most wicked, hypocritical, vindictive, bloodthirsty, and altogether fiendish race of men upon the face of the globe" (192), which Baudelaire translates "*En vérité, d'après tout ce que j'ai pu connaître de ces misérables, ils m'ont apparu comme la race la plus méchante, la plus hypocrite, la plus vindicative, la plus sanguinaire, la plus positivement diabolique qui ait jamais habité la face du globe*" (264). Here, both Poe and Baudelaire in his translation, bring the question of race to the forefront. But when Pym and his companion Dirk Peters capture one of the savages, whom they later learn is named Nu-Nu, it turns out that "in a few minutes he was perfectly submissive" (*au bout de quelques minutes il devint parfaitement docile*) (190; 262)—as if this black savage (so black, in fact, that even his teeth are black), having once accepted his capture, is magically transformed into a docile servant (though Baudelaire's *docile* downplays Poe's sense of submissiveness). Whether Baudelaire recognized all of the allusions to slavery in Pym,[25] he surely recognized Nu-Nu's aversion to all things white and the horror of the novel's final passage as "there arose in our pathway a shrouded human figure, very far larger in its proportions than any dweller among men. And the hue of the skin of the figure was of the perfect whiteness of the snow" (*voilà qu'en travers de notre route se dressa une figure humaine voilée, de propotrions beaucoup plus vastes que celles d'aucune habitant de la terre. Et la couleur de la peau de l'homme était la blancheur parfaite de la neige*) (198; 273).

Baudelaire in fact named this final episode in the novel "*Le géant blanc*" (the title is entirely Baudelaire's addition; Poe's chapters are untitled), a "giant white" or a "white giant"—both words are ambiguously interchangeable as either adjectives or nouns. The specter of this "figure" (in the last sentence Baudelaire calls it an *homme*, but in that he is taking some liberty with Poe's original) in the southernmost South is, at the very least, troubling. Whiteness is not merely feared by the natives of Tsalal (which, in Hebrew, means "to grow dark"), it becomes the very image of "the end"—the end of the narrative as well as the end of life. In what was the first in-depth psychological reading of *Pym*, Marie Bonaparte corrected Baudelaire's translation "*la couleur de la peau de l'homme*," noting that Poe, in the original, wrote "figure" not "man," and argued that the great white figure was a female divinity and that Pym's story represented a symbolic journey back to the womb.[26] Jean Ricardou has famously read this "*géant blanc*" as the whiteness of the page and the novel itself as a dramatization of the antagonism between ink and paper, the final symbol of

the ending which Poe cannot bring himself to write.[27] But however one decides to understand "*le géant blanc*," its ambiguity is unmistakable. It could be murderous (as surely the black Tsalalians take to be) or benign; it could represent sure destruction or imminent salvation. But above all, unambiguously, it is an image of power.

In his first collection of Poe's stories, *Histoires extraordinaires*, published in 1856, Baudelaire had translated "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," a story set in Paris (to which Poe never traveled) featuring the figure widely believed to be the first detective, Auguste Dupin. Dupin would have reminded Baudelaire of himself: "This young gentleman was of an excellent—indeed of an illustrious family, but, by a variety of untoward events, had been reduced to such poverty that the energy of his character succumbed beneath it" (*Ce jeune gentleman appartenait à une excellente famille, une famille illustre même; mais, par une série d'événements malencontreux, il se trouva réduit à une telle pauvreté, que l'énergie de son caractère y succomba*).[28] And Dupin is also a type of flâneur, indulging in the kind of sauntering that Baudelaire would have recognized as his own.[29] As the narrator describes their evening forays: "We sallied forth into the streets, arm in arm, continuing the topics of the day, or roaming far and wide until a late hour, seeking, amid the wild lights and shadows of the populous city, that infinity of mental excitement which quiet observation can afford" (*Nous nous échappions à travers les rues, bras dessus bras dessous, continuant la conversation du jour, rôdant au hasard jusqu'à une heure très-avancée, et cherchant à travers les lumières désordonnées et les ténèbres de la populeuse cité ces innombrables excitations spirituelles que l'étude paisible ne peut pas donner*) (533; 41). Indeed, Baudelaire might have recognized himself in these words, strolling arm in arm with the likes of Manet through these streets defined, as Manet defined so much of his world, in terms of light and shadow (*lumières* and *ténèbres*), or, as Zola would put it later in his seminal essay of 1867, Manet reproduced "the truths of light and shade" (*les vérités de la lumière et de l'ombre*).[30]

Dupin, as is well known, concludes that the murders on the rue Morgue were committed by an orangutan escaped from the home of a French sailor who had returned home the morning of the murders to find the animal fully lathered and wielding a razor in an attempt to shave itself in imitation of his master:

> Terrified at the sight of so dangerous a weapon in the possession of an animal so ferocious, and so well able to use it, the man, for some moments, was at a loss what to do. He had been accustomed, however, to quiet the creature, even in its fiercest moods, by the use of a whip, and to this he now resorted. Upon sight of it, the Ourang-Outang sprang at once through the door of the

chamber, down the stairs, and thence, through a window, unfortunately open, into the street.

(*Terrifié en voyant une arme si dangereuse dans les mains d'un animal aussi féroce, parfaitement capable de s'en servir, l'homme, pendant quelques instants, n'avait su quel parti prendre. D'habitude, il avait dompté l'animal, même dans ses accès les plus furieux, par des coups de fouet, et il voulut y recourir cette fois encore. Mais, en voyant le fouet, l'orang-outang bondit à travers la porte de la chambre, dégringola par les escaliers, et, profitant d'une fenêtre ouverte par malheur, il se jeta dans la rue.*) (565; 86)

The reader of Baudelaire cannot help but connect this sailor to the sailors who inhabit the poem "Le voyage" (see pp. 60–62). Here Poe's sailor admits to being one of those "people loving the brutalizing whip" (*le peuple amoureux du fouet abrutissant*). And the last lines of the poem call up what Dupin refers to as "the unusual horror of the thing" (*l'horreur insolite de l'affaire*) (547; 62):

Bitter is the knowledge one gains from voyaging!
The world, monotonous and small, today,
Yesterday, tomorrow, always, shows us our image:
An oasis of horror in a desert of ennui!

(*Amer savoir, celui qu'on tire du voyage!*
Le monde, monotone et petit, aujourd'hui,
Hier, demain, toujours, nous fait voir notre image:
Une oasis d'horreur dans un désert d'ennui!)

Now, the orangutan was, in the Western white imagination, closely associated with Africans. In his *Notes on Virginia*, Thomas Jefferson had noted, almost out of hand, "the preference of the Oranootan for black women over those of his own species," a sentiment that derived, in part, from an illustration in a 1795 English translation of Linneaus's *A Genuine and Universal System of Natural History* showing an orangutan stealing a black woman from her mate.[31] Jefferson had probably also read the Comte de Buffon's *Histoire naturale*, which goes on at some length about the orangutan's attraction to negresses, concluding with the testimony of one M. de la Broffe, who claimed "that the orang-outangs (which he calls *quimpezés*) often attempt to surprise the Negresses, whom, when they succeed, they detain for the purpose of enjoying, feeding them very plentifully all the time. I knew (says he) a Negress at Loango who had lived among these animals for three years."[32] Furthermore, as Elise Lemire has pointed out, blacks and orangutans were routinely compared in the nineteenth century even to

the point that it was widely believed that the two could be mistaken for one another.[33] And their behavior, especially sexual, was routinely compared. As Winthrop D. Jordan has noted in *The White Man's Burden*, his groundbreaking study of white attitudes toward blacks in the first two centuries of settlement in North America,

> If Negroes were likened to beasts, there was in Africa a beast which was likened to men. It was a strange and eventually tragic happenstance that Africa was the habitat of the animal which in appearance most resembles man. The animal called "orang-outang" by contemporaries (actually the chimpanzee) was native to those parts of western Africa where the early slave trade was heavily concentrated. Though Englishmen were acquainted (for the most part vicariously) with monkeys and baboons, they were unfamiliar with the tailless apes who walk about like men. Accordingly, it happened that Englishmen were introduced to the anthropoid apes and to Negroes at the same time and in the same place. The startling human appearance and movements of the "ape"—a generic term though often used as a synonym for the "orang-outang"—aroused some curious speculations.[34]

Among these "speculations" were the "lustful dispositions" of both apes and African men, owing, in no small part, to their large "genital members," and that "a beastly copulation or conjuncture" between apes and black women was something of a commonplace.[35] It is worth noting here that such sentiments account also for Amédée Cantaloube's review of *Olympia* in his *Le grand journal* in May of 1865, surprisingly one of the only two reviews to have recognized Titian's *Venus of Urbino* as the painting's source: "Never has one seen a similar spectacle with a more cynical effect: this Olympia, a sort of female gorilla, a grotesque in rubber outlined in black, apes on a bed, in a state of complete nudity, the horizontal attitude of Titian's Venus" (*Jamais, du reste, on n'a vu de ses yeux spectacle pareil et d'un effet plus cynique: cette Olympia, sorte de gorille femelle, de grotesque en caoutchouc cerné de noir, singe sur un lit, dans un complète nudité, l'attitude horizontale de la Vénus de Titien*).[36] Here, Cantaloube reverses the trope, as he now imagines the "beastly copulation or conjuncture" of female ape and her white client.

Thus, Baudelaire must have been amused when, at the Salon of 1859—the Salon from which Manet's *Absinthe Drinker* was rejected—the most notorious work in the exhibition happened to be a larger than life plaster by Emmanuel Frémiet titled *Gorille enlevant un négresse* (fig. 51). Notably, in his Salon, Baudelaire himself refers to it as *L'orang-outang etraînant un femme au fond du bois*.[37] More than a little taken aback by the subject of the work, the jury officially proclaimed it an offence against public decency—*un outrage public à la pudeur*

FIGURE 51 Emmanuel Frémiet, *Gorilla Carrying Off a Negress*, 1859. Plaster, larger than life (destroyed in 1861). Reproduced in Philippe Fauré-Frémiet, *Les maîtres de l'art: Frémiet* (Paris: Librairie Plon, 1934), 118.

of the kind that had led to the censorship of Baudelaire's own *Fleurs du mal* and a charge that, four years later, the emperor would level against *Le déjeuner sur l'herbe* (see p. 6). Thus excluded from the Salon, Frémiet nevertheless sought out the director of the Imperial Museums, Count Nieuwerkerke, who, the artist would recollect some years later, "had at his disposal premises which the Emperor had provided for artists, and he secretly placed the infamous group by the entrance to the exhibition, in a niche concealed behind a cloth. The trick was this, that members of the public knew about it and raised the curtain. Fine ladies, enticed by the novelty, arrived in droves."[38] Indeed, Frémiet admits, with unabashed racism, that he had thought that since the young woman being abducted "was a Negress . . . it could have been forgiven." And he had been especially cognizant of the fact that even as he exhibited the work, "the kinship between man and ape had begun to be talked about . . . [and] also burdening my effort was that the juxtaposition was not flattering to mankind, since the gorilla is the ugliest of the apes."[39] *On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection* was published in 1859, and it would be translated into French in 1862 by Clémence-Auguste Royer (Paris: Guillaumin and Victor Masson).

Baudelaire's reaction to the sculpture is, I think, among the most tongue-in-cheek reviews he ever composed:[40]

Undoubtedly M. Frémiet is a good sculptor; he is clever, daring, and subtle; he searches for the striking effect, and sometimes he finds it; but that is precisely where his misfortune lies, for he often searches for it some little way off the right track. His *Orang-outang Dragging a Woman into the Woods* (a rejected work, which naturally I have not seen) is the product of a sharp wit. But why not a crocodile, a tiger, or any other animal that is liable to eat a woman? Not the point! Rest assured it's not a question of eating, but one of rape. Now it is the ape alone, the gigantic ape, at once more and less than a man, that has been known to betray a human appetite for woman. So there he has found his means of astonishing us! "*He* is carrying her off; will *she* be able to resist?" This is the question that will engage the entire female public. A bizarre and complex feeling, composed partly of terror and partly of priapic curiosity, will sweep it to success. Nevertheless, since M. Frémiet is an excellent workman, both the animal and woman will be equally well realized and modeled. But to tell the truth, such subjects are unworthy of so mature a talent, and the jury has acted well in refusing this nasty drama.

(*Certes M. Frémiet est un bon sculpteur; il est habile, audacieux, subtil, cherchant l'effet étonnant, le trouvant quelquefois; mais, c'est là son malheur, le cherchant souvent à côté de la voie naturelle*. L'Orang-outang, entraînant une femme au fond des bois *(ouvrage refusé, que naturellement je n'ai pas vu) est bien l'idée d'un esprit pointu. Pourquoi pas un crocodile, un tigre, ou toute autre bête susceptible de manger une femme ? Non pas! songez bien qu'il ne s'agit pas de manger, mais de violer. Or le singe seul, le singe gigantesque, à la fois plus et moins qu'un homme, a manifesté quelquefois un appétit humain pour la femme. Voilà donc le moyen d'étonnement trouvé! "*Il *l'entraîne; saura-t-*elle *résister?" telle est la question que se fera tout le public féminin. Un sentiment bizarre, compliqué, fait en partie de terreur et en partie de curiosité priapique, enlèvera le succès. Cependant, comme M. Frémiet est un excellent ouvrier, l'animal et la femme seront également bien imités et modelés. En vérité, de tels sujets ne sont pas dignes d'un talent aussi mûr, et le jury s'est bien conduit en repoussant ce vilain drame.*)[41]

As Baudelaire had noted in his Salon of 1846, "A simple way of finding out the importance of an artist is to see what public he attracts" (*Une méthode simple pour connaître la portée d'un artiste est d'examiner son public*)—in this case, something like "the troop of aesthetically-minded ladies who revenge themselves for their *fleurs blanches* [slang for leukorrhea, the white vaginal discharge symptomatic of venereal disease] by playing religious music" (*les femmes esthétiques qui se vengent de leurs fleurs blanches en faisant de la musique religieuse*). Such artists he labels, in a phrase particularly apropos of Frémiet—the "apes of sentiment" (*les singes du sentiment*).[42]

Baudelaire's singular name for Frémiet's sculpture—*L'orang-outang etraînant un femme au fond du bois*—would have immediately called to mind, among those familiar with his work, his translations of Poe, and Baudelaire certainly did not believe "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" to be a *vilain drame*.[43] The fierce demeanor of Frémiet's ape would have also echoed neatly with the ferocity of Poe's orangutan when, frustrated by Madame L'Espanaye's screams, it flies into a rage:

> With one determined sweep of its muscular arm it nearly severed her head from her body. The sight of blood inflamed its anger into frenzy. Gnashing its teeth, and flashing fire from its eyes, it flew upon the body of the girl and embedded its fearful talons in her throat, retaining its grasp until she expired.
>
> (*D'un coup rapide de son bras musculeux, il sépara presque la tête du corps. La vue du sang transforma sa fureur en frénésie. Il grinçait des dents, il lançait du feu par les yeux. Il se jeta sur le corps de la jeune personne, il lui ensevelit ses griffes dans la gorge, et les y laissa jusqu'à ce qu'elle fût morte.*) (567; 89)

Furthermore, the attentive reader of Poe would have recognized in the fire flashing from the eyes of the orangutan the "solitary eye of fire" of Poe's "Black Cat," that "hideous beast whose craft had seduced me into murder." And circulating throughout this constellation of fiery eyes, bloodthirsty savages, murderous apes, and violent sailors is a consistent narrative of abusive mastery and the unrepentant revolt of those it abuses: beasts and humans turned beast.

We can never know whether Manet read any of Baudelaire's translations of Poe. We do know, however, that he read "The Raven" and Mallarmé's prose translation of it (the Leschilde edition was bilingual). Like the black cat, this is a black bird, in fact an "ebony bird" (*l'oiseau d'ébène*), that possesses the same fiery eyes that flash from the orangutan, the same flaming eye of the black cat. As the narrator sits in his "cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door," the raven's "fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core" (*je roulai soudain un siége à coussins en face de l'oiseau et dubuste et de la porte . . . l'oiseau dont les yeux de feu brûlaient, maintenant, au fond de mon sein*). The last stanza of the poem is especially evocative:

> And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
> On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
> And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
> And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
> And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
> Shall be lifted—nevermore!

FIGURE 52 Édouard Manet, *The Chair* ("That shadow that lies floating on the floor . . ."), illustration for Stéphane Mallarmé, *Le corbeau* (Paris: Lesclide, 1875). Transfer lithograph in black on gray China paper, 11¾ × 11 in. Art Institute of Chicago. Prints and Drawings Purchase Fund. 1945.52.6. Photograph: © Art Institute of Chicago.

(*Et le Corbeau, sans voleter, siège encore—siège encore sur le buste pallide de Pallas, juste au-dessus de la porte de ma chambre, et ses yeux ont toute la semblance des yeux d'un démon qui rêve, et la lumière de la lampe, ruisselant sur lui, projette son ombre à terre; et mon âme, de cette ombre qui git flottante à terre, ne s'élèvera—jamais plus!*)

The raven sits atop the bust of Pallas just as the black cat sits atop the decayed head of the narrator's wife at the end of that tale, the former with its "*yeux d'un démon*," the latter with its "*l'œil unique flamboyant*." Manet's illustration of this last stanza (fig. 52) is, as Wilson-Bareau puts it in her catalog essay, "without analogy in other contemporary works,"[44] its empty chair facing the bottom of a closed door, the shadow of the bust and the raven, with its pointed beak, flat on the floor, and as if floating over it, or falling into it, abstract swathes of black ink that can only be understood as the narrator's soul. With an extraordinary economy of means, Manet demonstrates that he understands Poe completely.

7

Two Wars

In a rarely cited review of the Salon des Refusés in the weekly *Le monde illustré* on August 8, 1863, Théophile Gautier *fils* singled out Manet's *Young Man in the Costume of a Majo* and *Le bain* (as *Le déjeuner* was then known) for special comment. Addressing the "*bruit devant*" Manet's paintings (the noisy discussions in front of them), he says that if one regards them calmly, "One finds the essential qualities of a painter":

> The *Young Man in the Costume of a Majo*, all dressed in black, with his multicolored cape over his arm, his olive complexion, his face hammered out and damaged, is handled with the assurance of a vigorous hand guiding a brush wild about contrasts, but which forgets too that there are in nature things other than black and white.

Gautier *fils* goes on to defend *Le déjeuner* from its detractors as well:

> By its singular subject, the painting titled *Le Bain*, where one views a nude woman sitting on the grass, beside the water, between two young men in modern costume, has produced in more than one spectator an impression of defiance which, we are sure of it, must do damage to the appreciation of a work the value of which is nevertheless real.[1]

Manet would have assuredly read these words and valued them all the more because they came from the son of the critic who had praised his *Guitarrero*. The only irritant would have been the charge that he too often forgets that there are colors in nature other than black and white.

But it is precisely the opposition between black and white of which Gautier *fils* complains that defines both *Le déjeuner sur l'herbe* and *Olympia*—as, indeed, this opposition defines all the Spanish costumes of the hispanizing figures of 1862–1863, his taste for Goya's prints, as well as small incidents such as the two horses, one black and the other white, that frame the *Gypsy with Cigarette*. I'd like to argue that this fundamental opposition (also manifest in Poe)—which, of course, Zola would later describe as "*les taches noires*" and "*les taches blanches*" at the heart of *Olympia* and the "*oppositions vives*" that compose *Le déjeuner sur l'herbe*—becomes, for Manet, a metaphor for and formal manifestation of a larger social and political program that Reff has suggested informs *Incident in a Bullfight* and, more overtly, the several versions of the *Execution of the Emperor Maximilian*—that is, his repugnance for Napoleon III's imperial adventuring.[2] I want to argue that Manet was equally concerned with the regime's tacit support of the South in the American Civil War, a support in fact tied to events in Mexico. In his effort to discover "in a language *particulier* the truths of light and shade" (*dans un langage particulier les vérités de la lumière et de l'ombre*)—where *particulier* can be both "characteristic" and "private"—he is seeking to address larger social issues.[3]

What Manet is after, I think, is the restoration of a certain balance or equilibrium—not of status, but of attention. He wants people to see what has otherwise remained unseen or ignored and thereby accept their culpability for what they have blinded themselves to. He wants to restore, to a kind of equality of attention, a range of more or less synonymous terms that had been condemned to a role that might best be described as subservient—*noirs* (both the color and the race, *les esclaves*), *la femme*, "low" subjects such as the *chiffonier* who was the model for *The Absinthe Drinker*, gypsies, and prostitutes, and, even, *l'art moderne*—all of which, in the Third Empire were subject to ridicule. In turn, often very subtly, Manet's work is an extended critique of the government that, with its bourgeois supporters, had suppressed Baudelaire's *Les fleurs du mal*, Astruc's Salon of 1863—even, absurdly, Frémiet's *Gorille enlevant un négresse*—and generally scoffed at republican ideals.[4]

In the same number of *Le monde illustré* that carried Gautier *fils*'s review of the Salon des Refusés, A. Malespine described, in some detail, the Battle of Gettysburg, accompanied by a full-page illustration of the battle itself.[5] My argument is that Manet would have likely seen Malespine's article since he would have surely seen Gautier *fils*'s review. But before I turn to Malespine, I want briefly to underscore the role of the newspaper in the culture of *flânerie*.[6] For Baudelaire it was the newspaper that reveals our modernity to us:

> The spectacle of elegant living and of the thousands of uprooted lives that move through the underworld of a great city—criminals and prostitutes—the

Gazette des tribunaux and the *Moniteur* prove to us that we've only to open our eyes to know our own heroism.

(*Le spectacle de la vie élégante et des milliers d'existences flottantes qui circulent dans les souterrains d'une grande ville,—criminels et filles entretenues,—la* Gazette des tribunaux *et le* Moniteur *nous prouvent que nous n'avons qu'à ouvrir les yeux pour connaître notre héroïsme.*)[7]

Marit Grøtta has pointed out that it is too "rarely emphasized" that the narrator of Poe's "The Man in the Crowd" (translated by Baudelaire as "L'homme des foules" and first published in *Le pays*, January 27–28, 1855) "is actually a man reading a newspaper at a café": "With a cigar in my mouth and a newspaper in my lap, I had been amusing myself for the greater part of the afternoon, now in poring over advertisements, now in observing the promiscuous company in the room, and now in peering through the smoky panes into the street."[8] The newspaper was an indispensable source—a window opening onto the streets of the city as surely as the smoky panes through which Poe's narrator looks out on the crowds. In the late 1860s Timothée Trimm, the nom de plume of Léo Lespès, the notorious columnist for *Le petit journal*, summed up the centrality of newspapers to the French imagination:

When a serious event takes place in Paris, it is as if an electric current runs through the city; within a few minutes, this event is known, amplified, discussed.

An ardent, imperious curiosity acts upon the minds of the public; they want to know, they want to guess, they want to see, they want to touch if it is possible.

Groups form around anyone with news to give; newspapers are avidly read and discussed; public curiosity demands details, more details, always details.[9]

This is the context in which paintings like *The Battle of the "Kearsarge" and the "Alabama"*—the ultimate focus of this chapter—and the events of the American Civil War that inform it must be read. It was through the newspapers that public opinion was formed—and writers like Malespine were quite consciously trying to sway public opinion.

Malespine had begun covering the American Civil War on May 18, 1861, when, as we have noted, he outlined for his French readers the geographic and political divisions separating the Union and the slave states. The following week he reported in an illustrated article on the Baltimore Riot of 1861, when on April 19 members of the Sixth Massachusetts Militia, as they made their way

to Washington, DC, to reinforce their defenses, found their path through the city blocked by Southern sympathizers and fired into the mob. A riot ensued, resulting in the deaths of four soldiers and twelve civilians—the first casualties of the war.[10] The illustration would have reminded the French of their own revolutionary past. On June 1, the front page featured a drawing of Mount Vernon and the crypt housing the ashes of George Washington illustrating Malespine's description of the Virginians' removal of Washington's ashes, which he calls an "*acte de profanation*" that will excite "*dans tour les États du Nord, une vive et légitime indignation*."[11] The story was apocryphal, evidently picked up from a story run in the *New York Herald*, and it was immediately refuted in a letter to the *National Intelligencer* in Washington, DC, by Sarah Tracy, secretary of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, which had been formed in 1858 to repair and preserve Mount Vernon:

> We are requested by the ladies of the Mount Vernon Association to state that the assertion which appeared in the *New York Herald* of the 15th instant to the effect that Col. J. A. Washington had caused the removal of the remains of General Washington from Mount Vernon is utterly false and without foundation. Never, since first laid in this, his chosen resting place, have the remains of our Great Father reposed more quietly and peacefully than now, when all the outer world is distracted by warlike thoughts and deeds. And the public, the owners of this noble possession, need fear no molestation of this one national spot belonging alike to North and South. Over it there can be no dispute! No individual or individuals has the right, and surely none can have the inclination, to disturb this sacred trust. The Ladies have taken every necessary precaution for the protection of the place, and their earnest desire is that the public should feel confidence in their faithfulness to their trust, and believe that Mount Vernon is safe under the guardianship of the Ladies of the Mount Vernon Association of the Union.[12]

I can find no retraction of Malespine's story—and that is telling. For Malespine was in fact an agent of the United States government hired by Henry Shelton Sanford, ambassador to Belgium. Under the direction of Secretary of State William Seward, after arriving in Paris in 1861 Sanford monitored and, when the opportunity arose, disrupted the flow of supplies to the Confederacy. He also arranged to promote Union interests in the European press. To that end, he paid the editor of the Belgian newspaper *L'indépendance belge* six thousand francs so that the Union might "have a pulpit to preach from, which reaches a large audience," as he wrote to Seward. He also placed Malespine on a retainer of five hundred francs a month in return for writing reports sympathetic to the Northern cause.[13]

Malespine was editor in chief of *L'opinion nationale*, a republican journal founded in 1859 by Adolphe Georges Guéroult, who in his youth had been a fervent follower of Saint-Simonism and whose anticlerical and democratic views made his paper, with the possible exception of *Le siècle*, the most left-wing of the journals tolerated by the Second Empire. Malespine's articles in *Le monde illustré* were based on his work at *L'opinion nationale*, and both were a source of supplemental income and a means of furthering the cause of the Northern states. Even before the war had started, in March 1861, he had attacked slavery as an institution in an article titled "The Sale of Slaves in America."[14] Given their sensitivity to the issue of slavery, Malespine's article, if they saw it, would have struck a chord with both Manet and Baudelaire. He begins by paraphrasing the Virginia Slave Codes of 1705: "Slaves are real estate, susceptible to being sold, mortgaged or rented, as their masters wish." "That's the law," Malespine writes, "and masters employ it to full effect." He notes that Virginia, Maryland, and Missouri "are devoted to raising slaves as one might, in other countries, raise horses," shipping them to the more Southern states by rail, because they fetch far higher prices there:

> A good negro field-hand is worth, in Virginia, 5,000 francs [approx. $919 at the time, approximately $25,000 today]; he's worth 8,000 francs in Mississippi or Louisiana, and 10,000 francs if he's well acclimated to the pestilential emanations of the Louisiana marshes. Carpenters, blacksmiths, mechanics sometimes sell for 15,000 francs. The price of negro women varies according to the work for which they are suited: chambermaids and cooks sell for 10,000 francs in New Orleans. The average price for a young negro of 15 years of age is 8,000 francs.

Malespine then quotes a Richmond auctioneer describing his "merchandise":

> "Look at this negro," he says, "he is young, *robust*, a good choice; he knows everything; he is a wheelwright, a carpenter, a joiner, a laborer. And this negress! What a *hale and hearty wench*! nineteen years old, she has already borne three *niggers*; feel her arms, her strong muscles; look at her large breasts, her robust back! She is well nourished, she has all thirty-two teeth and beautiful eyes; she is neither insolent nor does she often lie," etc., etc.

Would Baudelaire, if he read this, have remembered, or even known, that Poe's offices at the *Southern Literary Messenger* were just two blocks from the Richmond slave market? The piece concludes with an account of the auction of 436 slaves owned by Pierce Butler of Savannah, Georgia, on March 2–3, 1859, which was, as Malespine rightly claims, "the largest sale at auction in memory." It sub-

sequently came to be known as "The Weeping Time":

> The sale lasted two days and netted 1,652,650 francs [$303,850 at the time; approx. $7.5 million today].
>
> All of these slaves were born on major Butler's plantations. However miserable the life of these unfortunates had been, there existed between them a number of family ties and friendships. They had grown up together, worked and suffered together, and they were to be forever separated: the son would be forever taken away from his father; the mother would bid an eternal adieu to her daughter. What heart-wrenching scenes! What sobs were suffocated under the threat of the whip! For nature speaks in the homes of slaves as in the homes of all those bestowed with reason, although the law does not recognize their right to have a family.

"The threat of the whip"—*la menace du fouet* in the original French—would certainly have resonated with Baudelaire, and in this article, ten years after the original, any French reader would have found *Uncle Tom's Cabin, redivivus*.

And that reader well understood how dependent the Southern economy was on slave labor—*la menace du fouet*. In fact, it soon became apparent that the French economy was dependent on the same thing. In 1859 the United States accounted for a full 90 percent of the 192 million pounds of cotton used in France annually.[15] When, on April 19, 1861, Lincoln proclaimed a blockade on all Southern ports, which by July was fully in place, textile manufacturing in France (and in England as well) ground to a halt, and French producers of wine, brandy, carpets, silks, and velvets likewise discovered their considerable markets in the Confederacy cut off. As a result of the blockade, imports of American cotton dropped to 590,000 pounds in 1862 and 508,000 pounds in 1863—or roughly 2.5 percent of prewar levels.[16] French exports were not affected quite so dramatically, but the blockade was still devastating. Exports of silks to America dropped from 136 million francs in 1859 to 25 million francs in 1861, wine from 28 million francs to 12 million.[17] As the local newspaper in the port city of La Rochelle, *La charente-inférieure*, put it on August 10, 1862, "The war in the United States is a disaster for industrial and agricultural France. One follows its episodes with anxiety in the workshops, in the stores, at the shipyard where ships remain at anchor, at the vineyard where the *négoicants* of New York or of Louisiana no longer visit."[18]

Meanwhile, cotton mills in both England and France began shutting down at least for a few days each week if not entirely. In 1860 in Lancashire, just north of Liverpool, the largest cotton port in the world, there were 2,650 cotton mills employing 440,000 people that produced half of the world's cotton textiles. By November 1862, 71 percent of the labor force, or 312,200 men and women, were

idle, and by early 1863, as the decline in textile production spread to the entire economy, more than a half million individuals in the county were receiving some form of public assistance.[19] In France, the cotton mills employed about 379,000 workers, most centered around Lille and Rouen in the north and in Alsace and Lorraine in the east.[20] Posters soon began to appear in Alsace that threatened revolution: "*Du pain ou mort*" (bread or death).[21]

Manet was acutely aware of this. On February 14, 1863, the Society of Watercolorists, of which he had been one of the founders in 1862, announced a sale to benefit cotton workers ("*Vente au profit des Ouvriers Cotoniers*") on the front page of *Moniteur des arts*:

> The Society of Watercolorists, as well as a large number of artists and amateurs, have had the generous idea of organizing a sale of paintings, drawings, engravings, and objects of art for the benefit of our poor unemployed workers.
>
> We join forces with this act of charity with all our heart, and we cannot urge our readers enough to take part. Donations are received at Cadart and Chevlaier, publishers, rue de Richelieu, 66.
>
> (*La Société des Aqua-Fortistes, ainsi qu'un grand nombre d'artistes et amateurs, a eu la généreuse pensée d'organiser une vente de tableaux, dessins, gravures et objets d'art au profit de nos pauvres ouvriers sans travail.*
>
> *Nous nous associons de grand coeur à cette oeuvre de bienfaisance, et ne saurions trop engager nos lecteurs à y prendre part. Les offrandes sont reçues chez MM. Cadart et Chevalier, éditeurs, rue de Richelieu, 66.*)

The announcement was followed by a list of 102 contributors, including Manet.[22]

In this context it is worth remembering that between 1851 and 1870, the population of Paris grew from 1.3 to nearly 2 million people, between 400,000 and 450,000 of them immigrants from the provinces.[23] A significant percentage of these were suddenly unemployed textile workers, many of them women (in 1866, about 1.5 million women were working in French industry, about 70 percent of them in the textile industries, not only as weavers and warpers in the factories but also as needleworkers, seamstresses, embroiderers, and dressmakers, where they constituted 45 percent of the total work force).[24] The subject of Auguste-Barthélemy Glaize's painting *La pourvoyeuse de misère*, exhibited at the Salon of 1861 (fig. 53), is migration into a Babylon-like city (surely Paris, for the Pantheon appears at the painting's left edge). T. J. Clark first drew attention to this painting in *The Painting of Modern Life*, and Joan Wallach Scott has examined the sociopolitical implications of it in her essay "'*L'ouvrière! Mot impie, sordide . . .*': Women Workers in the Discourse of French Political Economy,

FIGURE 53 Auguste-Barthélemy Glaize, *La pourvoyeuse de misère*, 1860. Oil on canvas, 61 × 102 ⅜ in. Musée des Beaux-Arts, Rouen. Photograph: Bridgeman Images.

1840–1860."[25] On the right, young women dressed in rural costume work by candlelight. One holds a spindle, a spinning wheel beside her, connecting these girls explicitly to the textile industry.

The *pourvoyeuse* of the title, literally a "purveyor" or "supplier," carries the connotation of pimp, or *macquereau*, defined in Philibert-Joseph le Roux's eighteenth-century *Dictionnaire comique, satyrique, critique, burlesque libre et proverbial* as "a supplier of brothels, a merchant in human flesh" (*un pourvoyeur de bordels, un marchand de chair humaine*). The feminine form of the term is *macquerelle*, defined in terms particularly descriptive of the hag in Glaize's painting who urges a chariot filled with naked young women onward toward Paris in the distance, "A woman who, being old and used up by debauchery, ugly and disgusting, and who, no longer able to give pleasure and love, masks herself in a veil of bigotry and by this villainy corrupts young girls by every means she can imagine in order to fill the Academies, that is to say, the brothels, where their honor is put up at auction and given to the highest bidder" (*femme qui étant vieille & usée de débauche, laide & dégoûtante, & qui n'étant plus propre à donner du plaisir & de l'amour, se masque du voile de la bigoterie, & par cette scélératesse corompt les jeunes filles par tous les moyens qu'elle peut imaginer, pour en garnir ses Académies, c'est-à-dire, les bordels, où leur honneur est mis à l'encan & livré au plus offrant*).[26] "How many young women," Glaize wrote in the catalog to the exhibition, "giving up work, throw themselves into all the vices brought on by debauchery in order to escape this spectre that seems always to pursue them" (*Combiens de jeunes filles, délaissant le travail, se précipitent dans tous les vices que la débauche entraîne our échapper à ce spectre (la misère), qui semble*

toujours les poursuivre).[27] Reviewing the work in his Salon of 1861, Maxine Du Camp called it "the virgins wise and the virgins wild" (*les vierges sages et les vierges folles*). It was a scene, he said,

> that we see every day on our walks and in our theaters, the growing invasion of girls of bad character who are today a new element of our changing society. . . . In seeing the uninterrupted movement of *lorettes* (one must call them by their name) [referring to the prostitutes who solicited customers in the vicinity of Notre Dame de Lorette] who incessantly follow one upon the other among us like the waves of the sea, I have often asked myself if the lower classes of our society are not perpetuating, without knowing it, the combat begun at the end of the last century and if, in producing these beautiful girls the mission of whom appears to be to ruin and cretinize [one assumes by means of syphilis] the haute bourgeoisie and the remnants of the nobility, they are not quite passively continuing the work of the most violent clubs of 1793. Marat, today, would no longer demand the heads of two hundred thousand aristocrats, he would order the dispersal of two hundred thousand new prostitutes and await the outcome.[28]

Here, then, the moral complexity of the cotton *crise*: on the one hand, the cotton which the French economy so depended on was a direct product of slavery; on the other, the shortage of cotton was spurring the influx into Paris of young women who were themselves sold into the servitude of prostitution. If Manet was aware of Glaize's *Pourvoyeuse* and Maxime Du Camp's assessment of it—and why would he not have been? his *Guitarrero* was hanging in the same Salon even if Du Camp chose to ignore it—then here, perhaps, is the moment of Olympia's birth and the first statement of her mission, an unknowing revolutionary determined "to ruin and cretinize" the haute bourgeois visitors that four years later would stand before her.

However horrible the French considered slavery and however their economy depended on cotton, thus allowing them to sidestep the question of slavery for economic reasons, they hotly debated whether slavery was really what had motivated the Civil War in the first place. In the opinion of most, as Philippe Roger has summed it up, "the abolition of slavery was a false pretense": The Civil War was "in no way . . . a high-principled, liberating crusade, but rather a pitiless attempt by the North to politically and economically subjugate the South. . . . The North was much less interested in freeing the slaves than in making sure its manufactured goods could circulate freely throughout the continent and that it could continue to tax its rivals at exorbitant rates, even if the South's agricultural economy was damaged by inevitable retaliatory measures from Europe."[29] When, for instance, as late as January 25, 1864, the anticlerical

and Saint-Simonist Adolphe Guéroult (not coincidentally also founder of *L'opinion nationale,* for which Malespine served as editor) argued in the French *Corps législatif* that slavery was the cause of the war, he was still greeted with jeers: "Whatever may have been said of it," he stated,

> there was no other cause of separation between the north and the south than slavery. [Cries of no, no, from several benches.]
>
> SEVERAL MEMBERS. Yes, yes.
>
> M. GUÉROULT. Gentlemen, it is not for questions of tariffs that nations rend themselves with their own hands; they are merely transitory. It is so true that slavery was the principal and, I shall say, the only cause of war, [renewed cries of No, no,] that when President Lincoln was nominated, the southern States, which up to that time had enjoyed the privilege of furnishing Presidents to the republic, did not await the manifestation of his policy; they rushed to arms and declared war. And since that time questions of tariffs have disappeared; they are spoken of no more; there is no longer any question but that of slavery. [Manifestations of various kinds.] . . . I believe that the immense disproportion which exists between the north and the south will necessarily result in the triumph of the north. I believe that this triumph will be due as well to the preponderance as to the superiority of northern industry, and then, above all, to the fact that liberty exists in the north and slavery in the south. [Marks of approbation from some benches, of disapprobation from most.][30]

As it happens, M. Guéroult's remarks were made during the course of a debate on the French occupation of Mexico, and the translation here is that published by the Government Printing Office in Washington in 1865 titled *Papers Relative to Mexican Affairs Communicated to the Senate June 16, 1864*. Napoleon III's troops had advanced into Mexico—at first supported by the British and Spanish—in January 1862 under the pretense of forcing the liberal government of Benito Juárez to revoke its moratorium on repayment of its debts to the European countries. The European powers were able to take this bold step only because nine months earlier Civil War had erupted in the United States, rendering mute the Monroe Doctrine of 1823, stating that any efforts by European nations to colonize or interfere in the affairs of North or South America would be viewed as acts of aggression and require US intervention. Guéroult's speech was designed to refute the emperor's pretense.[31]

The January debate over Mexican affairs in the *Corps législatif* took place in the context of a document published by Malespine in late January as a pamphlet, *Solution de la question mexicaine*, the substance of which had appeared

a couple of months earlier in *L'opinion nationale*. Malespine called for an armistice of three months during which an election would be held to determine which direction the country should go: "the establishment of an empire . . . or the maintenance of the republic and of the constitution of 1852. . . . The Mexican people will be taken as the arbiter of its own destinies. . . . We will bring to an honorable end a costly enterprise, we will avoid all danger of a collision with the United States, and we will have besides on the eve, perhaps, of a European struggle, the free disposal of our land and naval forces."[32] It is unlikely that Malespine wrote this document without the knowledge of and, quite possibly input from, Ambassador Sanford. The Union was, in fact, quite upset about the French presence in Mexico. Indeed, just a few months earlier, Malespine had translated and edited a speech, "Our Foreign Relations: Showing Present Perils from England and France" by Charles Sumner, the Republican leader of the Senate, delivered to an audience of three thousand on September 10, 1863, at the Cooper Institute in New York. Subsequently reprinted in two New York papers and in Boston and published separately as an independent pamphlet, it is a remarkably direct attack on Napoleon's designs in Mexico:

> A French fleet, with an unmatched iron-clad, the consummate product of French naval art, is now at Vera Cruz, and the French army, after a protracted siege, has stormed Puebla and entered the famous Capital. This far-reaching enterprise was originally said to be a sort of process, served by a general, for the recovery of outstanding debts due to French citizens. But the Emperor in a mystic letter to General Forey gave to it another character. He proposed nothing less than the restoration of the Latin race on this side of the Atlantic, and more than intimates that the United States must be restrained in power and influence over the Gulf of Mexico and the Antilles. And now the Archduke Maximilian of Austria is proclaimed Emperor of Mexico under the protection of France. It is obvious that this imperial invasion, though not openly directed against us, would not have been made, if our convulsions had not left the door of the Continent ajar, so that foreign Powers may now bravely enter in. . . . The policy of the French Emperor towards our Republic is not left to any uncertain inference. For a long time public report has declared him to be unfriendly, and now public report is confirmed by what he has done and said. The ambassadorial attorney of Rebel Slave-mongers has been received at the Tuileries; members of Parliament, on an errand of hostility to our cause, have been received by him at Fontainebleau; and the official declaration is made *that he desires to recognize the Rebel Slave-mongers as an Independent Power*. This has been hard to believe; but it is too true. The French Emperor is against us.[33]

Malespine edited these words out—they could hardly have stood up to the scrutiny of the emperor's censors. But the original English text must have circulated among liberal thinkers in Paris. And this is certainly the lens through which liberals like Guéroult—and most likely Baudelaire and Manet—viewed Napoleon's imperial adventuring in Mexico.

This, then, is the larger sociopolitical context in which Manet was working in the first years of the 1860s. He had, in 1863, opened his one-person show at Martinet's and exhibited *Le déjeuner sur l'herbe, Mlle V . . . in the Costume of an Espada*, and *Young Man in the Costume of a Majo* at the Salon des Refusés. The Battle of Gettysburg occurred July 1–3, during the Salon des Refusés. A week later, on July 10, the new empire of Mexico was declared, and Archduke Maximilian was asked to occupy the throne to which he would formaly acceede nine months later, on April 10, 1864. Sometime before the end of the year, *Olympia* was completed, perhaps as late as November when Manet began one of the two paintings that he submitted to the Salon of 1864, *The Dead Christ and the Angels*, along with the ultimately doomed canvas *Incident at a Bullfight* (see chap. 5).[34] Both were excoriated at the Salon of 1864. Théophile Gautier *fils*, who had been reasonably generous with Manet at the Salon des Refusés, although he had warned that Manet too often forgot that "there are in nature things other than black and white," found *Incident at a Bullfight* "completely unintelligible" (*complétement inintelligible*). Furthermore, he wrote, "We like the *Angels at the Tomb of Christ* hardly better. . . . All of it is . . . painful to the eye, and about which the best intentioned mind is able to find nothing to praise" (*Nous n'aimons guère mieux les* Anges au tombeau du Christ. . . . *Tout cela est . . . pénible à l'oeil, et où l'espirt le mieux intentionné ne peut rien trouver à louer*).[35] By the first of July, in other words, Manet was probably quite beaten. But current events apparently stirred him to paint.

On Sunday, June 19, the day after Gautier *fils* had savaged him in *Le monde illustré*, the USS *Kearsarge* engaged the Confederate sloop *Alabama* in international waters just off Cherbourg in the English Channel and sank her in a battle that lasted some seventy minutes. It so happened that that weekend France's Western Railroad Company had inaugurated an excursion from Paris to Cherbourg for sixteen francs (twelve francs in third class), leaving Friday evening from the Gare Saint-Lazare, arriving in Cherbourg Saturday morning and returning to Paris early Sunday morning—providing city dwellers, in the heat of summer, a full day to take advantage of the Cherbourg's brand new bathing facilities and casino scheduled to open that weekend. Literally hundreds of Parisians arrived on Saturday morning to learn that the *Kearsarge* had been cruising just off the coast since Tuesday waiting for the *Alabama* to leave Cherbourg roads—the flat expanse of calm sea lying behind the breakwater but still outside the harbor. The local Cherbourg paper, *Le phare de la manche*,

reported in its Saturday edition that the *Alabama* had chosen to fight it out with *Kearsarge* in order to prove that she was not a "pirate ship" (*navire de piraterie*), as Union sympathizers commonly called her, but "a ship of war capable of fighting under the rules [of war] governing a federal frigate" (*un bâtiment de guerre capable de combattre dans les règles une frégate fédérale*).[36] She had arrived on Saturday, June 11, in order to dispatch thirty-seven men, two women, and a child who had become her prisoners after capturing and burning two US merchant vessels, the *Rockingham* and the *Tycoon*, the last two of some sixty-five Union ships she had sunk in two years of roving the seas from the West Indies to the Texas coast, from Brazil to Singapore and South Africa. Her captain, Raphael Semmes, also asked if he might take advantage of the Cherbourg naval yard to recopper his ship's hull and repair her boilers. A year or two earlier, permission would probably have been granted given the government's favorable disposition toward the South. By the summer of 1864, however, it had become clear that the Civil War's outcome was at least in doubt, and the Secretary of the French Navy, Chasseloup-Laubat, consulted by telegraph from the head of the naval district headquartered in Cherbourg, Vice Admiral Adolphe-Augustin Dupouy, allowed Semmes to land his prisoners but denied him access to the port, insisting on French neutrality.[37] Semmes apparently recognized the inevitability of a confrontation, and on that Saturday afternoon news quickly spread among the tourists visiting from Paris that Semmes planned to leave the Cherbourg roads on Sunday morning. The Sunday morning train back to Paris left half empty. As William Marvel has described it, "From Querqueville, on the west [a village four miles to the northwest of Cherbourg, which would turn out to be the closest point on land to the culmination of the battle], to Tourlaville, east of Cherbourg, beaver hats and parasols began to fringe all the higher elevations."[38]

The first newspaper accounts of the battle appeared in Paris on Tuesday, June 21. The front page of the *Journal des débats* featured an eyewitness account of the battle written on June 19 by its correspondent, Ustazde de Sacy. It is accurate enough, if very brief, but it is notable for its description of the crowds at Cherbourg who gathered to witness the battle:

> At Cherbourg, where the greater part of the fleet supports the Southern States and where elegant society has continuously visited the *Alabama*, one knew, as a result of the relations established with the corsair, that it wished to leave the roads and offer itself in combat with the federals. Consequently this morning, as the village awoke and saw that the *Alabama* had cast off, an enormous crowd of onlookers gathered, either at the sea wall, or on all the surrounding heights, in order to witness from afar all the events of the battle.

(*À Cherbourg, oú la plus grande partie de la flotte incline pour les États du Sud et oú la société élégante allait sans cesse render visisté à l'*Alabama*, on savait, par suite des relations établies avec la corsair, qu'il voulait sortir de la rade et offrir de lui-même le combat aux fédéraux. Aussi ce matin, quant la ville, à son réveil eut appris que l'*Alabama *avait appareillé, une foule immense de curieux se rendit, soit à la digue, soit sur toutes les hauteurs environnantes pour assister de loin aux péripéties de la lutte.*)[39]

It can be said with some confidence that Manet was not among those gathered in Cherbourg to witness the events.[40] Nevertheless, within a few days, he was hard at work on a painting of the battle, just over four feet square, which, by July 16, was on view in one of the large windows at Cadart's gallery near the Bibliothèque impériale (fig. 54). "It is difficult to judge," Juliet Wilson-Bareau has said of the painting, "what motivated the artist to paint this subject."[41] But I think we can be fairly certain that he saw in the sinking of this Confederate ship a figure for what he hoped would be the fate of Napoleon III's political posturing in Mexico as well—one war's outlook for the other's outcome. Here, in painting what was his first ever depiction of current events, Manet had finally painted an overtly political picture.

And of the politics of the moment there could be little doubt. When Sacy wrote that Cherbourg was inclined to support the Southern States, he was reflecting a more general state of affairs. George M. Blackburn has surveyed the French newspapers, both urban and provincial, more completely than anyone else, and his summary of the conservative press's reaction is telling:

> Conservative newspapers, in particular, were notably sympathetic toward the Confederates, as were most of the throng of observers. One provincial newspaper reported that before sailing out to meet the *Kearsarge* in "that most moving maritime drama," Confederate Captain Semmes proclaimed that the moment had come to vanquish or die. Thousands cried out: "Hurrah for the South! Long live Lee! Long live France!" In another sympathetic account, the *Patrie* claimed that the contest was unequal, since the *Kearsarge* was more heavily armed and more heavily staffed with men while the *Alabama* was in poor condition because of three years at sea. The *Alabama* tried to board the *Kearsarge*, but was foiled by evasive tactics of the latter. Nevertheless, the *Alabama* was winning until a *Kearsarge* projectile struck a mortal blow against the gallant Confederate warship. The French press and the French people, according to the Conservative account, perceived "the sailors and officers of the *Alabama* as men going valiantly to death for their political faith, for their flag, for their country; each of us has rendered homage to that act of devotion, to that martyrdom!" In contrast to the heroism of the Confederates, charged

FIGURE 54 Édouard Manet, *The Battle of the "Kearsarge" and the "Alabama,"* 1864. Oil on canvas, 52 ¾ × 50 in. Philadelphia Museum of Art, John G. Johnson Collection, 1917 (cat. 1027). Photograph: Painting / Alamy Stock Photo.

Conservative newspapers, Union naval officers of the *Kearsarge* were delinquent in picking up survivors.[42]

Malakoff, the nom de plume of Dr. William E. Johnston, the *New York Times* correspondent in Paris, summed up French conservative opinion this way: "The weeping and lamentation of the Government journals over the sunken *Alabama* continue. The *Constitutionnel* almost says that the nation is in tears at the sad event."[43] According to *Le pays*, on June 22, only one French newspaper "had the distressing audacity to offend public emotion" by championing the Union ship, and that newspaper was, of course, Malespine's *Opinion nationale*. Malespine had immediately refuted the charge that the *Kearsarge* was delinquent in picking up survivors—they had immediately dispatched three lifeboats. And on June 25, another writer for the paper, Jules Labbé, bucked the Conservative consensus by praising "the brave Captain Winslow who by his skill and by his courage has enhanced the honor of the great American republic."[44]

For his painting, Manet probably relied on the several illustrations that appeared in Paris as he began painting, most especially three works by Henri Durand-Brager, the first of which appeared across a two-page spread in *Le monde illustré* on Saturday July 2 (fig. 55). The second, an oil painting depicting the two ships in the heat of battle, was displayed in the window of the Goupil gallery at 12 boulevard Montmartre no later than July 3 but was apparently shipped to New York by July 5 (fig. 56).[45] And the third was an oil painting depicting the final moment of the battle as the *Alabama* began to sink, a lithograph of which Goupil quickly published (fig. 57).

It is worth noting that the illustration in *Le monde illustré* gets an important detail of the battle wrong—that is, it depicts the ships fighting port to port as they circled one another moving westward down the Channel. The painting displayed in the window of Goupil's represents the battle correctly, as the two ships fight starboard to starboard. The other painting shows the *Kearsarge* and *Alabama* running parallel to one another, the *Kearsarge* firing on the *Alabama*'s port side from its starboard side. In fact, at the very end of the battle, the *Alabama* broke off action and attempted to flee to French territorial waters and safety, setting its fore-and-aft sails to make a run for the coast (the painting accurately shows the sails set), but in response the *Kearsarge* straightened its path and cut the Confederate vessel off, sinking it in a furious volley of shells.

All three of Durand-Barger's works depict the events from a point of view farther out to sea than the battle itself—roughly from the position of the ship on the right-hand horizon of Manet's painting, the British steam yacht *Deerhound*, which had arrived in Cherbourg the week before so that its owner, John Lancaster, with his wife, two sons, and daughter, might attend the opening of the new casino and visit other points in France. On the morning of the battle

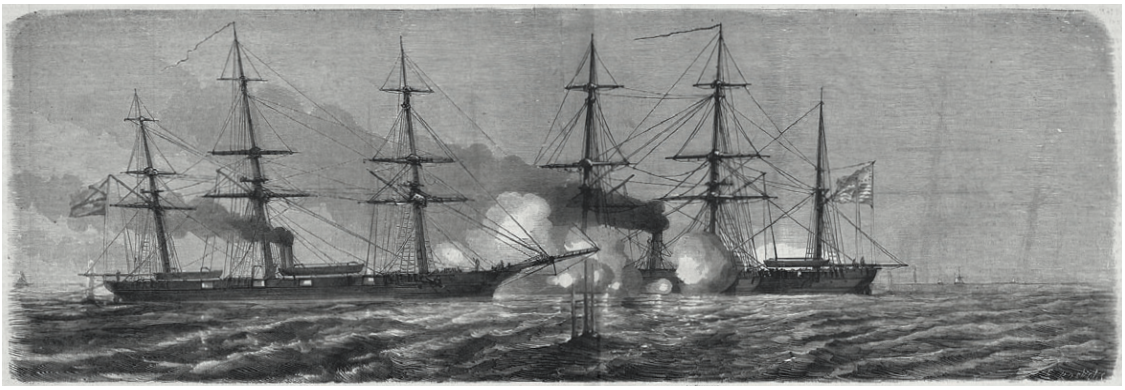

FIGURE 55 Henri Durand-Brager, *Combat naval en vue de Cherbourg livré le 19 juin, entre le navire confédéré l'"Alabama" et le navire fédéral le "Kearsarge,"* in *Le monde illustré* (July 2, 1864), 5–6. Photograph: Bibliothèque nationale de France.

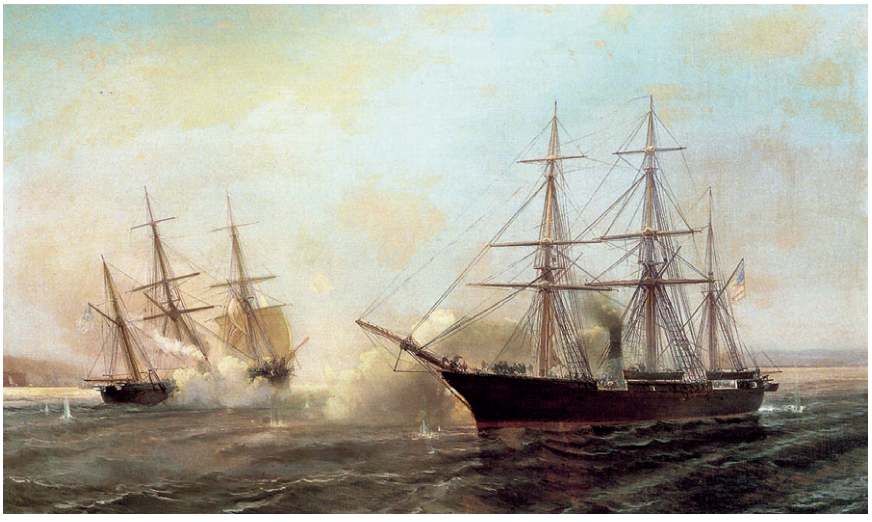

FIGURE 56 Henri Durand-Brager, *Battle between U.S.S. "Kearsarge" and C.S.S. "Alabama," 1864*. Oil on canvas, 40 × 64 in. Union League Club of New York. Photograph: Art Collection / Alamy Stock Photo.

FIGURE 57 Henri Durand-Brager, *The Confederate Raider "Alabama" in Action with the U.S.S. "Kearsarge," June 19, 1864*. Color lithograph 13 × 22 7/16. Photograph: Chronicle / Alamy Stock Photo.

the family discussed whether or not to follow the *Alabama* out to sea in order to witness the battle, put the matter to a vote, with daughter Catherine, age nine, casting the deciding vote in favor. When the *Alabama* sank, the *Deerhound* was hailed by the *Kearsarge*, and according to Lancaster's account, the captain of the *Kearsarge*, John Winslow, cried out, "For God's sake do what you can to save them."[46] Lancaster subsequently rescued forty-one men, among them fourteen officers, including Captain Semmes, and then sailed off to Southampton. Another sixteen men were drowned, and nine others had been killed in the battle. A total of sixty-eight other crew members were captured by the *Kearsarge* only to be set ashore in France and paroled.

Lancaster's actions were highly controversial. From the point of view of Union sympathizers, he was obliged to turn those he had rescued—above all, Semmes—over to the victorious Winslow. As one writer to the *London Daily News* put it,

> Captain Winslow would now have all the officers and men of the *Alabama* as prisoners, had he not placed too much confidence in the honor of an Englishman, who carried the flag of the royal yacht squadron. The club will be indelibly disgraced unless they take measure to repudiate and condemn the conduct of Mr. John Lancaster, owner of the *Deerhound*. I have no doubt that this yacht was in the harbor of Cherbourg to assist the *Alabama* by every means in her power; that she did so I know; her movements before the action prove it. When the *Alabama* went down, the yacht, being near, was hailed by Captain Winslow, and requested to aid picking up the men in the water. The request was complied with, and the *Deerhound*, after having rescued, as supposed, about 20 persons, including Captain Semmes and First Lieutenant Kell, immediately left, running towards England. Captain Winslow says the reason he did not pursue her or fire into her was that he could not believe any one carrying the flag of the royal yacht squadron could act so dishonorable a part as to carry off his prisoners whom he had requested him to save, from feelings of humanity.[47]

Lancaster vigorously denied the charges in the letter to the *London Daily News* previously quoted, and the Liverpool's Royal Mersey Yacht Club did nothing to reprimand him. But the writer had reason to be suspicious. The *Deerhound* had been built in the Birkenhead Iron Works (Messrs. Laird & Sons), across the Mersey from Liverpool, and it was John Laird who built the *Alabama* for the Confederate Navy in 1862. Indeed, Liverpool was, in the words of one historian, "the most pro-Confederate place in the world outside the Confederacy itself."[48] In sum, the point of view of all of Durand-Barger's works is roughly that of the *Deerhound*, looking back toward the French coast—Fort Chavignac, which pro-

tected the Cherbourg harbor, can be seen at the left edge of each image. Manet's view is the opposite—it is as if his view is of exactly the same moment as the third of Durand-Barger's works but seen from the other side of the action, the *Alabama* and *Kearsarge* running in parallel left to right, the sinking *Alabama*, its fore-and-aft sails set, almost totally obscuring the *Kearsarge* from view, and the *Deerhound* visible on the horizon to the right.

It is, I think, crucial that Manet adds the French boat to the left side of the painting, its tricolor flying in the wind along with the ensign designating it as a pilot boat, pointing, as it were, to the Stars and Stripes flying from the stern of the all but invisible *Kearsarge*. Juliet Wilson-Bareau and David Degener have wondered about this boat's function in the painting: "It is difficult to assess the significance of Manet's decision to make the pilot boat such an important feature of his picture. It may have been simply a compositional device that enabled him to set the battle back in space, thus freeing him from the demands of a detailed depiction of ships that were unknown to him. Or he may have liked the idea of an anonymous protagonist who occupies the foreground with his lifesaving craft."[49] Indeed, almost all contemporary accounts of the events of the day state that French pilot boats assisted in rescuing the *Alabama*'s crew, and, as Wilson-Bareau and Degener point out, in Manet's painting a sailor in yellow oilskins appears to preparing to throw a rescue line to the two figures clinging to a spar in the center of the painting. But the pilot boats that followed the *Alabama* out of port that Sunday morning also carried tourists, and the top-hatted figure standing at the prow of Manet's pilot boat is surely one of those. This figure, and the pilot boat itself, flying the tricolor, represent the point of view of the crowds behind them on shore—the French perspective as it sees the ensign of the Second Confederate Navy at the stern of the *Alabama* drop into the sea. Manet plays the battle out on the blue-green sea of canvas in the stark contrast of the ships' black masts and hulls set against the white smoke of cannon fire, around which swirl distinct shades of gray, ranging from light to medium to deep—as if a gray scale has exploded into a billowing chaos of paint. These rounded clouds of smoke contrast dramatically with the horizontal and (slightly tilted) vertical geometry of decklines, masts, and yardarms, the grids of the shrouds, the rectangular shapes of the flags, the predominantly horizontal sweep of the sea, the smoke itself contained in its own rectangle above the horizon line, and even the rectangular shape of the canvas itself. Note as well that the battle casts a shadow over the sea, even though when the *Alabama* sank, at just before noon, the sun would have been high in the sky behind the viewer. The conflict—which is as much a conflict of paint as well—casts a pall over the whole scene. And the flags—French, Union, and Confederate—implicate France itself in the action. As much as *The Battle of the "Kearsarge" and the "Alabama"* is a painting about the American Civil War being played out in French waters, then, it is equally

a painting about French politics as they were playing out in the Americas. As Philippe Roger has put it: "Bureaucrats, politicians, soldiers, writers, journalists, and socialites—the battle's spectators were all watching the shipwreck of imperial France's diplomatic strategy. Along with the *Alabama*, France's secret wish for a lasting division of the United States was sunk. Manet painted this, too."[50] In this storm of black, white, and gray *taches*, Manet is quite consciously depicting the triumph of one set of values—moral, political, and economic—over another.

Sometime around Saturday, July 16, by which time *The Battle* was gracing the window of Cadart's gallery in Paris, the Manets arrived for summer holiday in Boulogne. On that same day the *Kearsarge* anchored in the Boulogne roads. Wilson-Bareau and Deneger have pretty conclusively demonstrated that Manet probably sailed out to the ship on a pilot boat the next day, Sunday, and in all likelihood went aboard.[51] They also suggest that Manet probably sketched the ship that day, perhaps several times; a watercolor study survives, probably painted from these sketches; and the final painting is a product of his studio in Paris, probably painted in the late summer or early fall of 1864 (fig. 58).[52] A comparison with *The Battle* reveals much about Manet's intentions here. In the first place, the Boulogne *Kearsarge* sits in roughly the same place, relative to sea and sky, as in the Cherbourg battle, only now its view is unobstructed. The ships sailing in the foreground have been reversed both left to right on the canvas and directionally in their movement: the pilot boat in the Cherbourg painting is heading out to sea, the fishing boat in the Boulogne painting is coming in before the wind. Both ships are heeling to port—that is, to the left. The Cherbourg scene takes place in the open sea; the Boulogne painting in the calm of the roads. Finally, the chaos of battle is contrasted to a sea full of sightseeing vessels sailing beneath a clearing sky. The two paintings certainly form a pair, and had they ever been hung together, *The Battle* on the viewer's left, the Boulogne *Kearsarge* on the right, they would have framed the *Kearsarge* at both war and peace.

They were, however, never shown side by side, and only once even in the same exhibition, at the artist's "exposition particulière" at the Pont de l'Alma in 1867. When Manet had sent *The "Kearsarge" at Boulogne* to Martinet's for exhibition in 1865, he had titled it *La mer, le navire fédéral Kerseage* [*sic*] *en rade de Boulogne sur mer*, but at the "exposition particulière" he renamed it *Fishing Boat Coming in before the Wind*. It was hung as number 45 in the exhibition, rather distant from *The Battle of the "Kearsarge" and the "Alabama,"* which was number 22. Manet surely understood that *The Battle* was ambiguous. A conservative could read it as the tragic defeat of the *Alabama* and the heroic rescue of Semmes and his crew by the *Deerhound*. Alternatively, a liberal could understand it as the heroic victory of the *Kearsarge* and the dishonorable escape of

FIGURE 58 Édouard Manet, *The "Kearsarge" at Boulogne* (*Fishing Boat Coming in before the Wind*), 1864. Oil on canvas, 32 ⅛ × 39 ⅜ in. Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Partial and Promised Gift of Peter H. B. Freylinghuysen, and Purchase, Mr. and Mrs. Richard J. Bernhard Gift, by exchange, Gifts of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Rodgers and Joanne Toor Cummings, by exchange, and Drue Heinz Trust, The Dillon Fund, The Vincent Astor Foundation, Mr. and Mrs. Henry R. Kravis, The Charles Engelhard Foundation, and Florence and Herbert Irving Gifts, 1999 (1999.442). Photograph: Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

the *Deerhound* to England. But *The "Kearsarge" at Boulogne* was plainly partisan, and Manet must have felt obliged to distance the one painting from the other by both name and space. Perhaps it seemed to Manet that in the context of French engagement in Mexico, to portray the *Kearsarge* in all its heroic profile, as the victor and agent of peace, might offend the government's censors. So he relegated it, titularly, to the background and drew attention instead to the fishing boat headed into shore.

In the brochure published in conjunction with Manet's 1867 exposition, Zola only briefly remarks on these two paintings. They are, he says, among

"four remarkable marines" that he almost forgets to mention, "the magnificent waves of which testify to the fact that the artist has roamed and loved the Ocean" (*J'aillait oublier quatre remarquables marines . . . dont les vagues magnifiques témoignent que l'artist a couru et aimé l'Océan*).[53] The verb *courir* here is important, for it has connotations of chasing after a woman. Indeed, this short sentence refers back to the opening pages of Zola's essay, where he recounts Manet's life at age seventeen:

> At age seventeen, as he was leaving high school, he fell in love with painting. What a terrible love that was! Parents might tolerate a mistress, even two; they close their eyes, if necessary, to the wantonness of the heart and of the senses. But the arts, painting is for them the great Impure, the Courtisan always starved for fresh flesh who must drink the blood of their children and wring them all panting to her insatiable breast. There is the orgy, the debauch without pardon, the bloody specter that sometimes rises up in the midst of families and that troubles the peace of domestic hearths.
>
> Naturally, at seventeen years of age, Édouard Manet embarked as a novice on a vessel bound for Rio de Janeiro. Without doubt the great Impure, the Courtesan always starved for fresh flesh, embarked with him and finished off his seduction in the middle of the luminous solitudes of Ocean and sky; she addressed herself to his flesh, she swung the bright lines of horizons lovingly before his eyes, she spoke passionately to him in the soft and vigorous language of colors. On his return, Édouard Manet belonged entirely to the Unspeakable.
>
> (*À dix-sept ans, comme il sortait du collège, il se prit d'amour pour la peinture. Terrible amour que celui-là! Les parents tolèrent un maîtresse, et même deux; ils ferment les yeux, s'il est nécessaire, sur le dévergondage du coeur et des sens. Mais les arts, la peinture est pour eux la grande Impure, la Courtisane toujours affamée de chair fraîche qui doit boire le sang de leurs enfants et les tordre tout pantelants sur sa gorge insatiable. Là est l'orgie, la débauche sans pardon, le spectre sanglant qui se dresse parfois au milieu des familles et qui trouble la paix des foyers domestiques.*
>
> *Naturellement, à dis-sept ans, Édouard Manet s'embarqua comme novice sur un vaisseau qui se rendait à Rio de Janeiro. Sans doute la grande Impure, la Courtisane toujours affamée de chair fraîche s'embarqua avec lui et acheva de le séduire au milieu des solitudes lumineuses de l'Océan et du ciel; elle s'adressa à sa chair, elle balança amoureusement devant ses yeux les lignes éclatantes des horizons, elle lui parla de passion avec le langage doux et vigoureux des couleurs. Au retour, Édouard Manet appartenait tout entier à l'Infâme.*)[54]

Zola is, of course, writing in hindsight. But he deliberately connects the marines of the summer of 1864—*The Battle of the "Kearsarge" and the "Alabama"* and *The "Kearsarge" at Boulogne*—to the ocean that Manet had chased after and loved as a youth, to the Courtesan named "Painting" who had seduced him years earlier on that same ocean, and hence, inevitably, to *Olympia*. Zola's description of Manet's youth is particularly Baudelairean, evoking the voyage as erotic enterprise. In these marines, Zola seems to suggest, lay the impetus for Manet's decision to submit *Olympia*, the following spring, to the Salon of 1865. Manet understood, I think, the painting's connection to the events of the American Civil War and France's complicity in them. And if from Zola's point of view, *Olympia* represented Painting itself, the "grande Impure" that willfully violated all bourgeois norms, it also challenged the politics and values of the bourgeois regime.

8

Zola's *Olympia*

In his turn to the painting of current events, in effect an overt exploration of the politics of painting, Manet had ample precedent—David's *Death of Marat*, Géricault's *Raft of the Medusa*, Delacroix's *Massacre at Chios*, *Liberty Leading the People*, and *Greece on the Ruins of Missolonghi*, Couture's *Romans of the Decadence*.[1] In arguing that *Dead Christ and the Angels* is indebted to the foreground group of the bearded, grieving man beside the dead body of a younger man in *The Raft of the Medusa*, Michael Fried has invoked the teachings of Jules Michelet, especially his lesson on Géricault, first published on January 15, 1848, but republished in both 1862 and 1864 by Ernest Chesneau as an appendix to his book *Les chefs d'école: L. David, Gros, Géricault, Decamps, Meissonier, Ingres, H. Flandrin, E. Delacroix* (Paris: Didier).[2] In 1863 Chesneau was the first (and for many years the only) person to recognize Raphael as the source for *Le déjeuner sur l'herbe* (as T. J. Clark puts it, "one suspects he had been primed, perhaps by the artist"[3]). Even then he wrote that the figures in the painting reminded him of "the marionettes on the Champs-Élysées: a solid head and slack clothing." And in the spring of 1865, as Manet was planning his submission for the Salon (*Olympia* and *Jesus Mocked by the Soldiers*), Chesneau bought one of his paintings.[4] "The other day I had quite a surprise," Manet wrote to Baudelaire in Brussels. "Monsieur *Ernest Chesneau* bought one of my pictures, two flowers in a vase, a little thing I showed at Cadart's; perhaps he'll bring me luck."[5] So Manet had reason to pay attention to Chesneau and through him to Michelet.

As Fried points out, for Michelet, in painting *The Raft of the Medusa*, Géricault was painting "the shipwreck of France"—Manet would surely have recognized that same shipwreck in his painting of the *Alabama*. "It is France itself," Michelet continues, "it is our whole society that he cast onto the raft of the

Medusa. . . . People recoiled before this terrifying painting; they passed it by quickly; they tried not to see or understand." Manet would have recognized this crowd. From Michelet's point of view, Géricault's only fault was that he let the corruption of French society so depress him that he gave in to his own despair.

> This is the one grave reproach that he deserves. He lacked faith in the eternity of France.
>
> How could he fail to believe in his homeland? He had just created its power and immortal symbols, its first popular art. France was in him.
>
> He was unaware of this; he no longer wanted to live.

The lesson that Géricault offered a new generation of painters: "Let the life and death of this great man be an example to us; let us not give way, as he did, to discouragement."[6] And, of course, it was discouragement that so wracked Manet. In January, Mme Paul Meurice wrote to Baudelaire in Brussels that "the discouraged Manet is tearing up his best studies."[7] Shortly after the Salon of 1865 opened five months later, Manet wrote to Baudelaire, "I really would like you here, my dear Baudelaire; they are raining insults on me."[8] And Baudelaire responded on May 11 with a knowledge of his friend's state of mind that is at once compassionate and scolding:

> So once again I am obliged to speak to you about yourself. I must do my best to demonstrate to you your own value. What you ask for is truly stupid. *People are making fun of you*; *pleasantries* set you on edge; no one does you justice, etc., etc. Do you think you're the first to be placed in this position? Have you more genius than Chateaubriand and Wagner? And did people make fun of them? They did not die of it. And to not make you feel too proud of yourself, I shall add that these men were exemplary, each in his own genre, and in a world that was very rich, while you, *you are only the first in the decrepitude of your art*.[9]

That opening phrase—"So once again"—tells us much. They had had this conversation before, as far back, in fact, as the rejection of *The Absinthe Drinker* from the Salon of 1859. But it is the last phrase—"the cryptic remark that has often been quoted but never explained," as Beth Archer Brombert has put it in her biography of the painter[10]—that tells us the most. "*Vous n'êtes que le premier dans le décrépitude de votre art.*" To paraphrase, "You, Manet, are the first, the preeminent artist, in a field of artistic endeavor ("your art"—i.e., painting) that is decrepit—tired and worn out." He is not speaking, that is, of the decrepitude of Manet's painting but of painting in general. The world of Chateaubriand's and Wagner's Romanticism was rich, Manet's world is impoverished. In es-

sence, Baudelaire is calling him the first modern in a world where the modern can barely sustain itself.

Manet's France, then, was not a France particularly worth saving. If Manet identified with Géricault—entirely possible, even likely—if indeed "France was in him," as Michelet argued it had been in Géricault, it was a France that the French themselves had sold to the highest bidder—Louis-Napoleon Bonaparte. In many ways, in 1865, Manet was as alone in Paris as Baudelaire was, isolated and broke, in Brussels. And although so many people recognized the model for Christ in *Jesus Mocked by the Soldiers* (fig. 59) to be one Janvier, a local locksmith (*serrurier*), that the painting became known as *Christ au serrurier*, this identification only deflected what may well have been, especially given the model's red beard, an allegorical self-portrait. Instead of *Jesus Mocked by the Soldiers*, it is perhaps better recognized as *Manet Mocked by His Critics*. Indeed, when thirteen years later he painted what is one of very few actual self-portraits (fig. 60), the reed with which one of the soldiers taunts Christ resurfaces as a paintbrush.[11]

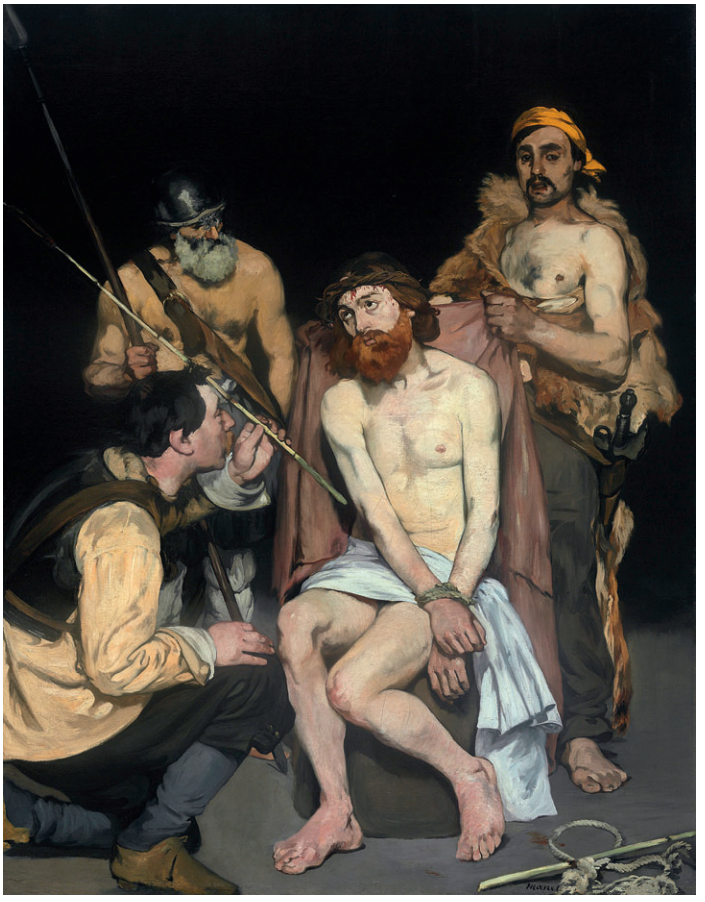

FIGURE 59 Édouard Manet, *Jesus Mocked by the Soldiers*, 1864. Oil on canvas, 74 ½ × 58 ⅜ in. Art Institute of Chicago. Gift of James Deering, 1925.703. Photograph: © Art Institute of Chicago.

FIGURE 60 Édouard Manet, *Self-Portrait with a Palette*, 1878–1879. Oil on canvas, 32 ⅝ × 26 ⅜ in. Private collection. Photograph: Art Heritage / Alamy Stock Photo.

No, Manet's politics were not Michelet's. Olympia looked out at her French audience with disdain. Fried has suggested that the figure of the soldier holding a spread cloth behind Christ in *Jesus Mocked* is derived from the angel warming a piece of the infant Mary's linen in Le Nain's *Nativity of the Virgin* and that his "obviously deliberate use of a French angel as the basis for one of Christ's tormentors suggests that blasphemy of some explicit source was on his mind: perhaps he was expressing in advance his defiance of the French public that presently was to subject *Christ Mocked* and *Olympia*, his submissions to the Salon of 1865, to a sustained blast of derision and outcry without precedent or sequel in the history of painting."[12] But if Fried is right in thinking that Manet had some sort of blasphemy on his mind—and I think he did—I think his blasphemy lies in *Olympia* as well. I have often wondered why no one has ever pointed out the similarity of *Olympia* to the small, high-relief Nativity in *The Life of Christ* on the north side of the choir enclosure of Notre-Dame de Paris carved in the early fourteenth century (fig. 61). Add this to the long list of *Olympia*'s sources: Blasphemy! Manet's *vierge folle* evokes the original *Vierge sage*. But no one noticed, and to my knowledge, no one ever has. Paired with *Jesus Mocked*, *Olympia* might thus represent a sort of allegorical desanctification of the Virgin—indeed, a sexualization of the Christian story.

No one even thought about this possibility, just as no one took much notice of the black maid, let alone thought of the piece in relation to the question of slavery. They did pay attention to the cat and to Olympia's nudity, but it

FIGURE 61 Pierre de Chelles, *Nativité*, in *La vie de Christ*, ca. 1300–1318. North enclosure of the choir, Notre-Dame de Paris. Photograph: Godong / Universal Images Group / Getty Images.

seems to me that these were simply the most obvious targets of a much more deep-seated cultural *angst*. T. J. Clark has plumbed the depths of the Parisian psyche regarding this "auguste jeune fille" and asked precisely the question we are asking here: "The critics were certainly offended by something in Olympia: What was it, then, that they believed they saw and thought improper?" Clark notes that in the over seventy pieces of writing in 1865 addressing her, there were "no more than a handful of references to prostitution and a grand total of only six attributions of class, all fleeting and formulaic."[13] The single writer who came closest to properly identifying her was the perhaps unlikely Jean Ravenel, the pseudonym of Alfred Sensier, the era's greatest champion of the Barbizon school and Millet in particular:

> Painting of the school of Baudelaire, freely executed by a student of Goya; the vicious strangeness of the little *faubourienne*, woman of the night from Paul Niquet's, from the mysteries of Paris and the nightmares of Edgar Poe. Her look has the sourness of someone prematurely aged, her face the disturbing perfume of a *fleur de mal*; her body fatigued, corrupted, but painted under a single transparent light, with the shadows light and fine, the bed and pillows put down in a velvet, modulated grey. Negress and flowers insufficient in execution, but with a real harmony to them, the shoulder and arm solidly established in a clean and pure light.[14]

All of these would have been readily identifiable to Ravenel's readers as markers of class: "To call her a *petite faubourienne*," Clark points out, "was simply to say she was working class; to have her be a character from Eugène Sue's novel *Les mystères de Paris* was essentially to make the same point; to imagine her haunting the tables of Paul Niquet's was to place her in the lower depths of prostitution, among the women who catered to the porters of Les Halles."[15] But by connecting the painting *Olympia*—as opposed to the figure it represents—to Baudelaire, Goya, Sue, and Poe, Ravenel is also saying that the painting participates in a politics decidedly republican in character.

Clark calls Ravenel's text "an extraordinary piece of writing . . . the only salon entry in 1865 to say anything much—or anything reasonable—about form and content in *Olympia*, and the way one might possibly inflect the other."[16] Like Baudelaire's *Fleurs du mal*, Sue's *Les mystères du peuple, ou Histoire d'une famille de prolétaires à travers les âges* had been suppressed by official censors in 1857. Sue's leftist politics had been anathema to the Second Empire ever since it had exiled him from Paris in consequence of his protest against Louis-Napoleon's coup d'état of December 2, 1851. And the many characters who inhabit his fictions reflected his politics. There is the slave Atar-Gull, hero of Sue's eponymous novel of 1831, sold by a pirate turned slave trader named

Brulart (evoking the Spanish *brular*, to deceive) to the Jamaican planter Tom Wil, who whips him for no reason and executes Atar-Gull's father, Job, because the old slave has become "unproductive" (*improductif*): "You get rid of your *unproductive capital*," a neighboring planter tells Wil, "after which, the court *reimburses* you for the hanged man in hard cash" (*Et on vous débarrasse de votre* capital improductif . . . *après quoi, le greffier vous rembourse le pendu en espèces sonnantes*).[17] A few lines later, we learn of Job's hanging: "They cried for the old negro, the corpse of whom swung from the gallows of the savannah and who no longer cost his master anything" (*Aussi ils pleuraient le vieux nègre, dont le cadaver se balançait, accroché au gibet de la savane, et qui ainsi ne coûtait plus rien à son maître*).[18] Or there is Rodolphe, the hero of the *Mystères de Paris*, a nobleman who descends into the Paris slums, where he becomes a champion of the downtrodden but essentially good people he finds there, understanding that they have been driven to crime not only by poverty but by social injustice. Among the chief characters of the novel are La Goualeuse, a street singer and prostitute who turns out to be Rodolphe's long-lost daughter, and David, a former African American slave trained as a physician in Paris at the expense of his owner. When David returns from Europe, his owner whips and brutalizes him until Rodolphe, on a tour of the American seaboard, finally rescues him. Or consider, finally, Sylvest, the hero in the third book of *The Mysteries of the People* series titled *The Iron Collar: or, Faustina and Syomara, A Tale of Slavery under the Romans*, who, when the novel opens, is living in the city of Orange as the personal servant of a cruel and rich Diavolus. The iron collar around his neck—really, for Sue, the collar worn by the proletariat throughout history—is inscribed with the words SERVUS SUM (I am a slave).[19]

To invoke the "nightmares" of Poe, Ravenel quotes the first two stanzas of the second half of Baudelaire's "Le chat" (the poem of ten quatrains that goes by that name, not the sonnet quoted in chap. 6):

From its black and brown fur
Comes a perfume so sweet, that one evening
I was overcome from having
Caressed it once . . . only once.

It is the familiar spirit of the place;
It judges, presides, inspires
Everything in its empire;
Perhaps it is a fairy, perhaps a god?

(*De sa fourrure blonde et brune*
Sort un parfum si doux, qu'un soir

J'en fus embaumé, pour l'avoir
Caressée une fois, rien qu'une.

C'est l'esprit familier du lieu;
Il juge, il préside, il inspire
Toutes choses dans son empire;
Peut-être est-il fée, est-il dieu?)[20]

Notably, Ravenel does not quote the next two, the final stanzas of the poem—and Clark does not refer to them either. But they, like Baudelaire's other cat poems, invoke the gaze of both the courtesan and her black cat fixed on the viewer/visitor in *Olympia* and the "solitary eye of fire" in Poe's short story:

When my eyes, drawn as if by a magnet
To this cat that I love,
Meekly turn back
To look inside myself

I am amazed to see
The fire of its pale pupils,
Clear lanterns, living opals,
Gazing fixedly at me.

(*Quand mes yeux, vers ce chat que j'aime*
Tirés comme par un aimant,
Se retournent docilement
Et que je regarde en moi-même,

Je vois avec étonnement
Le feu de ses prunelles pâles,
Clairs fanaux, vivantes opales
Qui me contemplent fixement.)[21]

Ravenel does not directly invoke Baudelaire's obsession with eyes, with the gaze—that disconcerting look not of submission but of mastery—but he points the reader in that direction.

As for Goya, Ravenel again turns to Baudelaire for explication, this time to the poem "Les phares," in which Baudelaire devotes a stanza to each of eight artists whom he considers "the clearest proofs / that we can give of our nobility"—Rubens, Leonardo, Rembrandt, Michelangelo, Puget, Watteau, Goya, and Delacroix. Ravenel quotes the Goya stanza in full:

GOYA—nightmare full of unknown things,
Of fetuses cooked in the middle of witches' sabbaths,
Of old women at their mirrors and naked children,
To tempt demon women pulling up their stockings.

(*GOYA—cauchemar plein de choses inconnues,*
De foetus qu'on fait cuire au milieu des sabbats,
De vieilles au miroir et d'enfants toutes nues,
Pour tenter les démons ajustant bien leurs bas.)[22]

Each line of this stanza refers to a specific Goya image from the *Caprichos*: the first to *The Sleep of Reason Produces Monsters* (*El sueño de la razón produce monstruos*) (fig. 62); the second to "All will fall" (*Todos caerán*) (fig. 63); the

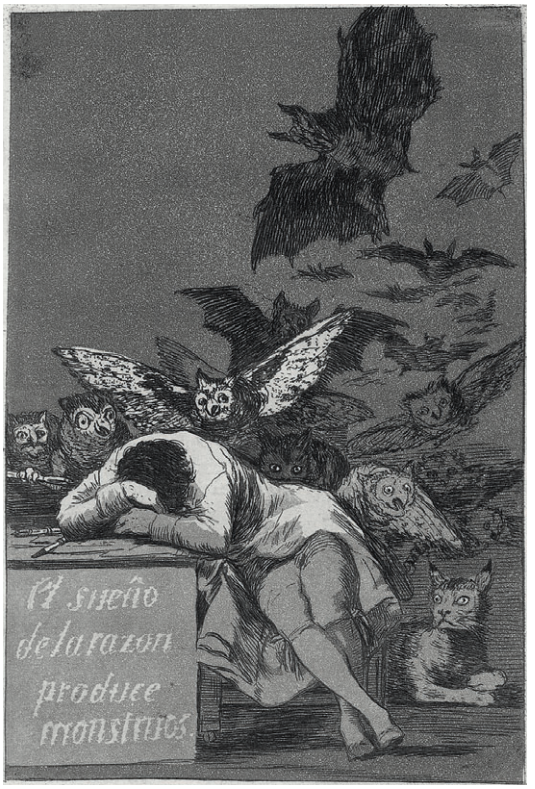

FIGURE 62 Francisco de Goya, *El sueño de la razón produce monstruos* (*The Sleep of Reason Produces Monsters*), plate 43 from *Los caprichos*, 1799. Etching, aquatint, drypoint, and burin, 8 3/8 × 5 15/16 in. Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Gift of M. Knoedler & Co., 1918. 18.64(43). Photograph: Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

FIGURE 63 Francisco de Goya, *Todos caerán* (*All Will Fall*), plate 19 from *Los caprichos*, 1799. Etching and burnished aquatint, 8 7/16 × 5 11/16 in. Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Gift of M. Knoedler & Co., 1918. 18.64(19). Photograph: Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

third to "Until death" (*Hasta la muerte*) (fig. 64); and the fourth to "She prays for her" (*Ruega por ella*) (fig. 65). These last two are satirical attacks on Spanish society.[23] In *Hasta la muerte*, the old woman looks at herself in the mirror to see, like the royal family in *The Family of Charles IV*, only beauty where her own grotesquerie is actually reflected. That same fate is implied in *Ruega por ella*, where the beauty of the young prostitute, reflected not in a mirror but, as in *Olympia*, in the voyeuristic eyes of the implied male at whom she smiles, is contrasted to the wizened old procuress—the *pourvoyeuse*—that she will one day become.

Recently, Eileen Donovan has proposed that *Hasta la muerte* is indebted to Rembrandt's 1643 *Toilette of Bathsheba* at the Metropolitan Museum of Art (fig. 66), if not directly to the painting itself then to Jean-Michel Moreau's 1763 engraving of it.[24] In the context of Manet's *Olympia*, this is an especially interesting proposition since the maid in Rembrandt's painting is black, and, in the years

FIGURE 64 Francisco de Goya, *Hasta la muerte* (*Until Death*), plate 55 from *Los caprichos*, 1799. Etching, aquatint, and drypoint, 8 3/8 × 5 15/16 in. Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Gift of M. Knoedler & Co., 1918. 18.64(55). Photograph: Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

FIGURE 65 Francisco de Goya, *Ruega por ella* (*She Prays for Her*), plate 31 from *Los caprichos*, 1799. Etching, burnished aquatint, drypoint, and burin, 8 × 5 7/8 in. Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Gift of M. Knoedler & Co., 1918. 18.64(31). Photograph: Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

1859–1861, as he experimented with the female nude in his continual reworkings of the painting that would become known as *The Surprised Nymph*, he turned to classical sources again and again, presenting his nude as alternately Pharoah's daughter bathing in the Nile, a lost Rubens painting of *Susannah and the Elders* (closely identified with his model and then mistress, Suzanne Leenhoff, whom he would marry in 1863), and Rembrandt's 1654 *Bathsheba* in the collection of Louis La Caze in Paris until bequeathed, with the rest of the collection, to the Louvre in 1869.[25] La Caze routinely opened his collection to Manet, Degas, and others. The La Caze *Bathsheba* eliminates the landscape and the black maid of the earlier *Toilet of Bathsheba*, bringing the scene into a boudoir, but Manet (and La Caze) were surely aware of the earlier painting, then in a private collection in The Hague but until 1791 in the Le Brun collection in Paris.[26] And it is hard not to see the earlier Bathsheba by Rembrandt in Manet's drawing of *Suzanne Leaving the Bath*, which Cachin rightly describes as Manet "at his most Rembrandtesque."[27] And, it is worth noting as well, La Caze was on the jury that admitted *Le déjeuner sur l'herbe* to the Salon of 1863.

Ravenel was surely not suggesting this string of associations when he cited Baudelaire's quatrain on Goya, but what he did understand, I think, and meant by his quotation to evoke is the politics of *Olympia*. On February 6, 1799, Goya had advertised *Los caprichos* in the *Diario de Madrid*:

> The artist, persuaded that the censure of human errors and vice . . . may also be the object of painting, has chosen as subjects for his work, among the multitude of extravagances and follies which are common throughout civilized society, and among vulgar prejudices and frauds rooted in custom, ignorance,

FIGURE 66 Jean-Michel Moreau the Younger, *The Toilette of Bathsheba*, after Rembrandt, 1763. Etching and engraving, 13 9/16 × 18 1/4 in. Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Museum Accession, transferred from the Library. 62.695.125. Photograph: Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

> or interest, those which he has believed to be aptest to provide an occasion for ridicule and at the same time to exercise his imagination.[28]

And this, Ravenel seems to be saying, is precisely the motive driving Manet's work: the censure of human errors and vice and the multitude of extravagances and follies that are common throughout civilized society—in the case of *Olympia*, the trafficking of human flesh, white and black, in the social pursuit of pleasure.

The moralizing force of Manet's painting—its implicit condemnation of the social mores of the Second Empire—is consonant, as Fried suggests, with Géricault's disgust for the Bourbon monarchy of Louis XVIII as described by Michelet. But it is a rather different Michelet than the one described by Fried to whom Manet turned for the explicit subject matter of *Olympia* (and *Le déjeuner* as well). In 1859 and 1860 Michelet published two books, *L'amour* and *La femme*, the second a sort of sequel to the first. Both books are conservative treatments of women prompted by their author's dismay over what he took to be the rapid degeneration of the traditional French family as underscored by the decline in French marriage and birth rates. *L'amour* is, in fact, something of a marriage manual, and it met with immediate popular success—among women at least.[29] The book was roundly criticized in the press, but, as Michelet put it in his introduction to *La femme*, "The women read and wept. . . . Scarcely did they dare feebly to defend their defender [i.e., Michelet]. But they did better, they read over again, they devoured, the forbidden book, they kept it for their leisure hours, and hid it under their pillows."[30] Michelet's is an essay obsessed with what he sees as the debilitating effects of the female reproductive cycle, and, indeed his was one of the very first presentations of the theory of spontaneous ovulation to the general public. In fact, many readers found it an odd mixture of new anatomical science and high-minded, if conservative, paeans to Love (capitalized). "How shall we describe it?," one writer asked. "It is a voice chanting a love-song in an anatomical museum. It is Petrarch, turned into a French doctor, taking Laura as his subject for a demonstration to his pupils, even and anon forgetting the obstetric art and bursting out with snatches of an impassioned sonnet."[31] The title of the book's second chapter gives the argument away—"Woman an Invalid"—referring explicitly to the menstrual period:

> She is generally ailing at least one week out of four. But the week that precedes that of the crisis is also a troublesome one. And into the eight or ten days which follow this week of pain, is prolonged a languor and a weakness, which formerly could not be defined, but which is now known to be the cicatrization of an interior wound, the real cause of all this tragedy. So that, in reality, 15 or 20 days in 28 (one may say nearly always) woman is not only

an invalid but a wounded one. She ceaselessly suffers from love's eternal wound.[32]

The violence of this language is telling. As Jennifer Shaw describes it, "The menstrual period is described as a cycle of wounding, scarring, and healing, only to be wounded again. . . . Throughout Michelet's text it is clear that the wound is in some sense inflicted by her male partner and related to intercourse. Michelet's conflates," she says, "these two wounds—the wound of intercourse and the wound of the ovum bursting from the ovary."[33] I am not arguing that Manet subscribed to such thinking. Quite the opposite. I am suggesting instead that Michelet's text represents the social norm that *Olympia* so offended, that *Olympia* was painted, as it were, *against* Michelet.

In the chapter titled "She Prescribes and Regulates His Diet and His Recreations" (*Elle administre et gouverne le régime et le plaisir*), Michelet defends the male sexual appetite and even goes so far to excuse the male's resort to taking a mistress or a courtesan:

> Man's love is impatient and incapable of waiting. . . . The generating crisis, which in woman occurs every twenty days, solemn and painful, and much less exacting, returns to man every four days (if we assume the average given by [eighteenth-century Swiss physiologist Albrecht von] Haller). And this is not, as is believed, a mere requirement of pleasure, but an actual necessity of a mental and physical renewing. If this not be fulfilled, it leaves the whole organism in a state of heavy dejection and discomposure; the vital fluid deprived of issue is like a pestilent stagnation. . . . Woman, who is often sickly, exhausted by confinement and habitual loss of vitality, seldom understands the very different constitution of man, whose strength, subject to exhaustion, remains uncontracted, hence the persistence of desire, which he experiences often at a very late period of life. He soon fatigues and wearies her. He is frequently put off without pity or consideration, and sometimes with ridicule.
>
> In short, they so manage things that, not to annoy an already faded wife, he takes a young mistress.
>
> What has created, and set up against wives, the *Dame aux Camellias* [Dumas' famous courtesan]? Their own haughty prudishness.[34]

By the era's standards, this is remarkably direct talk, however masculinist. But also by these standards, the implied male who stands before Olympia is a man, put off by his wife, in need of mental and physical "renewal" every four or so days. Hence "the persistence of desire." And why does he stand there? Because of his wife's "haughty prudishness." The high moral ground that Michelet claims disintegrates under the necessity of pleasure and renewal. And yet, Michelet

would prefer, he tells us, a woman of high moral virtue over a prostitute:

> As for the gay and splendid daughters of luxury and notoriety, of the theater and the promenade, who pick your very bones, are you sure that those beauties, with their bacchanalian revels, their infernal lives, their sleepless nights, etc., could bear comparison in a true Judgment of Paris, with the lady who, discreet and pure, has always led a sober life? If such insolent lionesses were even twenty years younger, they would still be humiliated.[35]

It is worth suggesting that these words inspired Manet's pastiche of Marcantonio Raimondi's print after Raphael's lost *Judgment of Paris* in *Le déjeuner sur l'herbe*. Perhaps Victorine Meurent, that insolent lioness, looks out at us inviting comparison with whatever discreet, pure, and sober lady passes by.[36] If so, she is anything but humiliated.

In *La femme*, Michelet makes it very clear just where women of the kind inhabiting *Le déjeuner* and *Olympia* come from. Woman, Michelet writes, "has only two great trades, spinning and sewing. . . . Woman is a sewer, woman is a seamstress. It has been her business in all time; it is her universal history. Well, it is no longer so; it has just been changed. The loom has suppressed the spinner. . . . How many women in Europe, and elsewhere, will be devoured by these two terrible ogres, the brazen spinner and the iron sewer? Millions—but it can never be calculated." And citing the research of the physician and statistician Dr. Louis Bertillon (always, in Michelet's work, the authority lent him by experts), Michelet continues:

> I will give but one line of his statement: "In the great trade which occupies all women (except a very few), needlework, they can earn but ten sous a day."
>
> Why? "Because machinery, which is still dear enough, does the labor for ten sous. If the woman demanded eleven, the machine would be preferred."
>
> And how does she make up for this loss? "She walks the street at night."
>
> That is why the number of *filles publiques*, registered and numbered, does not increase in Paris, and, I believe diminishes a little.[37]

Here we are in the world of Glaize's *La pourvoyeuse de misère*, and if the number registered and licensed prostitutes in Paris was declining, it was because of the number of *lorettes*—to use Maxine Du Camp's word—practicing the trade illicitly, was growing, especially as the cotton crisis reached its peak in 1863 and young women flooded into the city.

It might come as something of a surprise, then, given what I take to be the polemic of Manet's paintings, their argument with Michelet's prudery, that Zola, by eight years Manet's junior and just nineteen when he came across

Michelet's *L'amour* in 1859, was totally taken with it.[38] In letters to his friend Baptistin Baille in 1859 and 1860, he invokes Michelet's moral sense, his belief that the root problem of the era—its sickness—was the unlicensed sexual liberty of its [male] youth and their unwillingness or inability to find love in marriage:

> The malady, in my opinion, depends especially on this: young men lead a polygamous life. Now I have said that, in love, the body and the soul are intimately bound together, true love cannot exist without their intermixture. It is in vain that you wish to love with the mind, for there will come a moment when you will love with the body, and that is just, natural. But, the polygamous life excludes entirely love with the soul, consequently love itself. One does not possess a soul as one possesses a body: the prostitute sells you her body and not her soul, the young girl who gives in to you on the second day is unable to love you with her soul. . . . Read Michelet, he will tell you better than me what I am unable to tell you here.[39]

Society was faced, Zola concluded, with "a grand and beautiful task, a task that Michelet has undertaken, a task that I sometimes dare envisage for myself, and that is to return man to woman."[40] The difficulty for Zola was that Michelet's ideal marriage was a vision far from the truth of things, and, while a character like Claude, the hero of his first novel, *La confession de Claude* (dedicated to Baille and Cézanne and published in November 1865, before he met Manet), might aspire to Michelet's vision, the hard reality of the matter was that the woman with whom Zola had his hero fall in love, setting the story on its course, was, alas, the prostitute Laurence.

He is introduced to Laurence by the procuress Pâquerette, an old woman who had once "lived on the ground floor, in a nest of silk and gold" (*au rez-de-chaussée, un nid de soie et d'or*)—hence her sobriquet, which means "daisy."[41] Claude defends his affair with Laurence on two grounds. First, he admits the culpability of the male himself in creating and supporting prostitution as an institution:

> It pleases us to live honorably, and, when we blush at the invitation of some debased woman, we renounce her in order to explain away our blushes by her impudence. And we do this without considering our own guilt, without asking ourselves what justice this girl demands. Custom has made her our plaything, and we are astonished that this toy speaks and calls itself a woman.
>
> (*Il nous plaît de vivre honorés, et, lorsque nous rougissons à l'appel d'une maîtresse avilie, nous la renions pour expliquer notre rougeur par son impudence.*

Et nous faisons cela sans nous penser coupables, sans nous demander quelle justice demande cette fille. L'habitude a fait d'elle notre jouet, nous nous étonnons que ce jouet parle et qu'il se dise femme.) (52)

As a plaything that Claude has acquired, she is what Benjamin describes in an essay on Baudelaire as the "commodity-soul": "If there is such a thing as a commodity-soul (a notion that Marx occasionally mentions in jest), it would be the most empathetic ever encountered in the realm of souls, for it would be bound to see every individual as a buyer in whose hand and house it wants to nestle."[42] To Claude, Laurence is just this empathetic, just such a soul, and he is determined to save her from herself. He sees himself as Didier, the hero of Victor Hugo's play *Marion Delorme*, the title character of which is a famous courtesan in the court of Louis XIII who has been purified and ennobled through her love for Didier:

> Well, now, today I can be Didier. Marion is there, as impure as the day he pardoned her; her robe once more undone asks for a hand to close it again; her pale brow demands a pure breath to return it to the blush of youth. . . . Since Laurence has come to me, I wish, instead of her sullying me in the withering of her heart, to give the purity of my own. I will be her priest, I will help the fallen woman to stand up and I will pardon her.
>
> (*Eh bien! aujourd'hui, je puis être Didier. Marion est là, tout aussi impure que le jour où il lui pardonna; sa robe dénouée de nouveau demande une main qui la referme; son front pâli réclame un souffle pur qui lui rende la rougeur de sa jeunesse. . . . Puisque Laurence est venue à moi, je veux, au lieu de me souiller à la flétrissure de son coeur, lui donner la virginité du mien. Je serai prêtre, je relèverai la femme tombée et je pardonnerai.*) (55)

As it turns out, of course, it is rather to the level of Laurence that Claude descends. He comes "to see clearly this world of debauchery into which I have descended" (*voir clair en ce monde de débauches où je suis descendu*) (102). And yet, Claude admits, "I do not know why an insatiable desire for innocence pursues me in my abasement. Always, I find in myself the thought of immaculate purity, lofty, inaccessible" (*Je ne sais pourquoi un désir insatiable de virginité me poursuit dans mon abassement. Toujours j'ai en moi la pensée d'une pureté immaculée, haute, inaccessible*) (235).

Something like the same sense of contradiction must have pursued Zola in writing the novel. For if Claude's aspirations are high, even noble, such aspirations do not make for good fiction—except insofar as the reader is able to watch them crumble beneath their own weight. And Zola knew this. "Today I am

known, people fear me and insult me," he wrote with a certain amount of pride to a friend soon after the publication of the book. "Today I am ranked among those writers whose works cause trepidation."[43] Librairie Hachette, where he worked in the advertising department (pioneering the use of sandwich boards) had, in fact, encouraged his resignation after the imperial minister of justice initiated inquiries to determine whether *La confession* was an "*outrage public à la pudeur*." The press certainly thought so—headlines read "Sex Clinic for French Citizens" and "Pornographic Trash."[44] The general consensus seems to have been that the novel was the product of an "*égoutier littéraire*," a literary sewer worker.[45]

This, then, was the Zola who six months later, on May 7, 1866, would defend Manet in a series of reviews of the Salon that he had convinced the editor of *L'événement*, Hippolyte de Villemessant, to let him write. The piece is a stirring

FIGURE 67 Édouard Manet, *The Fifer*, 1866. Oil on canvas, 63 × 38⅛ in. Musée d'Orsay, Paris. Photograph: Erich Lessing / Art Resource, New York.

defense of *Le déjeuner*, *Olympia*, and *The Fifer* (fig. 67), the last of which had just been rejected by the Salon along with *The Tragic Actor*. His analysis of *The Fifer* inaugurates the approach to Manet's work that would find its ultimate expression seven months later in his extended study of the painter that first appeared in the Arsène Houssaye's *L'artiste: Revue du XIX^e siècle* on the first of January 1867:

> The work I like best is certainly *The Fifer*, a canvas rejected by the Salon this year. On a luminous gray background, the young musician stands forth, dressed down, in red trousers with a forage cap. He plays his instrument, full face and eyes front. I said before that M. Manet's talent lies in rightness and simplicity, and I was thinking especially of the impression this canvas left with me. I feel that no stronger effect could be achieved by any less complicated means. M. Manet is of a dry temperament, subsuming detail. He delineates his figures sharply, not shrinking from the abruptness of nature; he goes from black to white without hesitation, presenting objects in all their vigor, detached from each other. His whole being asks him to see in patches, in simple elements charged with energy. One might say all he wants is to find the right tones [*tons justes*] and then juxtapose them on a canvas. As a result, the canvas is covered with strong, solid painting. In this picture I recognize a man who searches out the true and from it draws a world alive with personal and potent life.[46]

When Zola wrote these words, the two had apparently met—Zola claims to have visited Manet's studio only once[47]—but Manet could hardly place him. He would write to Zola the very day that Zola's article appeared:

> Dear Monsieur Zola,
>
> I don't know where to find you, to shake your hand and tell you how proud and happy I am to be championed by a man of your talent. What a fine article! A thousand thanks.
>
> Your previous article ("Le moment artisque") was most remarkable and made a great impression. I should like to ask your opinion on a point. Where could I meet you? If it suits you, I am at the Café de Bade every day from 5:30 to 7.[48]

If Manet was pleased, the editor of *L'événement* was far less so. According to Paul Alexis, some *forcenés* ("lunatics") had gone so far as to tear the paper up in front of the kiosks on the boulevards. Zola was receiving thirty letters a day, most of them abusive, one even proposing a dual. Readers were canceling their subscriptions wholesale. And a worried de Villemessant *coupa court à l'émeute*

("cut the riot short") by asking Zola to quit his Salons after six of its proposed eighteen articles.[49]

It would be interesting to know, nonetheless, on just what point Manet wished to ask Zola's opinion. Whatever it was, one can assume that what came of it was Zola's long essay on Manet that appeared in the *L'artiste: Revue du XIX^e siècle* seven months later, which must have required many visits to Manet's studio and many conversations. It seems clear as well that in those months, a mutual decision was made that Zola should deemphasize the subject matter of Manet's work and concentrate instead on its formal properties—those same *tons justes* juxtaposed on canvas, going "from black to white without hesitation," that he had so admired in *The Fifer*. But, as Robert Lethbridge noted many years ago in an article that has been rather too easily ignored in Manet scholarship, in his diverting attention away from Manet's imagery, "we should ask ourselves . . . to what extent Zola's view of the painting being 'without meaning' was simply a polemical position."[50] If the public—and the Salon jury—found the subject matter of Manet's painting offensive, why not counter that opinion by arguing that the painting, the *act* of painting, had nothing to do with subject matter at all? Subject matter was to become merely an excuse for brushwork.

Manet had already done this in the two paintings he had submitted to the Salon of 1866, *The Fifer* and *The Tragic Actor* (fig. 68), the latter of which, he wrote to Baudelaire, is a "portrait of Rouvière in the role of Hamlet."[51] The two paintings take their place among the many other paintings of entertainers that Manet executed in the first half of the 1860s—*The Guitar Player*, *The Street Singer*, *Lola de Valence*. The bullfight paintings—*Mlle V in the Costume of an Espada* and *Young Man in the Costume of a Majo* especially—could be considered part of this genre. And so could both *Le déjeuner* and *Olympia* if one admits that prostitution is a form of entertainment. One senses behind these paintings of entertainers Jaques's speech to the Duke Senior in *As You Like It* (act 2, scene 7):

> All the world's a stage,
> And all the men and women merely players;
> They have their exits and their entrances,
> And one man in his time plays many parts.

Certainly, Manet's recurring use of Victorine Meurent—as well as his brother, his wife, and his stepson—in so many paintings endorses this gloss. (And, it is worth noting, when Hamlet delivers one of his more famous soliloquies at the end of act 2, scene 2, of *Hamlet*, concluding "The play's the thing, / Wherein Ile catch the Conscience of the King," it is introduced by the stage direction *Manet Hamlet*—Hamlet Remains. Could Manet have ignored his own name thus

inscribed beside Hamlet's?) But what distinguishes *The Fifer* and *The Tragic Actor* from the other entertainment pieces is that in them Manet has eliminated any sense of context. There is but one prop, the sword on the floor of *The Tragic Actor*—no bench, no still-life arrangement, no street or stage behind the figures, no landscape, no curtains or windows—simply the figures themselves.

Depressed by the reception of *Olympia*, Manet had gone to Spain in the summer of 1865 on the trip planned for him by Zacharie Astruc, and there he had visited the Prado where he saw Velasquez's *Pablo de Valladolid* (fig. 69). He wrote to his friend Henri Fantin-Latour: "It is the most astonishing piece of painting ever done . . . the background disappears: it is air which surrounds the fellow, dressed all in black and full of life" (*le plus étonnant morceau de peinture*

FIGURE 68 Édouard Manet, *The Tragic Actor*, 1866. Oil on canvas, 73 11/16 × 42 9/16 in. National Gallery of Art. Gift of Edith Stuyvesant Gerry, 1959.3.1. Photograph: National Gallery of Art, Washington, DC.

FIGURE 69 Diego Velázquez, *The Buffoon, Pablo de Valladolid*, ca. 1635. Oil on canvas, 82 ¼ in. × 48 ½ in. Museo Nacional del Prado, Madrid. Photograph: © Museo Nacional del Prado / Art Resource, New York.

que l'ait jamias fait . . . le fond disparaît, c'est de l'air qui entoure ce bonhomme tout habillé de noir et vivant).[52] As in *Pablo de Valladolid* (himself a famous Spanish actor), Manet's *Tragic Actor* casts a shadow across the floor, but only a hint of such a shadow falls behind *The Fifer*. What Manet has done is decontextualize his figures, remove them from the world, even from the stage. He has made the world *disappear*.

This seems to me Zola's project in his essay on Manet—to make Manet's subject matter, his world, disappear, leaving only paint. I should also like to argue, as Robert Lethbridge has, that such polemics are disingenuous. Just a week before his essay on Manet appeared the *L'artiste*: *Revue du XIX^e^ siècle*—that is in the last week of December 1866—Zola published a story, "Un mariage d'amour," in *Le Figaro*, which, like *L'événement*, was edited by Hippolyte de Villemessant. It was, he wrote in the story's first sentence, "a terrible story of passion and suffering" (*une terrible histoire de passion et de souffrance*), and in the following months, as Manet was first preparing for his "exposition particulière" at the Place de l'Alma—at which *Le déjeuner sur l'herbe* and *Olympia* would take pride of place, numbered one and two in the catalog—Zola was converting the story into the novel *Thérèse Raquin*.[53] Still titled *Un mariage d'amour*, it would appear in serial format in the August, September, and October 1867 numbers of Houssaye's *L'artiste*: *Revue du XIX^e^ siècle* and in book form in December, published in Brussels by the Librarie Internationale. Sometime late that month, Manet wrote to Zola:

> My dear friend,
>
> I've just finished *Thérèse Raquin* and send you all my compliments. It's a very fine novel and very interesting.[54]

When a second edition was released on April 15, 1868, with an important preface by Zola outlining what would become the tenets of naturalism, Manet wrote to the author once again:

> Bravo, my dear Zola, that was a formidable preface, and you're making the case not only for a group of writers but for a whole group of painters as well. Besides, if one is such a master of defense as you are, it must be a sheer pleasure to be attacked.[55]

In his preface, Zola complained of the novel's reception in terms that Manet surely appreciated. Certain "virtuous critics" had received his book "with a brutal and indignant outcry" (*une voix brutale et indignée*), making "a grimace of disgust as they took it up with the tongs to pitch it into the fire" (*une grimace de dégout, en le prenant avec des pincettes pour le jeter au feu*). These same critics

"put their handkerchiefs to their noses and talked of filth and foul smells" (*se sont bouché le nez en parlant d'ordure et de puanteur*).[56] Indeed, Louis Ulbach, who wrote under the pseudonym "Ferragus" for *Le Figaro*, which had published the original short story, labeled the book an example of *la littérature putride*.[57] "I am charmed," Zola wrote, "to observe that my brother journalists possess the sensitive nerves of young girls" (*je suis charmé de constater que mes confrères ont des nerfs sensibles de jeune fille*).[58] Even more to the point, Zola observed that "I find myself in the same position as those painters who copy the nude, without the least desire being kindled within them, and who are profoundly surprised when a critic declares himself scandalised by the life-like flesh of their work" (*Je me suis trouvé dans le cas de ces peintres qui copient des nudités, sans qu'un seul désir les effleure, et qui restent profondément surpris lorsqu'un critique se déclare scandalisé par les chairs vivantes de leur œuvre*)—a clear reference to Manet's *Olympia*.[59]

This is to say that Zola, for one, did not shy away from subject matter, as he pretended his friend Manet did, even the most scandalous subject matter:

> In *Thérèse Raquin*, I have sought to study temperaments and not characters. That's the entire book. I have selected personages sovereignly dominated by their nerves and their blood, destitute of free will, driven at each act of their life by the fatalities of their flesh. Thérèse and Laurent are human brutes, nothing more. I have sought to follow, step by step, throughout the career of these brutes, the silent working of their passions, the promptings of their instinct, the mental unhingings that follow upon a nervous crisis. The love affair of my hero and heroine are the satisfying of a necessity; the murder they commit is a consequence of their adultery, a consequence that they accept like wolves accept the slaughtering of sheep. . . . In a word, I had but one desire: given a powerful man and an unsated woman, seek the animal within them, even see nothing but the animal, cast them into a violent drama, and scrupulously note the acts and sensations of these beings. I have simply undertaken on two living bodies the analytical work that surgeons perform on corpses.[60]

In fact, a figure very much resembling Olympia herself appears as a corpse in the novel. After they kill Thérèse's husband Camille by strangling him and throwing him into the Seine, Laurent visits the Paris Morgue every day to see if he can find and claim Camille's body in order to have an official death certificate issued:

> One time he saw a young woman of twenty, a common girl, big and strong, who seemed to be sleeping on the stone. Her fresh, heavy body was whitening in mellow, delicate tints; she was half smiling, head a little inclined, and

> offered her bosom in a provocative manner; you might have though she was a courtesan sprawling there, if she had not had a black stripe on her neck worn like a necklace of shadow; it was a girl who had just hanged herself out of desperate love. Laurent looked at her for a long time, running his eyes over her body, absorbed by a kind of fearful desire.[61]

Is this, then, Olympia's fate? Surely this corpse is meant to recall Olympia's critics of 1865. Victor de Jankovitz wrote of *Olympia* in his *Étude de la Salon de 1865*, "her body, of a putrefying colour, recalls the horror of the morgue" (*le corps d'une couleur faisandée, rappelle l'horreur de la Morgue*). Ego in *Le monde illustré* wrote, "her body has the livid tint of a cadaver displayed in the morgue" (*son corps a la teinte livide d'un cadavre expose à la Morgue*) Victor Fournel wrote in *La gazette de France*, that she was "exposed quite naked on a bed, like a corpse on the counters of the morgue" (*exposé toute nue sur son lit, comme un cadavre sur les dalles de la Morgue*). And finally, Saint-Victor in *La presse stated* that "the crowd presses up to the putrefied and horrible *Olympia* as if it were at the morgue" (*La foule se presse, comme à la Morgue, devant l'Olympia faisandée et l'horrible*).[62] Hers is one of the many bodies that the crowds came, in large numbers, to view.

> When the slabs are well stocked, when there is a fine spread of human flesh, the visitors throng, give way to cheap emotions, are appalled, joke, applaud or whistle. . . . Those with small private means would enter, the scrawny, lean old folk, the idlers [*flâneurs*] who came in because they had nothing to do and who gazed on the corpses with a stupid look and the pouting expression of quiet, fastidious men. The women were many in number; there were young rosy-hued factory girls, in clean linen [*jeunes ouvrières toutes roses, le linge blanc*] and neat skirts, moving briskly from one end of the glass partition to the other with wide attentive eyes, as if in front of a display in a fancy-goods shop; and there were common women too, dazed, putting on sorrowful airs, and well-dressed ladies, nonchalantly trailing their silk gowns.[63]

This could as easily be a description of the crowd at the Salon as the crowd at the Morgue. Zola might even have Saint-Victor explicitly in mind, for can it be mere coincidence that Laurent lives, when the novel opens, on rue Saint-Victor?

I think it is safe to say that *Thérèse Raquin* can be read as something of a gloss on *Olympia*. Robert Lethbridge has outlined their many similarities, and they are worth summarizing here. As he notes, when Zola writes "*Olympia, couchée sur des linges blancs, fait une grande tache pâle sur le fond noir; dans ce fond noir se trouve la tête de la négresse qui apporte un bouquet et ce fameux chat qui a tant égayé le public*," he underscores just how thoroughly he was taken

by Manet's juxtaposition of black and white.[64] Compare, for instance in the passages from the novel we've just quoted, his description of the factory girls at the morgue above dressed in their *linge blanc*, and his description of the dead girl, with her whitening flesh and, around her neck, a black stripe (*raie noire*). If one of the most characteristic features of Olympia is, of course, her gaze, Thérèse shares the same "*yeux fixes*" (33). She gazes on Camille with "*un fixité d'un calme souverain*" (a fixity of sovereign calm) (25), and she later gazes at Laurent with the same fixity: "*La jeune femme le regardait avec une fixité ardente. Ses yeux, d'un noir mat, semblaient deux trous sans fond*" (The young woman gazed at him with a passionate fixity. Her eyes, of a matte black, seemed like two bottomless holes") (46). Importantly, Thérèse possesses certain Baudelairean origins. She hails from Oran, Algeria, and when she becomes Laurent's mistress, "*le sang de sa mère, ce sang africain qui brûlait ses veines, se mit à couler, à battre furieusement dans son corps maigre*" (her mother's blood, that African blood which broiled up in her veins, began to flow, to beat furiously in her trim body") (56).[65] Finally, her cat François is a direct reflection of the hissing black cat in *Olympia*, a fact, as Lethbridge has pointed out, recognized at the time by Zola's friend Léon Laurent-Pichat, who, describing the wedding night chamber of Laurent and Thérèse, wrote, "*Cette chambre à coucher renferme toutes les horreurs, jusqu'au chat de M. Manet qui jusqu'à ce jour n'avait figuré que dans la peinture*" (This bed chamber contains every horror, right down to the cat of M. Manet which until now has only appeared in painting).[66] The cat assumes the same aggressive stance toward Laurent as Manet's does toward the anonymous visitor: "*François gardait une attitude de guerre; les griffes allongées, le dos soulevé par une irritation sourde, il suivait les moindres mouvements de son ennemi avec une tranquillité superbe*" (François maintained a posture of war; claws stretched out, back arched in silent anger, he followed the least movements of his enemy with a superb calm) (192). The cat's gaze shares with its mistress the same fixity, its "*gros yeux ronds d'une fixité diabolique*" (its large round eyes of diabolic fixedness) (287), frightening Laurent with "*la fixité de ces regards de brute*" (the fixity of the brute's stare) (192). And Thérèse is herself catlike. She possesses "*des souplesses félines*" (feline suppleness) (22), the "*souplesses de chatte*" (the suppleness of a cat) (73), and she "*mimait le chat, elle allongeait les mains en façon de griffes, elle donnait à ses épaules des ondulations félines*" (mimed the cat, she stretched out her hands as if they were claws, she undulated her shoulders in a feline way) (64).[67]

But in his next novel, *Madeleine Férat*—dedicated to Manet and published serially as *La Honte* (*Shame*) in *L'événement illustré* from September 2 to October 20, 1868, and in book form in December by the Librairie Internationale—Zola offered Manet a different version of Olympia. Like *Thérèse Raquin*, the novel focuses on a love triangle—a single woman and two men of very different

character: Madeleine, her husband, Guillaume de Viargue, and Jacques Berthier, who as a child had been Guillaume's best friend and protector but also in whose Latin Quarter apartment Madeleine had lived as his mistress before she met Guillaume. Like Olympia (or, more precisely, Victorine Meurent), Madeleine is a redhead. At one point in the novel, Guillaume contemplates "the power of her nudity" (*puissante nudité*):

> He followed the supple and strong movement of her bare breast, the flexible lines of her tilted neck and falling shoulders; he went on like this, descending down the bulge of her spine and turning around her body and up under the arm to that spot where her pink nipple appeared in the shadow of her armpit. The whiteness of her skin, that milky whiteness particular to redheaded women, set off the black mark that Madeleine concealed at the base of her neck. . . . Guillaume could not remove his eyes from this body that bared itself in little tremors and showed itself in its insolent and superb fullness. It appeared to him grossly impure.
>
> (*Il suivait le mouvement souple et fort du buste découvert, les lignes flexibles du col penché et des épaules tombantes; il allait ainsi, en descendant le long du renflement de l'échine et en tournant autour du corps, jusque sous le bras, à cet endroit où un bout de sein rose apparaissait dans l'ombre de l'aisselle. La blancheur de la peau, cette blancheur laiteuse des femme rousses, faisait ressortir le noir d'un signe que Madeleine avait tu bas au cou. . . . Guillaume ne pouvait détacher les yeux de ce corps qui se dépouillait par petites secousses, et qui se montrait dans son ampleur insolente et superbe. Il lui apparaissait largement impur.*)[68]

We are of course familiar by now with this color scheme—black set off by white, and both juxtaposed to red and rose—and Madeleine's body, "*largement impure*," cannot help but remind us of Zola's description of painting itself as "*la grande Impure, la Courtisane toujours affamée de chair fraîche*" in his 1867 *Édouard Manet* (see the final paragraphs of chap. 7). And Guillaume here surveys Madeleine's body as if he were regarding a painting—a painting like *Olympia*—to which he is simultaneously attracted and repulsed. Manet, at any rate, understood that Zola was *painting* a portrait of Madeleine. Sometime in December 1868 he wrote to Zola:

> My dear friend, I'm in the middle of *Madeleine Férat* [the passage quoted above occurs just past the middle of the book] and don't want to wait till I've finished to send my congratulations. You paint the redheaded woman so well it makes one jealous, and the expressions you find to render the love scenes would deflower a virgin to read them.

(*Mon cher ami, je suis en plein* Madeleine Férat *et ne veux pas attendre que j'aie fini pour vous faire mon compliment. Vous peignez la femme rousse à en rendre jaloux, et vous trouvez pour rendre les scènes d'amour des expresssions à dépuceler une vierge rien qu'en les lisant.*)[69]

Perhaps most importantly, Madeleine thinks of herself as "an enslaved body" (*un corps esclave*) (182) possessed by Guillaume, whom she no longer loves now that Jacques has come back into their lives. "The certitude of being possessed forever by a man she no longer loved would have driven her mad" (*La certitude d'être possédée à jamais par un homme qu'elle n'aimait plus l'aurait affolée*), and if she must "drag her enslaved body miserably on . . . she would never be able to forget herself in Guillaume's beloved arms without the thought that she was prostituting herself" (*traînerait misérablement son corps esclave . . . elle ne pourrait plus s'oublier entre les bras aimés de Guillaume, sans croire se prostituer*) (183).

Prostitution and slavery are among the book's major tropes. At the age of fifteen, her father and mother both dead, Madeleine's guardian, a sixty-year-old former clothes dealer named Lobrichon, had plotted to make her his wife: "The child was still young," he reasoned, "he said to himself that he was able to raise her by himself, to let her slowly mature before his eyes, thus to enjoy a fore-taste of pleasure in the spectacle of her blossoming beauty; then, he would absolutely have a virgin, he would groom her to his own liking, a slave of the seraglio" (*L'enfant étant jeune encore, il se disait qu'il pourrait l'élever pour lui seul, la laisser doucement mûrir sous ses yeux, prenant ainsi un avant-goût de volupté dans le spectacle de sa beauté florissante; puis, il l'aurait absolument vierge, il la formerait au gré de ses plaisirs, en esclave de sérail*) (31). After Madeleine becomes aware of Guillaume's friendship with Jacques (she discovers a photo of Jacques among Guillaume's possessions), she "seemed to feel around her waist the clasp, so well known, of her first lover" (*il lui sembla sentir, autour de sa taille, l'étreinte si connue de son premier amant*) and she slumps down in her chair "believing that she was prostituting herself" (*croyant qu'elle se prostituait*) with Guillaume (66). When Guillaume subsequently buys her small presents—jewelry, silk robes, and the like—she exclaims, "I am selling myself" (*Je me vends*) (75). Although she comes to realize that she is, in fact, enslaved not to Guillaume but to Jacques, nowhere is the connection between commodity culture and the prostitute's body, even Woman's body, so forcefully articulated—not even in Baudelaire.

In bringing Madeleine to this realization, Zola relies on a theory of Michelet's, introduced in *L'amour*, known as "impregnation." In essence, Michelet believed that the impregnation of a virgin transforms her both physically and psychologically by imprinting her with the characteristics of her first male partner: "The impregnated spouse becomes a man. Invaded by the male force that

has taken hold of her, she gradually yields to it. The man will win, will penetrate her. She will be *him*, more and more." And later Michelet adds, "How long does the first impregnation last? Ten years? twenty? a life-time? It is not known; but one thing is certain, and that is that the widow often has by her second husband children resembling her first."[70] Madeleine's life with Jacques in the days before she met Guillaume had, Zola writes, "led her to the modification of certain of her features, right down to her taking on the habitual expression on Jacque's face. This was, moreover, the consequence of the physiological inevitability that bound her to him: as her virginity ripened, as he was making her his for life, he was releasing the woman from the virgin and branding this woman with his own imprint" (*la mena jusqu'à modifier certains de ses traits, jusqu'à prendre l'expression habituelle du visage de Jacques. C'était là, d'ailleurs, une conséquence des fatalités physiologiques qui la liaient à lui: tandis qu'il mûrissait sa virginité, qu'il la faisait sienne pour la vie, il dégageait de la vierge une femme, marquait cette femme à son empreinte*) (251). Guillaume comes to think that Madeleine constantly watches over their child, Lucie, because she resembles Jacques and "she wished to keep constantly before her the living portrait of her first lover" (*elle voulait conserver sans cesse devant elle le portrait vivant de son premier amant*) (247–48). Thus, Zola concludes, even if Madeleine "would have wished to deny the possession of her entire being, her body itself, the smallest acts of her person would have declared just how much a slave she was. She no longer just thought of Jacques, she lived with him, in his clutches, materially" (*Elle aurait voulu nier la possession de son être entier, que son corps lui-même, les moindres actes de sa personne eussent dit combien elle était esclave. Elle ne pensait plus seulement à Jacques, elle vivait avec lui, dans son étreinte, matériellement*) (252). Hers is a "flesh enslaved" (*chair esclave*) by her first lover (253).

Zola's is a common enough strategy—to cloak the most prurient content in the guise of defending the reader against it. Indeed, this had been, from the outset, the strategy employed by Zola in defense of Manet. In his 1866 Salon he had written:

> The majority opinion of Manet is this: M. Manet is an untalented young artist who shuts himself in to smoke and drink with the young scamps of his age. Then, when he has downed tons of beer, this untalented young man decides to paint some caricatures and exhibit them so that the crowd can make fun of him and remember his name. He gets down to work, he produces unheard-of things, he kills himself with laughter before his work, he only dreams of mocking the public and of getting the reputation of a grotesque.[71]

As Robert Lethbridge has pointed out, in describing Manet's reputation, Zola is here describing popular opinion of himself: "Zola's identification with the

painter," Lethbridge writes, "gives way to what is almost a self-portrait."[72] Zola retrieves Manet's reputation—and by extension his own—this way: "The man, in his gestures and his voice, possesses the greatest modesty, and the greatest gentleness. Anyone of the crowd who calls him a cheeky young artist would quickly take it back seeing him in his family. He is married and lives the steady existence of the bourgeoisie."[73] The family values of the bourgeoisie finally define them both, whatever the audacity of their painting and writing. In the same way, formalism trumps subject matter: "The crowd . . . believed that the artist's intentions were obscene and garish, while the artist was simply seeking to arrive at lively oppositions and clearly rendered masses" (*La foule . . . a cru que l'artiste avait mis une intention obscène et tapageuse dans la disposition du sujet, lorsque l'artiste avait simplement cherché à obtenir des oppositions vives et des masses franches*).[74] So Zola put it in the long essay "Édouard Manet, étude biographique et critique," published first on January 1, 1867, and then, later in May, on the occasion of the opening of Manet's "exposition particulière" at Place d'Alma. It is a defensive strategy meant to deflect the public's attention to values in art other than those that might lie on a social or moral plane. The question, finally, is why? What necessitated this stratagem?

9

Value in Art

We should begin by rehearsing the chronology of events from the time of Manet's "exposition particulière" in May 1867 until Manet was informed that his painting of *The Execution of Emperor Maximilian* would be rejected, should he try to submit it to the Salon, and the subsequent suppression of his lithograph of the same subject by the authorities in January and February 1869. By the spring of 1867, Napoleon had abandoned Maximilian in Mexico, leaving him to fend for himself. Under siege at Querétaro by the Republican forces of Benito Juárez, Maximilian tried to escape through the enemy lines but was intercepted on May 15. He was subsequently court-martialed and sentenced to death just a week before Manet opened his "exposition particulière" at the Pont d'Alma, just outside the grounds of the Exposition Universelle, which had itself opened on April 1. Three and a half weeks after he was sentenced to death, on June 19, in the very middle of the Exposition Universelle, Maximilian was executed. The news arrived in Paris on July 1. Within a week, Manet was at work on the first of five versions of *The Execution of the Emperor Maximilian*, a project that would occupy him for the next year and a half. Baudelaire would die on August 31, and Manet would attend his funeral on September 2. In February 1868 Zola would sit for his portrait, which Manet would exhibit at the Salon in May. Zola, in turn, would dedicate *Madeleine Férat* to the painter in September. In October, Champfleury's *Les chats* would appear with Manet's soon notorious lithograph *Le rendez-vous des chats*.

Manet and Zola clearly understood the exposition itself as politically motivated. In his novel *L'argent*, set in the years 1864–1869, Zola described what he believed to be Louis-Napoleon's rationale for staging the exposition. The left had never forgiven the coup d'état on December 2, 1851 that established him as

emperor. Fifteen years later "a deputy of the left shouted the terrible cry: 'December 2nd is a crime!' which had reverberated from one end of France to the other, like an alarm waking the public conscience. It was necessary to respond with great actions, the coming Universal Exposition would send business soaring, we would win big in Mexico and elsewhere, in the triumph of the Empire at its peak" (*Un député de la gauche venait de lancer le terrible cri: 'Le 2 décembre est un crime!' qui avait retenti d'un bout de la France à l'autre, comme un réveil de la conscience publique. Il était nécessaire de répondre par de grands actes, la prochaine Exposition universelle décuplerait le chiffre des affaires, on allait gagner gros au Mexique et ailleurs, dans le triomphe de l'empire à son apogée*).[1] Zola describes the exposition in terms of the giant imperial "fête" that it was:

> It was on the first of April that the Universal Exposition opened, in the midst of festivities, in triumphal splendor. The empire's great season was beginning, this season of supreme galas, which would transform Paris into the inn of the world, an inn decked with flags, filled with music and song, where one ate, where, in every room, someone was fornicating. Never had a regime, at its peak, convened all nations to such a colossal feast. Toward the Tuileries, ablaze in an apotheosis of enchantment, a long procession of emperors, kings, and princes marched from the four corners of the earth. . . . The banners of the exposition that flapped in the sunlight, the illuminations and orchestras of the Champ de Mar, the crowds from all over the world that flooded the streets, consummated the intoxication of Paris in a dream of inexhaustible wealth and sovereign domination.
>
> (*Ce fut le 1er avril que l'Exposition universelle de 1867 ouvrit, au milieu de fêtes, avec un éclat triomphal. La grande saison de l'empire commençait, cette saison de gala suprême, qui allait faire de Paris l'auberge de monde, une auberge pavoisée, pleine de musiques et de chants, où l'on mangeait, où l'on forniquait dans toutes les chambres. Jamais règne, à son apogée, n'avait convoque les nations à une si colossale ripaille. Vers les Tuileries flamboyantes, dans un apothéose de féerie, le long défilé des empereurs, des rois et des princes, se mettait en march, des quatre coins de la terre. . . . Les drapeaux de l'Exposition qui claquaient au soleil, les illuminations et les musiques du Champ de Mar, les foules du monde entier inondant les rues, achevaient de griser Paris, dans un rêve d'inépuisable richesse et de souverain domination.*)[2]

Manet had painted it—or started to paint it. His *View of the 1867 Exposition Universelle* (fig. 70) was probably begun sometime during or just after his "*exposition particulière*," and it is clearly unfinished, most notably at the far left center, just below the pont d'Alma to the left of which his own exhibition was housed.[3]

FIGURE 70 Édouard Manet, *A View of the 1867 Exposition Universelle*, 1867. Oil on canvas, 42 ½ × 77 ⅜ in. National Museum of Art, National Gallery, Oslo. Photograph: HIP / Art Resource, New York.

The presence of the gardener in the lower left is in all likelihood a somewhat ironic reference to the fact that the emperor had commissioned a special exhibition on the history of labor for the fair, an exhibition that stopped, somewhat mysteriously from the point of view of the political left, at the French Revolution. The contemporary worker had no place in the fair at all. To the right are three soldiers, symbols of empire. Otherwise, bourgeois leisure seems to be the theme of the work.

The painting would never be exhibited in Manet's lifetime. Found in his studio as the family was preparing for the estate sale of February 1884, its signature in the hand of his wife. Two tears in the canvas in the area of the sky suggest that it had been badly stacked for some time among other smaller canvases—abandoned, probably with the news of Maximilian's execution in Mexico, which proved to the painter the moral bankruptcy of the regime. I think it must have seemed to him at least moderately repugnant to continue with a painting that people might see as a celebration of the exposition, for T. J. Clark is surely right when he suggests that the painting is the very image of what capitalism—*l'argent*, to borrow Zola's title—had wrought on the capital: "The city was the *sign* of capital," Clark concludes: "it was there one saw the commodity take on flesh."[4]

Meanwhile, Édouard de Laboulaye's French Emancipation Society sponsored an international conference at the exposition attended by representatives

from the United States, England, Spain, Haiti, Brazil, and Venezuela as well as one M. Rainy who stood as the delegate from what was termed "Africa." Delegates first officially praised those countries in which slavery had been abolished and then urged abolition of slavery in those "civilized" countries—Spain, Brazil, Portugal, Turkey, and Egypt—where it was still practiced. Laboulaye concluded the conference:

> Everyone will know that at a meeting of men from the first nations of the world there was unanimous agreement in favor of freedom, an ardent desire to put an end to that abomination called slavery; and it is a great thing that such an assembly has thrown the weight of its authority into the balance.
>
> (*On saura que dans une réunion composée d'hommes appartenant aux premières nations du monde, il y a eu un accord unanime en faveur de la liberté, un ardent désir d'en finir avec cette abonimation qu'on appelle l'esclavage; et c'est une grand chose qu'une assemblée comme celle-ci ait jeté dans la balance le poids de son autorité.*)[5]

Just across the river, on the Place d'Alma, Olympia and her maid silently stood by. In the American section of the fine arts exhibition at the Exposition universelle, Manet might have recognized his maid in Eastman Johnson's *Old Kentucky Home—Life in the South*. Perhaps he even remembered Johnson, who had studied with Couture for two months in 1855 before Manet had left the studio. At any rate, if he saw the painting, he would surely have recognized Couture's influence.[6] In all likelihood he visited the American section—which was not, incidentally, very well received—if for nothing else to see the other great painting of 1863 that, like *Le déjeuner sur l'herbe*, had been relegated to the Salon des Refusés, his friend James Abbot McNeil Whistler's *The White Girl (Symphony in White, No. 1)*, which was on display with three other paintings and twenty-four etchings by the artist.[7]

Attendance had been disappointing at Manet's "exposition particulière," and it is possible that when he began to work on the first of his large canvases dedicated to the execution of Maximilian in Mexico that he was thinking of installing it at the Pont de l'Alma exhibition to attract the crowds for which he had hoped. At any rate, as John Elderfield has put it in his definitive study of the five versions of the execution that Manet embarked on over the next year and a half, this first painting (fig. 71) "allows inference that it was painted in great haste."[8] We know that Manet could paint a large canvas, depicting current events, in short order. The *Kearsarge* had sunk the *Alabama* on June 21, 1864, and by July 16 Manet's painting of the event was on display in the window at Cadart's. That canvas was just over 4 by 4 feet; this new one depicting the exe-

cution of Maximilian was larger—6½ by 8½ feet—but it might still have been possible to exhibit it. Whatever the case, it has much in common with *The Battle of the "Kearsarge" and the "Alabama."* Elderfield comments on "the smoky, atmospheric quality of the painting in the left half of a dividing diagonal [that] contrasts to the increasing clarity of the other half, as one scans left to right,"[9] not unlike the smoky area of battle contained in its own rectangle above the horizon line in *The Battle of the "Kearsarge" and the "Alabama"* that contrasts to the relative clarity of sea and pilot boat beneath it. Here the hooded victim to the left slumps forward, his face hidden behind a round of black paint that contrasts with the lead-white smoke of the firing rifles. As in the earlier *Battle*, here vertical and horizontal geometries—standing figures and pointed rifles—contrast with rounded puffs of gray-umber paint beneath the red spatter of fire (or blood) and the smudges of gray-black and white smoke above it. Even the blue-green landscape behind the scene recalls the color of the sea in the earlier painting. If Manet captures in this first "draft" what Elderfield calls "the fusillade of an execution,"[10] it mirrors the fusillade of cannon in the sinking of the

FIGURE 71 Édouard Manet, *The Execution of Emperor Maximilian*, 1867. Oil on canvas, 6 ft. 5⅛ in. × 8 ft. 6¼ in. Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gair Macomber, 30.444. Photograph: © 2021 Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

Alabama, and it ties the two episodes—the South's defeat in the American Civil War and the French presence in Mexico—into the same political scenario, and painterly rhetoric, of collapse.

We can only speculate why Manet dropped this first effort and moved on to the next—and the next, and the next. It would appear that he abandoned it sometime in September, after the funeral of Baudelaire on September 2, and perhaps that sobering personal tragedy suggested the necessity of presenting political events in more precise, and frank, terms. At any rate, a much colder statement of the facts replaced the emotion so evident in the gestural looseness—almost gestural violence—of the Boston painting.

During the last three months of the Exposition universelle (which closed on November 3), and even as Manet's "exposition particulière" closed on October 10, Zola's *Thérèse Raquin* was appearing in *L'artiste*. It appeared in book form in December. Throughout the next months, Zola was writing and then publishing *Madeleine Férat*, while Manet was at work on the now fragmentary London version of *The Execution of Emperor Maximilian*, which he apparently intended to show at the 1868 Salon but which he also abandoned by the time of the Salon itself. That summer Manet began work on the final, Mannheim version of the painting. It was painted in an atmosphere of government censorship. In October 1868, shortly before Librairie Internationale was to publish *Madeleine Férat* in book form, the authorities informed the press that unless those passages expounding the theory of impregnation were removed, it might be subject to prosecution. Albert Lacroix, the editor in chief at Librarie International, asked Zola to expunge the passages, but Zola refused: "What has been authorized on the street [i.e., in its serial form], cannot be banished from the bookstore," he wrote to Lacroix. "Instead of wanting to purge my work you should be helping me upbraid the public prosecutor. . . . I will therefore not approve the cuts you specify. Self-respect requires me to go forward and face this danger with which I'm threatened." Then, Zola defended himself in print in a long article in *La tribune* in which he invoked the authority of Michelet and Dr. Prosper Lucas, whose book on heredity was probably the most respected of the day: "The few lines they would expurgate contain the book's central thesis, which I took from Michelet and Dr. Lucas. I dramatized it austerely and with conviction; good morals are not endangered by a medical study that serves, as I see it, a high human purpose. . . . This study tends to accept the marriage bond as eternal from the physiological viewpoint. Religion and morality tell man 'You will live with one woman'; and science says in turn: 'Your first wife will be your eternal wife.'" As Zola's biographer sums up the affair, "Zola in his self-defense contrived to appear more Catholic than the pope."[11]

Within a couple of months, Manet would feel the prosecutor's same heavy hand, but where Zola had succeeded in holding the censor at bay, Manet would

not. In January 1869, shortly after finishing the final version of *The Execution of Emperor Maximilian* and a lithograph of the same subject (fig. 72), Manet received a letter from what he referred to as "the authorities"—presumably the Dépot Légal, the department of the ministry of the interior responsible for the registration of prints and printed books and thus also their censorship—informing him that it forbade the printing of the lithograph and that the painting would be rejected from the Salon of 1869 if he insisted on presenting it.[12] Manet was surprised, especially, he wrote to Zola, "since there's no caption of any kind beneath it" (*il n'y a en dessous aucune légende*).[13] What was there, after all, to distinguish it from any other representation of an execution? Indeed, in October 1863, *Le monde illustré* had published an illustration of the execution of a renegade Mexican general by the name of Butron (fig. 73).[14]

To my knowledge, no one has ever suggested this image as a source of Manet's *Execution*, but, as Elderfield comments, we must "imagine Manet poring over a succession of newspaper reports of a distant horrifying event . . . [and] also imagine him picking out what seemed plausible."[15] He could have also turned to earlier sources. "Given Manet's longstanding interest in the events in Mexico," Elderfield reminds us, "it is shortsighted only to seek illustrative sources from 1867."[16] This, at any rate, is the only image that I have found that positions the viewer in the same relation to the events as in Manet's depictions. Both the illustration and Manet's lithograph include the commanding officer who, either by raising or abruptly lowering his sword, gives the order to fire—although he is not standing in front of it as in *Le monde illustré* illustration. (He is notably absent in the final, Mannheim version of the painting, except for the top of his red cap.) The noncommissioned officer who stands behind the firing squad and whose job it is to deliver the *coup de grâce*, ensuring the death of the executed, is absent from *Le monde illustré* illustration, but the officer at the far right of the illustration, though farther in the background, stands at the same angle in relation to the viewer. The soldiers in the illustration wear white gaiters with baggy trousers tucked into them, and are thus recognizably French. Manet's soldiers wear straight-legged trousers over their gaiters (or possibly shorter, ankle-high spats). It is a similarity that Zola was quick to notice. In a deeply sarcastic piece published in *La tribune* on February 4, 1869, he wondered what could have possibly motivated the censors to ban the lithograph. Then, he wrote, he had discovered the key, and it was "a real howler" (*une véritable perle*):

> On examining a proof of the condemned lithograph, I noticed that the soldiers shooting Maximilian were wearing a uniform almost identical to that of our own troops. Fanciful artists give the Mexicans costumes from comic opera. M. Manet, who truly loves truth, has drawn their real costumes, which closely resemble those of the Vincennes infantrymen.

FIGURE 72 Édouard Manet, *The Execution of the Emperor Maximilian*, 1868. Lithograph on chine collé, 13 ¾ × 17 ¼ in. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Rogers Fund, 1921.21.48. Photograph: The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

FIGURE 73 *Expédition du Mexique—Butron, chef de pillards, exécuté dans l'enceinte de la citadelle à Mexico* (Croquis de M. Brunet, lieutenant d'artillerie). *Le monde illustré* 7, no. 338 (October 3, 1863): 217. Photograph: Bibliothèque nationale de France.

You can understand the horror and anger of the gentlemen censors. What now! An artist dared to put before their eyes such a cruel irony: France shooting Maximilian!

(*En examinant une épreuve de la lithographie incriminée, j'ai remarqué que les soldats fusillant Maximilien portaient un uniforme presque identique à celui de nos troupes. Les artistes fantaisistes donnent aux Mexicains des costumes d'opéra-comique; M. Manet, qui aime d'amour la vérité, a dessiné les costumes vrais, qui rappellent beaucoup ceux des chasseurs de Vincennes.*

Vous comprenez l'effroi et le courroux de messieurs les censeurs. Eh quoi! un artiste osait leur mettre sous les yeux une ironie si cruelle, la France fusillant Maximilien!)[17]

Indeed, I have been arguing that French culpability—more precisely the culpability of the imperial regime and the conservative factions supporting it—for the woes of French society—from class immobility to prostitution to imperial adventuring—had been one of Manet's chief subjects. The irony of France coming to recognize its own responsibility for Maximilian's execution and then censoring the recognition was not lost on Zola or on Manet. It was business as usual.

Of the final, Mannheim version of the painting (fig. 74), both Michael Fried and John Elderfield have analyzed not only the painting but also Manet's motives for painting it in the way he has. There is really little to add except to say that in the context of *valeur* that I am finally developing here, so evident in the rhythmic repetition of white spats and belts against the black uniforms of the soldiers, that Manet has inserted the issue of race as well. "The contrast of the pale, therefore European, aloof Maximilian," Elderfield writes, "with the two darker, therefore Mexican, generals, both showing affect, may seem at first to carry a cultural message, an unwelcome reminder of how France viewed the *races latines*. Yet, such an interpretation does not hold."[18] I take it that what Elderfield believes "does not hold" is some sense of stoic European heroism over and against Mexican and *latine* passion or feeling—implying cowardice—and certainly, I agree, Manet means no such thing. But the two young generals standing for execution beside Maximilian—the Indigenous Indian, Tomás Mejía, from the hills of Querétaro nearby the execution site, and the mustachioed and goateed Creole Miguel Miramón, born in Mexico City to a wealthy family of French heritage—are not only notably darker than Maximilian, they represent all those in service of the emperor, the warriors of the Sud fallen victim to the imperial impudence of the Nord. And, it is worth remembering, by June 19, the day of the execution, Maximilian himself had been abandoned by Napoleon III for six months, a sacrificial pawn in the emperor's failed imperial

FIGURE 74 Édouard Manet, *The Execution of Emperor Maximilian, June 19, 1867*, 1868–1869. Oil on canvas, 8 ft. 3 3/16 in. × 9 ft. 10 7/8 in. Kunsthalle, Mannheim. Photograph: Erich Lessing / Art Resource, New York.

adventuring. I am suggesting that Mejía and Miramón are to Maximilian as Olympia's maid is to Olympia herself—all victims of the Second Empire, all bodies subject to the whims of capital.

In February 1868, even as Manet was working, simultaneously, on the final version of *The Execution*, Zola posed for his own portrait—which brings us back to *Olympia*, pinned, in black-and-white reproduction, on the board behind the novelist's desk, just above the blue-bound volume *Ed. Manet: Étude biographique et critique*, that had been published in conjunction with Manet's "exposition particulière" the year before (fig. 75). "Manet is doing my portrait for the Salon," Zola wrote to Théodore Duret.[19] So, from the outset, it was to be a representative and important piece.

FIGURE 75 Édouard Manet, *Émile Zola*, 1868 (detail of Figure 1, top right quarter). Oil on canvas, 57⅝ × 44⅞ in. Musée d'Orsay, Paris. Photograph: Erich Lessing / Art Resource, New York.

Notably, the painting's frame elides what Zola had referred to as "that famous cat which so amused the public" (*ce fameux chat qui a tant égayé le public*), leaving us with only the courtesan and her maid. "At first glance," Zola had written, "one distinguishes only two colors in the painting, two colors vio-

FIGURE 76 Édouard Manet, *Olympia* (small published plate), 1867. Etching on laid paper, state 6 of 6, from 1905 Strölin edition, 3 7/16 × 7 in. Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Rogers Fund, 1921. 21.76.12. Photograph: Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

FIGURE 77 Édouard Manet, *Olympia* (large plate), 1867. Etching on blue laid paper, state 3 of 3, from 1905 Strölin edition, 6 3/8 × 9 1/2 in. Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Rogers Fund, 1921. 21.76.20. Photograph: Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

lently contrasting with one other" (*Au premier regard, on ne distingue ainsi que deux teintes dans le tableaux, deux teintes violentes, s'enlevant l'une sur l'autre*)—black and white.[20] In Zola's portrait, Manet seems to have reduced *Olympia* to these two colors mediated by gray. There has been much speculation about this black-and-white reproduction of the original: "It is hard to tell," Cachin writes, "whether this is a lost print or an enlarged photograph of one of the engravings, since they alone endow Olympia with a curled fringed of bangs absent in the painting."[21] Its dimensions preclude it from being a photograph of the etching Manet executed to illustrate Zola's pamphlet (fig. 76). That etching also lacks the dark triangular area revealing the mattress at the bottom of the painting that mirrors the bend of Olympia's right arm, which does appear in the so-called large plate (fig. 77). But among the very deep blacks and whites of the reproduction in the Zola painting—there are several different whites, both zinc white and lead white, certainly—there are also, to my eye, hints of pink, especially visible in Laure's dress, that refer back, then, to the original painting. The Zola *Olympia* is neither a photograph nor an engraving; it is a painting, an original painting that may or may not have ever existed as an object in its own right but that does indeed exist as a painting within the portrait of Zola.

What does Manet mean by this little painting within a painting? Unlike the two prints, in which Manet was, by dint of the medium, limited to black and white, this painting replicates the tonalities of photography (and, if I am right that some pinks are embedded in the image, perhaps also the popular practice of hand-coloring photographs). Some years ago, Jean Clay suggested that, in painting *Olympia*, Manet was not painting Victorine Meurent so much as her photograph:

> The bulge of the kneecap (criticized by classical painters, as by Gérome and the eclectics), the silhouetting, the steady lighting, the haunting stare of the "bestial Vestal" (Valéry) can be said to have been transposed from photography. Victorine would appear to be all the more shocking in that she forms a blot on a background that rejects her, just as a reclining, unclothed model form a strange blot against the cardboard decor of a photographer's studio. . . . In some way, what he painted was not Victorine Meurent but her photograph, not her image but a reproduction of her in accordance with the code for pornographic albums of the period (likewise Warhol and Lichtenstein paint not objects but what is perceived of them in the ebb and flow of the mass media). Thrust to the front of the stage, restored to the status of an erotic instrument, Victorine is obscene; but this much-denounced obscenity lies neither in the supposed "professional" coldness of the model, nor in the otherwise conventional treatment of the nude; it is due to the integration of a figurative practice foreign to painting. The photograph contaminates the painted image.[22]

Fried takes exception to Clay's conclusion: "The 'obscenity' of *Olympia* cannot be said to lie simply in the 'contamination' of painting by photography; there were countless contemporary paintings that openly displayed that 'contamination' (Meissonier's, for example) without seeming 'obscene' or indeed provoking audiences in any way."[23] But Fried does agree with Beatrice Farwell, who in a largely forgotten 1981 dissertation, *Manet and the Nude: A Study in Iconology in the Second Empire*, argued that in a number of paintings of the 1860s, Manet was exploiting, as summarized by Fried, "certain broadly photographic effects, above all, first, the contemporary photograph's emphasis on abrupt contrasts between areas of light and shadow with the consequent suppression of halftones and interior modeling, and second, the impression the carte de visite inescapably conveyed that the sitter knowingly posed for the photographer."[24] Note, particularly, the elimination of halftones in the movement from Olympia's right shoulder to her upper arm to her forearm. Farwell suggests that Manet might well have relied on a long-lost photograph in painting *Olympia*.[25] Perhaps that photograph "survives," painted in reproduction, in the *Portrait of*

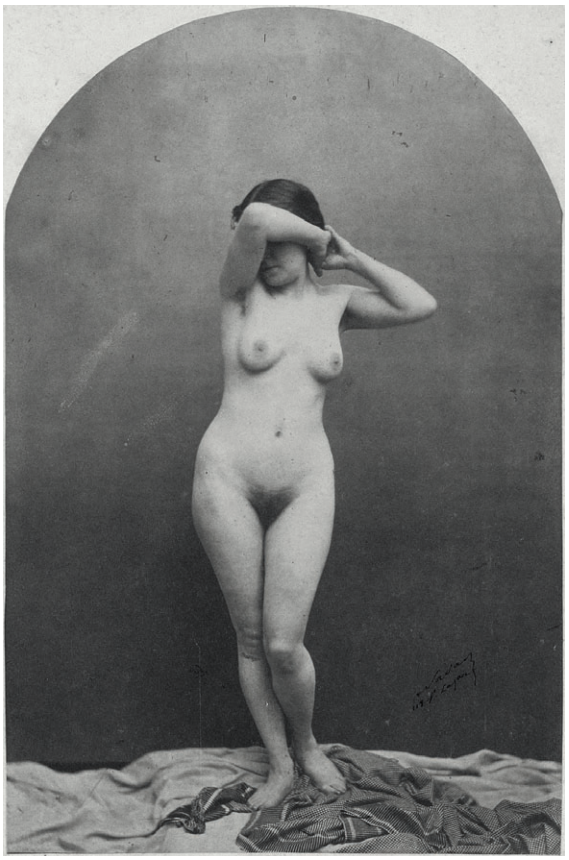

FIGURE 78 Nadar, standing female nude, 1860–1861. Salted paper print from glass negative, 7 15/16 × 5 1/4 in. Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Purchase, Horace W. Goldsmith Foundation Gift, through Joyce and Robert Menschel, 1991. 1991.1174. Photograph: Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

Émile Zola. If so, there would have been no cat in the photograph—even though by the early 1860s exposure times for portrait photographs were down to a few seconds, a camera could not have captured spontaneous movement, such as a cat raising its tale and hissing. And so, perhaps the reproduction of *Olympia* hanging over Zola's desk is not cropped on the right but simply a photograph of Victorine and Laure's pose for Manet to work from, possibly commissioned from his friend Nadar, who at the behest of Jean-Léon Gérôme had photographed a standing nude to assist him in painting *Phyrné before the Areopagus* for the Salon of 1861 (fig. 78).[26] That painting, incidentally, was exhibited at the Exposition universelle in 1867, where it was among the works for which the artist received a Medal of Honor. Manet would have known about it, from across the river on the Place d'Alma, where his own work received little attention let alone reward.

In 2012 Anne Higonnet reported her discovery at the Pierpont Morgan of an album of photographs, including one of *Olympia*, labeled *Album de photographies constitué par Manet (Se trouvait dans son atelier)*. Many of them, including the photo of *Olympia*, are identified in phrases handwritten on the prints as "prise par Manet," and all of them appear to have been taken before 1868 and mounted on the same light blue paper as the image in the portrait of Zola.[27] She concludes, incontestably I think, that the image in the portrait reproduces a photograph of *Olympia*. But it is not the photograph that Higonnet discovered in the library, for her photograph does not, in Cachin's phrase, "endow Olympia with a curled fringe of bangs absent in the painting" as in the two prints and the image in the portrait of Zola. The photograph in Higonnet's album is of the painting as we now have it. That said, Higonnet makes a very important point: "It now seems reasonable to believe that by 1868, Manet purposely reproduced his own paintings in order to see what their compositions and tonal values would look like in photographic terms. The process was important enough to him to be included in his magisterial portrait of Zola."[28]

Whatever hangs above Zola—a painting of a photograph of *Olympia* in a state before his model's hairline was clarified as a single, gentle arc[29]—it reduces the painting largely to black and white, to the *rapports justes* that Manet sought, according to Zola, to establish between them. In his paintings, Zola had written, "there is a very delicate rightness in the relationships among their tones" (*c'est une justesse très délicate dans les rapports des tons entre eux*). He goes on to explain:

> Some fruit is placed on a table and stands out against a gray background. Among the fruit, depending on whether they are more or less near at hand, there are values in the coloring that produce a scale of tints and shades. If you start with a note lighter than the real note, you must stick to a lighter

spectrum throughout; if the contrary takes place, then you will have to strike a darker note. It's this that they call, I believe, the law of values.

(*Des fruits son posés sur un table et se détachent contre un fond gris; il y a entre les fruits, selon qu'ils sont plus ou moins rapprochés, des valeurs de coloration formant toute une gamme de teintes. Si vous partez d'une note plus claire que la note réelle, vous devrez suivre une gamme toujours plus claire; et le contraire devra avoirs lieu, lorsque vous partirez d'une note plus foncée. C'est là ce qu'on appelle, je crois, la loi des valeurs.*) (150–51)

Zola, here, relies on the standard musical metaphor for the relationship between light and dark—*ton*, *note*, and *gamme*—but introduces, as well, the economic metaphor, *valeur*: "*des valeurs de colorations*" and "*la loi des valeurs*." (I have translated "*une gamme de teintes*" here as "a scale of tints and shades" in order to reflect the fact that in French *teintes* can refer not only to lighter colorations but also darker ones and is thus sometimes synonymous with *ombres*.) Zola goes on to describe Manet's paintings "bathed in a sort of cheerful brightness that fills the whole canvas" (*baignent dans une sorte de clarté gaie qui emplit la toile entière*). This is the result, he says, of "*la loi des valeurs*,"[30] which he then goes on to define at some length:

The artist, set before one subject or another, lets himself be guided by his eyes which perceive this subject in broad tints and shades [*teintes*] that control each other. A head posed against a wall is only a patch of something more or less white on a ground more or less gray; and the clothing juxtaposed to the figure becomes, for example, a patch more or less blue set beside the patch more or less white. Hence, a grand simplicity is realized, almost devoid of details, an ensemble of true and delicate patches, which, from a few paces away, gives the painting a striking sense of relief. I emphasize this characteristic in the works of Édouard Manet because it is dominant in them and makes them what they are. The entire personality of the artist consists in the way his eye is organized: he sees light, and he sees in masses.

(*L'artiste, placé en face d'un sujet quelconque, se laisse guider par ses yeux qui aperçoivent ce sujet en larges teintes se commandant les unes les autres. Une tête posée contre un mur, n'est plus qu'une tache plus ou moins blanche sur un fond plus ou moins gris; et le vêtement juxtaposé à la figure devient par exemple une tache plus ou moins bleue mise à côté de la tache plus ou moins blanche. De là une grande simplicité, presque point de détails, un ensemble de taches justes et délicates qui, à quelques pas, donne au tableau un relief saisissant. J'appuie sur ce caractère des œuvres d'Édouard Manet, car il domine en elles et les fait ce qu'elles sont. Toute*

la personnalité de l'artiste consiste dans la manière dont son œil est organisé: il voit blond, et il voit par masses.) (151)

So far as I have been able to discover, Zola is the first writer to describe this "law of values." Soon after Zola's essay appeared in *L'artiste: Revue du XIX^e^ siècle*, Manet's nemesis, Thomas Couture, privately published his *Méthode et entretiens d'atelier* (Couture's preface is dated November 15, 1866, and so one presumes the book appeared early in 1867), which does in fact include much discussion of *valeur*:

I want to talk about values.

The word *value*, as we use it, applies more to drawing than to color. Value is the greater or lesser intensity of a tint; so one speaks of strong value, weak value; to the painter, one also says: Observe your values and your colors. The colors are the different tones like red, green, blue, yellow; but these colors are able to be more or less dark. We designate this difference by the word *value*.

(*Je veux parler des valeurs.*

Le mot valeur*, comme nous l'employons, s'applique plutôt au dessin qu'à coloration. La valeur est la plus ou moins grande intensité d'une teinte; aussi dit-on valeur forte, valeur foible; au peintre, on dit aussi: Observez vos valeurs et vos colorations. Les colorations sont les tons différents comme le rouge, le vert, le bleu, le jaune; mais ces couleurs peuvent être plus ou moins foncées. Nous désignons alors cette différence par le mot* valeur.)[31]

Couture's book makes no mention of any "law" of values, but this passage establishes pretty clearly that as a student Manet had been introduced to the word *valeur* as a means of discussing the relationship of light and dark. Nevertheless, as late as 1876, *valeur* was still a term infrequently used, so little so that when Eugène Fromentin began a discussion of "what we have come to call *values*" (*qu'on est convenu d'appeler les* valeurs) in a book on Dutch painting, *Les maîtres d'autrefois*, he begins, "One understands by this word of vague enough origin, of obscure meaning, the quantity of light or shadow one finds contained in a tone" (*On entend par ce mot d'origine assez vague, de sens obscur, la quantité de clair ou de sombre qui se trouve contenue dans un ton*).[32] In his essay Fromentin dedicates six more pages to the question of *valeurs*, contrasting their use in the work of de Hooch, Ter Borch, and Metzu to that of the *"tentatives modernes"*:

The refinement of a Metzu, the mystery of a Peter de Hooch depend, as I've said, on there being plenty of air around their objects, plenty of shadow surrounding their light, much calm among their fleeting colors, plenty of

transposition among their tones, many purely imaginary transformations in the look of things; in a word, the most marvelous use ever made of chiaroscuro, or in other terms, the most judicious application of the law of values.

(*Les délicatesses d'un Metzu, le mystère d'un Pierre de Hooch teinnent, je vous l'ai dit, à ce qu'il y a beaucoup d'air autour des objets, beaucoup d'ombres autour des lumières, beaucoup d'apaisements dans les couleurs fuyantes, beaucoup de transpositions dans les tons, beaucoup de transformations purement imaginaires dans l'aspect des choses, en un mot, le plus merveillieux emploi qu'on ait jamais fait du clair-obscur, en d'autres termes aussi, la plus judicieuse application de la loi des valeurs.*)[33]

It is tempting to read Fromentin's essay as a response to Zola's *Édouard Manet*. For one thing, Zola had attacked Fromentin in his Salon of 1866 for serving on the jury that had refused to accept Manet's paintings. "He has been to Africa," Zola wrote, "and has brought back from there several delicate subjects stripped of all life. His Bedouins dine properly on plates. All these suave artists, who understand poetry, who luncheon on an ideal and dine on a dream, live in holy terror of seeing canvases that remind them of nature, which they have declared too dirty for their taste" (*Il a été en Afrique et en a rapporté de délicieux sujets de pendule. Ses Bédouins son d'un propre à manger dans leurs assiettes. Tous ces artistes suaves, qui comprennent la poésie, qui déjeunent d'un rêve et qui dînent d'un songe, ont de saints effrois à la vue des toiles leur rappelant la nature, qu'ils ont déclarée trop sale pour eux*).[34] For his part, Fromentin has no use for Zola's (and by extension Manet's) realism either:

Every fantasy of the imagination, what one called the mystery of the palette in the époque when mystery was one of the attractions of painting, has given its place up to the love of absolute truth and the literal. Photography, in terms of the appearance of the body, and the photographic study, in terms of effects of light, have changed for the most part our manners of seeing, of feeling, and of painting. . . . The most recent painting has no other end but to strike the eyes with salient, literal images easily recognizable in their truthfulness, stripped of all artifice, and giving us exactly the sensations that we can see in the street.

(*Tous les fantaisies de l'imagination, ce que l'on appelait les mystères de la palette à l'époque où le mystère était un des attraits de la peinture, cèdent la place à l'amour du vrai absolu et du textuel. La photographie quant aux apparences des corps, l'étude photographique quant aux effets de la lumière, ont changé la plupart des manières de voir, de sentir et de peindre. . . . [L]a peinture la plus récente a pour but de frapper les yeux par des images saillantes, textuelles, aisément*

reconnaissables en leur vérité, dénuées d'artifices, et de nous donner exactement les sensations de ce que nous pouvons voir dans la rue.)[35]

But most important, Fromentin's "law of values" differs decidedly from Zola's. His is a law of gradation, of "*transpositions dans les tons*," as he puts it—namely, *clair-obscur*, French for *chiaroscuro*—while Zola's is a law of opposition, of the juxtaposition of masses, or patches of color. Whatever the "law of values" is, it was clearly disputatious, and Fromentin, I think, meant to set Zola in his place.

Zola would never give up on his insistence that the key to Manet's genius was the artist's dedication to the "law of values." In his catalog introduction to the artist's posthumous retrospective in 1884, he wrote,

> A single rule guided him, the law of values, the way in which a being or an object comports itself in light: the development [of his painting] starts from that, it is the light that draws as much its colors, it is the light that puts each thing in its place, that is the very life of the painted scene. Thence emerged those true colors [*tons justes*], of singular intensity, that would disconcert a public so used to the falsity of the traditional colors of the Academy; thence his pictures simplified themselves, they dealt only in large masses, according to plan, and the crowd was in stitches, for it had become accustomed to seeing every detail, down to the stubble of a beard, in the bituminous depths of historic painting.
>
> (*Une seule règle l'a guidé, la loi des valeurs, la façon dont un être ou un objet se comporte dans la lumière: l'évolution est partie de là, c'est la lumière qui dessine autant qu'elle colore, c'est la lumière qui met chaque chose à sa place, qui est la vie même de la scène peinte. Dès lors apparurent ces tons justes, d'une intensité singulière, qui déroutèrent le public, habituée à la fausseté traditionelle des tons de l'École; dés lors les figures se simplifièrent, ne furent plus traitées que par larges masses, selon leur plan, et la foule se tenait les côtes, car on l'avait accoutumée à tout voir, jusqu'aux poils de la barbe, dans les fonds bitumineux des tableaux historiques.*)[36]

That said, Zola knew well that for the average Frenchman the word *valeurs* had quite another meaning—*valeurs* are stocks and securities, and *la loi des valeurs* would have referred to laws regulating the exchange of such instruments on the Bourse.

L'argent, his novel of 1890–1891, focuses on the wild manipulation of these *valeurs* in Paris before and after the Exposition universelle of 1867. Zola writes with a particular sense of irony in describing Napoleon III's distribution of awards at the exposition on July 1: "The same day, the Tuileries learned of the

appalling catastrophe in Mexico, of the execution of Maximilian, French blood and gold wasted for absolutely nothing; and the news was kept secret so as not to sadden the festivities. It was the first strike of the death knell at the end of this superb day of dazzling sun" (*Le jour même, en apprenait aux Tuileries l'effroyable catastrophe du Mexique, l'exécution de Maximilien, le sang et l'or français versés en pure perte; et l'on cachait la nouvelle, pour ne pas attrister les fêtes. Un premier coup de glas, dans cette fin de jour superbe, éblouissante de soleil*).[37] A few pages later, he describes the general sense of unease that followed the Exposition:

> The days following the closure of the exposition, in a Paris intoxicated with pleasure and power, were a unique time, a time of faith in happiness, in the certitude of good luck without end. All the stocks and securities [*valeurs*] climbed in value, the least solid found gullible buyers, a plethora of shady businesses flooded a market congested to the point of apoplexy, while, beneath it all, was a hollow sound, the real exhaustion of a regime that had enjoyed much, spent billions on great public works, fattened the enormous financial institutions the gaping tills of which disemboweled themselves in every direction. At the first crack in the works, in this vertigo, a fiasco was certain.
>
> (*Au lendemain de l'Exposition, dans Paris grisé de plaisir et de puissance, l'heure était unique, une heure de foi au bonheur, la certitude d'une chance sans fin. Toutes les valeurs avaient monté, les moins solides trouvaient des crédules, une pléthore d'affaires véreuses gonflait le marché, le congestionnait jusqu'à l'apoplexie, tandus que, dessous, sonnait le vide, le réel épuisement d'un règne qui avait beaucoup joui, dépensé des milliards en grands travaux, engraissé des maison de crédit énormes, dont les caisses béantes s'éventraient de toutes parts. Au premier craquement, dans ce vertige, c'était la débâcle.*)[38]

Here and at many other moments in the novel, Zola uses *valeurs* in its full economic sense, and he deploys it specifically in the context of 1867. The question, of course, remains: Did he intend, in describing the "*loi des valeurs*" at work in Manet's painting, to evoke this economic sense? Did he mean for *valeurs* to resonate economically?

L'oeuvre, written in the months after Manet's death at age fifty-two in April 1883, offers another clue. Its principle character, Claude Lantier, was widely understood, at the time of the book's publication in 1885, to be modeled on Manet (he was actually an amalgam of Manet, Cézanne, and Monet). While he was still alive, Manet would have known the novel was coming: Paul Alexis had described it in 1882 in his *Notes d'un ami*. It was, he wrote, to feature "this painter smitten with modernistic beauty" (*ce peintre, épris de beau moderne*),

Claude Lantier, who had played a small role in *Le ventre de Paris*, published in 1873, the third novel in the Rougon-Macquart series:

> Around this man of genius, a sublime dreamer paralyzed in his work by a certain craziness, gravitate other artists, painters, sculptors, musicians, men of letters, a whole band of ambitious young men come to conquer Paris: some failing, others more or less succeeding, all of them case studies in the sickness of art, varieties of the time's great neurosis.
>
> (*Autour de l'homme de génie central, sublime rêveur paralysé dans la production par une fêlure, graviteront d'autres artistes, peintres, sculpteurs, musiciens, hommes de lettres, tout une bande de jeunes ambitieux également venus our conquérir Paris: les uns ratant leur affaire, les autres réussissant plus or moins; tous, des cas de la maladie de l'art, des variétés de la grand névrose actuelle.*)[39]

One of the minor characters in this band is a painter named Fagerolles who enjoys sudden success when he is taken up by the picture dealer Naudet. At a dinner party hosted by the famous novelist Pierre Sandoz (quite obviously Zola himself), a young journalist named Jory comments on an article that had appeared in the papers on Fagerolles, claiming to the assembled group that he said the same thing first, and he asks Gagnière, another painter at the table, if he had seen it:

> "Did you read Vernier's article?" repeated Jory to Gagnière. "Doesn't he say what I said?" For the moment, Gagnière was absorbed in the contemplation of his glass on the white tablecloth, which the reflection of his wine had turned red. He jumped.
>
> "Eh? the article by Vernier?"
>
> "Well, yes, all these articles that are appearing about Fagerolles."
>
> Stupefied, he turned toward Fagerolles.
>
> "Really! they're writing articles about you . . . I knew nothing of it, I haven't seen them . . . Writing about you are, they; why's that?" The table began to giggle, and Fagerolles grudgingly sniggered, believing it to be a bad joke. But Gagnière was absolutely sincere: He was astonished that success could befall a painter who did not even observe the law of values.
>
> (*"As-tu lu, toi, l'article de Vernier?" répéta Jory à Gagnière. "N'est-ce pas qu'il dit ce que j'ai dit?"*
>
> *Depuis un instant, Gagnière s'absorbait dans la contemplation de son verre sur la nappe blanche, que le reflet du vin tachait de rouge. Il sursauta.*
>
> *"Hein! l'article de Vernier?"*

"Oui, enfin tous ces articles qui paraissent sur Fagerolles."

Stupéfait, il se tourna vers celui-ci.

"Tiens! on écrit des articles sur toi . . . Je n'en sais rien, je ne les ai pas vus . . . Ah! on écrit des articles sur toi; pourquoi donc?"

Un fou rire s'éleva, Fagerolles seul ricanait de mauvaise grâce, croyant à une farce méchante. Mais Gagnière était d'une absolue bonne foi: il s'étonnait qu'on pût faire un succès à un peintre qui n'observait seulement pas la loi des valeurs.)[40]

Fagerolles's success is in fact a construction of his dealer, Naudet, who, a few pages earlier is described as follows:

> The famous Naudet possessed that certain elegance of a gentlemen, with his fancy jacket, bright tie, slicked back hair, polished patent leather shoes; a lavish lifestyle, moreover, a hired carriage, seat at the Opera, reserved table at Bignon's, frequenting every place where one ought to be seen. For the rest, a speculator, a broker, who couldn't care less about good painting. He had a unique flair for success, he could tell which artist he should promote, not the one who promised to be a much-discussed genius and great painter but one of fraudulent talent, inflated with superficial daring, who was going to sell at a premium in the bourgeois market. And it was true that he had turned that market upside down, dismissing the old art lover of taste and dealing only with the wealthier collector who knew nothing about art and who bought a picture like some stock or security [*valeur*] on the Bourse out of vanity or in the hope that it might increase in value.
>
> (*Le fameux Naudet avait des allures de gentilhomme, jaquette de fantaisie, brillant à la cravate, pommadé, astiqué, verni; grand train d'ailleurs, voiture au mois, fauteuil à l'Opéra, table réservée chez Bignon, fréquentant partout où il était décent de se montrer. Pour le reste, un spéculateur, un boursier, qui se moquait radicalement de la bonne peinture. Il apportait l'unique flair du succès, il devinait l'artiste à lancer, non pas celui qui promettait le génie discuté d'un grand peintre, mais celui dont le talent menteur, enflé de fausses hardiesses, allait faire prime sur le marché bourgeois. Et c'était ainsi qu'il bouleversait ce marché, en écartant l'ancien amateur de goût et en ne traitant plus qu'avec l'amateur riche, qui ne se connaît pas en art, qui achète un tableau comme valeur de Bourse, par vanité ou dans l'espoir qu'elle montera.*)[41]

When at the end of the novel Fagerolles is financially ruined by Naudet despite "his hundred thousand francs a year in sales" (*sa vente annuelle de cent mille francs*), Gagnière reminds everyone that Fagerolles "never knew what a value was" (*jamais il n'a su ce que c'était une valeur*).[42] Here, in the context of Fagerolles

and Naudet, of painting as an investment—a *valeur*—Gagnière's assessment is fully double edged. Fagerolles had never understood anything about painting, neither the formal *valeurs* of light and dark nor the way in which Naudet had manipulated his work as a *valeur* in the marketplace.

If, as I have argued throughout this book, Zola was aware of the word *valeur*'s double meaning, even in 1867 when he first used it ostensibly in a purely formalist manner to describe Manet's style of painting, it carried a certain weight, an economic and moral force that belied his very insistence on the irrelevance of subject matter to Manet's art. He knew well that Manet had painted *Le déjeuner* as a judgment on Paris. He well knew that *Olympia* was an essay on prostitution, slavery, and the commodification of the body in the Second Empire. But he could not say so. The authorities hovered over himself, Manet, Baudelaire, even Astruc, ready to shut them down for offending the public *pudeur* or even, as *The Execution of Maximilian* would prove, Napoleon III himself, whom they loathed. *Valeur* was a word with political resonance that could pretend otherwise.

When, in 1890, Mme Manet threatened to sell *Olympia* to an unknown American buyer for twenty thousand francs, Claude Monet and John Singer Sargent started a subscription campaign to buy the painting and give it to the Louvre. Zola refused to donate. He understood, he wrote to Monet, that "many collectors form syndicates to drive up the prices of a painter whose work they own . . . but I have promised myself, as a writer, never to become involved in such affairs" (*des amateurs se syndiquent pour faire monter le prix d'un peintre dont ils ont des toiles . . . mais je me suis promis moi, écrivain, de ne jamais me mêler à ces sortes d'affaires*). The implication, of course, is that since he owned several Manets—a watercolor version of *Dead Christ and the Angels*, his own portrait, and a pastel portrait of his wife—it might be construed that he was helping to inflate the value of his own collection. Manet would find his place in the Louvre on his own merits, he argued, not through some scheme that "smelled of the coterie and publicity seeking" (*sentira la coterie et la réclame*).[43] Manet was no Fagerolles, in short, and the whole thing smelled of Naudet. Zola, in the end, could not bring himself to abandon Manet's "*loi des valeurs*" as an agent of social critique, and *Olympia*'s value could not be determined in francs.

Coda

I would like to add to this story a brief coda. Antonin Proust remembers that in the last year of his life, "Manet spoke—it was his favorite subject of conversation—of his voyages at sea, of Holland, Italy, Spain."[1] Just a year earlier, as if looking for a subject that might let him paint the sea, he had approached radical republican journalist and pamphleteer Henri Rochefort, asking whether he might be amenable to the artist painting his escape, in 1874, from the French prison colony in New Caledonia, where he had been confined for his role in the Commune. In 1868, Rochefort's paper, *La lanterne*, unleashed by the new laws of the press putatively ending censorship, had viciously attacked the imperial family until the paper was shut down by the government, and Rochefort, facing imprisonment, had fled to Brussels, from where he had continued his attacks.[2] Ostensibly freed of the censor, the witty Rochefort felt oppressed by state censorship, a fact he addressed in August 1868 from exile in Brussels:

> A good Turk, having dreamed that he killed the Sultan, was condemned to the harshest of penalties for having allowed his sleep to be soiled by that criminal, though involuntary, vision.
>
> I am this Turk. My prose is not only condemned when it's published, but it has barely escaped my head than it is already before the police. Every morning I expect the visit of two bookstore inspectors charged with searching the depths of my brain in order to administratively seize all the revolutionary ideas that hold meetings there and that at any moment I could introduce into the *Lanterne*.[3]

Such sentiments would have naturally appealed to Manet at the time as he worked on his *Execution of Maximilian*, which would in short order itself be censored, and, twelve years later, he must have thought that painting the newly reprieved Rochefort would affirm the republican politics that had driven his art from the beginning.

The idea would be "a sensational painting for the Salon—Rochefort escaping in a rowboat on the open sea," as Monet described it to Théodore Duret fresh from meeting with Manet on December 9, 1880. The painter Marcellin Desboutin, who carried the idea to Rochefort himself, wrote to Manet, "The proposal was received *with enthusiasm*. The idea of an *Alabama* sea carried the day!!"[4] It would be, then, a reprise of *The Battle of the "Kearsarge" and the "Alabama"* and the "*grande Impure*" that was for him the sea, but its politics would be far less ambiguous than in that earlier painting. There was, after all, no fear of censorship in the Third Republic.

The painting (fig. 79) evokes *The Raft of the Medusa*, one assumes purposefully, with Rochefort sitting at the tiller of the rowboat as it heads to the rescue ship in the distance, though it lacks all the drama and pathos of its predecessor. Its only drama is a drama of paint, the slashes of white and pink on the crests of the waves representing what Rochefort had described as the "phosphorescence" of the sea in his highly exaggerated memoir, published a few months earlier as *L'évadé: Roman canaque* (Chapentier, 1880)—*Escaped: A Kanak Tale* (the Kanak being the Indigenous people of New Caledonia). Perhaps Manet recognized his painting's comparative lack of drama—it was anything but "sensational"—or perhaps he discovered that Rochefort misrepresented the "heroism" of his escape—he and his companions had not, indeed, rowed out into the open sea but only to a rescue ship snuggly moored in the harbor.[5]

In any event, Manet did not submit the painting—or another on the same subject—to the Salon. Instead he asked Rochefort if he would like to pose for a portrait (fig. 80), a portrait that Rochefort ended up disliking—he rejected Manet's offer of it as a gift—but for which, together with the *Portrait of M. Pertuiset, the Lion Hunter*, Manet was awarded a medal, his first, at the Salon of 1881. Jules Claretie, who had lampooned Manet from the outset, reacted to Manet receiving a medal with characteristic sarcasm:

> M. Edouard Manet, the revolutionary Manet, Manet the uncompromising, Manet the rebel of painting, Manet terror of the Institute and fright of the bourgeois, Manet bows, completely happy before the medal that shines for him as the sun shines over the whole world!
>
> (*M. Edouard Manet, le révolutionnaire Manet, Manet l'intransigeant, Manet l'insurgé de la peinture, Manet la terreur de l'Institut et l'effarement des bourgeois,*

FIGURE 79 Édouard Manet, *The Escape of Henri Rochefort—Large Study*, 1880–1881. Oil on canvas, 57 ½ × 45 ¾ in. Kunsthaus, Zurich. Inv. no. 1955.9. Photograph: akg-images.

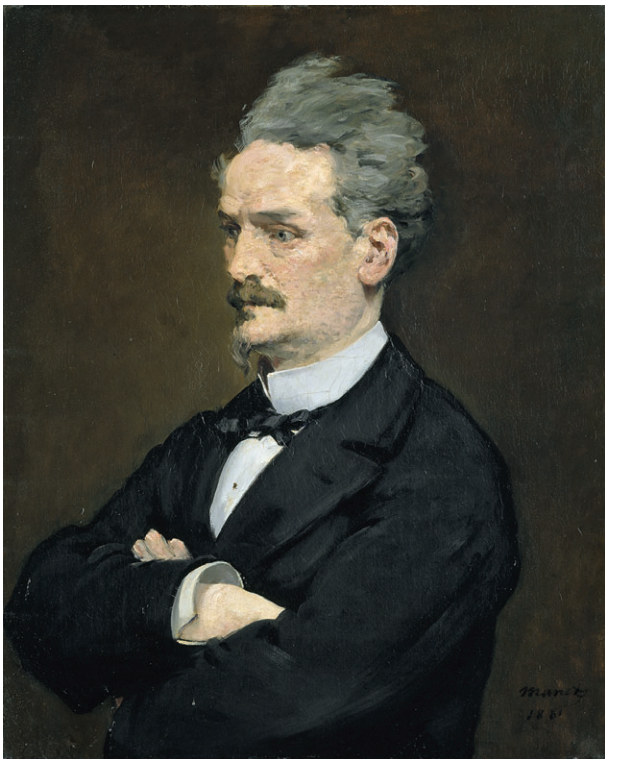

FIGURE 80 Édouard Manet, *Portrait of M. Henri Rochefort*, 1881. Oil on canvas, 32 × 26 ¼ in. Kunsthalle, Hamburg. Inv. 1564. Photograph: bpk Bildagentur / Kunsthalle / Art Resource, New York. Photography: Elke Walford.

Manet s'incline, tout heureux devant la médaille qui resplendit pour lui comme le soleil luit pour tout le monde!)[6]

Claretie's words must have stung at least a little, as, too, must have Rochefort's refusal of his portrait, and Manet was by this time in quite ill health.

That summer he rented a house on the avenue Villeneuve-l'Etang in Versailles from the collector Marcel Bernstein and painted Bernstein's five-year-old son Henry (fig. 81). As Cachin notes, "The painting, with all its charm of spontaneity, draws on a long past in Manet's work."[7] She notes, particularly, its resemblance to the Watteauesque boy in *The Old Musician*, the upturned brim of his hat creating the same halo effect, but she forgets the actual halo in *Dead Christ and the Angels* and the halo effect of the sombrero in *The Execution of Maximilian*. "Perhaps," Cachin also notes, "this children's summer uniform reminded him of the uniform he had worn while serving on a training ship in 1848, and proudly described in a letter to his mother." Perhaps, although that earlier uniform was quite different: "We have our sailor suits in their entirety," he had written his mother, "waterproof hat, felt shirt, canvas coat and pants; it all looks quite good; and there are always a hundred curious onlookers watching us from the quay" (*Nous avons tout à fait le costume de marin: chapeau ciré,*

FIGURE 81 Édouard Manet, *Portrait of Henry Bernstein as a Child*, 1881. Oil on canvas, 53 ¼ × 38 ¼ in. Private collection. Photograph: akg-images / André Held.

chemise en molleton, vareuse et pantalon en toile; cet ensemble fait très bien; aussi y a-t-il toujours sur le quai une centaine de badauds à nous regarder).[8] But certainly he must have thought as he painted young Henry of his own youth and of the sea. And, I think, his imagination must have been stirred equally by the play of black and white that defines the boy's uniform.[9]

In 1992 Toni Morrison published a little book titled *Playing in the Dark: Whiteness and the Literary Imagination*. It is a book motivated by her sense that "the major and championed characteristics of our national literature . . . [are] in fact responses to a dark, abiding, signing Africanist presence."[10] My book has been an argument that this same "dark, abiding, signing Africanist presence" lies likewise at the roots of modern art. For Morrison, "no image is more telling" than one with which we are familiar, the image that concludes Poe's *Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym*—Pym, Peters, and the native Nu-Nu floating on a milk-white sea into a "luminous glare," a "white curtain" the sight of which causes Nu-Nu to expire even as there arose before them that "shrouded human figure very much larger than any dweller among men" whose "hue of skin . . . was the perfect whiteness of the snow"(32). Because such "images of impenetrable whiteness" almost always appear, Morrison writes, "in conjunction with representations of black or Africanist people who are dead, impotent, or under complete control," they "seem to function as both antidote for and meditation on the shadow that is companion to this whiteness—a dark and abiding presence that moves the hearts and texts of American literature with fear and longing"(33). *Fear and longing*, words that moved the hearts, texts, and paintings of both Baudelaire and Manet. Baudelaire's dark mistresses, Manet's dark maid, even his black cat, all, in Morrison's words, "a fabricated brew of darkness, otherness, alarm, and desire"(38). For Morrison, this brew is "uniquely American," but she admits that "there also exists, of course, a European Africanism with a counterpart in colonial literature" (38)—Baudelaire in the Mascarenes, Manet in Brazil, where both came to recognize, as Morrison reminds us, "Nothing highlight[s] freedom—if it did not in fact create it—like slavery"(38). And nothing, Zola knew, highlights the "bright and luminous patches" (*taches clairs et lumineuses*) of Olympia's flesh like the "*taches noirs*" of "*une négresse et un chat*"—like, that is to say again, slavery.

Morrison goes on to say in terms perfectly suited to conclude our discussion, "Through the simple expedient of demonizing and reifying the range of color on a palette," it becomes "possible to say and not say, to inscribe and erase, to escape and engage, to act out and act on, to historicize and render timeless"(7). In the contrast between a black maid and a white prostitute, it was possible for Manet "to say and not say, to inscribe and erase, to escape and engage, to act out and act on" the *loi de valeur* that resides at the heart of modern art, that heart of darkness.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

This project began in earnest with a travel grant from the Oregon State University Library for research at the Bibliothèque nationale in Paris in the summer of 1992. Over the following years, it moved slowly forward, with a visit to Paris for a week or two every other year, until, finally, by 2010, the library had put most of its nineteenth-century newspaper and journal collection in the now enormous online library Gallica, a truly remarkable achievement that allowed me to finish the book. I cannot overstate how valuable a resource Gallica was to this project.

Various audiences have heard my argument as it developed over the years—at Emporia State University in January 1998; North Carolina A&T State University in March 2008; Augusta State University in April 2012; the Bend, Oregon, public library in February 2015; and the University of South Dakota in March 2015; and as the keynote address at the annual convention of the Humanities Education and Research Association (HERA) in March 2011. I am grateful to my lecture hosts and audiences for the comments, criticisms, and ideas that contributed to my thinking.

I had many conversations about this book with the late David Antin. His encouragement and interest kept me going. So did the thoughtful readings of early drafts by my colleagues at Oregon State, Peter Betjemann and Neil Browne, and the spirited interest of one of my oldest friends, the Golden Age Hispanist William Clamurro.

I want to thank Alan Thomas of the University of Chicago Press for his support of this project and his friendship over the years. The anonymous readers of the manuscript pushed me to write a far better book than I otherwise might have.

Finally, I owe my greatest debt to Sandy Brooke. I have said it before, but I will say it again: Without her good counsel and better company, I would not have had the will to get this done, let alone found the pleasure I have had in doing it.

NOTES

Preface

1. T. J. Clark, *The Painting of Modern Life: Paris in the Art of Manet and His Followers,* rev. ed. (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1999; first published 1985 by Alfred A. Knopf [New York]).

2. Clement Greenberg, "Modernist Painting," in *The Collected Essays and Criticism*, ed. John O'Brian, 4 vols. (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1986–1993), 4:86–87. Michael Fried has noted that "by 1884 nearly all the elements of a 'Greenbergian' formalist-modernist point of view were not only clearly articulated but also specifically brought to bear on Manet's painting. . . . Indeed Manet soon came to be seen as having pursued pictorial 'quality,' in the sense of 'esthetic' value, virtually to the exclusion of all else." See *Manet's Modernism or, The Face of Painting in the 1860s* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1996), 415.

3. Clark, *Painting of Modern Life*, 138. In his next sentence, Clark refers, although somewhat obliquely, to the Greenbergian understanding of Manet's place in the history of modern art: "It is this which was subsequently held to be the essence of *Olympia*, and the basis of its claim to be modern in artistic terms."

4. Clark, 88.

5. Clark, xxvii–xxviii.

6. Darcy Grimaldo Grigsby, *Extremities: Painting Empire in Post-Revolutionary France* (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 2002), 6–7. It is hardly surprising that Grigsby has turned her attention to *Olympia* in what is one of the more important studies of Olympia's maid to date in "Still Thinking about Olympia's Maid," *Art Bulletin* 47(December 2015): 430–51, an essay that I address in chapter 4. The essay stems from a work in progress titled *Creole Looking: Portraying France's Foreign Relations in the Long Nineteenth Century*, which, I imagine, will overlap with many of my concerns in this book as well. Other important approaches to Olympia's maid include Griselda Pollock, "A Tale of Three Women: Seeing in the Dark, Seeing Double, at Least, with Manet," in *Differencing the Canon: Feminist Desire and the Writing of Art's Histories* (London:

Routledge, 1999), 246–315, which definitively identifies Manet's model (see chap. 4); Jennifer DeVere Brody, "Black Cat Fever: Manifestations of Manet's *Olympia*," *Theater Journal* 53(March 2001): 95–118; and the recent exhibitions cited in note 9 of this preface.

7. Émile Zola, *Écrits sur l'art*, ed. Jean-Pierre Luduc-Adine (Paris: Gallimard, 1991), 151.

8. In an important and influential essay published thirty years ago, Leila W. Kinney first outlined the ways in which censorship in Napoléon III's regime forced writers such as Zola never to make explicit correlation between an oppositional painting, such as Manet's, and politics; Leila W. Kinney "Genre: A Social Contract?" *Art Journal* 46 (Winter 1987): 267–77. As a result, she writes, "Political associations in art criticism remained in the undertow of metaphor" (267).

9. Laurence des Cars and Jacques Martial, preface to *Le modèle noir: De Géricault à Matisse* (Paris: Musée d'Orsay and Flammarion, 2019), 12. The Musée d'Orsay exhibition ran from March 26 to July 21, 2019. A scaled-back version was presented at Mémorial ACTe from September 13 to December 29, 2019. The Musée d'Orsay exhibition was a triple-size version of *Posing Modernity: The Black Model from Manet and Matisse to Today*, a show curated by Denise Murrell at Columbia University's Wallach Art Gallery, October 24, 2018–February 10, 2019, with accompanying catalog (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 2018). The maid in *Olympia* is the focal point around which all three exhibitions are organized.

10. My language here paraphrases Paul Smith, who argues that Manet's friend and contemporary Charles Baudelaire uses such "double coding" in his famous essay of 1863, "The Painter of Modern Life," in order to assert the eternal dimension of modern life *within* the more overt contingency of the crowd and its commodity culture. See Paul Smith, "Victorine's Secret: Baudelaire and the Ambiguity of Commodities," in *Is Paris Still the Capital of the Nineteenth Century? Essays on Art and Modernity, 1850–1900*, ed. Hollis Clayson and André Dombrowski (London: Routledge, 2016), 85. Smith's understanding of Olympia as a commodity parallels my own.

Chapter One

1. Émile Zola, "Une nouvelle manière en peinture: Édouard Manet," *L'artiste: Revue du XIX^e^ siècle* (January 1867), republished as *Ed. Manet: Étude biographique et critique* (Paris: Dentu, 1867), and reprinted in Émile Zola, *Écrits sur l'art*, ed. Jean-Pierre Luduc-Adine (Paris: Gallimard, 1991), 137–69, at 152.

2. Zola, *Écrits sur l'art*, 151.

3. Zola, 161.

4. Zola, 153.

5. Sir Joshua Reynolds, "Discourse VIII," in *Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses*, ed. Helen Zimmern (London: Walter Scott, 1887), 144 (emphasis added). Reynolds uses *value* in this sense in only one other instance in all the *Discourses*: "An eye critically nice can only be formed by observing well-coloured pictures with attention: and by close inspection, and minute examination you will discover, at last, the manner of handling, the artifices of contrast, glazing, and other expedients, by which good colourists have raised the value of their tints, and by which nature has been so happily imitated"—from "Discourse II," 15–16.

6. *Discours pronounces à l'Académie royale de peinture de Londres, par M. Josué Reynolds*, trans. Henri Jansen (Paris: Moutard, 1787).

7. Reynolds, "Discourse VII," in *Reynolds's Discourses,* 113.

8. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. *Goethe's Theory of Colors*, trans. Charles Lock Eastgate (London: John Murray, 1840), 346–47.

9. Goethe, 342.

10. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *The Good Women*, in *The Works of J. W. von Goethe*, ed. Nathan Haskell Dole, trans. R. D. Boyle (Boston: F. A. Nicolls, 1875), 11:460, 462, 463.

11. Goethe, *Goethe's Theory of Colors*, xlii–xliii.

12. Jean Baptiste Bon Boutard, *Dictionnaire des arts du dessin, la peinture, la sculpture, la gravure et l'architecture* (Paris: Le Normant Père, Ch. Gosselin, 1826), 672.

13. "À lui révéler ce que la plupart des confrères ignorant, la valeur des couleurs de sa palette; et dans cette valeur nous comprenons la connaissance de la résultante colorée qu'il obtiendra, soit en mêlant un nombre donné de fils d'une même gamme, mais à des ton differents, soit en mêlant un nombre donné de fils diversement colorés appartenant à des gammes différentes." Michel Eugène Chevreul, *De la loi du contraste simultané des couleurs* (Paris: Pitois-Levault, 1839), 269; *The Principles of Harmony and Contrast of Colours*, trans. Charles Martel, 2nd ed. (London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans, 1855), 156.

14. Pierre Larousse, *Grand dictionnaire universel du XIX^e^ siècle* (Paris: Administration du Grand Dictionnaire universel, 1876), 15:743–44.

15. "Le noir et le blanc, qui peuvent être considérés en quelque sorte comme complémentaires l'un de l'autre, deviennent, conformément à la *loi* du contraste de ton, plus différentes que s'ils étaient vus isolément; et cela résulte de ce que l'effet de la lumière blanche réfléchie par le noir est détruit plus ou moins par la lumière de la zone blanche: c'est par une action analogue que le blanc rehausse le ton des couleurs avec lesquelles on le juxtapose." Chevreul, 29–30. Chevreul, *Principles of Harmony,* trans. Martel, 19; I have modified the Martel translation for the sake of clarity.

16. Émile Zola, *The Masterpiece*, trans. Thomas Walton, rev. trans. Roger Pearson (New York: Oxford University Press, 1993), 28–29. The translation used here is actually from Michael Fried, *Manet's Modernism or, The Face of Painting in the 1860s* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1996), 248–49, which is based loosely on the Walton translation but is, I think, far superior.

17. "Cette femme nue a scandalisé le public. . . . La foule . . . a cru que l'artiste avait mis une intention obscène et tapageuse dans la disposition du sujet. . . . Les peintres, surtout Édouard Manet . . . n'ont pas cette préoccupation du sujet qui tourmente la foule avant tout; le sujet pour eux est un prétexte à peindre. . . . Ainsi, assurément, la femme nu du *Déjeuner sur l'herbe* n'est là que pour fournir à l'artiste l'occasion de peintre un peu de chair . . . cette chair ferme, modelée à grands pans de lumière." Zola, *Écrits sur l'art*, 158–59.

18. Carol Armstrong, *Manet Manette* (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 2002), 150. Armstrong's is perhaps the best extended comparison of the two; see 150–59 especially. Armstrong reads the two as exemplary moments in what she calls "the Victorine series," Manet's ongoing "questioning of the problem of painting personhood"(353n10, 354n11).

19. In *The Painting of Modern Life: Paris in the Art of Manet and His Followers,* rev. ed. (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1999; first published 1985 by Alfred A. Knopf [New York]), T. J. Clark points out that in 1865 only two of the seventy odd critics to

write about *Olympia* recognized Titian's *Venus* as a source (94). And only two critics connected the *Déjeuner* to what was then believed to be Giorgione's *Fête champêtre* (now thought to be an early work of Titian's): Manet's friend Zacharie Astruc in the last number of his short-lived (because censored—a fate to be discussed later) *Salon* (May 20, 1863): 5; and the Englishman Phillip Hamerton, *Fine Arts Quarterly* (October 1863): 261. On the latter, see Anne McCauley, "Sex and the Salon," in *Manet's Le déjeuner sur l'herbe*, ed. Paul Hayes Tucker (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1998), 43.

20. Clark, *Painting of Modern Life*, 96.

21. Clark, 94–95.

22. Karl Marx, *The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Napoleon* (New York: International, 1957), 15.

23. John House, "Manet and the De-moralized Viewer," in *Manet's Le déjeuner sur l'herbe*, ed. Paul Hayes Tucker (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1998), 87.

24. House, 85.

25. Adrian Rifkin, "No Particular Thing to Mean" (1983), in *Communards and Other Cultural Histories: Essays by Adrian Rifkin*, ed. Steve Edwards (Leiden: Brill, 2017), 224–25.

26. Armstrong, *Manet Manette*, 158.

27. Fried, *Manet's Modernism*, 141. As Fried notes, "this was the main thrust of my 1969 essay. "Manet's Sources: Aspects of His Art, 1859–1865," *Artforum* 7 (March 1969): 28–82, which makes up pages 23–135 of *Manet's Modernism*. I will return to Fried's assessment of Manet's intentions in chapter 8. I agree with Fried insofar as by "Frenchness" he means Revolutionary Frenchness, republican Frenchness as opposed to the Frenchness of the Second Empire (which he does), but that Manet was seeking to establish "the universality" of his painting I doubt. To my mind, he was speaking about Frenchness to a French public that had forgotten its past.

28. Quoted in George Mauner, "Manet and the Life of Nature Morte," in *Manet: The Still-Life Paintings* (New York: Abrams, 2000), 20. "It was probably not this plate that inspired Manet to paint his great, controversial painting," Mauner adds, "but in view of the publicity that the purchase and exhibition of the Roman Marquis Campan engendered, he must have known it, so that along with the dictum on the Raimondi print, he could not possibly have missed the moral issue with which this design was associated" (21). The plate illustrated here is not the same one as in Mauner's catalog—I was unable to find a suitable reproduction—but one in the collection of the Musée de la faïence et des beaux-arts in Nevers. The Mauner plate cuts off the three seated nymphs, showing only two. The Nevers plate shows the whole group but lacks the inscription. A faience wine cooler from the same atelier and reproducing the same painting is in the collection of the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. It is worth suggesting, I think, that the coloring of the Fontana faiences may have inspired the coloring of Manet's *Déjeuner*, especially its blues, greens, and ochres.

29. James H. Rubin has written eloquently on Manet's incorporation of still lifes into his paintings: James H. Rubin, *Manet's Silence and the Poetics of Bouquets* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1994). Of Manet's late still-life bouquets, he writes, in ways that resonate particularly with my argument in these pages, "They are like enactments—performances, rather than allegories—on the theme of *vanitas*. . . . When one plucks the flower, however exquisite the arrangement it engenders, there is no pretense that its beauty will last" (196).

30. For an account of Couture's studio at the time Manet was his student, see Albert Boime, *Thomas Couture and the Eclectic Vision* (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 1980), 441–56. Although Boime believes that the conflicts between Manet and Couture (especially those later reported in the biography by Manet's friend and colleague in those years, Antonin Proust) "reflect the attempts of apologists to create historical cleavage between master and pupil in the interests of establishing the latter's unbridled originality" (446), the fact is Manet made a definitive break with Couture in 1859, as described in chapter 3.

31. Quoted in David Weir, *Decadence and the Making of Modernism* (Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 1995), 28.

32. Zola, *Écrits sur l'art*, 158.

33. "Sentant qu'il n'arrivait à rien en copiant les maîtres, en peignant la nature vue au travers des individualités différentes de la sienne, il aura compris, tout naïvement, un beau matin, qu'il lui restait à essayer de voir la nature telle qu'elle est, sans la regarder dans les oeuvres et dans les opinions des autres. . . . Il fit effort pour oublier tout ce qu'il avait étudié dans les musées; il tâcha de ne plus se rappeler les conseils qu'il avait reçus, les oeuvres peintes qu'il avait regardées." Zola, *Écrits sur l'art*,147.

34. The translation is in Pierre Courthion and Pierre Cailler, eds., *Portrait of Manet by Himself and His Contemporaries*, trans. Michael Ross (New York:, 1960), 13–39.

35. Courthion and Cailler, 153

36. Courthion and Cailler, 152.

Chapter Two

1. "Après le déjeuner je suis parti avec mon nouvel ami pour parcourir toute la ville. Elle est assez grande, les rues sont très petites cependant; pour l'Européen quelque peu artiste elle offre un cachet tout particulier; on ne rencontre dans la rue que de nègres et des négresses; les Brésiliens sortent peu et les Brésiliennes encore moins. . . . Dans ce pays tous les nègres sont esclaves; tous ces malheureux ont l'air abruti; le pouvoir qu'ont sur eux les blancs est extraordinaire; j'ai vu un marché d'esclaves; c'est un spectacle assez révoltant pour nous; les nègres ont pour costume un pantalon, quelquefois un vareuse en toile, mais il ne leur est pas permis comme esclaves de porter des souliers. Les négresses sont pour la plupart nues jusqu'à la ceinture, quelques-unes ont un foulard attaché au cou et tombant sur la poitrine, elles sont généralement laides, cependant j'en ai vu d'assez jolies; elles se mettent avec beaucoup de recherche. Les unes se font des turbans, les autres arrangent très artistement leur cheveux crépus et elles portent presque toutes des jupons ornés de monstrueux volants.

Quant aux Brésiliennes, elles sont généralement très jolies; elles ont des yeux magnifiquement noirs et des cheveux idem; elles sont toutes coiffées à la chinoise et sortent dans les rues toujours nue tête . . . les femmes ne sortent jamais seules, elles sont toujours suivies de leur négresse ou elles sont avec leurs enfants." As translated in Theresa Gronberg, *Manet: A Retrospective* (New York: Random House, 1990), 38. For the original letter see Édouard Manet, *Lettres de jeunesse: 1848–1849 voyage à Rio* (Paris: Louis Rouart et Fils, 1928), 51–53.

2. Manet, *Lettres de jeunesse*, 58. "La population est au trois quarts nègre, ou mulâtre, cette partie est généralement affreusse sauf quelques exceptions parmi les négressses et les mulâtresses; ces dernières sont presque toutes jolies. À Rio tous les nègres sont esclaves. La traite y est en grande vigueur." Darcy Grimaldo Grigsby begins her essay

"Still Thinking about Olympia's Maid," *Art Bulletin* 47 (December 2015): 430–51, by citing these same letters.

3. See the section "Traite and Trade," in Christopher L. Miller, *The French Atlantic Triangle: Literature and Culture of the Slave Trade* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2008), 11–13.

4. For a history of sugar and its connection to imperial adventuring in the Caribbean, see Sidney Mintz, *Sweetness and Power: The Place of Sugar in Modern History* (New York: Penguin, 1985). By 1789, France's island economies—principally Saint-Domingue, Guadeloupe, and Martinique—led the world in the production of sugar, and Martinique had established itself as a major producer of coffee as early as the 1730s.

5. See Miller, *French Atlantic Triangle*, 22; and Lawrence C. Jennings, *French Anti-Slavery: The Movement for the Abolition of Slavery in France 1802–1848* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2000), 32.

6. Jennings, *French Anti-Slavery,* 282.

7. Grigsby argues that owing to France's recent abolition of slavery, Manet would have felt considerable superiority over the Brazilians: "Manet was thus able to look on slavery in Brazil with a righteous Republican eye," she writes, and she goes on to claim that the revolutionaries of 1848 "treated the second abolition of slavery, its righting of Napoléon's wrongful reinstatement of slavery in 1802, as a high priority. The ending of slavery was one of the Second Republic's first acts, an act that confirmed its allegiance to the first Revolution's legacy" (430). Grigsby rather overstates, I think, French enthusiasm for abolition. As Lawrence Jennings has outlined the situation in *French Anti-Slavery*, "In the face of a July Monarchy determined to maintain the status quo, it [the French antislavery movement] could only muster a handful of publications and a few thousand signatures on petitions even in the late 1840s. . . . Without the Revolution of 1848 that overthrew the Orleanist regime, slavery undoubtedly would have endured many more years in the French colonies" (289). In December 1847, just months before the revolution, Guillaume de Félice, a young theologian championed by the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society in London and one of the most strident and vocal of the French abolitionists, wrote to his supporters in London: "The majority of the liberal or radical party, finally, does not care about the subject either. We have been able to see this in the reformist banquets [of 1847] where the orators spoke of everything—everything except the emancipation of the blacks! . . . As for the mass of the people, it is ignorant of or foreign to the debate. They hardly know that slaves exist in our colonies!"; quoted in Jennings, *French Anti-Slavery,* 272. Indeed, when in April 1848 British ships brought word to Martinique that the monarchy had been overthrown and that the new Republic had declared its intention to abolish slavery, the threat of a slave revolt caused the governor to declare emancipation immediately. Guadeloupe followed suit four days later. The news of the decree abolishing slavery in all the French colonies arrived in the islands, then, as something of an afterthought.

8. "Nous avons quitté la rade, nous sommes depuis aujourd'hui dans le port pour faire notre chargement, devant emporter 2500 à 3000 sacs de café" (We've left the bay, and since yesterday we've been in port to load our cargo, being obliged to take on 2,500 to 3,000 bags of coffee). Manet, to his father, March 22, 1849, *Lettres de jeunesse*, 66. Brazil did not abolish slavery until 1888, by which time roughly four million slaves had been imported to the country from Africa.

9. Zacharie Astruc, "Olympia: La fille des îles," in *Les Alhambras* (Paris: Librairie

Henri Leclerc, 1908), 455. The translation is from T. J. Clark, *The Painting of Modern Life: Paris in the Art of Manet and His Followers,* rev. ed. (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1999; first published 1985 by Alfred A. Knopf [New York]), 283n9.

10. See Alan Krell, "The Fantasy of Olympia," *Connoisseur* 195 (August 1977): 302–3.

11. E. D. Lilley, "Two Notes on Manet," *Burlington Magazine* 132 (April 1990): 267.

12. Astruc, "Olympia: La fille des îles," 456.

13. Charles Baudelaire, "La peinture de la vie moderne," in *Oeuvres complètes de Baudelaire,* rev. ed. Claude Pichois (Paris: Gallimard, Bibliothèque de la Pléiade, 1961), 1188–89; "The Painter of Modern Life," in *The Painter of Modern Life and Other Essays,* trans. Jonathan Mayne (London: Phaidon, 1964), 37.

14. Consider the usage of the critic Paul de Saint-Victor in a review of Émile Zola's novel *Nana*: "Nana is the *fille* in her most brutal and bestial state, a great streetwalker, catapulted by chance onto the stage and into a townhouse, who falls back into the streets by the law of gravity." Quoted in Charles Bernstein, *Figures of Ill Repute: Representing Prostitution in Nineteenth-Century France* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 1997), 230.

15. In 1847 there were in Martinique 9,542 whites (of which only 4,451 were male, a number that had been consistent since 1802), 38,729 people of mixed race, and 72,859 slaves; *Tableaux et relevés de population . . . sur les colonies françaises* (Paris: Imprimerie Royal, 1848); cited in Rebecca Hartkopf Schloss, *Sweet Liberty: The Final Days of Slavery in Martinique* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 2009), table 1, p. iii.

16. Schloss, *Sweet Liberty,* 197–98.

17. Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin or, Life among the Lowly,* 2 vols. (Boston: John P. Jewett & Company, 1852), 2: 97–98.

18. Phyllis A. Floyd, "The Puzzle of Olympia," *Nineteenth-Century Art Worldwide: A Journal of Nineteenth-Century Visual Culture* 3, no. 1 (Spring 2004), http://www.19thc-artworldwide.org/spring04/70-spring04/spring04article/285-the-puzzle-of-olympia.

19. Astruc, "Olympia: La fille des îles," 456.

20. Auguste-Jean-Marie Vermorel, *Ces dames, physiognomies parisiennes* (Paris: Tous les Librairies, 1860), 28, quoted and translated in Floyd, "Puzzle of Olympia."

21. See Watteau's *La partie-carrée* (*The Foursome*) of about 1713 in the collection of the Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco. Watteau's considerable influence on Manet has been well established by Fried, who sees Watteau as mediating between Manet and Raphael, arguing that Manet well understood "Watteau's recycling of Raphael"—that Watteau had "brilliantly and ingeniously adapted Raphael's invention to his own purposes"; Michael Fried, *Manet's Modernism or, The Face of Painting in the 1860s* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1996), 151.

22. John House, "Manet and the De-Moralized Viewer," in *Manet's Le déjeuner sur l'herbe,* ed. Paul Hayes Tucker (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1998), 86, 89n22.

23. Clark, *Painting of Modern Life,* 87–88.

24. Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* 2:104–5.

25. Alain Clairet, "Le bracelet de l'Olympia: Genèse et destine d'un chef-d'oeuvre," *L'oeil* 333 (April 1983): 36–41. Clairet writes, "Nous avons retrouvé ce dernier bijou qui fut transmis à son actuelle proprietaire, accompagné d'une notice de la main de Julie Manet: 'Bracelet d'Olympia. Le medallion contient des chevaux d'Édouard Manet à 15 mois'" (We have found this last jewel which was passed on to its present owner

accompanied by a note in the hand of Julie Manet: 'Bracelet of Olympia. The medallion contains the hair of Édouard Manet at the age of 15 months'").

26. Claire Parfait, *The Publishing History of Uncle Tom's Cabin, 1852–2002* (Burlington, VT: Ashgate, 2002), 48–49.

27. Claire Parfait, "Un succès américain en France: *La case de l'Oncle Tom*," *E-rea: Revue électronique d'études sur le monde anglophone* 7, no. 2 (July 21, 2010), http://erea.revues.org/981. André Schiffrin has pointed out that the sale of three hundred thousand copies in 1852 would be comparable to selling six million copies in the early twenty-first century; André Schiffrin, *The Business of Books* (London: Verso, 2001), 8. Cited in Parfait, *Publishing History*, 102.

28. Denise Kohn, Sarah Meer, and Emily B. Todd, "Reading Stowe as a Transatlantic Writer," in *Transatlantic Stowe: Harriet Beecher Stowe and European Culture* (Iowa City: University of Iowa Press, 2006), xvii.

29. My summary of the serial publication of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in France is based on Parfait's "Un succès américain," 3–4.

30. The original 1853 advertisement announcing the series is reproduced at http://fr.wikisource.org/wiki/Bibliothèque_des_chemins_de_fer.

31. George Sand, "Harriett Beecher Stowe," *La presse*, December 20, 1852. The essay was reprinted at the end of the Barba edition of the novel, which appeared that same month translated by Émile de la Bédollière, where it carried the somewhat amusing title "Henriette Beecher Stowe," 110–11.

32. Parfait, "Un succès américain," 5.

33. The Cham caricature illustrates the Kohn, Meer, and Todd essay "Reading Stowe as a Transatlantic Writer," but it is misdated June 21, 1853. Isolde Pludermacher notes the Nadar caricature in "*Olympia* au Salon: De la guerre de sécession au contexte parisien," in *Le modèle noir: De Géricault à Matisse* (Paris: Flammarion; Musée d'Orsay, 2019), 151.

34. Théophile Gautier, *Abécédaire du Salon de 1861* (Paris: Dentu, 1861), 61–62. Cited in Pludermacher, "*Olympia* au Salon," 152. According to Pludermacher, the paintings were relatively large, 66⅛ × 99½ in. Pludermacher is the first scholar beside myself to draw attention to Stowe's novel and its influence on French culture as a whole and on Manet's *Olympia* in particular. In her essay she describes a number of artistic responses to Stowe's novel, many known today only through their descriptions in various journalistic accounts.

35. Alfred Nettement, *Poétes et artistes contemporains* (Paris: Jacques Lecoffre, 1862), 415.

36. Thomas Couture, *Méthode et entretiens d'atelier* (Paris, 1867), 17.

37. Sand, "Henriette Beecher Stowe," 111.

38. Anne Coffin Hanson long ago established what might be called Manet's ever-wandering eye (and apparently his ability to retain what he had seen) in "Popular Imagery and the Work of Édouard Manet," *French 19th-Century Painting and Literature,* ed. Ulrich Finke (New York: Harper & Row, 1972), 133–63.

39. Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, 2:43.

40. I am grateful to Claire Parfait for pointing me in the direction of the Low edition.

41. André Dombrowski, *Cézanne, Murder, and Modern Life* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2012), 97.

42. Baudelaire, "Au lecteur," in *Les fleurs du mal*, bilingual ed., trans. Richard Howard (Boston: Godine, 1982), 184.

1. Charles Baudelaire, *Correspondance*, ed. Claude Pichois (Paris: Gallimard, Bibliothèque de la Pléiade, 1973), 2:141.

2. Charles Baudelaire, *My Heart Laid Bare, and Other Prose Writings*, ed. Peter Quennell, trans. Norman Cameron (New York: Vanguard, 1951), 184.

3. "Un après-midi, il y eut débat entre eux à propos d'un portrait que Couture venait de terminer d'apres Mlle Poinsot, de l'Opéra. Couture ayant demandé son avis à Manet, celui-ci lui dit que c'était très bien, mais que la coloration lui en paraissait lourde, trop encombrée de demi-teintes.

'Ah! fit Couture, je vous vois venir. Vous vous refusez à voir la succession des tons intermédiaires qui conduisent de l'ombre à la lumière.'

Manet soutint que pour lui la lumière se présentait avec une telle unité qu'un seul ton suffisait pour la rendre et qu'il était de plus préférable, dût-on paraître brutal, de passer brusquement de la lumière à l'ombre que d'accumuler des choses que l'oeil ne voit pas et qui, non seulement affaiblissent la vigueur de la lumière, mais atténuent la coloration des ombres qu'il importe de mettre en valeur.

'Car, ajoutait-il, les ombres sont d'une coloration non pas uniforme, mais très variées.'

Couture, qui ce jour-là était de bonne humeur, se contenta de rire, disant que Manet serait toujours incorrigible, ce qui était fâcheux, parce qu'il était doué.

La malheur voulut que, après le départ de Manet, le graveur Manceau, qui avait reproduit le dessin que Couture avait fait quelques années aupararvant d'après George Sand, entrât chez Couture. Celui-ci prit Manet a partie et, se grisant de paroles, finit par le traiter de détraqué. Manceau, qui était bavard comme un pie, alla partout, répétant les propos de Couture.

'Eh bien, dit Manet, je lui en flanquerai un de tableau dont il me dira des nouvelles.'

Un peu contrarié cependant, il demeura longtemps san remettre les pieds chez Couture, mais après avoir peint son *Buveur d'absinthe*, il retourna chez le patron et l'invita à venir voir son tableau. Couture se rendit rue Lavoisier et après avoir regardé le *Buveur*, dit à Manet:

'Mon ami, il n'y a ici qu'un buveur d'absinthe, c'est le peintre qui a produit cette insanité.'

Ce fut la dernière fois que les deux hommes se virent."

Antonin Proust, *Édouard Manet: Souvenirs* (Paris: Librairie Renouard, 1913): 31–33. All translations of Proust's biography are my own.

4. For the painting's various states, see Charles F. Stuckey, "Manet Revised: Whodunnit?" *Art in America*, 71 (November 1983): 162–63. Stuckey cites an unpublished conservation report certifying "that the bottom 40.5 centimeters (or 16 inches) of the present painting is a separate piece of canvas that was sewn on as an addition." See also Michael Fried, *Manet's Modernism or, The Face of Painting in the 1860s* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1996), 508n2.

5. "Voyons, monsieur Manet, à quoi pouvons-nous reconnnaître que cet individu aime l'absinthe plutôt qu'autre chose? . . . Vous qui avez tant de moyens, il vous en coûtait si peu de lui en offrir un verre, ne fût-il qu'à moitié rempli." G. Randon, "L'Exposition d'Edouard Manet," *Le journal amusant*, no. 600 (June 29, 1867): 6–8; reproduced in Carol Armstrong, *Manet Manette* (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 2002), 12–

13. Randon's caricature of *The Absinthe Drinker* gives us some notion of the appearance of the shortened version of the painting.

6. The belief that Colardet was Manet's model can be traced back to Étienne Moreau-Nélaton's 1926 description of Manet's meeting with Colardet in the Louvre: *Manet: Raconté par lui-même* (Paris: Henri Laurens, 1926), 25–26.

7. As described by Beth Archer Brombert in her biography *Edward Manet: Rebel in a Frock Coat* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1996), 44.

8. Albert Boime, *Thomas Couture and the Eclectic Vision* (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 1980), 459.

9. Ewa Lajer-Burcharth, "Modernity and the Condition of Disguise: Manet's *Absinthe Drinker*," *Art Journal*, 45 (Spring 1985): 19–20.

10. Proust, *Édouard Manet: Souvenirs*, 22.

11. Proust, 39.

12. But, as Carol Armstrong puts it, "the dapper, urbane figure of Manet, marginalized as he is, could not be more different from the centered, rustic figure of Courbet in *The Painter's Studio*, playing the rough peasant to his Parisian audience," *Manet Manette*, 23.

13. As Françoise Cachin puts it in her essay on *Music in the Tuileries* in the catalog of the exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in 1983, "We know through Monet that Charles Monginot . . . posed for this composition. He is doubtless the standing figure at the right." See Françoise Cachin and Charles S. Moffett, eds. *Manet 1832–1883* (New York: Abrams, 1983), 123. Cachin's citation of Monet's testimony is from Étienne Moreau-Nélaton, *Manet: Raconté par lui-même*, 44. Monginot did in fact make his studio available to the young Monet when he first arrived in Paris in 1859, but I see no reason to believe this figure is "doubtless" Monginot, and given Couture's portrait of him, I am especially doubtful.

14. In the course of conservation of *The Old Musician*, the National Gallery's Ann Hoenigswald traveled to Copenhagen and made a tracing of *The Absinthe Drinker*, which matched the figure in *The Old Musician* precisely; see Kimberly Jones and Ann Hoenigswald, "Shedding New Light on the *Old Musician*," *Bulletin* (National Gallery of Art) 41 (2009): 2–13.

15. "J'ai fait dit-il, un type de Paris, étudié à Paris, en mettant dans l'exécution la naïveté du métier que j'ai retrouvée dans le tableau de Velasquez." See Antonin Proust, "L'art d'Édouard Manet," *Le Studio* 21 (January 15, 1901): 71–77, rpt. and trans. Bridget McDonald in Fried, *Manet's Modernism*, 417–37, this passage 419 and 429. Theodore Reff has argued that the denizens occupying this painting are not situated in Spain but rather hail from the Petit Pologne, the "once notorious area of decrepit slums" that Haussmann had destroyed in his modernization of the city, and if not there then in the "huge vacant lots" beyond the Parc Monceau where Manet had his studio; see Theodore Reff, *Manet and Modern Paris* (Washington, DC: National Gallery of Art; Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1982), 172–73. Fried refutes Reff's argument in *Manet's Modernism*, 176–84.

16. See Fried, *Manet's Modernism*, especially 28–34,136–37, and 176–84; Theodore Reff, "Manet's Sources: Aspects of His Art, 1859–1865," *Artforum* 8 (September 1969): 28–82; and, in some ways most usefully, because she outlines where the sources suggested by both Fried and Reff were reproduced in the popular press in 1860 and 1861, Anne Coffin Hanson, "Popular Imagery and the Work of Édouard Manet," *French 19th-Century Painting and Literature,* ed. Ulrich Finke (New York: Harper & Row, 1972),

145–46. Hanson's suggestion of Schlesinger's *L'enfant volé* as the source of the girl in *The Old Musician* seems to me especially convincing, as it was for Reff; see Reff, *Manet and Modern Paris*, 186–89.

17. Svetlana Alpers, *The Vexations of Art: Velázquez and Others* (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 2005), 227.

18. Fried, *Manet's Modernism*, 473n66.

19. Proust, *Édouard Manet: Souvenirs*, 34–35.

20. Proust, 35.

21. A typical citation is Therese Dolan, *Manet, Wagner, and the Musical Culture of Their Time* (Burlington, VT: Ashgate, 2013), 67: "Baudelaire had advised Manet to be himself and not imitate Couture when the *Absinthe Drinker* was rejected from the Salon of 1859."

22. Walter Benjamin, *The Writer of Modern Life: Essays on Charles Baudelaire*, ed. Michael Jennings (Cambridge, MA: Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 2006), 124–26.

23. The scandal involved a letter that appeared under Couture's name in *Le Figaro*, January 28, 1857, which declared in part, "I have the self-esteem to believe myself *the only truly serious artist of our epoch* . . . and that is also the opinion of the Emperor." The letter was a fake, but the damage was done, and in many ways Couture's reputation never recovered. For a full account of the events, see Boime, *Thomas Couture*, 284–91.

24. Robert L. Herbert, *Impressionism: Art, Leisure, and Parisian Society* (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 1988), 63.

25. Today, the most widely available French edition of the poems in *Les fleurs du mal* can be found in Richard Howard's bilingual translation: Charles Baudelaire, *Les Fleurs du mal*, trans. Richard Howard (Boston: Godine, 1982). I have used a number of Howard's translations, but I have sometimes found other translations more useful, particularly those of Roy Campbell in his *Poems of Baudelaire* (London: Harvill Press, 1952), which are often more colloquial than Howard's and closer to the sense I want to convey. Thus, whenever I quote the poems, I will cite the French first, referring to Howard's book, and the English second, in this case, Baudelaire, *292*; Campbell, 143.

26. Hanson, "Popular Imagery and the Work of Édouard Manet," 144–45.

27. Champfleury had been engaged in his study of the Wandering Jew for decades before the publication in 1869 of his *Histoire de l'imagerie populaire* (Paris: Dentu), collecting many popular prints that he certainly shared with his friends.

28. As summarized by Linda Nochlin, "Gustave Courbet's *Meeting*: A Portrait of the Artist as a Wandering Jew," *Art Bulletin* 49 (September 1967): 214.

29. Eugène Sue, *Le Juif errant* (Paris: Meline, Cans, 1844), 7/8:138. Cited and translated in Albert Boime, *Art in an Age of Civil Struggle 1848–1871*, vol. 4 of *A Social History of Modern Art* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2007), 203.

30. Cachin and Moffett, *Manet 1832–1888*, 123–24.

31. Sharon Flescher, *Zacahrie Astruc: Critic, Artist and Japonaise* (New York: Garland, 1978), 211.

32. Zacharie Astruc, "Une page intime," *Le nain jeune*, June 4, 1866, quoted in Flescher.

33. George Sand, *Lélia* (Paris: Henri Dupuy, 1833). Translations of the text are those of Maria Espinosa (Indiana University Press, 1982), and page references in the text give the translation first followed by the original French edition.

34. George Sand, *Indiana* (Paris: Michel Lévy Frères, 1861), 215, my translation.

35. When André Maurois published his biography of Sand in 1952, he so understood Lélia's correspondence to Sand herself that he titled the book *Lélia ou la vie de George Sand* (Paris: Hacette, 1952); *Lélia: The Life of George Sand*, trans. Gerard Hopkins (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1954). Indeed, in a letter to the critic and friend Charles Augustine Sainte-Beuve of July 8, 1833, cited by Maurois, Sand would write, "One thing I had never realized about myself, and that is that I am utterly and completely Lélia" (155). The law prohibiting women from wearing pants was implemented by Napoleon Bonaparte on 16 Brumaire IX (November 7, 1800) and remained in place until 2013. Those women with a need to cross-dress were allowed to apply for a *permis de travestissement*, a permit actually granted on May 12, 1857, to Rosa Bonheur, presumably to allow her to work on the farms where she painted her animal tableaux. See Rachel Mesch, "Clothes Make the (Wo)man? Pants Permits in Nineteenth-Century Paris," *Wonders & Marvels*, September 2015, http://www.wondersandmarvels.com/2015/09/clothes-make-the-woman-pants-permits-in-nineteenth-century-paris.html.

36. "La partie descriptive de mon roman fut goûtée. La fable souleva des critiques assez vives sur la prétendue doctrine anti-matrimoniale que j'avais déjà proclamée, disait-on, dans Indiana. Dans l'un et l'autre roman j'avais montré les dangers et les douleurs des unions mal assorties. Il paraît que, croyant de la prose, j'avis fait du saint-simonisme sans le savoir." George Sand, "Notice," in *Valentine* (Paris: J. Hetzel/Michel Lévy Frères, 1856), 2.

37. George Sand, *Story of My Life: The Autobiography of George Sand*, ed. Thelma Jurgrau (New York: State University of New York Press, 1854–55): 924–25.

38. "Sainte-Beuve and the Romantics," *Edinburgh Review, or, Critical Journal*, no. 412(April 1905): 428. For Sainte-Beuve's relationship with Sand as she wrote *Lélia*, see Maurois, *Lélia: The Life of George Sand*, 146–56.

39. Karen Offen, "How (and Why) the Analogy of Marriage with Slavery Provide the Springboard for Women's Rights Demands in France," *Proceedings of the Third Annual Gilder Lehrman International Conference at Yale University: "Sisterhood and Slavery: Transatlantic Antislavery and Women's Rights,"* Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut, October 25–28, 2001, http://glc.yale.edu/sites/default/files/files/conference/offen.pdf. When Offen refers to French women writers beginning to write eloquently about slavery, she must have in mind books like Claire de Duras' *Ourika* (1823), but in his sensitive and nuanced reading of the novel in *The French Atlantic Triangle*, Christopher Miller points out that, as sympathetic as Duras is to the plight of a black woman from Martinique confronting pervasive racial prejudice in France, the main thrust of the novel suggests that her fate is the result of having left Martinique in the first place: "Rescued from the slave trade and from slavery, Ourika nonetheless finds herself subjected to a ruthless 'economic' system in which she loses all value merely because of the color of her skin"; Christopher L. Miller, *The French Atlantic Triangle: Literature and Culture of the Slave Trade* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2008), 165. Duras suggests that racial prejudice is inevitable. As Miller summarizes the book's moral lesson, "The races cannot mix and should not be translated into each other's spaces. . . . Nothing in the tale suggests . . . that there is any way to cross the color bar and survive." Duras's stance is, I think, a pretty accurate reflection of liberal French attitudes as a whole in the first half of the nineteenth century.

1. Charles Baudelaire, *Correspondance*, ed. Claude Pichois (Paris: Gallimard, 1973), 1:733.

2. Théodore de Banville, *Petites études: Mes souvenirs* (Paris: Bibliothèque-Carpentier, 1883), 79. Quoted in F. W. J. Hemmings, *Baudelaire the Damned: A Biography* (New York: Scribner's, 1982), 40.

3. Banville, 75; Hemmings, 51.

4. See Hemmings, 50. Many, if not most, writers assert that Duval was born in Haiti based on a document first noted in *La plume* in a "Lettre ouvert à Léon Deschamps" of 1898 written by Baudelaire's first biographer, Jacques Crépet. It describes the 1859 record of her registration into a hospital on the rue du Faubourg Saint-Denis as stating her to be thirty-two years of age and born in "Santo Domingo." This would have made her fifteen years old when Baudelaire first met her—a highly dubious proposition—though, of course, vanity may have contributed to her misstating her actual age. Nearly thirty years later, Crépet revised his theory of her origins, citing the birth records from Nantes in an article that appeared in the *Revue de Mercure de France*, April 15, 1937. For a full account of the vagaries surrounding Duval's origins, see Emmanuel Richon, *Jeanne Duval et Charles Baudelaire: Belle d'abandon* (Paris: L'Harmattan, 1998), especially 7–8 and 15–16.

5. Nadar, *Charles Baudelaire intime: Le poète vierge* (Paris: A. Blaizot, 1911), 6–7. Quoted in Hemmings, *Baudelaire the Damned*, 50.

6. Baudelaire, *Correspondance*, 1:193. The translation is Therese Dolan's in "Skirting the Issue: Manet's *Portrait of Baudelaire's Mistress, Reclining*," *Art Bulletin* 79 (December 1997): 613. Dolan's summary of the Baudelaire-Duval relationship is a good one; see, in particular, the section "Baudelaire and Duval," 612–15.

7. Baudelaire, *Correspondance*, 2:232–35. Leenhof's inscription is cited in Mikael Wivel, Juliet Wilson-Bareau, and Hanne Finsen, *Manet: Katalog* (Copenhagen: Ordrupgaard, 1989).

8. Gayatri Spivak, "Imperialism and Sexual Difference," *Oxford Literary Review* 8 (1986): 230.

9. Baudelaire, *Les fleurs du mal*, 346; Howard, 168.

10. Baudelaire, *Les fleurs du mal*, 268–70.

11. Baudelaire, *Correspondance*, 1:7.

12. Baudelaire, *Les fleurs du mal*, 243; Howard, 66.

13. For her genealogy, see http://gw.geneanet.org/robillard1?lang=fr&p=emmeline&n=carcenac.

14. Charles Baudelaire, *The Painter of Modern Life and Other Essays*, trans. Jonathan Mayne (London: Phaidon, 1964), 29–30; *Oeuvres complètes de Baudelaire*, rev. ed. Claude Pichois (Paris: Gallimard, Bibliothèque de la Pléiade, 1961), 1181.

15. Françoise Lionnet, "Reframing Baudelaire: Literary History, Biography, Postcolonial Theory, and Vernacular Languages," *Diacritics* 28, no. 3, *Doing French Studies* (Autumn 1998): 71.

16. Baudelaire's friends noted upon his return how little he had to say about his sojourn in the Mascarenes. Together with one other story (concerning an albatross—perhaps inspired by Coleridge's "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner" but the source of the poem "L'albatros" in *Fleurs du mal*), the only event he told them about was "the memory of a negress whom he had seen flogged" (*le souvenir d'une négresse qu'il avait vu*

fouetter). Otherwise, "the entirety of the journal of his maritime penance seemed but a blank page" (*tout ce journal de sa penitence maritime semblait page blanche*). See Eugène Crépet and Jacques Crépet, *Charles Baudelaire: Étude Biographique* (Paris: Librarie Léon Vanier, 1906), 32.

17. Lionnet, "Reframing Baudelaire," 71.

18. Baudelaire, *Oeuvres complètes*, 266–67. *Paris Spleen, Short Poems in Prose*, trans. Alestair Crowley, ed. Martine Starr (Paris: E. Titus, 1928), 65–67. I prefer Crowley's translations, despite a few idiosyncrasies, to any others.

19. Lawrence C. Jennings, *French Anti-Slavery: The Movement for the Abolition of Slavery in France 1802–1848* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2000), esp. 76–192, 205, 220.

20. Gwyn Campbell, *An Economic History of Imperial Madagascar: The Rise and Fall of an Island Empire* (New York: Cambridge University Press, 2005), 55–56.

21. Lionnet, "Reframing Baudelaire," 73. Lionnet's source is Robert Chaudenson's *Le lexique du parler créole de la Réunion*.

22. Lionnet, 73, 75, 76.

23. Lionnet, 72, 79–81.

24. Baudelaire, *Les fleurs de mal*, 329–35; Campbell, "The Voyage," 171–76.

25. For these last six lines, I have used Richard Howard's translation, 156.

26. Henri Perruchot, *Manet*, trans. Humphrey Hare (Cleveland: World, 1962), vi. First published in French as *La vie de Manet* (Paris: Hachette, 1959).

27. Perruchot, *Manet*, 40–41.

28. In his acknowledgments, Perruchot specifically thanks Mme Louis Rouart, whom, he says "has shown great kindness and forebearance in answering my many, often most indiscreet questions about Manet, Berthe Morisot and other of the artists' friends" (*Manet*, vii). Mme Rouart was, before her marriage to Louis Rouart, Christine Lerolle, who, with her sister Yvonne, often posed for Degas and Renoir. Her husband's brother Ernest Rouart married Julie Manet, Berthe and Eugène Manet's daughter.

29. Perruchot, *Manet*. 41.

30. Baudelaire, *Les fleurs de mal*, 207–8; Campbell, 29.

31. Baudelaire, *Les fleurs de mal*, 208–9; Campbell, 30.

32. Armstrong, *Manet Manette* (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 2002), 132.

33. Armstrong, 132.

34. "Tout ce qui orne la femme, tout ce qui sert à illustrer sa beauté, fait partie d'elle-même. . . . La femme est sans doute une lumière, un regard, une invitation au bonheur, une parole quelquefois; mais elle est surtout une harmonie générale, non-seulement dans son allure et le mouvement des ses membres, mais aussi dans les mousselines, les gazes, les vastes et chatoyantes nuées d'étoffes dont elle s'enveloppe, et qui sont comme les attributs et le piédestal de sa divinité; dans le métal et le minéral qui serpentent autour de ses bras et de son cou, qui ajoutent leurs étincelles au feu de ses regards, ou qui jasent doucement à ses oreilles. Quel poëte oserait, dans la peinture du plaisir causé par l'apparition d'une beauté, séparer la femme de son costume? . . . de la femme et de la robe, une totalité indivisible." Baudelaire, *Oeuvres complètes*, 1181–82; "The Painter of Modern Life," in *The Painter of Modern Life*, trans. Mayne, 30–31.

35. "Elle représente bien la sauvagerie dans la civilisation. Elle a sa beauté qui lui vient du Mal, toujours dénuée de spiritualité, mais quelquefois teintée d'une fatigue qui joue la mélancolie. Elle porte le regard à l'horizon, comme la bête de proie; même

égarement, même distraction indolente, et aussi, parfois, même fixité d'attention. . . . Dans cette galerie immense de la vie de Londres et de la vie de Paris, nous rencontrons les différents types de la femme errante, de la femme révoltée à tous les étages: d'abord la femme galante, dans sa première fleur, visant aux airs patriciens, fière à la fois de sa jeunesse et de son luxe, où elle met tout son génie et toute son âme, retroussant délicatement avec deux doigts un large pan du satin, de la soie ou du velours qui flotte autour d'elle, et posant en avant son pied pointu dont la chaussure trop ornée suffirait à la dénoncer, à défaut de l'emphase un peu vive de toute sa toilette; en suivant l'échelle, nous descendons jusqu'à ces esclaves qui sont confinées dans ces bouges, souvent décorés comme des cafés ; malheureuses placées sous la plus avare tutelle, et qui ne possèdent rien en propre, pas même l'excentrique-parure qui sert de condiment à leur beauté." Baudelaire, *Oeuvres complètes*, 1187–88; trans. Mayne, 36–37.

36. "Le beau est fait d'un élément éternel, invariable . . . et d'un élément relatif, circonstanciel, qui sera, si l'on veut, tour à tour ou tout ensemble, l'époque, la mode, la morale, la passion. Sans ce second élément, qui est comme l'enveloppe amusante, titillante, apéritive, du divin gâteau, le premier élément serait indigestible, inappreciable." Baudelaire, *Oeuvres complètes*, 1154; trans. Mayne, 3.

37. Charles Bernheimer, "Manet's *Olympia*: The Figuration of Scandal," *Poetics Today* 10 (Summer 1989): 261.

38. "La femme est bien dans son droit, et même elle accomplit une espèce de devoir en s'appliquant à paraître magique et surnaturelle; il faut qu'elle étonne, qu'elle charme; idole, elle doit se dorer pour être adorée. Elle doit donc emprunter à tous les arts les moyens de s'élever au-dessus de la nature pour mieux subjuguer les cœurs et frapper les esprits. Il importe fort peu que la ruse et l'artifice soient connus de tous, si le succès en est certain et l'effet toujours irrésistible." Baudelaire, *Oeuvres complètes*, 1184–85; trans. Mayne, 33.

39. Adolphe Tabarant, *Manet et ses oeuvres* (Paris: Gallimard, 1947), 79. Tabarant goes on to suggest that Baudelaire must have introduced the two: "This address, could one not think that it was Baudelaire who pointed her out/ who gave it?" But this seems to me at least questionable. Rue Vintimille is just a few blocks south of the Café Guerbois, at 11 avenue de Clichy, on the other side of place de Clichy. Both Manet and Baudelaire frequented the café on an almost daily basis in the first years of the 1860s; see Antonin Proust, *Édouard Manet: Souvenirs* (Paris: Librairie Renouard, 1913), 37–38. Baudelaire in those days lived more than ten blocks away, down the rue d'Amsterdam at the Hôtel de Dieppe, across from the Gare Saint-Lazare.

40. Griselda Pollock, "A Tale of Three Women: Seeing in the Dark, Seeing Double, at Least, with Manet," in *Differencing the Canon: Feminist Desire and the Writing of Art's Histories* (London: Routledge, 1999), 255, 308n19.

41. Pollock, 277.

42. Proust, *Édouard Manet: Souvenirs*, 39. Pollock's identification of the nanny in *Children in the Tuileries* as Laure, although not cited in the text, derives in all likelihood from Anne Coffin Hanson's attribution in *Manet and the Modern Tradition* (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 1980), 99.

43. Darcy Grimaldo Grigsby, "Still Thinking about Olympia's Maid," *Art Bulletin* 47 (December 2015): 447.

44. Grigsby, 444. Supporting Grigsby's theory are two lines in Astruc's poem, "Olympia: La fille des îles": "Et le chat familier, et la négresse aimante, / Maternelle

bonté qui prévoit tes désirs" (And the household cat, and the loving negress, / Maternal goodness who anticipates your desires); Zacharie Astruc, "Olympia: La fille des îles," in *Les Alhambras* (Paris: Librairie Henri Leclerc, 1908), 456.

45. Sylvia Schafer, *Children in Moral Danger and the Problem of Government in Third Republic of France* (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1997), 63–64. The quotations justifying Roussel's law are Schafer's from the *Journal officiel* of July 26, 1874.

46. Grigsby, "Still Thinking," 447.

47. Adrienne L. Childs and Susan H. Libby, "Introduction: Figuring Blackness in Europe," in *Blacks and Blackness in European Art of the Long Nineteenth Century* (New York: Routledge, 2016), 3.

48. These numbers have been gathered from French departmental archives by Rebecca Hartkopf Schloss, *Sweet Liberty: The Final Days of Slavery in Martinique* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 2009), 44. Some estimates are as high as five thousand; see Sue Peabody, *There Are No Slaves In France: The Political Culture of Race and Slavery in the Ancien Régime* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1996), 4.

49. Schloss, *Sweet Liberty,* 220.

50. The practice of wet nursing was widespread in eighteenth-century France, and Creole culture in the Caribbean, in its desire to maintain its French identity, had followed the metropole's lead, the main difference facing them being a lack of white women to serve as wet nurses and the necessity therefore to turn to their slaves. Still, as early as the middle of the eighteenth century, in his *Histoire de la Louisiane* (Paris: De Bure, 1758), Antoine Le Page du Pratz would conclude "that a French father and his wife are enemies to their posterity when they give their children to such nurses [black nursemaids] . . . the milk being the purest blood of the woman"; see Shannon Lee Dawdy, "Proper Caresses and Prudent Distance: A How-To Manual from Louisiana," in *Haunted by Empire: Geographies of Intimacy in North American History*, ed. Ann Laura Stoler (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2006), 149.

51. See Claude Schopp, "Les Dumas, homes de couleur," in *Le modèle noir (*Paris: Flammarion; Musée d'Orsay, 2019), 126–37.

52. Isolde Pludermacher, "Les deux Maria," in *Le modèle noir*, 142–47. Maria Malibran (1808–1836) was a Spanish opera singer of extraordinary range and power who, after her untimely death at age 28, became something of a legend in European opera circles.

53. See Denise Murrell, *Posing Modernity: The Black Model from Manet and Matisse to Today* (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 2018), 12–14.

54. See Denise Murrell, "La jeune femme aux pivoines," in *Le modèle noir*, 180–83.

55. See Lawrence Jennings, "Cyrille Bissette, Radical Black French Abolitionist," *French History* 9, no. 1(1995): 48–66. Bissette is an interesting figure. He became widely known in 1823 when he was unfairly tried, branded, and imprisoned on trumped-up charges of leading a plot to overthrow the colonial government in Martinique. In what became known as the *affaire Bissette*, his incarceration became something of a *cause célèbre* in metropolitan France, and he was finally freed in 1828. Still banished from Martinique for ten years, he took up residence in Paris. He was, by all accounts, confrontational, assertive, and truculent, which alienated him from the French abolitionist movement as a whole, but as editor of the *Revue des colonies*, which he founded in 1832, his voice was a more or less continual presence ("less" because after 1837 publication of the review was suspended on several occasions for lack of funds, and in 1842 it folded altogether) amid the admittedly weak and generally ineffective chorus of white voices

calling for abolition in France—their ineffectiveness in no small part the cause of his truculence.

56. On Dédé and Roudanez, see "African Americans in New Orleans: Les gens de couleur libre," http://nutrias.org/~nopl/exhibits/fmc/fmc.htm.

57. Murrell, *Posing Modernity*, 13.

58. Grigsby, "Still Thinking," 434.

59. Grigsby, 434–35.

60. Pollock, "A Tale of Three Women," 284.

61. Pollock rehearses the history of these Orientalist paintings, 287–94.

62. Jean Sutherland Boggs, *Degas*, catalog of an exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York (New York: Metropolitan Museum of Art and the National Gallery of Canada, 1988), 54–55.

63. George Moore, "Degas: The Painter of Modern Life," *Magazine of Art* 13 (September 1890): 419.

64. Pollock, "A Tale of Three Women," 294.

65. Helen Bradley Foster, *"New Raiments of the Self": African American Clothing in the Antebellum South* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1997), 312.

66. Laurie A. Wilkie, *Creating Freedom: Material Culture and African American Identity at Oakley Plantation, Louisiana, 1840–1950* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 2000), 236.

67. Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin or, Life among the Lowly*, 2 vols. (Boston: John P. Jewett & Company, 1852), 2:49.

68. Cruikshank's illustrations first appeared in a pirated London edition published by John Cassell in 1852.

69. Letter of September 27, 1852, quoted in Claire Parfait, *The Publishing History of Uncle Tom's Cabin, 1852–2002* (Burlington, VT: Ashgate, 2002), 86.

70. Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, 1:165–66.

71. Jennings, *French Anti-Slavery*, 37, 93, 235.

Chapter Five

1. Griselda Pollock, "A Tale of Three Women: Seeing in the Dark, Seeing Double, at Least, with Manet," in *Differencing the Canon: Feminist Desire and the Writing of Art's Histories* (London: Routledge, 1999), 294.

2. Charles Baudelaire, "Lola de Valence," in *Les fleurs du mal*, bilingual ed., trans. Richard Howard (Boston: Godine, 1982), 342–43. I have used Carol Armstrong's translation here, from *Manet Manette* (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 2002), 114.

3. "Quant à Lola de Valence, elle est célèbre par le quatrain de Charles Baudelaire, qui fut sifflé et maltraité autant que le tableau lui-meme." Émile Zola, *Écrits sur l'art*, ed. Jean-Pierre Luduc-Adine (Paris: Gallimard, 1991), 157.

4. Paul Valéry, "The Triumph of Manet (Manet et Manebit)," trans. David Paul, in *Degas, Manet, Morisot,* Bollingen Series 45 (New York: Pantheon, 1960), 108.

5. "Ces vers ont été composes pour servir d'inscription à un merveilleux portrait de mademoiselle Lola, ballérine espagnole, par M. Édouard Manet, qui, come tous les tableaux du même peintre, a fait esclandre.—La muse de M. Charles Baudelaire est si généralement suspecte, qu'il s'est trouvé des critiques d'estaminet pour dénicher un sens obscène dans le *bijou rose et noir*. Nous croyons, nous, que le poëte a voulu simplement dire qu'une beauté, d'un caractère à la fois ténébreux et folâtre, faisait rêver à l'as-

sociation du *rose* et du *noir*." Charles Baudelaire, *Les épaves* (Amsterdam: À l'Enseigne du Coq, 1866), 109–110; *Oeuvres complètes de Baudelaire*, rev. ed. Claude Pichois (Paris: Gallimard, Bibliothèque de la Pléiade, 1961), 1571. My translation. The book was notable for publishing the six poems censored by the French government in 1857.

6. Baudelaire, *Les fleurs du mal*, 204–5. I have used Richard Howard's translation here, 26–27.

7. Baudelaire, *Les fleurs du mal*, 223–24; Howard, 46.

8. The description is Henri Perruchot's, *Manet*, trans. Humphrey Hare (Cleveland: World, 1962), 83.

9. Armstrong, *Manet Manette*, 77–78.

10. See Françoise Cachin and Charles S. Moffett, eds. *Manet 1832–1883* (New York: Abrams, 1983), 154. The poem was published a year after Astruc's death in *Les Alhambras* (Paris: Librairie Henri Leclerc, 1908), 266–68.

11. Michael Fried, *Manet's Modernism or, The Face of Painting in the 1860s* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1996), 480.

12. "Un monde de couleurs, de formes, d'idées, de compositions, tourbillonne dans son style et déborde ses discussions. Que le peintre dont il nous parle le ravisse ou le fâche, il lui arrache sans façon sa palette, et le voilà de peindre à sa place. C'est-à-dire qu'à l'aide d'un autre art, la parole, il explique ou refait à sa guise le sujet traité par le pinceau. Ses tableaux son charmants, donc on les accepte: charmants aussi les dialogues qu'il établit entre les personnages, et même entre les objets représentés sur la toile. On sent là une heureuse prodigalité de talent et l'amour du beau poussé jusqu'à l'enthousiasme." George Sand, preface to Zacharie Astruc, *Les 14 Stations du Salon, 1859, suivi d'un récit douloureux* (Paris: Poulet-Malassis et de Broise, 1859), iii–iv, my translation.

13. George Sand, *Correspondance*, vol. 8, *Juillet 1847–décembre 1848*, ed. Georges Lubin (Paris: Classiques Garnier, 1971), 329–30.

14. "Mon ivresse en 1848. . . . Les horreurs de Juin. Folie du people et folie de la bourgeoisie." Baudelaire, *Journals intimes*, "Mon coeur mis a nu," in *Oeuvres complètes*, 1274.

15. Sand, *Correspondance*, 8:527. The translations of both the Sand letters and Baudelaire's *Journals intimes* are in Albert Boime, *Art in an Age of Civil Struggle, 1848–1871*, vol. 4 of *A Social History of Modern Art* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2007), 64, 80.

16. For a summary of Manet's radical republican leanings, see Philip Nord, "Manet and Radical Politics," *Journal of Interdisciplinary History* 19, no. 3 (Winter 1989): 447–80. Manet's republican leanings are apparent even in his teens. Recall that his voyage to Rio was undertaken just days before the elections that resulted in Louis-Napoleon's victory. He wrote his mother on December 19, hoping that when, in six or seven days, they would arrive in Madeira, he might learn the name of the newly elected president ("*peut-être apprendrons-nous le nom de notre president*"). He wonders whether perhaps things are in upheaval in Paris or whether there might not be, in fact, civil war, which would be dreadful ("*vous êtes peut-être bien agités en ce moment à Paris, pourvu que nous n'ayons pas la guerre civile, c'est si affreux*"); *Lettres de jeunesse: 1848–1849 voyage à Rio* (Paris: Louis Rouart et Fils, 1928), 22–23. In a letter of March 22 from Rio to his father, he writes: "Once again you've had quite a fright in Paris, but try to preserve a good republic for our return, for I fear that L. Napoléon is not very republican." (*Vous avez donc encore eu des émotions à Paris, tâchez de nous garder pour notre retour une bonne république, car je crains bien que L. Napoléon ne soit pas très républicain*) (67).

17. George Sand, *Romans chapètres: La Marc au diable—François le Champi—Promenades autour d'un village* (Paris: L. Hachette—Collection Hetzel, 1860).

18. Astruc, *Les 14 Stations*, 304.

19. "Pourquoi *Rosa Nera*, qui est-elle? Est-ce une image, un souvenir, une pensée, un symbole, une illustration—cette belle *rose noire* si triste, si affligée, et rêveuse dans sa morne douleur?. . . . Qui es-tu, chère enfant, quel parfum s'échappe de ton sein, ma belle *rose noire*, et qui te connaîtra jamais?" Astruc, 190–91.

20. Zacharie Astruc, *Le Salon de 1863, feuilleton quotidian paraissant tous les soirs, pendant les deux mois de l'Exposition: Causerie, critique générale, bruits et nouvelles du jour*, ed. Chez M. A. Cadart, no. 16, May 20, 1863, 5. Fried has reprinted Astruc's paragraphs on Manet and translated them in *Manet's Modernism*, app. 4, 448–50.

21. In his translation of Astruc's Salon, which I have used here, Fried has rendered *ramage* as "floral pattern," which misses, I think, the subtle connection that Astruc draws between music and painting in his choice of words. I have changed it to "song."

22. Astruc, *Le Salon de 1863*, 2.

23. "Conciliant le respect que je dois au souverain et la vérité qui est due également à l'art, j'en veux critiquer l'aspect, le dessin, la disposition. La ligne du corps est flasque; la tête est trop petite et dans un désaccord d'exécution avec les vêtements qui fait plus sentir cette difference. Le visage manque de ces traits curieux, de ces finesses du détail dans une forme demeurée ample, de cette solidité des attaches, des tons, des incidents qui donnent à l'expression toute la magie de la vie. Les yeux n'ont pas leur ton exact—ils ne s'enchassent point dans la peau et semblent vides." Astruc, *Le Salon de 1863*, no. 10, May 12, 1863, 3.

24. Antonin Proust, *Édouard Manet: Souvenirs* (Paris: Librairie Renouard, 1913), 46.

25. Krell makes his case in "Manet's *Déjeuner sur l'herbe* in the Salon des Refusés," *Art Bulletin* 65 (June 1983): 316–20.

26. *Outrage public à la pudeur* was Article 330 of the Napoleonic criminal code, but there was no uniformity to its enforcement in France. Rather, individual jurisdictions were free to interpret what constituted such outrage as they wished, and monetary incentives were commonplace. See Andrew Israel Ross, "*Urban Desires: Practicing Pleasure in the 'City of Light'*" (PhD diss., University of Michigan, 2011), 139–40.

27. "MANET—Caramba! voilà un *Guitarero* [*sic*] qui ne vient pas de l'Opéra-Comique, et qui ferait mauvaise figure sur un lithographie de romance; mais Velasquez le saluerait d'un petit elignement d'oeil amical, et Goya lui demanderait du feu pour allumer son papelito.—Comme il braille de bon courage, en râclant le jambon!—Il nous semble l'entendre.—Ce brave Espagnol au *sombrero calañés*, à la veste marseillaise, a un pantalon. Hélas! la culotte courte de Figaro n'est plus portée que par les *espadas* et les *banderilleros*. Mais cette concession aux modes civilisées, les alpargates la rachètent. Il y a beaucoup de talent dans cette figure de grandeur naturelle, peinte en pleine pâte, d'une brosse vaillante et d'une couleur très-vraie." Théophile Gautier, *Abécédaire du Salon de 1861* (Paris: E. Dentu, 1861), 264–65. Proust quotes Gautier's review in full in *Édouard Manet: Souvenirs*, 41–42.

28. Théophile Gautier, *Voyage en Espagne: Nouvelle edition, revue et corrigé* (Paris: Charpentier, 1859), 29. It is also worth noting that Baudelaire had called Gautier "the perfect man of letters" at the conclusion of his small book *Théophile Gautier* (Paris: Poulet-Malassis et de Broise, 1859), 68. Thus, Gautier's favorable review had to be received by Manet with special enthusiasm.

29. Theresa Dolan, "Strums the Word: Manet's Spanish Singer," in *Rival Sisters: Art and Music at the Birth of Modernism, 1815–1915*, ed. James H. Rubin and Olivia Mattis (Burlington, VT: Ashgate, 2014), 196. Dolan notes that Gautier had defined *jambon* in a footnote to an early version of *Voyage en Espagne*: "*Jambon*, appellation ironique de la guitare" (201n38).

30. "Il n'a vu qu'une chose, c'est que mon *Guitarrero* joue de la main gauche une guitare accordée pour être jouée de la main droite. Qu'en dis-tu?" Proust, *Édouard Manet: Souvenirs*, 40.

31. Dolan, "Strums the Word," 196.

32. "Figure-toi que la tête, je l'ai peinte du premier coup. . . . Je n'y ai pas donné un coup de brosse de plus." Proust, *Édouard Manet: Souvenirs*, 40–41.

33. "Une femme sortit d'un cabaret louche, relevant sa robe, retenant sa guitar. Il alla adroit à elle et lui demanda de venir poser chez lui. Elle se prit à rire. 'Je la repincerai, dit-il et puis, si elle ne veut pas, j'ai Victorine.' Victorine Meurend [*sic*], dont il a fait le portrait, était son modèle de prédilection." Proust, 40.

34. Dolan, "Strums the Word," 197.

35. Proust, "L'art d'Édouard Manet," *Le Studio* 21 (January 15, 1901): 71–77, rpt. and trans. Bridget McDonald in Fried, *Manet's Modernism*, , 426. The translation here is largely Dolan's, "Strums the Word," 197, although I have modified hers in small ways.

36. Dolan, "Strums the Word," 197.

37. Dolan, 184.

38. Cachin and Moffett, *Manet 1832–1883*, 110.

39. "Il y a deux classes principals de toreros: les *picadors*, qui combattent à cheval, armés d'une lance; et les *chulos*, à pied, qui harcèlant le taureau en agitant des draperies de couleurs brillantes. Parmi ces derniers sont les *banderilleros* et les *matadors*, dont je vous parlerai bientôt. Tous portent le costume andalous, à peu près celui de Figaro dans le *Barbier de Séville*; mais, au lieu de culottes et de bas de soie, les picadors ont des cuirs épais." Prosper Mérimée, "Lettres adressées d'Espagne au directeur de La Revue de Paris," in *Colomba, suivi de la mosaïque et autres contes et nouvelles* (Paris: Charpentier, 1862): 407. Mérimée's short story, "Tamango," which Christopher Miller has called "the most important literary representation of the slave trade in French and perhaps the most influential representation of the French slave trade of any kind," was included in both the 1842 and 1862 Charpentier editions of this book, 286–309; Christopher L. Miller, *The French Atlantic Triangle: Literature and Culture of the Slave Trade* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2008), 179.

40. And perhaps this goes a long way toward explaining his addition, as well, of the back of a stage set and a view into the theater on the right side of *Lola de Valence*, additions made sometime around, and probably after, the painting's exhibition at the Pont d'Alma in 1867—in essence, they further theatricalize the painting. See Cachin and Moffett, *Manet 1832–1883*, 146.

41. "Le moment favorable étant venu, l'*espada* se plaça tout à fait en face du taureau, agitant sa *muleta* de la main gauche et tenant son épée horizontale, la pointe à la hauteur des cornes de l'animal; il est difficile de render avec des mots la curiosité pleine d'angoisses, l'attention frénétique qu'excite cette situation qui vaut tous les drames de Shakspeare; dans quelques seconds, l'un des deux acteurs sera tué. Sera-ce l'homme ou le taureau? Ils sont là tous les deux face à face, seuls; l'homme n'a aucune arme défensive; il est habillé comme pour un bal; escarpins et bas de soie; une épingle de

femme percerait sa veste de satin; un lambeau d'étoffe, une frêle épée, voilà tout. Dans ce duel le taureau a tout l'avantage matérial: il a deux cornes terribles, aiguës comme des poignards, une force d'impulsion immense, la colère de la brute qui n'a pas la conscience du danger. . . . La *muleta* s'écarta, laissant à découvert le buste du *matador*; les cornes du taureau n'étaient qu'à un pouce de sa poitrine; je le crus perdu! Un éclair d'argent passa avec la rapidité de la pensée au milieu des duex croissants; le taureau tomba à genoux en poussant un beuglement douloureux, ayant la poignée de l'épée entre les deux épaules. . . . Le coup que venait de faire l'*espada* est, en effet, très-estimé et se nomme la *estocada a vuela piés*: le taureau meurt sans perdre une goutte de sang, ce qui est le suprême de l'élégance, et en tombant sur ses genoux semble reconnaître la supériorité de son adversaire." Gautier, *Voyage en Espagne*, 76, 83–84. It is worth noting, in connection with this and Victorine's pose, that there was a long tradition of women bullfighters, *toreras*, that reached its peak in the 1830s but continued well into the 1860s; see Adrian Shubert, *Death and Money in the Afternoon: A History of the Spanish Bullfight* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1999): 96–100.

42. Theodore Reff, *Manet's Incident in a Bullfight* (New York: The Frick Collection, 2005): 16–17. Reff's translation.

43. Reconstructions of the original painting, both before and after it appeared at the Salon, by Susan Grace Galassi and Ann Hoenigswald are reproduced in Reff, fig. 1 (p. 54) and fig. 10 (p. 59).

44. "Il se transporte en Espagne,—par le corps ou par la pensée, peu importe, l'âme ne voyage-t-elle pas aussi bien que le corps, témoin Méry?—et il nous rapporte une *Course de Taureaux* divisée en trois plans,—un discours en trois points.—Le premier plan, c'est un toreador, une espada peut-être, qui n'a pas su géometriquement enfoncer sa petite épée dans la nuque du taureau, et que le taureau aura éventré avec les deux épées qui lui servent de cornes. Vient ensuite un taureau microscopique.—C'est la perspective, direz-vous.—Mais non; car au troisième plan, contre les gradins du cirque, les toreros représentent une taille raisonnable et semblent rire de ce petit taureau, qu'ils pourraient écraser sous les talons de leurs escarpins." Hector de Callias, "Le Salon de 1864," *L'artiste* 1 (June 1, 1864): 242.

45. Reff, *Manet's Incident in a Bullfight,* 11, 25.

46. Reff, 14.

47. Shubert, *Death and Money in the Afternoon*, 12–13. See also Richard Holt, *Sport and Society in Modern France* (Hamden, CT: Archon Books, 1981), 109–16.

48. Maurice Agulhon, "Le sang des bêtes: Le problem de la protection des animaux en France au XIXème siècle," *Romantisme* 11, no. 31 (1981): 104, my translation.

49. Reff, *Manet's "Incident in a Bullfight,"* 18–19. To be fair, Reff goes on to wonder whether "we can assume that Manet shared" republican views condemning the *corrida*.

50. Fred Licht, *Goya: The Origins of the Modern Temper in Art* (New York: Harper & Row Icon, 1983), 260. For Jovellanos's views on bullfighting, see Abel A. Alves, *The Animals of Spain: An Introduction to Imperial Perceptions and Human Interaction with Other Animals, 1492–1826* (Leiden: Koninklijke Brill, 2011), 196.

51. Licht, *Goya*, 261.

52. Armstrong, *Manet Manette*, 149. As Armstrong points out, it was Clement Greenberg who inaugurated this habit of looking at Manet's works "in relation to one another: *Young Woman Reclining in Spanish Costume* in relation to *Gypsy with a Cigarette*, *Luncheon on the Grass* in relation to *Olympia*," and so forth (xvi). See Clement

Greenberg, "Manet in Philadelphia," *Artforum*, January 1967, in Clement Greenberg, *The Collected Essays and Criticism*, 4 vols., ed. John O'Brian (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1993): 4:244.

53. Prosper Mérimée, *Carmen* (Liège: G. Thone, 1900), 38. Subsequent page references to the novella are included in the text. My translations.

54. "L'on nous conduisit aux ateliers où se roulent les cigares en feuilles. Cinq ou six cents femmes sont employées à cette préparation. Quand nous mîmes le pied dans leur salle, nous fûmes assaillis par un ouragan de bruits: elles parlaient, chantaient et se disputaient toutes à la fois. Je n'ai jamais entendu un vacarme pareil. Elles étaient jeunes pour la plupart, et il y en avait de fort jolies. Le négligé extrême de leur toilette permettait d'apprécier leurs charmes en toute liberté. Quelques-unes portaient résolûment à l'angle de leur bouche un bout de cigare avec l'aplomb d'un officier de hussards." Gautier, *Voyage en Espagne*, 336.

55. Sharon Flescher has included Astruc's very detailed itinerary for Manet's trip in *Zacahrie Astruc: Critic, Artist and Japonaise* (New York: Garland, 1978), 148–58.

56. "Un des plus beaux, des plus curieux, et des plus terribles spectacles que l'on puisse voir, c'est une corrida." Claude Pichois, ed., *Études baudelairiennes IV–V: Lettres à Charles Baudelaire* (Neuchâtel: La Baconnière, 1973), 236.

57. "Mettre sur la toile l'aspect rapide de cet assemblage de monde tout bariolé, sans oublier la partie dramatique, picador et cheval renversés, labourés par les cornes du taureau furieux, et l'armée de chulos cherchant à écarter l'animal." Quoted in Gary Tinterow and Geneviève Lacambre, *Manet/Velázquez: The French Taste for Spanish Painting* (New York: Metropolitan Museum of Art; New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 2003), 235, 238.

58. For example, A. Malespine (about whom much more later) wrote in *Le monde illustré* about one month after the first hostilities of the Civil War an article that included a full-page map showing the Union states as far north as New York City, the Southern states as far south as South Carolina and part of Georgia, and as far west as most of Ohio and half of Kentucky and Tennessee. It names the nineteen states of "le Nord," and the fifteen "États à esclaves." And it notes that "La population esclave du Suds élève à 4,000,000 d'âmes." A. Malespine, "Théâtre de la guerre aux États-Unis," *Le monde illustré* 5, no. 214 (May 18, 1861): 319–20.

Chapter Six

1. "À Nadar," May 14, 16, 1869, Charles Baudelaire, *Correspondance*, ed. Claude Pichois (Paris: Gallimard, Bibliothèque de la Pléiade, 1973), 1:573–80.

2. "À Auguste Poulet-Malassis," August-September 1862, Baudelaire, *Correspondance*,2:257.

3. Michael Deas, *The Portraits and Daguerrotypes of Edgar Allan Poe* (Charlottesville: University of Virginia Press, 1989), 42–45, 91–92. For Wilson-Bareau's discussion, see Françoise Cachin and Charles S. Moffett, eds. *Manet 1832–1883* (New York: Abrams, 1983), 160–63.

4. *Le Corbeau, The Raven, poëme by Edgar Poe,* trans. Stéphane Mallarmé with illustration by Édouard Manet (Paris: Richard Lesclide, 1875). Wilson-Bareau notes an announcement that appeared on the back cover of *The Raven*: "To appear shortly: The City in the Sea. Poem by Edgar Poe illustrated and translated by MM. Édouard Manet and Stéphane Mallarmé," a project that came to nothing (Cachin and Moffett, *Manet*

1832–1883, 382). Deas suggests that "the drawing may have been executed in 1876, for tentative inclusion in Sara S. Rice's *Edgar Allan Poe: A Memorial Volume*, a collection of literary tributes to Poe published in Baltimore in 1877. Mallarmé . . . wrote Miss Rice that he intended to submit some eulogistic verses to the volume and 'his friend Manet would also like to contribute something'"; Deas, *Portraits and Daguerrotypes,* 91.

5. Charles Baudelaire, "New Notes on Edgar Poe," in *Baudelaire as Literary Critic*, ed. and trans. Lois Boe Hyslop and Francis E. Hyslop Jr. (University Park: Pennsylvania State University Press, 1964): 126 ; translation of "Notes nouvelles sur Edgar Poe," in *Nouvelles histoires extraordinaires par Edgar Poe* (Paris: Michel Lévy, 1857; rev. ed., 1875), xiv.

6. Baudelaire, "New Notes on Edgar Poe," 120; "Notes nouvelles sur Edgar Poe," viii.

7. Baudelaire, "New Notes on Edgar Poe," 125; "Notes nouvelles sur Edgar Poe," xiii–xiv.

8. See W. T. Brandy, "New Light on Baudelaire and Poe," *Yale French Studies* 10 (1952): 65–69.

9. F. W. J. Hemmings, *Baudelaire the Damned: A Biography* (New York: Scribner's, 1982), 108.

10. Leland S. Person, "Poe's Philosophy of Amalgamation: Reading Racism in the Tales," in *Romancing the Shadow: Poe and Race*, ed. J. Gerald Kennedy and Liliane Weissberg (New York: Oxford University Press, 2001), 215–16. The quotations from "The Black Cat" are from *The Collected Works of Edgar Allan Poe*, ed. Thomas Ollive Mabbott, 3 vols. (Cambridge, MA: Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 1969–1978), 3:850–52.

11. Person, "Poe's Philosophy of Amalgamation," 217.

12. Baudelaire, *Les fleurs du mal*, 246–47; *Flowers of Evil*, trans. George Dillon and Edna St. Vincent Millay (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1936), 141. The fourth-to-last line might be more closely translated, "They seem to sleep in a dream without end."

13. Baudelaire, *Les fleurs du mal*, 40; Roy Campbell, trans. (New York: Pantheon, 1956), 44.

14. "The Painter of Modern Life," in *The Painter of Modern Life and Other Essays*, trans. Jonathan Mayne (London: Phaidon, 1964), 37; see chapter 4, note 35, pp. 222–23, for the French.

15. Quoted in Kathleen Kete, *The Beast in the Boudoir: Pet-Keeping in Nineteenth-Century Paris* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1994), 117–18. Kete's chapter on cats (115–35), is a fascinating history of the animal's gradual assimilation into bourgeois life over the course of the century.

16. Champfleury, *Les chats: Histoires, moeurs, observations, anecdotes* (Paris: J. Rothschild, 1869). *Le rendez-vous des chats* is reproduced on page 209.

17. For a history of the *maison de rendez-vous,* see Alain Corbin, *Women for Hire: Prostitution and Sexuality in France after 1850*, trans. Alan Sheridan (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1990), 174–85.

18. Champfleury, *Les chats*, 109–13.

19. "Il faut dire aussi qu'il y a chez ces jolies bêtes, si sages le jour, un côté nocturne, mystérieux et cabalistique, qui séduisait beaucoup le poëte. Le chat, avec ses yeux phosphoriques qui lui servent de lanternes et les étincelles jaillissant de son dos, hante sans peur les ténèbres, où il rencontre les fantômes errants, les sorcières, les alchimistes, les nécromanciens, les résurrectionistes, les amants, les filous, les assassins, les patrouilles

grises et toutes ces larves obscures qui ne sortent et ne travaillent que la nuit. Il a l'air de savoir la plus récente chronique du sabbat, et il se frotte volontiers à la jambe boiteuse de Méphistophélès. Ses sérénades sous les balcons des chattes, ses amours sur les toits, accompagnées de cris semblables à ceux d'un enfant qu'on égorge, lui donnent un air passablement satanique qui justifie jusqu'à un certain point la répugnance des esprits diurnes et pratiques, pour qui les mystères de l'Érèbe n'ont aucun attrait. Mais un docteur Faust, dans sa cellule encombrée de bouquins et d'instruments d'alchimie, aimera toujours avoir un chat pour compagnon. Baudelaire lui-même était un chat voluptueux, câlin, aux façons veloutées, à l'allure mystérieuse, plein de force dans sa fine souplesse, fixant sur les choses et les hommes un regard d'une lueur inquiétante, libre, volontaire, difficile à retenir, mais sans aucune perfidie et fidèlement." Théophile Gautier, *Charles Baudelaire: His Life*, trans. Guy Thorne (New York: 1915), 42; translation of Théophile Gautier, "Charles Baudelaire," in *Les oeuvres complètes de Charles Baudelaire* (Paris: Michel Levy, 1868), 1:34–35. In the last sentence I have substituted my own translation for Thorne's "fixing on things and men its penetrating look, disquieting, eccentric."

20. Mabbott, *Collected Works of Edgar Allan Poe*, 3:859.

21. Joan Dayan, "Amorous Bondage: Poe, Ladies, and Slaves," in *The American Face of Edgar Allan Poe*, ed. Shawn Rosenheim and Stephen Rachman (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1995), 192. Dayan's quotations from "The Black Cat" are from Mabbott, *Collected Works of Edgar Allan Poe*, 3:856.

22. Charles Bernheimer refers to "The Black Cat" as a story representing "the return of the repressed" in *Figures of Ill Repute: Representing Prostitution in Nineteenth-Century France* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 1997), 291n42.

23. Dayan, "Amorous Bondage," 193.

24. Poe, *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1838), 46; *Adventures d'Arthur Gordon Pym par Edgar Poe*, trans. Charles Baudelaire (Paris: Michel Lévy, 1868), 58. Subsequent page references to *Pym* are in the text, the New York edition first, Baudelaire's translation second.

25. Did he recognize, for instance, that the stench of the death ship in chapter 10—"a stench, such as the whole world has no name for—no conception of—hellish—utterly suffocating—insufferable, inconceivable" (94)—replicates the hideous smell of the holds of slave ships? Compare, for instance, Olaudah Equiano, *The Interesting Narrative of the Life of Olaudah Equiano, or Gustavus Vassa, the African* (London: printed by the author, 1789), 78–79: "The stench of the hold while we were on the coast was so intolerably loathsome, that it was dangerous to remain there for any time. . . . The closeness of the place, and the heat of the climate, added to the number in the ship, which was so crowded that each had scarcely room to turn himself, almost suffocated us. This produced copious perspirations, so that the air soon became unfit for respiration, from a variety of loathsome smells, and brought on a sickness among the slaves, of which many died."

26. Marie Bonaparte, *Edgar Poe, sa vie et son oeuvre* (Paris: Presses Universitaires de France, 1933), 357–459; trans. John Rodker as *The Life and Works of Edgar Allan Poe: A Psycho-Analytic Interpretation* (London: Imago, 1949), 303–50.

27. Jean Ricardou, "'The Singular Character of Water," trans. Frank Towne, *Poe Studies* 9 (June 1976): 1–6.

28. Poe, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," in Mabbott, *Collected Works of Edgar Allan Poe*, 2:531; Baudelaire, "Double assassinat dans la rue Morgue," *Histoires extraordinaires* (1856; rpt. Paris: Michel Lévy, 1869), 38–39.

29. Dupin's status as a type of flâneur is discussed at length by James V. Werner's article "The Detective Gaze: Edgar A. Poe, the Flaneur, and the Phsyiognomy of Crime," *ATQ: American Transcendental Quarterly* 15 (March 2001): 5–21.

30. Émile Zola, *Écrits sur l'art,* ed. Jean-Pierre Luduc-Adine (Paris: Gallimard, 1991), 161.

31. See Elise Lemire, *"Miscegenation": Making Race in America* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 2002): 28.

32. *Barr's Buffon: Buffon's Natural History*, trans. James Smith Barr (London: Printed for the Proprietor and sold by H. D. Symonds, 1797), 9:156.

33. Elise Lemire, "'The Murders in the Rue Morgue': Amalgamation Discourses and the Race Riots of 1838 in Poe's Philadelphia," in *Romancing the Shadow: Poe and Race*, ed. J. Gerald Kennedy (New York: Oxford University Press, 2001), 185.

34. Winthrop D. Jordan, *The White Man's Burden: Historical Origins of Racism in the United States* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1974), 15.

35. Jordan, 16.

36. Amédée Cantaloube, *Le grand journal,* May 21, 1865, 2; cited in T. J. Clark, *The Painting of Modern Life: Paris in the Art of Manet and His Followers,* rev. ed. (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1999; first published 1985 by Alfred A. Knopf [New York]), 94, and Darcy Grimaldo Grigsby, "Still Thinking about Olympia's Maid," *Art Bulletin* 47 (December 2015): 437. The other review that references Titian's *Venus* was authored by one Pierrot: "A woman on a bed, or, rather, some form or other, blown up like a grotesque in rubber; a sort of monkey making fun of the pose and the movement of the arm in Titian's Venus"; "Une première visite au Salon," *Les tablettes de Pierrot: Histoire de la semaine*, May 14, 1865. Grigsby is surely right in assuming that "Pierrot" is a pseudonym for Cantaloube.

37. Charles Baudelaire, "Salon de 1859," in *Oeuvres complètes de Baudelaire*, rev. ed. Claude Pichois (Paris: Gallimard, Bibliothèque de la Pléiade, 1961), 1091.

38. Thiébault-Sisson, "Au jour le jour, un vie d'artiste, Emmanuel Frémiet," *Le temps* (January 1896): 2–3, cited and translated in Marek Zgóniak, "Fremiet's Gorillas: Why Do They Carry Off Women?," trans. Marta Kapera and Mark Singer, *Artibus et Historiae* 27, no. 54 (2006): 221.

39. Thiébault-Sisson, "Au jour le jour," 2–3; Zgóniak, "Fremiet's Gorillas," 221.

40. Baudelaire's commentary has always been taken at face value, as if Baudelaire had suddenly become a prude, with the single exception of J. A. Hiddleston, who rightly reads it as a piece of "humiliating sarcasm";. J. A. Hiddleston, *Baudelaire and the Art of Memory* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1999), 259.

41. Baudelaire, "Salon de 1859," in *Oeuvres complètes*, 1091–92, my translation.

42. Charles Baudelaire, "De M. Ary Scheffer et des singes du sentiment," chap. 13 of the *Salon de 1846*, in *Oeuvres complètes*, 932.

43. The title *Gorille femelle* inscribed on the base in the surviving photograph of the work, Marek Zgórniak has convincingly argued, was added after its first exhibition and that owing to its "towering height and enormous canines, which reach such a size only in the males of this herbivorous species," it is decidedly male. Zgórniak believes that the identification of the gorilla as female was a tactic meant to diffuse more prurient readings of the work such as Baudelaire's. At any rate, in 1887 Frémiet wrote, in a letter to the director of fine arts at the Natural History Museum in Paris, that his gorilla was modeled on a male specimen from Gabon that had been given to the museum in 1852 by

Dr. Franquet and that stood in the center of the exhibition hall in its own case. Zgóniak, "Fremiet's Gorillas," 225–26, 232. In 1861 a gang of Belgian laborers engaged in constructing one of Paris's new boulevards, apparently outraged at its subject matter, angrily broke into Frémiet's studio and destroyed the as yet uncast plaster sculpture. In 1887 Frémiet submitted a second version of the piece, this time depicting a gorilla carting off a nude white woman, to the Salon of 1887, where it was awarded the medal of honor, suggesting the degree to which French mores were transformed in the thirty years since 1859; see Ted Gott, "Stowed Away: Emmanuel Frémiet's Gorilla Carrying Off a Woman," *Art Journal* (National Gallery of Victoria) 45, May 23, 2014, https://www.ngv.vic.gov.au/essay/stowed-away-emmanuel-fremiets-gorilla-carrying-off-a-woman-2-2/. Frémiet donated a reduced bronze version of the 1887 sculpture to the National Gallery of Victoria in 1907.

44. Cachin and Moffett, *Manet 1832–1883*, 385.

Chapter Seven

1. "On a fait plus que de bruit devant les tableaux de M. Manet; et les vivacités des discussions l'ont, d'un côté, élevé au rang de chef d'école et de maître inimitable, tandis que de l'autre elles le rabaissient aud degree le plus infime. Il nous semble que le résultat de ces discussions est d'avoir poussé M. Manet à exagérer son parti pris, à travers lequel, pour peu qu'on regarde ses oeuvres de sang-froid, on trouve des qualitées essentiellement de peintre. *Le Jeune Homme en costume de majo*, tout vêtu de noir avec sa cape bigarrée sur le bras, son teint olivâtre, sa face martelée et accidentée, est assurement traité par une main vigoureuse guidant un pinceau enragé de contrastes, mais qui oublie trop qu'il y a dans la nature autre chose que du noir et du blanc. Par la singularité du sujet, le tableau intitulé *le Bain*, où l'on voit une femme nue assise sur l'herbe, au bord de l'eau, entre deux gens en costume moderne, a produit sur plus d'un spectateur l'effet d'un défi qui, nous en sommes sûr, a dû nuire à l'appréciation impartiale d'une oeuvre dont la valeur est cependant réelle." Théophile Gautier *fils*, "Le Salon des Refusés," *Le monde illustré* 7, no. 339(August 8, 1863): 89–90. Note Gautier's use of the word *valeur* in the last sentence in the traditional sense. Of all the major studies on Manet, only Michael Fried, in *Manet's Modernism or, The Face of Painting in the 1860s* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1996), acknowledges this review, and Fried only cites the comments on the *Jeune homme*, ignoring the important comments on *Le déjeuner* altogether.

2. See Theodore Reff, *Manet's Incident in a Bullfight* (New York: The Frick Collection, 2005), 30–33.

3. Émile Zola, *Écrits sur l'art,* ed. Jean-Pierre Luduc-Adine (Paris: Gallimard, 1991), 161.

4. In this, I am inspired by André Dombrowski's, important essay on Manet's *The Balcony* in which he argues that the artist's formal maneuvers can be read in sociopolitical terms as an indictment of the Empire's censorship in particular and its larger political agenda in general; "Living on Manet's *Balcony*, or the Right to Privacy," in *Is Paris Still the Capital of the Nineteenth Century? Essays on Art and Modernity, 1850–1900*, ed. Hollis Clayson and André Dombrowski (London: Routledge, 2016), 235–56. The Second Empire, Dombrowski reminds us, was "the period par excellence of tension between a growing demand for democratic freedoms of expression and a counterbalancing imperial repression," and "battles over the ethics and freedom of speech were an omnipresent fact of late imperial life" (237–38). His project, he hopes, "has consequenc-

es for our understanding not just of *The Balcony* itself, but the painting of modern life more broadly as we continue to characterize its version of the modern dialectic between individual freedoms and collective constraints. Such a shift in emphasis might help us explain the rise of early modernist painting—especially Édouard Manet's—not through the unrestrained expressive potential of the emerging modern psyche, but through its obverse, the modern self's interpellation by social rules, regulations, and laws. For the avant-garde, new forms of legal, social, and cultural coercion came to occupy the same place and purpose that longstanding academic rules governing painting once did, providing the grain against which to react" (251). And my hope would be that these chapters will demonstrate—are demonstrating—that Olympia and her maid likewise represent not just Manet's defiance of the long-standing academic rules of painting but also his defiance of the Empire's social rules, regulations, laws—and its political behavior generally.

5. A. Malespine, "La bataille de Gettysburg," *Le monde illustré* 7, no. 339 (August 8, 1863): 86. In the same number, there were also two illustrations of Maréchal Forey's entry into Mexico City in May 1863, one on the front page and the other a two-page spread just above Gautier *fils*'s review.

6. On the importance of the newspaper to the flâneur, see Marit Grøtta, *Baudelaire's Media Aesthetics: The Gaze of the Flâneur and 19th Century Media* (London: Bloomsbury, 2015), "Newspapers," 23–46, and Gregory Shaya, "The *Flâneur*, the *Badaud*, and the Making of a Mass Public in France, circa 1860–1010," *American Historical Review,* February 2004, 41–77.

7. Baudelaire, "De l' heroism de la vie moderne," *Salon de 1846, Oeuvres complètes de Baudelaire,* rev. ed. Claude Pichois (Paris: Gallimard, Bibliothèque de la Pléiade, 1961), 951, my translation.

8. Grøtta, *Baudelaire's Media Aesthetics,* 32–33; *The Collected Works of Edgar Allan Poe,* ed. Thomas Ollive Mabbott, 3 vols. (Cambridge, MA: Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 1969–1978), 2:507.

9. *Le petit journal,* September 23, 1869; cited in Shaya, "The *Flâneur,*" 55.

10. A. Malespine, "L'incendie de l'escadre de Norfolk et l'émente de Baltimore," *Le monde illustré* 5, no. 215 (May 25, 1861): 326.

11. A. Malespine, "Courier d'Amérique," *Le monde illustré* 5, no. 216 (June 1, 1861): 342.

12. Quoted in William S. Connery, *Civil War: Northern Virginia 1861* (Charleston, SC: The History Press, 2011), 66–67.

13. Stephen F. Knott, *Secret and Sanctioned: Covert Operations and the American Presidency* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1996), 142.

14. A. Malespine, "Les ventes d'esclaves en Amérique," *Le monde illustré* 5, no. 206 (March 23, 1861): 187.

15. Claude Fohlen, *L'industrie textile au temps du second empire* (Paris: Plon, 1956), 284, 514; cited in Sven Beckert, "Emancipation and Empire: Reconstructing the Worldwide Web of Cotton Production in the Age of the American Civil War," *American Historical Review* 109 (December 2004). This material has found its way into Beckert's prize-winning *Empire of Cotton: A Global History* (New York: Knopf, 2015), especially in chapter 9, "A War Reverberates around the World," 242–73.

16. George M. Blackburn, *French Newspaper Opinion on the American Civil War* (Westport, CT: Greenwood Press, 1997), 77.

17. Blackburn, 75.

18. Quoted in Blackburn, 73.

19. Beckert, "Emancipation and Empire," 1410; and Greg Bayne and Len Ellison, "Lancashire and the America Civil War," American Civil War Roundtable UK, January 2010, http://www.acwrt.org.uk/uk-heritage_Lancashire-and-the-American-Civil-War.asp.

20. Blackburn, *French Newspaper Opinion,* 77.

21. Beckert, "Emancipation and Empire," 1410.

22. *Moniteur des arts* 6, no. 304 (February 14, 1863): 1–2. The *Moniteur des arts* added to the list of contributors three more times before the final sale, among them Bracquemond (under whose tutelage Manet learned the art of etching), Delacroix, Corot, Nadar, Fantin-Latour, and Rosa Bonheur. The final sale took place on March 8 and 9 and netted 10,039 fr. 25 c. *Moniteur des arts* 6, no. 312 (March 14, 1863): 3. Advertisements and announcements of the benefit also appeared in *La chronique des arts et de la curiosité*, a weekly supplement of the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*; see Isolde Pludermacher, "*Olympia* au Salon: De la guerre de sécession au contexte parisien," in *Le modèle noir: De Géricault à Matisse (*Paris: Flammarion; Musée d'Orsay, 2019), 154.

23. David Harvey, *Paris, Capital of Modernity* (New York: Routledge, 2006), 180.

24. Claire Goldberg Moses, *French Feminism in the 19th Century* (New York: State University of New York Press, 1984), 25.

25. T. J. Clark, *The Painting of Modern Life: Paris in the Art of Manet and His Followers,* rev. ed. (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1999; first published 1985 by Alfred A. Knopf [New York]), 112–14; Joan Wallach Scott, *Gender and the Politics of History* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1999), 139–66.

26. Philibert-Joseph le Roux, *Dictionnaire comique, satyrique, critique, burlesque libre et proverbial* (Lyons: Beingos, 1752), 51.

27. Quoted in Maxine du Camp, *Le salon de 1861* (Paris: Librarie Nouvelle, 1861), 138.

28. "C'est la figuration allégorique de ce que nous voyons tous les jours sur nos promenades et dans nos théâtres, l'envahissemnet croisseant des filles de mauvaise vie qui sont audjourd'hui un element nouveau de notre société transitoire. . . . En voyant ce movement ininterrompu de lorettes (il faut les appeler par leur nom), qui se succédent incessamment parmi nous comme les vagues de la mer, je me suis souvent demandé si les classes inférieures de notre société ne perpétuaient pas, à leur insu, le combat commencé à la fin du siècle dernier et si, en produisant ces belles filles dont la mission paraît être de ruiner et de crétiniser la haute bourgeoisie et les débris de la noblesse, elles ne continuaient pas pacifiquement l'oeuvre des clubs les plus violents de 1793. Marat, aujourd'hui, ne demanderait plus la tête de deux cent mille aristocrates, il ferait décréter l'émission de deux cent mille filles entretenues nouvelles, et son but serait atteint." Du Camp, *Le salon de 1861*, 136–37.

29. Philippe Roger, *The American Enemy: A Story of French Anti-Americanism*, trans. Sharon Bowman (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2005), 81–82.

30. "Debate in the French legislative body, on the affairs of Mexico," in *Papers Relative to Mexican Affairs Communicated to the Senate June 16, 1864* (Washington, DC: Government Printing Office, 1865), 282. The original debate was published in the official paper of the French government, *Le moniteur universel*, January 26–28, 1864. The translation was provided by the Mexican legation to the United States.

31. Both Spain and Britain withdrew from the expedition in the spring of 1862, when they recognized that Napoleon had far larger ambitions in Mexico than just the settlement of its debt.

32. A. Malespine, *Solution de la question mexicaine* (Paris: E. Dentu, 1864), 29, 31, translated in *Papers Relative to Mexican Affairs*, 278–79.

33. Charles Sumner, *Our Foreign Relations: Showing Present Perils from England and France [. . .]* (New York: Young Men's Republican Union, 1863), 24–25.

34. Both paintings have been connected to the emperor's invasion of Mexico. Reff suggests that the dead toreador might well symbolize the victims of Napoleon III's attempt to colonize Mexico, "alluding to recent French losses: the eight hundred killed, wounded, or missing in the humiliating defeat at Puebla in May 1862—the legendary Cinco de Mayo—and the hundreds more killed at Camarón and elsewhere by the unexpectedly fierce resistance and above all by tropical diseases." Theodore Reff, *Manet's Incident in a Bullfight* (New York: The Frick Collection, 2005), 25. Similarly, John Elderfield, noting the luxuriant wings of the angels and the snake slithering across the foreground stone, has speculated that *The Dead Christ and the Angels* might refer to the eagle-and-snake emblem of the Mexican Republic, which had been incorporated into the coat of arms of Maximilian and which adorned the commemorative medal of the Mexican expedition awarded to all veterans of the campaign. John Elderfield, *Manet and the Execution of Maximilian* (New York: Museum of Modern Art, 2006), 50.

35. Théophile Gautier *fils*, "Salon du 1864" (4th art.), *Le monde illustré* 375 (June 18, 1864): 397. As for the many other critiques of Manet's submissions to the Salon of 1864, in summarizing most of them, Michael Fried has argued convincingly that a good deal of the antagonism toward especially *The Dead Christ* resulted from its being compared to "the sensation of the Salon of 1864 and quite possibly the painting that enjoyed the greatest success at any Salon of the 1860s: Gustave Moreau's *Oedipus and the Sphinx*," which was hung in the same room as Manet's *Dead Christ*; see Fried, *Manet's Modernism*, 308–314.

36. *Le phare de la manche* (June 18, 1864), quoted in Farid Ameur, "Le guerre de sécession au large de Cherbourg," *Relations Internationales* 150 (February 2012): 16.

37. The correspondence between Chasseloup-Laubat and Depouy has been meticulously researched by Juliet Wilson-Bareau and David C. Degener for the catalog *Manet and the American Civil War: The Battle of U.S.S. Kearsarge and C.S.S. Alabama* (New York: Metropolitan Museum of Art, 2003): 29–31. This small catalog remains the primary reference for Manet's paintings of the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama*. Another extremely useful study of the events themselves is William Marvel's *The Alabama and the Kearsarge: The Sailor's Civil War* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1996), from which I have drawn my information on the visiting crowds. Tamar Garb, "Revisiting the 1860s: Race and Place in Cape Town and Paris," in Clayson and Dombrowski, *Is Paris Still the Capital of the Nineteenth Century?*, 115–29, has noted the *Alabama*'s many ties to South Africa and the global trade network that circulated around the Cape of Good Hope. "Internationally famous," Garb writes, "the ship's adventures, battles, and eventual demise were recorded from the *Cape Argus* to the *New York Herald*, a veritable topos of the interconnectedness of disparate modern geographies and histories in the landscape of imperialism and colonialism" (125).

38. Marvel, *The Alabama and the Kearsarge,* 249.

39. Ustazde de Sacy, "On nous écrit de Cherbourg, le 19 juin," *Journal des débats politique et litteraires,* June 21, 1864, 1.

40. See Wilson-Bareau and Degener, *Manet and the American Civil War,* 15.

41. Wilson-Bareau and Degener, 41

42. Blackburn, *French Newspaper Opinion*, 118–19. Blackburn's sources for this paragraph, which he leaves unspecified, are Gullaud, *Le patrie*, June 21, 1864; Grenier, *Le pays*, June 21, 22, 1864; Limayrac, *Le constituionnel*, June 21, 1864; *Le journal d'Alençon*, June 21, 1864; and Dufour (Bourg-en-Bresse) *Le courrier de l'Ain*, June 21, 1864.

43. Malakoff, "From Europe . . . Paris, Tuesday, June 28 1864," *New York Times*, July 11, 1864.

44. Cited in Blackburn, *French Newspaper Opinion*, 119.

45. The *New York Herald* announced, on July 18, but under the dateline July 5, that the painting had been shipped to New York "on speculation." Wilson-Bareau and Degener, *Manet and the American Civil War,* 44–45.

46. Quoted in the *Annual Report to the Secretary of the Navy*, app., "Sinking of the Alabama: Additional Foreign Accounts, quoting the *London Daily News*, June 25, 1864, Letter of June 27, 1864 from Mr. Lancaster," in *Message of the President of the United States and Accompanying Documents to the Two House of Congress at the Commencement of the Second Session of the 38th Congress* (Washington, DC: Government Printing Office, 1864), 664–66.

47. Quoted in "From the *Daily News*," in *Message of the President of the United States,* 654.

48. Beckert, *Empire of Cotton*, 260.

49. Wilson-Bareau and Degener, *Manet and the American Civil War*, 48.

50. Roger, *American Enemy*, 69.

51. Wilson-Bareau and Degener, *Manet and the American Civil War*, 53–55. In his assertion, in his *Édouard Manet: Souvenirs*, that in order to paint *The Battle of the "Kearsarge" and the "Alabama"* Manet had gone to the seaside and embarked on a pilot boat ("*Pour le peindre, Manet était allé au bord de la mer et s'était embarqué à bord d'un bateau pilote*"), Proust is probably confusing the circumstances surrounding the composition of this painting with those of the earlier work (53).

52. Wilson-Bareau and Degener, *Manet and the American Civil War*, 51–59.

53. Zola, *Écrits sur l'art*, 162.

54. Zola, 143–44.

Chapter Eight

1. The politics, especially the racial and sexual politics, of several of these—Géricault's *Raft*, Delacroix's *Chios* and *Missolonghi*—have been thoroughly explored by Darcy Grimaldo Grigsby in *Extremities: Painting Empire in Post-Revolutionary France* (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 2002).

2. Jules Michelet, "Dangers de la dispersion d'esprit," *L'étudiant cours de 1847–48* (Paris: Calmann Lévy, 1877), 119–39, reprinted in Ernest Chesneau, *Les chefs d'école* (Paris: Didier, 1862), 393–98). For Fried's discussion of Michelet, see *Manet's Modernism or, The Face of Painting in the 1860s* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1996), 119–23. I have used Fried's translations.

3. T. J. Clark, *The Painting of Modern Life: Paris in the Art of Manet and His Followers,* rev. ed. (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1999; first published 1985 by Alfred A. Knopf [New York]), 288n61.

4. "Les figures de M. Manet font involontairement songer aux marionettes des Champs-Élysées: une tête solide et un vêtement flasque." Ernest Chesneau, "Salon annexe des ouvrages d'art refusés par le jury," *L'art et les artistes modernes en France et en Angleterre* (Paris: Didier, 1864), 189.

5. Manet to Baudelaire, ca. March 25, 1865, in Claude Pichois, ed., *Études baudelairiennes IV–V: Lettres à Charles Baudelaire* (Neuchâtel: La Baconnière, 1973), 232–33.

6. Michelet, "Dangers de la dispersion d'esprit," *L'étudiant cours de 1847–48* (Paris: Calmann Lévy, 1877), 130, 132–33, 137

7. Pichois, *Lettres à Charles Baudelaire*, January 5(?), 1865, 263.

8. Pichois, 233.

9. Charles Baudelaire, *Correspondance*, ed. Claude Pichois (Paris: Gallimard, Bibliothèque de la Pléiade, 1973), 2:496–97.

10. Beth Archer Brombert, *Edouard Manet: Rebel in a Frock Coat* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1996), 47.

11. In her biography, Brombert says of *Jesus Mocked by the Soldiers*, "The pathos of this very human, very humbled figure of Jesus—who looks beyond his tormentors—suggests a personal identification with the abused Messiah, and the vulgar and variegated figures of the soldiers are a symbolic representation of the world that treated the painter with such brutishness. This was not bathetic posturing on Manet's part, but the use of an archetypal representation of incomprehension and derision. Nor was it the first or last time the artist entered into one of his own paintings. What is more, he prominently inserted a characteristic prop to designate himself, analogous to the brush and walking stick that appear elsewhere. Here it is the reed, mentioned in the Gospel account, which also can be seen as a paintbrush. Also noteworthy is Christ's beard, which is the color and shape of Manet's own, to judge from photographs of him taken in the 1860's." Brombert, 171.

12. Fried, *Manet's Modernism*, 101.

13. Clark, *Painting of Modern Life*, 88–89.

14. Quoted in Clark, 139–40, 296n144. Clark quotes Ravenel's review, which appeared in the leftist paper *L'epoque* on June 7, 1865, in full and in both English and French in these pages and the accompanying note.

15. Clark, 88.

16. Clark, 140. Clark goes on to analyze Ravenel's text at some length (140–44). Except for a couple of minor quibbles, I have no argument with Clark's approach. I do, however, want to add some detail to it in order to underscore what I take to be Ravenel's sense of the painting's moralizing force.

17. Eugène Sue, *Atar-Gull* (Paris: Charlieu et Juillery, 1863), 24–25. The chapter, called "Father and Son," begins with an epigraph from Jean Baptiste Say's *Traite d'économie politique* of 1803: "There is a big difference, you know, between productive capital and unproductive capital" (*Il y a une grande difference, voyez-vous, entre un capital productif et un capital improductif*). I reference the 1863 edition because it is contemporaneous with Manet's painting of *Olympia*, but, as Christopher Miller points out, between 1831 and 1875 there were at least twenty-one editions of the work; Christopher L. Miller, *The French Atlantic Triangle: Literature and Culture of the Slave Trade* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2008), 277. Miller's discussion of the novel (274–99) drew my attention to this text.

18. Sue, *Atar-Gull*, 25.

19. Some indication of the politics of Sue's *Les mystères du peuple* can be gleaned from the fact that it was translated into English in 1909 by Daniel De Leon, Marxist theoretician and leader of the Socialist Labor Party, who published the series in his New York Labor News Press.

20. Baudelaire, *Les fleurs du mal*, bilingual ed., trans. Richard Howard (Boston: Godine, 1982), 232–33. I have used Clark's translation here, which I find superior to any other; Clark, *Painting of Modern Life*, 296n144.

21. Baudelaire, *Les fleurs du mal*, 233, my translation.

22. Baudelaire, *Les fleurs du mal*, 194–95; quoted by Clark, *Painting of Modern Life*, 140. I have used Clark's translation, 296n194.

23. Clark has argued that the last two lines of Baudelaire's quatrain "do not fall into either of its [the *Caprichos*'] main modes—the satirical, burlesque depiction of the social scene or the narrative of outright fantasy." Clark, *Painting of Modern Life*, 142. But, as I point out, they both fall into the first of the *Caprichos*' two modes—social satire.

24. Eileen Donovan, "Prostitution and Prayer: An Examination of *Ruega por ella* from Francisco Goya's *Los Caprichos*," *Providence College Art Journal* 2014, no. 1 (2014): 3–11, http://digitalcommons.providence.edu/art_journal/vol2014/iss1/.

25. See the discussion of *The Surprised Nymph* in Françoise Cachin and Charles S. Moffett, eds. *Manet 1832–1883* (New York: Abrams, 1983), 83–86.

26. The painting's provenance is detailed in Ernst van de Wetering, *A Corpus of Rembrandt Paintings V: The Small-Scale History Paintings* (Dordrecht: the Netherlands, 2011), 354.

27. Cachin and Moffett, *Manet 1832–1883*, 89, and reproduced at 90.

28. Quoted in Robert Goldwater and Marco Treves, *Artists on Art* (New York: Pantheon, 1947), 203.

29. The first 2,000-copy run of *L'amour* sold out in a few weeks, and a second edition of 22,000 copies was immediately printed, followed by two more editions before the end of 1859. By 1861, it was in its fifth edition. See Jennifer Shaw, "The Figure of Venus: Rhetoric of the Ideal and the Salon of 1863," *Manifestations of Venus: Art and Sexuality*, ed. Katie Scott and Carline Arscott (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 2000), 204n26.

30. "Les femmes lurent et pleurèrent. . . . À peine osèrent-elles faiblement défendre leur défenseur. Elles firent mieux, elles relurent, dévorèrent le coupable livre ; elles le gardent pour les heures libres et l'ont caché sous l'oreiller." Jules Michelet, *La femme* (Paris: Hachette, 1860), iv; *Woman*, trans J. W. Palmer (New York: Carleton, 1867), 14. For a consideration of the reception of both *L'amour* and *La femme*, see James Smith Allen, "'A Distant Echo': Reading Jules Michelet's *L'Amour* and *La Femme* in 1859–1860," *Nineteenth-Century French Studies* 16 (Fall/Winter 1987/1988): 30–46.

31. "Love-Lore, by an Elderly Gentleman," review of *L'amour*, *Dublin University Magazine* 53 (January 1859): 227.

32. "Elle es géneralement souffrante au mois une semaine sur quatre. Mais la semaine qui précède celle de crise est déjà troublée. Et dans les huit ou dix jours qui suivent cette semaine douloureuse, se prolonge une langueur, un faiblesse, qu'on ne saviat pas definer. Mais on le sait maintenant. C'est la cicatrisation d'une blessure intérieure, qui, au fond, fait tout ce drame. De sorte qu'en réalité, 15 ou 20 jours sur 28 (on peut dire presque toujours) la femme n'est pas seulement une malade, mais une blessée. Elle subit

incessamment l'éternelle blessure d'amour." Michelet, *L'amour*, 8–9; *Love*, trans. J. W. Palmer (New York: Carleton, 1867), 48.

33. Shaw, "The Figure of Venus," 97–98.

34. "L'amour est, chez l'homme, impatient et peu capable d'attendre; donc, il compose facilement. La crise génératrice, qui pour la femme arrive au bout de vingt jours, profonde, mais douloureuse, et d'autant moins exigeante, revient tous les trois ou quatre jours pour l'homme (si nous prenons la moyenne donnée par Haller). Et ce n'est pas, comme on le croit, un simple besoin de plaisir, c'est celui d'un renouvellement à la fois moral et physique. Non satisfait, il laisse l'organisme dans un état de tristesse morne et trouble; le cours vital, sans issue, est comme un fiévreux marécage. La vraie vie, c'est le mouvement. La femme, souvent maladive, épuisée et par les couches, et par des pertes habituelles, apprécie rarement la constitution si différente de l'homme, qui, n'ayant nul dérivatif, garde la force concentrée, donc, l'exigence du désir, très-loin, très-tard dans la vie. De bonne heure, il la fatigue, l'ennuie. Il est reçu souvent sans pitié, sans égard, parfois avec des risées. Bref, elles s'arrangent si bien, qu'au lieu de tourmenter une femme déjà fanée, il prend une jeune maîtresse. Qui a créé, contre les dames, la *Dame au camélia*? Leur propre bégueulerie." Michelet, *L'amour*, 318–19; *Love*, 281–82.

35. "Pour les brillantes, les rieuses, filles de luxe et de bruit, de théâtre et de cavalcade, qui vous mangent jusqu'aux os, est-il bien sûr que ces belles, avec leur folle bacchanale d'ivresse et leur vie d'enfer, nuits sans sommeil, etc., pussent soutenir la comparaison, dans un vrai jugement de Paris, avec la dame qui toujours a vécu d'un doux régime, sage et pure? Vingt ans de moins n'empêcheraient pas souvent que nos insolentes lionnes ne restassent fort humiliées." Michelet, *L'amour*, 337; *Love*, 294.

36. In his rather notorious critique of T. J. Clark's *The Painting of Modern Life*, Adrian Rifkin challenged Clark for not having considered the reaction of women to *Olympia* (he refers to Clark as "C"): "Because he takes the male critics' response as the entirety of reception, C does not consider what it is that the middle- or upper-class *women* would see at the Salon. Not the image of a poor girl or the image of a girl's poverty, but one of her sexuality. This could have presented men's private knowledge and skill to women, and therein, perhaps, lay the painting's infraction and the critic's refusal to make sense of it. Possibly, if C thought of women as looking at art as well as men, this might have seemed a probability." See "Marx' Clarkism," in *Communards and Other Cultural Histories: Essays by Adrian Rifkin*, ed. Steve Edwards (Leiden: Brill, 2017), 82. Perhaps Michelet gives us a clue to how women might have responded to the painting.

37. "Elle n'a que deux grands métiers, *filer* et *coudre*. . . . La femme est une *fileuse*, la femme est une *couseuse*. C'est son travail, en tous les temps, c'est son histoire universelle. Eh bien, il n'en est plus ainsi. Cela vient d'être changé. La machine à lin a d'abord supprimé la filuese. . . . Combien de femmes en Europe (et ailleurs) seront frappées par ces duex terribles fées, par la fileuse d'airain et la couseuse de fer? Des millions? Mais jamais on ne pourrait le calculer. . . .

Je n'en donnerai qu'une ligne: 'Dans le grand métier général qui occupe toutes les femmes (moins un petit nombre), le travail de l'aiguille, elles ne peuvent gagner que dix sous.'

Pourquoi? 'Parce que la machine, qui est encore assez chère, fait le travail à dix sous. Si la femme en demandait onze, on lui préférerait la machine.'

Et comment y supplée-t-elle? 'Elle descend le soir dan la rue.'

Voilà pouquoi le nombre des filles publiques, enregistrées, numérotées, n'augmente pas à Paris, et, je crois, diminue un peu.

Michelet, *La femme*, 30–33; *Woman*, 29–30.

38. Marcel Cressot, "Zola et Michelet: Essai sur la genèse de deux romans de jeunesse: *La confession de Claude*, *Madeleine Férat*," *Revue d'histoire littéraire de la France* 35 (1928), 382–89. Charles Bernheimer also addresses Michelet's influence on Zola in *Figures of Ill Repute: Representing Prostitution in Nineteenth-Century France* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 1997), 202–8.

39. "La maladie, à mon avis, dépend surtout de ceci: les jeunes gens mènent une vie polygamique. Je disais tantôt que, dans l'amour, le corps et l'âme sont intimement liés, le veritable amour ne peut exister sans ce mélange. C'est en vain que tu veux aimer avec l'esprit, il viendra un moment où tu aimeras avec le corps, et cela est juste, naturel. Or, la vie polygamique exclut entièrement l'amour avec l'âme, par conséquent l'amour. On ne possède pas une âme comme on possède un corps: la prostituée te vend son corps et non pas son âme, la jeune fille qui te cède le second jour ne peut t'aimer avec l'âme. . . . Lis Michelet, il te dira bien mieux que moi ce que je ne puis te dire ici." Émile Zola, letter of February 14, 1860, *Correspondance: Lettres de jeunesse* (Paris: Bibliothèque-Charpentier, 1907), 17–18.

40. "Une tâche grande et belle, une tâche que Michelet a entreprise, une tâche que j'ose parfois envisage, est de faire revenir l'homme à la femme." Zola, Letter of January 14, 1859, *Lettres de jeunesse*, 4.

41. Émile Zola, *La confession de Claude* (Paris: Marpon et Flammarion, 1880), 40, my translation. Subsequent page references refer to this edition and appear in the text.

42. Walter Benjamin, "The Paris of the Second Empire in Baudelaire," in *The Writer of Modern Life: Essays on Charles Baudelaire*, ed. Michael Jennings (Cambridge, MA: Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 2006), 85.

43. Letter to Antony Valabrègue, January 8, 1866, Charles Baudelaire, *Les oeuvres complètes de Charles Baudelaire* (Paris: Michel Levy, 1868), 1:434; quoted in Frederick Brown, *Zola: A Life* (New York: Farrar, Straus, Giroux, 1995), 124.

44. Ross King, *The Judgment of Paris: The Revolutionary Decade That Gave the World Impressionism* (New York: Anchor Books, 2006), 172.

45. Paul Alexis, *Émile Zola: Notes d'un ami* (Paris: Charpentier, 1882), 76.

46. "Mais l'oeuvre que je préfère est certainement *Le Jouer de fifre*, toile refusée cette année. Sur un fond gris et lumineux, se détache le jeune musicien, en petite tenue, pantalon rouge et bonnet de police. Il souffle dans son instrument, se présentant de face. J'ai dit plus haut que le talent de M. Manet était fait de justesse et de simplicité, me souvenant surtout de l'impression que m'a laissée cette toile. Je ne crois pas qu'il soit possible d'obtenir un effet plus puissant avec des moyens moins compliqées. Le tempérament de M. Manet est un tempérament sec, emportant le morceau. Il arrête vivement ses figures, il ne recule pas devant les brusqueries de la nature, il rend dans leur vigueur les différents objets se détachant les uns sur les autres. Tout son être le porte à voir par taches, par morceaux simples et énergiques. On peut dire de lui qu'il se contente de chercher des tons justes et de les juxtaposer ensuite sur une toile. Il arrive que la toile se couvre ainsi d'une peinture solide et forte. Je retrouve dans le tableau un homme qui a la curiosité du vrai et qui tire de lui un monde vivant d'une vie particulière et puissante." Émile Zola, *Écrits sur l'art,* ed. Jean-Pierre Luduc-Adine (Paris: Gallimard, 1991), 117.

47. "I have gone to the studio of M. Manet only once" (Je ne suis allé qu'une fois dans le atelier de M. Manet). Zola, 115.

48. "Cher monsieur Zola, Je ne sais où vous trouver serrer la main et vous dire combine je suis heureux et fier d'être défendu par un homme de votre talent. Quel bel article! Merci mille fois. Votre avant-dernier article ("Le moment artistique") était des plus remarquables et a fait un grand effet. J'aurais un avis à vous demander. Où pourrais-je vous rencontrer? Si cela vous allait, je suis tous les jours au Café de Bade de 5 ½ à 7 h." Quoted in Cachin and Moffett, *Manet 1832–1883*, app. 1; "Letters from Manet to Zola," ed. Collete Baker, 519. Manet was mentioned in the last sentence of Zola's previous article, "Le moment artistique": "Our fathers laughed at Courbet, and now look we are in ecstasy in front of him; we laugh at Manet, and our sons will be in ecstasy in front of his canvases" (Nos pères ont ri de Courbet, et voilà que nous nous extasions devant lui; nous rions de Manet, et ce seront nos fils qui s'extasieront en face de ses toiles); Zola, *Écrits sur l'art*, 111.

49. Alexis, *Notes d'un ami*, 68. Zola's last article appeared on May 20. The chronology accompanying Cachin's *Manet* states that Zola's defense of Manet in *L'événement* led to his resignation from the newspaper (509). In fact, as Alexis points out, he wrote for the paper for the rest of the year (69).

50. Robert Lethbridge, "Zola, Manet, and *Thérése Raquin*," *French Studies* 34, 3(1980): 293.

51. Letter from Manet, March 26, 1866, quoted in Cachin and Moffett, *Manet 1832–1883*, 231.

52. *Édouard Manet: Voyage en Espagne*, ed. Juliet Wilson-Bareau (Caen: L'Echoppe, 1988), 44.

53. Émile Zola, "Un Mariage d'amour," *Le Figaro* 13, no. 39 (December 24, 1866): 3.

54. "Mon cher ami, Je viens de terminer *Thérèse Raquin* et vous envoie tous mes compliments. C'est un roman très bien fait et très intéressant. " Reprinted in Cachin and Moffett, *Manet 1832–1883*, 520–21.

55. "Bravo, mon cher Zola, voilà une rude préface et ce n'est pas seulement pour un groupe d'ecrivains que vous y plaidez mais pour tout un groupe d'artistes. Du reste, quand on peut se défender comme vous savez le faire, ce ne peut être qu'un plaisir d'être attaqué." Cachin and Moffett, 521.

56. Émile Zola, preface to *Thérèse Raquin*, 2nd ed. (Brussels: Librairie Internationale, 1868), i–ii.

57. Louis Ulbach, "Lettres de Ferragus: La littérature putride," *Le Figaro* 15, no. 23 (February 23, 1868): 1.

58. Zola, preface to *Thérèse Raquin*, ii.

59. Zola, iii–iv.

60. "Dans *Thérèse Raquin*, j'ai voulu étudier des tempéraments et non des caractères. Là est le livre entier. J'ai choisi des personnages souverainement dominés par leurs nerfs et leur sang, dépourvus de libre arbitre, entraînés à chaque acte de leur vie par les fatalités de leur chair. Thérèse et Laurent sont des brutes humaines, rien de plus. J'ai cherché à suivre pas à pas dans ces brutes le travail sourd des passions, les poussées de l'instinct, les détraquements cérébraux survenus à la suite d'une crise nerveuse. Les amours de mes deux héros sont le contentement d'un besoin ; le meurtre qu'ils commettent est une conséquence de leur adultère, conséquence qu'ils acceptent comme les loups acceptent l'assassinat des moutons. . . . En un mot, je n'ai eu qu'un désir: étant donné un

homme puissant et une femme inassouvie, chercher en eux la bête, ne voir même que la bête, les jeter dans un drame violent, et noter scrupuleusement les sensations et les actes de ces êtres. J'ai simplement fait sur deux corps vivants le travail analytique que les chirurgiens font sur des cadavres." Zola, ii–iii.

61. "Il vit, une fois, une jeune femme de vingt ans, une fille du peuple, large et forte, qui semblait dormir sur la pierre; son corps frais et gras blanchissait avec des douceurs de teinte d'une grande délicatesse; elle souriait à demi, la tête un peu penchée, et tendait la poitrine d'une façon provocante; on aurait dit une courtisane vautrée, si elle n'avait eu au cou une raie noire qui lui mettait comme un collier d'ombre; c'était une fille qui venait de se pendre par désespoir d'amour. Laurent la regarda longtemps, promenant ses regards sur sa chair, absorbé dans une sorte de désir peureux." Émile Zola, *Thérèse Raquin* (Brussels: Librarie Internationale, 1867), 116. The translation is Adam Thorpe's (London: Vintage Classics, 2014). It is worth noting that in his 1901 translation of the novel, Ernest Alfred Vizetelly chose "to draw his pen through certain passages" that he found unsuitable, claiming that Arsène Houssaye had done the same when the novel was published in serial form because *L'artiste* "was read by the Empress Eugenie." Émile Zola, *Thérèse Raquin,* trans. Ernest Alfred Vizetelly (1901; rpt. Auckland: Floating Press, 2010), 7. Vizetelly cut the reference in this passage to the girl's bosom, the comparison of her to a courtesan, and the entire last sentence describing Laurent's somewhat morbid desire. Houssaye did not make these same edits.

62. All four citations can be found in Clark, *Painting of Modern Life*, 96–97; French text, 288–89n62, 63, 70, 71. Emily Beeny cites these same four citations in the opening paragraph of "*Christ and the Angels*: Manet, the Morgue, and the Death of History Painting?," *Representations* 122 (Spring 2013): 51, and she concludes her essay with a discussion of Laurent's viewing of bodies at the morgue in *Thérèse Raquin* (71–74), but curiously she does not connect "the young woman of twenty . . . [whom one] might have thought . . . was a courtesan sprawling there" to Olympia.

63. "Lorsque les dalles sont bien garnies, lorsqu'il y a un bel étalage de chair humaine, les visiteurs se pressent, se donnent des émotions à bon marché, s'épouvantent, plaisantent, applaudissent ou sifflent. . . . Puis venaient de petits rentiers, des vieillards maigres et secs, des flâneurs qui entraient par désœuvrement et qui regardaient les corps avec des yeux bêtes et des moues d'hommes paisibles et délicats. Les femmes étaient en grand nombre; il y avait de jeunes ouvrères toutes roses, le linge blanc, les jupes propres, qui allaient d'un bout à l'autre du vitrage, lestement, en ouvrant de grands yeux attentifs, comme devant l'étalage d'un magasin de nouveautés ; il y avait encore des femmes du peuple, hébétées, prenant des airs lamentables, et des dames bien mises, traînant nonchalamment leur robe de soie." Zola, *Thérèse Raquin* (Brussels: Librarie Internationale, 1867), 116–17.

64. Lethbridge, "Zola, Manet, and *Thérése Raquin*," 285.

65. Lethbridge cites all of these passages, 287.

66. Laurent-Pichat's review, in the provincial newspaper *Le phare de la Loire*, June 16, 1868, is quoted in Lethbridge, 289. Lethbridge also notes that Zola replied, in detail, to Lauent-Pichat's review but did not object to his characterization of Thérèse's cat.

67. Lethbridge, again, cites all of these passages, 291–92.

68. Émile Zola, *Madeleine Férat* (Brussels: Librairie Internationale, 1869), 161, 163, my translation.

69. Cachin and Moffett, *Manet 1832–1883*, 521.

70. "L'épouse imprégnée se fait homme. Envahie de la force mâle qui une fois a mordu en elle, elle y cédera de proche en proche. L'homme gagnera, la pénétrera. Elle sera *lui* de plus en plus. . . . Combien dure la première impregnation? Dix ans? vingt ans? toute la vie? Ce qui est sûr, c'est que, la veuve a souvent du second mari des enfants semblables au premier." Michelet, *L'amour*, 159, 277–78, my translation.

71. "L'opinion de la majorité sur M. Manet est celle-ci: M. Manet est un jeune rapin qui s'enferme pour fumer et boire avec des galopins de son âge. Alors, lorsqu'on a vidé des tonnes de bière, le rapin décide qu'il va peindre des caricatures et les exposer pour que la foule se moque de lui et retienne son nom. Il se met à l'oeuvre, il fait des choses inouïes, il se tient lui-même les côtes devant son tableau, il ne rêve que de se moquer du public et de se faire un réputation d'homme grotesque." Zola, *Écrits sur l'art*, 113.

72. Lethbridge, "Zola, Manet, and *Thérése Raquin*," 279.

73. "L'homme, dans ses gestes et dans sa voix, a la plus grande modestie et la plus grande douceur. Celui que la foule traite de rapin gouailleur vit retire, en famille. Il est marié et a l'existence réglée d'un bourgeois." Zola, "*Écrits sur l'art*, 115.

74. Zola, *Écrits sur l'art*, 158–59.

Chapter Nine

1. Émile Zola, *L'argent* (Paris: Bibliothèque-Charpentier, 1891), 181, my translation. *L'argent* was first published in the periodical *Gil Blas* in serial form beginning in November 1890 and then as a book in March 1891. In fact, on March 29, 1865, the leftist deputy Louis Joseph Ernest Picard had caused an uproar when he replied to a defense of Louis-Napoleon's coup by the marquis d'Havrincourt, chamberlain to the emperor, with the words "Le 2 décembre est un crime!"

2. Zola, 250, 253.

3. For a detailed review of the painting's history and condition, see the 2011 "Brief Report" by Thierry Ford, available from the Nasjonalmuseet fur Kunst, Arkitektur og Design, http://harriet.nasjonalmuseet.no/manet/media/download/conservationreport.pdf. The report notes that "the combined forms of examination suggest an unfinished composition applied in few sessions and over a relatively short period of time with exposed areas of ground." T. J. Clark, in his brilliant reading of the painting in *The Painting of Modern Life: Paris in the Art of Manet and His Followers,* rev. ed. (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1999; first published 1985 by Alfred A. Knopf [New York]), 60–66, sees the picture as "insistently *sketchy*"—and intentionally so: "The sketch may be improbably big and overfull of matter, but it pretends all the same to be not quite a picture, not quite finished. The paint is put on in discriminate, sparse patches which show off their abbreviation" (62). I don't think it "pretends" not be a picture; I think it isn't one, at least not one that Manet brought to a conclusion.

4. Clark, *Painting of Modern Life*, 69.

5. Walter D. Gray, *Interpreting American Democracy in France: The Career of Édouard Laboulaye, 1811–1883* (Newark: University of Delaware Press, 1994), 102–3.

6. Albert Boime outlines Couture's influence on the American painter is some detail; Alber Boime, *Thomas Couture and the Eclectic Vision* (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 1980), 595–602.

7. For a survey of the critical reaction to the American section at the Exposition Universelle as well as a complete listing of the American works included, see Carol

Troyon, "Innocents Abroad: American Painters at the 1867 Exposition Universelle, Paris," *American Art Journal* 16 (Autumn 1984): 2–29.

8. John Elderfield, *Manet and the Execution of Maximilian* (New York: Museum of Modern Art, 2006), 66.

9. Elderfield, 67.

10. Elderfield, 92.

11. My summary of the episode relies on Frederick Brown, *Zola: A Life* (New York: Farrar, Straus, Giroux, 1995), 186.

12. The documents relating to the history of this episode have been reprinted in "Documents Relating to the 'Maximilian Affair,'" ed. Juliet Wilson-Bareau, in Françoise Cachin and Charles S. Moffett, eds. *Manet 1832–1883* (New York: Abrams, 1983), 531–34.

13. Cachin and Moffett, 531.

14. In the fall of 1862, Butron had given his allegiance to the Juarez Government and published a manifesto expressing his doubt that the French could take Puebla and Mexico and declaring "war without cessation against the foreigner who invades Mexican territory." Quoted in "Important from Mexico; Landing of the Principal Portion of the French Troops. Unity of the Mexicans," *New York Times,* November 20, 1862, https://www.nytimes.com/1862/11/20/archives/important-from-mexico-landing-of-the-principal-portion-of-the.html. On July 10, 1863, the *Times* also reported, under the headline "Affairs in Mexico," that according to the *Monitor Franco Mexicano*, which began publication after the French occupation of Puebla, Butron fought first with Juarez, then with the French, was purported to be in favor of intervention but was, instead, "the head of a gang of about 200 men, made incursions round about the Capital, plundering the estates, demanding ransom of the proprietors, seizing and ill treating the natives and travelers"; http://www.nytimes.com/1863/07/16/archives/affairs-in-mexico-decrees-issued-by-gen-forey-how-he-regulates-the.html.

15. Elderfield, *Manet and the Execution of Maximilian*, 63.

16. Elderfield, 166n18.

17. Cachin and Moffett, *Manet 1832–1883*, 532. I have used Wilson-Bareau's translation except for the phrase "une véritable perle," which she translates "truly a gem." Fair enough, but I think "howler" is closer to the sense.

18. Elderfield, *Manet and the Execution of Maximilian*, 130.

19. Quoted in Cachin and Moffett, *Manet 1832–1883*, 282.

20. Zola, *Écrits sur l'art*, ed. Jean-Pierre Luduc-Adine (Paris: Gallimard, 1991), 160. Subsequent references to Zola's essay in the text refer to this edition.

21. Cachin and Moffett, *Manet 1832–1883*, 282.

22. Jean Clay, "Ointments, Makeup, Pollen," *October* 27 (Winter 1983): 6–7.

23. Fried, *Manet's Modernism or, The Face of Painting in the 1860s* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1996), 583n169.

24. Fried, 325.

25. Beatrice Farwell, *Manet and the Nude: A Study in Iconology in the Second Empire,* Garland Outstanding Dissertations in the Fine Arts (New York: Garland, 1981), 161–62. More recently, Alexi Worth has championed Farwells's thesis in "The Lost Photographs of Edouard Manet," *Art in America* 95 (January 2007): 59–65.

26. Sylvie Aubenas, "Modèles de peinture, modeles de photographe," in *L'art du nu au XIXe siècle: Le photographe et son modele*, ed. Sulvie Aubenas et al. (Paris: Bibliothèque nationale de France/Hazan, 1997), 46. It was just a year later that Manet painted

Nadar's mistress in *Young Woman Reclining, in Spanish Costume*, a painting that he in fact dedicated to Nadar.

27. Anne Higonnet, "Manet and the Multiple," in *Is Paris Still the Capital of the Nineteenth Century?*, ed. Hollis Clayson and André Dombrowski, 203–6, (London: Routledge, 2016), reprint of the article that first appeared in *Grey Room* 48 (Summer 2012): 102–16.

28. Higonnet, 206.

29. In noting that both the etchings and the reproduction in the *Portrait of Émile Zola* show Olympia with a curl in the middle of her forehead, evident in neither the finished painting nor a watercolor copy of (presumably) 1863, Cachin says that "the addition of the *frisons* on Olympia's forehead . . . is not easily accounted for"; Cachin and Moffett, *Manet 1832–1883*, 186. One can only conclude that at some point in the years 1863–1868 these same *frisons* must have adorned the forehead of Olympia in the painting itself.

30. It is worth noting that in the most often used translation of Zola's essay, that of Michael Ross published in *Portrait of Manet by Himself and His Contemporaries*, ed. Pierre Courthion and Pierre Cailler (London: Cassell, 1960), 113–39, Zola's first use of *valeurs* in this passage—"*des valeurs de coloration*"—is translated as "gradations of color," and "*la loi des valeurs*" as "the law of tone values," thus totally scrambling Zola's usage.

31. Thomas Couture, *Méthode et entretiens d'atelier* (Paris: privately published, 1867), 55.

32. Eugène Fromentin, *Les maîtres d'autrefois: Belgique—Hollande* (Paris: E. Plon, 1876), 235–36.

33. Fromentin, 240–41.

34. Zola, *Écrits sur l'art*, 104.

35. Fromentin, *Les maîtres d'autrefois*, 284–86.

36. Émile Zola, *Exposition des oeuvres de Édouard Manet: Catalogue* (Paris: A. Quantin, 1884), 20.

37. Zola, *L'argent*, (Paris: Bibliothèque-Charpentier, 1891), 279.

38. Zola, 287.

39. Paul Alexis, *Émile Zola*: *Notes d'un ami* (Paris: Charpentier, 1882), 122.

40. Zola, *L'oeuvre* (Paris: Charpentier, 1885), 256–57. The ellipses are Zola's.

41. Zola, 243.

42. Zola, 444.

43. Zola, *Correspondance*, vol. 6, *1887–1890*, ed. Owen Morgan, James B. Sanders, and Dorothy E. Speirs (Montreal: Presses de l'université de Montréal, 1987), 408.

Coda

1. "Manet parlait—c'était son sujet favori de conversation—de ses voyages à la mer, de la Hollande, de l'Italie, de l'Espagne." Antonin Proust, *Édouard Manet: Souvenirs* (Paris: Librairie Renouard, 1913), 118–19.

2. For a brief history of Rochefort and *La lanterne*, see David Baguley, *Napoleon III and His Regime: An Extravaganza* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press: 2000), 266–68. Published on Saturdays, *La lanterne*'s circulation was huge, ranging from 120,000 to 170,000 at its height (263).

3. "Un bon Turc ayant rêvé qu'il tuait le Sultan fut condamné au dernier supplice pour le fait d'avoir laissé souiller son sommeil par cette vision criminelle, quoique involontaire.

Je suis ce Turc. Non-seulement ma prose est condamnée quand je la publie, mais elle n'est pas sortie de mon crâne qu'elle est déjà en police correctionnelle. Tous les matins, je m'attends à la visite de deux inspecteurs de la librairie chargés d'opérer une perquisition dans les profondeurs de mon cerveau, afin d'y saisir administrativement toutes les idées révolutionnaires qui s'y donnent rendez-vous, et, qu'à un moment donné, je pourrais introduire dans la *Lanterne*." Henri Rochforte, *La lanterne*, no. 14 (August 29, 1868): 1–2.

4. These quotations are cited in Françoise Cachin and Charles S. Moffett, eds. *Manet 1832–1883* (New York: Abrams, 1983), 467–68.

5. On Rochefort's exaggerations, see Cachin and Moffett, *Manet 1832–1883*, 470, and Eric Darragon, "Manet, *L'évasion*," *La revue de l'art* 56 (1982): 25–40.

6. Jules Claretie, *La vie à Paris, 1881* (Paris: Victor Havard, 1881), 225. "*Manet l'intransigeant*" is a direct reference to Rochefort's *L'intransigeant*, the radical and socialist newspaper that he had founded upon his return to Paris in 1880. For Claretie's earlier attack on *Olympia*, see T. J. Clark, *The Painting of Modern Life: Paris in the Art of Manet and His Followers,* rev. ed. (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1999; first published 1985 by Alfred A. Knopf [New York]), 86, 285n28.

7. Cachin and Moffett, *Manet 1832–1883*, 474.

8. Manet, *Correspondance: Lettres de jeunesse* (Paris: Bibliothèque-Charpentier, 1907), 14.

9. Cachin agrees: "One feels Manet was particularly drawn to the contrast of the white sailor suit and fresh young face and the black tie and round hat"; Cachin and Moffett, *Manet 1832–1883*, 474.

10. Toni Morrison, *Playing in the Dark: Whiteness and the Literary Imagination* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1992), 5. Subsequent page references to Morrison's book are included parenthetically in the text.

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