READINGS: REALISM

Background: Eugen Weber, The Positivistic Reaction: Realism and Naturalism
Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels: *The German Ideology*
Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels: *The Communist Manifesto* (1848)
Champfleury, Letter to Madame Sand, concerning M. Courbet
Zola: The Experimental Novel
Zola: *Germinal*

Background: Eugen Weber, THE POSITIVISTIC REACTION: REALISM AND NATURALISM, *Movements, Currents, Trends*, pp. 135-140.

The Oxford Dictionary defines Realism as "the practice of regarding things in their true nature and dealing with them as they are, freedom from prejudice and convention, practical views and policy; fidelity of representation, truth to nature, insistence upon details:" It defines Naturalism as a "view of the world that excludes the supernatural or spiritual; realistic method, adherence to nature, in literature and art; indifference to conventions." Apart from the exclusion of "supernatural or spiritual," there seems to be little to choose between the two terms. We have the choice, of course, of regarding Realism as a further stage of the Romantic interest in nature, truth and freedom, shading off into a Naturalism that merely carries these ideas to their logical conclusion; or seeing the same movements as successive steps away from idealistic Romanticism, on the path of less subjective and more positive, less private and more impersonal action. There is probably some truth in both views, and Sainte-Beuve's essay of 1830 lends credence to both, but no reader of Realistic or Naturalistic writers can miss the note of imagination or passion, the frequent inaccuracies, the slipshod arguments, the vague assertions, the armory of the very Romantic school they were trying to leave behind.

It might be possible to go even further and argue that each of these schools continues a different Romantic tendency, that Realism was simply a more advanced aspect of social romanticism, and Naturalism resulted from the marriage of contemporary scientism and art for art's sake. Both schools refer to nature, as the Romantics had done, but no longer to those pure or noble aspects of it that earlier Romantics preferred. By a natural reaction against the artificially elevated themes proned by the Establishment and by a bourgeois morality anxious above all not to rock the boat, they select in their work, in their moralizing, not the lofty and the fine but the ugly and the low. They differ among themselves, however, as to the kind of ugliness that catches their eyes: realists like Courbet, Couture, Flaubert, stress the bourgeois, the vulgar, and the commonplace; naturalists like Degas or Zola, Lautrec or Goncourt, lean toward the extraordinary, the picturesquely peculiar, the more sensational aspects of low life. Madness, corruption, and death recur in their works and in their lives, as does the prostitute, symbol of moral and social decay. All the great Naturalist writers seem to have taken the prostitute for a model at least once: in 1876 Huysmans published *Marthe*, Histoire dune Fille; in 1877 Edmond de Goncourt published *La Fille Elisa*; in 1880 Zola published *Nana*; in 1881 Maupassant published *La Maison Tellier*, the story of a brothel. ToulouseLautrec executed hundreds of paintings, drawings, and lithographs of prostitutes, and even decorated the reception room of one of his favorite brothels. Degas left a large number of scenes from their life, even though some seventy of them were destroyed by his brother after the painter's death "out of a pious feeling" for the good name of the departed.

Of course, painters have often sought their models among prostitutes. Carpaccio, Frans Hals, Caravaggio, had done as much, and so had the great Japanese-Utamaro, Haru-Nobu, Hokusai-whose prints were already in the 186o's fascinating Western artists. It seemed, however, as if a particular attraction led the Naturalists to observe the prostitute more insistently, more intimately, more sympathetically, than had ever been known. Van Gogh, Lautrec, Raffaelli, Felicien Rops, Emile Bernard, all worked in brothels or painted their inmates with an ominous and bitter passion. So much so that licentiousness and Naturalism became associated in the public mind, and what we now know as the French cancan was in its time called, quite naturally, quadrille naturaliste.

Respectable people had long suspected that advanced views in philosophy or art went together with lax morals and dangerous political views. The political ideas flaunted by some of these doubtful characters merely confirmed such opinions. When Courbet declared (in the Precurseur d'Anvers, August z, 1861) that "the basis of Realism is the negation of the ideal," this was bad enough. When he added that this negation of the ideal leads to "the emancipation of the individual and finally to democracy. Realism is the essentially democratic art," no further proof was needed to convince the

press and the public that his work and that of painters like Couture and Jules Breton was dangerously "social-democratic" and "demagogic."

Whatever their tone and whatever their derivation, the true inspiration of both Realism and Naturalism may be found in the Positivism of the time and, specifically, in its chief contemporary manifestations, science and reform, concerns that went together in the nineteenth century as they had done in the eighteenth. The 1830's had seen Romantic retreats invaded by social concerns, Romantic artists and writers becoming involved in contemporary political activities. But these men and women, whom awareness of economic injustice and social imperfections ranged in the ranks of the party of Change, became persuaded that reform could and should be approached scientifically, like medicine or history. The tremendous development of the natural sciences, the vulgarization and popularization of new ideas and hypotheses, led first the writers, then the artists, to compare their methods with those of the scientist and seek inspiration in the latter's work.' From Delacroix to Seurat and beyond, painters were fascinated by discoveries concerning the color composition of light and the effect of hues contrasted or juxtaposed. From Balzac to Zola and beyond, the discoveries of men who studied animals or plants intrigued writers dealing with less predictable material than that of the laboratory. In 1845 we find Balzac writing about "the naturalists of the novel"; a few years later, Flaubert recognized in Balzac "a scientific observer" out to establish "the conceptual law of ideas and of visible beings." By the late 1850's, Victor Hugo spoke of the poet or philosopher as one who tries to operate on social facts as the naturalist does on zoological facts.

All this reflected, among others, the influence of a philosopher who spent most of his life in obscurity and relative want but whose work, like that of Saint-Simon whose private secretary he had been, left an indelible mark on the thinking of his time. The Course of Positive Philosophy which Auguste Comte (1798-1857) elaborated between 1830 and 1842, in the very midst of the Romantic revolution, set out to analyze and interpret history by scientific methods and to establish scientifically valid laws which, by extrapolating the past, would enable us to understand the present and, in a sense, to predict the future-or, at least, the lines on which the future should develop. Comte's great historical laws applied to art as to everything else. Naturally, Saint-Simon's old secretary viewed art as a function of its social and religious surroundings, affected like everything else by the nature of the great stages of historical evolution which he had discovered, stages in which humanity advances from primitive fetishism, through polytheism and monotheism, to that level where positive, i.e. scientific, knowledge alone guides man and rules his thinking and his activities. In this positive stage, the origins of art and hence its nature can be seen to lie in certain physiological tendencies or needs: like language, art begins by imitating nature, in response to instincts that drive us to express our feelings and to reproduce the sights, sounds, and objects around us. Over a long period of time, refinement and abstraction turn these crude beginnings into language, writing, style, and all the other things we connect with art and communication. From this the superficial conclusion could follow that, born of a physiological need, developed on scientifically ascertainable lines, art, like medicine, can and should proceed "like science."

At this point and over this issue Realism and Naturalism become fighting words, slogans of the great forward struggle of scientific discovery and scientific method which, so many in mid-nineteenth century believed, would replace discredited superstitions and help to build the modern state, the modern world.

Careful, though! This scientific enthusiasm is not, at first, the dominant theme; for that is furnished by a more familiar concern already very evident in the Romantics-the desire to surprise, to shock, to cleave to reality and thumb their noses at convention, all at the same time. And the Realists express this by stressing in their works the existence and the conditions of existence of social classes which until that time had been ignored or parodied-the middle and lower middle classes, the peasants, the workers-painting their lives and deaths in dull, dreary, sometimes sordid colors which they felt truer to life than the fanciful or vivid Romantic tints, and painting them with an emphasis and on a scale that claimed for them a significance, an importance, which Society, and Society-conscious art, had never attached to them.

This was the first revolution, and it seemed bad enough to drag art down from its lofty haunts to the commonplace level of dull, bourgeois, provincial lives. It was only in the 186o's that the scientific approach as such came into its own. In 1863, SainteBeuve who had sniffed the change described the Naturalistic tendency to introduce into everything the methods and results of science: "Themselves emancipated," he wrote, "they try to free mankind from all illusions, from vague debates and vain solutions, from idols and delusions." A year later the Goncourt brothers published *Germinie*

Lacerteux, in which love is treated not as a subject for romantic description but of "clinical analysis." Zola's first naturalistic novel, *Therese Raquin*, followed in 1867

Inspired by Balzac and by Flaubert, Zola was even more strongly affected by extraliterary influences stemming from the critic and historian, Taine, and the physiologist Claude Bernard. Taine, the philosopher of Realism par excellence, argues that in effect psychology is a function of physiology, our destinies a function of environment and heredity, the fate of men like that of nations a matter of determinism. Taine's influence turned the novel from story and description into an investigation of man, the writer aspiring to the position and claiming the results of a scientific investigator. Not only the scientist's results, however, but his amoral detachment: writers and artists may investigate anything and everything, but they must do it as observers, in a controlled experiment, and not as judges. They seek causes and try to determine laws; they no more pass judgment on what they discover than does the scientist in his laboratory. "Virtue and vice," wrote Taine in 1864, "are products like vitriol and sugar." And Zola used this phrase that shocked so many as a motto for the second edition of Therese Raquin.

The theories Zola expressed in the essay on The Experimental Novel were born in 1865 when Claude Bernard published his Introduction to Experimental Medicine, in which he argued that medicine is not, and need not be, an art as it was then considered; that it was, or at least could be, a science-provided it based itself on the firm ground of physiology and the experimental method. The great physiologist's ideas spread far and fast in the next few years to become a sort of Discourse on Method of the exact sciences, but furnishing also and incidentally the inspiration for a new literary approach. There were new horizons here not only for literature, but for France and for mankind. By the 1870's scientism had become a creed firmly held in many intellectual-and less intellectual-quarters. The powers of science and the efficacy of scientific methods were hardly questioned: hence, when Zola affirmed that literature could do in the psychological sphere what science could do in the natural sphere, he was in tune with the times. Literature or art, from being mere sources of private delight, now became machines for social experiment and reform. Naturalism, identified with progress, was part of the dominant positive creed of the men who built the Third Republic in France or, indeed, the Diaz regime in Mexico. Science and Republican government, together, could not fail to make for a better world. In this light, Zola's famous assertion that "The Republic will be naturalistic or will not be" becomes easier to understand.

Similar tendencies may be seen reflected in the theater, which appears for a while as one of the most effective battering rams of the new ideas, and in the plastic arts. There is something significant about the fact that the first Impressionist group show was held in 1874 in the old Paris studio of the famous photographer, Nadar. But where the daguerreotype had led young men like Champfleury away from the late Romantic taste for the strange, the emphatic, the grotesque, to found "the school of sincerity in art" in which the writer could depict only the things he had seen with his own eyes just as he saw them, it seems to have inspired painters to explore not the regions where the photographers challenged them but rather those the photograph could not cope with.

And yet, there is in the painting of the moderns-in the realism of Courbet, in the glittering experiments of the Impressionists-the same insistence on reality: taking the subject out of the studio and into the open, shifting from classic themes into novel unorthodox areas, choosing new subjects, new classes, new perspectives, new and sketchy methods designed to capture reality sur le vif, refusing to group the subjects in classic order, attempting to render movement-of subjects, of light, and even of time-all this amounted to a new Realism. Observers knew it when they tried to connect the new movements in literature and painting, and it could be no accident that the leading protagonist of the Naturalist school should also be one of the first defenders of Manet, Monet, and their friends. As Champfleury had defended Courbet, so Zola explained and defended Manet. And their sympathies were not based on doctrinal or personal connections alone; for here too political interests ran parallel to artistic ones; reformers and revolutionaries in art played the same part in politics. Their political doctrines were often, though not always, reflected in their works, their artistic views (or their public reception) often affected their politics, though here too there were exceptions.

For us their interest must lie first and foremost in the reflection they furnish of their time-its strong rationalistic and scientific current, its no less strong tendency toward utopian assumptions, its social consciousness. Where Romanticism had sought reality in the subjective questioning and interpretation of nature and the self, Naturalism sought it in the would-be objective "scientific" and "clinical" analysis or experiment. Naturalism, properly speaking, lasted only a short while, flourishing in the 1860's and 187o's. But it left literature, the arts, and taste itself the richer for the residue of its

dreams and for its fresh awareness of the many and many-sided aspects and possibilities of modern life.

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REALISM

Movement in mid- to late 19th-century art, in which an attempt was made to create objective representations of the external world based on the impartial observation of contemporary life. Realism was consciously democratic, including in its subject-matter and audience activities and social classes previously considered unworthy of representation in high art. The most coherent development of Realism was in French painting, where it centred on the work of gustave Courbet, who used the word *réalisme* as the title for a manifesto that accompanied an exhibition of his works in 1855. Though its influence extended into the 20th century its later manifestations are usually labelled as Social realism.

1. History, theory and critical reaction.

There is much confusion about the Realist movement, firstly because it takes its name from what is already an ingredient of almost any art, and secondly because its various aspects are sometimes contradictory. In some cases the term is used interchangeably with Naturalism. During the 19th century there was a growing current of opposition to idealized painting in the Grand Manner in favour of truth to 'reality'. Drawing on antique and Renaissance art and taught by the official academies, the Grand Manner emphasized humanistic themes and classical forms. Following the French Revolution the expansion of the audience for art was accompanied by a decline in the authority of classicism. Modern historical subjects had already entered art in the late 18th century in the work of such artists as Jacques-Louis David in France and Benjamin West in Britain, though the influence of the Grand Manner remained. Official patronage under Napoleon enhanced this trend in early 19th-century French art, as shown by the works of Antoine-Jean Gros, for example. These developments contributed to the blurring of distinctions between history painting and genre painting, and between high and low art. Increasing middle-class patronage encouraged landscape, genre, portrait and still-life painting rather than the depiction of historical subjects. Many Romantic artists and writers, though emphasizing the imaginative aspect of art by choosing literary and exotic themes, saw modernity and naturalism as dual means to establish an art for their times.

In its opposition to academic art and its demand for a modern style Realism continued the aims of the Romantics. By rejecting externally imposed art forms, Realism became a measure of the artist's sincerity, and its exponents aimed for both impartiality and truth to their own vision. While truth to the self had earlier been a crucial Romantic concept and had led to an emphasis on subjective vision, the Realists incorporated the concept into a simplistic theory of perception. They assumed that reality could be perceived without distortion or idealization, such that truth to the perception of the individual became compatible with objectivity and also central to the Realist condemnation of the Grand Manner. Indeed, as Realist art claimed to be a true mirror of reality, it asserted its independence from any traditions as these were engrained with aesthetic 'distortions'. The Realists also believed that naive perception was shared by all, and the movement was therefore often associated with democracy, individual rights and anti-authoritarianism.

The roots of the Realist aesthetic can be traced back at least to the 1830s. In his review of the Salon of 1833 the critic Gabriel Laviron (1806–49) called for an accessible, popular art that was based on visible reality alone, without making use of allegory or literary allusion. One of the first writers to use the term 'Realism' itself in the context of art was Gustave Planche. In his review of the Salon of 1836 he cautiously supported Realism as a means of artistic regeneration but felt that it was not, on its own, art (*Etudes sur l'école française*, Paris, 1855, ii, pp. 48–9). In the 1840s and into the 1850s the term was used pejoratively to attack the emergent movement. In 1852 the critic Ernest Chesneau wrote: 'Realism has been more contemptuous than it should be of any poetic interpretation of reality' (*Salon de 1852*).

Courbet's 'Manifesto of Realism', entitled *Le Réalisme*, which he published for his exhibition in the purpose-built Pavillon du Réalisme in Paris in 1855, emphasizes the dual concepts of objective representation and personal independence, as did the flurry of theoretical writings in the wake of his exhibition. In his manifesto Courbet claimed that the name 'Realism' had been thrust upon him. Critical hostility to the movement remained, and Charles Perrier, for example, wrote: 'The Realist's

argument is that nature is enough' (*L'Artiste*, 14 Oct 1855). Charles Baudelaire echoed such views when in his review of the Salon of 1859 in the *Revue française* he wrote that Realists, whom he called 'positivists', want to represent 'things as they are, or as they would be, supposing that I [the perceiving subject] did not exist'. That is, he added, 'The Universe without man'—a harsh and sterile art, unilluminated by imagination. His attitude was in keeping with his hostility towards photography, which for some years had provided a standard by which realistic representation could be judged. Courbet reinforced the basis for this critical opinion by proclaiming in a letter to the *Courrier du dimanche* (25 Dec 1861) that 'painting is an essentially *concrete* art and can only consist of the representation of *real and existing* things. It is a completely physical language.' He opposed the painting of ideas in favour of an essentially non-symbolic focus on things in themselves. For him Realism was 'the negation of the Ideal'.

Realist theories emerged primarily as a defense against criticism and frequently emphasized the movement's individualism and pursuit of truth. In an article in *L'Artiste* in 1855, Fernand Desnoyers wrote: 'The word "realist" has simply been used to distinguish the sincere and clairvoyant artist from the one who … continues to see through tinted glasses'. In one issue of his short-lived journal *Le Réalisme* (15 Nov 1856) Louis-Edmond Duranty claimed: 'Realism is the reasonable protest of sincerity and hard work against charlatanism and laziness … in order to awaken people's minds to a love of truth'. To speak of Realism as a school was for him a contradiction, because '[Realism] signifies the frank and complete expression of individuality; it is an attack upon convention, imitation, any kind of school'. Even Jules-Antoine Castagnary, while advocating Naturalism (his word for a more politically neutral Realism than Courbet's), recognized in his review of the Salon of 1857 in *Le Présent* that 'visual art can be neither a copy nor even a partial reproduction of nature, but, rather, an eminently subjective product'.

2. Development in France.

After the artistic changes of the late 18th century and the early 19th, by the 1840s an early, 'Romantic' Realism had emerged in the writings of Honoré de Balzac (e.g. *Les Paysans*, 1844), George Sand (e.g. *La Mare au diable*, 1846) and Champfleury (e.g. *Les Oies de Noël*, 1853) and in paintings by Philippe-Auguste Jeanron, Armand Leleux, Adolphe Leleux, François Bonvin, Théodule Ribot and Jean-François Millet, all of whom were active until at least the 1860s. Romantic Realism extolled the simplicity of rural life and domestic tasks in styles often recalling 17th-century Dutch painting (Jeanron and both Leleux), Spanish art of the same period (Ribot) or Chardin (Bonvin). The critic Théophile Thoré, a great admirer of Dutch art (and the rediscoverer of Vermeer), praised such Realism as 'an art for man' because it focused on the daily experience of common people. Millet was the most original painter of this generation. Called the 'Rustic Michelangelo', he evoked Renaissance monumentality more than the genre painting tradition, as in *Going to Work* (1851–3; Cincinnati, OH, A. Mus.), and aimed at the heroization of an ideal (and lost) rural condition. Falling into the same category and contributing also to the development of Realism were such Barbizon landscape painters as Corot, Constant Troyon and Théodore Rousseau, the last named drawing on John Constable as well as Dutch art. Often working on the spot, they became less and less concerned with distinctions between sketch and finished picture, thus leading the way for Impressionism. Their relatively rough handling of paint was both a reminder of spontaneous acts of direct observation and an evocation of rustic irregularities in unimproved nature.

The expansion from the 1830s of illustrated journals and graphic arts, the latter best exemplified by the lithographs of Honoré Daumier, significantly contributed to the more general involvement of art with everyday life and social themes. Even academic artists treated modern social subjects on occasion, as in William Bouguereau's *Destitute Family* (1865; Birmingham, Mus. & A.G.), though, as in this case, the carefully planned compositions and manipulatively sentimental subjects invariably distinguished their work from the more detached style of Realism. The Revolution of 1848 spawned representations of soldiers and barricades with political overtones (e.g. Ernest Meissonier's *Barricade of the Rue de la Mortellerie*, 1848; Paris, Mus. d'Orsay), though military subjects had been part of the Romantic repertory since the days of Napoleon. Despite the objections to it made by such critics as Baudelaire, photography had a great effect in bringing artists' conceptions of the pictorial transposition of reality closer to optical principles and in making them more conscious of the usefulness of detail and fragment. Anxious to distinguish their creativity from its mechanical processes, however, few painters imitated photographic effects fully until Impressionism.

The nostalgic motivations of early or Romantic Realists distinguish their efforts from those of Gustave Courbet. His demythified, unidyllic and demographically specific images of the

countryside highlighted rather than glossed over politically sensitive issues. In his book *Le Réalisme* (1857) Courbet's friend and apologist Champfleury dated the beginning of Realism to 1848, alluding both to the Revolution and to the year he first saw Courbet's work. Courbet's first controversial painting was *The Stonebreakers* (1849; ex-Dresden, Gemäldegal. Neue Meister; untraced; see fig. 1). This was the first work to show the dehumanizing hardship and boredom of manual labour in the countryside. Far from the timeless pastoral harmony of conventional landscape, the barren, dusty roadside in *The Stonebreakers* is reduced to a relative minimum, and attention concentrates on the shabbily dressed workers. The two expressionless figures with their faces obscured exhibit no engagement or satisfaction in their work that might mask its infinite repetitiveness. Courbet's stark, unaffected honesty of style and content—like photographic naturalism, but used consciously as an antidote to traditional artistic and social values—was correctly understood as inappropriate to the idealizing traditions of Salon painting. Many contemporaries criticized the workers' ugliness and unwashed appearance. However, the political theorist Pierre-Joseph Proudhon sensed the picture's connection to contemporary socio-economic conditions, calling it an 'irony addressed to our industrial civilization'.

Another ingredient of Courbet's painting that distinguishes it from earlier versions of Realism is its roots in popular imagery. Courbet saw Champfleury frequently at the Brasserie Andler in Paris, a Realist haunt of the late 1840s, and was undoubtedly influenced by the writer's deep interest in folk art and popular prints. This interest accords perfectly with Courbet's sympathies for working people. Unlike most painters of rural or working-class subjects who continued to employ a sophisticated pictorial vocabulary, Courbet imitated the simple, sometimes apparently awkward compositions of popular woodcuts or of the Le Nain brothers, whom Champfleury had recently rediscovered and extolled for their realism. Even though Courbet's early work shows the lessons he had learnt from Old Masters as diverse as Titian, Rembrandt and the Spaniards of the 17th century, after 1848 he emulated the apparent heavy-handedness of the provincial artisan. The controversy surrounding his art seemed to focus on his unglorified subject-matter and his workmanlike style, both of which gave rise to ignoble and unidealized forms. On a deeper level, it revealed the public's political and social resistance to opening art to the democratic forces for which those forms were a visual language. Courbet subtitled the *Burial at Ornans* (1849–50; Paris, Mus. d'Orsay) as a *tableau historique*, thus claiming historical significance for the death of a common man. Its huge dimensions (3.15×6.88 m) reinforced this claim, since life-size painting was traditionally reserved for history subjects. By academic standards the *Burial* had none of the sophisticated compositional devices and smooth finish associated with high art. Its matter-of-factness seemed to deny obvious humanistic meanings in favour of plain presence. The inclusion of the citizens of Ornans in the halls of art—traditionally the realm of the rich and powerful—was tantamount to a political challenge.

Courbet consciously contrived these political consequences. Influenced by Proudhon's *Système des contradictions sociales* (1846) and *Philosophie du progrès* (1853), in his autobiographical painting the *Painter's Studio: A Real Allegory Determining a Phase of Seven Years of my Artistic Life* (1854–5; *see* Courbet, gustave, fig. 3) he associated Realism with both personal and universal liberation. Realism was a matter of truth to oneself as well as to the social reality of one's time. Courbet claimed that he had depicted all of society in the work, thus seizing for himself a central and leadership position. He showed himself painting a landscape from his home region, thus suggesting both the subjective and objective elements of Realism. In other words, Realist honesty had ramifications beyond the realm of art; its authentic vision was the key to transcending social contradictions.

For later generations, Courbet's avant-garde association of Realism with liberal social concern contradicted its aesthetic of neutrality. Castagnary drew attention to the long-standing tradition of the more neutral concept of naturalism so that artists might follow Courbet's commitment to contemporary reality without proclaiming its radical political doctrine. Such artists as Henri Fantin-Latour (e.g. *A Studio of the Batignolles Quarter*, 1870; Paris, Mus. d'Orsay), Carolus-Duran and James Tissot adopted this course in much of their work of the 1860s, as did the Impressionists in many early paintings. Frédéric Bazille and Gustave Caillebotte (e.g. *Planing the Floor*, 1875; Paris, Mus. d'Orsay) developed the lighter palette of Impressionism, while retaining the solidity of Courbet's style.

In the 1860s edouard Manet also shifted the realm of radical artistic activity towards the pictorial rather than the political sphere. Such images of modern life as *Olympia* (1863; Paris, Mus. d'Orsay; see fig. 2) were shocking more on grounds of decorum and technique than as signs of a threatening political position. While accepting the Realist commitment to modern subjects, Manet constantly cast those subjects in terms that created a dialogue with the art of the past. His paintings of

the 1860s often evoke Dutch or Spanish precedents without co-opting their picturesque nostalgia. On the contrary, his bright colours, bold flattened forms and broad brushstrokes asserted his very contemporary presence as a brash and self-confident appropriator of artistic tradition for a new aesthetic. Zola defended Manet's paintings both as 'sincere' expressions of 'temperament' and as 'analytic', a word he also used to describe the natural vision of a scientific age. He asserted that one should seek 'neither story nor sentiment', but only 'a literal translation'. Manet treated his figures in the manner of a still-life. More than through subject-matter, however, he expressed his modernity by the adoption of an artistic process centred on seeing rather than on literary imagination or traditional skills. His ostensible neutrality toward his subjects and his style derived from Spanish art and Japanese prints (e.g. portrait of *Emile Zola*, 1868; Paris, Mus. d'Orsay) were perceived as expressions of that modernity. Even though Manet's art was tied to his society and its rituals, he was less self-consciously absorbed with them than with the expression of his artistic persona through the artifices of representation: brushstroke, colour and pattern. Going well beyond the Realist preoccupation with ordinary people and social subjects, he moved towards the Impressionists' luminous aestheticization of the modern urban world and its focus on private leisure. His is a bourgeois Realism that confirms rather than challenges social values while founding a new vehicle—a direct, personal and informal style—for their expression.

While French sculptors sometimes submitted to the aesthetic of impartial observation (e.g. François Rude and Auguste Préault), their contribution to Realism was slight until the late 19th century. In his sculpture *Little Fourteen-year-old Dancer* (1880–81; bronze version, London, Tate) Edgar Degas extended the detached aesthetic of his paintings into three dimensions, enhancing the presence of the figure by the addition of a real tulle tutu and satin hair ribbon (the original clay and wax version included a horse hair wig as well). Closer to the socially engaged form of Realism is the unfinished monument to *Workers* by Jules Dalou, which he worked on in the late 1880s and 1890s (plaster and clay maquettes; Paris, Petit Pal.).

3. Development elsewhere.

In parts of the world less dominated by institutional support for the Grand Manner, the distinction between Realism and the realist tradition is even harder to measure than in France. The popularity of genre painting (e.g. Biedermeier painting; Victorian narrative in England) made the French Realist spirit of revolt of little interest, but Courbet's solid forms and directness did have an appeal in some countries. Germany was the main area of Courbet's influence, since he had travelled there and had patrons there. Hans Thoma, Wilhelm Leibl (e.g. *Women in a Village Church*, 1878–81; Hamburg, Ksthalle), Wilhelm Trübner and the young Max Liebermann were attracted by the dark earthiness of his figures and by his direct and powerful handling. Adolph Menzel developed independently in Berlin, though he met Courbet in Paris in 1855 and in the 1860s. He was most famous among contemporaries for his history paintings, but he also produced such direct, unidealized works as *Funeral of the Martyrs of the Berlin Revolution* (1848; Berlin, Alte. N.G.; *see* Menzel, adolph, fig. 1) as well as treating more intimate, domestic subjects.

Throughout Europe Realism contributed in a more general sense to serious representations of rural or working-class life and social conditions. In Italy the Macchiaioli sometimes represented field workers in landscapes that seem half-way between those of the Barbizon painters and those of the Impressionists. Daumier's images of the poor, such as the *Third Class Carriage* (*c.* 1856; New York, Met.) had such counterparts in Britain as Walter Howell Deverell's the *Irish Beggars* (*c.* 1850; Johannesburg, A.G.). Ford Madox Brown's programmatic *Work* (1852–65; Manchester, C.A.G.) exhibits a moralizing attitude conveyed through allegory and narrative rather than through direct pictorial confrontation. He adopted the scrupulous truth to observation associated with the Pre-Raphaelites, whose work, though unaffected by French Realism, parallels its spirit of protest against convention and sometimes shares its social concern. Certain paintings by John Everett Millais and William Holman Hunt (e.g. the *Awakening Conscience*, 1853; London, Tate) have a starkness and dryness that would indicate a naive vision were it not for their literary or religious subjects and their insistence on symbolism. It is in their landscapes that the Pre-Raphaelites came closest to the ideals of Realism.

In the Netherlands artists of the Hague school painted landscape and genre works in a Realist style, which influenced the early works of Vincent van Gogh. Such darkly coloured paintings by van Gogh as *The Loom* (1884; Otterlo, Rijksmus. Kröller-Müller) concentrate on the life of peasants and workers, though by the late 1880s his palette and subject-matter had moved beyond this. In Belgium, Constantin Meunier turned after 1878 to images of industry and its workers in both

paintings and sculptures, as in the painting the *Mining Girl* (1887; Brussels, Mus. Meunier). From the late 1880s he worked on the monument to *Labour*, an unfinished sculptural project for which he produced a number of such studies as the bronze relief *Mining* (1901; Brussels, Mus. Meunier). In Russia a powerful and epic version of Realism was practised by Il'ya Repin (e.g. *Religious Procession in the Kursk District*, *c.* 1880; Moscow, Tret'yakov Gal.), though like many late 19th-century depictions of common people it is conservative in style. In the USA Realism engaged such major painters of the second half of the 19th century as Winslow Homer, Thomas Eakins (e.g. the *Gross Clinic*, 1875; Philadelphia, PA, Thomas Jefferson U., Medic. Col.; *see* Eakins, thomas, fig. 2) and John Singer Sargent, all of whom used their European experience to import fashionable influence to the USA. The American expatriate James McNeill Whistler moved to Paris in 1855, where he met and was influenced by Courbet. In *Arrangement in Grey and Black, No. 1: Portrait of the Artist's Mother* (1871; Paris, Mus. d'Orsay) he created a refined balance between Realism and his emerging Aestheticism in a way that fits perfectly within the transition from Courbet to Manet.

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J. H. RUBIN

Selections from Marx and Engels, *The German Ideology*

In direct contrast to German philosophy which descends from heaven to earth, here we ascend from earth to heaven. That is to say, we do not set out from what men say, imagine, conceive, nor from men as narrated, thought of, imagined, conceived, in order to arrive at men in the flesh. We set out from real, active men, and on the basis of their real life-process we demonstrate the development of the ideological reflexes and echoes of this life-process. The phantoms formed in the human brain are also, necessarily, sublimated of their material life-process, which is empirically verifiable and bound to material premises. Morality, religion, metaphysics, all the rest of ideology and their corresponding forms of consciousness, thus no longer retain the semblance of independence. They have no history, no development; but men, developing their material production and their material intercourse, alter, along with this their real existence, their thinking and the products of their thinking. Life is not determined by consciousness, but consciousness by life. In the first method of approach the starting-point is consciousness taken as the living individual; in the second method, which conforms to real life, it is the real living individuals themselves, and consciousness is considered solely as *their* consciousness….

Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels: *The Communist Manifesto* (1848)

Although it at first had little or no impact on the widespread and varied revolutionary movements of the mid-19th century Europe, the Communist Manifesto *was to become one of the most widely read and discussed documents of the 20th century. Marx sought to differentiate his brand of socialism from others by insisting that it was scientifically based in the objective study of history, which he saw as being a continuous process of change and transformation. Just as feudalism had naturally evolved into mercantilism and then capitalism, so capitalism would inevitably give way to its logical successor, socialism (a term which in Marx's usage includes its most advanced form, communism) as the necessary result of class struggle. Marx's insistence that tough-minded realism should replace the utopian idealism of earlier socialists had profound consequences: it enabled revolutionaries like Lenin to be put it into action, but it also tended to encourage its followers to accept ruthless means to justify what they believed were historically necessary ends. Radical politics were being much more widely discussed than the small number of radicals justified; but Marx uses this fact to his advantage by proclaiming that any ideology so feared must be important and worth explaining clearly. In the notes, "Marx" is used as shorthand for both Marx (the theoretician) and Engels (the more eloquent writer of the two).The* Manifesto *was originally issued in several languages, including this English version.*

PROLOGUE

A spectre is haunting Europe -- the spectre of communism. All the powers of old Europe have entered into a holy alliance to exorcise this spectre: Pope and Tsar, Metternich and Guizot, French Radicals and German police-spies.

Where is the party in opposition that has not been decried as communistic by its opponents in power? Where is the opposition that has not hurled back the branding reproach of communism, against the more advanced opposition parties, as well as against its reactionary adversaries?

Two things result from this fact:

I. Communism is already acknowledged by all European powers to be itself a power.

II. It is high time that Communists should openly, in the face of the whole world, publish their views, their aims, their tendencies, and meet this nursery tale of the spectre of communism with a manifesto of the party itself.

To this end, Communists of various nationalities have assembled in London and sketched the following manifesto, to be published in the English, French, German, Italian, Flemish and Danish languages.

I -- BOURGEOIS AND PROLETARIANS

The history of all hitherto existing society [2] is the history of class struggles.

Freeman and slave, patrician and plebian, lord and serf, guild-master [3] and journeyman, in a word, oppressor and oppressed, stood in constant opposition to one another, carried on an uninterrupted, now hidden, now open fight, a fight that each time ended, either in a revolutionary reconstitution of society at large, or in the common ruin of the contending classes.

In the earlier epochs of history, we find almost everywhere a complicated arrangement of society into various orders, a manifold gradation of social rank. In ancient Rome we have patricians, knights, plebians, slaves; in the Middle Ages, feudal lords, vassals, guild-masters, journeymen, apprentices, serfs; in almost all of these classes, again, subordinate gradations.

The modern bourgeois society that has sprouted from the ruins of feudal society has not done away with class antagonisms. It has but established new classes, new conditions of oppression, new forms of struggle in place of the old ones.

Our epoch, the epoch of the bourgeoisie, possesses, however, this distinct feature: it has simplified class antagonisms. Society as a whole is more and more splitting up into two great hostile camps, into two great classes directly facing each other -- bourgeoisie and proletariat.

From the serfs of the Middle Ages sprang the chartered burghers of the earliest towns. From these burgesses the first elements of the bourgeoisie were developed.

The discovery of America, the rounding of the Cape, opened up fresh ground for the rising bourgeoisie. The East-Indian and Chinese markets, the colonisation of America, trade with the colonies, the increase in the means of exchange and in commodities generally, gave to commerce, to navigation, to industry, an impulse never before known, and thereby, to the revolutionary element in the tottering feudal society, a rapid development.

The feudal system of industry, in which industrial production was monopolized by closed guilds, now no longer suffices for the growing wants of the new markets. The manufacturing system took its place. The guild-masters were pushed aside by the manufacturing middle class; division of labor between the different corporate guilds vanished in the face of division of labor in each single workshop.

Meantime, the markets kept ever growing, the demand ever rising. Even manufacturers no longer sufficed. Thereupon, steam and machinery revolutionized industrial production. The place of manufacture was taken by the giant, MODERN INDUSTRY; the place of the industrial middle class by industrial millionaires, the leaders of the whole industrial armies, the modern bourgeois.

Modern industry has established the world market, for which the discovery of America paved the way. This market has given an immense development to commerce, to navigation, to communication by land. This development has, in turn, reacted on the extension of industry; and in proportion as industry, commerce, navigation, railways extended, in the same proportion the bourgeoisie developed, increased its capital, and pushed into the background every class handed down from the Middle Ages.

We see, therefore, how the modern bourgeoisie is itself the product of a long course of development, of a series of revolutions in the modes of production and of exchange.

Each step in the development of the bourgeoisie was accompanied by a corresponding political advance in that class. An oppressed class under the sway of the feudal nobility, an armed and self-governing association of medieval commune [4]: here independent urban republic (as in Italy and Germany); there taxable "third estate" of the monarchy (as in France); afterward, in the period of manufacturing proper, serving either the semi-feudal or the absolute monarchy as a counterpoise against the nobility, and, in fact, cornerstone of the great monarchies in general -- the bourgeoisie has at last, since the establishment of Modern Industry and of the world market, conquered for itself, in the modern representative state, exclusive political sway. The executive of the modern state is but a committee for managing the common affairs of the whole bourgeoisie.

The bourgeoisie, historically, has played a most revolutionary part.

The bourgeoisie, wherever it has got the upper hand, has put an end to all feudal, patriarchal, idyllic relations. It has pitilessly torn asunder the motley feudal ties that bound man to his "natural superiors", and has left no other nexus between people than naked self-interest, than callous "cash payment". It has drowned out the most heavenly ecstacies of religious fervor, of chivalrous enthusiasm, of philistine sentimentalism, in the icy water of egotistical calculation. It has resolved personal worth into exchange value, and in place of the numberless indefeasible chartered freedoms, has set up that single, unconscionable freedom -- Free Trade. In one word, for exploitation, veiled by religious and political illusions, it has substituted naked, shameless, direct, brutal exploitation.

The bourgeoisie has stripped of its halo every occupation hitherto honored and looked up to with reverent awe. It has converted the physician, the lawyer, the priest, the poet, the man of science, into its paid wage laborers.

The bourgeoisie has torn away from the family its sentimental veil, and has reduced the family relation into a mere money relation.

The bourgeoisie has disclosed how it came to pass that the brutal display of vigor in the Middle Ages, which reactionaries so much admire, found its fitting complement in the most slothful indolence. It has been the first to show what man's activity can bring about. It has accomplished wonders far surpassing Egyptian pyramids, Roman aqueducts, and Gothic cathedrals; it has conducted expeditions that put in the shade all former exoduses of nations and crusades.

The bourgeoisie cannot exist without constantly revolutionizing the instruments of production, and thereby the relations of production, and with them the whole relations of society. Conservation of the old modes of production in unaltered form, was, on the contrary, the first condition of existence for all earlier industrial classes. Constant revolutionizing of production, uninterrupted disturbance of all social conditions, everlasting uncertainty and agitation distinguish the bourgeois epoch from all earlier ones. All fixed, fast frozen relations, with their train of ancient and venerable prejudices and opinions, are swept away, all new-formed ones become antiquated before they can ossify. All that is solid melts into air, all that is holy is profaned, and man is at last compelled to face with sober senses his real condition of life and his relations with his kind.

The need of a constantly expanding market for its products chases the bourgeoisie over the entire surface of the globe. It must nestle everywhere, settle everywhere, establish connections everywhere.

The bourgeoisie has, through its exploitation of the world market, given a cosmopolitan character to production and consumption in every country. To the great chagrin of reactionaries, it has drawn from under the feet of industry the national ground on which it stood. All old-established national industries have been destroyed or are daily being destroyed. They are dislodged by new industries, whose introduction becomes a life and death question for all civilized nations, by industries that no longer work up indigenous raw material, but raw material drawn from the remotest zones; industries whose products are consumed, not only at home, but in every quarter of the globe. In place of the old wants, satisfied by the production of the country, we find new wants, requiring for their satisfaction the products of distant lands and climes. In place of the old local and national seclusion and self-sufficiency, we have intercourse in every direction, universal inter-dependence of nations. And as in material, so also in intellectual production. The intellectual creations of individual nations become common property. National one-sidedness and narrow-mindedness become more and more impossible, and from the numerous national and local literatures, there arises a world literature.

The bourgeoisie, by the rapid improvement of all instruments of production, by the immensely facilitated means of communication, draws all, even the most barbarian, nations into civilization. The cheap prices of commodities are the heavy artillery with which it forces the barbarians' intensely obstinate hatred of foreigners to capitulate. It compels all nations, on pain of extinction, to adopt the bourgeois mode of production; it compels them to introduce what it calls civilization into their midst, i.e., to become bourgeois themselves. In one word, it creates a world after its own image.

The bourgeoisie has subjected the country to the rule of the towns. It has created enormous cities, has greatly increased the urban population as compared with the rural, and has thus rescued a considerable part of the population from the idiocy of rural life. Just as it has made the country dependent on the towns, so it has made barbarian and semi-barbarian countries dependent on the civilized ones, nations of peasants on nations of bourgeois, the East on the West.

The bourgeoisie keeps more and more doing away with the scattered state of the population, of the means of production, and of property. It has agglomerated population, centralized the means of production, and has concentrated property in a few hands. The necessary consequence of this was political centralization. Independent, or but loosely connected provinces, with separate interests, laws, governments, and systems of taxation, became lumped together into one nation, with one government, one code of laws, one national class interest, one frontier, and one customs tariff.

The bourgeoisie, during its rule of scarce one hundred years, has created more massive and more colossal productive forces than have all preceding generations together. Subjection of nature's forces to man, machinery, application of chemistry to industry and agriculture, steam navigation, railways, electric telegraphs, clearing of whole continents for cultivation, canalization or rivers, whole populations conjured out of the ground -- what earlier century had even a presentiment that such productive forces slumbered in the lap of social labor?

We see then: the means of production and of exchange, on whose foundation the bourgeoisie built itself up, were generated in feudal society. At a certain stage in the development of these means of production and of exchange, the conditions under which feudal society produced and

exchanged, the feudal organization of agriculture and manufacturing industry, in one word, the feudal relations of property became no longer compatible with the already developed productive forces; they became so many fetters. They had to be burst asunder; they were burst asunder.

Into their place stepped free competition, accompanied by a social and political constitution adapted in it, and the economic and political sway of the bourgeois class.

A similar movement is going on before our own eyes. Modern bourgeois society, with its relations of production, of exchange and of property, a society that has conjured up such gigantic means of production and of exchange, is like the sorcerer who is no longer able to control the powers of the nether world whom he has called up by his spells. For many a decade past, the history of industry and commerce is but the history of the revolt of modern productive forces against modern conditions of production, against the property relations that are the conditions for the existence of the bourgeois and of its rule. It is enough to mention the commercial crises that, by their periodical return, put the existence of the entire bourgeois society on its trial, each time more threateningly. In these crises, a great part not only of the existing products, but also of the previously created productive forces, are periodically destroyed. In these crises, there breaks out an epidemic that, in all earlier epochs, would have seemed an absurdity -- the epidemic of over-production. Society suddenly finds itself put back into a state of momentary barbarism; it appears as if a famine, a universal war of devastation, had cut off the supply of every means of subsistence; industry and commerce seem to be destroyed. And why? Because there is too much civilization, too much means of subsistence, too much industry, too much commerce. The productive forces at the disposal of society no longer tend to further the development of the conditions of bourgeois property; on the contrary, they have become too powerful for these conditions, by which they are fettered, and so soon as they overcome these fetters, they bring disorder into the whole of bourgeois society, endanger the existence of bourgeois property. The conditions of bourgeois society are too narrow to comprise the wealth created by them. And how does the bourgeoisie get over these crises? One the one hand, by enforced destruction of a mass of productive forces; on the other, by the conquest of new markets, and by the more thorough exploitation of the old ones. That is to say, by paving the way for more extensive and more destructive crises, and by diminishing the means whereby crises are prevented.

The weapons with which the bourgeoisie felled feudalism to the ground are now turned against the bourgeoisie itself.

But not only has the bourgeoisie forged the weapons that bring death to itself; it has also called into existence the men who are to wield those weapons -- the modern working class -- the proletarians.

In proportion as the bourgeoisie, i.e., capital, is developed, in the same proportion is the proletariat, the modern working class, developed -- a class of laborers, who live only so long as they find work, and who find work only so long as their labor increases capital. These laborers, who must sell themselves piecemeal, are a commodity, like every other article of commerce, and are consequently exposed to all the vicissitudes of competition, to all the fluctuations of the market.

Owing to the extensive use of machinery, and to the division of labor, the work of the proletarians has lost all individual character, and, consequently, all charm for the workman. He becomes an appendage of the machine, and it is only the most simple, most monotonous, and most easily acquired knack, that is required of him. Hence, the cost of production of a workman is restricted, almost entirely, to the means of subsistence that he requires for maintenance, and for the propagation of his race. But the price of a commodity, and therefore also of labor, is equal to its cost of production. In proportion, therefore, as the repulsiveness of the work increases, the wage decreases. What is more, in proportion as the use of machinery and division of labor increases, in the same proportion the burden of toil also increases, whether by prolongation of the working hours, by the increase of the work exacted in a given time, or by increased speed of machinery, etc.

Modern Industry has converted the little workshop of the patriarchal master into the great factory of the industrial capitalist. Masses of laborers, crowded into the factory, are organized like soldiers. As privates of the industrial army, they are placed under the command of a perfect hierarchy of officers and sergeants. Not only are they slaves of the bourgeois class, and of the bourgeois state; they are daily and hourly enslaved by the machine, by the overlooker, and, above all, in the individual bourgeois manufacturer himself. The more openly this despotism proclaims gain to be its end and aim, the more petty, the more hateful and the more embittering it is...

The proletariat goes through various stages of development. With its birth begins its struggle with the bourgeoisie. At first, the contest is carried on by individual laborers, then by the work of

people of a factory, then by the operative of one trade, in one locality, against the individual bourgeois who directly exploits them. They direct their attacks not against the bourgeois condition of production, but against the instruments of production themselves; they destroy imported wares that compete with their labor, they smash to pieces machinery, they set factories ablaze, they seek to restore by force the vanished status of the workman of the Middle Ages.

At this stage, the laborers still form an incoherent mass scattered over the whole country, and broken up by their mutual competition. If anywhere they unite to form more compact bodies, this is not yet the consequence of their own active union, but of the union of the bourgeoisie, which class, in order to attain its own political ends, is compelled to set the whole proletariat in motion, and is moreover yet, for a time, able to do so. At this stage, therefore, the proletarians do not fight their enemies, but the enemies of their enemies, the remnants of absolute monarchy, the landowners, the non-industrial bourgeois, the petty bourgeois. Thus, the whole historical movement is concentrated in the hands of the bourgeoisie; every victory so obtained is a victory for the bourgeoisie.

But with the development of industry, the proletariat not only increases in number; it becomes concentrated in greater masses, its strength grows, and it feels that strength more. The various interests and conditions of life within the ranks of the proletariat are more and more equalized, in proportion as machinery obliterates all distinctions of labor, and nearly everywhere reduces wages to the same low level. The growing competition among the bourgeois, and the resulting commercial crises, make the wages of the workers ever more fluctuating. The increasing improvement of machinery, ever more rapidly developing, makes their livelihood more and more precarious; the collisions between individual workmen and individual bourgeois take more and more the character of collisions between two classes. Thereupon, the workers begin to form combinations (trade unions) against the bourgeois; they club together in order to keep up the rate of wages; they found permanent associations in order to make provision beforehand for these occasional revolts. Here and there, the contest breaks out into riots.

Now and then the workers are victorious, but only for a time. The real fruit of their battles lie not in the immediate result, but in the ever expanding union of the workers. This union is helped on by the improved means of communication that are created by Modern Industry, and that place the workers of different localities in contact with one another. It was just this contact that was needed to centralize the numerous local struggles, all of the same character, into one national struggle between classes. But every class struggle is a political struggle. And that union, to attain which the burghers of the Middle Ages, with their miserable highways, required centuries, the modern proletarian, thanks to railways, achieve in a few years.

This organization of the proletarians into a class, and, consequently, into a political party, is continually being upset again by the competition between the workers themselves. But it ever rises up again, stronger, firmer, mightier. It compels legislative recognition of particular interests of the workers, by taking advantage of the divisions among the bourgeoisie itself. Thus, the Ten-Hours Bill in England was carried…

The proletarian is without property; his relation to his wife and children has no longer anything in common with the bourgeois family relations; modern industry labor, modern subjection to capital, the same in England as in France, in America as in Germany, has stripped him of every trace of national character. Law, morality, religion, are to him so many bourgeois prejudices, behind which lurk in ambush just as many bourgeois interests.

All the preceding classes that got the upper hand sought to fortify their already acquired status by subjecting society at large to their conditions of appropriation. The proletarians cannot become masters of the productive forces of society, except by abolishing their own previous mode of appropriation, and thereby also every other previous mode of appropriation. They have nothing of their own to secure and to fortify; their mission is to destroy all previous securities for, and insurances of, individual property.

All previous historical movements were movements of minorities, or in the interest of minorities. The proletarian movement is the self-conscious, independent movement of the immense majority, in the interest of the immense majority. The proletariat, the lowest stratum of our present society, cannot stir, cannot raise itself up, without the whole superincumbent strata of official society being sprung into the air….

The essential conditions for the existence and for the sway of the bourgeois class is the formation and augmentation of capital; the condition for capital is wage labor. Wage labor rests exclusively on competition between the laborers. The advance of industry, whose involuntary

promoter is the bourgeoisie, replaces the isolation of the laborers, due to competition, by the revolutionary combination, due to association. The development of Modern Industry, therefore, cuts from under its feet the very foundation on which the bourgeoisie produces and appropriates products. What the bourgeoisie therefore produces, above all, are its own grave-diggers. Its fall and the victory of the proletariat are equally inevitable.

II -- PROLETARIANS AND COMMUNISTS

In what relation do the Communists stand to the proletarians as a whole? The Communists do not form a separate party opposed to the other working-class parties.

They have no interests separate and apart from those of the proletariat as a whole.

They do not set up any sectarian principles of their own, by which to shape and mold the proletarian movement.

The Communists are distinguished from the other working-class parties by this only:

(1) In the national struggles of the proletarians of the different countries, they point out and bring to the front the common interests of the entire proletariat, independently of all nationality.

(2) In the various stages of development which the struggle of the working class against the bourgeoisie has to pass through, they always and everywhere represent the interests of the movement as a whole.

The Communists, therefore, are on the one hand practically, the most advanced and resolute section of the working-class parties of every country, that section which pushes forward all others; on the other hand, theoretically, they have over the great mass of the proletariat the advantage of clearly understanding the lines of march, the conditions, and the ultimate general results of the proletarian movement.

The immediate aim of the Communists is the same as that of all other proletarian parties: Formation of the proletariat into a class, overthrow of the bourgeois supremacy, conquest of political power by the proletariat.

The theoretical conclusions of the Communists are in no way based on ideas or principles that have been invented, or discovered, by this or that would-be universal reformer.

They merely express, in general terms, actual relations springing from an existing class struggle, from a historical movement going on under our very eyes. The abolition of existing property relations is not at all a distinctive feature of communism.

All property relations in the past have continually been subject to historical change consequent upon the change in historical conditions.

The French Revolution, for example, abolished feudal property in favor of bourgeois property.

The distinguishing feature of communism is not the abolition of property generally, but the abolition of bourgeois property. But modern bourgeois private property is the final and most complete expression of the system of producing and appropriating products that is based on class antagonisms, on the exploitation of the many by the few.

In this sense, the theory of the Communists may be summed up in the single sentence: Abolition of private property.

We Communists have been reproached with the desire of abolishing the right of personally acquiring property as the fruit of a man's own labor, which property is alleged to be the groundwork of all personal freedom, activity and independence.

Hard-won, self-acquired, self-earned property! Do you mean the property of petty artisan and of the small peasant, a form of property that preceded the bourgeois form? There is no need to abolish that; the development of industry has to a great extent already destroyed it, and is still destroying it daily.

Or do you mean the modern bourgeois private property?

But does wage labor create any property for the laborer? Not a bit. It creates capital, i.e., that kind of property which exploits wage labor, and which cannot increase except upon conditions of begetting a new supply of wage labor for fresh exploitation. Property, in its present form, is based on the antagonism of capital and wage labor. Let us examine both sides of this antagonism.

To be a capitalist, is to have not only a purely personal, but a social STATUS in production. Capital is a collective product, and only by the united action of many members, nay, in the last resort, only by the united action of all members of society, can it be set in motion.

Capital is therefore not only personal; it is a social power.

When, therefore, capital is converted into common property, into the property of all members of society, personal property is not thereby transformed into social property. It is only the social character of the property that is changed. It loses its class character.

Let us now take wage labor.

The average price of wage labor is the minimum wage, i.e., that quantum of the means of subsistence which is absolutely requisite to keep the laborer in bare existence as a laborer. What, therefore, the wage laborer appropriates by means of his labor merely suffices to prolong and reproduce a bare existence. We by no means intend to abolish this personal appropriation of the products of labor, an appropriation that is made for the maintenance and reproduction of human life, and that leaves no surplus wherewith to command the labor of others. All that we want to do away with is the miserable character of this appropriation, under which the laborer lives merely to increase capital, and is allowed to live only in so far as the interest of the ruling class requires it.

In bourgeois society, living labor is but a means to increase accumulated labor. In communist society, accumulated labor is but a means to widen, to enrich, to promote the existence of the laborer.

In bourgeois society, therefore, the past dominates the present; in communist society, the present dominates the past. In bourgeois society, capital is independent and has individuality, while the living person is dependent and has no individuality.

And the abolition of this state of things is called by the bourgeois, abolition of individuality and freedom! And rightly so. The abolition of bourgeois individuality, bourgeois independence, and bourgeois freedom is undoubtedly aimed at.

By freedom is meant, under the present bourgeois conditions of production, free trade, free selling and buying.

But if selling and buying disappears, free selling and buying disappears also. This talk about free selling and buying, and all the other "brave words" of our bourgeois about freedom in general, have a meaning, if any, only in contrast with restricted selling and buying, with the fettered traders of the Middle Ages, but have no meaning when opposed to the communist abolition of buying and selling, or the bourgeois conditions of production, and of the bourgeoisie itself.

You are horrified at our intending to do away with private property. But in your existing society, private property is already done away with for nine-tenths of the population; its existence for the few is solely due to its non-existence in the hands of those nine-tenths. You reproach us, therefore, with intending to do away with a form of property, the necessary condition for whose existence is the non-existence of any property for the immense majority of society.

In one word, you reproach us with intending to do away with your property. Precisely so; that is just what we intend.

From the moment when labor can no longer be converted into capital, money, or rent, into a social power capable of being monopolized, i.e., from the moment when individual property can no longer be transformed into bourgeois property, into capital, from that moment, you say, individuality vanishes.

You must, therefore, confess that by "individual" you mean no other person than the bourgeois, than the middle-class owner of property. This person must, indeed, be swept out of the way, and made impossible.

Communism deprives no man of the power to appropriate the products of society; all that it does is to deprive him of the power to subjugate the labor of others by means of such appropriations.

It has been objected that upon the abolition of private property, all work will cease, and universal laziness will overtake us.

According to this, bourgeois society ought long ago to have gone to the dogs through sheer idleness; for those who acquire anything, do not work. The whole of this objection is but another expression of the tautology: There can no longer be any wage labor when there is no longer any capital.

All objections urged against the communistic mode of producing and appropriating material products, have, in the same way, been urged against the communistic mode of producing and appropriating intellectual products. Just as to the bourgeois, the disappearance of class property is the disappearance of production itself, so the disappearance of class culture is to him identical with the disappearance of all culture.

That culture, the loss of which he laments, is, for the enormous majority, a mere training to act as a machine.

But don't wrangle with us so long as you apply, to our intended abolition of bourgeois property, the standard of your bourgeois notions of freedom, culture, law, etc. Your very ideas are but the outgrowth of the conditions of your bourgeois production and bourgeois property, just as your jurisprudence is but the will of your class made into a law for all, a will whose essential character and direction are determined by the economical conditions of existence of your class.

The selfish misconception that induces you to transform into eternal laws of nature and of reason the social forms stringing from your present mode of production and form of property -- historical relations that rise and disappear in the progress of production -- this misconception you share with every ruling class that has preceded you. What you see clearly in the case of ancient property, what you admit in the case of feudal property, you are of course forbidden to admit in the case of your own bourgeois form of property.

Abolition of the family! Even the most radical flare up at this infamous proposal of the Communists.

On what foundation is the present family, the bourgeois family, based? On capital, on private gain. In its completely developed form, this family exists only among the bourgeoisie. But this state of things finds its complement in the practical absence of the family among proletarians, and in public prostitution.

The bourgeois family will vanish as a matter of course when its complement vanishes, and both will vanish with the vanishing of capital.

Do you charge us with wanting to stop the exploitation of children by their parents? To this crime we plead guilty.

But, you say, we destroy the most hallowed of relations, when we replace home education by social.

And your education! Is not that also social, and determined by the social conditions under which you educate, by the intervention direct or indirect, of society, by means of schools, etc.? The Communists have not intended the intervention of society in education; they do but seek to alter the character of that intervention, and to rescue education from the influence of the ruling class.

The bourgeois claptrap about the family and education, about the hallowed correlation of parents and child, becomes all the more disgusting, the more, by the action of Modern Industry, all the family ties among the proletarians are torn asunder, and their children transformed into simple articles of commerce and instruments of labor.

But you Communists would introduce community of women, screams the bourgeoisie in chorus.

The bourgeois sees his wife a mere instrument of production. He hears that the instruments of production are to be exploited in common, and, naturally, can come to no other conclusion that the lot of being common to all will likewise fall to the women.

He has not even a suspicion that the real point aimed at is to do away with the status of women as mere instruments of production.

For the rest, nothing is more ridiculous than the virtuous indignation of our bourgeois at the community of women which, they pretend, is to be openly and officially established by the Communists. The Communists have no need to introduce free love; it has existed almost from time immemorial.

Our bourgeois, not content with having wives and daughters of their proletarians at their disposal, not to speak of common prostitutes, take the greatest pleasure in seducing each other's wives. (Ah, those were the days!)

Bourgeois marriage is, in reality, a system of wives in common and thus, at the most, what the Communists might possibly be reproached with is that they desire to introduce, in substitution for a hypocritically concealed, an openly legalized system of free love. For the rest, it is self-evident that the abolition of the present system of production must bring with it the abolition of free love springing from that system, i.e., of prostitution both public and private.

The Communists are further reproached with desiring to abolish countries and nationality.

The workers have no country. We cannot take from them what they have not got. Since the proletariat must first of all acquire political supremacy, must rise to be the leading class of the nation, must constitute itself **the** nation, it is, so far, itself national, though not in the bourgeois sense of the word.

National differences and antagonism between peoples are daily more and more vanishing, owing to the development of the bourgeoisie, to freedom of commerce, to the world market, to uniformity in the mode of production and in the conditions of life corresponding thereto.

The supremacy of the proletariat will cause them to vanish still faster. United action of the leading civilized countries at least is one of the first conditions for the emancipation of the proletariat.

In proportion as the exploitation of one individual by another will also be put an end to, the exploitation of one nation by another will also be put an end to. In proportion as the antagonism between classes within the nation vanishes, the hostility of one nation to another will come to an end.

The charges against communism made from a religious, a philosophical and, generally, from an ideological standpoint, are not deserving of serious examination.

Does it require deep intuition to comprehend that man's ideas, views, and conception, in one word, man's consciousness, changes with every change in the conditions of his material existence, in his social relations and in his social life?

What else does the history of ideas prove, than that intellectual production changes its character in proportion as material production is changed? The ruling ideas of each age have ever been the ideas of its ruling class.

When people speak of the ideas that revolutionize society, they do but express that fact that within the old society the elements of a new one have been created, and that the dissolution of the old ideas keeps even pace with the dissolution of the old conditions of existence.

When the ancient world was in its last throes, the ancient religions were overcome by Christianity. When Christian ideas succumbed in the eighteenth century to rationalist ideas, feudal society fought its death battle with the then revolutionary bourgeoisie. The ideas of religious liberty and freedom of conscience merely gave expression to the sway of free competition within the domain of knowledge.

"Undoubtedly," it will be said, "religious, moral, philosophical, and juridicial ideas have been modified in the course of historical development. But religion, morality, philosophy, political science, and law, constantly survived this change."

"There are, besides, eternal truths, such as Freedom, Justice, etc., that are common to all states of society. But communism abolishes eternal truths, it abolishes all religion, and all morality, instead of constituting them on a new basis; it therefore acts in contradiction to all past historical experience."

What does this accusation reduce itself to? The history of all past society has consisted in the development of class antagonisms, antagonisms that assumed different forms at different epochs.

But whatever form they may have taken, one fact is common to all past ages, viz., the exploitation of one part of society by the other. No wonder, then, that the social consciousness of past ages, despite all the multiplicity and variety it displays, moves within certain common forms, or general ideas, which cannot completely vanish except with the total disappearance of class antagonisms.

The communist revolution is the most radical rupture with traditional relations; no wonder that its development involved the most radical rupture with traditional ideas.

But let us have done with the bourgeois objections to communism.

We have seen above that the first step in the revolution by the working class is to raise the proletariat to the position of ruling class to win the battle of democracy.

The proletariat will use its political supremacy to wrest, by degree, all capital from the bourgeoisie, to centralize all instruments of production in the hands of the state, i.e., of the proletariat organized as the ruling class; and to increase the total productive forces as rapidly as possible.

Of course, in the beginning, this cannot be effected except by means of despotic inroads on the rights of property, and on the conditions of bourgeois production; by means of measures, therefore, which appear economically insufficient and untenable, but which, in the course of the movement, outstrip themselves, necessitate further inroads upon the old social order, and are unavoidable as a means of entirely revolutionizing the mode of production.

These measures will, of course, be different in different countries.

Nevertheless, in most advanced countries, the following will be pretty generally applicable.

1. Abolition of property in land and application of all rents of land to public purposes.
2. A heavy progressive or graduated income tax.
3. Abolition of all rights of inheritance.
4. Confiscation of the property of all emigrants and rebels.

5. Centralization of credit in the banks of the state, by means of a national bank with state capital and an exclusive monopoly.

6. Centralization of the means of communication and transport in he hands of the state.

7. Extension of factories and instruments of production owned by the state; the bringing into cultivation of waste lands, and the improvement of the soil generally in accordance with a common plan.

8. Equal obligation of all to work. Establishment of industrial armies, especially for agriculture.

9. Combination of agriculture with manufacturing industries; gradual abolition of all the distinction between town and country by a more equable distribution of the populace over the country.

10. Free education for all children in public schools. Abolition of children's factory labor in its present form. Combination of education with industrial production, etc.

When, in the course of development, class distinctions have disappeared, and all production has been concentrated in the hands of a vast association of the whole nation, the public power will lose its political character. Political power, properly so called, is merely the organized power of one class for oppressing another. If the proletariat during its contest with the bourgeoisie is compelled, by the force of circumstances, to organize itself as a class; if, by means of a revolution, it makes itself the ruling class, and, as such, sweeps away by force the old conditions of production, then it will, along with these conditions, have swept away the conditions for the existence of class antagonisms and of classes generally, and will thereby have abolished its own supremacy as a class.

In place of the old bourgeois society, with its classes and class antagonisms, we shall have an association in which the free development of each is the condition for the free development of all. …

The Communists disdain to conceal their views and aims. They openly declare that their ends can be attained only by the forcible overthrow of all existing social conditions. Let the ruling classes tremble at a communist revolution. The proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains. They have a world to win.

Proletarians of all countries, unite!

Further resources: http://www.anu.edu.au/polsci/marx/marx.html

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CHAMPFLEURY

Champfleury was the pen name of Jules Frangois Felix Husson (1821-1889), a great admirer of Courbet and Balzac. Tired of the Romantic bombast and fantasy abounding around him, he attempted a new approach in which the falsehoods of fantasy and "artistic" style would be abandoned for an almost photographic realism. The matter-of-fact reproduction of contemporary life was, he said, as artistically significant as the imaginative works of men bent on ignoring their world and their age as not being sufficiently picturesque. A sentimental Romantic himself, Champfleury never lived up to his own principles, but he did a great deal to influence and defend the development of Realism in the French novel and painting. The lower middle classes pushing forward in the social and economic field were suddenly promoted to consideration as valid subjects for literature and art. Demands for cultural recognition echoed demands for political recognition; and, certainly, the political and artistic doctrines of the new Realists could hardly be separated.

This is what was thought in Champfleury's and Courbet's own circle. One of Courbet's greatest admirers was his fellow Franc-Comtois, Pierre Joseph Proudhon (180g-65), writer, printer, political philosopher and, as such, one of the chief theorists of nineteenth century socialism. Proudhon's comment that "property is theft" has often been repeated, but he seems to have meant it mainly in so far as one man's property deprived others of their due. What Proudhon wanted, was a social revolution that would bring about a regime in which men should be equal and free, unoppressed by mammoth institutions, whether political or economic. Patriotic and libertarian, he produced a small man's socialism, verging at times on Jeffersonianism and at times on anarchy, and fated to clash with the far more rigorous doctrines of Marx. This was the man whom Champfleury cites in the letter he addressed to another pillar of sentimental socialism (or, as it has been more accurately called, social romanticism): Aurore Dupin, Baroness Dudevant (1804-1876), better known to literary history as George Sand.

Letter to Madame Sand, concerning M. Courbet

At the present moment, Madame, there can be seen, close to the Exhibition of Painting, in the avenue Montaigne, a signboard that reads as follows: *REALISM. G. Courbet. Exhibition of forty*

paintings of his work. It is an exhibition in the English manner. A painter whose name exploded in the public eye during the February revolution [1848] has selected the most significant canvases among all his works and had a studio built to house them.

It is an action of incredible daring, it is the subversion of the established jury practice, it is a direct appeal to the public, it is liberty, say some.

It is a scandal, it is anarchy, it is art dragged through the mud, it is the mountebank's booth, say others.

I admit, Madame, that I think like the former, like all those who demand the most complete liberty in all its guises. Juries, academies, competitions of every sort, have demonstrated more than once their impotence to create either men or works. If the freedom of the theater existed, we should not see a Rouviere forced to play Hamlet before an audience of peasants, in a barn, causing old Shakespeare's shade to grin and think itself, here in the nineteenth century, back in London showing his plays in some dirty City hole.

We ignore how many unknown geniuses die who do not know how to bend before the exigencies of society, who cannot tame their rudeness, and who end by committing suicide in the dungeon cells of conventionality. M. Courbet has not come to that yet: since 1848 he has shown, without interruption, in the various Salons, important works which always had the privilege of provoking argument. The government of the [Second] Republic even bought an important canvas, After Dinner at Ornans, which I have seen again beside the old masters in the Lille Museum, holding its own very well in the midst of hallowed, established works.

This year, the jury [that decides the admission or rejection of works for the Salons has shown itself mean in the space it granted young painters trying to get into the Universal Exhibition: the hospitality extended to the established men of France and of foreign nations was so great that youth suffered a little. I have little time to spare for wandering around the studios, but I have seen canvases refused which, at other times, would certainly have met with legitimate success. M. Courbet, confident in the public opinion which had favored his name these last five or six years, hurt by the jury's refusal which fell upon some of his most important works, has appealed directly to the public. His reasoning may be summed up as follows: I am called a Realist, so I want to point out through a series of known paintings what I conceive Realism to be. Not content with building a studio and exhibiting his canvases, the painter has issued a manifesto and on the door he has inscribed: Realism.

If I write to you, Madame, it is because of the lively and loyal curiosity that you have shown for a doctrine which takes shape day by day and which has its representatives in all the arts. A hyper-romantic German musician, Mr. Wagner, whose works are unknown in Paris, has been very roughly handled in the musical journals by M. Fetis who accuses the new composer of being tainted by Realism. All those who put forward any new aspiration are called Realists. We shall surely see realistic doctors, realistic chemists, realistic manufacturers, realistic historians. M. Courbet is a realist, I am a realist: since the critics say so, I let them say it. But, to my great shame, I confess to having never examined the code which contains the laws according to which the first comer is able to produce realistic works.

The name horrifies me by its pedantic ending; I fear the schools like cholera and my greatest pleasure is to come across clear-cut personalities. That is what, in my eyes, makes M. Courbet a new man.

The painter himself, in his manifesto, has said some first-rate things: "The title of Realist was thrust upon me, just as the Romantic label was thrust upon the men of 1830. Titles and labels have never given an exact idea of things: if it were otherwise, then works would be superfluous." But you, Madame, know better than anybody what a peculiar city is Paris when it comes to opinions and debates. The most intelligent city in Europe necessarily includes the greatest number of incompetents, of half and third and quarter wits. Indeed, we have to desecrate this fair word of "wit" to adorn these poor babblers, these argumentative ninnies, these wretches living off the gutter press, these pryers who insinuate themselves everywhere, these impertinents that one dreads to see open their mouths, these scribblers at so much a line driven to letters by wretchedness or sloth, in short, this horde of useless people who judge, reason, applaud, contradict, praise, flatter, criticize without conviction, who are not the multitude and yet pretend to stand for it.

Given ten intelligent people, the question of Realism could be thoroughly explored; with this mob of ignorants, envious, impotents, critics, all one gets is words. I will not attempt to define Realism: I do not know whence it comes, where it goes, what it is; Homer might be a Realist-after all he observed and described with precision the manners of his time.

It is not sufficiently known that Homer was violently attacked as a dangerous realist. "In fact," says Cicero speaking of Homer, "all these are sheer inventions of the poet who delighted in bringing Gods down to human level; it would have been better to raise men to that of Gods." What else do they say every day in the papers?

If I needed other famous examples, I would only have to open the first volume of criticism that comes to hand, for it is fashionable these days to reprint in book form the useless stuff that the papers publish week by week. One would see, among other things, that realism it was which led poor old Gerard de Nerval to a tragic death. It is a gentleman-dilettante who has written such tosh; your country stories are tainted with realism. They contain peasants. There is the crime. Lately, Beranger has been accused of realism. How men can be carried away by words!

M. Courbet is seditious because, in all good faith, he has represented bourgeois, peasants, village women, in natural size. This is the first point against him. It cannot be admitted that a stone breaker is worth a prince: the aristocracy flies into a passion to see so many feet of canvas devoted to common people; only sovereigns have the right to be painted full size, with their medals, their embroideries and their public faces. What do you mean! A man of Ornans, a peasant lying in his coffin, dares to gather at his burial a large crowd - farmers, low-class people-and this display is given as much space as Largilliere had the right to give to magistrates attending the Mass of the Holy Ghost! If Velasquez worked on a large scale, his subjects were Spanish grandees, Infants, Infantas; at least there is a great deal of silk, much gold on the costumes, there are medals, there are feathers. Van der Helst has painted burgomasters full size, but these stout Flemings are saved by the costume.

It would seem that our costume does not count as costume; I am ashamed, Madame, to pay attention to such reasonings. The costume of every period is affected by unknown, perhaps hygienic, laws which penetrate fashion without this being realized. Every fifty years the fashion in dress is overthrown; as with physiognomies, old fashions become historical and as strange to examine, as peculiar to look at, as the garb of some savage people. The portraits of Gerard, dating back to 18oo, which may have seemed vulgar at first, later acquire a singular aspect. That which artists call costume, that is a thousand knick-knacks (feathers, patches, plumes, etc.), can amuse frivolous minds for a moment; but the serious reproduction of present-day figures, the round hats, the black dress-coats, the lacquered pumps or the peasant's wooden shoes, this is much the more interesting.

I may be granted this and yet be told: your painter lacks an ideal. I shall answer that in a moment, with the help of a man who has drawn very sensible conclusions from M. Courbet's work.

The forty paintings in the avenue Montaigne include landscapes, portraits, some large domestic scenes, and a work that the artist calls Allegorie reelle. It is possible to follow at a glance the developments that have affected the mind and the brush of M. Courbet. Above all, he is a born painter, which means that none can dispute his robust and powerful talent as a workman: he attacks a great piece of work undaunted, he may not seduce all eyes, some parts may be clumsy or neglected, but every one of his pictures is painted; and, above all others, I consider the Flemings and the Spaniards to be painters. Veronese, Rubens, will always be great painters, whatever opinion one may hold, whatever point of view one may choose. Likewise, I know no one who thinks of denying M. Courbet's quality as a painter.

M. Courbet does not overdo the *sonority* of his tones-to speak the musical language long since carried into the domain of painting. It is up to every serious work not to attract attention by useless sonorities: a sweet Haydn symphony, intimate and homely, will still live when M. Berlioz's numerous trumpets will be spoken of with derision. The uproar of brasses in music means no more than loud tonalities in painting. We clumsily call colorists those painters whose furibond palette bursts forth in clamorous tonalities. M. Courbet's scale is tranquil, imposing, and calm. And I was not surprised to rediscover the famous Burial at Ornans, henceforth forever hallowed within me, which was the first shot fired by the artist now regarded as a rebel in art. It is almost eight years since I published on M. Courbet, then unknown, phrases that foretold his destiny: I shall not quote them, I am no keener to be the first to be right than I am to wear the latest Ascot fashion. To discover men and works ten years before most people do is a question of literary dandyism which causes a lot of time to be wasted. In his many critical articles, Stendhal published as early as 1825 many daring truths that did him much harm. Even today he remains ahead of his time. "I bet," he writes to a friend in 1822, "that twenty years hence they will be playing a prose version of Shakespeare in France." *Thirty-three* years have already elapsed since then and pretty certainly we shall not have this pleasure in our lifetime. M. Courbet is far from being accepted today, he certainly will be in a few years. Wouldn't I be a busybody if I wrote twenty years hence that I had discovered M. Courbet? The public does not care

about the asses that hooted when Rossini's music was first played in France; the witty, the amorous Rossini was as little spared on his first appearance as M. Courbet. A wealth of insult and slander was printed about his works just as it has been about that of M. Courbet.

What is the use of being right? One is never right. Two village beadles with red phiz, two winesacks, provide the theme of those literary-minded critics I mentioned above; compare them in the same painting with the charming children, the group of women, the mourners, as beautiful in their grief as all the Antigones of antiquity, it is still impossible to prove one's point.

The midday sun strikes the rocks, the grass is gay and smiles at the sunshine, the air is fresh, there is plenty of space, you recognize the essence of the mountains, you breathe in their scent; a joker comes up who, having drawn his wisdom and his wit from the funny papers, will scoff at the Demoiselles de Village.

Criticism is a nasty business that paralyzes man's noblest faculties, extinguishes, annihilates them: also, criticism has no real worth outside the hands of really great creators: Diderot, Goethe, Balzac, and others who prefer every morning to give vent to their enthusiastic sensibilities than to water the thistles each critic keeps on his window sill in a dirty jar.

I recognized, in the avenue Montaigne, those celebrated Baigneuses, fuller of scandal than they are of flesh. Two years have passed since the famous scandal has died down, and I see today nothing but a creature solidly painted which has the great drawback, for the friends of convention, of not recalling the Venus Anadyomenes of antiquity.

M. Proudhon, in the Philosophy of Progress (1853), appraised the Baigneuses quite coldly: "The image of vice like that of virtue belongs as much to the realm of painting as to that of poetry; according to the lesson the artist wants to give, every figure, handsome or ugly, can fulfill the aims of art."

Every figure, handsome or ugly, can fulfill the aims of art! And the philosopher continues: "May the people, recognizing itself in its misery, learn to blush for its cowardice and to loathe its tyrants; may the aristocracy, exposed in its fat and obscene nakedness, be whipped on every muscle for its parasitism, its insolence, and its corruption." I skip several lines and come to the conclusion: "And may each generation, leaving thus on canvas and on marble the secret of its spirit, reach posterity with no other reproach or apology than the works of its artists." Do not these few words help us forget the stupidities one ought neither to hear nor lend an ear to, but which irritate nevertheless, like the buzzing of a persistent fly?

(. . .) In the field of art the practice is to overwhelm the living with the dead, the new works of a master with his old. Those who, when Courbet was just starting, would have howled loudest against the Burial will necessarily be those who praise it most highly today. Not wanting to be confused with the nihilists, I must say that the idea of the Burial is impressive, clear to all, that it depicts a small-town funeral and yet reproduces the funerals of all small towns. The triumph of the artist who paints individuality is to respond to every man's intimate observations, to choose a type in such a manner that everyone thinks he has known him, and can exclaim: "That one is real: I have seen him!" The Burial possesses these characteristics in the highest degree: it moves, it touches, it makes one smile, it makes one think, and leaves in the spirit, despite the open grave, that supreme tranquility which the gravedigger shares-a grand and philosophical type that the painter has been able to produce in all his beauty as a man of the people.

Since 1848 M. Courbet has been privileged to astonish the crowd. Every year we expect surprises and, up to now, the painter has answered the expectations both of enemies and friends.

In 1848, After Dinner at Ornans, a broad painting of private life, won a real success without too much debate. It is always this way at an artist's beginnings. Then came the successive scandals:

First scandal - The Burial at Ornans (1850).

Second scandal -Les Demoiselles de Village (1850

Third scandal -Les Baigneuses (1852).

Fourth scandal - Realism. - Private Exhibition. - Manifesto. - Forty paintings exhibited. - Reunion of various scandals, etc. (1855).

Now, of all these scandals, I prefer the Burial over other canvases because of the idea within it, because of the complete and human drama in which tears, selfishness, indifference, and the grotesque are treated with the touch of a great master. The Burial at Ornans is a masterpiece; since David's Marat Murdered nothing of this sort, nothing as striking, has been painted in France.

The Bathers, the Wrestlers, the Stonebreakers, do not contain the ideas they have been endowed with after the event. I would find these ideas rather in the Village Damsels, and in the

numberless landscapes which show how closely M. Courbet is bound to his native soil, his profound nationalism, and the advantage he can derive from it.

People still repeat the old jest attributed to the painter: Long live ugliness! Ugliness alone is lovable! It is surprising that such nonsense is dredged up again, when thirty years ago the same rubbish was being thrown up against Victor Hugo and his school. The pattern of the old story will keep on reviving. Progress is slow, and we have not gone far in thirty years.

Hence, it is the duty of those who struggle and fight to help each other, to attract if necessary the ire of mediocrities, to be steadfast in their opinions, and not to imitate the prudence of Fontenelle grown old.

I have a handful of truths, and hasten to offer them. (. . .

If there is one quality M. Courbet possesses in the highest degree, it is conviction. One could no more deny him this than the sun its heat. He advances in art with imperturbable steps, he proudly shows from where he started, where he has arrived, resembling in this the rich manufacturer who hung from his ceiling the wooden shoes that had carried him to Paris.

Portrait of the Author (Venetian study), he says himself in his catalog; *Head of Young Girl* (in the Florentine manner), *Imaginary Landscape* (in the Flemish manner), and lastly *Lying in Wait* (L'Afflut) which the author himself jokingly entitles Studio Landscape-these are the wooden shoes with which he arrived from Ornans and which helped him in his pursuit of nature.

These few paintings belong to the realm of convention;'what gigantic strides the painter has taken since that period in order to escape from this domain so dear to the heart of the fashionable painters! There is no doubt he would have found success there if he had had the indolence to stay, and he would have added to the hundred talented artists whose success is so great in the windows of the picture dealers of the rue Notre-Dame-de-Lorette. How easy to produce pretty, pleasing things, tender, stylish, precious, falsely idealized, conventional stuff for the use of demi-reps and bankers! M. Courbet has not followed this path-anyway, his temperament would have carried him away from it. M. Proudhon prophesied his fate in 1853.

The public, he said then, wants to be shown as handsome and believed to be so (*veut qu'on le fasse beau et qu'on le croie tel*). "An artist who, in the work of his studio, followed the aesthetic principles formulated above (I refer to the earlier axiom: every figure, ugly or beautiful, can fulfil the aim of art), will be treated as subversive, driven out of the competition, deprived of any State commissions, and condemned to starve to death."

This question of ugliness in relation to the *Baigneuses* the philosopher treated from a lofty viewpoint. Daumier, the caricaturist, saw the same thing from the grotesque point of view. The eternal bourgeois whom his pencil has immortalized and who will survive through the centuries in all their modern ugliness, cry out before one of M. Courbet's paintings "Is it possible to paint such horrible people?" But, above the bourgeois who have been overmuch maligned, we must place a more intelligent class which has all the vices of the old aristocracy without its qualities. I refer to the sons of the bourgeoisie, a race that has made the most of the fortunes of doctors, lawyers, merchants, which has done nothing, learnt nothing, thrown itself into the gambling clubs, which has a passion for horses and elegance, which has a shot at everything, even the writing desk, which even buys a mistress and a quarter share of a Review, which wants to give orders to women and to writers. It is with this new race in mind that the philosopher Proudhon concluded his remarks on M. Courbet:

"Let the magistrate, the soldier, the merchant, the peasant, let all orders of society, seeing themselves both in the idealism of their dignity and in their vileness, learn, through glory and through shame, to rectify their ideas, to correct their manners, and to perfect their institutions."

September 1855.

ZOLA

Emile Edouard Charles Antoine Zola (1840-1902) was educated mostly at Aix-en-Provence where Paul Cezanne was one of his closest friends. Failing the baccalaureat in 1859, he had to trail from job to clerical job trying hard to make ends meet; not until the late 186o's could he subsist by writing alone. From the first, his novels, strongly affected by the theories of Taine, Flaubert, and the Goncourts, sought to portray the lives and passions of their characters in terms of "objective" factors-especially neurological and temperamental. The artist, as he would point out in the essay on The Experimental Novel that did not appear until 188o, should furnish more than the documented description of contemporary life that a Realist like Champfleury was interested in. The artist could and should act as a scientific

observer, setting up human "experiments" which, the data once established, must be left to work themselves out according to scientific laws.

These ideas that mirror the contemporary enthusiasm in the possibilities of scientific methods whose signal triumphs seemed to justify their application to every realm of life-these ideas Zola sought to work out in the twenty novels, a veritable saga, of the Rougon Macquart family which appeared between 1871 and 1893 as the "Natural and Social History of a Family under the Second Empire." His verve was unlimited, his success was not. The ideals of scientific objectivity gave way under the lush richness of his documentation, and the experience of his characters was used not to test but to prove the original hypothesis of the author. Social and economic injustice, far from being examined with scientific detachment, were held up to horror and scorn in often propagandistic tones. But if the indictments he produced did not live up to his own theories and objective pretensions, their point was nevertheless well taken and their sometimes exaggerated realism, which provoked disgust and bitter attacks, did focus attention on labor problems (Germinal), prostitution (Nana), alcoholism and slums (L'Assomoir), and, in another case, the bad faith of Captain Dreyfus's accusers (J'Accuse).

The Experimental Novel

In my literary studies I have often talked of the experimental method applied to the novel and drama. The return to nature, the naturalistic evolution that has carried our time away, gradually drives all the manifestations of human intelligence into the same scientific path. Only, for lack of precision and understanding, the idea of a literature determined by science has come as a surprise. It seems useful, therefore, to explain clearly, as I see it, just what the experimental novel involves.

All I have to do here is to adapt, for the experimental method has been established with marvelous power and clarity by Claude Bernard in his Introduction to the Study o f Experimental Medicine. This book by a scientist whose authority is decisive will furnish me with a firm base. I shall find the whole question treated there, and will limit myself, for irrefutable arguments, to the quotations I need. So all that this will be is a collection, a compilation, of relevant passages; for I intend in every case to fall back upon Claude Bernard. Generally, it will be sufficient to replace the word "doctor" by the word "novelist," in order to make my thought clear and endow it with the precision of scientific truth.

That which determined my choice and focused it on the Introduction is precisely the fact that medicine, for a great many people, is still an art like the novel. All his life Claude Bernard has sought and struggled to make medicine scientific. We see here the first steps of a science gradually freeing itself from empiricism in order to establish itself in truth, thanks to the experimental method. Claude Bernard proves that this method, already applied in the study of matter, in chemistry and physics, should equally be applied in the study of living bodies, in physiology and in medicine. I shall try to prove in my turn that, if the experimental method leads to the understanding of physical life, it must also lead to the understanding of emotional and intellectual life. This is only a question of degree, in the same direction, from chemistry to physiology, then from physiology to anthropology and to sociology. At the end of this we find the experimental novel….

The first question we have to face is this: is experiment possible in literature where, until now, observation alone seems to have been used?

Claude Bernard writes at length on observation and experiment. There is, first of all, a clear dividing line. This is it: "We call observer the person who applies the techniques of simple or complex research to the study of phenomena which he does not cause to vary and which, consequently, he gathers just as nature provides them; we call experimentalist the man who uses simple or complex research techniques in order to vary or modify, for some given purpose, natural phenomena and cause them to appear in circumstances or conditions in which nature did not present them." Astronomy, for instance, is a

having an effect on the stars; while chemistry is an experimental science, for the chemist acts upon nature and modifies it. Such is, according to Claude Bernard,' the only really important distinction separating the experimenter from the observer .

[. . .] As I said before, Claude Bernard ends by concluding that the experiment is basically an elicited observation. I quote: "In the experimental method, the search for facts, that is research, is always accompanied by a theory so that normally the experimenter sets up an experiment in order to check or verify the value of an experimental idea. One may say, then, that in this case experiment is an observation elicited for the purpose of verification."

Besides this, in order to determine what the experimental novel may contain of observation and experiment, I need only the following passage:

"The observer notes purely and simply the phenomena before his eyes . . . . He must be the photographer of phenomena; his observation must represent nature exactly . . . . He listens to nature and writes what she dictates. But once the fact has been noted, the phenomenon thoroughly observed, the idea follows, reasoning intervenes, and the experimenter appears to verify the phenomenon. The experimenter is he who, by means of a more or less probable but anticipated interpretation of observed phenomena, sets up the experiment so that, in logically predictable terms, it will furnish a result which will serve to check on the hypothesis or the preconceived idea . . . . From the moment when the result of the experiment becomes apparent, the experimenter is faced with a true observation which he has elicited and which must be noted like any observation, without preconceived ideas. The experimenter must then disappear or, rather, instantly turn into an observer; and it is only after he has noted the results of the experiment exactly as he would those of ordinary observation that his mind will reassert itself in order to judge, compare, and decide whether the experimental hypothesis has been verified or invalidated by these same results." [. . .] All in all, we can say that observation "shows" and experiment "teaches:"

Returning to the novel, we see here equally that the writer is part observer and part experimenter. In him the observer provides the facts as he has seen them, decides the point of departure, establishes the firm ground on which the characters will move and phenomena develop. Then the experimenter appears and sets up the experiment, I mean to say causes the characters to move and act in a particular story, in order to show that the succession of facts will be such as the determinism of the phenomena that are being studied demands. At this point, it is nearly always what Claude Bernard calls an experiment "to see what happens:" The writer sets out in search of a truth. Take, for instance, the character of Baron Hulot in Balzac's Cousin Bette. The general fact observed by Balzac is the havoc which the loving passion of a man can cause in him, in his family, and in society. As soon as he had picked his subject, Balzac started from observed facts, then set up his experiment by submitting Hulot to a series of tests, passing him through certain media in order to show how the mechanism of his passion worked. Evidently, there is here not only observation but also experiment, since Balzac is not a mere photographer sticking to the gathered facts, since he intervenes directly to place his creature in situations which he continues to control. The problem is to know what a certain passion acting in certain surroundings will produce from the point of view of the individual, and from that of society; and an experimental novel, Cousin Bette for example, is simply the official report of the experiment that the writer now repeats before the eyes of the public. The whole operation consists of taking facts from life, then of studying their structure by acting upon them through alterations of circumstances and surroundings, without ever deviating from the laws of nature. At the end, there is knowledge of man, scientific knowledge, in its individual and social operation.

No doubt we are far from the certainties of chemistry, and even of physiology. We do not yet know the reagent that will discompose passions and allow them to be analyzed. Often, in this study, I shall have occasion to recall that the experimental novel is younger than experimental medicine, itself hardly born. But I am not concerned to note established results, I only want to expound a method clearly. If the experimental novelist still fumbles through the most obscure and complex of sciences, this does not prevent the existence of science. It cannot be denied that the naturalist novel, as we conceive it at the moment, is a true experiment that the writer carries out on man, helping himself by observation. …

One foolish objection brought up against us naturalist writers is that we want to be solely photographers. We can protest as much as we like that we accept character, temperament, self-expression, we are still answered by inane arguments about the impossibility of being strictly true to life, about the need to arrange facts in order to create a work of art. Well! with the application of the experimental method to the novel, there is no more cause for dispute. The idea of experiment carries with it the idea of modification. We do start with true facts, which provide our firm base; but to show the structure of facts we have to produce and direct the phenomena; that is our share of imagination and talent in the work. Thus, without having to fall back on questions of form, of style, that I shall examine later, I note right away that, when we use experimental methods in our novels, we must modify nature without departing from it. If we remember the definition: "Observation shows, experiment teaches," we can begin by claiming for our books this lofty lesson of experiment….

I sum up this first part by repeating that naturalist writers observe and experiment, and that all their labors arise from the position of doubt they take up before little-known truths, unexplained phenomena, until suddenly, one day, an experimental idea awakes their talent and incites them to set up an experiment in order to analyze the facts and master them.

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…In the last century, a more exact application of the experimental method creates chemistry and physics which free themselves from the irrational and the supernatural. Profound studies lead to the discovery that there are established laws; phenomena are mastered. Then a fresh step is taken. Living bodies, in which the vitalists still admitted a mysterious influence, are in their turn reduced to the general mechanism of matter. Science proves that the conditions of life of all phenomena are the same in matter and in living bodies; hence, physiology gradually acquires the same certitude as chemistry and physics. But will we stop at that? Evidently not. When we have proved that the body of man is a machine, which we shall one day be able to take to pieces and put together again at the experimenter's will, then it will be time to pass on to the sentimental and intellectual activities of man. This means that we should enter a realm which, until now, belonged wholly to philosophy and literature; it will be the decisive victory of science over the hypotheses of philosophers and writers. We already have experimental chemistry and physics; we are going to have experimental physiology; and then, later, we shall have the experimental novel. This is a necessary progression, and one whose end can easily be foreseen today. Everything is related, one had to start from the determinism of matter to arrive at the determinism of living bodies; and since scientists like Claude Bernard now demonstrate that established laws rule the human body, one can predict without fear of being deceived the time when laws of thought and of the emotions will be formulated in their turn. The same determinism must rule the stones in the roadway and the brains of man. [. . .]

It follows that science already enters our domain-the domain of writers like us, who are at the moment the students of man in his private and social activities. By our observations, by our experiments, we carry forward the work of the physiologist who had continued that of physicists and chemists. In a way, we may be said to practice scientific psychology designed to complete scientific physiology; and, in order to complete this evolution, we have only to introduce into our studies of nature and of man the decisive implement that is the experimental method. We must work with the characters, the emotions, the human and social facts, as the chemist and the physicist work with matter, as the physiologist works with living bodies. Determinism dominates everything. Scientific investigation, experimental reasoning, challenge one by one the hypotheses of the idealists and replace the novel of pure imagination by novels of observation and experiment. [. . . J We still fumble ahead, we are the last arrivals; but this must be merely another incentive toward more exact studies. We have our tool is the experimental method, and our aim is very clear-to understand the determinism of phenomena and master them.

These general ideas are sufficient to guide us for the moment. Later, when science has advanced further, when the experimental novel has furnished decisive results, some critic will say more precisely what I only sketched out today.

[At this point] the experimental novel is a consequence of the scientific evolution of our time; it continues and completes physiology which is itself based on chemistry and physics; it substitutes for the study of the abstract, metaphysical man the study of natural man, subject to physico-chemical laws and determined by the influence of his environment; it is, in a word, the literature of our scientific age, just as classic and romantic literature corresponded to an age of scholasticism and theology. And now I pass on to the great question of its application and its morality.

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The aim of the experimental method in physiology and medicine is to study phenomena in order to master them… Well! this dream that the physiologist and the medical experimenter dreamed is also that of the writer who applies the experimental method to the natural and social study of man. Our aims are the same. We also want to master the phenomena of intellectual and personal elements, in order to direct them. We are, in a word, experimental moralists, showing by means of experiments how passion behaves in the social environment. The day when we get hold of the mechanism of passion, we shall be able to treat and curtail it, or at least render it as harmless as possible. So this is the utility and the lofty morality of our naturalist works, which experiment on man, which take the human mind to pieces and reassemble it, to make it function under the influence of given surroundings. In time, when we have established laws, all we shall have to do if we want better social

conditions will be to act upon the people and their environment. Thus, in fact, we practice practical sociology and our work helps the political and economic sciences. I repeat that I do not know a nobler work, nor a vaster relevance. To be master of good and ill, to regulate life, to regulate society, to resolve eventually all the problems of socialism, above all to furnish solid foundations for justice by solving through experiment the problems of criminality, does this not make us the most useful, the most moral, of laborers?

Compare for a moment the work of idealist writers and our own; and here the term idealist refers to writers who give up observation and experiment to base their works on the supernatural and the irrational, who admit the existence of mysterious forces outside, beyond, the determinism of phenomena. Claude Bernard will again speak for me: "The distinction between experimental and scholastic reasoning lies in the fertility of one and the sterility of the other. It is precisely scholasticism which imagines it has absolute certainty and which gets nowhere; this is understandable, for its absolute principles place it outside nature where everything is relative. On the other hand, the experimenter who always doubts and who does not think he has absolute certainty about anything, succeeds in mastering surrounding phenomena and extending his power over nature:" I shall soon return to this question of the ideal, which is in fact simply the question of undeterminism. Claude Bernard says rightly: "The intellectual victory of man is won by diminishing indeterminism and driving it back in proportion to the ground he gains with the help of the experimental method in understanding determinism." Our true task, as experimental novelists, lies in proceeding from the known to the unknown in order to master nature; while the idealistic novelists remain, as a foregone conclusion, on the side of the unknown, under the stupefying pretext that the unknown is more noble and beautiful than the known. If our, sometimes cruel, works, if our terrible paintings [of reality, needed an excuse, I should once more draw the decisive argument from Claude Bernard: "We shall never reach really fruitful and luminous generalizations about vital phenomena except to the extent that we have experimented and bestirred ourselves in the hospital, the operating room, the laboratory, the rank and pulsating reality of life .... If I had to furnish a comparison giving my feelings on the science of life, I should say that it is a splendid parlor, glittering with light, which one can reach only by passing through a frightful kitchen."…

To sum up our role as experimental moralists. We show the mechanism of the useful and the hurtful, we point out the determinism of human and social phenomena, so that they may one day be mastered and directed. In one word, we work with our time at the great task which is the conquest of nature, the increase in the power of man. And see, beside our own, the work of the idealist writers who lean upon the irrational and supernatural, and whose every transport is followed by a steep drop into metaphysical chaos. It is we who have efficacy and morality on our side…

We are not chemists, or physicists, or physiologists; we are simply novelists taking our stand upon the sciences. True, we do not pretend to make discoveries in the physiological field that we do not practice; only, since we have to study man, we think we cannot avoid taking into account the new physiological truths. And I would add that novelists are certainly the writers who have to draw on the greatest number of sciences at once, for they. touch on everything and they have to know everything, since the novel has become a general inquiry on nature and on man. This is how we have come to apply the experimental method in our work from the day when that method became the most powerful instrument of knowledge. We sum up the inquiry, we drive forward to the conquest of the ideal using all the knowledge of man as we do it. …

I have spoken only of the experimental novel, but I am firmly persuaded that the method, having triumphed in history and criticism, will not fail to triumph everywhere-in the theater and even in poetry. The evolution is fatal. Whatever one may say, literature does not at all lie in the creator, it lies also in the nature it describes, in the man it studies. Now, if the scientists change our ideas of nature, if they discover the true mechanism of life, they force us to follow them, even to precede them, in order to play our part in the new hypothesis. Metaphysical man is dead; with physiological man our position changes. No doubt the anger of Achilles, the love of Dido, remain eternally beautiful descriptions; but now we feel the need to analyze anger and love, and see precisely how these passions operate in the human being. The point of view is new, it becomes experimental instead of being philosophical. Altogether, everything is summed up in this grand fact: the experimental method, in letters as well as in the sciences, is in the process of determining the natural phenomena, both individual and social, whose metaphysical interpretation had hitherto produced only irrational and supernatural explanations.

Emile Zola: *Germinal* (1885)

Zola's technique of "naturalism" attempted through scrupulous research to depict the lives of ordinary people. For Germinal, *he descended into a mineshaft very much like the one he describes below, taking detailed notes. Zola's works portray groups of humans in the grip of circumstances beyond their control, often destined to be destroyed in monumental catastrophes. Each mining disaster hinted at in the following passage will actually occur, leaving almost every one of the characters mentioned dead by the end of the novel. Germinal was an eloquent protest against the inhuman working conditions common in late Nineteenth-Century European factories and mines. Etienne Lantier is an out-of-work railway worker who by sheer luck has secured a job in the coal mine called "Le Voreux" (a name suggesting a voracious beast which consumes workers wholesale). This passage depicts the journey into the hell of the mine of the team headed by an experienced miner named Maheu, which includes his teenage daughter, Catherine.*

"Damn! It's not warm here," muttered Catherine, shivering.

Etienne simply nodded. He found himself before the shaft, in the center of a huge hall swept by drafts. Of course he thought of himself as brave, yet an unpleasant emotion caused his throat to contract among the thundering of the carts, the clanking of the signals, the muffled bellowing of the megaphone, facing the continuously flying cables, unrolling and rolling up again at top speed on the spools of the machine. The cages rose and fell, slithering like some nocturnal animal, continually swallowing men that the hole seemed to drink down. It was his turn now. He was very cold. He kept silent out of nervousness which made Zacharie and Levaque snicker, for both disapproved of the hiring of this stranger--Levaque especially, hurt because he had not been consulted. So Catherine was happy to hear her father explaining things to the young man.

"Look, up on top of the cage; there's a parachute and iron hooks that catch in the guides in case the cable breaks. It works . . . most of the time. . . . Yes, the shaft is divided into three vertical compartments, sealed off by planks from top to bottom. In the center are the cages; on the left the ladder-well. . . ."

But he broke off to complain, without daring to raise speak very loudly, "What the hell are we doing waiting here, for God's sake? How can they let us freeze here like this?"

Richomme, the foreman, who was also going down, his open miner's lamp hanging from a nail in his leather cap, heard him complaining.

"Be careful; the walls have ears!" he muttered paternalistically, as a former miner who still sided with the workers.

"They've got to make the adjustments . . . See? Here we are, get in with your team."

And in fact, the cage, banded with sheet iron and covered by a fine-meshed screen, was waiting for them, resting on its catches. Maheu, Zacherie, Levaque, and Catherine slid into a cart at the back; and since it was supposed to hold five people, Étienne got in as well; but all the good places were taken and he had to squeeze in beside the young girl, whose elbow poked into his belly. His lamp got in his way; he was advised to hang it from a buttonhole of his jacket. He didn't hear this advice and kept it awkwardly in his hand. The loading continued, above and below, a jumbled load of cattle. Couldn't they get going? What was happening? It seemed as if he'd been waiting for a long time. Finally a jolt shook him and everything fell away, the objects around him seemed to fly past while he felt a nervous dizziness that churned his guts. This lasted as long as he was in the daylight, passing the two landing levels, surrounded by the wheeling flight of the timbers. Then, falling into the blackness of the pit, he remained stunned, no longer able to interpret his feelings.

"We're off," said Maheu tranquilly.

They seemed relaxed. He, however, wondered at moments whether he was going down or up. There were moments at which they seemed immobile, when the cage was dropping straight down without touching the guides; then brusquely there were shudders, a sort of dancing between the planks, which made him fear a catastrophe was going to happen. In addition, he couldn't make out the walls of the shaft behind the grill to which his face was pressed. The lamps only dimly lit the heap of bodies at his feet. Alone, the open lamp of the foreman shone from the next cart like a beacon.

"This one is fifteen feet wide," continued Maheu, instructing him. "The casing needs to be redone; water's leaking everywhere. . . . Listen, we're down at the water level. Can you hear it?"

Etienne had just been asking himself what this sound of a downpour could be. A few big drops had splashed first on the roof of the cage, like at the beginning of a storm; and now the rain grew, streamed, was transformed into a real deluge. The roof must have had a hole in it, for a trickle

of water, flowing onto his shoulder, was soaking him to the skin. The cold became glacial; they entered a damp blackness, then there was a blinding flash and a glimpse of a cave where men were moving about. But already they were plunging back into nothingness.

Maheu said:

"That's the first landing. We're a hundred feet down now . . . Look how fast we're going."

Lifting his lamp, he lit up a guide timber flying past like the rail beneath a train running full steam ahead; beyond that, nothing else was could be seen. Three other platforms flew out of the shadows.

"How deep it is!" murmured Étienne.

The fall seemed to have lasted for hours. He was suffering because of the awkward position he was in, not daring to move, above all tortured by Catherine's elbow. She didn't say a word; he only felt her pressed against him, warming him. When the cage finally halted at the bottom, at 12,828 feet, he was astonished to learn that the descent had lasted just one minute. But the sound of the catches taking hold and the feeling of something solid underneath him suddenly cheered him up. . . .

The cage was emptying; the workers crossed the landing dock, a room carved out of the rock vaulted over with bricks lit by three huge lamps with open flames. The loaders were violently shoving full carts across the cast-iron floor. A cellar-like odor seeped from the walls, a chilly smell of saltpeter traversed by warm gusts from the stable nearby. Four galleries gaped into the opening.

"This way," said Maheu to Étienne. You're not there yet. We have another good mile and a quarter to go. . . ."

The miners were separating, disappearing by groups into these black holes. Some fifteen of them had just entered the one on the left; and Étienne walked behind them following Maheu, who led Catherine, Zacharie and Levaque. It was a good tunnel for hauling the carts, cutting through a layer of rock so solid that only partial timbering had been necessary. They walked single file, walking always onward, without a word, led by the tiny flames in their lamps. The young man stumbled at every step, catching his feet in the rails. suddenly a muffled sound worried him, the distant noise of a storm whose violence seemed to being growing, coming from the bowels of the earth. Was it the thunder of a cave-in which would crush down onto their heads the enormous mass cutting them off from the light of day. . . ?

The further they went, the more narrow the gallery became, lower, with an uneven ceiling forcing them constantly to bend over.

Étienne bumped his head painfully. If he hadn't been wearing a leather cap, his skull would have been cracked. Yet he had been following closely the smallest movements of Maheu ahead of him, his somber silhouette created by the flow of the lamps. None of the workers bumped into anything; they must have known every hump in the ground, every knot in the timbers, every protrusion in the rock. The young man was also bothered by the slippery ground, which was getting more and more damp. Sometimes he passed through virtual seas which he discovered only as his feet plunged into the muddy mess. But what surprised him the most were the abrupt changes in temperature. At the bottom of the shaft it was very cold, and in the haulage tunnel, through which all the air in the mine flowed, a freezing wind was blowing, like a violent storm trapped between narrow walls. Further on, as they gradually traveled down other passageways which got less ventilation, the wind dropped and the warmth increased, creating a suffocating, leaden heat.

Maheu had not said another word. He turned right into a new gallery saying only to Étienne, without turning around, "The Guillaume vein."

This was the vein whose coal face they were to work. After a few steps Étienne bruised his head and elbows. The sloping roof descended so far that they had to walk doubled over for fifty or a hundred feet at a time. The water reached his ankles. They went on in this way for more than 600 feet when suddenly, Levaque, Zacharie and Catherine disappeared, seemingly swallowed by a tiny crack that opened in front of him.

"You have to climb up," said Maheu. "Hang your lamp from a buttonhole and hang on to the timbers."

He too disappeared. Étienne had to follow him. This chimney was left for the miners to allow them to reach all the secondary passageways, just the width of the coal vein, barely two feet. Fortunately the young man was thin: still clumsy, he drew himself up with a wasteful expense of strength, pulling in his shoulders and buttocks, hand over hand, clinging to the timbers. Fifty feet higher up they came to the first secondary passageway, but they had to go on; the work area of Maheu and his team was at the sixth level, "in Hell" as they said, and every fifty feet there was another

passageway to be crossed. The climb seemed to go on forever, through this crack which scraped against his back and chest. Étienne gasped as if the weight of the rocks were crushing his limbs; his hands were skinned, his legs bruised. Worst of all, he was suffocating, feeling as if the blood was going to burst out through his skin. He could vaguely see down one of the passageways two animals crouched down, one small and one large, shoving carts ahead of them: Lydie and La Mouquette, already at work. And he still had to clamber up two more levels! Sweat blinded him, he despaired of catching up to the others whose agile legs he could hear constantly brushing against the rock.

"Come on; here we are!" said Catherine's voice. . . .

Little by little the veins had filled, the faces were being worked at each level, at the end of each passageway. The all-devouring mine had swallowed its daily ration of men, more than 700 workers laboring now in this giant ant heap, burrowing through the earth in every direction, riddling it like an old piece of wood infested by worms. And in the midst of this heavy silence, under the crushing weight of these deep layers of earth, could be heard--if you put your ear to the rock--the movement of these human insects at work, from the flight of the cable raising and lowering the extraction cage to the bite of the tools digging into the coal at the bottom of the mine. . . .

The four cutters had stretched out one above the other across the sloping coal face. . . . Maheu was the one who suffered most. High up where he was the temperature was as high as 95 degrees, the air did not circulate, and eventually you would suffocate. In order to see clearly he had had to hang his lamp on a nail near his head; but this lamp broiled his skull, making his blood seethe. His torture was worsened above all by the damp. Water kept flowing over the rock above him a few inches from his face; and huge drops kept rapidly, continuously, in a maddening rhythm, falling, always on the same spot. It was no use twisting his neck or bending his head, the drops fell on his face, beating at him, splattering endlessly. After a quarter of an hour he was soaked, covered with his own sweat, steaming like a laundry tub. He didn't want to stop cutting and gave huge blows which jolted him violently between the two rocks, like a flea caught between the pages of a book, threatened by being completely crushed. …

With great difficulty Catherine made herself fill the tub, and she pushed it off. The gallery being too wide for her to get a purchase against the timbers on each side, her bare feet caught in the rails where they tried to get a hold and she moved along very slowly, with her arms held out stiff in front and her body bent double. When she reached the stretch along the *corroi*, the torture by fire began again, and sweat poured from her in great drops like heavy rain. Before she had gone a third of the relay she was streaming and blinded, and covered with black mud like the men. Her tight-fitting shirt seemed to be soaked in ink, and it clung to her skin and crept up to her haunches with the movement of her thighs; it tied her up so painfully that she had to stop work again.

What was the matter with her today? She had never felt like this before, as though her bones were made of cotton-wool. It must be the foul air. The ventilation did not work properly in this remote gallery. You breathed all sorts of gases that bubbled out of the coal like springs, sometimes in such quantities that the lamps would not burn—to say nothing of the fire-damp which everybody had given up bothering about, for the seam blew such a lot of that into the men's nostrils from one end of the fortnight to the other. She knew all about this foul air—dead air, miners called it—heavy asphyxiating gases at the bottom, light, explosive gases at the top which can blow up all the teams in a mine, hundreds of men, in one thunderclap. She had swallowed so much of it since early childhood that she was surprised to be taking it so badly now, with noises in her ears and a burning throat.

In desperation she felt she must take off her shirt. The material, every fold of which cut and burned her, was becoming a torture. She resisted the temptation and tried to push on, but was obliged to straighten herself and stand up. Then, telling herself that she would put it on again at the relay, she took everything off, string, shirt and all, with such feverish haste that she would have torn her skin off as well if she could. So now she toiled on in pitiful nakedness, brought down to the level of some female beast hunting for food in the mire, and with sooty haunches and filth up to her belly she went along on all fours like a cabhorse. …

Not a word was spoken. They all hammered away, and nothing could be heard but these irregular blows, muffled, seemingly far-off. The sounds took on a harsh quality in the dead, echoless air, and it seemed as if the shadows created a mysterious blackness, thickened by the flying coal dust and made heavier by the gas which weighed down their eyes. The wicks of their lamps displayed only

glowing red tips through their metal screens. You couldn't make out anything clearly. The work space opened out into a large chimney, flat and sloping, on which the soot of ten winters had created a profound night. Ghostly forms moved about, random light beams allowing a glimpse of the curve of a thigh, a brawny arm, a savage face, blackened as if in preparation for a crime. Sometimes blocks of coal stood out, suddenly lit up, their facets glinting like crystals. Then everything was plunged back into darkness, the picks beating out their heavy, dull blows; and there was nothing but the sound of heavy breathing, groans of pain and fatigue beneath the weight of the air and the showers from the underground streams. What! wasn't the worker allowed to think for himself? That was exactly why things were going to change soon, because the worker was beginning to think now! In the old chap's day the minder lived in the mine like an animal, like a coal-extracting machine, and being underground, his ears and eyes were closed to events outside. And the wealthy ruling classes found it quite wimple to agree among themselves to by and sell him and live on his flesh, while he himself didn't even know what they were up to. But now the miner was waking up under the ground, germinating in the earth like good seed, and one fine morning you would see him springing up like corn in the fields; yes, men would spring up, an army of men to bring justice back to the world. Had not all citizens been equal since the Revolution? Since they all voted together, why should the worker remain the slave of the employer who paid him? The big Companies now crushed everything down with the weight of their machines; and now you hadn't even got safeguards against them as they used to have in the old days, when folk in the same trade banded together in guilds for self-defense. And, by God! that, among other things, was why the whole show would blow up one of these days, thanks to education. You only had to look around the village: the grandfathers could not have signed their names, the fathers could already do that much, and as for their sons, why! they could read and write like professors! Ah, things were beginning to move little by little, and a great harvest of men was ripening in the sun! Now that everybody was no longer tied to the same thing for the whole of his existence, but could aspire to his neighbor's place, why shouldn't we use our fists and try to be the masters? …

'He.'

Souvarine had pronounced this word in a hushed voice., full of religious awe, turning his eyes towards the east. He was referring to the Master, Bakunin the Destroyer.

'He is the only one who can deal the knock-out blow. All your intellectuals are cowards with their talk of evolution. Before three years are out the International under his command is bound to wipe out the old world.'

Etienne listened attentively, longing to learn and understand this religion of destruction, about which the engineman only dropped an occasional dark hint, as though he kept its mysteries to himself.

'But why don't you explain? What's your object?'

'To destroy everything. No more nations, no more governments, no more property, no more God or religion.'

'Yes, I gather that. Only where is it going to lead you?'

'To the primitive and formless community, to a new world, a fresh start.'

'And how are you going to carry it out? How do you propose to set about it?'

'By fire, poison, and the dagger. The real hero is the murderer, for he is the avenger of the people, the revolutionary in action, not someone just trotting out phrases out of books. We must have a series of appalling cataclysms to horrify the rulers and awaken the people.'

As he spoke, Souvarine became terrible. He rose up in his chair in ecstasy, a mystic flame darted from his pale eyes and his delicate hands gripped the edge of the table so tightly that they almost broke it. The other man watched him in terror, thinking of the stories his friend had half confided in him -- mines laid under the Tsar's palaces, police chiefs struck down with knives like wild boars, a mistress of his, the only woman he had ever loved, hanged one rainy morning in Moscow while he, standing in the crowd, kissed her with his eyes for the last time.

'No, no!, cried Etienne...

That set off Maheude, and there was no stopping her. Oh! now if she had a lodger . . . she could have made both ends meet all right! If you knew how to set about it, a lodger was a very paying proposition. Only you shouldn't sleep with him. And then there was her husband who drank and beat her, and ran after the singing-girls in the pubs at Montsou.

Pierronne assumed an expression of profound disgust. Those singers! They spread all the diseases. There was one at Joiselle who had infected a whole mine.

"What I can't understand is how you can let that son of yours go with their girl"

"Oh, can't you? Just you try to stop them. There garden is next to ours. . . You can't draw water from the well without catching them at it.'

Such was the regular story of the village promiscuities. As soon as it was dark, the boys and girls began their dirty tricks—up-ending themselves, they called it—on the low, sloping roofs of the sheds. That was where every haulage girl picked up her first baby, unless she took the trouble to go as far as Réquillart for it, or got it in the cornfields. It didn't make much odds, anyway, as they got married in due course, and the only ones to be annoyed were the mothers when their boys began too soon, because a boy who got married brought no more in. . . .

"Look here, if they do that I shall curse them. Shouldn't Zacharie show us some consideration? He has cost us money, hasn't he? Well, he's got to pay some of it back, before saddling himself with a woman. . . . What would become of us all, I'd like to know, if our children started straight away working for somebody else? Might as well kick the bucket!" ….

Then Etienne trotted out his favorite subject, the collectivization of the means of production, as he said more than once in a phrase the pedantic jargon of which pleased him mightily. His own evolution was now complete. Since the Bon Joyeux meeting his collectivism, from being vague and humanitarian, had hardened into a complicated programme each point of which he could argue scientifically. As a first point he affirmed that liberty could only be gained by the destruction of the State. Then, when the people had the government in their own hands, reforms could begin: return to the primitive community, substitution of a free and equal family for the morally oppressive one, absolute civil, political, and economic equality, individual independence guaranteed thanks to the possession of the tools for work and of the whole output, and finally free technical education paid for out of collective funds. . . . Reason tottered before this mental effort and left only the obsession of the fanatic. Gone were the scruples of his human feeling and common sense, and nothing seemed simpler than the realization of this brave new world: he had foreseen everything and he referred to it as though it were a machine he could fix up in a couple of hours, and neither fire nor blood counted. . . .

Acclamations roared towards him from the depths of the forest. . . . Here, in the icy winter night, was a whole people in a white heat of passion, with shining eyes and parted lips, famished men, women, and children let loose to pillage the wealth of ages, the wealth of which they had been dispossessed. They no longer felt the cold, for these burning words had warmed them to the vitals. They were uplifted in a religious ecstasy, like the feverish hope of the early Christians expecting the coming reign of justice. Many obscure phrases had baffled them, they were far from understanding these technical and abstract arguments, but their very obscurity and abstract nature broadened still further the field of promises and carried them away into hallucinations. What a wonderful dream! To be the masters and suffer no more! To enjoy life at last! ….