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**FRENCH ARTISTS OF  
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MANET**

# FRENCH ARTISTS OF OUR DAY

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# EDOUARD MANET

With an Introduction by LOUIS  
HOURTICQ, Assistant-Inspec-  
tor of Fine Arts to the Town  
of Paris, & Notes by JEAN  
LARAN & GEORGES  
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## EDOUARD MANET

(1832-1883.)

**T**HERE was a time when the relation of artists and amateurs of art stood on a sound basis. The amateurs were few and cultivated, and with the artists the desire to please was more urgent than the need for being original. This excellent state of affairs had passed away before the nineteenth century, and now the artist cultivates his originality, jealously preserves it, and the audience for which he works has become a multitude. The greater the independence of the artist, the greater the throng about him, shocked and scandalized by his efforts to gain their approbation, efforts for the most part directed towards differentiation between them and himself; and misunderstanding has become so normal that it is hard for us to conceive of a man of genius except as a misunderstood being. And yet it is a modern malady and it is not only the artists who suffer from it. The public of the nineteenth century was subjected to the torment of constant uncertainty. Hardly had it recovered from the hubbub about the romantics, when Courbet set Paris by the ears with his aggressively vulgar peasants. Hardly had the uproar over Courbet died down than Manet brought confusion worse confounded. Since then there have been so many scandals and squabbles one after another that the surfeited public has refused to be indignant any longer. Violence can no more rouse it from its lethargy. But Manet was producing his work at a time when not one of his audacities could be met with indifference. His pictures met with practically nothing but laughter and derision. He encountered even more violent disapproval than even Courbet had done.

Courbet had shocked by the affected ugliness of his models and his noisy glib charlatanism; but even the most hostile of his detractors were forced to admire his magnificent craftsmanship. It was objected of Courbet, "There are such men and such things, but why paint them?" Of Manet it was said: "No, things are not like that. You're laughing at us." And for thirty years Manet stuck to his guns and went on obstinately showing his work to an indifferent and incredulous public.

Did Manet know exactly the new kind of painting that he was trying to substitute for the old? That is not so certain. The study of his pictures in chronological order reveals clearly a certain indecision in his mind. Every one of his paintings is a bold attempt to set down on canvas some aspect of things that had not hitherto been revealed; once he had gained his effect—successfully or unsuccessfully—he passed on to some new audacity. It is this bold inconstancy of his that accounts in a great measure for his long continued quarrel with the public. He was for ever mercilessly disconcerting it; the visitors to the Salon were not prepared by the old outrage for the new. Such a hardened offender mocked at clemency, a procedure unusual among painters. Even the greatest have very rarely been able to resist the temptation to re-handle kindred subjects and to aim at picturesque effects of the same order. Painting is such a difficult language, and Nature is so elusive that the majority limit their vision to a few motives only, and adapt their technique to them and compensate by plumbing into the depths for their quality. Manet on the other hand, even when he finally laid down the brush, had come by no settled formula. Very rarely has there been such a com-

bination of audacity and uncertainty. His audacity came from the sincerity of his vision, his uncertainty from the inadequacy of the medium.]

Take it for all in all, Manet's work seems essentially to be an endeavour to substitute in painting the changing light of day for the artificial, manipulated light of the study. Naturalistic painting had of its essence to face this difficulty. It is in Manet's work that we see clearly how the radiant light of day did little by little dissolve the bold shadows of naturalistic painting. The naturalistic painters of all time, from Paolo Uccello to Courbet, not to mention Tintoretto, Caravaggio, the Spaniards, and Géricault, and all the men who have tried to render solid bodies and things in paint, have been prodigal in their use of dark colouring traversed with sudden lights; bold contrasts of light and shade are the only methods by which a painter can show up the objects on his canvas in bold relief. There are ingenuous visionaries, like Fra Angelico, or the fantastic decorators, like Rubens or Boucher, who paint in light only; Courbet, and following him, Manet, painted in shade, like the Spaniards. But in 1850, when landscape painters had taken to painting out of doors, it became impossible for figure-painters to stay shut up within the four walls of the studio. Courbet endeavoured therefore to set his figures in the full light of day. But though he had been magnificent when he painted in shade, he became dull when he tried to paint in light.

Manet saw that it was not enough to transpose the sombre painting of the naturalistic painters into a lighter tonality, and therefore he resolved on sacrifices to which the precise draughtsmen of the schools would never have

Manet said the principal person in a picture is the light. But, — there is no light in his early pictures. There are areas of light and dark. It is only in his last years, that, when under the influence of Claude Monet, he attempted to paint light. nmy.

consented. He was bold enough to eliminate the nice and exact science of modelling, which had been handed down as a tradition ever since it had been established by the Italians of the Renaissance. That science pre-supposes an attentive vision, an intellectual interpretation of the model rather than a direct transcription of impressions received.

Manet unhesitatingly sacrificed all the finesse of modelling in order to be able to see and to render absolute contrasts. In a face in which the classicist sees fine shades which give roundness to the mass, he sees only a plain surface evenly lit, bitten into by a few harsh shadows which throw up the features in relief. This process can be seen in caricature in one of Manet's early works, the poor "Angéline" in the Luxembourg, where the face consists entirely of chalk and soot, which never mingle. Fortunately, Manet soon saw that his harsh shadows must not be abused and that forms and figures could not be so abruptly split up into compartments of black and white. But he reduced every effect to a bare contrast of flat tones with hard outlines, sometimes ending in nothing more than a striking summary reminiscent of the Italians or the Spaniards, though they were more sure and less deliberately violent.

Two pictures in the first manner, "Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe" and the "Olympia" in the Louvre were executed with all the application that a man brings to a profession of faith. In these pictures the painter is clearly struggling with the difficult problems of the changing light of day and modelling without shade. Did he solve these problems? The young people in the "Déjeuner sur l'Herbe" are supposed to be sitting in the radiant



light of the sun. The blunt contrast of an ivory body and sombre greens, and the bold black of the clothes, the shadows and the men's beards, together with the acid tones of the grass make up a robust harmony. But how far short does this picture fall of calling to mind the countless fairy-like reflections and play of light in woods on a summer day! In the "Olympia" Manet tried to depict a nude under a similar light. He discarded all the tricks of the trade, modelling with love and joy, omitting not only the light shadows, which serve to show up the suppleness of the form, but also those minute reflections, the blues of the mezzotints, the reds in the shadows, with which the Flemings adorned the flesh in order to render its fine pearly quality and its warmth. "Olympia" is coloured with a uniform old ivory tint; her little flat head, her thin chest, her amber abdomen, her slim legs are all dully outlined. The joyous<sup>?</sup> face has the curdled rigidity of an archaic figure and the whole picture of wantonness is drawn in livid pallor and the hues of morning. No doubt the sadness of the light, the whole unaccommodating design do respond to the artist's vision, which always traduced everything that was presented to it. But it is also possible to think that Manet's intentions were falsified by his medium.

As a matter of fact he was not looking in the right direction. The solution of the problem has been found, but by others and by a method very different from his. Manet, the figure painter, is absorbed in the reality even of his model, his gaze explores shape and size, he feels solidity at a distance, and with his brush draws in the various forms in bold outline. Painters have only really begun to render the effects of the light of day when they have

been bold enough to dissolve form into the atmosphere. It was the landscape painters, who, in this matter, were to show the way. The sky, water, leaves, all justify every conceivable fantasy in colouring. On the other hand, the human face is more obstinate stuff to handle and does not so easily admit of being dispersed (as it were) among the moving and changing reflections which flicker over inanimate objects.

X Through Manet's accentuation of the contrast of black and white and his suppression of the transitions of graded shadows with the object of throwing bold forms up into the light there was created a new technique which relied upon the vibrations of the light between our eyes and the object. In the adjustment of the light of day and modelling the classical painter sacrificed everything to modelling; Manet contrived it summarily with the use of a few flat tones vividly contrasted; Claude Monet and the "impressionists," on the other hand, dissipated their forms with little bright patches which transpose the rays of light into a coloured motley. In order to counterbalance the brilliance of the light with vivacity of colour they cast about for every conceivable reason for colouring light and shade. They accentuated the thousand elusive reflections which Manet blotted out with his broad flat tones, while in doing so he effaced all delicacy, all subtlety of form.

Except in the case of a few lucky accidents, as, for instance, "Le Petit Fifre," where the brilliant uniform made it possible for the painter happily to accommodate vivacity of tone to simplification of modelling, Manet never succeeded in fixing light in his painting: he never reached that promised land towards which he had led modern

art. No doubt he changed a great deal between the "Angéline," which is black and white mosaic, and the "Pertuiset," in which the fat, pink face is worked into the sun-dappled shade of the trees. But the example of Monet and Renoir was never quite able to liberate him altogether, or to set him free from his prejudice in favour of local tone and outlined form. A few of his later works, gardens filled with light, do, at first sight, have the effect of impressionist painting, in which the light has been analysed, discomposed into pure patches, heightened by contrast. But they are not really anything of the kind; Manet painted his motleys because in a flower-bed they do render the very reality of things; little patches of red, little patches of green, little patches of white, the whole violent medley of crude colours does really imitate flowers, leaves and gravel, and is not only glitter and sparkle which plays upon our dazzled retina. Even in these pictures Manet is still enclosing his forms with dark shadows; his eyes are still penetrating beneath the moving and changing reflections to the solid shapes in relief beneath them.

For the rest, Manet was something more than a precursor of impressionism; he was not wholly absorbed in his technical experiments in the problem of coaxing light with colour. Like the true painter that he was, he could not use his instrument without revealing his original temperament. His natural impatience is shown in his impulsive and abrupt craftsmanship and his bluff brushwork. He never thought himself sufficiently emancipated from the academic conventions which cut a man off from reality as completely as the walls of the studio shut him out from Nature. If he was persistently shocking the taste of his

X contemporaries it was not unpremeditated. If again he waged a long, blustering fight against them it was because he liked fighting and had a passion for conquest. His manner is combative; in his brushwork one can discern a spirit of defiance, sometimes a sort of teasing, mischievous quality.

X His hatred of tradition is revealed even in his choice of colours. He rejected the warm harmonies which had been the tradition handed down from the Venetian school, and the fresh tones which had been borrowed from Flemish painting. He had no taste for the golden light and the ruddy penumbra dear to the old masters. His vision was sad. When he relieves his painting with vivid patches of colour they stand out brutally from a neutral ground; as brutally as a sudden harsh breach of silence. His colour never sings with that blithe virtuosity which is the quality of more than one impressionist—Monet or Renoir for instance—even in his frank, bright colour schemes there is harshness, dryness, shrill discord, an indescribable aggressive, biting quality which is the very opposite to the voluptuous indolence of the fine colourists.

X His early work was that of a romantic, attracted by Spain; he was haunted by great dark shapes outlined against a grey background; whether in his pictures or in his sketches and drawings one is certain to find mantillas and castanets, beggars' or brigands' rags, bulls bearing down on picadors, cruel little figures standing in the sunlit arena. But all these visions à la Goya were effaced by the great movement of naturalistic art. Manet, a Parisian, a "boulevardier," was satisfied to take his subjects from the circles in which he moved; his pictures astonished not only through the boldness of his vision,

but because his public were shown in his pictures what had till then only been seen in real life. Manet holds an honourable position among that group of artists and writers who rejected the lyrical and metaphysical ambitions of romanticism, men whose Muses found their sacred grove in the avenues of Clichy. Instead of taking refuge in dreams and history they became the painters of their time and surroundings. They put themselves into their works and showed the scandalized bourgeois pictures of café-haunting, tobacco-smoking daubers. But Manet was one of the few who managed to escape vulgarity by the amusing irony of his observation, and the wit and skill of his accomplishment; he had an admirable turn for painting a landscape consisting of beer-bottles and match-boxes reflected in the gleaming marble of a café counter. The most brilliant themes of naturalistic literature are illustrated in his work; smart women in a balcony, crinolines at a Tuileries concert, black coats and dominoes at an opéra ball, the Parisian enjoying the country in the outskirts, the tea-garden idyll, Zola's "Nana" and Maupassant's boatmen. He was too keenly intelligent, his perception was too acute for him to remain indifferent to the characters of the Parisian comedy. He succeeded in accentuating his alert, blustering manner, without betraying them. His quivering, vivid brushwork was admirably suited to the portrayal of those busy marionettes and their rustling skirts and chiffons, as admirably as was Courbet's trowel to the portrayal of the rocks, the contemplatives, the village folk of Franche-Comté. His art has the refinement, the irritable nervous quality of a son of the town, while Courbet is a stolidly healthy countryman. Manet showed how wit could be

*Manet showed how  
we could be*

expressed in a fine stroke of the brush, and irony or contempt in a sudden touch; he caught in its flight the peculiar charm of fashion, which lives but for a day and thereafter is ridiculous. At the end of his life he made sketches in pastel of charming faces of women in which a few frank touches, a few incisive lines take the place of any more explicit design. These tiny creations, light and delicate as flowers, show how much elegance and sensitiveness there was in the talent of an artist who was at one time so often considered brutal.

X It is impossible to attach too much importance to the part that Manet played in the history of modern art in France. With his bold vision and his uncertain craftsmanship he placed before our eyes new images which prepared the public for the change in its way of seeing things. The "impressionists" succeeded in finding that which he sought; but they have had to make sacrifices which would have cost Manet dear; they have painted with the colours of the rainbow and dissipated the personality of men and things in the fairy-land of their colour-schemes. Their dazzling variations will remain in the tale of naturalistic art as a moment of lyric fantasy, a joyous escape from the stony road of austere naturalism. Manet had no such power of flight, and his rather disparaging art was not repelled by the sadness, or the harshness, or the gloom of truth. Now that the fireworks of the great impressionists have begun to go out, is it not clear that painting is returning to form solidly modelled under the light of day, to the dark shadows which accentuate facial character and prevent faces from being dissolved into the light? Is it not clear that painters are taking up once more what the impressionists sacrificed, the strong shadows which

the radiant light of the impressionists had dissipated with their dreams, and the power of feeling which is contained in those shadows?

Manet's vision was so original that when he envisaged the world he could forget the masters: he was bold enough to try to paint things as he saw them. He met with suffering and ingratitude; that is the fate of all impatient heralds and forerunners. They come too soon not to be met with frigid incredulity, too soon also to be able to carry out those masterpieces which they foretell. In his lifetime Manet had only a mean sort of popularity, the vulgar notoriety of scandal. He died impenitent and did not even live long enough to enjoy that grateful deference which the world pays to the revolutionaries whom it has tamed, the wild beasts whose claws it has cut. It is by no means certain that his pictures will even set the seal on his fame by entering into that Panthéon of masterpieces where admiration is devout and unrestricted. There have always been artists like Manet throughout the ages, sturdy disconcerting men, bold forerunners, difficult of access, who spend all their efforts in directing the future towards a new beauty. The tentative nature of their work makes it hard for them to convert the great public, but it remains clear to the cultured and the wise and those who, to avoid being taken in, are as much interested in tentative experiment as in finished result.

LOUIS HOURTICQ

## A SHORT BIBLIOGRAPHY

**T**HE reader who wishes to follow criticism scattered in periodicals or pamphlets is recommended to study the "Bibliography of Criticism of the Salons" by M. Maurice Tourneau (in course of publication) and also the other volumes of this series.

It is impossible to omit mention of Zola's two studies in which Manet is considered: "Mon Salon" 1866, and "Manet, a biographical and critical study," 1867; also in the "Revue Blanche" there will be found the interesting notes published in 1897 by Antonin Proust.

There have been several important monographs on the artist: Edmond Bazire, "Manet," 1884; Th. Duret, "Histoire d'Edouard Manet et ses œuvres," Floury, 1902, and a German edition, 1910 (a very important work on account of the valuable personal recollections of the author, and a very useful catalogue of nearly 400 works); Hugo von Tschudi, "E. Manet," Berlin, 1902; E. Moreau-Nélaton, "Manet, graveur et lithographe," 1908.

More general works are: Henry Marcel, "La Peinture Française au XIX<sup>e</sup> siècle (1905)"; Gustave Geoffroy, "La Peinture Française de 1850 à 1900 (dans la Musée d'Art, dirigé par P. L. Moreau)"; André Fontainas, "La Peinture Française au XIX<sup>e</sup> siècle (1906)"; Léonce Bénédict, "La Peinture au XIX<sup>e</sup> siècle (1900)"; Th. Duret, "Les Maîtres Impressionistes" (an English edition in 1910); G. Lecomte, "L'Art Impressioniste," 1892; C. Mauclair, "L'Impressionisme," 1904; Meyer-Graefe, "Entwickelungs geschichte der modernen Kunst," 1904, and "Impressionisten," 1907.



## PLATE I. PORTRAIT OF MANET

**T**HERE is a striking contrast between the man and his work. The man is, to say the least of it, a surprise to those who have seen nothing but unbridled, blustering realism in his pictures.

Always well groomed, sociable in character, sympathetic with every one with whom he came in contact, Manet was one of those men who cannot do without the life of Paris, and whenever he left it was always filled with a sort of homesickness for the boulevards. His adversaries imagined him to be a hairy unkempt Bohemian, but he adored society, and, as Zola said, "he delighted in the perfumed, brilliant subtle charm of fashionable gatherings."

There was in Manet none of the revolutionary who parades his outrageous sentiments and takes a singular joy in shocking the herd by his talk and bearing. His fighting spirit was only revealed in his ardent, witty conversation. "His talk" says M. Gonse, "was vivid, full of raillery, humorous. His 'mots' à la Gavarni are famous." His "mots!" Many of them have survived and we shall have occasion to quote them.

He was born in January, 1832, a few yards away from the present "Ecole des Beaux-Arts." He came of a family of magistrates, diplomats, soldiers, officials, who regarded his vocation as a painter with suspicion and disapproval. But, once he had overcome their resistance it was from them that he procured the resources which rendered it possible for him to go on painting though he was for so long contemned by the public and ignored by buyers. In addition to this, his marriage, in 1863, with a Dutchwoman of artistic tastes gave him moral support,

and a home full of quiet dignity where he could find balm for his ruffled nerves.

Manet was a man of medium height, of an easy carriage, with light brown beard and hair, and a wide open brow. His eyes had all the vivacity and fire of youth; he had thin, mobile, rather mocking lips (so Zola says); and his features were as alert and alive as his face. According to A. Proust, "he was very muscular, well-set, and he had an easy rhythmical walk, a swinging stride which gave him a strikingly smart appearance."

He painted himself in a not very consistent portrait, called, "Manet à la Palette." But there are more solid or considered portraits of him, thanks to Fantin-Latour, who introduced him in 1864 into his "Hommage à Delacroix," now in the Louvre (Moreau-Nélaton collection), and in 1867 painted the portrait here reproduced, and again in 1870 depicted him as the master of the school in the admirable "Atelier des Batignolles," now in the Luxembourg.



VII. LA CHANTEUSE DES RUES. (The Street Singer.)



PLATE II. LE BUVEUR D'ABSINTHE (THE ABSINTHE DRINKER)

**T**HE only master from whom Manet took lessons had but a very slight influence over him. Thomas Couture was then at the height of his fame as the result of his success in 1847 with his "Romains de la Décadence." That famous picture, adroitly contrived, like a well-arranged "tableau vivant," thoroughly classical though humanized in form and attitude, subdued though bright enough in colouring, prudent withal, was a skilful adaptation to the prevailing taste for the academic formula. But Manet was already interested in something more than an agreeable compromise and cunning recipes. He was altogether lacking in respect for antique subjects and noble attitudes. He disliked and distrusted the conventional poses of the studio and was dreaming of the use of models who should be dressed in everyday clothes. It was impossible for Couture to admit that there could be sincerity in such rejection of the Couture formula.

"Can't you make up your mind to paint what you see?" he is said to have asked one day.

"Master," replied Manet, "I paint what I see and not what others see."

Whether the remark is authentic or not it does contain a programme.

The majority of artists certainly pride themselves on painting "what they see"; but it was soon to be Manet's peculiarity to see and to paint in an unexpected, uncompromising way, and only to consider a picture finished when he had given it his own personal interpretation of form and colour, while he remained absolutely indifferent

to any necessity for making his interpretation intelligible to others.

When he composed his "Absinthe Drinker," Manet had left the studio two or three years; he had travelled in Holland, where he had become an enthusiastic admirer of Franz Hals, and he had visited Dresden, Munich, and Italy. In spite of its realistic and modern theme, the picture smacks strongly of the museum. Later on Mantz was quite right in saying that "Manet had not yet opened the window upon Nature." But all the young painter's care for tradition could not procure him the approval of Couture who declared that the artist himself was an absinthe drinker and that the picture was absolutely insane!

"Good!" Manet is supposed to have replied, "I was wrong to make concessions and to plan out the picture in accordance with his formula. In the future I'll stand on my own feet!"

Meanwhile the "Absinthe Drinker" was refused by the Salon of 1859. It was destined to reappear in 1862 in a picture called "Le Vieux Musicien" (The Old Musician) together with a number of other characters—one of them a Turk—who all seemed to be more than a little astonished to find themselves hobnobbing on the same canvas.



II. LE BUVEUR D'ABSINTHE. (The Absinthe Drinker.)





### PLATE III. LE GUITARRERO

**M**ANET had his revenge on the Salon in 1861. The jury admitted his two entries: the "Portrait des Parents de l'Artiste" (Portrait of the Artist's Parents), still in the possession of his family, and the "Chanteur Espagnol" (The Singing Spaniard), formerly in the Faure collection, painted in 1860 and here reproduced after the etching done about the same time by Manet himself. The picture gained an honourable mention. It is said to have attracted the attention of Delacroix and to have been noticed by Ingres; but it won the particular admiration of Théophile Gautier, who here, as in many other cases, showed his generous aptitude for discovering new talents. It was he who gave the picture the nickname which has clung to it to this day.

"Caramba!" he cried. "Here's a Guitarrero who does not come from the Opéra Comique and would cut a poor figure in a romantic lithograph; but Velasquez would hail it with a friendly wink, and Goya would ask him for a light for his 'papelito.' Mark how lustily he is bawling while he is strumming his strings! One seems to hear the fellow! This jolly Spaniard with his 'sombbrero calanes,' and his Marseilles shirt, is wearing trousers. Alas! Figaro's short breeches are now only worn by the 'espadas' and 'banderillos.' But the 'alpargates' make up for this concession to civilized fashions.

"There is great talent in this life-size figure, painted with a full bold brush with a true sense of colour."

Gautier's admiration has had the confirmation of posterity. A few years later, M. Gonse was to write in the "Gazette des Beaux-Arts":

I have never liked  
his picture. It is  
heavy and clumsy  
in its ensemble.  
The head is another  
of Manet's unsatisfactory  
heads and doesn't go  
very well with the  
rest of the figure.  
When I last saw it  
I was impressed  
with the splendid  
handling of the tresses  
and aspadies they are  
superb. Just the same  
I am not glad it  
has gone to the Met.

"The whole easy, living, natural character is set forth in a transparent atmosphere. The brushwork is full, supple, caressing. The tones are exquisitely selected and would not be unworthy of Velasquez. This whole design, does not, it is true, leave the beaten track, but it is treated with remarkable ease and assurance."

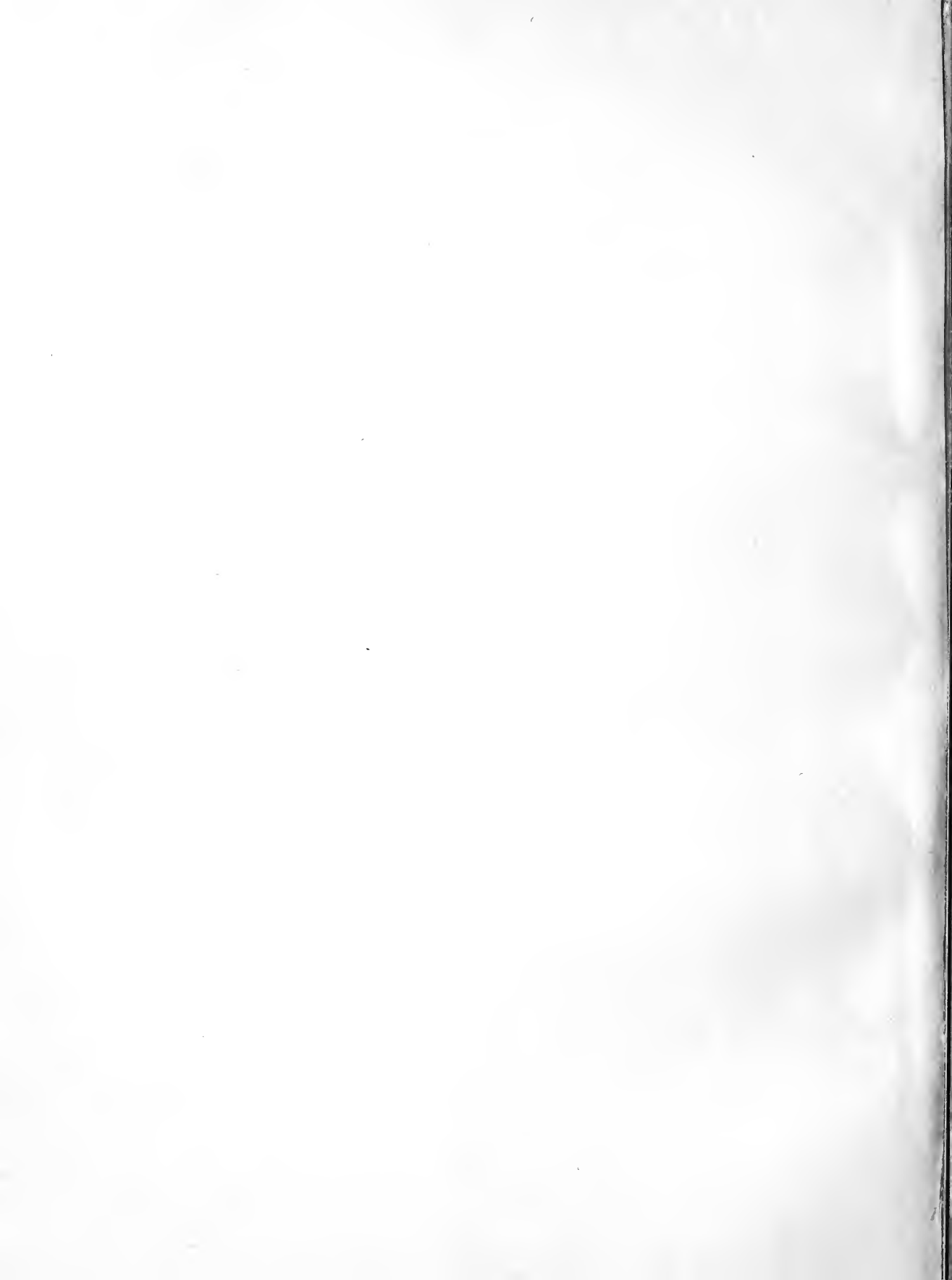
It was not without justice that the picture was commended for the faithfulness of its local colour. Manet, as we shall see, did not travel in Spain until some years later, but, about this time, he had been a passionate devotee of the performances of a troupe of Spanish dancers, who had recently visited Paris, and they are to be found in several of his pictures of the period.



LE CHANTEUR ESPAGNOL.

*The spanish singer.  
Der spanische Sanger.*

*Il cantante spagnuolo.  
El cantaor espaol.*





III. LE GUITARRERO. (The Guitar-Player.)



PLATE IV.—L'ENFANT A L'EPEE (BOY WITH A SWORD)

**A**LTHOUGH it is generally assigned to a later date "L'Enfant à l'Épée" belongs to this period. It was shown—it is not known where—in 1861 and met with the same success as the "Chanteur Espagnol." For a long time the critics never failed to remind the artist of these two "powerful studies," begging him to turn and seek the "old inspiration." (L. Etienne, 1863.) As Zola said, "such remarks are the paving-stones which are invariably used to crush a painter's later works."

"'L'Enfant à l'Épée'" said the great naturalistic writer, "is a little boy standing up with an expression of naïve astonishment, and in his hands an enormous sword with a baldrick. The painting is firm, solid, though always delicate, and contains nothing to shock the feeble vision of the herd. It is said that Edouard Manet has a certain kinship with the Spanish masters and he has nowhere so frankly avowed it as in this picture. The head of the boy is a marvel of modelling and restrained vigour. If the artist had always painted such heads he would have been the darling of the public, overwhelmed with praise and money; true, he would have remained a reflection and we should never have known that fine simplicity which is his especial talent."

It is with perfect justice that the influence of Velasquez and Goya upon Manet was insisted upon at the time. He sought not only technical inspiration, but also his subjects beyond the Pyrenees and Spain haunted him as the East had haunted some of his predecessors.

The troupe of dancers who had furnished him with the

model for the "Guitarrero" inspired several other works, among them the "Ballet Espagnol," now in the Durand-Ruel collection, a little picture rather loose and scattered in composition, rather strange and unequal in execution, though against the greenish grey background there are set delicious patches of bright pink, vivid red, tender blue and crude green.

It was experiments such as this which were to upset Manet's finest admirers. In dealing with the Boulevard des Italiens exhibition of 1863 (in which the "Ballet" figured together with a few other pictures here reproduced), Paul Mantz disrespectfully referred to these subtleties as "motley" and declared that they were a "caricature of colour."





IV. L'ENFANT A L'EPEE. (Boy with a Sword.)



## PLATE V. LOLA DE VALENCE

**L**OLA was another of the subjects provided by the Spanish troupe. The supple, boldly standing young woman has a vivid quality and shows the care, peculiar to our artist, with which he gives the impression of the "thing seen" and avoids that awkward second-hand manner which the model dressed up for the part always gives.

The picture reproduced in the present etching was painted in 1862. Baudelaire in its honour composed a quatrain which was received in the same spirit of irony as the picture itself by the would-be humorous:

There is, my friends, among this great world's shows,  
A sort of balance desire still maintains,  
But here, where beauty in this Lola reigns,  
I find a jewel's charm in black and rose.

Shortly before the opening of the Salon of 1863, Martinet had given an exhibition in his shop in the Boulevard des Italiens, a collection including works by David, Delacroix, Lami, Rousseau, Corot, Decamps, Diaz, Barye, Courbet, Baudry, Stevens. . . . In this company, Manet who had no fewer than fourteen pictures, Lola among them, caused "a veritable furore . . . Howls and hisses announced that a new original artist had arisen." So Zola protests in 1867, but, at the time of the Martinet exhibition, Manet had not as yet any accredited champion and there was hardly to be found at that time a critic who, like Zacharie Astruc, could appreciate the delicious "singing quality of tone" of this picture.

As is well known, it has just found its way to the Louvre with the Camondo collection.

Manet's engravings comprise some eighty pieces; etchings,

often combined with aquatints, dry-point, lithographs. Most of them are reproductions of the artist's pictures, like the "Guitarrero," "Lola," "L'Enfant à l'Épée," "Olympia," "Jeanne" . . . . It is hardly necessary to point out how largely these plates, more even than the pictures, reveal the influence of Goya, especially in their rather insolent offhandedness. Some of them are so summary, the artist seems to be contented with so little that ordinary people are apt to be surprised at the admiration of the cultured. In the two examples here reproduced he is not quite so indolent as in some. However, as usual, Manet absolutely refuses to "round" his form; just the contrast of white and fine rich black, a few vividly etched strokes give the modelling, though sometimes they are apt to degenerate into a perfunctory rather than a meaningless use of the needle.





LOLA DE VALENCE

*Lola de Valence.*  
*Lola von Valence.*

*Lola di Valenza.*  
*Lola de Valencia.*



V. LOLA DE VALENCE. [Etching.]

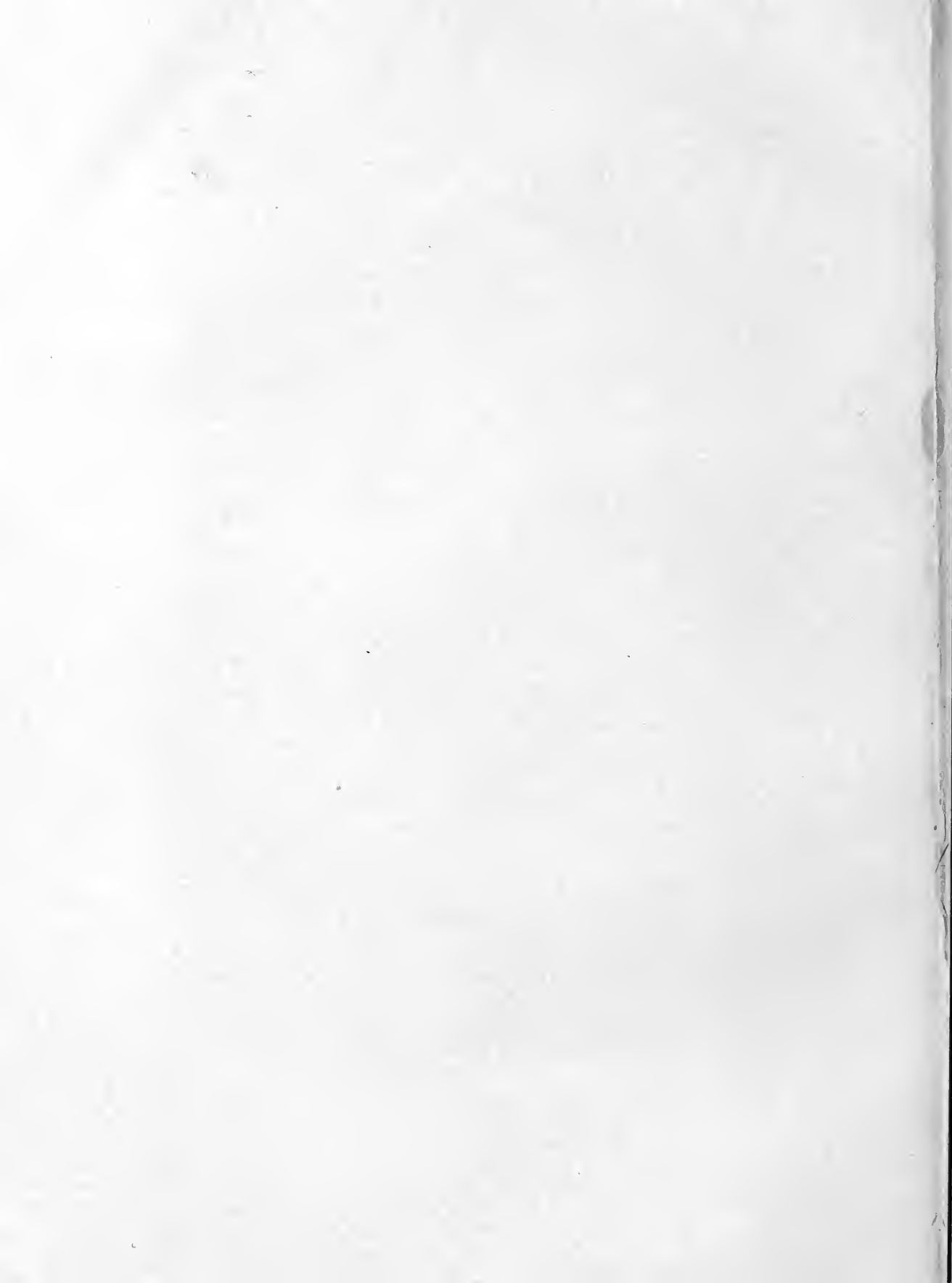




PLATE VI. LA MUSIQUE AUX TUILERIES  
(THE BAND IN THE TUILERIES)

**W**ITH the "Ballet Espagnol," the picture which did most to "set fire to the train," in the exhibition of the Boulevard des Italiens in 1863, was, apparently, "La Musique Aux Tuileries."

"An exasperated amateur even went so far as to threaten violence and assault if 'La Musique aux Tuileries' was allowed to remain in the exhibition any longer. I can understand that amateur's wrath," wrote Emile Zola in 1867, when he saw the picture again in the artist's studio. "You are to imagine a crowd of people, a hundred characters perhaps, moving about in the sunlight under the trees in the Tuileries; every character is simply a blot of colour, hardly given form at all, and the details are only lines and black dots. If I had been there I should have asked the amateur to move away to a respectful distance; he would then have seen that the patches of colour were alive, that the crowd was speaking, and that the picture was one of the characteristic productions of the artist, the one picture in fact in which he had most loyally obeyed his eyes and his temperament."

Let us take the advice conveyed in this passage. Artists and public in our time have misunderstood each other in their inability to agree as to the completion or the "finish" of a picture. With the exception of Rembrandt, who, towards the end of his life, kept the amateur a few yards away from his pictures and begged them not to smell the "unpleasant odour of the oil" the old masters, even the most vigorous of them, painted with an even

smooth pigment; they never presented the public with anything that was not very definitely "finished."

In our day the "bourgeois" has had to learn to put up with fragments, even to prefer such fragments, in which the painter is surprised at his work; but before his eyes could grow accustomed to such brutalities he had to follow Zola's advice and take his stand at a distance from which the strokes of the brush melt into each other and disappear.

Outside its technical originality Manet's little canvas has the interest of a precious picture of manners. The Tuileries, under the Second Empire, was the rendezvous of smart society, as the Palais-Royal had been at the end of the eighteenth century; on the left hand side of the dense vivid throng are Manet himself and his friend, Zacharie Astruc, the poet-sculptor. In the background we see Aurélien Scholl, Fantin-Latour; in the middle distance Théophile Gautier, Baudelaire, Chaplin, the engraver, and, sitting down on the right, Offenbach.



: VI. LA MUSIQUE AUX TUILERIES. (The Band in the Tuileries.)

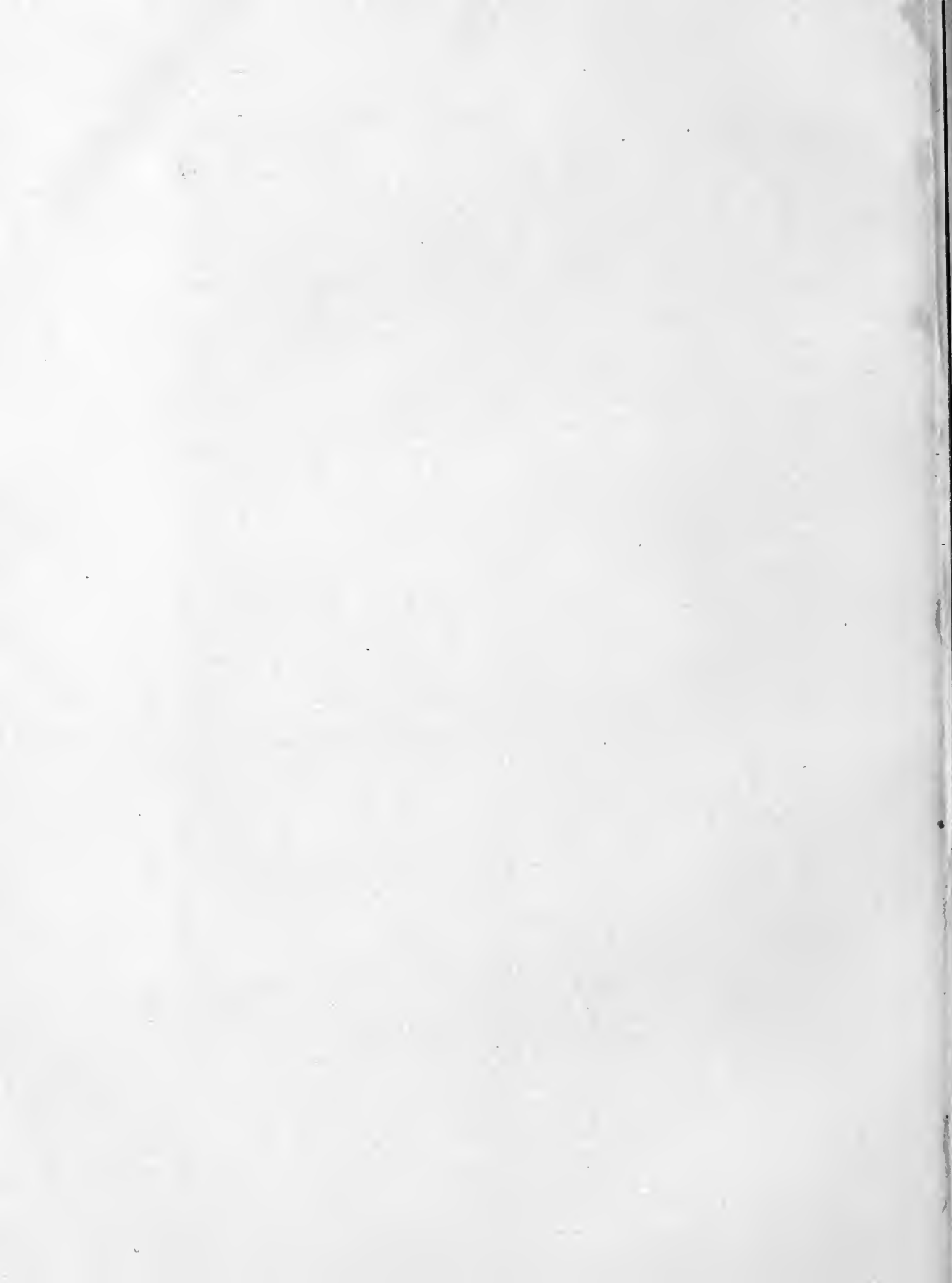


PLATE VII. LA CHANTEUSE DES RUES (THE STREET SINGER)

“ONE day,” writes M. A. Proust, “when Manet and I were walking in the street he saw a woman coming out of an obscure café, holding up her dress with one hand and carrying a guitar in the other. He went straight up to her and asked her to sit for him. She burst out laughing and ran away. ‘It doesn’t matter,’ said Manet, ‘I shall paint her all the same.’”

The anecdote appears in all the biographies of the painter with some variations, the encounter taking place in the Palais de Justice, or in the Quartier Latin, or at Batignolles, but the essentials are the same; the eager curiosity of the painter concerning anything seen in actual life, and his disdain of the professional model or the studio lay-figure.

“La Chanteuse des Rues,” also called “La Femme aux Cérises” (now in a Boston collection), had no more success than its predecessors at the exhibition in the Boulevard des Italiens in 1863. In this picture, however, there was no revolutionary “motley” to repel the public; the beautiful dull greys which Manet brought back into repute, “the soft light greys,” which in this very picture earned the eulogy of Zola shortly afterwards, contained no element calculated to rouse prejudice against this masterly production in which the large simplicity of the drawing, the splendid style of the costume, are obtained without the hardness or weaknesses which spoil so much of the painter’s work, and yet this is what Paul Mantz, most careful and most reasonable of critics, wrote:

“M. Manet who is a Parisian-Spaniard who belongs by

a mysterious kinship to the tradition of Goya, exhibited at the Salon of 1861 a 'Joueur de Guitare,' which, it is only fair to say, created a great impression. It was brutal but it was frank, and there was in that violent study the promise of a genuine virile talent. Two years have passed since then and M. Manet's instructive boldness has led him into the domain of the impossible. We absolutely refuse to follow him. Form is entirely lost in his huge pictures of women, particularly in this 'Chanteuse,' in which, by a strange phenomenon, that is to us profoundly disturbing, the eyebrows have abdicated their horizontal position and taken up a place vertically on either side of the nose like two shadowy commas; the whole thing is nothing but a shrieking contrast of plaster-white and black tones. The effect lurid, hard, sinister. . . . Really such art may be strong and faithful but it is not healthy and we have no disposition to plead M. Manet's cause before the jury of the Exhibition."

what a shame he put in and left the two dark marks alongside the model's nose. There is no excuse for them.

they are so insistent it is difficult to see the face for them. As to the

beautifully painted coat and dress you are hardly cousins

of them. Your eyes are so drawn to the two dark meaning-

less marks on side of the nose. The criticism

made at the time of the exhibition of the picture is still as valid

to day as it was in 1861 see the criticism by Paul

mantz

the eye goes mechanically to the face and hand

and the unfortunate marks along side the nose. It takes an effort to look at the beautifully painted dress

PLATE VIII. LE DEJEUNER SUR L'HERBE  
(BREAKFAST ON THE GREENSWARD)

**T**HE brief thrown up by Paul Mantz was not taken up by anyone, for very shortly afterwards our artist suffered a notorious setback at the Salon of 1863. True, the severity of the jury caused an uproar. Together with Manet there were rejected also Corot, Cazin, Whistler, Jongkind, Pissarro, Fantin, Bracquemond, Harpignies, Jean-Paul Laurens . . . almost all the original painters of the time. Orders were given by Napoleon III to reserve a special room for the artists eliminated by the jury, and this was the famous Salon of the Rejected.

Three pictures by Manet were included, but it was particularly "Le Bain," which the public christened "Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe," that claimed attention, provoked the most violent attacks, and gave Manet, if not success, at any rate, a notorious celebrity. Custom was shocked both by the subject and by the technique. The juxtaposition of nude and clothed figures was condemned in the name of morality, although the artist's friends persisted in reminding public and critics of the "Concert" of Giorgione and many other classical precedents.

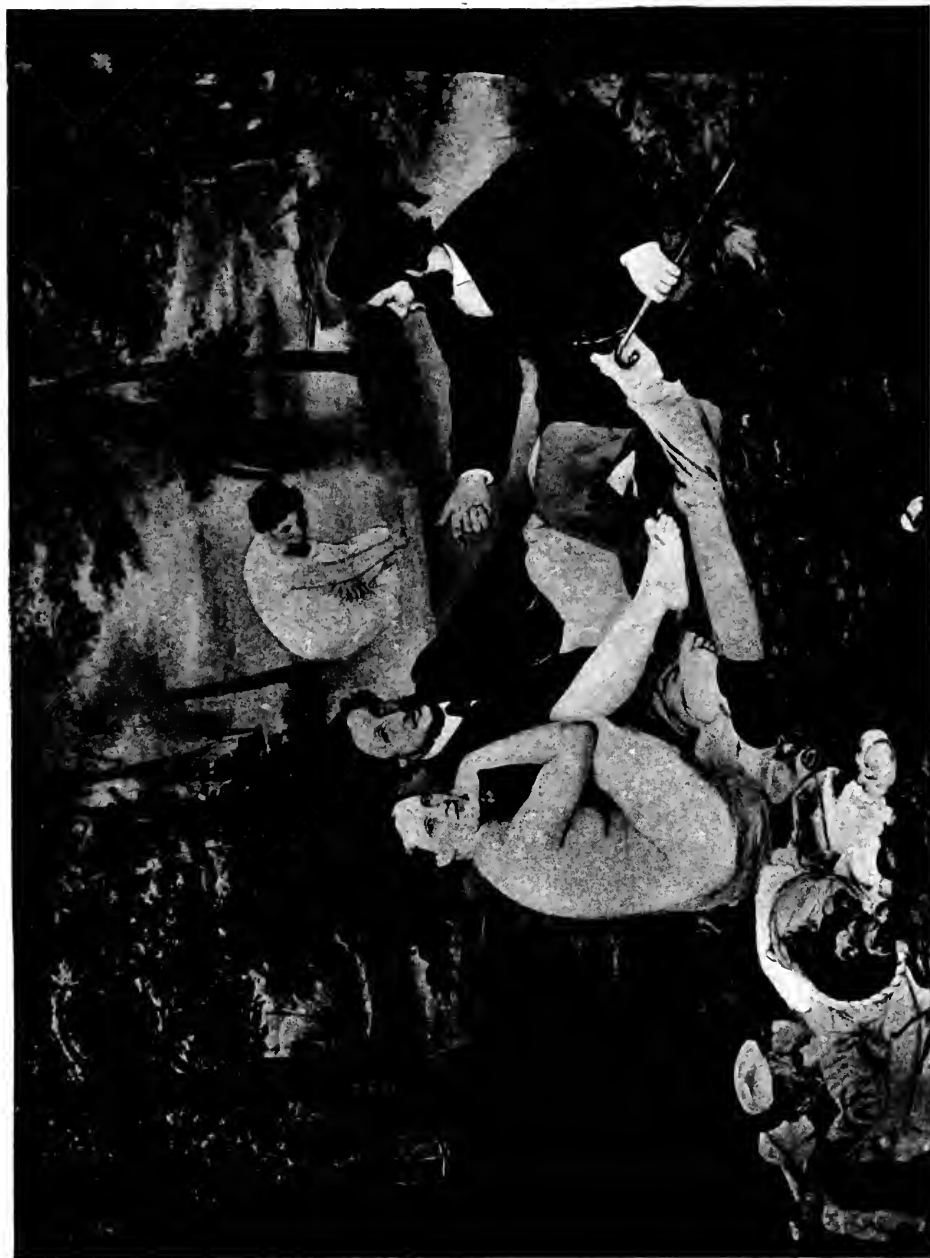
"A Bréda, absolutely nude," wrote L'Etienne, "is lolling impudently between two young fops dressed and cravated up to their eyes. These two young men look like schoolboys on a holiday, committing an enormity in order to be like men, and I fail to see any valid meaning in this unseemly logogriph. Such things are either a young man's pranks or a public sore unworthy of being thus exposed to view."

Said Castagnary: "A great deal of noise is being made about this young man. Let us be serious. 'Le Bain,' 'Le Majo,' 'L'Espada,' these are all good sketches, I admit. . . . But what then? Is this drawing? Is this painting? M. Manet thinks he is being firm and strong. He is only being hard."

But already the painter's champions had begun to raise their voices. "No," said P. Desnoyers, "this is not only a copy of the Spaniards. It is the advent of an original talent. Even the public is amazed by these paintings which have irritated the amateurs and set the art critics howling. They may be bad painting, but they are not mediocre."

And Théophile Thoré who had for so long been praying for the birth of modern art was put out by Manet's audacity; he was almost able to find excuses for the public who were upset by the too brilliant colour of Manet's work, but he was alive to the rare merits of this "absurd composition. There are," he concluded, "very genuine qualities of colour and light in the landscape and even some very real pieces of drawing and modelling in the woman's torso."





VIII. LE DEJEUNER SUR L'HERBE. (Breakfast on the Greensward.)



PLATE IX. LA NYMPHE SURPRISE (THE SURPRISED NYMPH)

**L**ET us for a moment consider this article of Thore's, and we shall find that Manet and his friends were not at that time receiving from the critics that systematic opposition to any sort of novelty with which certain artless historians of modern art have credited them.

"French art" wrote Thore after the famous Salon of the Rejected, "seems to be either beginning or making a new beginning. It is queer and untamed, though sometimes true and even profound. Even the subjects are different from those of the official galleries. . . . There is a sort of self-assertion about it, about everything, beautiful or ugly, distinguished or vulgar. And their craftsmanship is entirely different from that which has been hallowed by the long-continued domination of Italian art. Instead of attending to line and form—what the Academy calls 'design'—instead of insisting upon detail—what the classic amateurs call 'finish'—these men strive to gain these effects in their striking unity without paying any heed to correctness of line or scrupulous accuracy in accessories. " . . . A sort of return to nature and humanity, perhaps that is the real significance of the unrest in art . . . ; it is useless to take offence at it. But unfortunately these men seem to have hardly any wit and they despise charm.

"These heralds of the dawn . . . are so far, for the most part, impotent, even grotesque. Therefore they rouse laughter in men who have been brought up on sound principles. But with the advent of a few artists of genius, filled with love of beauty and distinction in the same hand-

ling of the same subjects and the revolution would quickly come to pass. . . .”

So that it was less a matter of admitting the new principles than of giving the public time to see with the eyes of the artist. And already there were a few men who were touched by grace.

“Manet” declared Z. Astruc, “is one of the greatest characters of our time. . . . He is its splendid manifestation, its inspiration, its most characteristic product, its astonishment. How can we but admire and love his pictures, so harmonious as they are, executed with such power and verve that like nature they seem to spring forth from one simple impulse, . . . his genial boldness and courage, . . . his biting, sober, energetic quality, . . . his grey or white colour schemes tingling and quivering with life, . . . his powerful intelligence, as yet a green and sour fruit, demands the right to come to maturity in a new sphere which it will vivify.”

Few of his pictures do more completely justify the hopes of Manet's friends than the little “Nymphe Surprise,” originally bought by M. Manzi. Painted in 1861, this study, which is so firm and distinguished in design, so ample in its modelling, which is achieved almost entirely without the use of shading, and is so deliciously satisfying in its natural accent, is still one of the best witnesses to the painter's native qualities.



IX. LA NYMPHE SURPRISE. (The Nymph Surprised.)

Wish  
with

## PLATE X. L'HOMME MORT (THE DEAD MAN)

**T**HEREAFTER issue was joined. When, at the Salon of 1864, Manet appeared again, his subjects were less aggressive than that of the "Déjeuner sur l'Herbe," but his technique had lost none of its boldness, and that was what no one could forgive him. Léon Lagrange, in the "Gazette des Beaux-Arts," scornfully refused to consider the "sketches" and "follies" of M. Manet.

One of the pictures exhibited was a "Combat de Taureaux" (A Bullfight), in which his contemporaries seem to have been able to see nothing but an unfortunate neglect of perspective.

"M. Manet has great intelligence," said Hector de Callias, "but mark how he abuses it; he goes over into Spain and brings us back a bull-fight cut up into three distances (like a speech in three parts). In the first distance is a toreador, an espada maybe, who has failed to measure out the exact point, geometrically speaking, at which to plunge his little sword into the bull's neck, while the bull is on the point of spitting him with the two swords, which are all he has for horns.

"Next we find a microscopic bull. That, you will say, is perspective. Not at all, for, in the third distance, against the tiers of the circus, the toréros are of a reasonable height and seem to be laughing at the tiny bull which they could squash with their heels like a beetle."

Even more cruel in its brevity was Edmond About's description: "A wooden toréro killed by a rat."

Manet no doubt recognized the substance of this criticism for he afterwards cut up the picture, and one of the fragments became "L'Homme Mort," "that admirable piece,"

It is hard to realize that this fine masterpiece is a fragment of one of Manet's redoubtable Theodore pictures. Never did he paint in clear better. And the etching he made from it is his most satisfactory print. The fact that it is, in everything, except its costume and painting, a flagrant plagiarism of Valasquez's "Dead warrior" in the National Gallery London, make it almost more remarkable.

as M. Gonse justly says, "the moving simplicity of which reveals the hand of a master-painter and makes a powerful impression by the charm of its irreproachable execution. 'L'Homme Mort' should find its way to a public collection. The contemporary school has rarely produced anything more luminous, more limpid and more firmly handled." (1884.)

Unfortunately, this picture is not in any public collection in France. Like so many more of Manet's fine pieces it found its way to America and is in a collection in Philadelphia.





X. L'HOMME MORT. (The Dead Man.)



PLATE XI. LES ANGES AU TOMBEAU (THE ANGELS AT THE SEPULCHRE)

**F**EW painters were ever less marked out than Manet for the painting of religious subjects. His eyes were too eager for new sensations, his mind was too much occupied with concrete and objective observation for sentiment to occupy the room in his work that is necessary for this sort of composition. At the Salon of 1864, Léon Lagrange, after having refused to discuss Manet, took him as an example when he went on to point out the tendency of our painters to despise "subject." And, nowadays, so many pictures, by exaggerating this system, have become nothing more than the unusual juxtaposition of colours, so that the critics' cry of alarm will perhaps seem to be not altogether unjustified:

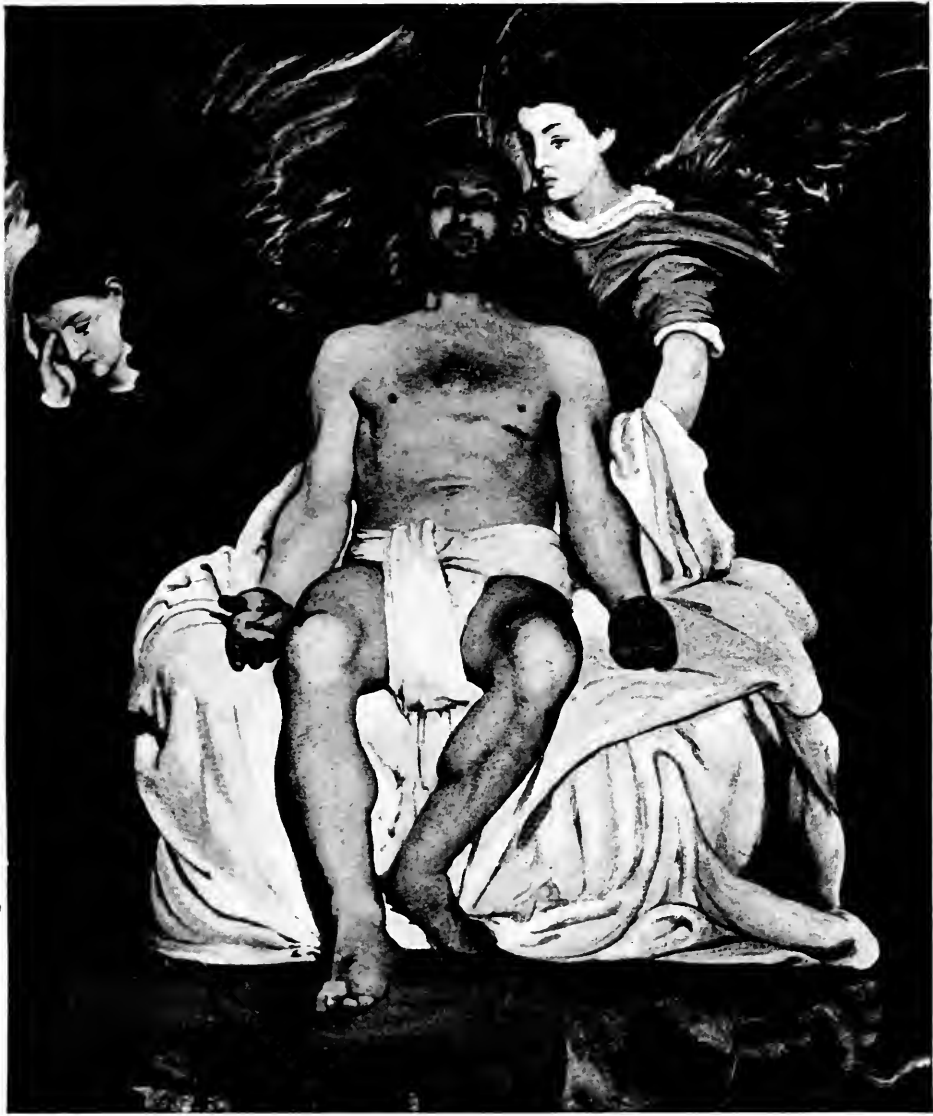
"What is the good," he said, "of insisting on the right choice of subjects? That is the whole question. M. Ribot 'paints black,' M. Very 'paints white,' just as M. Manet 'paints yellow or pink.' The word of command is given, and a little school, fancying they have found the philosopher's stone of art, out of hatred for what we must call 'subject,' suppress thought, feeling, composition, line, design, colour, charm and beauty, especially beauty. Paint black, paint white, that is the whole secret of these masters. — 'Paint red,' says the 'cook.'— . . . An artist worthy of the name does his own cooking, keeps his studies in his studio and only gives the public his serious pictures. Nothing else is wanted."

There is one at least of these reproaches that cannot be cast at Manet: contempt for line. Rarely did the painter succeed in giving it more eloquence and style than in this

picture, in which, by a strange and beautiful front lighting, dear to the artist, the shadows are cast beneath the outline and throw up the modelling into the full light.

As usual the colouring comes in for discussion: "In the midst of the gloom of the sepulchre there gleams a wing of a strange azure hue; on Christ's knees is spread a cloth of a pink, for which there is no sort of explanation. But yet, in spite of all these defects, we are forced to admit that M. Manet is a painter whose temperament is revealed in every stroke of the brush."

A picture closely akin to this in subject and in its large, virile execution and its beautiful luminous quality of paint is the "Jésus Insulté par les Soldats," in the Durand-Ruel collection, which figured in the Salon of 1865. However, Félix Jahyer wrote that the anatomy was all wrong. "It can only deceive the ignorant. It is not enough to put black in certain places in order to procure an effect, there must be some satisfactory reason for such use of black. If M. Manet thinks he is revealing his superiority as an artist by his use of broad delineations he is making a great mistake."



XI. LES ANGES AU TOMBEAU. (The Angels at the Sepulchre.)



## PLATE XII. OLYMPIA

**T**HIS is the most violently discussed and abused of all Manet's pictures, the scandal of the Salon of 1865 which threw into the shade even that of the "Déjeuner sur l'Herbe." Apparently a guard had to be set in front of the picture at which the spectators shook their fists and sticks.

"Indecent!" cried Félix Jahyer. "It seems to me that 'Olympia' would have been better hung in those invisible regions devoted to the modest studies of conscientious journeymen."

"Ignorance!" said Privat. "The proof of this artist's lack of knowledge lies in the fact that he always does well when he paints still life, while it is much less difficult to paint a saucepan or a lobster than a nude woman."

"Unconsciousness!" wailed Paul Mantz, and he trounced Manet as the "prince of fantastics."

But in his articles and pamphlets of 1866 and 1867, Zola plunged into an enthusiastic plea for the defence, which unhappily we cannot quote in full:

"I have called the picture a masterpiece and I shall not take back the word. I maintain that this picture is the painter's very flesh and blood. . . . We have here, as the public wags say, an Epinal engraving. . . . If you wish to reconstruct reality you must step back a few yards. Then a strange thing comes to pass; every object in the picture falls into its place. Olympia's head stands out boldly from the background, the bouquet of flowers takes on a marvellous brilliance and freshness. This miracle has been achieved by the truth of the painter's vision and the simplicity of his handiwork; the painter has proceeded in the very fashion of nature, using large

masses of light and his work has the rather rough, rather austere aspect of nature. . . .

“Nothing could be more exquisitely subtle and delicate than the pale tones of the various white linens upon which Olympia is reclining. . . . The child’s body itself has the most charming pallor: she is a girl of sixteen, whom no doubt Edouard Manet copied just as she was. And the whole world has been in an uproar: the nude body has been called indecent: naturally perhaps, since the body is of warm flesh, a girl whom the artist has fixed upon his canvas in her young and already tarnished nudity. . . . There have been people who have looked for a philosophic meaning in the picture; others, more flippant, have been not averse to finding an obscene intention in it. . . . But I know that you have achieved an admirable piece of work, a great piece of work. You have, I mean, boldly, powerfully, translated into a particular language the truths of light and shade, the realities of things and human beings.”





XII. OLYMPIA.



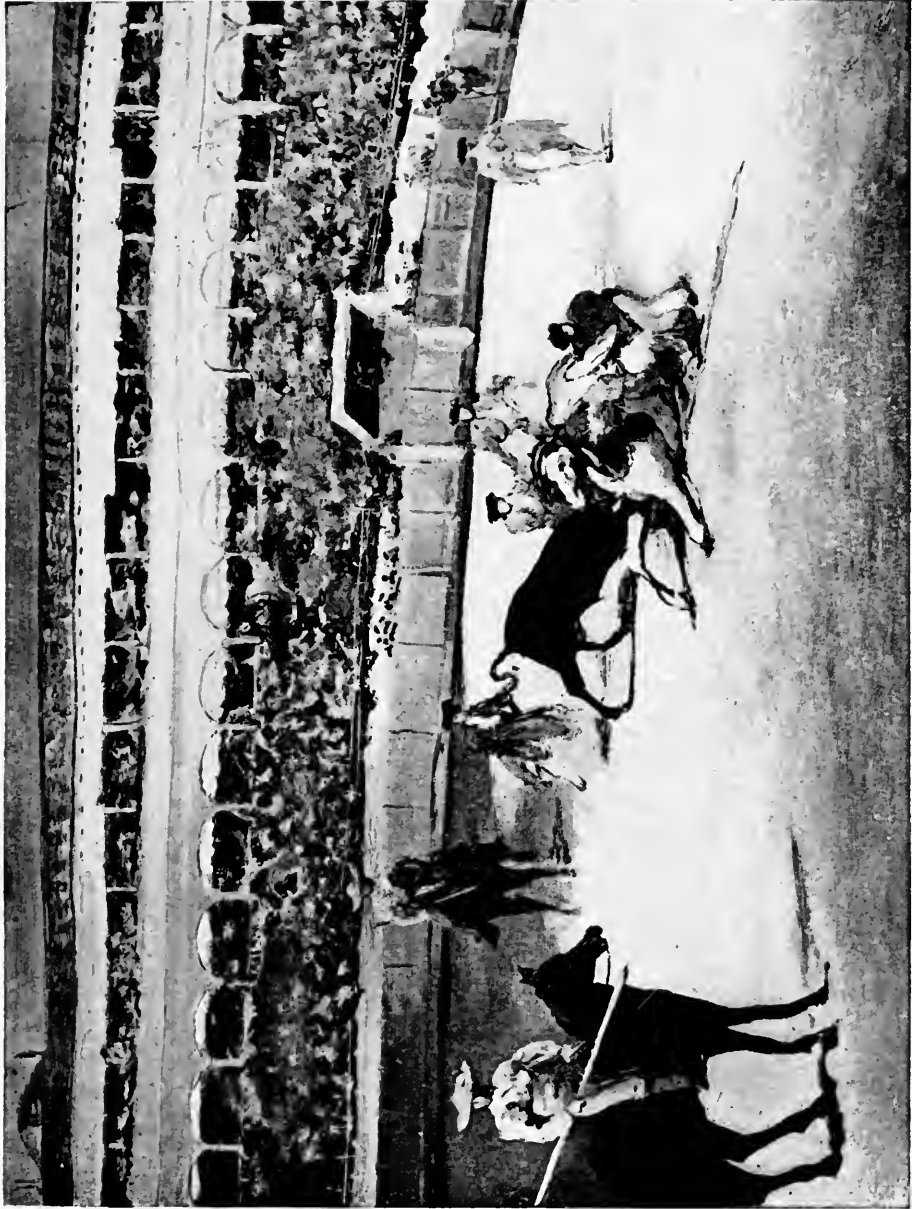
PLATE XIII. OLYMPIA (CONTINUED), COURSE  
DE TAUREAUX (BULL-FIGHT)

**T**HE discussion of "Olympia" was continued long after the Salon. M. Claretie, a few years later, was still writing angrily of this "odalisque with her yellow stomach. . . . One cannot reproach Manet with idealizing the foolish virgin, since he has taken to painting dirty ones." As is well known, there was great difficulty in procuring for "Olympia" the entry to the Luxembourg after the Universal Exhibition of 1889. A subscription list opened by Sargent and Claude Monet made it possible to collect the sum necessary (20,000 francs) to save the picture from being carried off to America. Every artist of talent, from Degas to Cazin, from Carrière to Chavannes, Bernard to Rodin, and the most enlightened amateurs and writers on art took part in the demonstration. In 1890, the Government, represented by M. Léon Bourgeois, supported by Camille Pelletan, ignored the protests of Manet's adversaries. It is said that these protests found voice once more, quite recently, when the picture was transferred from the Luxembourg to the Louvre, but they were so listless and so discreet that nobody heard them.

Weary of the clamour that surrounded him, Manet, at the end of 1865, joyfully realized a project that had long been next his heart: he went to Spain. For ten days at Madrid, he divided his time between the Velasquez, Goyas and Grecos in the museum and the sights of the streets. At the bull-fight or in the Calle de Sevilla, the haunt of the toréros and aficionados, he found his favourite models. But Manet was a wretched traveller. M. Duret, who chanced to come across him, tells amusingly how the

meeting was almost a disaster, for the artist took as a personal affront his travelling companion's predilection for Spanish cooking.

On his return to Paris from this expedition, Manet made good use of some of his sketches, as in the little "Course des Taureaux," here reproduced, which is in the Durand-Ruel collection. But from this period on, the majos, the espadas and guitar-players almost entirely disappeared from his work, together with the superb philosophers and beggars, brothers of Velasquez' "Ménippe" . . . It may be said that the journey to Spain exactly marks the end of Manet's "Spanish period."



XIII. COURSE DE TAUREAUX. (The Bull-Fight.)



## PLATE XIV. LE FIFRE (THE FIFE)

**I**T was of no avail that Manet was now—as Degas said—as famous as Garibaldi. His notoriety did not place him “hors concours.” The intolerance of the jury appeared once more in 1866 in their refusal of one of the painter’s most charming pictures.

On this occasion, Emile Zola, several of whose retrospective judgments have already been quoted, came directly into contact with Manet. His famous “Salon of the Future,” which was stopped after the seventh article owing to the protests of the subscribers, turned almost entirely on our artist. The writer’s esteem for Courbet, Millet, Corot, Rousseau, Daubigny is always expressed with reservations; the time for these veterans is past; room is made for the young men, Claude Monet, Pissarro, above all, Manet, whom Zola had the honour to be the first to praise “unreservedly.”

“The picture I prefer,” he wrote, “is certainly ‘Le Joueur de Fifre,’ which was refused this year. . . . I do not believe that it is possible to obtain a more powerful effect with greater economy of means. . . .”

“You know the effect that M. Manet’s pictures produce at the Salon. They simply break up the wall. All round them are hung the sweetmeats of the fashionable confectioners, the sugar-candy trees and pie-crust houses, gingerbread men and vanilla-cream women. The sweet shop grows ever sweeter and more pink, and the living canvases of the artist seem to take on a certain bitter savour by contrast with the river of milk and honey. . . .”

“We need only look without prejudice at the living people wandering among the pictures to find the truth of Manet’s canvases loudly proclaimed, and the falsity of traditional

painting on the other hand demonstrated with absurd clarity."

In the following year, in his study of the nineteenth century, Zola returned once more to his championship of the "Joueur de Fifre." "One of our great modern landscape painters," he wrote, "has said that the picture is a tailor's advertisement, and I agree with him if by that he meant that the young musician's costume is treated with the simplicity of a statue. The yellow of the spats, the blue-black of the tunic, the red of the trousers are here only broad flat surfaces of colour, but it is this very simplification, produced by the clear, exact vision of the artist, that has made the canvas a lively, naïve, charming, even graceful picture, which is almost bitterly real."

It was roughly handled at the exhibition of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts by Paul Mantz. "It is nothing but a little guttersnipe placarded against a door," was his remark, but it is now in the Louvre with the Camondo collection.





X  
XIV. LE FIFRE. (The Fife.)



## PLATE XV. LA BONNE PIPE (A GOOD SMOKE)

**I**N 1867 a Universal Exhibition was arranged. Manet was rejected by the jury of admission, just as he had been by the Salon of 1866, but he resolved to show his work to the public himself.

Near the Alma bridge he had erected a wooden building, near that which another recalcitrant victim of the jury, Courbet, had built. With the exception of the posthumous exhibition of 1884 it is the most important collection of Manet's works there has ever been. It contained fifty pictures, notably, "Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe," "Olympia," "Le Fifre," "Lola," "La Chanteuse des Rues," "Le Buveur d'Absinthe," a number of still-life studies, and, among the novelties, "Un Moine en Prière" (A Monk at Prayer), "Le Liseur" (The Reader), "Les Philosophes" (two pictures), "Les Courses au Bois de Boulogne," "Le Matador Saluant," and, lastly, the vigorous portrait called "Le Fumeur" (The Smoker), and "La Bonne Pipe," which is here reproduced. Less genial and not nearly so jolly, though more clearly and cleanly executed, this picture contains the germ of "Le Bon Bock," which was destined to become famous.

The catalogue was preceded by a manifesto of great dignity and restraint, in which, after explaining how he had been forced to open a private exhibition, Manet added:

"M. Manet has never wished to raise a protest. On the contrary it is he who, contrary to his expectations, has been protested against, because there is a traditional teaching of form, method, and the aspect of painting, and those who have been brought up in such principles cannot admit any others. Of such they are naïvely intolerant.

“ . . . M. Manet has always recognized talent wherever it appeared, and claims neither to upset an old tradition nor to create a new one. He has always sought to be himself and not someone else. . . . Nowadays the artist does not say: ‘ Come and see faultless works,’ but ‘ Come and see sincere work.’ ”

This expression of faith, this desire to convince and not to revolt, was not enough to disarm the public. Visitors to the exhibition were very few, and those who were so bold as to pay their entrance fee wanted their money's worth. The exhibition, according to Antonin Proust, was only a laughing-stock to the Parisians. Husbands took their wives to it, women took their children.

“ There was a chorus of wild laughter. Théophile Gautier might have said in his figurative language that the herd were like enormous pumpkins roaring with laughter at the quips of a melon at a party of cucurbitaceæ.”  
 (“ Revue Blanche,” 1897.)

We are paying for that laughter now. Whenever we are presented with the miserable extravagances of some poor artist who sets the public giggling, there arises a cautious critic to remind us of those who made fun of Delacroix, Courbet and Manet. And the argument will remain unanswerable for a long time, being supported by innocent snobs and clever speculators who know what they are about.



XV. LA BONNE PIPE. (A Good Smoke.)



PLATE XVI. LES BULLES DE SAVON (SOAP BUBBLES)

**I**T is rather astonishing that the press of the time contains only rare and hasty allusions to Manet's manifesto. Attention was engaged elsewhere, or criticism was reserving its judgment.

However, there was an interesting brochure by M. Duret, who was to become the historian and the most fervent apologist of our painter, and in 1867, notwithstanding certain quite legitimate reservations, wrote a very kindly note on his work.

Manet's imperfections, he explained, came from his disregard for technique, for such at least as is practised in the studios, and also from his tendency to treat his pictures as sketches. But, he said, "he has a feeling for colour, possesses a very original range of tone, a large, bold skill with his brush, and great skill in endowing his characters with movement without a suspicion of pose or effort."

For wholehearted admiration we must turn to Zola's articles in the "XIX<sup>e</sup> Siècle," and we shall turn to them again and again, for in the midst of the almost universal animosity and scepticism, the writer had said almost all that can usefully be said about Manet's qualities.

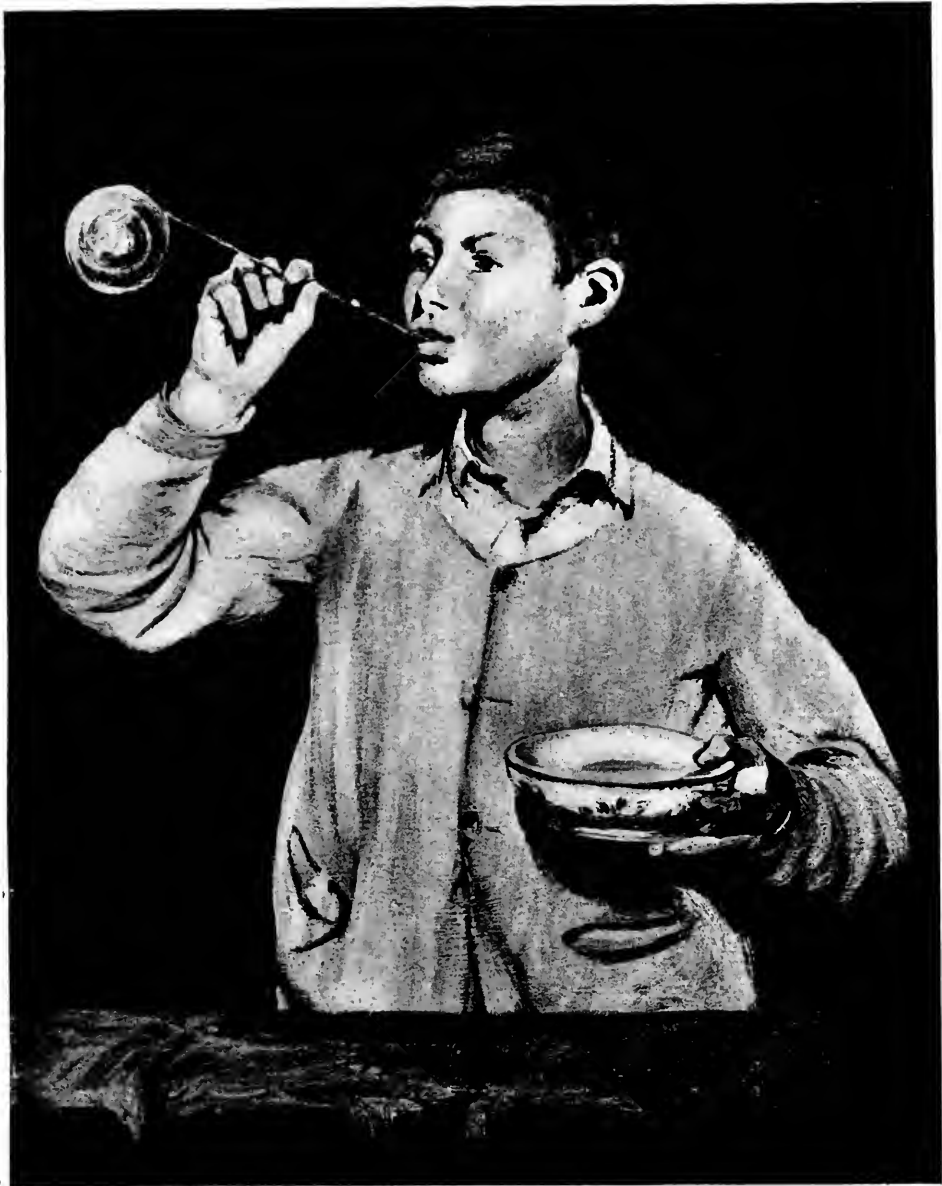
Take the following very just analysis of the artist's methods in connexion with "L'Enfant aux Bulles":

" . . . In the diffused light the faces are drawn with broad expanses of flesh, the lips become mere strokes, the whole is simplified and made to stand out from the background by bold masses of paint. The lightness of the tones of colour gives perspective, fills the canvas with atmosphere, lends force to each object. It has been said

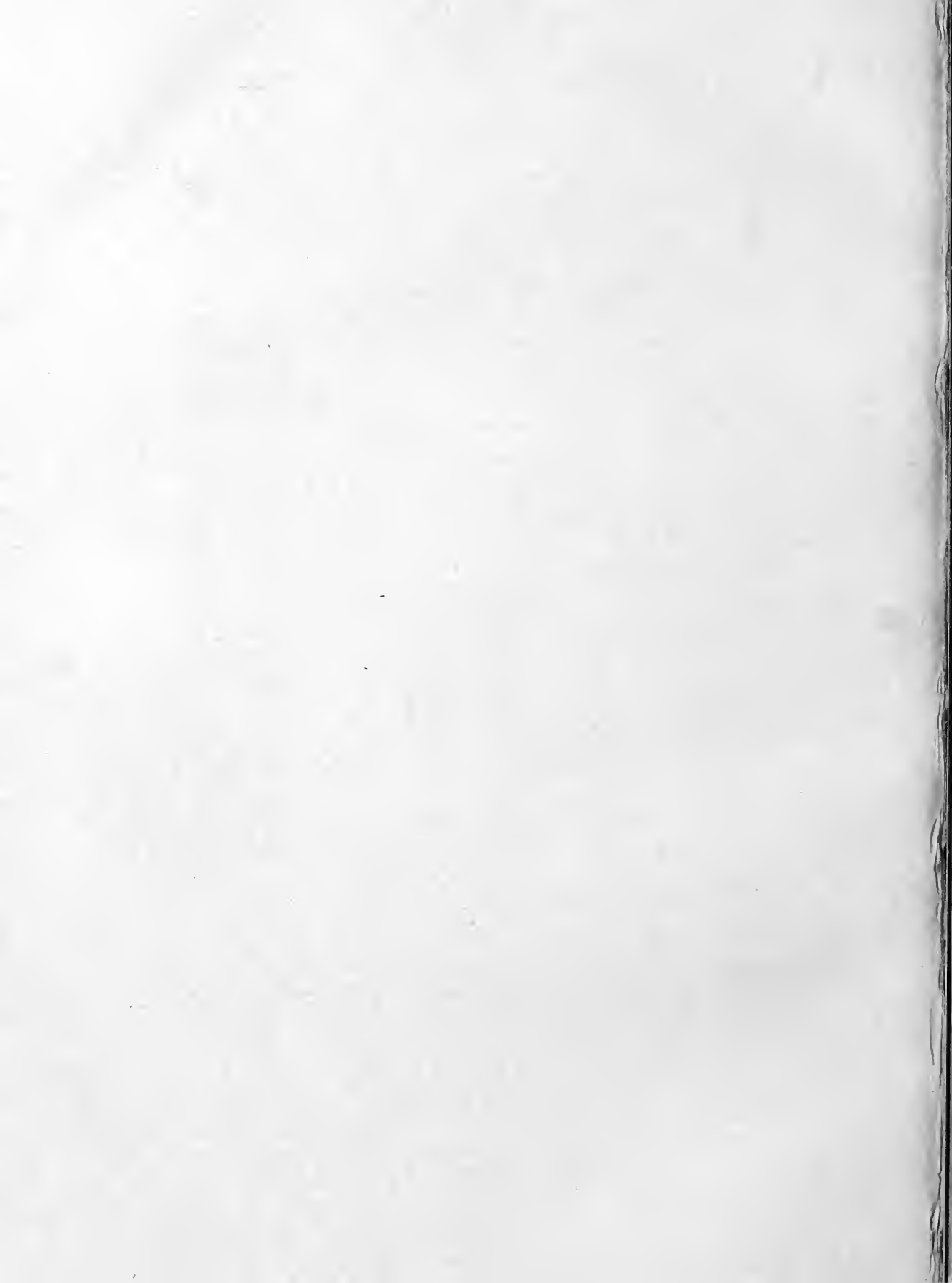
in jest that Edouard Manet's canvases are like Epinal's engravings, and there is much truth in this jest, which is high praise. . . .

"The first impression produced by a picture of Edouard Manet is a little hard. . . . At first the eye only sees colour broadly laid on. Soon the objects take form and fall into their places; after a few seconds the whole vigorous design appears, and there is a genuine charm in gazing at this clear, grave painting in which nature is rendered with sweet brutality, if I may so express myself. . . . This bold artist is very wise in his methods, and if his pictures are peculiar, they owe it to his entirely personal manner of seeing and translating things."





XVI. LES BULLES DE SAVON. (Soap Bubbles.)



## PLATE XVII. EMILE ZOLA

“**T**O-DAY I hold out the hand of sympathy to an artist who has been excluded from the Salon by a group of his colleagues. Were it not that I have to praise him unreservedly for the great admiration that his talent has given me, I should still do so on account of the position which has been forced on him, the position of a pariah, an unpopular and grotesque painter.” (1866.)

In such terms did Zola, then twenty-six, boldly take sides, and, after having devoted all his energies “to the task of winning for M. Manet the place which is his by right, in the front rank,” the critic, during the following year, closed his series of articles by this prophecy, which has been fulfilled:

“There were certain policemen—pardon, art critics—who assured me that they were stoning this man because he had horribly defiled the temple of the Beautiful. My reply has been that no doubt destiny has already assigned the place in the Louvre where, in the future, ‘Olympia’ and the ‘Déjeuner sur l’Herbe’ shall hang.”

The portrait painted in gratitude for this championship was exhibited at the Salon of 1868, where it met with some praise.

“The strong persist,” wrote Castagnary. “Did not Courbet persist? Has not Manet persisted? Manet! I almost forgot to mention him. This year he has won a success. His ‘Portrait de M. Zola’ is one of the best portraits in the Salon. . . . All the still life, every inanimate object, is treated with a master hand. The principal character is not so happy, with the exception of the hand, which is very fine, and the velvet of the coat,

which is astonishing. Unfortunately, there is a lack of modelling in the face; it looks like a profile gummed on to the background. How often he has been abused for the inexperience of his technique or the mistakes that he has let pass. However, he seems to be entirely indifferent to such storms and goes his way smiling."

At first sight Zola did not possess the elegant and refined character on which Manet has laid stress. But the Goncourts who made the acquaintance of the writer in 1868 observed in "the awkward young man, a certain delicacy, and a fine modelling in his features like that of good porcelain, the sculptured eyelids and the curious flat curves of the nose." Later on, when anxiety and illness came to refine the features of their friend, the Goncourts noted this: "He is like Manet's portrait."

In spite of fabulous offers Madame Zola piously kept the picture. There is none more worthy of one day hanging by the side of "Olympia" and "Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe" the entry to the Louvre of which was so effectively heralded by the writer.



XVII. EMILE ZOLA.



PLATE XVIII. LA FEMME AU PERROQUET  
(WOMAN WITH PARROT)

**T**OGETHER with the Zola portrait there figured in the Salon of 1868 a picture which had been shown "hardly dry" at the Alma Bridge exhibition, and now belongs to America. This was "La Jeune Dame en 1866," also called "La Femme en Rose," or, from its likeness to the picture by Courbet, famous on account of the painter's quarrel with M. de Nieuwkerque (1866): "La Femme au Perroquet." The resemblance between the two pictures is very superficial; there is in this picture as much sober distinction and charm as there is banal facility in the other; they had nothing in common save the antipathy of the public, and the presence of the bird which occasioned their nicknames. "Parrots and black cats," said Chaumelin, amusingly, "have never been pleasing to the classicists; black cats are bad enough, being fantastic beasts if ever there were such, but—parrots?"

Chaumelin did at last confess that the famous parrot "was not stuffed like the portrait of M. Cabanel."

As for the chief figures, Manet had to face all the criticisms which no one had dared to pass on the portrait of Zola. Its rather severe graces only provoked a certain amount of easy pleasantry.

"She is flatteringly ugly," cried the "Moniteur," and Véron, covering Manet's "prodigious" talent with ironical praises added, by way of argument; "You may imagine how delicious his model must have been!"

Once more Zola had to come forward and defend the picture, which, if only by virtue of the juxtaposition of the bunch of violets and the rose tints of the dress,

“merited the indulgence of eyes with some capacity for seeing.”

Said Zola, “In ‘Une Jeune Dame en 1866,’ I find neatly characterized that natural elegance which Edouard Manet, as a man of the world, fundamentally possesses. A young woman, clad in a long pink gown, is standing with her head gracefully bowed, smelling a bunch of violets in her right hand; to her left a parrot is curtsying on its perch. There is infinite grace in the gown, it is soft to the eye, very full, very rich; the movement of the young woman possesses an indescribable charm. It would be almost too pretty had not the painter’s temperament set upon the whole picture the imprint of its austerity.”





XVIII. LA FEMME AU PERROQUET.  
(Woman with Parrot.)



## PLATE XIX. EXECUTION DE MAXIMILIEN

**M**ANET had the most utter contempt for historical painting.

"What!" he said, "Trick out historical figures! That's a poor sort of joke!

"Does one paint a man by his shooting-licence? There is only one true thing to do, paint directly what one sees. If it comes off, it comes off. If you make a mess of it, you try again. Everything else is humbug!"

A realist and an impressionist, he was true to himself in detesting men "who shut themselves up with a costume, a lay-figure and properties" and try to call to life again the eyes that are gone.

Nevertheless he was seduced by the project of re-creating the tragic execution of the Emperor Maximilian and Generals Mégin and Ninamont at Queretaro, the story of which was at that time in all the newspapers. (1867.)

He made inquiries, placed his three guns at the exact distance from the victims of the execution and painted the head of Maximilian from a photograph.

Although it is only an attempt at reconstruction suggested by a story, and although imagination was inevitably called into play, the picture is painted with that passionate desire for truth which Manet always brought to bear on his models.

There are in existence—not counting sketches—several versions, all dramatic, though different, of the "Exécution."

In the first, the most picturesque and alive, the soldiers are wearing the Mexican costume with hats out of all proportion.

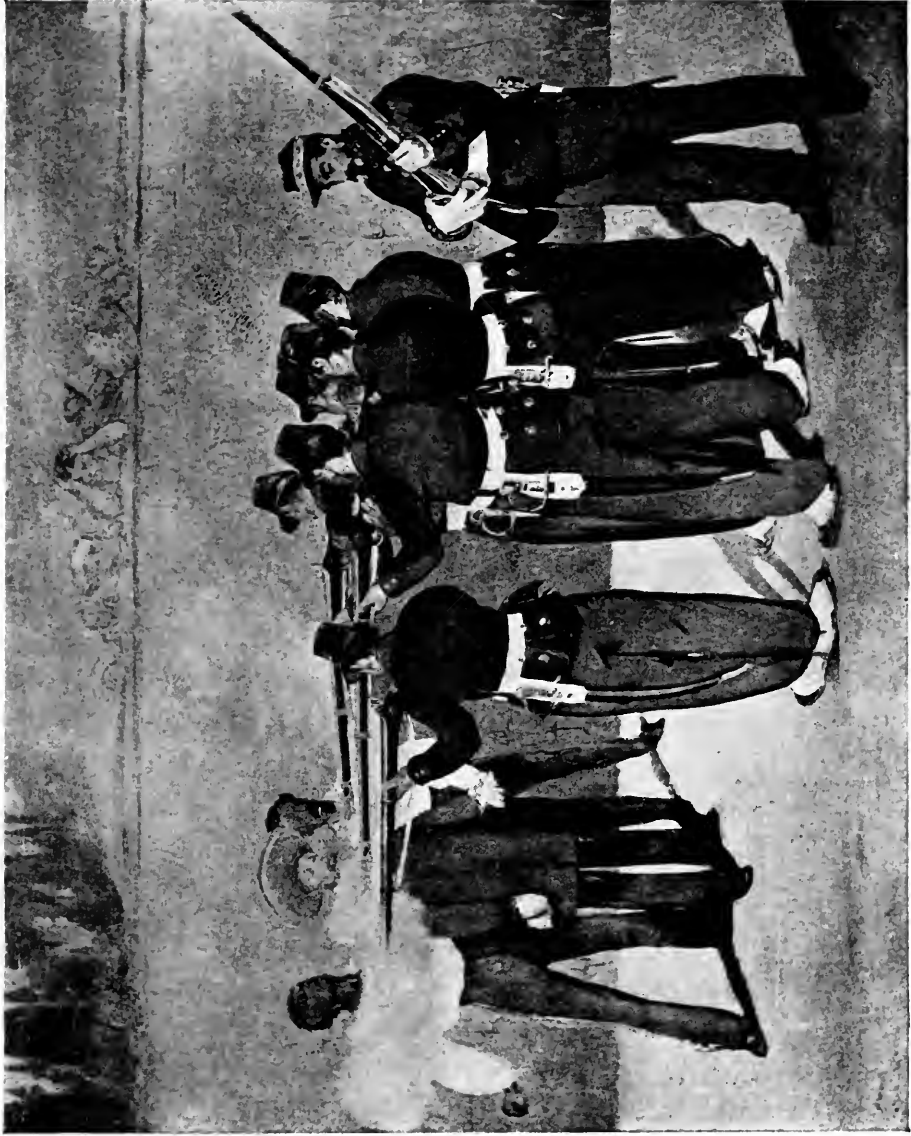
In the final picture, that which is reproduced here, they

are wearing military caps. Manet has made the scene horrible by deliberately giving it a monotonous tranquil atmosphere. The calmness of the soldiers, busily occupied with some trifle, the simplicity of the victims, the bareness of it all, give the picture the character of a faithful report of what happened, which is more moving than the most theatrical contrivance.

The picture was painted immediately after the Mexican tragedy and was never shown. Perhaps the police would have intervened for political reasons. . . .

On the other hand it was taken through the United States and met with immense success. Its arrival in each town was announced with a flourish of trumpets. Tremendous prospectuses of the "famous picture of the celebrated French artist, Manet," were everywhere distributed. The modest entrance fee, 25 cents, was also certain evidence of large receipts.

The "Exécution de Maximilien" is now in the museum at Mannheim.



XIX. EXECUTION DE MAXIMILIEN. (The Execution of Maximilian.)



## PLATE XX.—LE DEJEUNER (BREAKFAST)

**C**ROWDS gathered and laughed at the two pictures exhibited by Manet in the Salon of 1869. "Le Balcon" (now in the Luxembourg) and "Le Déjeuner."

"A very worthless curiosity," said H. Fonquin, "and a pity, for out of Manet's qualities and defects there might have been made a passable painter." ("Revue Internationale," May 15.)

E. Roy saw in it rather an education for the artist, for, he said, "if the laughter of the public is often the most unjust sort of criticism, it can also be said of it—'castigat ridendo.' " ("L'Artiste.")

Most of the critics seem to have seen in these pictures only poverty of execution and banality.

"M. Manet must really be chidden," observed Chaumelin, "for persisting, in spite of his real painter's temperament, in reproducing subjects which are quite repulsively vulgar, and scenes utterly lacking in interest. All his efforts should be towards the expression of life in its most beautiful forms." ("L'Art Contemporain.")

More kindly, though just in its observations, was Castagnary's criticism. He reproaches Manet with the poverty of his work. "What is the source of this sterility? It is this: that while he bases his art on Nature, he neglects to make it an interpretation of life. A great part of his work is absolutely arbitrary. When I look at this 'Déjeuner' for instance, I see on the table, where coffee has been served, a half-peeled lemon and some fresh oysters, things which hardly ever go together. Why put them there? It is because M. Manet has a very acutely developed sense of the value of a splash of colour, and, knowing that he

is best in still life, he is impelled to paint as much of it as possible."

And that is the reason also why Manet arranges his characters "at random," why the young gentleman in the velvet waistcoat, "though it is boldly painted," is not placed with his back to the table and the walls between him and the spectator. (?)

The admiration which Castagnary professes for the still-life in this picture, the half-filled glass, the bottle, the little blue pot, the porcelain cup, the helmet, the yatagan, is subscribed to by every modern critic.

They are agreed in praising the young gentleman's velvet coat, so harmoniously, so caressingly done. But they observe that the figures in the background, the servant in grey, and the man on the right, with his hand lit up by his cigar, far from being lost in the darkness, are very much alive in a luminous shadow, and form a delicious contrast, "although the whole picture is welded together by its atmosphere and general harmony."





XX. LE DEJEUNER. (Breakfast.)



## PLATE XXI. RENDEZVOUS DES CHATS (CATS' PARADE)

**I**N 1869, J. Rothschild, the publisher, published a pleasant little book by Champfleury called, "Cats, History, Manners, Observations and Anecdotes," illustrated by fifty-two drawings by Eugène Delacroix, Violet-le-Duc, Mérimée, Manet, Prisse d'Avennes, Ribot, Kreutzbeyer, Mind, Ok'Sai, etc., etc.

Manet, whose name figures in the middle of this whimsical list, supplied the famous "Rendezvous des Chats," which was reproduced in a poor facsimile to face page 209 of the book. No doubt the publisher was attracted by the striking character of the drawing, for he ordered the artist to draw the poster for the publication.

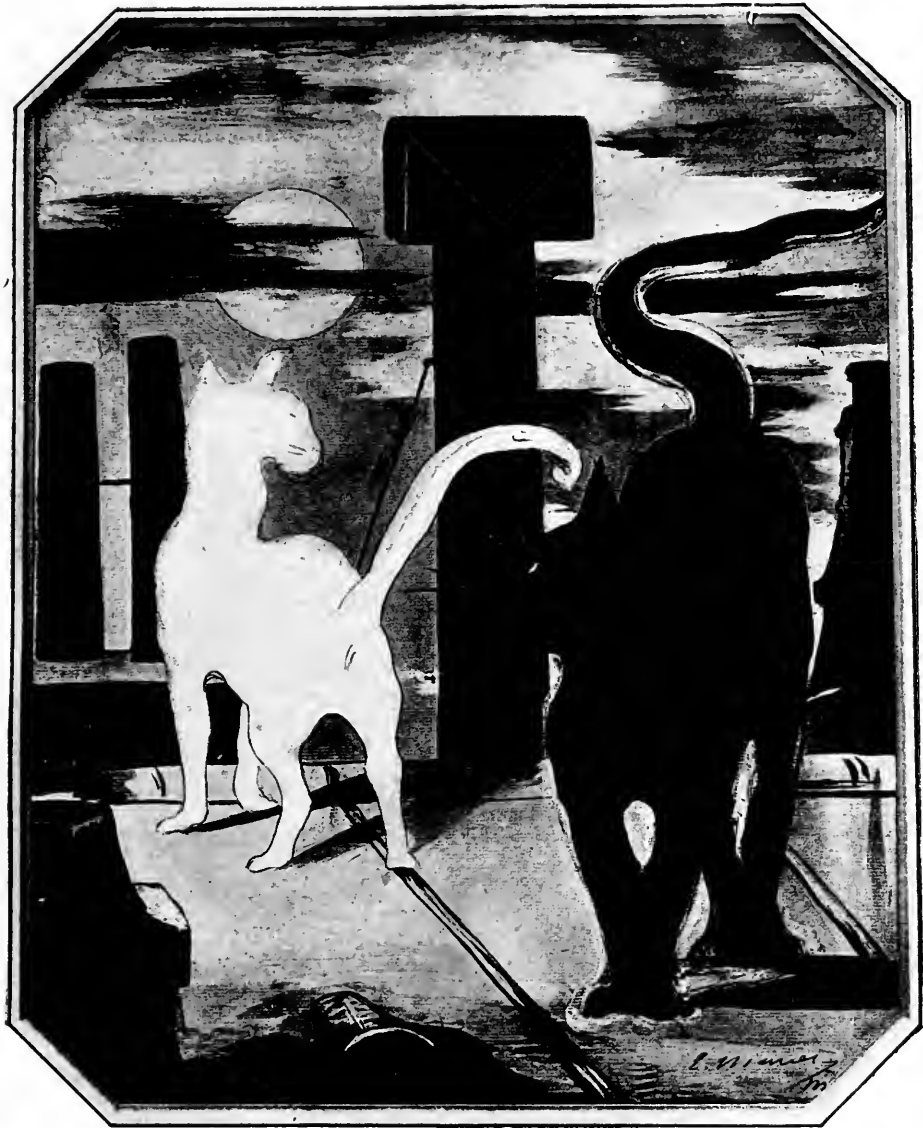
The present plate is a reproduction of the original sketch. A lithograph executed by Manet supplied a scarcely less rough version of the sketch, and it was plastered on all the walls, framed in a wide purple border, printed with huge ugly characters. But the public was attracted, and stopped to gaze at it, laughing or giving vent to anger; even the fame of "Olympia's" cat paled before this. With such a "send-off" the book ran through five editions in two years.

While the race of cats, already rich in the friendship of Baudelaire, Mérimée, Hugo and Gautier, was thus winning new friends, the poster was washed away by the rain, torn down by the wind, and it is doubtful if a single copy is still in existence, with the exception of that preserved by the Cabinet d'Estampes.

The drawing is interesting not only on account of its rarity. Since it caused a commotion it may give us some information concerning the artist and the public. The

black and white effect, decisive and even provocative in its emphasis, the free and easy execution of the drawing, were not altogether a novelty, and, were we to cast about for Manet's godfathers, the name of Hokusai, printed by the side of his own on the cover of Champfleury's book, would at once present itself. But there was, in addition, a more than bold system of design. What Manet has clearly tried to do is to render the mobility of his models with the aid of a deliberate licence in the matter of form; he has tried to give us the illusion of seeing his cats stretch their necks, stiffen their sinews, and arch their backs, rear and lash their tails.

Was it prudent, for the sake of doing that, to renounce the correctness of a static design? . . . But our artist was always irresistibly tempted by dangerous experiments. Here he was engrossed in the effort to draw movement: he was soon to be obsessed by the ambition to paint the sun.



XXI. RENDEZ-VOUS DES CHATS.—(The Cats' Parade.)



PLATE XXII. MELON, COINGS, RAISINS  
(MELON, QUINCES, GRAPES)

**I**N the majority of Manet's pictures, still-life occupies a privileged position, and also was the part of his work that was most widely praised. "His most pronounced enemies," said Zola, "were willing to grant that he could paint inanimate objects well."

The basket full of fruit in the "Déjeuner sur l'Herbe," the oysters and lemon in the "Déjeuner dans l'Atelier," the table in the "Père Lathuille," the counter with its gold-topped bottles in the "Bar des Folies Bergères" were excepted from the critical lamentation over these famous pictures.

To Manet, rightly or wrongly, these "accessories" played a really active part in his work. M. Duret has given us curious evidence of this. When he was having his portrait painted by Manet, the artist, he says, was uneasy and preoccupied until he had placed near his model a red stool, on which rested a green book, a crimson tray, a glass on the tray, and a lemon on the glass.

The truth is that, to an eye that is, above all, eager for new and rare sensations, still-life offers convenient and inexhaustible resources. Manet was always experimenting with new harmonies in the arrangement of flowers in a vase, laying a fish on a plate, even in placing a single head of asparagus on the edge of a table, or in just following the coloured reflections of light on a piece of white cloth which, till then, painters had left undiscovered.

"His still life studies," said M. Péladan, "are equal to the best of Chardin; 'Le Brochet' (the pike) is quite as good as the 'Raie' (the skate), which the painter of

'Benedicite' sent to the Academy as his diploma picture." True M. Péladan had just been attacking the "flowers, vegetables and other exercises which painters are insolently in the habit of exhibiting." So that he is not contradicting himself when he protests against the inclusion of Manet in this series. But we are inclined to doubt the value of the dogmas of "idealist and mystical art." We know, we are certain, when we have the pictures in front of us, that there is more art and beauty in a grape of Chardin—or Manet—than in all the salons of the Rose & Croix.





XXII. MELON, COINGS, RAISINS. (Melon, Quinces, Grapes.)



## PLATE XXIII. PIVOINES (PEONIES)

**A**MONG all the still-life studies which are so numerous in Manet's work, especially at the end of his life, when paralysis prevented his undertaking any continuous work, flowers are his preference. The series is represented in the Louvre (in the Moreau-Nélaton collection) by a bunch of peonies, vividly and largely rendered. "I do not believe," says M. von Tschudi, "that there was ever anyone before Manet who painted flowers with such freshness, such vivacity of colour, such winged penetration, or made them more charming in form and colour with so few strokes of the brush."

It was in studies of this kind that the artist could most freely express his individual vision of things, which Zola has very aptly formulated: "the white, broad light softly falling on the objects of the picture . . . ; the subject seen in broad reciprocal colours; . . . a number of true and delicate patches of colour, which, when viewed from a short distance, give the picture a compelling aspect."

And it was in these researches that, in part, there came about a revolution in his choice of colours, a revolution which our painters are now—rather brutally—turning to account.

The blue <sup>half-tones</sup> mezzotints which appeared in the draperies of the "Olympia" and the foreground of the "Balcon" are to be seen over and over again in the thousand and one canvases of the impressionists, neo-impressionists, pseudo-impressionists, or impressionistic pirates. Manet was one of the first, if not the first, to weary of the warm amber lighting of the old masters, the pale north light

which gave flesh the appearance of old parchment, and dished up clear tones with a ruddy sauce, and left the cunningly mixed gravy on the simmer. Now everything is placed under a more direct and colder light, cool whites are heightened with mezzotints, blue, purplish, rosy, green, pale yellow. The once banned harmony of green and blue, green and purple, now gives us joys as keen as the classic harmonies of red and gold. Modern painting has cleansed itself of the patina of old ivory and old wood, and seems to be vying in freshness and candour with Persian pottery and the porcelains and enamels of the Far East.



XXIII. PIVOINES. (Peonies.)



PLATE XXIV. COMBAT DU KERSEAGE ET  
DE L'ALABAMA (THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE  
KERSEAGE AND THE ALABAMA)

**N**OW we come to that vitally important moment in modern painting which is characterized by the manifestations of the impressionists. In his sea-pictures, as in his still-life studies, Manet shows himself to be one of the most active fore-runners of the movement.

"In the change which was then taking place in Manet," wrote Paul Mantz a few years later, "I attach a certain importance to the influence exercised over him by the sight of the sea. . . . He was looking for colour, and in his travels by sea he found an intense, strong blue . . . which he never forgot." (1884.)

Manet's series of seascapes begins about the year 1866. The "Alabama," one of the first, was exhibited at the Salon of 1872. It was the reproduction of a battle at which Manet had been present, every phase of which he had followed with passionate interest, both as a painter and as an ex-sailor.

The "Alabama," a privateer of the <sup>Confederate</sup> ~~Federal~~ States of the South, during the terrible War of Secession, which drenched the United States with blood, had crossed the Atlantic, and taken refuge at Cherbourg.

The "Kerseage," of the Northern navy, which had pursued her, waited for her in the roadstead. Finally, on an agreed day, the "Alabama" put out from Cherbourg, and, after a fierce battle, was sunk in the sight of a vast number of spectators in various ships at a distance.

Manet was a spectator of every phase of the fight.

He painted the sea as an immense plain rising towards the horizon: the handling of it is simple, even a little monotonous.

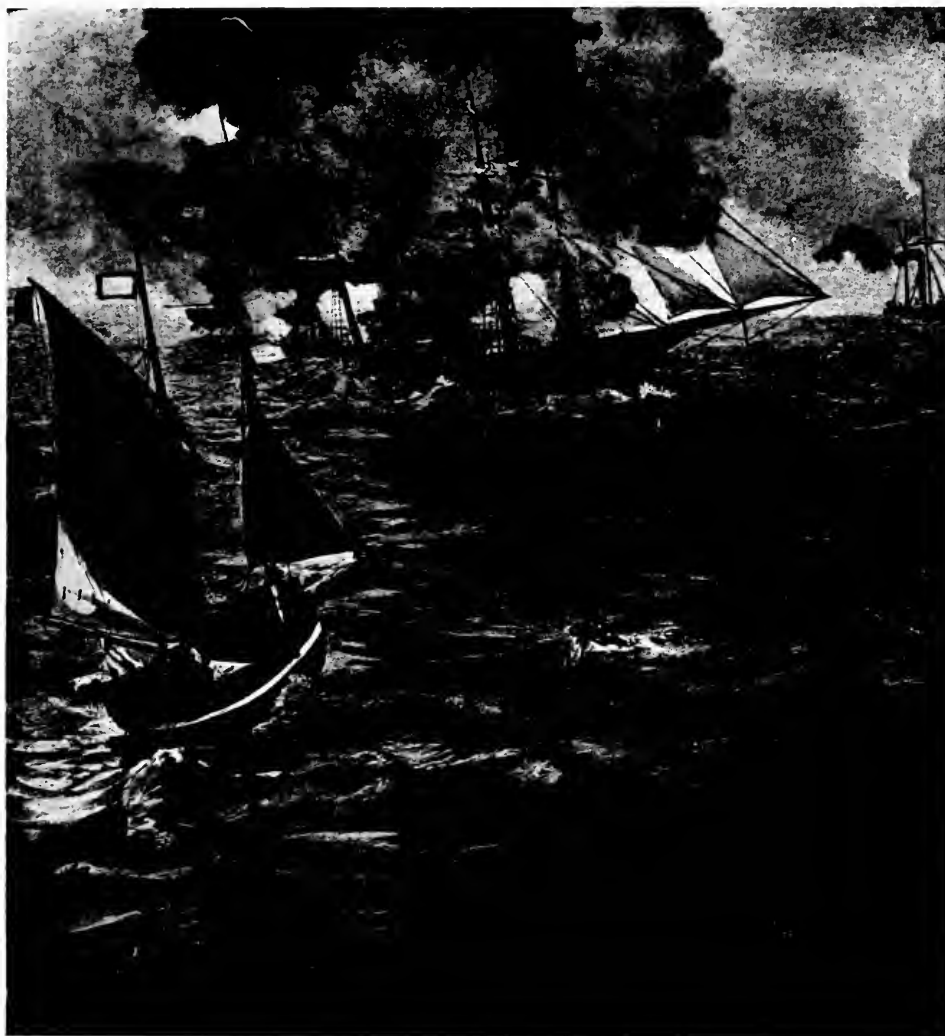
The picture was much more skilful in execution than its successors, and it was received without hostility; it especially delighted Barbey d'Aurévilly:

"It gives" he said, "an impression of Nature, and of distance, very strong, very powerful. M. Manet has placed his two ships upon the horizon. He has even made so bold as to foreshorten them, but the swelling sea, the wide stretch of it, coming down to the front of the picture, reaching out on all sides is more terrible than the fight. The sea surges, swells, heaves from its very depths—mark the tumefied waves. With this seascape, the "Alabama," Manet has wedded Nature. Like the Doge of Venice, he has thrown a ring—a gold ring, I assure you—into the sea.

"It is a great picture, both in idea and in execution."

The picture is in America, as also is another picture on the same subject: "L'Alabama au Large de Cherbourg"; a third, "L'Alabama," is in Berlin.





**XXIV. COMBAT DU KERSEAGE ET DE L'ALABAMA.**  
(The Fight between the "Kerseage" and the "Alabama.")



## PLATE XXV. LE CLAIR DE LUNE (MOONLIGHT)

**T**HERE is more boldness, more offhandedness, in the "Clair de Lune," also called "Le Port de Boulogne," which is now in the Louvre, in the Camondo collection.

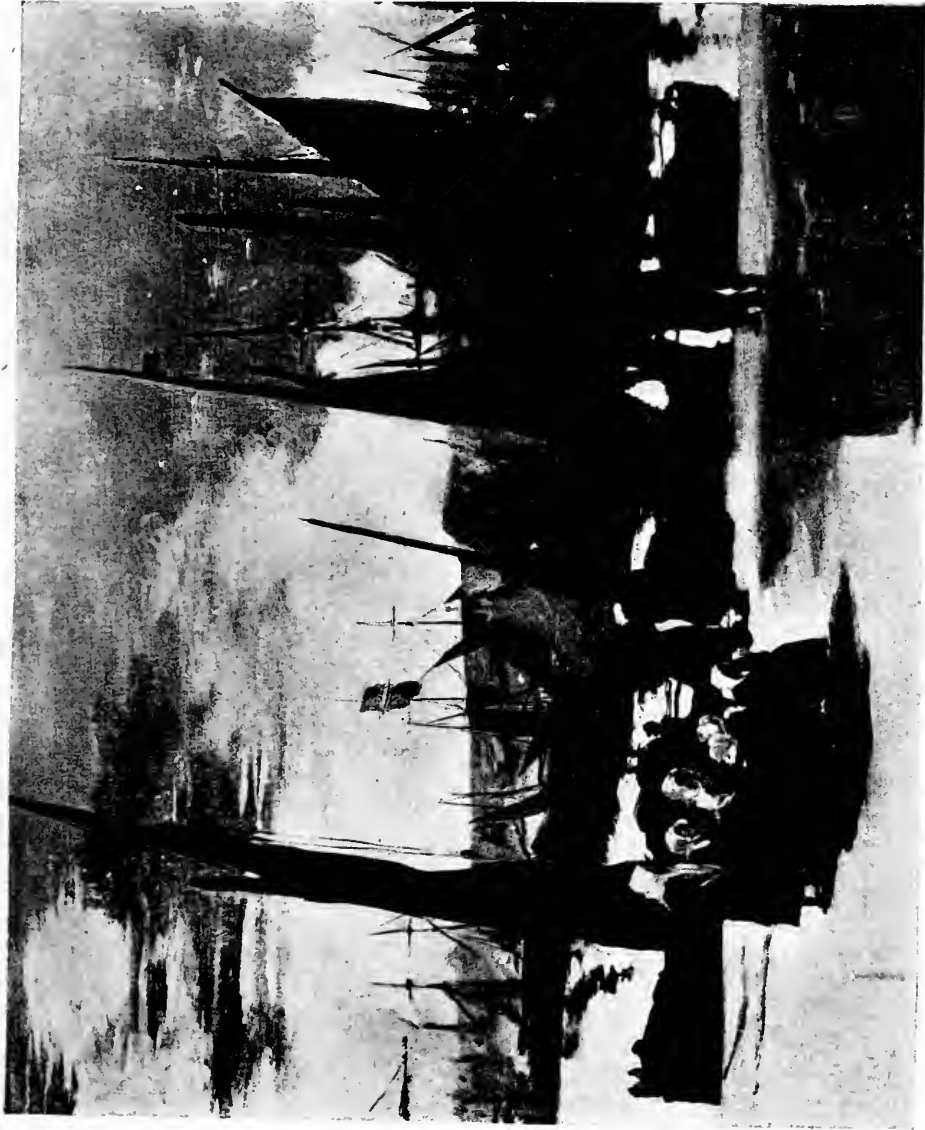
This study was painted opposite the quay at Boulogne, from one of the windows of the Hôtel Folkestone, where Manet spent the summers of 1868 and 1869. His new landscape formula is clearly in evidence: the rather brutal sacrifice of detail, finish, and legibility to what painters call "effect," that is to say, to that part of colour and light which clothe a landscape in certain determined conditions of light and atmosphere.

In considering all his previous pictures, we have seen that Manet, alone, unaided, was more and more inclining to the new conception of painting. But henceforward he is no longer isolated. A band of new-comers has gathered round him, and their efforts join with his.

About this time we find in his company those innovators whose names are: Monet, Sisley, Pissarro, Renoir, Cézanne. . . . Of this company only Pissarro had been exhibiting for the last ten years; the rest, rather younger than Manet, had begun at the time when the battle was raging round the "Olympia" and the "Déjeuner sur l'Herbe," and it was these two pictures, as they have all declared, that opened their eyes. In truth, Manet was not alone in making them see the need of forgetting the museum and the studio in the presence of Nature. Other men had set the example. But it was in Manet that these artists sympathetically discovered a new, rather summary, handling of paint, a clear tonality,

vivid, crude colour, and the abrupt juxtaposition of patches of light and shade.

Gradually these men came into close contact. From 1866 to 1870 the young painters met regularly at Guérbois, the now famous café in the Avenue de Clichy, and thither there came men of the same way of thinking: Degas, Bazille, Desboutiers, Fantin-Latour, Stevens, and, finally, men of letters like Zola, Astruc, Duranty, Burty, Cladel. That was the home of the new school, which, at the Salon of 1870, was ironically nicknamed l'Ecole des Batignolles, after the picture by Fantin (now in the Luxembourg).



XXXV. LE CLAIR DE LUNE. (Moonlight.)



PLATE XXVI. LE PORT DE BORDEAUX (THE PORT OF BORDEAUX)

**A**FTER the Siege of Paris, Manet visited his family in the South, and stayed for some time at Bordeaux. From the windows of a house on the Quai des Chartrons, he painted "Le Port de Bordeaux," formerly in the Faure collection (now in Berlin), a picture tingling with life and full of atmosphere, with its moving forest of masts.

The artist, Antonin Proust tells us, wanted to offer the picture to Gambetta, with whom he had some connexion. "No," the statesman is said to have replied, "I am not rich enough to buy it, and, besides, I could not accept it. The only picture ever given to me was Henner's "Alsacienne," and that fills all the wall space I have."

The war had scattered the Batignolles School. One by one the young artists returned to Paris, but Manet was almost the only one to settle down again in the capital. The others took up their residence in the outskirts, there to satisfy their love of the country and the open air.

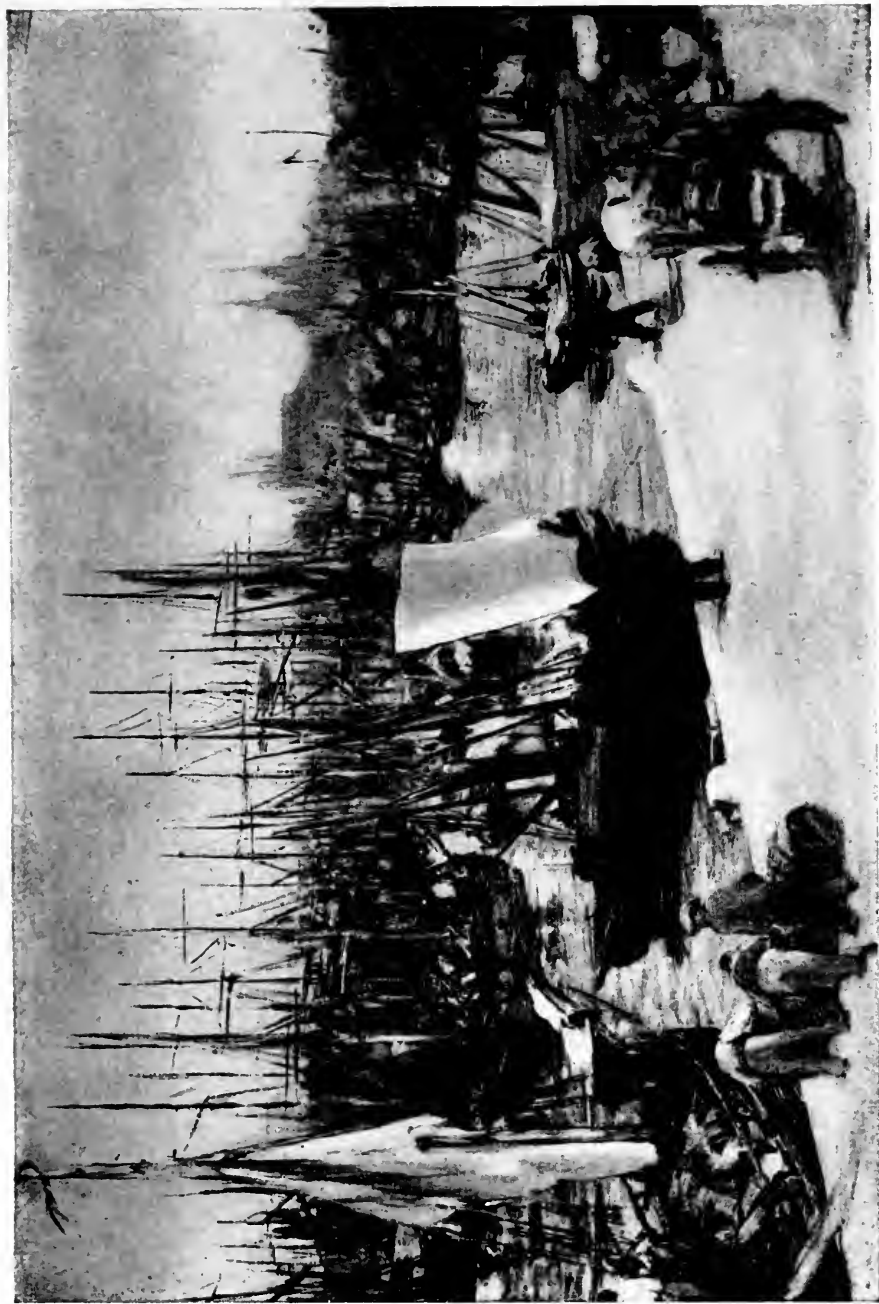
They did not lose sight of each other, however, and always enjoyed each other's mutual support and encouragement amid the general hostility.

Yet on one point they could not agree. Manet thought it necessary to force the doors of the Salon, and to show his pictures side by side with those of his adversaries, while the others formed an independent group.

Their first collective exhibition took place in 1874, in Nadar's galleries on the Boulevard des Capucines. It was to this exhibition that Claude Monet sent his picture with the famous title: "Impression, Soleil Levant," which gave the scoffers their nickname for the new school.

We are not here following the history of the "impressionist" school; but, in spite of Manet's abstention, this exhibition of 1874 marks a turning point in his career; from this time-forward his friends, who received their first impulse from him, took the lead in their turn and were in a position to give their original leader almost as much as they had received from him.





XXVI. LE PORT DE BORDEAUX.



## PLATE XXVII. AU JARDIN (IN THE GARDEN)

**O**NE of the first principles of the impressionists was that every open-air picture should, from first to last, be painted out of doors. The freshness and fidelity to life of a rough sketch is altered when it is worked on or finished in the studio. Nature is no longer present in a picture painted away from Nature.

Manet was never exclusively an adept of this system, but, under the influence of his new friends, he painted many of his pictures as plein-air studies.

He is further distinguished from the majority of the impressionists by the important part that figures continued to play in his landscapes. And, if he set before himself the object of representing the characters of his time, if he was a passionate observer of the details in attitude and costume which made his characters concrete and actual beings, and not merely noble extractions, it is to be noted that his realism did not exclude—but rather the contrary—elegance and grace. The best proof that his programme was newer than it seems nowadays is that the most charming and most distinguished of his women's faces were thought ugly and vulgar when they first appeared.

When we consider a charming group like that of the Nittis family, in the picture "Au Jardin," we are forced to confess that his detractors had a very narrow idea of distinction and beauty.

Giuseppe de Nittis, born in 1846, settled in France in 1868. He was a charming, lively Italian, who sympathized with the impressionists, and in their company exhibited some of his delicate views of Paris and the out-

skirts. The lady whom he married in 1869, a gentle creature, pretty and charming as a child, was often her husband's model, and would sit for him all day long, "in a rocking boat, in a white dress, shivering in the cold of twilight—also from her terror lest the boat should capsize." Edmond de Goncourt, who made the acquaintance of the family some years later, gives a description of another portrait of Mme Nittis by her husband, "in a dress the colour of a Gloire de Dijon rose, with arms and shoulders bare, and lace frills of that white, that pink, that yellow, which are not, so to speak, colour at all. . . ."

Such are the impressions, lightly, transparently, clear which the impressionists, in language or in paint, showed themselves so apt at seizing.



XXVII. AU JARDIN.



PLATE XXVIII. MONET ET SA FAMILLE  
(MONET AND FAMILY)

**I**T was a similar subject that, in 1873, inspired the picture, formerly in the Pellerin collection, called "Monet et sa Famille." The picture is one of many such pieces of evidence of the friendship that united the two artists.

M. Duret tells that in the same Salon at which "Olympia" roused such a storm of criticism, Monet had shown two sea-pieces. Seeing them signed with a name so much like his own, Manet fancied they must be a kind of plagiarism, and was at first rather annoyed with the newcomer, who seemed to be trying to turn to account the stir created by his predecessor.

It is said, also, but the story must be taken with a pinch of salt, that in the Salon of 1866, when he saw the "Dame en Vert" of his quasi-namesake, Manet cried: "Here's this young man trying to paint the open air! How much did the ancients bother about it?"

Real or fictitious, this prejudice in no way interfered with the friendship which sprang up in 1866 between the two painters. Manet never failed to praise as they deserved his colleague's pictures, and he had some of them well hung in his studio, which was more frequented at that time than those of the majority of the young impressionists.

He even gave him more direct assistance; witness a letter written by our painter in 1875, which does honour to both men.

"I went to see Monet yesterday," he wrote to M. Th. Duret, "and found him down on his luck and depressed. He asked me to find him some one who would have any ten to twenty of his pictures for 100 francs. Why

should we not do it between us, say 500 francs each?

"Of course no one is to know, he least of all, that you and I are the purchasers. I had thought of asking a dealer or some collector, but I see the possibility of a refusal. Unfortunately it needs people like us who know, in spite of any repugnance we may feel, to do a very good stroke of business, and also to be of service to a man of talent. . . ."

And it is certain that it was then far more difficult to find a purchaser for a Claude Monet at 100 francs than it is now at thirty thousand.

In another famous portrait of this period, called *L'Atelier de Monet*, our painter has depicted his friend sitting in the little boat in which he spent his days on the Seine in pursuit of the countless reflections which play upon the surface of the river. "Monet," said Manet, "is the Raphael of water."





XXXVIII. MONET ET SA FAMILLE. (Monet and Family.)



PLATE XXIX. FEMMES SUR LA PLAGE  
(WOMEN BY THE SEASHORE)

**S**O we have greatly advanced from the time when landscape-painters, experts in the painting of "leafy beauty," had a stroke of the brush for each vein in a clump of trees, and for every blade of grass in the foreground of a meadow. Now it has become a contest among young painters as to who shall find the shortest and most vivid method of notation.

Very quickly they grasped the effect of colour and light; everything else seemed to be futile pedantry or a concession to the commonplace. But the bourgeois protested, and insisted that Manet and his comrades in arms should produce pictures that were more solid and more intelligible.

To our eyes neither painters nor public seem to have been altogether in the wrong. There was so much to discover then for eyes purged of paint, that their haste to set down the new discoveries is easily comprehensible. Besides, as M. von Tschudi has said, "to demand a little more execution, would have been to obtain less movement."

The impressionists left their successors a difficult, though splendid, task, that of affirming, and fixing and giving precision to the language they invented. Alas! Their successors have hardly enriched the treasure-trove of their masters and have applied themselves to nothing more than the exploitation of their licence and their solecisms. Nowadays it seems to be a point of honour to make tables rickety, bottles bulge, and plates rock, and walls lurch like a drunken man, and shoulders become dislocated, and hands and feet have more or less than the number

of fingers and toes that they have been generally supposed to have. . . . And we cannot say that this kind of thing is even moderately interesting to us, for, if we do so, we are at once threatened with the ridicule that has now fallen upon the heads of the detractors of Manet.

*Cezanne*  
Among these swift notes of colour and values we have chosen the little study so quickly and so justly promoted from its old position in the Pellerin collection: "Femmes sur la Plage."

It should be placed side by side with a similar picture in the Rouart collection, "Sur la Plage," which was also painted in 1873-74 and represents the painter's brother, Eugène Manet, in a blue cap, lying on the sands near Madame Manet, in grey, with a straw hat with black ribbons.



XXIX. FEMMES SUR LA PLAGE. (Women on the Seashore.)



**PLATE XXX. LE BAL MASQUE (THE MASKED BALL)**

**W**E have already had occasion to see how the desultory craftsmanship, the rather irregular composition, looseness in design, and vehement colour of the new pictures were admirably suited to the expression of the movement of life.

At the outset of his career, in "La Musique aux Tuileries," Manet had tried to render the swarming life of a crowd. He renewed the attempt many times, notably in his "Courses au Bois de Boulogne" and "Courses à Longchamp," painted about 1872, and now in American collections. Also in America, in the house of Mr. H. O. Havemeyer (one of the first collectors to decide in Manet's favour), is the little canvas, called "Le Bal Masqué ou Bal de l'Opéra."

No open air about this, we are in the promenade behind the boxes of the theatre. The artist could only take sketches from the life and the picture was painted in his studio in the Rue de Saint-Petersbourg, where he had just settled. But reality and modernity were introduced as far as possible into the composition.

In accordance with his habit of never painting with a dressed up model, according to M. Duret, he made his friends sit for him, singly or in groups, in black coats and white ties.

In the crowd there are recognizable the features of Chabrier the composer; M. Duret himself; Roudier, a college friend; Albert Hecht, one of his original admirers, and many other friends and acquaintances of the painter.

Every character was represented in his most familiar

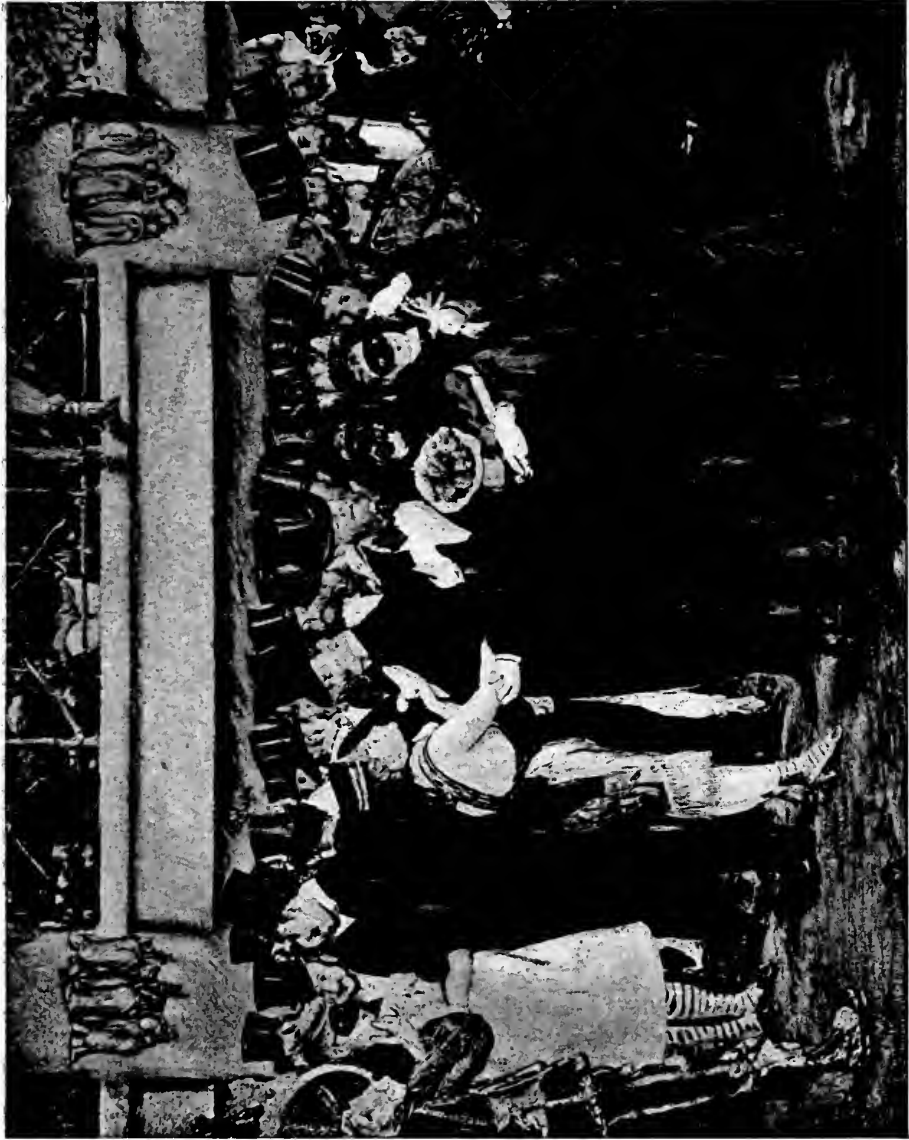
attitude, and painted with his most habitual gestures, for Manet demanded of each model his most ordinary gait or demeanour and would have nothing to do with conventional poses.

"How do you wear your hat—unconsciously when you are at your ease and not thinking about it?" he would say. "Very well then. When you sit for me, wear it like that and not self-consciously."

"Manet" said M. Gonse, "is one of the few painters who can, without being ridiculous, place a silk hat on a man's head, dress him in a tail coat or a frock-coat and, without a suspicion of stiffness, make him fall into his most habitual attitude."

With the exception of the "Alabama" exhibited in 1872, all the pictures just mentioned were known only to a limited circle. However, the artist's fame was being slowly established and M. Durand-Ruel began to play his rôle of providence—a rôle to which many risks attached—in the history of the modern school by purchasing twenty-eight of Manet's pictures for 38,600 francs. The outlook was beginning to be more hopeful and the painter was now on the verge of that success for which he had never ceased to long.





XXX. LE BAL MASQUE. (The Masked Ball.)



PLATE XXXI. LE BON BOCK (A GLASS OF BEER)

**T**HIS is Manet's most popular picture, and it won for him the kind approbation of the critics and the approving murmurs of the crowd at the Salon of 1873. It was a very unexpected triumph and was, all things considered, not unequivocal. In spite of the prediction of Bazire, that "down the ages men would be interested in the picture," to our eyes, "Le Bon Bock," in spite of its merits, is neither one of the freshest, nor most distinguished, nor most characteristic of Manet's pictures. Perhaps that is the reason of what Ed. Drumont called: "the undoubted success of a much contested artist."

Many with Albert Wolff of the "Figaro" applauded Manet's more or less real concessions and declared that he had "put water into his bock."

"Not water," protested Alfred Stevens, "but Haarlem beer!" And if the allusion to Franz Hals was sly, it must be admitted that there was truth in it.

However that maybe, the malicious comments of his colleagues were soon lost in the almost unanimous praises of the picture.

The drinker's geniality delighted among others Théodore de Banville: "M. Manet" he cried, "thus lodges a protest against chimerical portraits lit with Bengal fire, spangled with paste-board stars. . . . One has only to look at the sensual lips of this fat little man and his eyes twinkling with sound sense and humour to know what he thinks of conventional prettiness and wire-drawn theories."

"Step back a little," said Marc de Montifaud, "and

*Stevens Remark  
is given as The  
bock was brewed  
in Haarlem. which  
Manet presented.*

you will see how the masses of colour fall into their right relation; the distances fall into place, and every detail is exactly right. The forehead stands boldly out, the cheeks are rounded, the lips, which before seemed only to be two red lines, become speaking, and the hand is vigorously modelled." "In these troubled times of ours," wrote P. Mantz, "this placid drinker stands for the serenity of eternity. His full joy, his fat stomach, so surely tell that he knows not melancholy and his clothes cost him so little thought! The picture is conceived in a very sober range of colour, the dominant note being the dull black of the coat relieved by the broken white of the shirt and the vivid pink of the face. . . . The artist has most perfectly caught the attitude, representative of a typical temperament; he has expressed a moment which is charged with the whole of a life."

now in Philadelphia  
collection of  
Casol Tyson.

The model for the "Bon Bock" was an engraver named Belot, who also won fame in a day. A monthly dinner of the "Bon Bock" was founded, there was a "Bon Bock" brasserie, and a "Bon Bock" review. . . .

The picture was formerly in the Faure collection and is now in Berlin.

Am sorry he had Belot  
blow smoke, out of his  
pipe instead of skin nose or  
mouth, like a blower  
of soap bubbles. my.



XXXI. LE BON BOCK.



## PLATE XXXII. LE REPOS (REST)

**T**O the anonymous critic of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," the beer-drinker was "a coarse and blatant mixture of charcoal and powdered brick," done with "palette washings and painted with a sponge," but "Le Repos" was even worse: "a chaos which baffles description . . . a filthy and barbarous daub."

"Has reality," he screamed, "ever been known to resemble these wadded, formless, bleary, purplish, blackish dolls, blunderingly sketched out with the help of a slathered woolly perspective?"

"Why?" asked Tarbé, "why this tired, washed-out young woman sitting on a sofa, the colour of the dregs of a bottle of wine?"

It was one thing to interpret "the comfortable figure of a rubicund well-fed smoker," and another to try to "give grace, subtlety and abandon to the figure of a young woman." (Lafenestre.)

Mantz, and others with him, thought the position "not exactly comfortable," but though he insisted on the unfinished impression that it left on him, he did admit that it had some quality. He said:

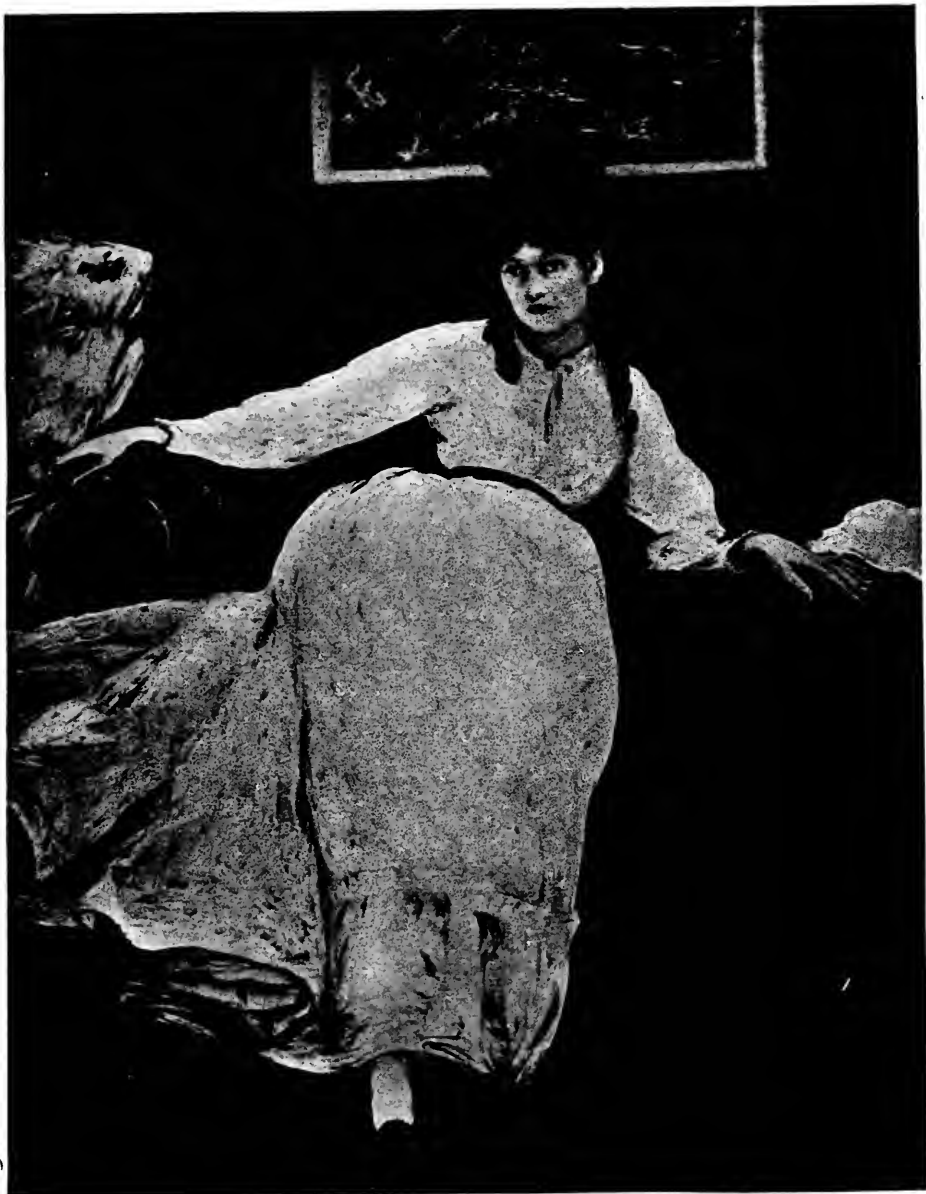
"There is a certain distinction in the tone of this study; once more we have here only three or four tints, the white of the dress dotted with little flowers, the purplish red of the sofa, and the greenish motley of a Japanese print hanging on the wall. As for the flesh tints, it is hardly possible to speak of them. The face and hands are left in a roughed-out condition . . . M. Manet has more than once been guilty of this sort of indolence; he tries to render an impression; when he thinks he has caught it and set it

down he stops. The rest is missing, as in some ancient manuscript."

On the other hand, Théodore de Banville was able to distinguish between the rather common virtuosity of the "Bon Bock" and this which is one of the most complete and personal of all Manet's pictures: "An attractive portrait" he says, "from which it is impossible to take your eyes, and it captivates the mind by its intensely modern character." This little woman "sitting in a position at once uncomfortable and easy . . . who is troubled about life," with her little foot, "like that of one of Goya's women, in a neat little shoe," gives the impression of "the subtle sentiment of modern life," of its pleasures, and also, "of its delicious sorrows." And that is why Baudelaire so loved Manet.

It is well known that "Le Repos," in spite of its title, is not a genre picture but a portrait of Mlle Berthe Marizot, a fine artist who was one of the first to come under Manet's influence and occupied an honourable position in the impressionist group. Mlle Berthe Marizot had already figured in "Le Balcon." She married the painter's younger brother, Eugène Manet. "Le Repos," formerly in the possession of M. Duret, has gone to enrich the Vanderbilt collection.





XXXII. LE REPOS. (Rest.)



PLATE XXXIII. LE CHEMIN DE FER (THE RAILWAY)

**T**HE success of the "Bon Bock" had no aftermath. The following year hostilities broke out afresh; "Le Chemin de Fer," exhibited at the Salon of 1874, provoked the wit of the scoffers.

Manet was, most unexpectedly, dubbed an "essentially bourgeois" painter.

No doubt, since he belonged to a school that was incapable of feeling beauty, he had begotten an ideal of "plati-tudinous triviality." His painting was, in fact, "nothing more than shop window painting, finding its highest flight in the manufacture of inn signs." (D. de Hauraune, "Revue des Deux Mondes.")

His choice of a subject was no less taken to task; what was the meaning of the woman and the little girl? The herd loves to be interested by the anecdotic or literary side of a picture; Manet seemed to be having a joke at the expense of the public in announcing a "Chemin de Fer," which was not even seen in the picture. They wanted a locomotive, or at least a stationmaster.

But the quarrel did not end there; what made critics and public especially angry was the "motley" of the picture. The colours were too vivid, there were no shadows, and the tints were in violent juxtaposition with no gradation to relieve the crudity.

Evidently, instead of letting his easily won success go to his head and continuing to perpetrate "ad nauseam" beer-drinkers, who would have conciliated the Press and won him much honour, Manet had gone yet farther down the impressionist road and was fighting with singular

energy and pertinacity to bring into the domain of art subjects and forms unhallowed by tradition.

Instead of cooping himself up in one kind of painting he tried all kinds; portraits, seascapes, genre pictures, landscapes, still-life, popular scenes, always striving to translate into his own incisive, bold, personal language everything that was naturally presented to his eyes.

And, indeed, subject, grouping, colouring, everything in "Le Chemin de Fer" was new in 1874.

There were just a few amateurs of art who understood it and were more just.

"Le Chemin de Fer" wrote Castagnary, "in which a very gracefully indicated hidden profile and an amply painted dress of blue cloth induce me to pass over the unfinished faces and hands, is as powerful in its manipulation of light as in its handling of colour."

The picture is now in New York, in the Havemeyer collection, together with the "Majo," the "Espada," and "En Bateau" and a number of other pictures, which, alas, showed the way across the Atlantic to so many others.



XXXIII. LE CHEMIN DE FER. (The Railway.)



## PLATE XXXIV. VENISE (VENICE)

**M**ANET had only one picture in the Salon of 1875, but that one could hardly pass unnoticed. "Argenteuil" was the first large canvas that the artist had painted in the open air. In the burning sunlight, two life-size figures, Robert Leenhoff and a young woman, were sitting in a boat, surrounded by water of an intense blue. What had been swallowed with difficulty in pictures that were hardly more than studies was found intolerable in a picture of this size. Utterly astonished, having learned little by experience, Manet found his work received with furious protests, just as in the days of the "Déjeuner sur l'Herbe" and the "Olympia" and "Le Balcon."

In 1875 the artist left Paris for a tour in Italy. It is not likely that he could be going in the old style to find new inspiration in the old masters, and in conventional fashion to ask the advice of Raphael, Michael Angelo, or Correggio.

However the tour was useful, since Manet, enchanted with the colour and atmosphere of Venice, brought back with him the view of the "Grand Canal," which is here reproduced. A sketch of this picture was formerly in the Faure collection. The picture itself is now in the Havemeyer collection, but seems never to have been presented to the public until the posthumous exhibition of 1884.

At that time the general feeling had been considerably modified and there was no risk of the picture rousing exasperation. M. Péladan then wrote of it the following happy description.

"A singular little picture," he wrote in "L'Artiste."  
"The water is indigo, the sky is indigo, and the white

pillars are striped with blue; this symphony in blue major is neither absurd nor false, I have seen afternoons in Venice of that very colour, but Manet has disproportionately heightened a just impression."

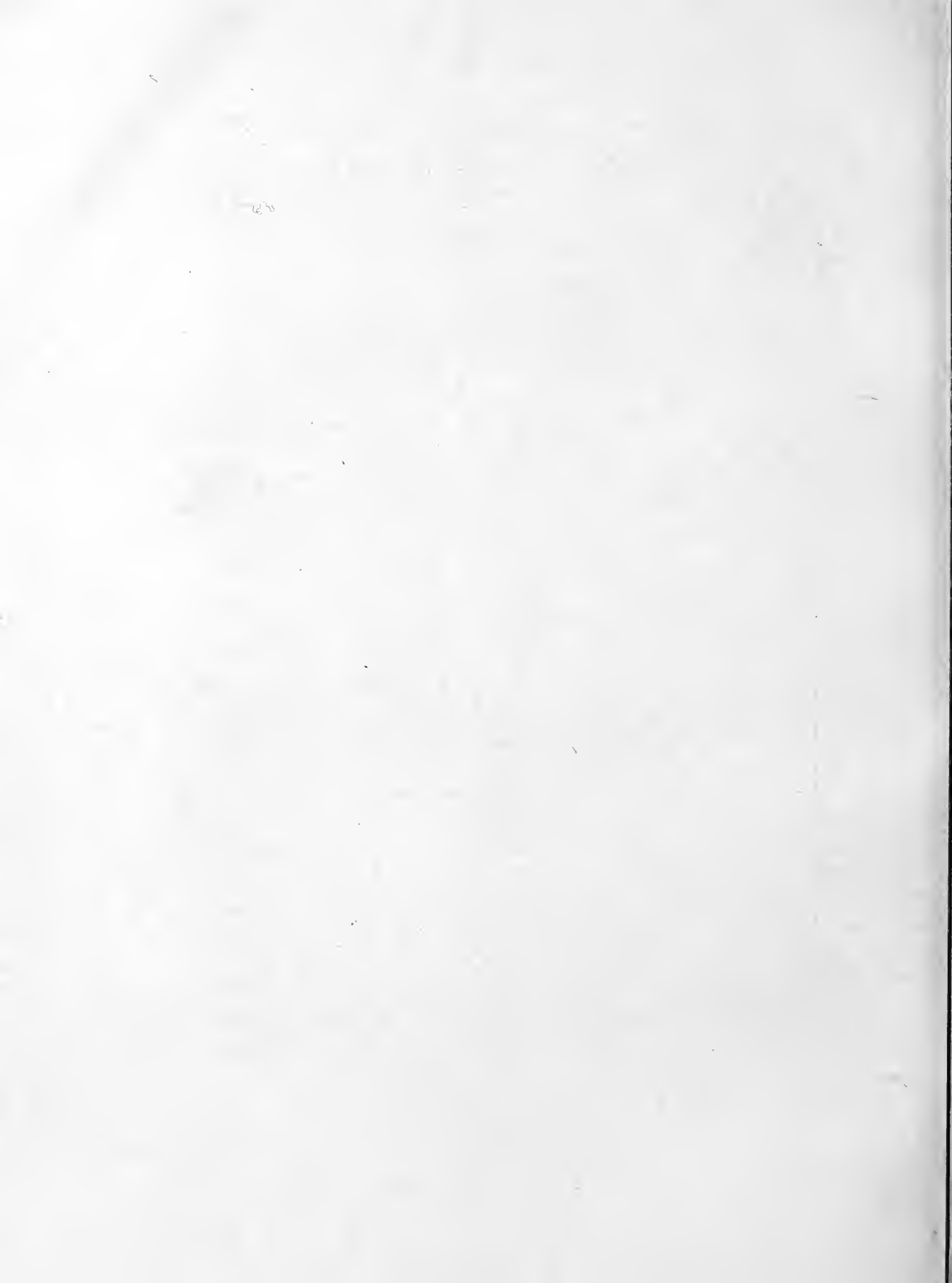
A few years pass. Here is the picture seen by other eyes.

"Over the sea," says M. G. Lecomte, "on which the rays of the setting sun are indicated by patches of yellow, green, orange, glides a black gondola. The waves lap against its sides, its shadow veils their brilliance. The canal is staked out with pillars with white and blue stripes, 'a very quiet and discreet festival of colour.' The reflections of these posts quiver under the lapping of the water. On the gondola stands a man slowly plying his oar. The horizon is blocked out with the vivid harmonies of houses with brilliant shuttered windows."





XXXIV. VENISE.



## PLATE XXXV. L'ARTISTE (THE ARTIST)

**A**T this point in a career marked out with several dearly won successes it would have seemed just that Manet should at least have had the right to show his work to the public through the official exhibitions. The jury of the Salon of 1876 showed that he had no such right and decided against the two pictures sent in by the painter, "Le Linge" and "L'Artiste." Manet was dismissed like a beginner, sent away to complete his education.

This time the Press, in spite of its habitual hostility, was of the opinion that the jury had gone too far. The painter could be judged but not stifled. This summary proceeding seemed to be the outcome of a certain petty rancour. Manet had adversaries, had he also enemies? And his cruel remarks concerning certain men of established reputation were bandied about.

Was it not he, who, in front of a wrinkled tanned St Jerome by Gérôme had said: "Ah! What a fine suède glove!" He too, who, of the "Charge des Cuirassiers" of Meissonier had made this quip, which has since gone the rounds with many variations: "Admirable! It is all steel, except the cuirasses!"

It was also remembered that during the war Manet had served under the master and that he had not been sufficiently impressed with the majesty of the painter-colonel. "If opticians were to adopt the logic of the jury"—said an amateur of painting in a letter cited by M. Bazire, "they would insist on myopic and presbyopic people wearing the same glasses. The Flemish masters who had any feeling for truth and beauty only painted what they saw sincerely and without trying to be like another master, however

successful he might be. The jury has a perfect right to say: 'I don't like Manet.' They have no right to say: 'Out with Manet!'"

Of the two pictures, "L'Artiste" is certainly the one which least gave rise to any anticipation of such severity. It was painted in the studio and could shock neither traditional custom nor the feelings of anybody.

"The figure," wrote M. Péladan in 1884, "suits the painter's abrupt style so well that it takes on an air of life and masterly simplicity."

The model was the hapless Marcelin Desboutiers who in his varied trades as painter, engraver, and writer, seems only to have met with misfortune.

Edmond de Goncourt, who visited his studio in 1875, has left us a portrait of the man and his dwelling, a few words of which inevitably fall into line with Manet's picture: "He had an original head," he wrote, 'with hair and beard à la Giorgione, a face curiously sunken in places, in others round and knobby, the face of a man crushed by failure!'"

The picture was bought at the Pellerin sale by a Berlin collector and figured in the exhibition of 1900.



XXXV. L'ARTISTE.



PLATE XXXVI. LE LINGE (WASHING)

**A**FTER his rejection by the Salon in 1876, Manet opened an exhibition in his studio, to which the public flocked.

A book was placed at the entrance, and people wrote their names in it—not always their real names—courage being beyond a certain type of wit. For, as may be readily supposed, certain witty gentlemen insisted on giving their opinions.

“I reserve all my admiration for the admirers of Manet,” wrote one of those worthy people upon whom it is impossible to impose.

Another of them provoked a fine retort. He had written these words in the book.

“Manet is right. . . . We should always wash our dirty linen at home.”

To which Cham replied pat:

“Monsieur Manet has always marked his linen and never erased the marks of others. That is a quality in these days!”

A facetious person set down a few base insults in the name of M. Tony-Révillon.

Finally among the quodlibets, insults and eulogies these vengeful anonymous verses were written:

“Under his mighty brush we feel that art’s re-born,  
In art new life, new truth, new colour we shall find.  
Oh! Manet, mark this well, beneath the jury’s scorn  
The envious shall die, envy be left behind.”

Unlike the “Artiste,” “Le Linge” was a real picture of sunlight, designed to express the fierce light of August.

A woman dressed in a blue gown is standing in the middle of a garden washing in a tub against which a curious baby is leaning. The subject lent itself to vivid contrasts; the green plants of the garden and the white linen stretched on lines, crudely clashing with the colour of the dress, which caused the picture to be taken to task for its "blatant discords."

Our eyes have grown used to the violent colours with which the impressionists suggest those effects of intense light which no painter's palette can literally translate, and this is how Bazire describes the picture:

"Into this garden with its wilderness of trees picked out with flowers, sunflowers, geraniums, roses, pinks, daisies, is breathed the warmth of summer. The light filters in from all sides, the hot air rises and quivers. It makes you feel that the sky is brazen and that the earth is hot."

The least defensible part of the picture is certainly the child. Without altogether subscribing to Wolff's opinion expressed in the "Figaro," 1884, that the baby was "simply a monster, worse than ugly," one is forced to admit that the rather carelessly treated wax doll hardly enhances the charm of the picture.

At the sale of Manet's works, "Le Linge" was bought by M. Gallimard.

When I first saw "Le Linge" I was charmed with it all except the child. She may not be a wax doll but she has no place in the picture and the hot iron head is an abomination. Why did Manet so often introduce some thing that distracted from the enjoyment of the other successful picture. I often wonder did Manet do it a purpose? It has happened so often. When I saw the picture some 40 years after 72 ward, it didn't impress me so favorably. IT seemed thin.





XXXVI. LE LINGE. (Washing.)



## PLATE XXXVII. NANA

**A**NOTHER picture, another refusal. This time it was rejected not on superior æsthetic grounds but on the score of morality! A painter is allowed to depict Joseph and Potiphar's Wife or Susannah and the Elders, but not to represent a woman of our own time at her toilette with a gentleman in a black coat looking on, even though he be tucked away in a corner and queerly cut in half by the frame, Japanese fashion.

The picture has, of course, been connected with Zola's book of the same title. However, in the picture there is only to be discerned a very distant reflection of the descriptions which the writer has amplified in his usual copious insistent fashion. The thick atmosphere of the over-heated dressing-room is here clarified. There is some order in the array of bowls and pots of paint. One is only faintly conscious of the acrid smells in which bunches of lilac and hyacinths vie with the musty stale scent-washes and a still more disturbing scent. Instead of the densely packed crowd of men we have here a man of the world sitting comfortably in a very ordinary position. The gross over-insistent nudity and the sordid undergarments of the heroine of the book are here all shaded off into a discreetly witty silhouette. The picture is just as modern and faithful as the novel, but it is more distinguished, more reserved, almost chaste. If Manet had really set out to illustrate Zola's book he would have been singularly untrue to his original. Therefore we must agree with M. Duret, that he never had any such intention.

To this must be added, to dispose of any doubt, that there is very good reason for thinking so. The picture had been

rejected by the Salon of 1877, when Zola had not even sketched out his novel; even a year later he was still without a plan for the book he wished to construct round the heroine of whom he had given a glimpse in "L'Assommoir." He wrote the first chapter in 1878, took notes for the "Grand Prix" scene in 1879, and finished the last feuilleton in 1880. The story then appeared in book form and in the theatre six months later.

After its rejection Manet's picture found a home at Giroux's Gallery, Boulevard des Capucines, and it attracted a crowd of curious people.

At the posthumous sale of the artist's work it was bought for 3,000 francs by Doctor Robin.



XXXVII. NANA.



## PLATE XXXVIII. AU CAFE (IN A CAFE)

**I**N 1878 Manet sent nothing to the Salon. He was reserving his work for the Universal Exhibition, where he hoped to see his most striking work. The public of the two worlds would then see a résumé of his whole career, and perhaps—the artist was still hopeful—the ban would at last be removed.

But in 1878, as in 1867, the jury refused to countenance the experiment.

For a short time Manet thought of holding a private exhibition, as he had done once before. But the experiment of 1867 had been as onerous for him as it had been for Courbet. Our painter shrank from an expense which was too great for his resources and he gave up the idea of appealing once more to the public from the jury's decision. It goes without saying that this new disappointment did not exactly mollify him. Being more exasperated than ever with noble painting, Manet seems to have longed more desperately than ever to show that everything seen, every model, was interesting to the painter, especially those models, those scenes which the official artists would have rejected with horror as unworthy of representation. Already in "Le Bal de l'Opéra" and in "Nana" he had tried a few transcriptions of Parisian life, all rawly set down, with no romantic amplification, none of those little decorative manipulations used by professional illustrators to indemnify themselves against the lowliness of their subjects.

Quite recently in 1876-77 he had thrown vividly on to canvas a "Chanteuse de Café-Concert," standing right in front of the prompter's box; a publican with his cutty in the corner of his mouth, standing by the counter of his

“Bouchon ” (drinking-shop); “Une Servante de Bocks,” in the middle of the indifferent spectators of a tavern brawl.

In 1878, in the picture “Au Café,” formerly in the Pellerin collection, sitting by the ordinary marble-topped table with two half-empty glasses of bock, he has seated his friend, Guérard, the engraver, the husband of Eva Gonzales. In the background against the window plastered with the rays of a popular poster he has painted the profile of a girl with her hair down her back, one of those compelling masks of vice such as had already been discovered by Degas, and were later to be re-discovered by Forain, Steinlen, or Toulouse-Lautrec.





XXXVIII. AU CAFE.



## PLATE XXXIX. LA RUE DE BERNE

**T**HE painters of 1830 were regarded as revolutionaries when they protested against the pedantic balance and laborious arrangement of the old classical landscapes in which rocks, waterfalls, clumps of trees and hills were drawn in harmonious lines and the regularly spaced perspective could be manipulated as mechanically as the scenery of a theatre. But they too were accused of "playing tricks" with their pictures of Nature. It was discovered that Corot, Rousseau, and Millet, having broken free from the pounced drawing of Poussin and Claude, had nevertheless their own particular arabesques, just the same as their predecessors.

The impressionists seem perpetually to have been afraid of incurring the same reproach. They seem to have made it a sort of affectation not visibly to take any responsibility for the composition of their pictures. They are not afraid of a rather clumsy design; they are content with aimless foregrounds or they make them deliberately unusual. They are something like those actors in the "Théâtre Libre" who turned their backs to the audience as a matter of principle, by way of flouting the Conservatoire. By way of giving us sincere pictures of "things seen," they put their studies just as they stand into a frame, and let them adjust themselves to it as best they can.

It goes without saying that they put their personalities into it, like any other kind of artist, and that there is an impressionist style of composition, just as there is a romantic or classical style. But it is characterized by its rather perfunctory manner and its distaste for any thorough "arrangement."

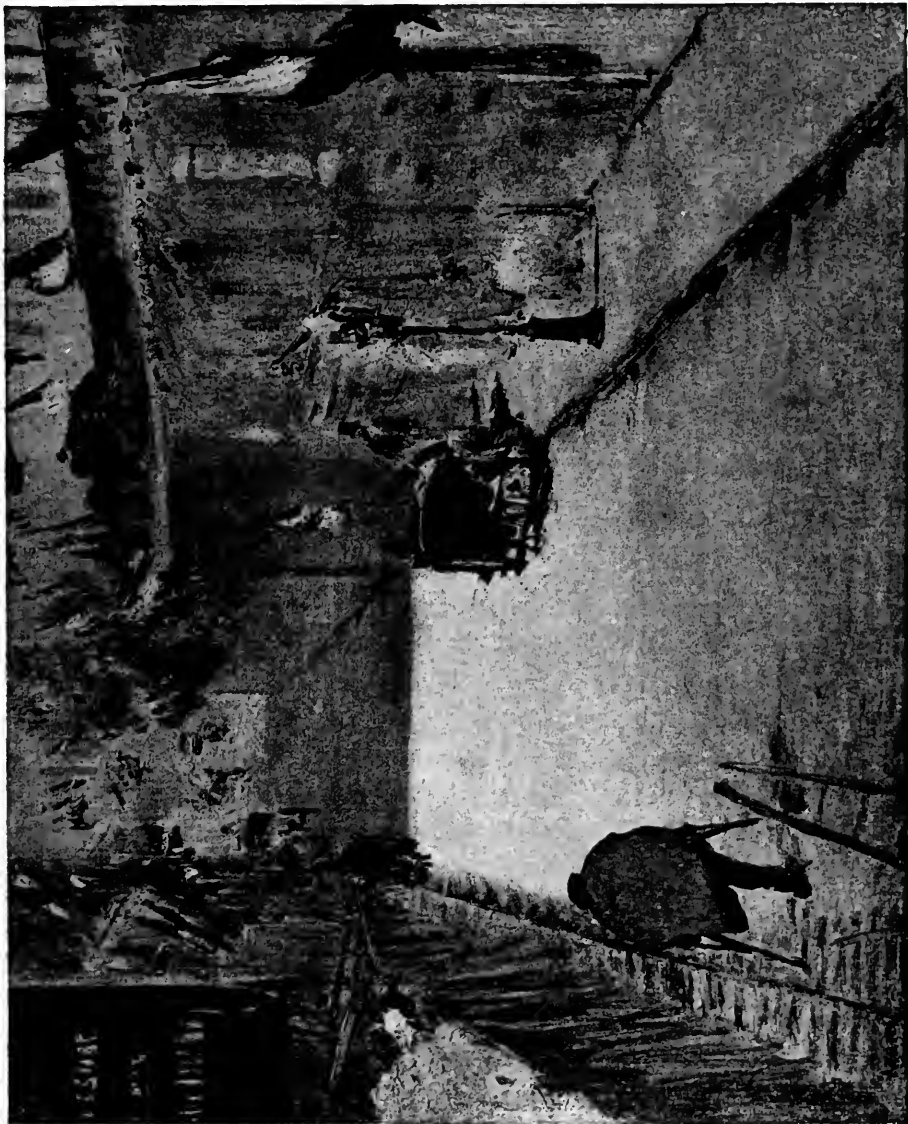
The picture here reproduced falls in with the new formula. The unbroken vertical planes move towards the vanishing point on the horizon; on the left the frame cuts in half a poster which has very little in harmony with the composition, and the empty foreground is only adorned with the end of a ladder, the other end of which is—Heaven knows where. . . .

The picture is made up out of nothing. But even its brilliantly clever colouring it holds together by the admirable rightness of its values. However, M. von Tschudi shall be allowed to speak:

“ An extraordinary power of vision has reinvested with harmonious and tender colour the cold stones and the plain street corners, in which nothing is left to the fancy, while the whole scene is flaring under the vibrant light. The whole thing is rendered with a few strokes of the brush. It is all alive with movement, the flags seem to flutter in the wind, the passers-by are actually walking. . . .”

The picture was painted on June 30, 1878, from the windows of Manet's studio; it was formerly in the Pellerin collection. On the same day the artist painted a variation of the same subject called “Les Drapeaux,” and shortly afterwards another very similar study called “Les Paveurs de la Rue de Berne.”

This picture, *Les Paveurs de la Rue de Berne*, is in no sense a composition. It undoubtedly existed in the Rue de Berne, outside Montmartre and, was painted just as he saw it. Even the one-legged workman in the buff and blue smock, in case, walked down the Rue just as you see him. He walked into the picture and Manet started to paint him where we see him and did him before he walked out of his vision. He is one of the rare pictures in which Manet has essayed to paint light and a real effect of out of doors. There is nothing posed or arranged in it, not even the ladder where it was just dropped. It is of the nature of a sketch but a sketch of a master. It also comes nearer to



XXXIX. LA RUE DE BERNE.

The impression is than any other of his pictures. It is not painted.

broken color of the spectrum



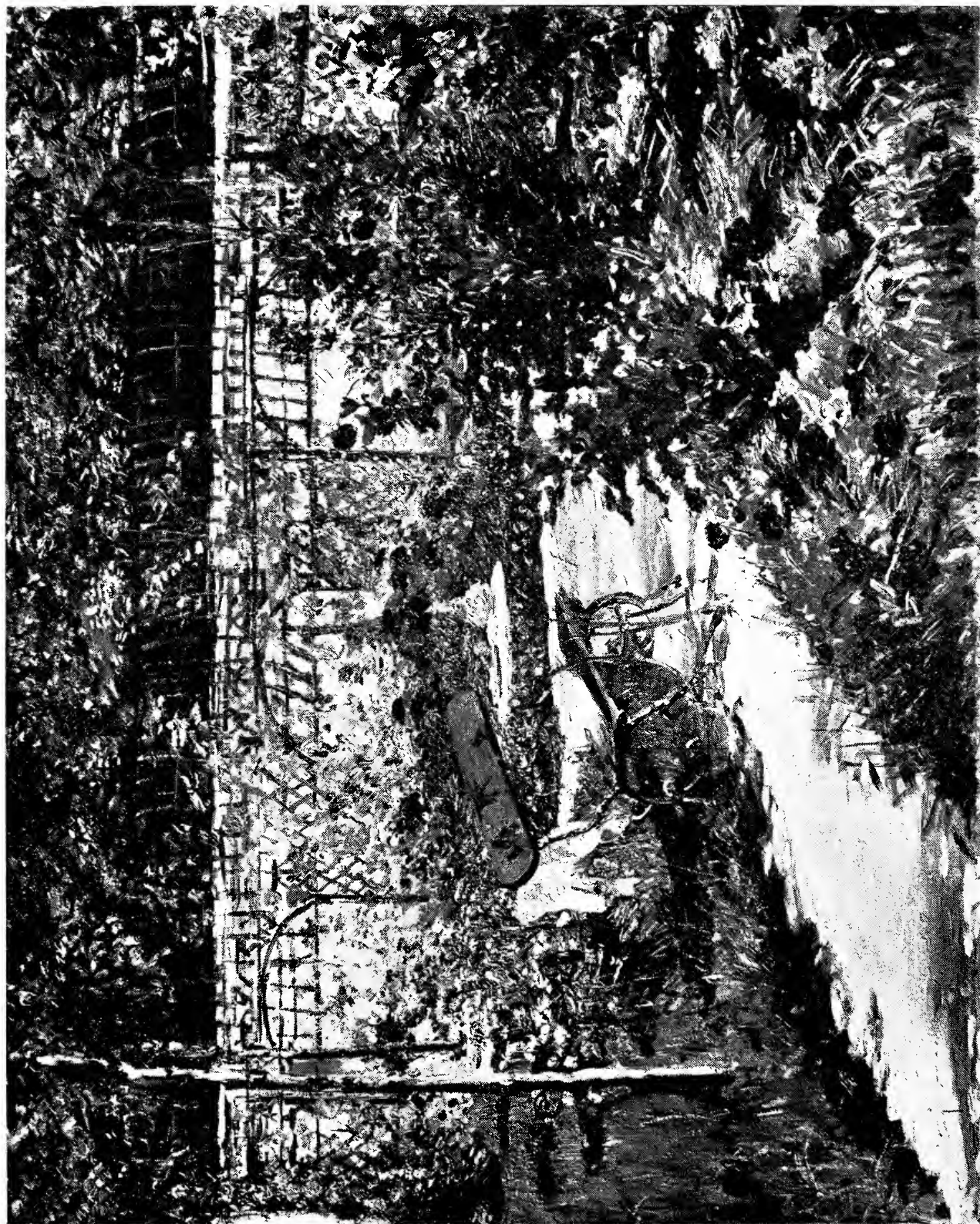
# Municipal Show Of American Art Opens to Public

(Continued from page 5)

in the whole gained by intermingling of their work, the "five thousand linear feet" of art being immensely enlivened or the visitor by such juxtapositions as Gus Mager's "Siberian Heavyweight Wrestler" trying to escape from the vicinity of Ettore Caser's clasped nudes hivering on the brink of a pool in his "Summer Evening." Nor is the contrast always humorous. "Curly," by George de Forest Brush, with its stylized treatment of the little girl's tangles and the beautiful painting of white collar and red hat, balanced on a wall with Alexander Brook's "Blondy," ably holds its own.

I repeat: the general impression is one to make the spirits rise at the prospect of American art. Of course if you analyze each work and the opportunity to do so is one not to be missed. You find that many of the moderns are painting with the eye and the head divorced from the centers of feeling just as much as are the academicians, allowing for the differences inherent in the modern idiom. Being of this generation I prefer paintings of pots and





"LE JARDIN DE MANET A VERSAILLES, 1881"

By MANET



## PLATE XL. EN BATEAU (IN A BOAT)

**A**BOUT 1874 Manet painted two pictures almost identical in subject, "Argenteuil" and "En Bateau."

The first was sent to the Salon of 1875 and, as we have seen, provoked almost as much derisive interest as "Olympia" had done. In a boat, on the Seine, two people are sitting talking. As usual, they were thought ugly and vulgar. The blue water of the river, flooded with light, was considered very comic.

"I don't know how far these people who scoff are competent to judge," said Castagnary. "The spectacle of an intelligent man trying to make some progress in painting is not a laughing matter. . . . These boating people of Argenteuil are just as good as Tamar in the house of Absalom, and far more interesting."

The blue of the water shocked him a little, but on the other hand he was enchanted with the colour of the atmosphere, and the rendering of the texture of the stuff, and the "magnificent dress," and "the amazing flowers."

"Such an experiment," he concluded, "is a definite step away from convention towards more truth, more Nature, more life."

Either because people had become accustomed to it, or because the white zephyr of the boatman harmonized with the blue-grey water of the river, "En Bateau" roused less hostility at the Salon of 1870. Nevertheless the old reproach was levelled at Manet that he could not draw.

"M. Manet is unfortunately too old, or should be a candidate for the Salon prize," wrote M. Baignières.

"Then he might have taken his traps to Rome and

← His tipped in print is is any more of the great and most successful of Manet's landscapes. I know it well. Fifty years ago I used to see it at the Durand-Ruel's, and was struck with its truth to the thing seen, in it there are no evasions - all is accounted for. The colours are nature's colours on a clear day under the clear, uncoloured light of midday. In it there are no artificial blues and violets. As it was by Manet painted it. It is a great masterpiece of visual realism and painting. I find it a great picture. I believe I should rather own it than any other work.

*In my essay on Manet  
I have criticized and  
analysed this picture*

learned that it is possible to draw figures instead of blotching them with colour. He might have learned that, behind our eyes whose function is to see, we have a brain whose function is to think, and that it is better to make use of both than to rely only on the first. He might certainly have painted water as brilliantly harmonious as that on which his boat is floating . . . . Only perhaps he might have been able to give his boatman an arm, and placed on a pair of real shoulders a head that now rests on the collar of an empty coat, which has two enormous sleeves ending in a few formless strokes, which we are supposed to take for hands and fingers."

But Huysmans, taking more sober counsel, passed over the details to consider the whole, and did not stint his praises:

"They say that water is never that colour. Pardon, it has that colour at certain moments, just as at others it has shafts of dull blue, buff, and slate-grey. It is our business to look about us. . . . Manet paints what he sees. The woman in the blue dress is well posed in the full light, and so she stands out boldly, just as the boatman in his white clothes stands out against the crude blue of the water."

"En Bateau" was bought by M. Havemeyer, of New York.



**XL. EN BATEAU. (In a Boat.)**



PLATE XLI. DANS LA SERRE (THE CONSERVATORY)

**T**HIS is a portrait of M. and Mme Guillemet, two Parisian friends of Manet's. Like "En Bateau," the picture was shown at the Salon of 1879.

"Nothing could be more simple than the composition or more natural than the attitudes. But, above all, the freshness of the tones and the harmony of the colour-scheme are deserving of praise."

It was in these words that Castagnary, the accredited champion of realism, gave Manet a more than usually definite piece of praise in his review of the Salon. More than that, he was delighted to see the faces and hands "more finished in drawing than usual," which, he added, must be "a concession to the public."

That was not the opinion of M. de Swarte, who thought the picture had only one defect, that of "being exhibited unfinished, so that it looks like a sketch forgotten and left on the easel."

Even more divergent was Véron's opinion, who protested against the plants in the background, which, he said, "were of a hard blatant green, unlike anything in Nature."

Paul Mantz, whose eyes were quick and sensitive enough, had nothing to say against the colouring of the picture, when it was shown again in 1884, but he found it necessary to raise another ground of complaint:

"La Serre," he wrote, "gives the eye an impression of deliberate ease and restfulness. But there is hardly any atmosphere in the picture; the figures seem as though they were plastered on to a background of painted paper."

There is not a breath of air stirring in the foliage." ("Le Temps," January 16, 1884.)

And finally let us end this collection of varied opinions with a few words by Huysmans:

"The rather awkward dreamy woman in a dress which seems to have been painted at a gallop in rapid strokes of the brush—you must go and see it—is superbly executed. The man with his bared head, with the light playing about his forehead, flickering, and falling on the hands which are so boldly painted in with the cigar between the fingers. In this easy, natural, talking pose, the figure of the man is really beautiful, alive, really flirting. . . . The air moves, the figures stand out marvellously from the green with which they are surrounded on all sides. It is a very modern, very attractive picture, an assault engaged and won upon the pounced drawing learned from the solar light, which has never been seen in Nature."

As is well known, M. von Tschudi was fortunate enough to procure this important picture of Manet's for the Berlin Museum, where it represents the French school among a select number of pictures by Degas, Monet, Sisley, Pissarro, which most of our museums may well envy. It is also well known that M. von Tschudi's compliment to our impressionists has given offence in high places; he is still without the approval of the exalted personage, who, as far as the German empire is concerned, possesses of Divine right the final judgment in these matters.



XLI. DANS LA SERRE. (The Conservatory.)





## PLATE XLII. CHEZ LE PERE LATHUILLE

**T**HIS was the name given to a cabaret in the Avenue de Clichy, well known to Parisians, which had a vogue for ten years. "Ah!" wrote Edmond de Goncourt in 1890, "what an old cabaret; with its fossil writers and its patrons who look like the supers in a theatre dinner scene. Ah! It must be the cabaret which figures in the engraving of the attack on the barrier of Clichy in 1814. . . ."

In 1880, when Manet exhibited his famous picture, which has just been offered to the Tournai Museum, in the Salon, the patrons of "Père Lathuille" were not yet archæological curiosities.

"The young man and the young woman are superb," wrote Huysmans, "and the brilliant, vivid canvas is astonishing, for it shines out amid all the official paintings, which turn rancid as soon as the eye lights upon them. Here is the authentic modern note of which I have written so much! In the real light of day these people are lunching, and you must see how living is the young woman, with her little precise manner, and how speakingly exact is the young man in his eagerness over his good or rather his bad luck! They are talking, and we know perfectly well the inevitable and marvellous platitudes they are exchanging over their champagne, with the waiter watching them from the back of the garden, and standing ready to announce the arrival of a muddy black compound in a dirty coffee-pot. It is life rendered without exaggeration, such as it is. It is a true piece of work, a brave piece of work, from the point of view of modern painting, absolutely unique in this copious Salon."

The picture has never since fallen in the opinion of the

Sorry I have never  
seen this picture. I  
should like to see  
it. Judging from the  
depression the  
only thing that both-  
ers me is the water  
in the distance. He  
looks like he had  
been painted from  
a snail shell.

critics. In 1884 all that M. Péladan could find to regret was that the young man's tie did not "harmonize with the young woman's carnation." To recent writers "Le Père Lathuille" is one of Manet's masterpieces.

"Never," writes M. von Tschudi, "has any man ever given so masterly a translation of the air playing about on the gravel path, and the bluish tones of the outlines and the outlines themselves."

The picture is absolutely characteristic of Manet's art, for it is full of a singing quality even in the shadows.

"The whole composition is flooded in light," remarks M. Duret. "Perspective is established, and the contours obtained without contrast. The portions of the picture which one may speak of as shadow are raised to such an intensity of light and colour that they can hardly be differentiated from those portions upon which the light directly falls."



XLI. CHEZ LE PERE LATHUILLE.



## PLATE XLIII. LE TUB

**I**N 1880, in a private exhibition at the "Vie Moderne" Manet exhibited a group of the pastels with which he experimented during five or six years with increasing pleasure.

They are studies of a markedly realistic flavour, incisive and indulgent, with an art which expresses everything without stress. It may almost be said that there is nothing like them, were it not that they border on a domain which Degas was making his own at the same time, and which Forain was beginning to encroach upon. There is more than craftsmanship in them. There is in them the sense and passion of truth which one might expect of artists starting work at the time of the appearance of "Madame Bovary."

"La Femme au Tub," here reproduced, was formerly in the Pellerin collection.

Huysmans, writing of these drawings, concludes:

"His brilliant, transparent work, cleansed of the dust and tobacco juice which have for so long been disfiguring the canvases of our artist, has often a caressing touch beneath its apparent bluster, a concise but rather staggering quality of design, consisting of vivid patches of colour in a harmony of bright silvery paint.

". . . As usual, with all his great qualities, the artist is incomplete. He, with the impressionists, has done a great deal to help the present movement, bringing to the realism inaugurated by Courbet, especially in his choice of subjects, a new revelation, the attempt to paint the light of day.

". . . Manet was never strong enough in lung or sinew to impose his ideas by means of a single great work.

After breaking free from the influence of Velasquez, Goya, Theo Tocopuli and many others, he wandered, groping his way; he pointed out the way for others to follow, and himself remained stationary, stopping to look at the prints of Japan, struggling with his fumbling design, wrestling with the freshness of his sketches, and spoiling them as he worked on them. In fine, M. Manet has already been outdistanced by most of the painters who in old days rightly regarded him as a master."

"Fumbling design" seems to be an unhappy phrase to use of the admirable, supple and full quality of the two following studies. "Stationary" is also unjust, if we compare these free, finished drawings, sketches though they are, with the rather stiff and strained attempts of his early years. But, taken as a whole, this judgment will, in its lucidity, come as a surprise to those who see Manet surrounded only with unshakeable partisans or systematic detractors.



XLIII. LE TUB.





## PLATE XLIV. LA JARRETIERE (THE GARTER)

**A**T the "Vie Moderne" exhibition in 1880 there was also "La Femme à la Jarretière," a pastel, also known as "La Toilette," formerly in the Pellerin collection, and described by Huysmans as follows:

"'La Toilette,' a drawing of a woman with her head bending over her swelling bosom while she is fixing her garter over a blue stocking, simply reeks of the prostitution which is so dear to us. One of M. Manet's most constant preoccupations has been to envelop his characters with the atmosphere of the world to which they belong."

The Salon of 1881 was a misfortune for Manet. He had sent in a portrait of Rochefort, which the subject indignantly repudiated, and that strange figure of a sportsman "Pertuiset," now in the Durand-Ruel collection, kneeling under the trees of the Elysée des Beaux-Arts, by a symbolical lion's skin. On the ground beneath the trees the painter, still preoccupied with the discoveries of the impressionists, had painted the play of sunlight and the purple shadows so dear to Renoir.

"Manet is going to pieces," declared Huysmans.

However the Salon was to give the artist the satisfaction which it had so long withheld from him.

That very year the much criticized regulations of the exhibitions had been modified. The Salon, formerly in the power of the Institut and the Direction des Beaux-Arts, became the property of the French Society of Artists. Just as in 1849 and 1850 the exhibitors had the right to elect their own jury, which, thereby, underwent a singular process of rejuvenation. And one of the

first results of the change was that, in spite of the protests of certain irreconcilable spirits, Manet was awarded a medal of the second class!

Among the seventeen votes given him were those of Cazin, Duez, Carolus Duran, Feyen-Perrin, Gervex, Guillaumet, Guillemet, Henner, Lansyer, Em. Lévy, de Neuville, Roll, Vallon.

It had therefore taken Manet nearly thirty years of hard fighting to be declared "hors concours," that is, practically speaking, to have the right to see any pictures that he sent in in future removed from the hitherto disastrous jurisdiction of the jury.



XLIV. LA JARRETIERE. (The Garter.)



PLATE XLV. LE BAR DES FOLIES-BERGERE.

**M**ANET—so his biographers tell us—remained very sensitive to opinion and very desirous of official recognition, either because, being a man of the world, with a wide social connexion, he suffered from the position on the “borderland” that had been assigned to him, or because, being doubtful of himself, he needed the encouragement of the applause of others. Certainly he was very happy when his friends, Antonin Proust and Gambetta, overcame President Grévy’s hesitation, and obtained the Cross of the Legion of Honour for him in January, 1882.

A few months later two of his pictures were well hung in the Salon—his last.

One of them, “Le Bar,” in the Bernheim collection, roused the usual storm of criticism and “stupefied the spectators.” But already the Press had begun to treat him with deference.

“Standing facing us,” says Huysmans, “is a tall girl in a blue low-necked dress, cut off at the waist by a counter laden with champagne bottles, liqueurs, oranges, flowers, and glasses. Behind her head is a large mirror, in which we see the reflection of her back, a man facing her, and talking to her; farther off, behind, or rather to one side of the couple, all brilliantly contrived optically, we see the whole of the promenade of the ‘Folies,’ and in one corner, high up the green cloth boots of an acrobat standing on a trapeze.

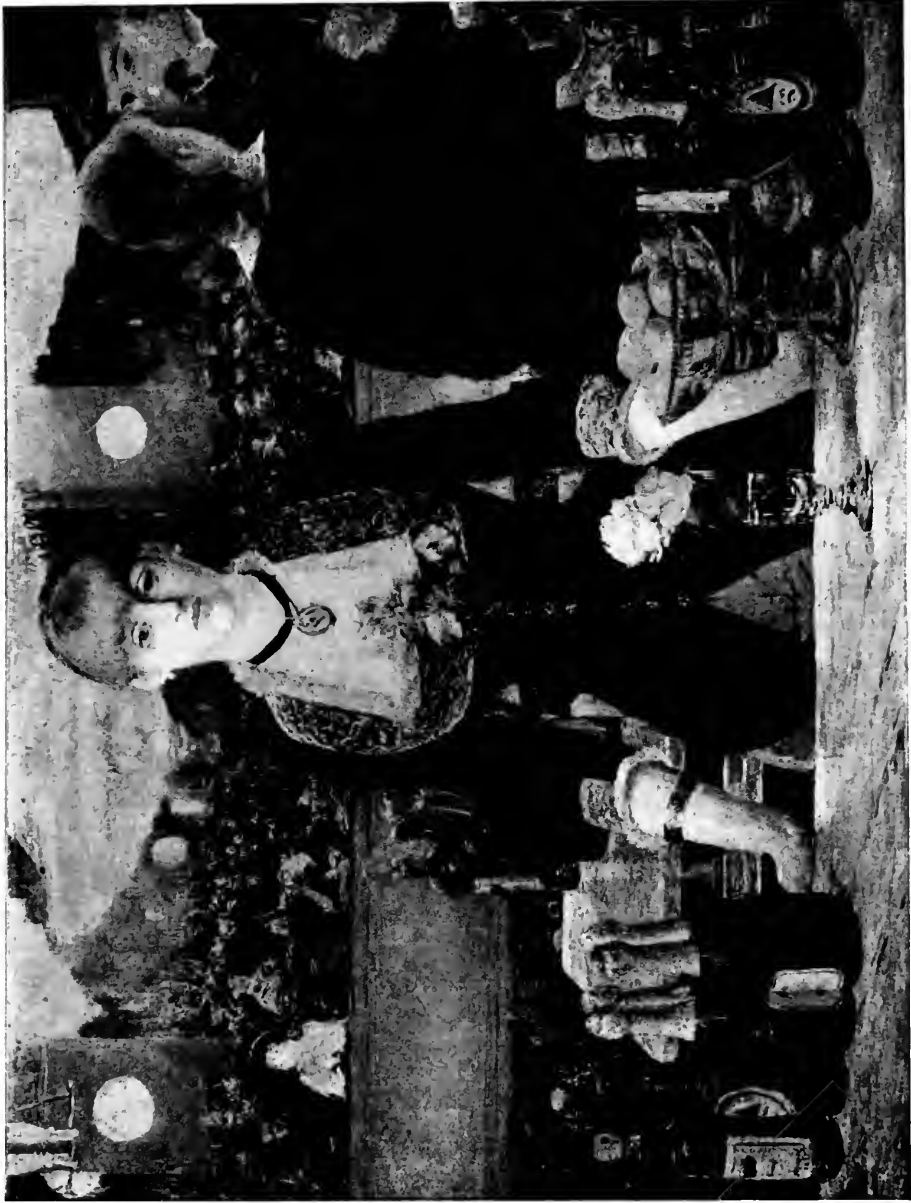
“The subject is thoroughly modern, and the idea is ingenious; but what about the lighting? Don’t tell me that it is gas light or electric light. It isn’t. It is faint daylight, ‘plein-air’!

“ I am all the more sorry for this because, in spite of its dead quality of tone, the bar has many positive merits. The picture is certainly the most modern and most interesting in the present Salon.”

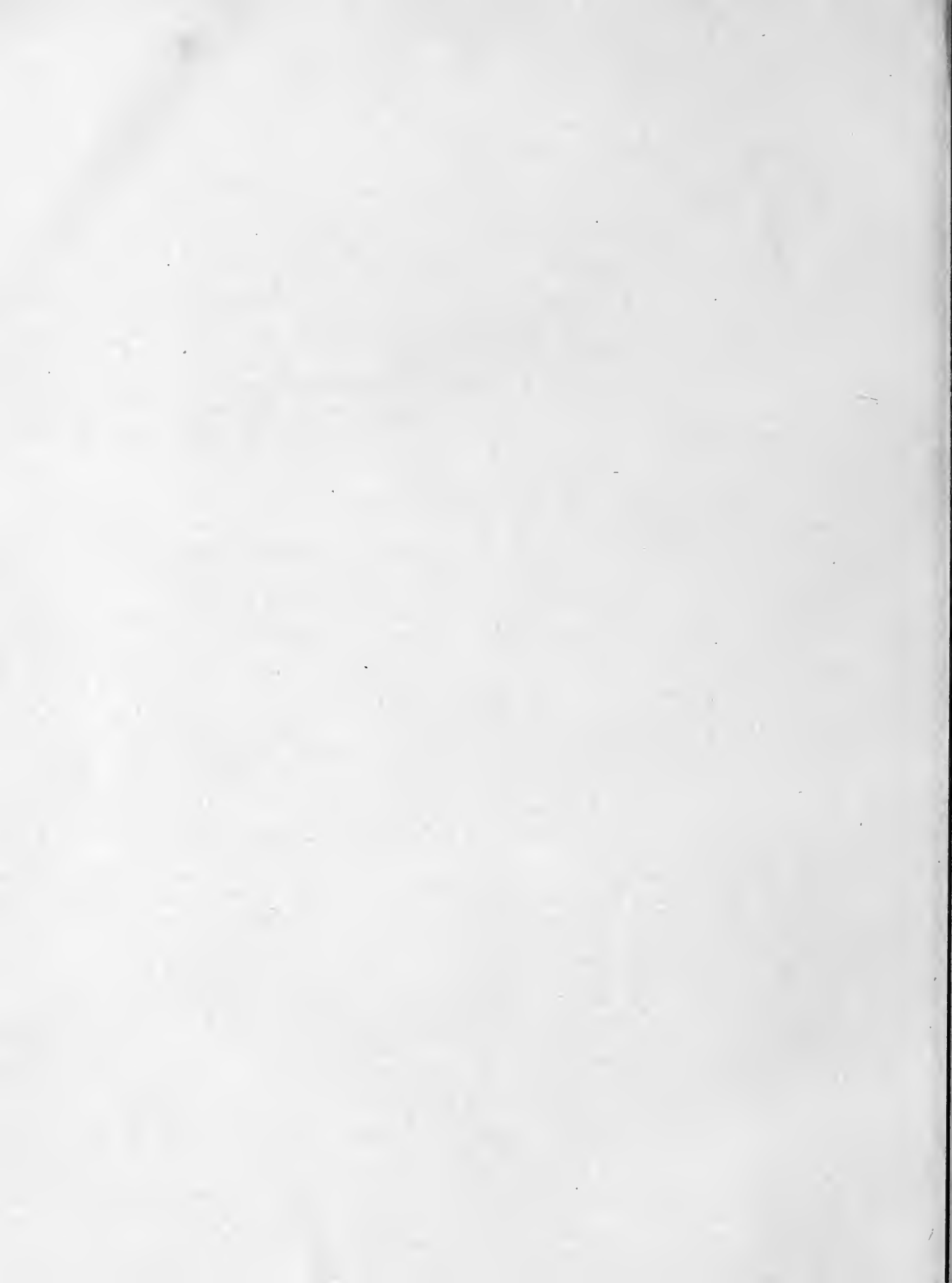
Considering it now, the whitish gas globes and the creamy candelabra certainly fail in their effect, and the reflection in the mirror, which is difficult to account for, is so solid that it falsifies the foreground. However, the foreground is quite admirable, and the still-life is worthy of Manet's best, which is saying a good deal.

“Let us admit,” said M. Péladan, “that the whole thing misses fire, and we must admit it, yet the painting of the bar and the woman's blue dress is admirable.”

M. de Fourcaud was also fully alive to the splendid feast of colour, and said: “Is there any picture more ingeniously arranged, more justly observed, more witty and more expressive in its own kind?”



XLV. LE BAR DES FOLIES-BERGERE.





## PLATE XLVI. JEANNE

**T**HE other exhibit in the Salon of 1882 met with nothing but praise.

It was the portrait of a girl well known later in the theatre as Mlle Demarsy. The picture has been known variously as "Jeanne," "La Femme à L'Ombrelle," and "Le Printemps" (formerly in the Faure and Durand-Ruel collections).

The last title is explained by the project entertained by Manet of symbolizing the four seasons without resorting to any of the traditional allegories. He painted "L'Automne," for which Mme Méry Laurent sat, all muffled up, "with her cameo profile," but Winter and Summer were never carried out.

The success of the picture was absolute: Manet's detractors were "stupefied," and his champions "delirious." "Jeanne" passed the scrutiny of all eyes, "haughty and coquettish, in profile, with her eye quivering with life, her turned up nose, her moist warm lips, and her air of conquest." ("L'Artiste.")

The little rebellious face, emerging from the cream bonnet fringed with lace and trimmed with roses and daisies and velvet bows was everywhere admired. It was "a bouquet," a "very perfume for the eyes."

M. de Fourcaud seemed to see in it the incarnation of the Parisienne:

"I can feel the movement of her breast," he wrote. "There is nothing Pompeian in her charm, and, if she has powder on her nose, that does not alarm me in the least. The honest painter shows me what he has seen, his brush works in rather summary fashion, but every stroke is a thing of exact deduc-

tion. He is a seeker after truth, and has achieved the exquisite."

"It is," said Huysmans, "an altogether charming portrait, in which the oil paint has taken on the softness of pastel, and the flesh tints have the downy surface and the delicious colouring of a flower."

Finally, and this was an honour of which the Press had been niggardly enough, "La Femme à l'Ombrelle" was reproduced in several art reviews.

Unhappily the success came over late. Twenty-five years of incessant struggling had exhausted the resisting power of a peculiarly sensitive nervous system.

"He was the true artist," says his admirer and friend, Faure, the singer, "with his heights and depths, his almost feminine irritation over trifles, his profound hatred of the commonplace, and his childish, poetic enthusiasm for what he thought beautiful. No one will ever know how deeply he suffered from disappointment and failure and discouragement. He was like a cat when he was roused to anger, just like Reyer, that other stormy artist."

Upon soil so well prepared, a terrible disease fastened.



XLVI. JEANNE.



PLATE XLVII. LA FEMME AU CARLIN (THE WOMAN WITH THE PUG)

**T**HE medal, the cross, the success of the Salon of 1882, all these tardy reparations that had been so long desired, were given to a man whose days were numbered.

In the autumn of 1879 Manet was suddenly attacked by a disease, from which it is hardly possible to recover, locomotor ataxy. The lucidity of his mind and vision were left intact, but paralysis made irresistible progress, and Manet needed all his passion for painting to keep him at the easel.

He was soon confined to his new studio, 77 Rue d'Amsterdam, which he only left in summer to recuperate in the outskirts of Paris, and after the "Bar" he had to give up all thought of painting pictures of any size.

But his creative faculty remained intense during those last years.

His still-life studies, of which till then his whole career had been fruitful, now became increasingly numerous. He surrounded himself with flowers: roses, peonies, irises, white lilac. He seemed to wish to paint every kind of fruit: peaches, pears, strawberries, plums, apples, pomegranates, lemons.

However, his friends did not forget the sick man: distinguished women and charming conversation brought him much comfort. And as his chief distraction was still painting, he gladly accepted offers to sit for him.

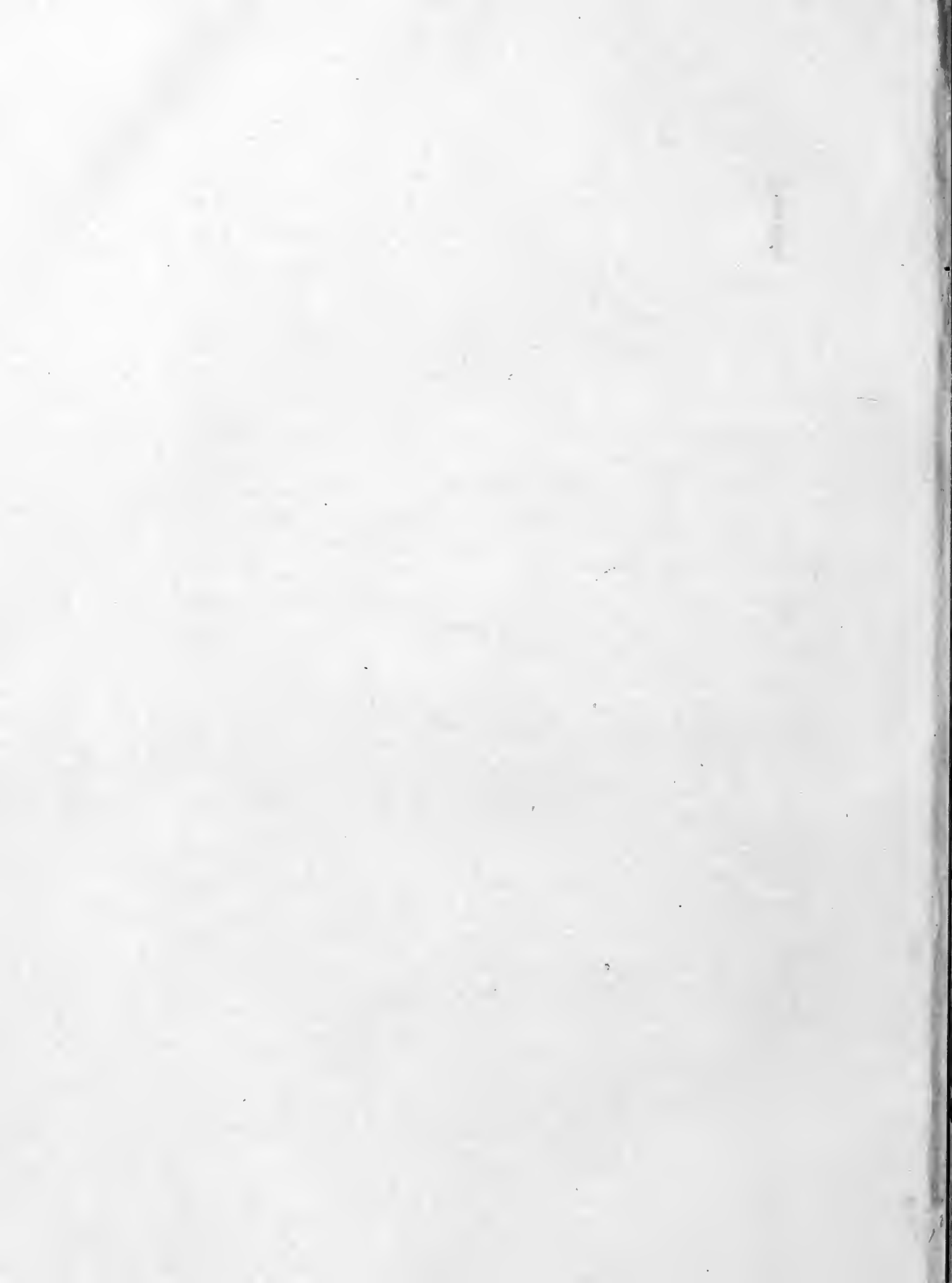
It was in this way that we have come to possess the portraits, among others, of Constantin Guys, George Moore, René Maizeroy, Madame Zola, Eva Gonzales, Madame Clemenceau, Mlle Lemaire, and Mme Guillemet. . . .

In this numerous series, for which the painter for the most part used pastel, there appears again and again a fine subtle face with wide staring eyes. It is the face of Mme Méry Laurent, a lady from Nantes, who was much interested in modern art, and had been found by Manet in the Salon delightedly gazing at "Le Linge." She settled in Paris, and gathered round her a whole group of artists, and was a constant visitor at Manet's house.

She is shown in one picture muffled up in a fur coat; in another picture she is sitting with her chin resting on her bare arms, and here she is sitting bareheaded, with her fair hair waving down over her forehead, a nose-gay of scarlet flowers pinned in the front of her black cloak, and, in her arms, the pug which has given the picture its name.



**XLVII. LA FEMME AU CARLIN. (The Woman with the Pug.)**





## PLATE XLVIII. LE JARDIN DE BELLEVUE

**T**HE last three summers of Manet's life were spent on the outskirts of Paris, and there, at Bellevue in 1880, at Versailles in 1881, at Rueil, in Labiche's old house, in 1882, Manet used to the full his every moment of respite.

The open air studies which he painted during this period are, in their slurred brushwork, the most nearly akin of all his work to the impressionist technique. Among these studies are "Le Banc" (in the Durand-Ruel collection), a very true and very sure piece of work, in spite of the apparent woolliness of its draughtsmanship, and "Le Jardin de Bellevue" (the better of the two variations of the picture is in the possession of Mme Ernest Rouart), in which the tangle of grass and flowers is so admirably set off by the beautiful blue of the watering-pot.

Growing impatient of recovery, Manet resorted to the treatment of an incompetent physician who only made his condition worse. Gangrene set in, his left leg was amputated, and on April 30, 1883, death supervened.

With the aid of Manet's friends the movement, which for some years past had set in in the painter's favour, soon gained in force and volume.

On the initiative of M. Th. Duret and Antonin Proust, and thanks to their efforts, the artist's most important pictures, more particularly those which had created such a hubbub when they were first exhibited, were collected in a posthumous exhibition in 1884. And in spite of the resistance of President Grévy, Jules Ferry, and Kæmpfen, the "Ecole des Beaux-Arts," was chosen for the purpose by way of underlining the reparation implied in the experiment.

The collection of these bold varied pictures, from which there was still so much to be learned, brought home to many what the life and work of the artist had been. There was much less criticism and it was much more courteous in tone.

A few months later, the sale of the artist's studio, which was followed with the most intense interest, provided a more positive indication of the change in public taste. The whole sale realized 116,637 francs.

The prices then procured could be obtained tenfold now. Manet's fame has steadily increased from the time of the Universal Exhibition of 1889, which was followed by the purchase of the "Olympia," down to the exhibition of 1900, when fourteen of the artist's pictures were in the centenary collection. The galleries of America, Germany and Belgium have been opened to the painter. In France the Caillebotte bequest to the Luxembourg in 1894, the recent admission of the "Olympia" and the Moreau-Nélaton and Camondo collections to the Louvre have marked stages in the growth of Manet's fame for all to see. The days of dithyramb and indignation are gone. In the company of the masters of our time, among whom Manet lives as of right, we can unperturbedly recognize his weaknesses and his qualities.

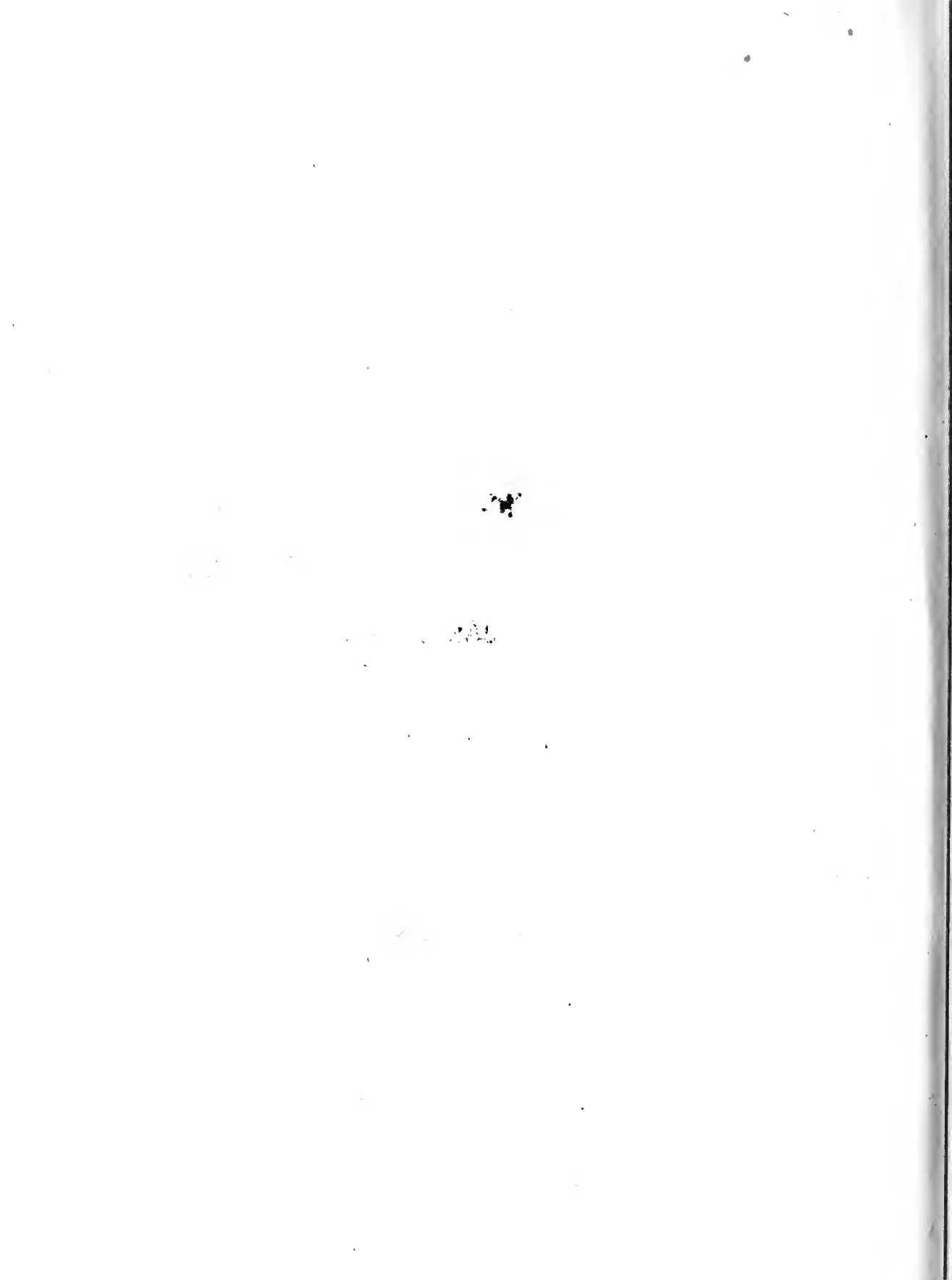
Letchworth: At the Arden Press



**XLVIII. LE JARDIN DE BELLEVUE.**  
(The Garden at Bellevue.)









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### DATE DUE

FEB 11 1988	MAR 14 1989	APR 08 1997
APR 21 1989	MAR 25 1991	MAR 26 1993
APR 28 1989		APR 17 2001
JUN 25 1989	JAN 25 1992	
APR 26 1989	FEB 15 1992	DEC 06 2005
MAY 1 1982	FEB 25 1992	DEC 08 2005
APR 21 1982	MAR 10 1992	
DEC 20 1982	APR 16 1992	OCT 26 2011
APR 23 1984	APR 11 1992	DEC 16 2005
APR 9 1984	MAR 29 1993	
APR 13 1984	APR 19 1993	DEC 14 2005
APR 1 1984	APR 2 1994	
MAR 24 1988	DEC 23 1993	
	DEC 30 1993	
MAR 18 1989	MAR 29 1995	
DEMCO 38-297	APR 08 1995	

