WEST, TIBILETTI,
ASSAL, HAGHIGHAT

Authors of the QUIXOTE

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What's in a Name?

In Warhol's Marilyn (1965, fig.r), the image of Marilyn Monroe, one of the most renowned Hollywood actresses of the twentieth century, is portrayed in what may be one of the most familiar portraits in the history of modern art. The silkscreen-and-acrylic painting was constructed from a promotional photograph used for the 1953 film Niagara. Striking, colorful strokes of paint float against a backdrop of arresting crimson, with the photographic picture applied in black, wiped with a squeegee through a silkscreen stencil. Monroe's hair is represented by a broad swath of lemon yellow, her face a porcine pink. Three sky-blue forms are enough to suggest cosmetic eyeshadow and a halter-neck strap. The red of the backdrop is also utilized as an imprecise smear of lipstick. Striking a balance between the mechanical properties of the appropriated photographic image and its gestural painted elements, Sturtevant's Warhol Marilyn depicts an image as famous as the silver screen icon it portrays; an image that is a heavily coded icon of Pop art, and more specifically of Andy Warhol.

Warhol undertook the portrait soon after Monroe was discovered dead, on 5 August 1962, from an overdose of pills. He would gain notoriety in the early 1960s for his serial images of celebrities such as Monroe, Elizabeth Taylor, and Jackie Kennedy, as well as for his depictions of consumer products, from Campbell's Soup Cans (1962) to Brillo Boxes (1964), which drew upon a reservoir of popular culture, advertising, and media imagery and exposed the commodification of identity endemic in post-War American

society. Warhol incorporated elements of chance and speed of execution into his screen-printing method: a work was produced in stages, with the figurative elements put down before the painted background, and occasionally finished with over-painting by hand.

One might mistakenly identify Warhol's Marilyn as one of the silkscreen portraits created by Warhol more than 'fifty times between August 1962 and September 1964'. Warhol took a detached approach to the process of making his artworks, and even to authorship. On having others execute his work, Warhol firmly stated: 'I think somebody should be able to do all my paintings for me [...] I think it would be great if more people look up silkscreens so that no one would know whether my picture was mine or somebody else's.'

Warhol's comment foreshadows the encounter with the picture here in question. Warhol's Marilyn, from 1965, and pictured on the cover of this [...]

The unique Warhol Marilyn showcased on the cover of this book provides a starting point for a piece remade in various formats throughout four decades. Over thirty Sturtevant works feature the same template of the photograph of Monroe initially utilized in 1965. Similar to Warhol's Marilyns, Sturtevant's differ in size, color, arrangement, and format. Although they seem very alike, each one is distinct with a unique color distribution and printing quality, making each one an 'original' in this sense. While Sturtevant's repetition of Warhol Marilyn may differ from Warhol's Marilyn series in the number of works created and the time span over which they were fabricated, Sturtevant's

permutations integrate and expand on Warhol's practice of repetition. As he stated in 1963, «I enjoyed the way repetition altered the image. Moreover, I felt then, as I do now, that people can look at and absorb more than one image at a time.» Indeed, the difference in repetition applies to all multiples.

Rather than urging observers to recognize the unique features of the different iterations of Warhol Marilyn, this book aims to demonstrate how Sturtevant's use of repetition produced multiple and multilayered thought triggers. What is most important when viewing works repeated in serial form? Is it the varying characteristics of the crafted object, revisited time and again? Or is it the impact that Sturtevant's works might have on the viewer's mind? Once a viewer has encountered a Sturtevant work of a work, does their experience of the unique object become secondary, or, as some authors have suggested, redundant?» In 1989, Sturtevant proposed that «although the object is crucial, it is not significant.» ‘° The critical yet uncertain status of the object exposes a paradox at the core of her practice.

According to Sturtevant, the process is also paradoxical, deeming it, once again, to be «critical but not significant.» ‘® Although she paid close attention to how each specific work was made, it was for the sake of conceptual expediency and not for the object to be revered for its own sake." Like much conceptual art involving multiples, the materialism of one Warhol Marilyn (and all the others) is only significant in relation to the idea that generated its existence. Sturtevant's contemporary Sol LeWitt famously asserted in his «Sentences on Conceptual Art» (1969), «Ideas alone

can be works of art; they are in a chain of development that may eventually find some form. All ideas need not be made physical.» The caveat implies that whether an idea takes on object form is incidental.' Sturtevant's work correlates with many of the aspirations of the conceptual ideals of her generation of artists, who arguably prioritized thinking over the visual experience of visual art or made art visual as a trigger for thought, with the experience of the work tantamount to its material ownership. Hence, Warhol Marilyn embodies a critical moment in the history of the object in art-an ambivalence symptomatic of art's dematerialization at a specific time, as established by Lucy Lippard in her groundbreaking book Six Years: The Dematerialization of the Art Object: 1966-1972 (1973).»° It is in Sturtevant's work that the issue of the copy and its ramifications in Pop, Minimal, and Conceptual art crystallizes.

Despite Sturtevant's noted ambivalence toward the object and the process by which it was made in her practice, Warhol Marilyn holds a special place in her repertoire for me as an art historian. The work is suggestive as an avatar for the figure she cut over the five decades of her penetrating the public's consciousness, a skill that sometimes seems a prerequisite for artists seeking attention and success amidst today's global networks.

Sturtevant defended against the accusation that she only made works by influential male artists for less than honorable motives, i.e. personal gain, and because she could not come up with any original subject matter of her own - that she was, in effect, hanging on the 'coat-tails' of more illustrious company." In a 1989 interview with Bill Arning,

she maintained that her decisions on which works to make ‘were made on another level’, one less obvious and more intuitive.”? Further examination of Sturtevant’s relationship to Warhol will clarify the level on which she interacted peer to peer with one of the artists from whose works she made works. Sturtevant was never a sycophantic acolyte, and she consistently asserted that her works were not duplicates. She also declined to accept the position of a historical predecessor to 1980s Appropriation artists. She told Bruce Hainley that she refused to be ‘jammed into that category’.4 Although she gained critical attention via the discussion surrounding the new generation of artists, she was keen to distance her work from their specific concerns.

Why did Sturtevant make Warhol Marilyn again and again in later years? If the actual object becomes redundant after a certain point, why did Sturtevant take up the stencil she used in 1965 to prepare for her 1973 show at the Everson Museum of Art in Syracuse, New York (fig.5), for which she made a range of new works, including Warhol Marilyn (1973, fig.4) and Warhol 25 Marilyns (fig.6)?”> Three decades later she returned to Monroe’s image in making Study for Warhol Diptych (2004, fig.11), exhibited alongside a group of Warhol Marilyns at ‘Sturtevant: The Brutal Truth’, at the Museum for Moderne Kunst (MMk) in Frankfurt am Main (2004, fig.12). Sturtevant’s Warhol Marilyns and the group of Monroe-based works to which they relate occupy formidable territory both in the space of the gallery and also in the context of her oeuvre - the display took up an entire room of this major retrospective. That same year, she made two versions of Warhol Black Marilyn that were later

exhibited in the show ‘Cold Fear’ at Anthony Reynolds Gallery in London (2006, fig.13-14). Several Warhol Marilyns were also included in her retrospective ‘Sturtevant: Double Trouble’ (2014-15) at the Museum of Modern Art (MoMA) in New York (fig.16).”°

Bruce Hainley’s discussion of the iconography of Warhol Marilyn in his 2014 book Under the Sign of [sic] addresses the ‘power of the image’, even its ‘apotropaic force’, and offers particular insight into Sturtevant’s practice of repetition.”” Hainley suggests that Warhol’s Marilyn is a work not just about the death of the actress but about ‘America’s investment in Monroe’s gently comic cataclysm,’” with parallels to the death of the image through oversaturation and its digital reduction to points on a screen. The image of Monroe projects a seemingly transparent, stereotypical and overtly sexualized femininity. Yet the actress who embodied this projection argued that she’d never fooled anyone: ‘They didn’t bother to find out who and what I was. Instead they would invent a character for me. I wouldn’t argue with them. They were obviously loving somebody I wasn’t.’”

Not a Copy’

Warhol Marilyn is not just a mere duplicate of Warhol’s Marilyn. Sturtevant’s artwork, which uses cumbersome phrasing to describe the work, exemplifies how she sought to disrupt the discourse of replication since the beginning of her career in the early 1960s. A work that is based on and resembles another work is too frequently referred to as a replica, but Sturtevant insisted that her works were her original creations:

> *The harsh truth of the work is that it is not a copy.The push and pull of the work is the transition from image to concept. The dynamics of the work throw out representation.*

Sturtevant’s eagerness to distance her work from the term ‘copy’ stemmed from her awareness of the negative connotations attached to it, such as forgery, fraudulence, and deception. In defending her practice against such accusations, Sturtevant had to deal with serious misunderstandings from both the artists whose work she based her own and from disconcerted audiences unconvinced of her stated objectives.; Sturtevant’s work has also presented problems for those writing about it. How does one describe her works without invoking the copy, the replica, or the fake?

Is it enough to claim that she is ‘repeating’ a work or a process of making a work, as Michael Lobel has suggested?® In addition to this problem of terminology, Sturtevant’s statements regarding the ‘power and autonomy of originality’

and the ‘force and pervasiveness of art’ have led authors to attribute to her a restoration of reactionary ideas about the art object and the artists who produce them.” To Halley, she explained how her painting Johns Flag (1966, fig.19) lacks something essential to Johns’s Flag (1954-55), dangerously skirting close to asserting a kind of essentialism problematic for any self-respecting postmodernist: ‘It has to look like a Johns flag so that when you see it, you say, “Oh, that’s a Johns flag,” even though there’s no force there to make it exactly like a Johns. Quite the opposite—the characteristic force is lacking.”

Sturtevant’s early reviewers, more astute, remarked upon the distinction of her works from copies. John Perreault noticed that Sturtevant carefully announced and labeled all the work in her first show in 1965 as her own, observing that her work was never forged, since a‘forgery is a fraudulent imitation of a thing put forth as genuine’. That Warhol Marilyn was never meant to be a copy of Warhol’s Marilyn is evident in Sturtevant’s title: she included both the name of the artist as well as the actress who constitutes its subject. This manner of assigning titles applies to all her work. In effect, Sturtevant’s subject is double: it is the artist as much as, if not more than, the actress represented. Especially since Sturtevant claimed that her aim in making other artists’ works was to do away with concerns about ‘imagery’ to get at the ‘structure of aesthetics as an idea’.

With Warhol Marilyn, Sturtevant created a work that, while closely resembling Warhol’s, is ultimately her own.

Douglas Davis later noted the conceptual approach of Sturtevant’s practice of making works from other works:

Although she can reproduce a painting to the line[...] these works are not really copies. Their intent is to seize upon iconic ideas and images now at large in the world and use them as though they were common, not private, property.”

The concept of images being ‘ordinary, not private, property’ naturally involves the issue of copyright, another subject that Sturtevant tried to avoid in discussions of her work. She did, however, remark on copyright as an outdated notion out of sync with contemporary culture, bemoaning the objectification inherent to it; ‘The only thing left to patent is our body. The body with its disposable and dispensable parts - organs, genetic codes, brains, eggs, sperm.”’! Why then, would she create works that resemble the works from which they were made but that are not really duplicates? It was not Sturtevant’s intention, in appropriating other artists’ imagery, to peddle nearly-as-good versions of the real thing. Nor was Sturtevant striving to surpass the accomplishments of Warhol or any other artist, Pop or otherwise, making art from pre-existing sources, in her case from the world of fine art. Some have characterized this approach as ‘Mega-Pop’, or Pop a la Pop; or as the taking of Pop to ‘its logical conclusion’, but Sturtevant dismissed this too.”

Arguably, these suggestions arose as diversions in the reception of Sturtevant’s work, each a red herring as audiences became preoccupied with the notion of her works as replicas. In fact, Sturtevant’s project had always been about a broader redefinition of originality; as she explained in 1969 in a Time magazine article, her position was only in relation

to a system of creating, producing, and selling art: ‘I have no place at all except in relation to the total structure. What interests me is not communicating but creating change. Some people feel that a great change in aesthetics is happening, though few understand exactly why. Mainly, there is a great deal of unease.”’ Interested in the systems that shape originality, Sturtevant prompted the viewer to question whether originality is a function of style or characteristic imagery, and to ask who says so, and why.

Sturtevant was interested in what ‘lay beneath the surface’ of the image, and in asking, what is the understructure of art? She once explained why she decided to make Johns Flag by stating: ‘If you use a source-work as a catalyst, you throw out representation. And once you do that, you can start talking about the understructure.”’* Taking Heidegger’s suggestion of the self-sufficiency of art practice in relation to theoretical or linguistic discourse, it may be reasonable to question how useful it is to discuss precedence in verbal and visual matters.”

Sturtevant readily engaged with philosophical discussion, and with Gilles Deleuze and Jacques Derrida in particular, in order to parse her stance vis-a-vis repetition. In the 1990s, and in question-and-answer periods for her performative lectures, she oftentimes directed her audience to texts by Derrida, for insight into the ways in which her works are meant to operate as art objects. Derrida’s discussion of the ‘picture-object’, with its modernist purview onto the practice of making pictures, correlates with Sturtevant’s attention to the understructure of art onto which representational imagery is projected; she often focused on the institutional and

power relations implicit in works of art.”° The Deleuzean take on repetition and difference sits well with her assertion that her works are never mere copies of other artists’. Drawing upon Deleuze’s argument that repetition can only be of things that are ‘unique or singular which has no equal or equivalent’, difference is evident in that the objects that Sturtevant produced are also unique, that is, specific to her processes and purposes.” The fundamental differences that distinguish works in a series comprise more than just the residual surface details that are often fetishised as aesthetic markers - the traces of history, as Alois Riegl put it, upon the surface of a work that lend it character as a rare object.”* Sturtevant described these superficial distinctions as ‘those details that give [people] something to talk about’;” they arguably offer less artistic value than historic significance, as described by Riegl.

The trivialisation of ‘originality’ and ‘uniqueness’ is exactly what Stur- tevant sought to debunk. That her works were not intended to be perfect reproductions of other artists’ but, rather, just close enough to be mistaken for them at first glance, explains, in part, their variegated levels of finish, from those that are considered ‘poorly reproduced copies’ with ‘not enough fat’ - as suggested in one response to Sturtevant’s Beuys Fat Chair of 1974 to those that inadvertently appear better than expected - as was somewhat the case in her remaking of Stella’s 1960s paintings in the late 1980s, when Stella’s late style was being critically derided.° Why else would Sturtevant, in the 1980s, make paintings from Stella’s 1960s works instead of the works he was making at that moment? It is as if she were asking, which is

the ‘real’ Stella, the ‘true’ version? Put differently, why should Stella have been expected to reproduce his early work and not develop, for better or worse, his aesthetic? Sturtevant addressed the demand on an artist to reify the style the public expects from him or her. As Hainley has argued, her work ‘jettisons as determinants any identifiable “identity” and “concept of style as a stable identity”’.! He claims that ‘Sturtevant contends with mutability, bluntly tracking changes, causing certain concepts of selfhood and aesthetics to be outmoded,’*

Elisa Scharr has observed Sturtevant’s citation of post-structuralist thinkers during her public performance-lectures, a medium she initially adopted around 1994. Sturtevant mentioned Gilles Deleuze and Martin Heidegger directly in her 1995 essay ‘Powerful Reversals’ and quoted Deleuze regarding the reification of identity, the commodification of subjectivity, and the objectification of the subject.

> *Deleuze identifies the man who no longer dominates objects. The externalization of identity, refusal, rejection, and consumption of objects by the immanence of subjectivity prevents separation. Man becomes identical to objects, and objects-in-themselves gain overpowering influence.*

In that essay, she also referred to Heidegger on subject-object relationships as they relate to the artist’s role.

> *Heidegger would argue that art’s preoccupation with*

lived experience is where art perishes. Moreover, the invasion of external reality's props and language, the external knowledge, is equally hazardous. This leads to a terrain where art departs from and objects are entirely removed. Artists then shift from creators to manipulators.

These allusions were undoubtedly made as part of Sturtevant's approach to handling critical misunderstandings of her work. (It is noteworthy that the majority of her writings and interviews were done retrospectively, well after her works from the 1960s.) The impact of the references, as argued by Schaar, was to make the artist's early work more pertinent to new audiences, particularly following the renewed attention brought about by the practices of 1980s Appropriation artists in the US. Schaar offers a skeptical interpretation of Sturtevant's citation as opportunistic: '[Sturtevant] jumped on the rhetorical bandwagon of postmodernism by referencing notions from a number of relevant thinkers.'[10] Nonetheless, the opposite perspective could also be presented: Sturtevant was ultimately, albeit belatedly, able to use the texts of these authors to articulate elements of her visual works that were formerly misinterpreted.

Hank Herron and Pierre Ménard

Sturtevant's work was critically assessed in Thomas Crow's 1996 article on Appropriation art, "The Return of Pierre Menard," in which she was compared to the fictional artist Hank Herron, the subject of a 1973 essay "The Fake as More" by the equally fictitious author Cheryl Bernstein. Bernstein was, in fact, the art historian Carol Duncan who, in collaboration with Andrew Duncan, staged a fake review of a made-up artist whose talent was to precisely reproduce all of the works of Frank Stella. Crow originally wrote a text on Herron in 1986, omitting Sturtevant from his discussion as he was unaware she existed. In his later adaptation, Crow noted that Sturtevant could have been Herron's real-life analogue in that she had actually made works of Stella's paintings, while Herron's were only described fancifully, their insubstantiality a conceptual advantage. Duncan, writing as Bernstein, had reflected on the potency of Herron's precarious status, arguing that "indeed so fully theorised was Herron's work, that its physical absence from the art world would become a positive asset in the elaboration of its meaning." Since the merit of the works lay in their exact similitude to Stella's, their immateriality was a bonus - the inability of the viewer to distinguish a Herron from a Stella a conceptual coup. Sturtevant's works, on the other hand, were materialized, and while they were meant to trick the viewer momentarily, they were never intended to be taken as exact reproductions of Stella's works.

Despite Crow's comparison of Sturtevant and Herron, the legacy of the former's work differs fundamentally from

that imagined for the latter. Bernstein deemed Herron's achievement as neither difficult nor successful, and his works reputedly failed to rise above being "mere forgeries" - the diametrical opposite of Sturtevant's materially manifest works. Sturtevant departed further from the comparison to the fictional Herron in that she was not exclusively reproducing Stella's works, nor any one particular artist's. From the start of her production of works, she never focused on one approach or one medium, using painting, photography, film, performance, and sculpture, pushing the codification of artists to specific signifiers: Stella to his striped paintings, Johns to his flags or Warhol to his Marilyns.

Herron, though limited as a literary counterpart to Sturtevant, proved effective in reintroducing her work to contemporary art dialogue in 1996. Just over a decade later, to set her work apart from copies, Sturtevant proposed Pierre Menard, a literary character from Borges's eponymous story "Pierre Menard, Author of the Quixote" (1949). Borges's story was popular among supporters of 1980s Appropriation and appeared in the critical text "Art After Modernism: Rethinking Representation" (1984).

In the 'Double-Take' article from the White Columns exhibition, a direct analogy is made between Sturtevant and Menard, Borges's character, who attempts daily to 'perfectly replicate Don Quixote'. This raises a 'finer' detail in Borges's story that is applicable to Sturtevant. In the Borges tale, 'the other man... out in the world... is not I', Schwartz, in 'Double-Take', claims that, like Borges's story, Sturtevant's 'work respects the multiple self".7! Schwartz is referring to Sturtevant's critique of the objectification of artistic styles

to artists, to the commodification of their identities, the stylistic branding that Laurie Anderson saw as Sturtevant's razor-sharp point in 'Studies for De Maria's "New York is Shit"'. Such recognition of the multiple self relates back to the figure of Monroe as depicted in Warhol Marilyn. In Warhol's first gesture and Sturtevant's repetition of Warhol's aesthetic action, there is the figure of Marilyn Monroe, previously known as Norma Jeane Mortenson, who, on becoming Marilyn, was not the woman everyone thought she was; the figure of Warhol as a vulnerable man, not the paternalistic male figure-head of Pop art; and the figure of Sturtevant, equally misunderstood for exposing the ways in which the myth of originality sustained the art world.

Following the model of «Pierre Menard, Author of the Quixote,» Sturtevant interpreted the story in her own fashion, resulting in a compact artist's book named «Sturtevant, Author of the Quixote» (2008, fig. 24). This was among her final creations before her passing in 2014. Despite its small physical size, the book had the potential for a wide-ranging explanatory impact and was published in a restricted edition of 500, with 100 copies personally signed by Sturtevant.

Sturtevant asserts that she initially envisioned the artist's edition in 1970, nearly four decades ahead of its eventual publication."' Her rationale for retroactively dating her 2008 project might have been, in part, to establish artistic precedence, not only over the Appropriation artists but also Pierre Huyghe, who created an artist's book based on the Borges tale in 2006.'4 Nonetheless, the primary reason for providing this earlier date for her project is explicated by

the story itself, in which notions of invisibility and presence, the textual or verbal expression of an idea and its physical actualization (its referent in the world), are very much in play. Instead of just presenting the story, Sturtevant fashioned a work in which she writes a letter ‘a la diable’ to Borges himself, signed ‘e. sturtevant’.° Regarded as anomalous, Sturtevant’s solitary artist’s book provides an insight into her engagement with texts, underscoring the way in which her visual works cannot be construed as copies.

In his 1939 story, Borges suggested a radical approach to writing founded on ‘close reading,’ through which the ‘invisible’ works of an author are deemed the greatest and most significant. The metaphor of invisibility, both for the figure of Sturtevant as well as her works, can be evaluated through this Menardian lens. The story offers a framework by which Sturtevant was able to respond to allegations of her absence from her own exhibitions through her appropriation of other artists’ accomplishments.’” It also provides a narrative tool for her marginalization -self-imposed or otherwise -from the art world from 1974 to 1985. Finally, Sturtevant, Author of the Quixote serves as a rebuttal to the comparison Crow drew between her work and that of Hank Herron. Credited as an unsung anti-hero whose invisible achievement is as monumental as it is modest, Pierre Menard emerges as a particularly fitting precedent for the female artist ignored by the art world for most of her career who only recently receives the critical attention her work merits.

Sturtevant, Author of the Quixote is a small hard-bound book covered in marbled paper; it exudes an early-twentieth-century vibe somewhat incongruous with twenty-

first-century contemporary art codes. Featuring Courier and Times New Roman typefaces and the occasional etched reproduction, the antiquated quality of the book stands in stark contrast to Sturtevant’s contemporary work in digital video featuring kitsch imagery (see, for instance, the 2010 work Elastic Tango, fig.15). In the Borges tale, a critic recounts how Menard undertook the process of rewriting Miguel de Cervantes’s Don Quixote, completing only two and a half chapters and destroying all the work that went into the task as he progressed: ‘in truth, not one worksheet remains to bear witness to his years of effort’.”” As the story unfolds, it becomes apparent that Menard undertakes extreme processes of self-erasure; fidelity to his craft cancels out any desire for recognition of his achievement:

> *He multiplied draft upon draft, revised tenaciously, and tore up thousands of manuscript pages. He did not let anyone examine these drafts and took care they should not survive him. In vain I have tried to reconstruct them.!*

The storyteller affirms to having observed, first-hand, tangible proof of their existence, in an asterisked note near the end of the short story:

> *I recall his rectangular notebooks, his black crossed-out passages, his peculiar typographical symbols, and his ant-like handwriting. In the evenings, he enjoyed taking a stroll around the outskirts of Nimes; he would bring a notebook with him and create a joyful bonfire.’*

Menard’s activities offer a framework for Sturtevant’s challenges in producing a work from a piece by another artist because these actions occur out of sight and are imperceptible in her completed products, all too frequently viewed as duplicates. However, unlike both Menard’s self-elimination and her seamless displays of her works of works in exhibition spaces, Sturtevant’s catalog for her Museum fitr Moderne Kunst exhibition in 2004 included, as the initial volume of a catalog raisonné of her works, with proof of the effort that went into her production and display of individual objects: photocopies of receipts, preparatory notes, proposed layouts for print, correspondence with vendors, and other odds and ends of the creative process.’*

Borges’s unnamed narrator emphasizes that Menard’s work was not simply about copying, in a clarification corresponding with Sturtevant’s own differentiation of her works from duplicates: ‘he never contemplated a mechanical transcription of the original; he did not propose to copy it’.!! The storyteller praises Menard’s work, acknowledging its worth and the strenuous and profound labor that went into its creation, and articulates the dynamics of anachronism, arguing that Menard’s fragments of the Quixote, itself a patchwork text, are all the more nuanced due to the circumstances in which the twentieth-century author undertook the rewriting of a seventeenth-century book. Cervantes’s Don Quixote is also fragmentary in the sense that its two parts were published separately, in 1604 to 1605 and 1615. Another version of the second part of the Quixote was also published in 1614, by an author writing under the pseudonym Alonso Fernandez de Avellaneda. Cervantes

rejected, yet incorporated, this ‘second Don Quixote’ into the second half of his story. Cervantes’s attitude towards the ‘surplus’ created by the book written by the other writer, the one he refrains from calling a ‘numbskull, ass, and impudent monkey’ in the Prologue to Part I of his Quixote, was humorously tolerant and catholic in its appropriative character.’ It ‘never occurred’ to Cervantes to do so, and he writes gallantly of his forgerer: ‘let his sin be his punishment, it’s his own lookout - absolutely his own affair’.!** Cervantes appears to share Sturtevant’s indifference to being misunderstood by less than worthy audiences: ‘if my wounds do not shine in the eyes of those who behold them, they are at least honored in the estimation who know where they were received’.!

In Borges’s story, the challenge for Menard as a writer is great in that the universe had of course changed dramatically over three centuries; it was unfeasible to replicate exactly the consciousness of the person who wrote the book in the seventeenth century for the reader in the twentieth century (or, for that matter, the twenty-first), a futility rendering the attempt al the more admirable. Menard is portrayed as having to come to terms with the history of the world after Cervantes’s book, including the publication of the Quixote itself:

> *To compose the Quixote at the beginning of the seventeenth century was a sensible undertaking, necessary and perhaps even unavoidable; at the beginning of the twentieth, it is almost impossible. It is*

not without reason that three hundred years have gone by, filled with exceedingly complex events. Among them, to specify only one, is the Quixote itself.!

A similar rationale pertains to Sturtevant's Warhol Marilyn. Making and showing her Warhol Marilyn only three years after Warhol first made Marilyn was itself a provocation; the temporal closeness of the two works by two different authors is a challenge for audiences inversely parallel to the Menard example. Borges's story offers insight into how different authors might claim ownership of works that appear identical yet are not, addressing the distinction as not simply a function of an enunciation that 'this is by Warhol' or 'that is by Sturtevant'. Borges articulated how the fabrication of a work by a seemingly comparable procedure can never be a straightforward affair, and this was indeed the case with Sturtevant's Warhol Marilyn, a work printed with a screen that was, in itself, the end result of the 'one in a million chance' incident of making a 'Warhol screen from my photo which was his photo', involving the sourcing of the original publicity photo as well as the location and employment of 'Andy's silkscreen man'.

Borges's speaker clarifies the way in which context frames a work; whether it is an idea, a painting or two and a half paragraphs within a story. The contrast with other ideas and its confrontation with different readers inflect the object with new meaning and relevance - a concept to which Roland Barthes was inclined when he announced 'the birth of the reader' following the 'death of the author'.!*" Sturtevant's anxieties about the context of a work extended

not only to its installation in a museum or gallery or with other objects but also to its location in a particular historical and cultural moment in the consciousness of a particular spectator.

Further to this, the context of a work's creation or reception not only alters an object but can also constitute a work in and of itself. Sturtevant's 1967 Duchamp Reldche performance, in which she re-presented the cancellation of a ballet performance, illuminates the depth of her thinking on this matter. For this work Sturtevant integrated the relatively unknown and inherently invisible exhibition history and context of Duchamp's missed performance in Reldche, a ballet created by Francis Picabia and Erik Satie for the Théatre des Champs-Elysées in Paris in 1924. Relache means 'cancelled', and the first performance of the ballet was in fact just that, due to the illness of a dancer.'»38 Schwartz and Davis recounted Duchamp's response to Sturtevant's work of his work.

In 1967, Sturtevant offers Relache in a weekend of dance performances at the School of Visual Arts - the final event, in fact, on Monday, October. The audience finds the doors to the theater up on the second floor on the left. As they mill about in the hall, Duchamp unexpectedly arrives. He walks through the crowd, hesitates long enough to inspect the poster nailed on the door ('Sturtevant's Relache' it reads), turns around without a word and descends to the street below where his wife, Teeny, awaits him in a taxi with its meter running. A few days later, he invites Sturtevant to

dinner. Not a word until the end, when the other guests leave. He asks how the performance had gone. 'Fine, thank you,' she says. He asks her if what happened was intentional. 'Yes,' she answers. He smiles and says, 'That's quite beautiful.'

The anecdote characterizes the exchange between the artists as if it were a graceful execution of choreographed ballet. This attention to the installation, performance and timing of a work highlights Sturtevant's complication of what constitutes an artwork, taking into account how each manifestation of a work introduces an element of specificity and difference, its surplus. Duchamp's 1924 cancelled performance, was itself, most likely, one of several, non-public and public recitations or stagings of the composed work, and therefore one of several versions of a set content or script. By making a previously invisible part of the work visible - the cancellation of a performance caused by the illness of the lead dancer - Sturtevant referenced the surplus of the 1924 show in 1967, foregrounding the variation of the work over its assumed content; an erratum, a trace of the kind that Menard sought to abolish from his Quixote repetition. This detail of place and accident that Sturtevant privileged in her Duchamp Reldche points to the degraded materialism of the work that is often downplayed in the form-content dichotomy.

That the environs of Paris from the 1860s on were recognized to be a special place in which some aspects of modernity might be found, at least by those who could stand the company of the petite bourgeoisie. To use the word "suburban" to describe these stamping grounds – to apply it to resorts like Asnières or Chatou, Bougival, Bois-Colombes, or, preeminently, Argenteuil – was on the whole misleading, and remains so. It presents such places as inferiors to some city, whereas actually they were regions where the antithesis of the urban was being constructed, a way of living and working which in time would come to dominate the late capitalist world, providing as it did the appropriate forms of sociability for the new age. Where industry and recreation were informally established next to each other, in a landscape which assumed only as much form as the juxtaposition of production and distraction (factories and regattas) allowed, there modernity seemed vivid, and painters believed they might invent a new set of descriptions for it. This chapter mostly looks for such descriptions, which sometimes do surface in modernist painting at this time. There is art by Manet and Seurat, for example, in which the environs of Paris are recognized to be a specific form of life: not the countryside, not the city, not a degenerated form of either.
Well might the "witty and benevolent" Monsieur Coindard, secretary of the same Western Railway, announce with satisfaction: "Les lignes de banlieue, c'est notre boulevard intérieur." For he more than anyone stood to gain from the fact that Paris's outlines were changing; the city hencefor

ward would have more than one thoroughfare, more than one scale, and no firm bounding lines between its various edges and interiors. It was partly this last uncertainty that so enranged the critics of the Parisian countryside, and had them lay on the irony with a trowel. The surroundings of Paris, they said, were neither town nor country any more.
Worse than that, these location failed to offer a visible – or even a symbolic – transition between one form of social existence and another, as the land outside the barrière had done for Hugo's philosophic stroller. At Sèvres or Le Vésinet, for insance, there was nothing to be seen but countryside; it might be thick with the signs of Paris at the end of the line – with restaurants, watermelons, smoke from factory chimneys – but Paris itself had still not arrived. These were landscapes arranged for urban use, but some of their utility was the fiction, flimsy as it was, that city and citizens were far away.

The ironic commentator wished to do it clear that he for one was not deceived. There was no nature, he thought, where there were Parisians. The very sky over Bougival was pale and harmful, "the colour of a Parisienne's skin." The dust at Chatou was made up with rice powder, and "wherever there was a wretched square of grass with half a dozen rachitic trees, there the proprietor made haste to establish a ball or a cafè-restaurant."

Doubtless the illusion was often perfunctory, but by and large it worked. The stock jobbers and environment painters were in no doubt they had left the city behind. As they sat on the grass by the river, in another cartoon by Trock, their father opened his arms and told them: "Ah! my

babies, how good it is to find a little solitude on Sundays!". For this was the way they wished nature to be; this was the way it essentially was – a kind of demi-Paris whose trees were like those on the boulevards, and whose restaurants resembled the best in the Rue Montmartre.

> *BARTAVEL – Yes, my friend... despite from that everything has really been... disagreeable!... And behold before you a man who is completely disillusioned with the Environs of Paris!*
> *JOSEPH – Why is that?...*
> *BARTAVEL, standing up – Why is that?... Because I had a picture of the place which bore not the slightest resemblance to what I looked at. When I set off I said to myself: And there, I could have some air, some sun and greenery!... Oh, yes, greenery! Instead of cornflowers and small animals, great prairies covered with old clothes and detachable collars... laundresses in every places and not a single shepherdess... factories instead of cottages... too much sun... no shade... and to cap it all, great red brick chimneys giving out black smoke which poisons the lungs and so you cough!... Coach drivers who jeer at you, restaurateurs who take you for all they can get... winepresses that flatten your hat... vinegrowers who spill white wine all over you... forests where you don't find your daughter... hotels where you mislay your son-in-law!... And that, my dear Joseph... that is the faithful description of what are customarily called... the Environs of Paris!...*

There is a class in these texts which may strike us now as little short of desperate. The people who are writing are so anxious to outflank all the attitudes towards landscape they are describing, and they never explain what other attitudes they take to be less silly. They are all bourgeois, whereas my irony is not: that looks like to be the writers' message, essentially, and the main reassurance they mean to offer their readers.

Bartavel's disappointment may be safely comic, but his inventory of faults and blemishes would not inspire much disagreement in any of the writers quoted so far. For was it not accurate that the landscape consisted of rachitic trees and factory chimneys – or consisted too much of them? And which was more ridiculous, the good bourgeois who gave his blessing to the signs of industry in nature, or his partner who claimed not to notice them?

> *"Come a little farther this way," says another Parisian, in Le Nain Jaune, showing off his weekend villa to a guest: You'll see a most delightful view... Isn't it plaesing?... And you can make out part of the panorama from my house... How do you find it?*
> *I don't see anything very remarkable... apart from those great chimneys and their black smoke, which for me rather spoil the landscape...*
> *For me it's an additional charm... My dear fellow! It is manufactoring which comes to add its note... But here we are at the house... Watch our for the puddle... It never dries out, even in the peak of summer...*

There was clearly some disarmony in the landscape, something which prevented nature from being seen in the proper way. It had to do with a fact as extensive as bourgeois society itself: not just the signs of its industry, but other bourgeois, too many of them, pretending not to be industrious.

The texts I have been quoting are ironical at the petit bourgeois's expense. What was held to be the most comical thing about him was his unpreparedness for the leisure he now enjoyed; he was a workaday individual, after all, who naturally clung to the society of his fellows and had need of fried food and regattas. He was naïve and tasteless; easily elated and easily duped; and he too mourned his own enfranchisement – there was always a time before trippers and tourists, when the spot was unspoilt and there was nobody on the beach.

But it seems to me that more is at stake in the writers' irony than this. What they seem to find ridiculous in the "nouvelles couches sociales" is their claim to pleasure, the degree to which they asserted a right at all to solitude, to nature, to spontaneity. A lot descriptions were offered of the absurdities that resulted, but these hardly account for the writers' acrid tone: they seem to be reasons, on the contrary, for finding the subject harmless and the claims quixotic. But the subject was not treated softly; or, rather, the lightness was repeatedly tinged with a kind of hysterical loftiness. No doubt these people did not get what they asked for, and had only the faintest notion of what it would have been like to have had it. Yet the assert was enough; the assert was the threat, because it was their way of claiming to be part of the

bourgeoisie.

To name someone vulgar is to say he insists on a status which is not yet proved or well understood by him, not yet possessed as a matter of form. It is a harmful charge, made by one bourgeois against another. To have entrance to Nature be the test of class is to shift the argument to usefully irrefutable ground: the bourgeoisie's Nature is not unlike the aristocracy's Blood: what the false bourgeois has is false nature, nature en toc, la nature des environs de Paris; and beyond or behind it there must be a real one, which remains in the hands of the real bourgeoisie.

The reader could rest positive: the flowers in this landscape would wilt before evening, and the crowd would return to its counters and offices. One of the considerable subjects of Impressionist painting was the landscape I have just been describing, and that is why it does not seem unreasonable to ask how far the painters' attitudes towards it resembled those of the journalists and poets. Specially we might want to know how they dealt with the signs that this landscape belonged to Paris – the traces of industry "adding its note" and the presence in nature of the "nouvelles couches sociales."

Set side by side, for example, Raffaëlli's depiction of middle- class pleasure in his Promeneurs du dimanche with that of Seurat in the study for his Baignade à Asnières. There is no error in the coexistence of landscape, figure, and factory in both, or the fact that each one of the terms puts its neighbours in doubt. But the one picture assuredly invites its viewers to recognize the easy contradiction and laugh (not too maliciously; this is Bartavel's comedy, not Robert

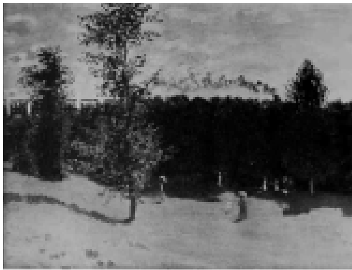
Promeneurs du dimanche, Jean-François Raffaëlli, 1889, From Les Typed de Paris

Caze's); while the other still to be feeling for a way to mark the same situation – as if the painter were not sure that it had taken on a character at all as yet.

The unsympathetic lector at least asks the right questions. It is presumably one thing to elude irony and another to attain to blankness, and often in modernist painting it is not clear which description is the appropriate one.

But let us put the same interrogation in a less aggressive form. Let us ask, for example, how Monet's depiction of the river bathing place named La Grenouillère might possibly stand in relation to an image of the same place taken from the weekly magazines – like the one I show by Jules Pelcoq (accepting straightaway that there is no question here of imitation or influence of a direct kind)? To what extent does Monet's oil painting borrow its vitality from the illustration, or is its motive somehow to contradict such a quality, or at least its generalizing force? The painting's composure, and the cool way it savours certain (rather simple) formal rhythms, in the pattern of boats or the punctuation of figures on the straight pontoon – are these meant, so to speak, as refutations of Pelcoq, as so many signs of the painter's way with things as opposed to the illustrator's? Does painting get done in spite of illustration – is that the proposal? Get done in spite of modernity, even, or because modernity does not amount to much? But then, why go to La Grenouillère in the first place? In search of the insignificant – is that it?

Pictures are being whisked in and out of the reader's field of sight, and questions multiplied, mainly because I do not have any very clear answers to most of them.
The initial impression, as so often with Manet, is of a great,



Le train dans la campagne, Claude Monet, 1870

flat clarity of form – clearness of edge, and plain abbreviation of surface within those edges. Of course the observer soon sees that these qualities coexist with others: with an extraordinary, calculated fat richness of touch, a thick weave of individual brushstrokes, dab after dab in the woman's dress or the flowers she holds, in the distant boats or the great blue surface of water. The eye gets involved in the particualrs: it makes out the fingers half lost in the flowers, or the stuff of the folded parasol on either side of the yachtsman's arm. But particularities plays against plainness; an exuberant tissue of touches, worked over and into one another, mixed and remixed, hard-edged and soft-edged, and all of them quite safely contained in the end, made part of an order that is simplified and flat.

And in due course the eye makes sense of the situation: we begin to see the meandering line as a shadow, and realize eventually that the orange surface is not – as it is first assumed to be – simply flat. It is curved, it is concave; and the curve shows the peculiar shadow and is explained by it – or, rather, is half explained and half explaining: the broken triangle of brushstrokes is not mended quite so easily, and never entirely proves the illusion it plays with. It stays painted, it stays on the edge of a likeness.

> *There are at least, in this nature and this society, facets which are more agreeable than others, and types which are more attractive. Monsieur Manet is intentionally out to choose the flattest sites, the grossest types. He shows us a butcher's boy, with rosy arms and pug nose, out boating on a river of indigo,*

Le Banc, Claude Monet, 1873

and turning with the air of an affectionate marine towards a trollop seated by his Side, decked out in horrible finery, and looking horribly sullen.

The "cover of restraints" in the place of enjoyment – that seems to me the great subject of Manet's art. But it should be mentioned at once, by way of proviso, that in Manet's art the restraints are visible: they are not yet embedded in behavior; they still have the look of something made up or put on.

A picture relied on choosing and maintaining a certain point of view, doing so often with fastidious and, in its way, cynical care. No doubt painting scenery had always involved some such process of reading out and reading in; but what the painter excluded had rarely been there so emphatically, so much wrapped up with the matter in hand.

Monet has appearently turned away from the untidiness, preferring to focus on what the scene still offers of pleasure or nature in undiluted form. Manet, in comparison, still looks to the south and west, as if resolved to show that the Bezons reach could be faced by painting – even painting of Monet's kind. There was a method to put down such matters in oils and have them be part of landscape quite strictly conceived. They would have to be outlined in lightly, almost carelessly, without much attention being paid to differences and identities, to the weight and substance of objects. The entire thing would necessarily be done with a great show of painterly wit, a flaunting of facility, as if daring the world to resist one's notation of it; and if the tour de force was successful, the play of paint would absorb the factories and

weekend villas with scarcely a ripple. Surface would replace essence; paint would perform the consistency of landscape, in spite of everything a particular landscape might put in its way; there was nothing that could not be made part of a picture of a picture's fragile unity – if the painter confined himself to appearances and put aside questions of significance or use.

It is the stuff of landscape painting, this progress from desolate waste to broken column to rude cot to decent farm to thriving village to nestling town with determinate edge; or from commons to enclosure and rapids to sluice. The modern artists of the 1870s inherited this language: they shared the older painters' assumption that nature could hardly be seen in the first place – or construed as an order apart from the human – unless as something mapped and tended, interfered with and not infrequently replaced by man. And how was man present in his landscape? What kind of mark did he make upon it, what kind of limits; how had his artifacts made peace with their surroundings, or had they made peace at all? (It was not necessarily the case that they should: a city wall and a windmill were equally part of a well-ordered province.) What forms of perceptibility were provided as part of this overall process of control and understanding? How was the countryside kept at a distance, brought into view, produced as a single human thing, a prospect or a panorama? Upon the answers to questions like these depended the artist's sense of a scene's amounting to landscape at all, and therefore being drawnable.

Could the factory be included to the series which went from wilderness to working river? (And if not, why not?)

Was the city with determinate edge to be joined, in painting, by the city without one? How much inconsistency and waste could the genre include and still maintain its categories intact? So landscape was to be modern; but if it was – if the signs of modernity were agreed on and itemized – would the landscape not be deprived of what the painters valued most in it? Would it not lose its singular beauty, its coherence, the way it looked to offer itself as an unbroken surface which paint could render well? For Monet and his colleagues, landscape was the guarantee of painting above all; it was the thing that justified their insistence on material and making, on the artisanal facts of the art.

Perhaps that assurance would not hold, least of all in places like Argenteuil. But painting in a sense had nowhere else to go. It was here that the terms of the landscape tradition still appeared to present themselves with some kind of vividness. The roll call of edges and stages of civilization could still be taken at Argenteuil, as once it had been outside Rome or Haarlem. Without such register, landscape painting was a poor thing.

I believe that the paintings provide proof that Monet was thoroughly alive, at least in his first three years at Argenteuil, to the kind of problem I outlined previously. In picture after picture some of them frankly experimental and botched – he appears to be testing ways to extend landscape painting's range of reference and still have it serve his fierce, necessarily narrow conception of what painting was and ought to be.

This industry could certainly be made part of landscape painting; Monet is often at his strongest when he spells

out the encroachment of delight on the countryside, but insists, in the way he handles it, that the scene has lost none of its unity and charm. Pleasure of this kind is natural, these pictures seem to imply: it gives access to nature, whatever the ironists say.

What did it take, after all, to spoil a landscape?

This scenery cannot fairly be described as suburban, for there is too much space still remaining between the weekend retreats; but it can hardly be called countryside, in Monet's terms. It is too vacant to deserve the name; too ragged and indiscriminate, lacking in incident and demarcation apart from that provided by the houses (which does not amount to much); too formless, too perfunctory and bleak. These negatives add up, it seems to me, elusiveness of Argenteuil's surroundings, their slow cessation into something else. What had to be registered was the imperceptibility of the change; there had to be a sense of its almost not happening, and the factories and villas perhaps not posing a threat; the earth ought to be shown degenerating gradually in a fine light, and the viewer feel that the process was accidental, almost modest, a bit of a waste but not necessarily more than that. The timbre and imagery are reminiscent of van Gogh, but also of Ajalbert, with both picture and poem describing the landscape in an elliptical, half-cheerful deadpan. To a specific kind of composition, one appropriate to the thing in hand: they are Monet's way of giving form to the elusiveness of Argenteuil's environment, their slow dissolution into something else. What had to be registered was

the imperceptibility of the swap; there had to be a sense of its almost not happening, and the factories and villas perhaps not posing a threat; the earth ought to be shown degenerating gradually in a fine light, and the viewer feel that the process was accidental, almost modest, a bit of a waste but not necessarily more than that. The tone and imagery are reminiscent of van Gogh, but also of Ajalbert, with both picture and poem describing the landscape in an elliptical, half-cheerful deadpan.

My manner has slipped too close to Ajalbert's. Irony at the expense of the new re-creation myth is prone to explode in the user's face, for the truth is that it proved entirely possible to imagine Argenteuil was the countryside. It was all the rural area one needed; nature was made up essentially of vendanges and regattas, and art lent support to the felicitous equation. If we put side by side two typical images from the 1870s, Roland Debreaux's Vendanges à Argenteuil of 1875 and Paul Renouard's Régates d'automne (also at Argenteuil) of 1879, we have the constituents of the myth displayed and can appreciate its resilience. Such pictures in their innocence are foils to Impressionist painting; they help one understand why Manet's Argenteuil was unpopular, and perhaps why Monet's was not.

At one level the writers seem to be saying that city and country are hopelessly confused, and that this has to do with a blurring at the edges of the bourgeoisie. But the way that they say it enables them to suggest, on no very good grounds, that somewhere the confusion stops and a real countryside remains, perhaps even a real bourgeoisie. They are constantly ridiculing both concepts, and as constantly dependent on

them for their comedy.

No question this landscape and its inhabitants would be difficult to portray in any other way than ironically, and the caricature is quite good about the reasons why. (It needs only a factory chimney or two – over Baptiste's left shoulder, perhaps – to satisfy the keenest wish for a comprehensive statement on the matter.) And yet earnest depictions of it do exist: Manet's Argenteuil, les canotiers for one, and Seurat's Une Baignade à Asnières. Describing the scenery, these pictures suggest, depends on the painter's not avoiding the contact of industry and nature, and trying to show how the one term inflects the other. But that in turn requires on describing how people behave in these new circumstances. A painting that accomplished this would not lack comedy: it would inevitably have to do with the absurdities involved in performing idleness or not being used to it; but the painting would pre-eminently give form – at the risk of appearing a trifle stiff, a trifle wooden – to the dialectic within distraction: the play of ease and unease, restraint and spontaneity, pleasure and ennui, nature and artifice, fashion and recreation. It would strive to make these moments articulate, and conceive them as part of the wider business of laying claim to bourgeoisie.

This chapter and the next are essentially studies in the emergence of the lower-middle class. That phenomenon seems to me one of the main situations of modernist art, though the connection between one thing and the other is by no means direct. Modernist art is characterized, indeed, by its desire to distance itself from the petite bourgeoisie and the world of entertainments it ushered in, but artists were

paradoxically fascinated by those entertainments and made turned them the new art's central subject for a considerable time. It has sometimes seemed an intractable problem, this. Not so much that recreation and pleasure were chosen to be painted in the first place – their visual appeal is sufficiently obvious – but that they survived as the new art's favourite theme and underwent such a potent series of transformations.

Historians speak about the rise of leisure in the later nineteenth century, by which they mean mainly its crystallization out from the rhythms and caesuras of work.55 Something had undoubtly happened; leisure had become a mass phenomenon, a separately capitalized sector of social life in which great profits were to be had. Amusement took on increasingly spectacular forms: the park, the resort, the day at the river or the races, the café-concert, the football league, the Tour de France, and finally the Olympic Games. These various subcultures of leisure make more sense, I think, if they are put in relation to the history I sketched in chapter one. From minimum the start of the 1860s there was felt to be some kind of threat to the moral economy of bourgeois society – the fine fabric of Parisian neighbourhood trades and manufacture, the face-to-face, small-scale, master-and-man society of the metropolis in the earlier part of the century.

The subcultures of recreation and their representations are part of Haussmannization understood in this light, part of a process of spectacular reorganization of the city which was in turn a reworking of the whole field of commodity production. Their function in the process was by no means

trivial. It was not just that they were one main form in which everyday life was colonized in the later nineteenth century – given over to experts, addicts, entrepreneurs, consumers – but that there was such active disagreement over who had the right to plant the flag in the new region. The colonies were claimed by various uneasy fractions of the middle class; by those who wished to reaffirm a status which had previously been made in the world of work, but seemed no longer to be available there; and by those who thought they had a right to the same status, even if their conditions of employment still looked menial in many ways. The world of leisure was thus a great symbolic field in which the battle for bourgeois identity was fought; the essential warring claims were to forms of freedom, accomplishment, naturalness, and individuality which were believed to be the keys to bourgeoisie; actions both rearguard and offensive were mounted, disinformation was much in evidence.

Leisure was a performance, Veblen said, and the thing performed was class.

The reader should be alert, finally, that the notion of the "nouvelles couches sociales" being involved in any great revision of class society – any wholesale change in social structure – is controversial. Gambetta, for one, repudiated it. "I said nouvelles couches not classes" he said somewhat ruefully in a speech at Auxerre in 1874; "that last is a bad word I never use."