

Two Paths Through the Social History of Ideas
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It is a sobering experience for a book historian to see historians respond to his books. Can this be me? I asked myself when first confronted with these readings of my work. But I should have been prepared for the shock of non-recognition, because as a student of cultural diffusion, I know that authors don't determine which books of theirs get read and that readers take possession of texts in ways that suit themselves. Now that my own books have been appropriated by an exceptionally intelligent group of readers, I should feel flattered; and I do. But I also feel hoisted by some home-made petards.

If I may begin this reply by posing a book-historical question, I would ask which of my works has attracted the most attention by the dozen contributors to this volume. The references in their essays can be tabulated as follows:

<u>The Forbidden Best-Sellers of Pre-Revolutionary France</u>	89
<u>The Literary Underground of the Old Regime</u> (including 29 references to "The High Enlightenment and the Low-Life of Literature", an essay reprinted in it).....	56
<u>The Kiss of Lamourette</u>	20
<u>The Great Cat Massacre</u>	10
<u>Mesmerism and the End of the Enlightenment</u>	9
<u>Gens de lettres, gens du livre</u>	6
<u>The Business of Enlightenment</u>	5
<u>The Corpus of Clandestine Literature in France</u>	5
<u>Revolution in Print</u>	2
<u>Edition et sedition</u>	2
<u>Berlin Journal</u>	1

Not a vast statistical survey, I admit; but it suggests that the two subjects that most occupy my critics are forbidden books and the literary underground—or, to put it more precisely, the theses I have advanced about the importance of "livres philosophiques" (especially political libelles) and Grub Street authors as seditious elements under the Old Regime in France. The theoretical and historical issues addressed in The Kiss of Lamourette also evoke a fair amount of response. But my readers show relatively little interest in the book that cost me the most labor, The Business of Enlightenment, and the book that has sold best among the general public, The Great Cat Massacre.¹ The response, in short, has been highly selective. I will therefore try to reply in kind, concentrating on the two themes that have aroused the most criticism. First, Grub Street.

I

Whatever the statistics may suggest, I have the impression that the article I published twenty-six years ago, "The High Enlightenment and the Low-Life of Literature in France," has touched off the most debate and now looks most dubious to my critics. The fault was in large part my own. By putting "Enlightenment" into my title, I apparently led some readers to believe that I had set out to find a way around the

Enlightenment or an alternative to it. I originally gave the paper in 1970 at a convention of the American Historical Association under the title “Social Tensions in the Intelligentsia of Pre-Revolutionary France.” Had I kept that title, I would have avoided a great deal of misunderstanding, because the subject was conflict within the Republic of Letters, not the Enlightenment. By coining the phrase “High Enlightenment”, I meant to invoke the Enlightenment of the generation that followed the famous philosophes—that is, the late Enlightenment, which can be considered “high” in the same way that “High Renaissance” refers to the sixteenth rather than the fifteenth century. I offered a hasty sketch of the Enlightenment in that late phase and characterized it as tame in contrast to the “heroic” Enlightenment of the mid-century, when Voltaire and his allies took risks and shook the power system to its roots.

By concentrating on generational conflict and the institutional context of careers, I was trying to develop a social history of ideas. Now that the enthusiasm for social history has come and gone, that attempt looks misguided to several of my critics. Elizabeth Eisenstein and Daniel Gordon see it as incompatible with serious consideration of ideas. They indict me for the sin of sociology. And now that I look back, I must plead guilty. Worse still, I confess that I did not succeed very well in sinning, because my original account of Grub Street was, as we say today, under-conceptualized. I had read some sociology of knowledge, most of it from Max Weber and Karl Mannheim. But I had stumbled on the subject by accident, while trying to track Thomas Jefferson through Paris in the 1780s. Jefferson led to a curious group of French intellectuals who were besotted with the cult of America. They also practised mesmerism, speculated on the Bourse, transformed an adultery trial (the Kornmann Affair) into an attack on the Controller General of Finance, and produced dozens of books and pamphlets on everything from breast-feeding to balloon flights.

Clearly something was stewing in that latitude of consciousness that the French refer to as “mentalites collectives.” But in 1960, when I first strayed into the subject, it had not yet acquired a name. Sharper ears caught echoes of Durkheim’s “representations collectives”, but I picked up nothing more than a strange cultural tone: anger, passion, a visceral hatred of institutions like the Academie francaise and the Faculte de medecine. These emotions consumed radicals like Brissot and Marat, but they made no sense to me. I thought the radicals should have directed all their anger at the government. But the “tyranny” and the “aristocracy” that they denounced in their pre-revolutionary pamphlets seemed to exist primarily in the world of culture. That world, once I looked into it, turned out to be organized like everything else under the Old Regime: according to the principles of privilege and protection. Even books had privileges, and authors could not live by writing them; instead they required protectors, who opened doors to sinecures and pensions. Everyone in the Republic of Letters played the same game; but the salon lions collected most of the rewards, while the garret scribblers fell back on hack work—tutoring, peddling underground literature, and pamphleteering for anyone who would pay.

The tension between those two groups broke into open conflict during the scramble for the pensions that the Controller General, Charles Alexandre de Calonne, dangled before men of letters in 1785. The grandees who helped Calonne dispense the pensions, worth 339, 453 livres in all, included the director of the book trade; a duke and a marshal, both members of the Academie francaise; and Jean-Charles-Pierre Lenoir, the

former lieutenant general of police in Paris who was then director of the Bibliotheque du roi. Lenoir later noted that they turned down Philippe Fabre d'Eglantine, Jean-Louis Carra, and Antoine-Joseph Gorsas, because such writers were considered in the Academy as "l'excrement de la litterature." The pensions went to men with solid reputations and powerful protectors. Two years later, Carra, Gorsas, and their fellow hacks produced the pamphlets that precipitated Calonne's fall from power and the onset of the Pre-Revolution. Something combustible was burning at the bottom of the literary world. I could smell the smoke; and by following my nose, I arrived at a thesis: revolutionary passions were ignited by the low-life of literature, the men who nursed grievances at the bottom of a hierarchy specific to the Republic of Letters and who, in several striking cases, assumed leading roles in the Revolution.ⁱⁱ

Twenty-six years later, this thesis looks suspiciously simple. One can easily punch holes in it by citing examples of Grub Street writers who did not become revolutionaries and revolutionaries who did not come from Grub Street. One can also point to the middle ground occupied by writers who were neither impecunious nor privileged but happily employed as lawyers or state officials yet entertained quite radical ideas about reforming the regime. And finally, one can object to a psychological ingredient in the argument: I seemed to be attributing revolutionary engagement to frustrated ambition, a reductionist notion that could be used to villify the Revolution in the manner of Taine.

To take the last point first, I admit that I think we can learn a great deal from Taine, provided we make allowances for his political bias; and I confess to having tried out Freudian interpretations in a seminar run by Erik Erikson at Harvard in 1967. It seemed to me then that the Girondins' agony during the vote to condemn Louis XVI expressed Oedipal anxieties. (Louis was commonly known as "le pere du peuple", and Brissot equated regicide with parricide in his *Theorie des lois criminelles*.) I now believe that psycho-history has failed to arrive at any demonstrable conclusions, despite a very good run for its money, and that it has exhausted its intellectual energy. For my money, it is better to bet on semiotics—that is, instead of pretending to penetrate deep into the psyches of men who died two centuries ago, to read the signs of their *mentalites* and to relate *mentalites* to patterns of culture. Yuri Lotman and Boris Uspensky have demonstrated the fruitfulness of that kind of cultural history, which goes back to Burckhardt and Huizinga. But I had no notion of such things in 1967, and I overstated my case in a way that sounded like psychologizing.

I still believe, however, that a case can be made for studying the passionate aspect of revolutionary agitation. Whether or not Marat was mad, he mobilized the passions of thousands of Frenchmen; and so did Hebert, Danton, and Desmoulins—all of them intellectuals with at least one foot in Grub Street. It was in Grub Street that Hebert learned the language of le Pere Duchesne and that Danton discovered the power of "emotions populaires," the Old Regime expression for popular uprisings. To treat rhetoric and propaganda as nothing but discourse is to miss a crucial dimension of the Revolution. I think that today's discourse analysts make that mistake; but if Daniel Gordon represents their opinion, they think I have succumbed to "populism."

Overstated as it was in its original version, and excessively vertical in its use of metaphor, does the argument reduce the literary world to two extremes, the high and the low? I think not. It would be simplistic indeed to deny the existence of writers in the

middle ranks, who often reached the broadest public—Marie-Jeanne Riccoboni, for example, whose sentimental novels may have had a larger readership than those of any other author, including Rousseau; or Louis Antoine Caraccioli, whose biographies and histories edified countless Catholic readers; or Jean-Antoine Roucher, whose pastoral poetry enjoyed a great vogue on the eve of the Revolution. The purpose of contrasting the low-life with the Establishment in the world of letters was not to eliminate the middle ground but rather to indicate a structural opposition—that is, to sketch a historical sociology of literature.

As sociology, I admit, it was thin. Not only had I failed to study much sociological theory, my inspiration came from literary sources, above all Johnson's Life of Savage and Diderot's Le Neveu de Rameau. It seemed to me that those two works traced a theme which ran parallel through the representations of literary life on both sides of the Channel. I called it Grub Street, not despite the Anglicism, but because of it; and I thought it opened up a new perspective on literary history. No one, as far as I knew when I began to work on the topic while preparing my dissertation in 1963, had paid any attention to the vast population of writers living down and out in Paris, or even in London, for Pat Rogers's Grub Street: Studies in a Sub-Culture did not appear until 1972. I made sense of the subject as well as I could. Without understanding quite what I was doing, I had wandered into what Pierre Bourdieu calls a "champ litteraire."

It did not take much wandering for me to realize that my first ideas were much too simple and that my research agenda pointed far into the future. The first item on it concerned something approaching a literary demography. I hoped to measure the importance of Grub Street by making a retrospective census of its inhabitants. But to my surprise, I discovered that no one had ever come up with a serious estimate of France's literary population at any point in the early modern era. Two difficulties made the task look formidable: How could one define a writer without falling into anachronism? And how could one find sources, however imperfect, that would provide a basis for a count?

A first way around those problems opened up in the papers of Joseph d'Hemery, the inspector of the book trade in the mid-eighteenth century. For a reason he never explained, d'Hemery produced a report on every writer that the police could find in Paris from 1748 to 1753. The reports, bound in two registers entitled "Historique des auteurs," provide information, organized systematically under a set of printed rubrics, on 501 men and women of letters, from the most eminent academicians to the most obscure hacks. The hacks—who at that time included the young Rousseau and the young Diderot—made up the largest category. Part-time tutors, secretaries, librarians, actors, ticket collectors in theatres, journalists, scribes, and clerks, they belonged to what could be called the intellectual trades; and they formed more than a third of those whose occupations could be identified. Of the unidentified, a great many went down in the files as "gens sans etat." Judging from their addresses—back rooms on fourth and fifth floors—they spent much of their time scribbling in garrets and living from scraps, like Rameau's nephew. But Rameau also had grand-nephews. How important were they? How large was France's literary population as a whole? And how did it change during the second half of the century?

A second source, La France litteraire, a kind of Who's Who produced in the form of an almanac from 1752 to 1784, provided some rough answers to those questions. There was no getting around the difficulty of defining a writer, for many Frenchmen

scribbled vers de circonstances without thinking of themselves primarily as poets, and many played with literature for a while in their youth before going on to something else. But the editors of La France litteraire adopted a definition that was at least workable. They would consider as a writer, they announced, anyone who had published at least one book—that is, a substantial printed work, not merely a poem or essay in a literary journal like the Mercure. They promised to be exhaustive, and the publishing history of their work suggests that they succeeded in making it accepted as a basic guide to “literary France.” Unfortunately, however, they also were sloppy, especially in the later editions, when new editors took over. Instead of reworking all their information each year, they issued supplements and then failed to incorporate much of the material from the supplements when they put out new editions. But by recompiling their data, entry by entry and edition by edition, one can provide minimal estimates of the number of writers in France at three points in time:

<u>1757</u>	<u>1769</u>	<u>1784</u>
1,187	2,367	2,819

The last figure probably underestimates the total by a great deal, because contemporary critics attacked the edition of 1784 as a slap-dash job, which overlooked a large number of writers. After studying it closely and comparing it with some other sources, I concluded that France contained 3,000 writers, at the very least, by 1789. The literary population had nearly tripled since 1750.ⁱⁱⁱ

The biographical notices on the writers contain enough information for one to make out the rough contours of a socio-occupational pattern. In 1784, a third of those who could be identified belonged to the nobility and clergy; a quarter came from the professions, mainly medicine and the law; and a fifth (295) cobbled together a livelihood from the “intellectual trades.” Nearly half the writers—1,326 of 2,819--were too obscure to be identified. They probably included a large number of hacks; and so did the clergy, for many of the writers from the first estate were free-floating abbes, who spent much of their lives scribbling in garrets and dodging lettres de cachet, like the abbe Prevost. What was the population of Grub Street on the eve of the Revolution? Impossible to say, but 500 would be a modest estimate and 1,000 a good possibility.

Of course, there was nothing hard about those facts. They were the best I could come up with after a long trek through arid sources. But at least they corresponded to contemporary ways of thinking about authorship. The notion of an “historique des auteurs” among the police and of “la France litteraire” among the dictionary compilers pointed to common characteristics in the population they surveyed. Although few writers lived from their pens, they wrote enough to think of themselves and to be thought of by others as writers, as people who belonged to “literary France.” What set them apart was not their source of income but literature itself, a field of activity demarcated by conceptual as well as institutional boundaries.

By the time I had reached this stage in my research, I had begun to work with Clifford Geertz and Pierre Bourdieu. Geertz did not provide any recipes for studying writers, but he thought of literature, and almost everything else, as a cultural system, and he understood culture as a process of making meaning within shared symbolic worlds. Meaning, its construction and communication, became the central concern of my research

on writers and the publishing industry after I began to collaborate with Geertz in 1970 in a seminar on history and anthropology.

To Bourdieu, literature was a game played in a particular field according to specific rules and for specific stakes. The field as a metaphor called up horizontal rather than vertical associations, but it did not exclude notions of power. On the contrary, Bourdieu imagined it as a force-field, structured around poles or positions occupied by influential authors, who set the tone and dominated the flow of symbolic goods—that is, of prestige and influence, the non-monetary capital peculiar to their milieu. As up-and-coming writers staked out new positions, they set new styles and reformulated esthetic norms, thereby redefining literature itself. When Bourdieu expounded his ideas during a semester spent in Princeton in 1972, he illustrated them by references to Flaubert and Hugo. But they could easily be applied to the conventional opposition between Voltaire and Rousseau—and to the old saw among dix-huitiemistes: “If I had to choose between Voltaire and Rousseau, I would take Diderot.”

As a dedicated dix-huitiemiste myself, I felt no temptation to try to recast my field according to the formulas provided by Bourdieu; but I found his sociology helpful for thinking more systematically about the material I turned up in the archives. It also helped in thinking through the relations between literature and the social order. The dominant principle of the Old Regime was privilege, literally “private law” or the exclusive right to some activity or good. Almost everyone enjoyed a privilege in eighteenth-century France, not just aristocrats but also peasants who paid lighter salt taxes or smaller milling fees than their neighbors. Privileges were held by groups—estates, provinces, municipalities, guilds, and corporate bodies of all kinds. And they were dispensed through protections, the system of influence peddling that ran through society and reached its apex at the court. To eighteenth-century Frenchmen, therefore, it seemed natural that culture should be corporate and organized around privileges. Books, printers, peddlers, journals, and theatres all had privileges. Authors had to negotiate with privileged corporate bodies at every stage in their careers—censors in the Direction de la librairie, publishers in the Communaute des libraires et des imprimeurs, actors in the Comedie francaise, and “immortals” in the Academie. And careers were determined by protectors—salon leaders, courtiers, grands of every variety who could intervene when sinecures and pensions were passed out.

True, the literary market place created room for a few writers to live by their pens, but very few: Louis Sebastien Mercier put their number at 30 in the 1780s. The absence of an effective copyright law, the non-existence of royalties, the monopolistic practices of the booksellers’ guild made an independent existence impossible for the vast majority of authors. They lived from odd jobs—tutoring, secretarial work, or, if they were fortunate, a position within the royal or municipal bureaucracy. When the opportunity arose, they turned out pamphlets; but it is inaccurate to assert, as Jeremy Popkin claims I do, that the writers in Grub Street lived from the free play of the literary market in contrast to those in the Establishment, who depended on patronage. Everyone scrambled to make a living in the same way, but some succeeded better than others and few could get by from author’s fees. For the ordinary writer without an independent income, it was folly to get married and have children. How many writers supported families? We do not know. But d’Alembert expressed the common wisdom when he advised men of letters to take a vow of poverty: no wife, no children, no pignon sur rue.^{iv}

That sort of bread-and-water existence was more than most flesh and blood could bear. Writers expected their talent to be recognized. When it was not, they did not generally concede that they had overestimated their talent. They blamed the system. The Republic of Letters had degenerated into a despotism, they concluded. It had fallen under the tyranny of aristocrats, the kind peculiar to literature: courtiers who dispensed protections, academicians who monopolized pensions, grandes dames who ruled over salons, publishers who controlled the book trade, and journalists who manipulated reviews. Those were the roles in which Fabre d'Eglantine cast the villains of Les Gens de lettres, his morality play about the evils of literary life. They personified the conditions that condemned the play's hero, a sublime but unpublished poet, to a miserable garret:

Voila sous quels tyrans doit plier le genie!^v

Fabre seemed to be dramatizing his own situation as a third-rate actor-playwright, but his hero also summoned up another garret genius: Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Fabre denounced "le parti des tyrans"^{vi} in Rousseauistic language, full of exclamations about virtue and nature as opposed to aristocratic artifice, and he invoked Rousseau himself as a salutary example of a writer who had broken into the first ranks of literature, seen the Republic of Letters for what it was, and retired in disgust to a humble room in the rue de la Platiere.^{vii}

Writers identified with Rousseau throughout the garrets of Grub Street, especially after his death in 1778 and the publication of the first part of his Confessions in 1782. Thus Brissot, who wept his way through the confessions six times: "Je souffre moi-meme quand je le lis; j'entre dans ses douleurs, et je me dis: que n'ai-je ete assez heureux pour le connaitre? Comme je lui aurais ouvert mon ame!"^{viii} This identification involved fundamental notions about the nature of literature, the role of writers, and rhetoric. Brissot attacked "nos aristocrates litteraires" for their use of wit, a Voltairean weapon that had done service in the early campaign against the Church but that now was being used to excuse lax morals and repressive politics: "On sert par ses plaisanteries la cause du despotisme."^{ix} Carra also associated wit with immorality and despotism. In attacking Calonne's ministry, he proclaimed the necessity of a rhetoric of passionate denunciation: "L'idiome de la vertu ne connait point d'accommodement avec celui de vice."^x

This idiom runs through all the anti-government pamphleteering of the 1780s and into Robespierre's diatribes against wit under the Terror. While demanding the removal of a bust of Helvetius from the Jacobin Club, he denounced all the philosophes but one, Jean-Jacques Rousseau:

Je ne vois ici que deux hommes dignes de notre hommage, Brutus et J.-J. Rousseau. Mirabeau doit tomber, Helvetius doit tomber aussi; Helvetius etait un intrigant, un miserable bel esprit, un etre immoral, un des plus cruels persecuteurs de ce bon J.-J. Rousseau, le plus digne de nos hommages. Si Helvetius avait existe de nos jours, n'allez pas croire qu'il eut embrasse la cause de la liberte: il eut augmente la foule des intrigants beaux esprits qui desolent aujourd'hui la patrie.^{xi}

The literary landscape was undergoing a transformation when the Revolution broke out. It was being polarized around two positions: one associated with Voltaire, enlightened reform, moderation, and wit; the other identified with Rousseau, popular revolution, radicalism, and passion. Of course, those extremes did not exclude the possibility of counter-tendencies and exceptions in a middle ground; but by August 10, 1792, Rousseauism was exerting the strongest pull. Among Girondins and Montagnards alike, it mobilized the passions generated in Grub Street; it fed into a new, democratic political culture, born also from street life; and it helped destroy the literary system of the Old Regime—the salons, academies, theatres, booksellers’ guild, privileged journals, sinecures, pensions, and all the rest.

Such, in short, is how I think the sociology of literature can contribute to an understanding of the revolutionary process in eighteenth-century France. But literature and revolution cannot be reduced to sociology, and I proposed this model only in the hope that it would help historians to study a cultural revolution within the Revolution of 1789-1795. I did not refer to theory, because I am not a theoretician and because I prefer to leave the conceptual basis of my argument implicit in the narrative. But history, too, is a field, and styles change in it, just as in literature. Today, historians tend to begin books with discourses on method and surveys of historiography, positioning themselves relative to others in what they construe to be professional discourse. They try to be self-reflective, dialogical, or downright postmodern; and they challenge me to do the same. I would rather get on with the job, as I understand it. But I owe my critics answers; and having sketched the argument once more, I will attempt to reply to some of the objections raised against it.

One objection, expressed here and elsewhere by Elizabeth Eisenstein, takes the form of a denial that Grub Street existed in pre-revolutionary Paris.^{xiii} Paris had no street with that name and no milieu comparable to the hack writers of London satirized by Pope, Eisenstein argues. I would agree that there was more work available for hacks in London than in Paris after the expiration of the Licensing Act in 1695. But conditions were similar in the two cities by 1750. Expanding literacy, increased demand for all kinds of printed matter, a booming book trade, and intermittent relaxation of state controls meant that more writers were needed; and the prestige attached to famous authors like Pope and Voltaire meant that more came forth to satisfy the demand. To live from one’s pen was something else, however. In Paris as in London, contemporary sources abound in references to poets starving in garrets and hacks scribbling in basements. While Pope pilloried dunces and dullness, Voltaire mocked “pauvres diables” and “la basse litterature.” True, “la canaille de la litterature”, as he also called it^{xiii}, did not cluster in a single street, though many writers of this stripe could be found in Diderot’s neighborhood around the rue Mouffetarde. But the London scribblers also scattered. By 1750, most of them had moved out of Grub Street (Milton had lived near it, Samuel Johnson did not) and had found digs in Cripplegate, Moorfields, and other sections of the city. “Grub Street”, as the term was used by Pope, Swift, Defoe, Fielding, Gay, and The Grub-Street Journal, should not be taken literally. It was primarily a metaphor to describe the same variety of scribblers as those who lived in Paris.^{xiv}

To deny that Paris contained a large population of such writers is to fly in the face of a great deal of evidence. References to them abound in standard works: the Dictionnaire des journalistes directed by Jean Sgard, for example, or the Dictionnaire des

lettres francaises. Le XVIIIe siecle edited by Francois Moureau, or the Litterature francaise by Rene Pomeau and his collaborators—not to mention the finest book of all, Les Origines intellectuelles de la Revolution francaise by Daniel Mornet. True, the biographies of those writers usually remained clouded in obscurity, but one can see a common pattern in their lives by studying the police files, which I am now preparing for publication. Here are a few extracts:

AUBLET de Maubuy: C'est un jeune homme qui a perdu ses pere et mere et qui a d'abord ete abbe, ensuite cleric de procureur et enfin sans etat. Il etait en pension en attendant un emploi, paraissant en avoir un grand besoin. Il a de l'esprit, fait des vers et beaucoup de satires tant contre le clerge que contre le Parlement, qu'il faisait imprimer par Beauvais, ou il allait souvent manger.

BARET: Il a ete anciennement cleric de notaire, ensuite il a quitte pour faire des pantomimes pour l'Opera Comique. Il se dit aussi auteur d'un roman qu'il cherche a faire imprimer, intitule Les Amours d'Alzidor et de Chorizee [ie. Les Amours d'Alcidor et de Charitee], traduit du grec, qui n'a pas dans la suite eu le moindre succes, non plus qu'une comedie intitulee Les Colifichets, a la tete de laquelle il avait mis une preface contre les comediens, qui, je crois, n'etait pas de lui. C'est un fort mauvais sujet qui est dans la misere et que son mauvais caractere y fera rester longtemps. Il a travaille pour moi [that is, for Joseph d'Hemery, inspecteur de la librairie, presumably as a spy], et j'en ai ete peu content.

BARRE (de la): C'est un homme qui appartient a d'honnetes gens et qui a ete revetu d'une charge de controleur de l'extraordinaire des guerres, qu'il a ete oblige de vendre par des malheurs, de facon qu'il est presentement dans une misere affreuse. Il a de l'esprit et fait de bonne prose et de mauvais vers. Il a ete occupe dans les dernieres guerres par M. de Puyseulx, ministre des affaires etrangeres, a faire des ecrits sur les hollandais, qui ont ete imprimes et pour lesquels il a recu des gratifications. Depuis la paix faite, n'ayant aucune ressource, il s'est adonne entierement a La Foliot [a publisher], qui le fait vivre, et pour laquelle il fait de temps en temps quelques petits ouvrages que La Foliot vend.

CHAUMEIX: Il est auteur des Prejuges legitimes contre l'Encyclopedie, de l'Examen critique du livre de l'Esprit, des Reflexions critiques sur un article du Journal encyclopedique, et d'une Reponse a deux articles du Mercure et du Journal encyclopedique... Il a beaucoup d'esprit, sait parfaitement le latin sans avoir fait aucune etude. Etant a Orleans, il a eleve plusieurs jeunes gens, parents a l'epouse de M. de St. Vincent, conseiller au Parlement. Cependant il a si mal fait ses affaires qu'il a ete oblige de s'en aller d'Orleans sans payer ses dettes et de venir a Paris, ou il a d'abord ete precepteur chez Viard, maitre de pension, rue de Seine

pres la Pitie. Cette pension ayant tombee, Chaumeix s'est retire dans l'Auberge de la Croix d'Or, rue de la Tisseranderie, ou il s'etait amourache de la servante, a qui il avait fait une promesse de mariage avec un dedit de 3000 livres. Ayant manque de parole a cette fille, pour l'apaiser et retirer sa promesse, Herissant, libraire Parvis Notre Dame, lui a donne au nom de Chaumeix la somme de 300 [livres]. Chaumeix a depuis, c'est-a-dire il y a environ six mois, epouse la soeur de la femme du sieur Alain, maitre de pension, rue du Cheval Vert, de laquelle il n'a rien eu et qui est une diablesse qui ne vaut rien.

LAMBERT: En 1746 il vivait avec la fille d'un nomme Antoine, employe dans les vivres, la faisait passer pour sa femme et logeait avec elle sous ce titre chez la veuve Bailly, en chambre garnie, sous le nom de Carre, ou cette fille est accouchee d'un garcon. Ensuite ils s'en sont alles sans payer une somme de 850 livres. La femme Bailly, ayant ete instruite de sa demeure au bout de sept ans, vient de presenter au Magistrat un memoire contre lui, ce qui a fait qu'il a pris des arrangements pour le paiement de cette somme dans l'espace de deux ans. Cette femme demeure presentement avec lui sous le titre de gouvernante et a son petit garcon avec lui. Il a fait des Lettres d'un seigneur hollandais en trois volumes en 1744, ou il discutait les interets des princes dans la derniere guerre. Il composa cet ouvrage par ordre de M. le comte d'Argenson, qui lui fit avoir des gratifications. Il a publie depuis un Recueil d'observations en quinze volumes in-douze chez Prault fils. C'est une tres mauvaise compilation de differents auteurs...Enfin il vient de donner une Histoire litteraire du regne de Louis Quatorze, en trois volumes, in-quarto, qu'il a fait imprimer a ses frais, aucun libraire n'ayant voulu s'en charger. Mansart, l'architecte du roi, lui a avance les fonds necessaires pour cette entreprise...Il a obtenu pour cet ouvrage une pension de 600 livres que d'Argenson lui a fait avoir. Il y a apparence que ce ministre fait plus de cas de lui comme mouche [spy] que comme auteur.^{xv}

A motley lot; but for all their differences, they lived in the same conditions and devised similar tactics to confront common problems. They cultivated protectors, scrambled for pensions, tried to score successes in the theatre, dabbled in journalism, tutored and translated, wrote pamphlets for and against the government, spied for the police as the occasion arose, raised or abandoned children as circumstances permitted; and when they came to the end of their rope, they sometimes died like the abbe d'Alainval:

Etant tombe en apoplexie au mois de septembre 1752, etant a diner chez M. Bertin des parties casuelles, il [Bertin] lui mit deux louis dans sa poche et le renvoya. Comme il n'y avait pas de quoi le soigner chez lui, on le transporta a l'Hotel-Dieu, ou il a traîne longtemps. A la fin il est reste paralytique et il est reduit presentement a chercher une place a Bicetre ou aux Incurables. Quelle triste fin pour un homme d'esprit.^{xvi}

In Paris as in London, la basse littérature produced a low-life of its own: there is no getting around the conclusion or the vertical metaphor attached to it. But the historians of French literature have not explored Grub Street, at least not before the advent of Balzac. Les Illusions perdues revealed the existence of a whole world, which could not be reached through the high road of literary history and did not come from nowhere. Balzac's world is usually taken as the beginning of the modern era in literature, but it also can be seen as the end of a much older history, which goes back to the scribbling of Scarron, the libelles of Aretino, and the laments from the Latin Quarter of Rutebeuf and Villon. I cannot do justice to that story; but in trying to see literary life in the eighteenth century from the bottom up, I think I saw a subject worth pursuing.

One line of pursuit, as already explained, led to a great deal of counting and categorizing. However imperfect, it all points to a conclusion about the basic facts of literary life: the population of writers expanded enormously during the eighteenth century, and much of the expansion took place in Grub Street. None of the essays in this volume challenges that conclusion, yet none discusses the implications of it. In order to show where I think the argument leads next, and where it has been misunderstood, I will try to rework it in a way that makes its implications clear.

Grub Street was a symbolic landscape as well as a social milieu. Because so many writers inhabited it, they worked it into their writing; and it came to occupy an important place in the literary imagination. Once one begins to look for them, one can spot Grub Street motifs everywhere in eighteenth-century literature, including some of its greatest works: Voltaire's Dictionnaire philosophique, Diderot's Le Neveu de Rameau, and Rousseau's Confessions. Not that any text can be seen as a photograph of social reality. On the contrary, writers used Grub Street imaginatively and polemically, for purposes of their own. Voltaire invoked it as a way to stigmatize his enemies, just as Pope did in The Dunciad. Several of them appear in "Le Pauvre Diable" as illustrations of an argument that brings out the Malthusian predicament of Grub Street even while parodying it. So many scribblers were swarming through "la basse littérature", Voltaire wrote, that they threatened to devour its resources:

Jadis l'Égypte eut moins de sautrelles.^{xvii}

A generation later, Rivarol plucked this metaphor from "Le Pauvre Diable" and inserted it in the middle of a mock survey of all the fifth-rate poets he could identify from literary reviews. He found 672 of them—real poets, as I confirmed by checking his sources. He made them look ridiculous by presenting his work, Le Petit Almanac de nos grands hommes, as the literary equivalent of a botanical survey of insects:

Pour moi, auditeur benevole, frappe de la riche nomenclature de tant d'écrivains inconnus, je ne pus me defendre d'une reflexion que je communiquai a mes voisins....N'est-ce pas, leur disais-je, une chose bien etrange et bien humiliante pour l'espece humaine, que cette manie des historiens de ne citer qu'une dizaine, tout au plus, de grands écrivains....Si j'écrivais l'histoire naturelle, croyez-vous que je ne citerais que les elephants, les rhinoceros, et les baleines! Non, Messieurs, je descendrais

avec plaisir de ces colosses imposants aux plus petits animalcules, et vous sentiriez s'accroître et s'attendrir votre admiration pour la nature, quand j'arriverais avec vous à cette foule innombrable de familles, de tribus, de nations, de républiques et d'empires cachés sous un brin d'herbe.^{xviii}

The subject did not seem funny to writers situated outside the academies and salons. When they discussed the lot of marginal authors, they expressed indignation or outrage, and they pictured literary life as a struggle between insiders and outsiders. The landscape as it appeared from this perspective can best be studied in Louis Sebastien Mercier's Tableau de Paris. Mercier employed a rhetoric of oppositions. He contrasted men of letters in general to "les grands" at the court. Then, within the world of letters, he opposed the poor to the rich, the virtuous to the privileged, the independent to the protected, the professionals of the Left Bank to the pensioned of the Right Bank, and the men of feeling who honored Rousseau to the men of wit who aped Voltaire. Institutions embodied the same set of contrasts: the Musee de Paris (a voluntary association on the Left Bank, which was open to all writers) vs. the Academie francaise (a corporation with a royal charter situated in the Louvre and limited to forty "immortals"), boulevard theatres vs. the Comedie francaise, vaudeville vs. opera, the trade in uncensored books vs. the trade in books with privileges. Everywhere Mercier detected a process of polarization, and he came down vehemently on the side of the underprivileged. Two typical passages^{xix}:

La Litterature du faubourg Saint-Germain et celle du faubourg Saint-Honore

...Ecoutez un M. Chamfort; il est d'une sterilité parfaite; eh bien! il vous prouvera qu'un grand homme academicien, comme lui, ne doit rien écrire, et qu'il n'a plus qu'à dédaigner tout ce qu'il ne fait pas.

Celui-ci aura attrapé quelques petites pensions, ou connaîtra quelques academiciens, il déménage soudain du faubourg Saint-Germain, et va se loger au faubourg Saint-Honore, parce qu'il est plus près de l'academie, des coteries litteraires, et surtout des financiers à bonne table: ainsi un devot Musulman s'approche le plus près possible de la Mecque.

Des que le litterateur est logé près du Louvre, il oublie qu'il a été cuisinier de collège, qu'il a arpente pendant dix ans les rues fangeuses de l'Universite; il s'intitule, avec Roche-Nicolas Chamfort (si bien surnomme Champsec) de la haute litterature, parce qu'il est dans le quartier du Palais-Royal.

Misere des auteurs

La plus déplorable des conditions, c'est de cultiver les lettres sans fortune, et voilà le partage du plus grand nombre des litterateurs, ils sont presque tous aux prises avec l'infortune....Que celui qui ne se trouve pas au-dessus du besoin se garde bien de vouloir fonder sa subsistance sur sa plume....S'il échappait à tous les pièges, en conservant la dignité que

l'homme de lettres se doit a lui-meme, il pourrait dire alors hardiment a ses compatriotes: "J'ai eu le courage que donne l'amour de la vertu." Tel fut de nos jours J. J. Rousseau.

Quelle difference de cultiver les lettres, comme M. de Voltaire, avec cent mille livres de rente....Voltaire, au lieu de se moquer amerement, dans "Le Pauvre Diable", des auteurs indigents, aurait mieux fait de les soulager d'une partie de sa fortune....

Ce ne sont point les academiciens qui patissent, ni les historiographes, ni M. Moreau, ni M. Desormeaux qui a ecrit l'Histoire de la Maison de Bourbon, qu'il aime si tendrement; mais une foule de gens de merite, modestes, studieux, et qui, trompes dans leur jeunesse par les decevantes douceurs des belles-lettres, paient cher l'attrait fatal qui les a conduit a leur culture.

Mercier's remarks should not be taken literally. They show how the literary world was construed by someone who tried to rise through its ranks and found his path blocked by privilege and protections. Mercier actually rose quite high—high enough to have his plays performed by the Comedie italienne, to sell his manuscripts for impressive prices to publishers, and to consider himself worthy of one of Calonne's pensions. But when he applied for a pension, he found himself relegated to the mass of scribblers whose lot he deplored. "Les gens de lettres de Paris, en general, sont ravis de ces faveurs. Trois cents d'entre eux ont sollicite ces pensions, jusqu'a Mercier," Mallet du Pan reported, noting that the world of letters was overpopulated with ambitious young men, "...qui se font auteurs, meurent de faim, mendient meme, et font des brochures."^{xx} The scramble for pensions bruised a great many egos and stirred emotions that may sound trite today but rang true on the eve of the Revolution. Thus Mercier, once more, an underprivileged genius: "Il tombe et pleure aux pieds d'une barriere invincible qui arrete sa noble patience....Oblige de renoncer, en soupirant, a la gloire qu'il idolatre, il fremit en vain a la porte de la carriere qui ne s'ouvre point."^{xxi} This theme echoed up and down Grub Street. Brissot, Fabre, Carra, Marat, and other future Jacobins took it up and turned it against the entire social order of the Old Regime. Does it belong among the ideological origins of the Revolution?

I believe it does, but to my critics, especially Elizabeth Eisenstein, Jeremy Popkin, and Daniel Gordon, that argument smells of sociological reductionism. Worse, it seems to provide a way of denying the Enlightenment and even of debunking the idealism that inspired many writers and revolutionaries. Much of this dispute turns on disagreement about the nature of biography. By exposing the self interest that underlay many careers, I seem to my critics to reject ideas as a force in history.

I must say in reply that I do indeed find inconsistencies between ideas and interests. In studying careers, I find them shot through with contradictions. But instead of concluding from this evidence that ideas had no importance, I argue the opposite. I try to demonstrate how inconsistencies and contradictions sharpened thought and provided much of the energy that impelled it. My aim is not simply to reconstruct the social context of ideas but to show how living through contradictions drove writers to think them through.

The case of Jacques-Pierre Brissot has aroused the most controversy. When I began to follow his career, I took him to be the person he described in his memoirs: a pure example of the philosopher turned revolutionary. But when I came upon his correspondence with his publisher, the Societe typographique de Neuchatel (STN), things looked more complicated. Brissot published a succession of books, one more high-minded than the other, at his own expense, but he could not pay the printing bills. And after attempting to establish a literary club dedicated to the causes of Enlightenment in London, he was thrown into debtors' prison. Upon his release, he returned to Paris and was promptly locked up in the Bastille on suspicion of collaborating with a group of French expatriates in London, who supported themselves by blackmailing the French court and by libelling the courtiers who would not pay blackmail. Despite some compromising connections with a leading *libelliste*, the "marquis" de Pelleport, Brissot persuaded the police to release him in September 1784. But at that point, when he had a wife and a new baby to support, he owed so much to the STN (12,301 livres) and to the backer of his London enterprise (13,335 livres)—the equivalent of fifty years' wages for a skilled artisan—that he faced certain bankruptcy. He was rescued by the radical Genevan financier, Etienne Claviere. In return, Brissot wrote pamphlets, full of Rousseauistic rhetoric, that were intended to promote Claviere's speculations on the Parisian Bourse by exposing inflated stock. Claviere also financed Brissot's journey to the United States in 1788—not merely to study study a republican government at first hand, as Brissot claimed in his memoirs, but primarily to buy up the paper currency issued by the former colonies in the hope that they would be redeemed at something close to their face value by the new federal government. A paper trail, which extended from the American Antiquarian Society in Worcester to the New York Historical Society in Manhattan, proved that Brissot actually bought up a good deal of the American debt for Claviere.

The trail had started in the manuscripts of the STN in Neuchatel. Before crossing the ocean, it led to correspondence of the foreign ministry at the Quai d'Orsay, Claviere's account books in the Archives Nationales, and the papers of the lieutenant general of police, Jean-Charles-Pierre Lenoir, in the Bibliotheque municipale of Orleans. The manuscripts in Orleans contained the most explosive material, because Lenoir revealed that after his release from the Bastille, Brissot had worked for the police as a spy. Now, Lenoir's testimony should not be taken at face value, because he wrote it in exile, at least fifteen years after the events he described, and he may have wanted to malign one of the revolutionaries who had driven him out of the country. The reputation of having spied for the police dogged Brissot throughout the Revolution. I have traced it through dozens of pamphlets and journals without arriving at a firm conclusion. But I think it probable that Brissot did work for the police in some capacity—perhaps supplying reports on fellow writers—that his contemporaries associated with spying. Others in his situation did the same. Traces of their activity show up everywhere in the papers of the Bastille. Such was the lot of writers trapped in Grub Street.^{xxii}

I took Brissot's case to be typical of the careers that led through many twists and turns from Grub Street to the Revolution. My critics have taken it, quite fairly, as a target, in order to attack the general thesis behind it. But they have not come up with any new evidence or exposed any inconsistency in mine. Instead, they point to a contradiction: Brissot expressed such high-minded sentiments in his prerevolutionary

writing and threw himself into the Revolution with so much idealism that he could not have been a hack, much less a police spy. That contradiction, as I see it, should serve as the starting-point to open up an interpretation, not as a clincher to close one. It was by living through the contradictions built into life in Grub Street that Brissot acquired the passion to destroy the Old Regime. In order to understand that experience, it is not enough to read his published works. One must pursue the trail of his career into the archives. Rich as they are, the printed sources will not take one far enough to create a social history of ideas.

Whether I am right or wrong on the question of Brissot's spying, his case raises another issue: does self interest vitiate commitment to a cause? I attempted to address that problem by returning to Claviere's speculations on the Bourse. His account books demonstrate beyond a doubt that he commissioned writers, including Mirabeau, to produce pamphlets that promoted his bets as a *baissier* (bear) on futures in shares of the Compagnie des eaux de Paris and the Compagnie des assurances contre les incendies. To the modern reader, the Rousseauistic rhetoric of the pamphlets looks hypocritical, when held up against the entries in Claviere's accounts where he recorded his profits from those speculations. But I think that Claviere sincerely believed in the Rousseauism of the pamphlets, just as he believed in an article of a draft for the Declaration of the Rights of Man that he wrote in 1789: "Que la conservation des mœurs etant absolument necessaire au maintien du contrat social, toutes les operations de finance pour le service public doivent etre considerees dans leur rapport avec les mœurs." Claviere meant to make money, and he also meant the moral that he drew from that experience: finance should be directed according to principles derived from Rousseau's *Du Contrat social*.^{xxiii}

It would be tedious to go over all the other disputes about biography that divide me from my critics, but I should mention two. In an article on abbe Andre Morellet, I attempted to show how a partisan of the Enlightenment constructed a career—how Morellet won a place in the Sorbonne, the protection of the chancellor to Stanislas Leszczynski, an entree to the salon of Mme Geoffrin, some well-earned sympathy during a two-month sojourn in the Bastille, sponsorship from Voltaire, patronage from the finance ministry, election to the Academie francaise, a pension here, a benefice there, and by the outbreak of the Revolution an annual income of 28,275 livres plus a Parisian town house and a country estate.

This account has been attacked by Daniel Gordon as "populist", "materialist", and "debunking."^{xxiv} Gordon takes my argument to be that Morellet had sold himself to the power structure of the Old Regime and therefore could not be genuinely committed to the cause of the Enlightenment. In fact, I argued the opposite: I tried to show how enlistment in Voltaire's "church" entailed integration in the socio-political elite. Morellet did not experience those two phenomena as a contradiction. On the contrary, he followed a strategy developed by Voltaire himself: to enlighten from above by cultivating men in power. Morellet believed he was promoting the cause by advancing himself; and there is no reason to doubt his good faith, although Diderot had some doubts when he learned that Morellet was courting the Maupeou government: "Il s'est montre comme un vilain mercenaire qui vend sa plume au gouvernement contre ses concitoyens."^{xxv}

I do not believe that the study of careers can replace the study of ideas, but it is a legitimate enterprise—in fact, a necessary one for the historian who wants to situate the *philosophes* in the world of power and prestige that they actually inhabited. By doing so,

he or she can avoid the anachronistic view of the eighteenth-century intellectual as a free spirit, soaring unimpeded through the realm of pure reason. To make their way in the world, they had to make compromises and play according to the rules of the game. But what were those rules, and how was the game actually played?

My first attempt to find out turned into a biographical sketch of Jean-Baptiste-Antoine Suard. His career seemed particularly revealing, because, like Morellet's, it was a success story, which could be documented in detail. When Suard set out to make his way as a man of letters in Paris, he soon discovered that he could not live from his pen. Instead, armed with letters of introduction and a good deal of charm, he sought protectors; and he found them—in the camp of the Voltaireans, the salons, the academies, and the government. They intervened to get him positions on journals, not merely for a salary, but sometimes for a share in a privilege, which brought a pension and even an apartment. When the all-powerful Choiseuliste party at Versailles gave Suard and abbe Francois Arnaud the privilege of the Gazette de France in 1762, they collected 10,000 livres each and farmed out most of the writing. The copy came prepared by the ministry of foreign affairs; and when the ministry changed hands in 1771, they were fired but received an indemnity of 2,500 livres a year. Suard continued to accumulate pensions as follows:

2,500 livres on the Gazette de France
 800 l. from baron d'Holbach
 1,200 on the Almanach royal
 12,000? on the Journal de Paris, for censoring
 2,400 on theatrical productions, for censoring
 4,900 on the ministry of foreign affairs

By 1789, Suard lived in grand style, with a country retreat and a salon of his own in a Parisian town house. A quarrel with the duc de Richelieu had led to the annulment of his election to the Academie francaise in 1772, supposedly because of his links with the Encyclopedists; but he made it into the academy two years later, and he had already declared himself a happy man in 1773: "Otez la douleur physique, l'existence est fort bonne et tout est bien."^{xxvi}

Did this cosseted life in the best of all possible worlds mean that Suard felt no allegiance to the Enlightenment? Certainly not. Like Voltaire, he understood that the best way to promote their cause was to mobilize protectors and to diffuse ideas from strategic positions in the power structure like the great salons, the Comedie francaise, and the Gazette de France. But unlike Voltaire, Suard never fought in the front lines. He belonged to a later generation, when Voltaire's "church" had become established, and he enjoyed a comfortable seat in the front pew.

My thesis about the establishment of the Enlightenment seems outrageous to some of my critics, but they misunderstand it. I do not claim that ideas can be explained by economic interests but that they can become fashionable and that fashions can contribute powerfully to their diffusion. The High Enlightenment was the height of fashion by the time of Voltaire's triumphal return to Paris in 1778. Voltaire himself fought bigotry and injustice to the end, and his followers followed suit; but they did not suffer as he did. Suard's translation of William Robertson's History of the Reign of the

Emperor Charles V did a great deal to spread the ideas of the Scottish Enlightenment. But Suard wrote little of his own, aside from journal articles and a tract in favor of the cause that aroused his greatest passion, Gluckisme. As a censor, he tried to prevent the performance of Beaumarchais's Le Mariage de Figaro and Chenier's Charles IX. He found little to censor in the Journal de Paris, because it rarely published anything that could offend anyone. But an offensive poem about a foreign princess provoked the Garde des sceaux to suspend it briefly in 1785; and when he wanted a man who could guarantee that the Journal would maintain the right tone, he called in Suard.

What was that tone? An article in the Journal de Paris defined it as follows:

Le bon ton est le ton du grand monde. Il se sent mieux qu'il ne se definit. C'est une facilite noble dans le propos, une politesse dans les expressions, une decence dans le maintien, une convenance dans les egards; une maniere de rendre qui ne confond ni les rangs, ni les titres, ni les etats, ni les personnes.^{xxvii}

Suard's genius consisted in his ability to maintain this tone. He had perfect pitch. Le grand monde rewarded him for it; and he went down with le monde, pensions and all, when the Revolution wiped it out.

Now, politeness can serve as an instrument of Enlightenment. Voltaire made it a major theme of his writing and turned it against the bigotry embedded in high society. Good manners, he argued, meant decency, moderation, and toleration, as opposed to inhumanity, prejudice, and persecution. Politeness was good for the health of the state: thus, the code of conduct in Eldorado, the utopia in Candide. Religious fanaticism tore apart the body politic, and it was bad manners—or perhaps even worse, bad taste. What gentleman would be so tasteless as to punch up his neighbor over a disagreement about transsubstantiation or to defend the barbarities of the Old Testament at a dinner table, with ladies present? Exposed on its esthetic front, vulnerable in its snobbery, polite society found no reply to those arguments, especially when Voltaire made his enemies look laughable. Bon ton included laughter, the kind that cascaded down the social hierarchy, burying its victims in the lower ranks. As Voltaire kept insisting in the tactical instructions that he sent from Ferney to d'Alembert in Paris: “Il faut mettre les rieurs de notre cote.” Wit, taste, tone—such were the weapons wielded by the Voltaireans, and they contributed mightily to the spread of the Enlightenment.^{xxviii}

Rousseau hated them. He broke rank and fought back by mobilizing sentiment. In describing his counter-strategy, which split the Enlightenment down the middle and opened the way to a deeper critique of the social order, I have encountered another kind of criticism: I am accused of taking Rousseau literally and so of slipping into a “masculinist” discourse, which relegates the better half of humanity to the domestic sphere. What about the women?^{xxix}

I admit that I rely heavily on Rousseau; but instead of reading him literally, I try to interpret him in the way that anthropologists take testimony from native informants. In fact, I argue that Rousseau invented anthropology and that he did so just as Freud invented psychoanalysis, by doing it to himself. First in the Discours sur les sciences et les arts, then in the Lettre a d'Alembert, and finally in the Confessions, Rousseau looked into his life and saw what was destroying it: culture, culture as a way of life in high

society and as a code that he had tried to internalize in order to break into the Parisian world of letters. He had acquired enough of the trappings of this culture—a sword, a collection of fine shirts, a working-class mistress, and a string of abandoned children—to look like most of the other authors struggling to climb out of Grub Street. But unlike them, he diagnosed the culture of le monde as a disease. It was a cancer which had destroyed the moral fiber of the original Jean-Jacques from Calvinistic, republican Geneva and which was eating away at everyone under the Old Regime.^{xxx}

Rousseau put together his concept of culture from many sources, including Machiavelli and Montesquieu, but I think Voltaire provided him with the key ingredient. For in his Essai sur les moeurs and Le Siecle de Louis XIV, Voltaire showed how the culture developed by men of letters under Louis XIV had made France the dominant state of Europe—and, further, how that kind of culture drove all history forward, from the ancients to the moderns. Voltaire understood this power positively. By designing the theatre-state of Versailles, he argued, Moliere became the “legislateur des bienséances du monde.”^{xxxi} Rousseau accepted this argument and then stood it on its head: the morals of le monde were evil, he asserted, and the root of all evil, or the most egregious expression of it, was the theatre, the very institution that Voltaire planned to drive like a stake through the heart of the Genevan republic, and that d’Alembert prescribed in his essay on Geneva in the Encyclopedie. In his Lettre a d’Alembert, Rousseau warned his fellow republicans of the danger to their civic health and by doing so produced not just a break with the Encyclopedists but a breakthrough in the anthropological understanding of culture. No wonder that Claude Levi-Strauss took Rousseau’s writings with him when he embarked for the jungle in Brazil.^{xxxii}

Although Levi-Strauss never made contact with natural man, he photographed so many women in a state of amazing, Amazonian nature as to give one pause. Does Tristes Tropiques anthropologize women back into the same corner where Rousseau had left them in Emile? The feminist readings of Rousseau have demonstrated that Book V of Emile provided a program for men to exclude women from the public sphere during the French Revolution and to trap them in domesticity throughout most of the next two centuries. I think it important to acknowledge that Rousseau also awoke in women readers a sense of power and purpose, which they expressed in the letters that they sent to him. By the end of La Nouvelle Heloise, Julie dominates the other characters and reigns over the world she has created in the Elisee as if she were a sovereign. But there is no denying Rousseau’s attack on salon women for emasculating men and for perpetrating the aristocratic culture he deplored. Dena Goodman’s attempt to write a feminist cultural history of the Enlightenment therefore condemns Rousseau for sexism, while making women and the salons the main force behind the Enlightenment in France. I stand condemned, too, along with Daniel Roche, Roger Chartier, and other like-minded historians, because I take Rousseau’s analysis of culture seriously.

I think Goodman points to a weak spot in my early efforts at socio-cultural history, though not in the work of my fellow travelers. (Roche’s thesis concerns the provincial dimension of the Enlightenment, not Parisian salons, and Chartier hardly considers the Enlightenment at all.) I rarely mentioned women. I tried to work them into my later studies of writers, but I found very few: only 16 (4 per cent) of the writers in the police files and 51 (3 per cent) of those in La France litteraire in 1784. Of course, women authors labored under severe disadvantages, and they could be influential without being

numerous. In more recent research, I have tried to show how the most obscure of them—Marie-Madeleine Bonafon, author of Tanastes, a politically explosive roman a clef, and Mlle Saint Phalier, whose Le Portefeuille rendu looks to me like a source of Diderot's La Religieuse—played influential minor roles in the Republic of Letters. No one would minimize the parts played by Mme de Graffigny, Mme du Chatelet, Mme de Charriere, and Mme de Stael. The fact remains, however, that women published relatively little in the eighteenth century. If feminist scholarship concentrates on the effort to identify a satisfactory number of women writers, it may lose itself in a fruitless game of cherchez la femme.

The social construction of genre, male as well as female, offers richer opportunities for research. By a careful reading of literary sources, scholars like Lieselotte Steinbrugge, Ian Maclean, Nina Gelbart, Joan Landes, and Joan DeJean, have shown that Francois Poulain de la Barre had a more generous view of the female intellect in the seventeenth century than did Diderot and Rousseau (though not Condorcet) a hundred years later. Cartesianism may have done more than the Enlightenment to advance the claims of women to an equal share in the life of the mind.^{xxxiii} Moreover, the broader-based research of Olwen Hufton stands as a warning against too much reliance on literature in gauging general attitudes, especially in arguments that identify women with the public sphere in the eighteenth century.^{xxxiv} Nonetheless, Dena Goodman makes the handful of women who ran Parisian salons into the dominant force of the public sphere in France and of the entire Enlightenment, which she interprets as a fundamentally feminine movement, cut off tragically by a resurgence of males in the Revolution.^{xxxv}

To deny the influence of salon women would be to fly in the face of a vast literature on famous figures such as Mme de Tencin, Mme de Lambert, Mme du Deffand, Mme Geoffrin, Mlle de Lespinasse, and Mme Necker. They helped set the tone of life in the Parisian elite, the bon ton mentioned above, and several of them patronized the philosophes. How many? Perhaps a half dozen. The difficulty in assessing their importance derives from the complexity of the intellectual landscape in Paris. Some Enlightenment salons were led by men; some women's salons did not favor the Enlightenment; and some salons covered such a wide spectrum of activities that they defy classification. To equate the Enlightenment with salons and salons with women is to eliminate most of the nuances in eighteenth-century intellectual life. Where does it leave the crucial groups of philosophes who met in the homes of d'Holbach and Helvetius? Or the militants who gathered around Mme Vieuxmaison? The latter went down in the police files as "la plus dangereuse" of all the societes de pensee in Paris, yet they favored Jansenism and the parlements' resistance to the government, not the cause of the Enlightenment.^{xxxvi}

Instead of surveying this familiar territory, Goodman prospects in three of its richest sites, the salons of Mme Geoffrin, Mlle de Lespinasse, and Mme Necker; and she comes up with a discovery: "the double helix of early modern France."^{xxxvii} The double helix consists of two strands: on the one hand, the monarchy; on the other, the Republic of Letters, a "polity parallel to the monarchy but entwined with it."^{xxxviii} Because the salon is the central institution of this other political body, and because women govern salons, salon women take the place of kings in governing the Republic of Letters—that is, in directing the Enlightenment.^{xxxix}

This argument owes a great deal to the sociology of Jurgen Habermas, whose notion of an eighteenth-century public sphere served as a model to criticize the mass communication industries of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Habermas imagined a setting where private individuals discussed public questions unconstrained by anything but the free flow of wit. Open debate made all participants equal, because the strongest arguments won, whatever the status of the debaters; and every victory for reason contributed to the formation of public opinion, a power outside the state, which ultimately turned against the state itself. This interpretation provided a way to align the familiar work of Tocqueville and Cochin with the variety of revisionism sponsored by Francois Furet: the road to revolution, as Furet's followers redesigned it, led through discourse in the public sphere rather than through conflict in society at large. But the revisionists failed to appreciate the role of women in this process, according to Dena Goodman. By governing men in salons,^{xl} she argued, women dominated the public sphere, republicanized the Republic of Letters, and created a form of sociability "...that gendered French culture, the Enlightenment, and civilization itself as feminine."^{xli} Quite a feat, especially given their numbers relative to those in the other institutions that made up the public sphere: the cafes, academies, and masonic lodges. All the others, even the cafes, excluded women. So the gendering succeeded against enormous odds: hundreds or thousands of men against less than a dozen women.

Of course, nothing could be cruder than to count. Goodman pitches her argument at the level of sociability, where she finds that female governance took place by means of conversations that maintained "gender complementarity."^{xlii} Unfortunately, there is little direct evidence of what actually happened in the salons. Goodman must rely on sources like Morellet's memoirs, which do not suggest that liberty and equality prevailed in the world of the salons. In describing the salon of Mme Geoffrin, Morellet noted:

Après nos diners chez elle, nous nous rendions souvent aux Tuileries, d'Alembert, Raynal, Helvetius, Galiani, Marmontel, Thomas, etc., pour y trouver d'autres amis, apprendre des nouvelles, fronder le gouvernement et philosopher tout à notre aise. Nous faisons cercle, assis au pied d'un arbre dans la grande allée, et nous abandonnant à une conversation animée et libre comme l'air que nous respirions.

...La bonne femme demêlait parfaitement nos dispositions malevoles pour le ministre, qui avait fait déclarer la guerre à notre cher Frederic; elle en était alarmée, et comme elle contenait un peu chez elle notre pétulance, elle voyait bien que nous allions quelque autre part fronder en liberté.^{xliii}

In order to speak freely, the philosophes had to leave the salon and find some truly public space outdoors. Mme Geoffrin did not tolerate irreverent remarks about the government or the Church, nor did she countenance any lack of deference. Salons ran according to rules, not the unimpeded flow of reason; and they were not open to anyone without the right credentials, as Rousseau learned when he turned up at the salon of Mme de Bezenval and was shown to the servants' quarters. Those who made it inside knew not to talk out of turn or out of tune. After accompanying Morellet to the salon of Mme de Boufflers, Alessandro Verri wrote home that he was shocked at its hierarchical style:

“Notre Morellet et Marmontel se comportent devant elle avec beaucoup de modestie. C’est une dame qui peut faire attribuer des pensions. Mais cette atmosphere de cour m’a degoute.”^{xliii} The open, egalitarian world imagined by Habermas never existed.

Does it follow that the salons were incompatible with the Enlightenment? Certainly not, because as explained above the main, Voltairean current of the Enlightenment flowed directly through le monde. Voltaire tried to direct it, first as a salon lion himself, then as a courtier in Versailles, and finally from exile in Ferney. His strategy succeeded well enough in the 1760s and 1770s, but it ran into difficulties during the dangerous, mid-century years. Between 1752 and 1759, the Encyclopedie was attacked and condemned by the Jesuits, the Jansenists, the Parlement of Paris, the King’s Council, and the pope. Some of its contributors, notably the abbe de Prades, had to flee France; others, including d’Alembert, defected. After the attempt on Louis XV’s life by Robert Damiens in 1757, a royal decree threatened to hang the author of any work that even tended to “emouvoir les esprits.”^{xliii} The public hangman burned De l’Esprit in 1759, and Helvetius disavowed it on his knees, while all the philosophes saw enemies circling round them, howling for their heads. Accusations of irreligion and sedition came from every quarter—the clergy, which called for more book burnings; the press, where Jacob Nicolas Moreau demonized the philosophes as “cacouacs” or enemies of civilization; the Academie francaise, where Jean-Jacques Lefranc de Pompignan denounced them for undermining the Church; and the Comedie francaise, where Charles Palissot tried to cut them down with ridicule. In 1760, when Morellet went to the Bastille for writing a reply to Palissot’s comedy, Les Philosophes, it looked as though the whole movement might be crushed.

The seriousness of the threat to the Enlightenment can be appreciated from the letters exchanged between Voltaire and d’Alembert in 1759 and 1760. At first, Voltaire does not appreciate the full extent of the danger. Far away in Ferney, he counsels his followers to bend with the wind and wait until it blows over. D’Alembert keeps replying that things are spinning out of control. Voltaire must do something. He must write letters, pull strings, mobilize protections. He has access to Madame de Pompadour, the duc de Choiseul, and all sorts of power-brokers, including the president Henault, who has great connections at the court, and Henault’s confidante, Mme du Deffand, the hostess of the most prestigious salon in Paris. Voltaire keeps up a correspondence with Mme du Deffand and she could move mountains, if only she could be persuaded to support their cause.

Convinced at last that his agents have their backs to the wall, Voltaire sets about wooing the old woman through the mail. She is right, he concedes, to fret about ennui, and he is glad to receive her recommendations about English novels. Belles-lettres provide some consolation for the vanity of life. If nothing seems worth living for, at least there is good taste. Some lives, however, have taken a turn for the worse. Couldn’t she put in a good word for the philosophes? Their enemies are mobilizing the government against them, and she is said to lend support to the enemy camp.

The lady will not hear him. Vanitas vanitatum, she writes back. Richardson is sublime. Henault has problems with his hearing. Paris has lost its luster. Nothing decent at the Opera, nothing in the theatre, no taste anywhere. She is blind and rarely ventures into society.

Voltaire returns to the attack. She may not care to mix it up in literary quarrels, he acknowledges, but she should know that he belongs to a party and that his party is being persecuted and that persecution must be opposed by people of good will. But Mme du Deffand will not be moved. She merely concedes that some philosophes show signs of wit, "...mais nul usage du monde, nulle politesse, nulle gaiete, nul agrement."^{xlvi} She never lifts a finger for them. Instead, she continues to fill her letters with exquisite French, venting her ennui.

The philosophes make it through the crisis in the end, largely by mounting some counter-propaganda of their own and laughing their enemies off the stage. But it was no laughing matter in 1759, when everything seemed to be going against them. And they never had the slightest help from the grandest dame in the greatest salon of Paris. How should philosophes deal with ladies? Voltaire asked d'Alembert at the height of the crisis. And he answered his own rhetorical question: "Il faut foutre les dames et les respecter."^{xlvii} D'Alembert's view was harsher: "Je sais que cette vieille putain de Dudeffand [sic] vous a ecrit, et vous ecrit peut-etre encore, contre moi et mes amis. Mais il faut 'rire de tout', et se foutre des vieilles putains, puisqu'elles ne sont bonnes qu'a cela."^{xlviii} The philosophes were not always polite. They did not maintain an unshakeable alliance with the ladies of le monde. And the ladies did not provide the driving force behind the Enlightenment.

What then is to be concluded about the rise of the writer in the age of Enlightenment? It requires more study. But at this stage, it seems clear that future work should take account of the writers' need to make their way in the world and of the way the world came organized for them—in institutions peculiar to the Old Regime. Except for those with independent incomes, they had no choice but to cultivate protectors, solicit sinecures, lobby for privileges, and take up one of the "intellectual trades," while earning whatever they could from their pens. In doing so, they did not sell out to the power structure; they simply pursued careers according to the principles that prevailed in the eighteenth-century world of letters. We should not judge them by anachronistic standards, assuming an incompatibility between self interest and commitment to a cause; and we should not expect them to conform to the Romantic notion of authorship, one that is infused with the cult of genius and removed from the conflicts of everyday life. To insist on the institutional context of careers is not to deny the importance of ideas, nor to reduce them to sociology, nor even to explain them. The social history of ideas leaves plenty of room for philosophical exegesis based on close reading of texts. But the Enlightenment was more than a set of propositions. It was a movement, an attempt to change minds and reform institutions. If historians fail to do justice to that mission, they may transport the philosophes to an abstract world of words, composed of nothing more than discourse and emptied of everything but "...ideals, vocabulary, and ontology."^{xlix} That takes the linguistic turn too far and points it back toward a world that never was, the heavenly city of the eighteenth-century philosophers.

II

The criticism of my work on the history of books takes a different turn. Elizabeth Eisenstein and Jeremy Popkin accuse me of attempting to by-pass the Enlightenment, to

find an alternative to it, or to deny it altogether. I stand indicted for neglecting Cassirer, maligning Mornet, and failing to take notice of ideas in any form—in short, anti-intellectualism, or “populism”, as Daniel Gordon calls it.

I find this accusation odd, since I have published essays on the epistemology of the Encyclopedie, philosophies of science, the concept of happiness, Voltaire, Rousseau, Condorcet, and most recently the Enlightenment as a whole. I cannot lay claim to much originality, because I derived my idea of the Enlightenment from my tutor at Oxford, Robert Shackleton, and the scholars I met there from 1960 to 1964, notably Franco Venturi, Ralph Leigh, and Isaiah Berlin. Ever since I myself began to teach, I have assigned Cassirer’s The Philosophy of the Enlightenment and Mornet’s Les Origines intellectuelles de la Revolution francaise to my graduate students. Taken together, they offer an inexhaustibly rich view of intellectual life in the eighteenth century. I do not know why I am charged with disrespect towards them, unless it is disrespectful to disagree with some details of their arguments. Perhaps the fault is mine, because I do not generally introduce my work with a survey of what has gone before, declaring intellectual debts and apportioning praise and blame. I doubt that the reader has much interest in my own intellectual genealogy; but by failing to fly colors, I find myself labeled as a follower of both Gadamer and Geertz, as both inadequately dialectical and excessively given to dialectics, as a postmodernist in some places and an empiricist in others, as a “liberal”, a “materialist”, a “masculinist”, an “anti-elitist”, and a “populist.”¹ The epithets do not add up to much and needn’t be mentioned, except that they suggest a general suspicion that I am hostile to the Enlightenment and to ideas in general.

The source of that misconception may be in the book that most offends Elizabeth Eisenstein, The Business of Enlightenment: A Publishing History of the Encyclopedie 1775-1800. She objects that I do not devote much space to a discussion of the ideas in the Encyclopedie. I did so knowingly, not from any disrespect for intellectual history but in order to attempt something new, a publishing history. There were dozens of studies of the book’s text, but none of its production and diffusion. No one knew how many copies existed, how much they cost, and who bought them. In fact, no one knew very much about the way any publishers did business in the age of Enlightenment—and for good reason, because aside from the papers of the Cambridge University Press, so masterfully put to the question by D. F. McKenzie, no sources were known to exist. When I found thousands of documents about the quarto and octavo editions of the Encyclopedie—the largest by far during the eighteenth century—in the papers of the Societe typographique de Neuchatel, I decided to write a publishing history and to treat publishing as a business. I concentrated on the way paper was made, workers recruited, sheets printed, books marketed, and readers supplied throughout Europe. Supplementary information about the Encyclopedie methodique and its contributors made it possible to pursue the story through the Revolution and to trace the spread of Encyclopedism over nearly a hundred years. None of these subjects had a place in the kind of book history envisaged by Elizabeth Eisenstein, who dismissed the research with the remark, “This story seems to consist largely of negotiations between publishers over the division of spoils.”¹ⁱ

Eisenstein’s main objection, repeated by Jeremy Popkin, concerns my claim that publishers strove primarily to make money. That conclusion hardly sounds heretical in a study of businessmen, but it does not imply any indifference on their part to literature. I arrived at it by analyzing their behavior and by heeding their own accounts of what they

were up to. They described money frankly as “le grand mobile de tout.”^{lii} Eisenstein has no counter-evidence, but she wants to do justice to the idealistic aspect of the publishers’ calling. Having read thousands of their letters and many of the books and articles that they wrote themselves, I would be the last to deny that they had non-commercial values or an impressive general culture. Two of the STN’s directors, Frederic Samuel Ostervald and Jean Elie Bertrand, were particularly cultivated; and one can find some high-minded authors among provincial booksellers—Louis-Pierre Couret de Villeneuve in Orleans, for example, who wrote a half dozen belletristic works, including a five-act tragedy inspired by Montesquieu’s Lettres persanes.^{liii} I do not contest the value of doing intellectual biographies of publishers, but I tried to do something different by posing questions that I took to be new: How did publishers behave as entrepreneurs? How did they mediate between supply and demand? Did their own ideas and tastes distort their perception of the literary market or affect their roles as cultural middlemen?

The papers of the STN seemed to be rich enough to supply answers to those questions. Of course, they are business archives, so they should not be expected to yield material about philosophy. But they reveal a great deal about attitudes implicit in the way publishers did business. After hunting for evidence of attitudes in hundreds of dossiers, I concluded that publishers might specialize in certain genres or favor particular writers but that were remarkably free from personal bias in their business activities. Whatever their opinions as citizens, they remained ideologically neutral as businessmen; and they did so, not from any indifference to principles but because they wanted to maximize profits. Ostervald was no atheist, but he speculated eagerly on d’Holbach’s atheistic Systeme de la nature; and as soon as his edition sold out, he pirated two refutations of it: Observations sur le livre intitule “Systeme de la nature” by Salvemini de Castiglione and Reflexions philosophiques sur le “Systeme de la nature” by G. J. Von Holland. Jean Elie Bertrand was a Calvinist minister, but he worked with Ostervald on the publication of the Systeme and also on another refutation of it, a deistic tract by Voltaire, Dieu, reponse au “Systeme de la nature”. Although Ostervald was also identified publicly as a Calvinist, he published a great deal of anti-Christian propaganda by Voltaire, including the Questions sur l’Encyclopedie, and at the same time he negotiated secretly to produce a devotional Catholic work for the abbot of Cluny.^{liv}

Booksellers, like publishers, had intellectual lives and tastes of their own, but they, too, worked hard to satisfy demand without distorting it. The case of Couret de Villeneuve is especially revealing, because, as mentioned, he wrote books as well as sold them. His writing shows him to be a staunch supporter of the philosophes, but he did not favor their works in the shipments that he ordered from the STN—unlike Letourmy, a more adventuresome bookseller in Orleans, who expressed no personal sympathy for the Enlightenment and could barely spell, yet ordered plenty of Voltaire and d’Holbach. The general attitude of booksellers was stated most clearly by Andre of Versailles: “Je ne negliges pas non plus le debit des livres que je ne saurais lire jamais, et c’est uniquement parce qu’il faut vivre avec la multitude et parce que le meilleur livre pour un marchand de livres est celui qui se vend.”^{lv}

Booksellers reported on their customers’ preferences in thousands of letters to the STN; and they had an interest in getting their assessments right, because there was no provision for returns in the eighteenth-century book trade.^{lvi} On its end of the system for calibrating supply and demand, the STN developed an elaborate version of what would

now be called market research. Aside from taking soundings through their commercial correspondence, the publishers in Neuchatel employed literary agents and traveling salesmen. In 1778 one of their sales reps spent five months on horseback touring the book shops of southern and central France. Only once did he encounter a bookseller who put his principles before his commercial interest: “Arles. Gaudion vaut de l’or, mais c’est un singulier personnage....Quand je lui ai parle de la Bible et de l’Encyclopedie, il m’a repondu qu’il etait trop bon Catholique pour chercher a repandre deux livres aussi impies.”^{lvii}

The problem, as I understand it, is not to sketch a general intellectual portrait of publishers, though that would be useful, but rather to understand the way they thought when they went about their business.^{lviii} Business is no mindless occupation. It can require as much ratiocination as philosophy, though of a different kind. To follow the activities of the STN’s directors, day by day, letter by letter, is to enter a world of astonishing complexity. A dozen plots are always brewing at the same time, a hundred calculations are always suspended in the air. The publishers negotiate with authors, spy on competitors, send out agents to sound different markets. They direct the printing shop, hiring and firing workers according to the demands of a dizzying production schedule. They haggle endlessly over paper supplies, follow fluctuations in the rag trade, fret about the coming crop of walnuts (used for ink) and the cost of candles (a heavy expense in the composing room during winter). They watch the chips and nicks cut into their many fonts of type, dreading the day when they will have to order more—from the famous foundries in Paris or the less stylish ones in Basel or the suppliers in Lyon and Avignon who cut prices but can’t be trusted to supply the goods on time when an important job is about to begin.

Above all, the publishers nurse their stock of books. They must not tie up too much capital in printed paper (paper represents 50 to 75 per cent of manufacturing costs), yet always have enough stock on hand to satisfy their customers. They distinguish between “livres de fonds”, which they sell in bulk, and “livres d’assortiment”, which they sell in smaller numbers and procure by exchanges with other publishers. Every exchange requires haggling and must be negotiated according to different conventions, sometimes at a fixed rate per sheet, sometimes according to list prices in wholesale catalogues, often for whatever value the contracting parties choose to put on their books. Exchanges raise endless opportunities for duplicity, because publishers frequently hold back information about their stock or procure books by exchanges with one house that they exchange on more favorable terms with another.

In order to cope with so much complexity and duplicity, publishers build up networks held together by confiance, the key term in the value system of the trade. Confiance is a kind of credit, but it concerns trustworthiness as much as capital. By establishing mutual confiance, publishers enter into alliances. They share inside information, exchange large proportions of their editions, sometimes even publish books together, and always concert strategy in the constant battles against pirates. Piracy makes publishing especially hazardous in an era without international copyright agreements or a consensus on the nature of intellectual property. A solid businessman in one setting may look like a buccaneer in another, and trade wars may break out at any moment. Publishers therefore develop foreign policies and defense systems; and they face diplomatic problems every day: new paper taxes in one place, changing import

regulations in another, shifting tariffs along shipping routes everywhere, even within France, where trade is also hampered by different weights and measures. Shipping causes endless headaches, because everyone along the line—forwarding agents, wagoners, warehousemen—takes his cut in the costs, which rarely correspond to the calculations of the publisher.

Serious problems must be negotiated all the way up to the lieutenant general of police in Paris or the foreign minister's office in Versailles. And while trying to win over the gens en place, publishers must woo the gens de lettres, not merely for future manuscripts but also for favorable book reviews. A publisher may write to d'Alembert in Paris, Voltaire in Ferney, and Frederick II in Potsdam on the same day; and he had better know how to turn a phrase, if he wants to turn a profit. Profits depend primarily on sales, but sales lead to the nastiest problem of all, le recouvrement, or bill collecting. Booksellers frequently fail to pay their bills on time; and when they finally send a bill of exchange, the publisher often discovers that it cannot be negotiated at face value on the money markets of Paris, Lyon, or Amsterdam. How is he to untangle so many complications at such a distance from the source of the trouble? He must send out emissaries or go himself, by horse or coach or barge, to undo the damage. Back in his home office, he watches the debits and credits rise and fall, as he posts entries from one account book to another. How often can he close his grand livre at the end of the year and look back happily at a succession of affaires bouclees?

Publishing, in short, required wit, not the Voltairean variety but the kind it took to negotiate a way through problems of hideous complexity. Booksellers had to have the same sort of intelligence, and so did businessmen in many other trades. I have attempted to do justice to the subject in The Business of Enlightenment, and I hope to pursue it further in another book based primarily on the archives of the STN. The subject is inexhaustible; and there is plenty of room for more research, as Dominique Varry demonstrates by his essay in this volume. But it calls for something more than the conventional methods of intellectual history, something closer to ethnography. We need an intellectual history of non-intellectuals—that is, studies of the ways they thought and made sense of the world, even while trying to make money. If that sounds like anti-intellectualism to some historians of ideas, I hope it does not seem mindless. Perhaps it would help to acknowledge the source of inspiration—not philosophy but anthropology.

This mode of analysis applies to the book trade as well as to publishing. I have tried to develop it in four chapters of Edition et sedition and several essays.^{lix} Jeremy Popkin dismisses this work as a superficial attempt to sketch a few colorful characters from the marginal sectors of the trade. Whether successful or not, my attempt was actually to be systematic. I tried to relate the margins to the center of the book business by proposing a general model and applying it in case studies of several cities: Montpellier, Marseille, Besancon, Nancy, Caen, and Paris. In each case, the same basic structure can be detected. One or two houses, commonly described as “solid”, dominated the regional trade from its center. They ran wholesale as well as retail businesses, supplying subordinate dealers throughout the area. Around them, several lesser booksellers struggled to survive, sometimes by using their stock to double as the library for cabinets litteraires or reading clubs. At the fringes, peddlers, binders, and adventurers of all stripes mounted tiny businesses, sometimes legally by buying brevets de libraire, more often by hawking their wares in the streets or from stands at market places. They

were natural enemies of the established dealers, because they cut prices and stole customers. After a few years of fierce competition, they usually went under, but not before flooding the market with pirated editions and forbidden books. Illegal literature therefore tended to spread from the margins, although the important booksellers carried it when they controlled the local *Chambre syndicale* or had the support of the *intendant*.

Although everyone in the system scrambled to make money, they shared a complex set of values, which included notions of honor and integrity. Like the publishers, booksellers extended and withdrew confiance in carefully measured doses, and they calculated it by transmitting information about one another through networks of their own. Thus a typical letter of recommendation about Gaillard, a bookseller in Falaise, from Clerval, a merchant in Caen:

On nous dit que cet homme est de Moutauban, qu'il a fait abjuration [ie. renounced Protestantism] depuis qu'il est ici. Il a ete garcon de boutique chez un libraire de cette ville pendant environ six mois. Il s'est marie avec une fille qui avait pour 700 l. de bien qu'elle a vendu avant son mariage. Il a loue une boutique et veut tenir la librairie. Mais il va avoir proces avec les autres libraires, qui ne pretendent pas le souffrir....Nous ne pouvons vous dire l'etendue de ses affaires, puisqu'il ne fait que commencer et qu'il n'est pas solidement etabli.

After completing this portrait, Clerval concluded: "D'apres ces informations, qui ne lui sont pas pas fort favorables, vous pouvez juger quel est le degre de confiance que vous devez lui accorder."^{lx}

Favorable recommendations stressed the "facultes morales" as well as the wealth of a potential customer: Thus Blouet, a young but "solid" bookseller in Rennes:

Le sieur Blouet a Rennes est marie depuis quelque temps avec la fille d'un bon marchand a Brest. Ses affaires paraissent etre assez etendues dans la librairie. On nous a assure qu'il etait exact et tres range, quoique fort entreprenant et ambitieux. Cette passion lui est permise, s'il y joint des moyens suffisants. Nous n'avons pu parvenir a nous faire eclaircir quelle pouvait etre sa fortune, mais a en entendre parler ses confreres d'ici, c'est un homme qui travaille avec quelques succes et qui jouit d'ailleurs d'une bonne reputation quant a ses moeurs.^{lxi}

After reading enough letters of recommendation, one begins to distinguish the outline of an ideal type. A good bookseller should come from a respectable family, be married, have children (but not too many) and ambition (but not too much), and always pay his bills on time. Since payment usually meant honoring the signature on a bill of exchange, the signature itself acquired symbolic value. When a bookseller took on a partner, he often sent a circular letter to his correspondents announcing that the new man had been granted "la signature" and therefore could commit the house to debts. The handwritten signature would appear at the bottom of the page after an injunction such as, "Vous avez ci-bas nos signatures, auxquelles seules nous vous prions d'ajouter foi."^{lxii} The granting of the signature had a practical purpose, because correspondents needed a

sample against which to compare the handwriting on a bill of exchange. But it was also a ritual, which had a symbolic dimension. The signature stood for the firm, as in the original Italian “firma”, meaning both signature and business. Booksellers swore they would defend the “honor” of their signature as if it were their life.^{lxiii} The signature, the person, and the firm fit together metonymically. They served as signs to guide fellow travelers through a hazardous landscape, where one easily got lost, took false steps, and collapsed in bankruptcy. In order to make sense of the signs, historians must immerse themselves in that world, seeking out the inner logic that held it together and the contradictions that tore it apart. Colorful anecdotes are not enough. We need to conduct field work in the archives.

The question of archival work brings me to the last item in the indictment against me and to another confession: I am a manuscript snob. When I open a history book, I look through the footnotes and bibliography for references to manuscript. And when I find none, I suspect that I am dealing with warmed-over history, familiar material served up with a new sauce. Now, that is not merely unfair; it is also wrong. Many historians have turned history inside out and upside down without turning a page of manuscript in the archives. Of all the sentences I wish I had never written, the one I regret the most goes: “To pull some Voltaire from the shelf is not to come into contact with a representative slice of intellectual life from the eighteenth century, because, as the *Livre et societe* essays show, the literary culture of the Old Regime cannot be conceived exclusively in terms of its great books.”^{lxiv} Pure manuscript snobbery. True enough as an observation, but regrettable, nonetheless.

My failure to repress this remark resulted from a confused picture of the past. I imagined it as an infinite mosaic, endlessly changing yet almost completely blank, because nearly all its parts are missing. They lie undiscovered in the archives; yet the archives, overwhelming as they are, contain only a tiny proportion of everything produced in the past, and most human beings have disappeared into that past without leaving a trace of their existence. Here and there historians have fixed some facets to the mosaic; but (at this point I must mix an already over-extended metaphor) they treat them like fragments in a kaleidoscope, twisting them into elaborate patterns by repetition and refraction.

Anyone who has opened a box of manuscript inside the Archives Nationales knows the feeling: the dozens of letters inside the folders inside the box represent only a minute sampling of all the material in all the other boxes lined up for kilometers inside the Archives, which itself contains only a small part of all the manuscript stored in France. Only a tiny fraction of that manuscript will ever be read, and only a fraction of the fraction will ever be cited in a history book. There is so much to be found! How can historians content themselves with rearranging the parts from other books? As we go from book to book, we somehow persuade ourselves that we have got it all straight, allowing for adjustments and revisionisms. The Enlightenment falls in line, after the Age of Absolutism and before the Age of Revolution. If you want to document the development, pull some Voltaire from the shelf...

I am not making a positivistic argument about bringing bricks to edifices. I am giving vent to archival snobbery. After twenty-five years, on and off, in the archives of Paris and Neuchatel, I thought I had accumulated enough information, quantitative, qualitative, and read-between-the-lines, to identify the general pattern of the illegal

literature that actually reached French readers during the two decades before the Revolution. The pattern consisted of 720 titles, which could be sorted into categories and rated according to the demand for them expressed in booksellers' orders and other sources. It did not confirm the conventional view of a canon of classics, nor did it conform to any standard picture of the Enlightenment, although my purpose was certainly not "...to construct [my] story of the Enlightenment around the STN," as Jeremy Popkin asserts. My purpose was to discover the actual reading habits of eighteenth-century Frenchmen. Their literary diet included a great deal of Voltaire and also a surprisingly large proportion of scandalous biography and contemporary history—libelles and chroniques scandaleuses in the jargon of the book trade.

The statistics, published in The Forbidden Best-Sellers of Pre-Revolutionary France and its companion volume, The Corpus of Clandestine Literature in France, 1769-1789, still look solid to me, although, of course, every reader can make of them what he or she will. My critics dismiss the whole inquiry as an attempt to deny or debunk the Enlightenment, one that runs parallel to my earlier work on Grub Street writers and that confirms their general diagnosis: anti-intellectuality. I must say, though, that when I began to read my way through the forgotten best-sellers, I found them brimming with ideas, some derivative, some vulgar, but many fresh and powerful. Even the pornography contained food for thought or, as I tried to explain it, borrowing from Levi-Strauss, sex good to think.^{lxv} Amidst the obscenities of Therese philosophe are entire passages lifted from Examen de la religion dont on cherche l'eclaircissement de bonne foi, a philosophical tract that came out of the Cartesian and deistic polemics of the previous half century. Pornography and philosophy seem incompatible to the modern mind. They co-habited happily in the libertine mentality of the eighteenth century: thus Diderot, Mirabeau, and Sade.

Pornography, like popular science, balloon flights, and the craze for America, provided a vehicle for the spread of unorthodox ideas. Many illegal best-sellers served the same function: they simplified, dramatized, and popularized the ideas of the philosophes. Mercier's L'An 2440, the book at the top of my retrospective best-seller list, may seem "tepid" to Jeremy Popkin, but it captivated readers in the eighteenth century. By guiding them through the streets of Paris in the year 2440, it swept them up in a daring mental experiment: an attempt to imagine a utopia, the first one ever to be situated in the future, that would operate according to Rousseauistic principles on the very site of the evils that surrounded them in the 1770s and 1780s. Mercier described those evils at length in a companion book, Tableau de Paris, which was also a best-seller. Similar best-selling authors caught the same tone: Linguet in deploring the lot of the poor, Raynal in attacking slavery, Mirabeau in denouncing arbitrary arrest. Those were the authors who captured readers' imaginations and dominated the literary market on the eve of the Revolution.

The best-seller list also contains a remarkable number of books by Voltaire and, more surprising, a great many works associated with d'Holbach and his collaborators. Mornet was right: the Enlightenment reached readers on a massive scale after 1770, and it contained a strong current of extreme, Holbachian literature. Voltaire, who was horrified by atheism, did everything possible to stimulate a more moderate stream of thought. A great deal remains to be said about his attempts to manipulate the publishing industry and also about the similar attempts by Beaumarchais in the speculation on the

Kehl Voltaire. But the pattern is already clear. All sorts of Enlightenment thought coursed through the book trade. In doing so, it realized its very nature, because it was meant from the beginning to spread ideas and “changer la facon commune de penser,” as Diderot put it in the Encyclopedie.^{lxvi}

The scandalous books about current events probably had the same effect, although I could only offer some hypotheses about their impact on public opinion. Many of them derived from a variety of underground journalism: nouvelles a la main or manuscript news sheets, which were compiled from oral sources, copied, circulated “sous le manteau,” and sometimes reworked into books. When they assumed book form, they took on a serious air. Arrayed imposingly with footnotes, appendices, frontispieces, and prefaces, the libelles and chroniques scandaleuses presented themselves as histories, biographies, memoirs, and correspondences. A trained eye could easily spot the irreverence in their rhetoric, and sophisticated readers could make allowances for their exaggerations; but they contained a great deal of information about what actually took place in the boudoirs and corridors of power. In fact, they provided the only version available in print, because contemporary history was not permitted in the legal book trade. Readers who wanted an account of events under Louis XV had no place to go, except to the Vie privee de Louis XV and similar books. And booksellers reported that their customers could not get enough of them—not surprisingly, because this kind of “livres philosophiques” were wicked, funny, titillating, and outrageous.

No one knows precisely who wrote what, but it seems likely that the most popular of these books—Anecdotes sur Mme la comtesse Du Barry, Journal historique...par M. de Maupeou, L’Espion anglais, and Vie privee de Louis XV—were produced by two nouvellistes, Mathieu Francois Pidansat de Mairobert and Barthelemy-Francois Moufle d’Angerville, who developed their talent for scandal-mongering in the salon of Marie-Anne Legendre Doublet.^{lxvii} This group specialized in gossip about current events, and it had a distinctly pro-Parlement, anti-government character, especially during the crisis of 1770-1774, when chancellor Maupeou destroyed the political power of the parlements. Here then was an important source of radical propaganda. Did it come from Grub Street?

The answer is clearly no. Mme Doublet surrounded herself with wealthy parlementaires, a sprinkling of courtiers, and some Jansenist sympathizers but no Rousseau du ruisseau. Both Mairobert and Moufle were trained as lawyers and employed, at least for a while, in the naval ministry. After coming into an inheritance, Moufle never felt the pinch of poverty and lived with his brother in a well-appointed apartment. Mairobert’s address, as it appears in his police report in 1749, bears the mark of Grub Street: “rue des Cordeliers chez une lingere au deuxieme.” But when the police locked him in the Bastille for distributing seditious verse in 1749, they put him down as “un jeune etourdi d’assez bonne famille....Il fait des vers et a la rage de passer pour en faire.”^{lxviii} He went around cafes distributing poems about the king and Mme de Pompadour, but not for money—rather for the sheer love of cutting a figure as a poet and purveyor of nouvelles. Such, at least, was the testimony that his brother offered to the police.^{lxix} Perhaps the police hired Mairobert to vet the nouvelles a la main that he helped produce. He worked as a censor and also for a while as a secretary to the duc de Chartres. In these respects, his career resembled that of many men of letters. It did not lead to a happy life of integration in the elite, however. Mairobert never married, severed all contact with his family, and reputedly tried to pass himself off as the illegitimate son

of Mme Doublet and her companion, Louis Petit de Bachaumont, the supposed founder of the most influential chronique scandaleuse of all, Memoires secrets pour servir a l'histoire de la republique des lettres en France. In 1779 he committed suicide by cutting his wrists and shooting himself in a public bath, reportedly because of involvement in the bankruptcy of the marquis de Brunoy. Whatever one makes of his sad life, it was no success story. Mairobert remained on the margins of respectability. Devoured by hatred of Louis XV and his government, even when it employed him, he was a marginal character, not a revolutionary but a true frondeur.^{lxx}

The frondeur mentality can be detected in all the political crises from 1648 to 1789. Its pervasiveness raises a host of questions about the long-term trends in the history of libelles and at the same time points to the necessity of relating them to other modes of communication, which made the streets of Paris buzz with news long before the existence of the modern newspaper. I attempted to sketch this dimension of the subject in Part III of The Forbidden Best-Sellers of Pre-Revolutionary France, but I could not come up with anything more than a sketch. Further research will lead beyond the history of books into a broader field, which can be characterized as the history of communication.^{lxxi} Having ventured into it only recently, I do not pretend to understand the operation of all the media that intersected with the book trade. Jeremy Popkin's research on journalism and Thomas Kaiser's work on public opinion have contributed greatly to the emergence of this field, and they may feel understandably annoyed at my amateurish attempt in The Forbidden Best-Sellers of Pre-Revolutionary France to propose a general model of a communication system, one that relates book diffusion to the spread of journals, pamphlets, prints, rumors, songs, jokes, and graffiti. My subject being the history of books, I did not discuss the other media and did not cite work on them by other scholars, who may therefore feel unacknowledged.

Curiously, however, Jeremy Popkin accuses me of rejecting the work of French scholars like Daniel Roche, Jean Quenart, and the Livre et societe group. As Roche himself can testify, we are close friends and collaborators. I published a long and laudatory review of his thesis on provincial academies, and in 1989 we co-edited a volume on the print media, which included an excellent essay on journalism by Popkin himself.^{lxxii} I have praised the work of Quenart and hailed Livre et societe as a breakthrough in the social history of ideas.^{lxxiii} Having worked closely with scholars like Pierre Bourdieu and Roger Chartier for many years, I find it puzzling to be described as someone who has "turned his back" on research pursued in France. True, I have not discussed the history of journalism at length, although I believe that the leading French scholars in that field—men like Jean Sgard, Pierre Retat, and Francois Moureau—consider my work as complementary to theirs. Because I have concentrated on the history of books, I am happy to leave the study of journals in their hands and also in the capable hands of American specialists like Jack Censer and Jeremy Popkin. It never occurred to me that I had "distanced" myself from a subject by not discussing it. Elizabeth Eisenstein carries this argument so far as to accuse me of rejecting the work of my own students, evidently because I have not flagged it in my footnotes. I have also failed to cite my own unpublished research on the American vogue in pre-revolutionary Paris and therefore find myself accused by Eisenstein of neglecting the American themes in radical French pamphleteering.^{lxxiv} It would be a strange world indeed, if a scholar were declared guilty of neglecting all the subjects that he or she does not discuss in print.

The same point applies to the work of fellow authors in a scholar's field. Not to mention them is not to turn one's back on them. Some of the essays in this book and elsewhere seem to cast me in a battle against colleagues such as Roger Chartier, Keith Baker, and Lynn Hunt. We are actually good friends and manage to disagree with one another without wounding our friendship. But critics like to dramatize academic life by conjuring up rivalries that don't exist. Mutual criticism is very much alive, of course, and a good thing, too. So is intellectual indebtedness. Having perhaps been too chary in my footnotes, I would like to declare my debts, especially to the contributors to this book: Haydn Mason, Roland Mortier, Francois Moureau, Dominique Varry, Renato Pasta, D. F. McKenzie, Elizabeth Eisenstein, Carla Hesse, Jeremy Popkin, Thomas Kaiser, David Bell, Daniel Gordon, Jonathan Rose, and also Janet Godden, who saw the manuscript through the press. Although I can hardly tote up everything I owe to friends and fellow workers in the field of eighteenth-century studies, I should like to express my gratitude to the following (aside from those already mentioned): in France, Daniel Roche, Roger Chartier, Jean Sgard, Pierre Retat, Henri-Jean Martin, Jean-Marie Goulemot, Jean-Claude Bonnet, Eric Walter, Frederic Barbier, Anne Sauvy, Lise Andries, and Anne-Marie Chouillet; in Switzerland, Jacques Rychner, Michel Schlup, Bronislaw Baczko, and Michel Poret; in England, William Doyle, Giles Barber, Andrew Brown, Ulla Kolving, Quentin Skinner, and Peter Burke; in Germany, Jochen Schlobach, Otto Dann, Reinhard Wittmann, Hans-Jurgen Lusebrink, Rolf Reichardt, Hans Erich Bodeker, Werner Schneiders, and Martin Fontius; in the United States, Raymond Birn, Dale Van Kley, Lynn Hunt, Margaret Jacob, Michael Fried, and John Pocock;--and finally to friends who once were students of mine: Sarah Maza, Shanti Singham, Laura Mason, and Jeffrey Merrick, in addition to some of the contributors to this book.

In thanking friends, however, I run the risk of sounding like the recipient of a *festschrift* rather than the willing target of constructive criticism. The purpose of this book was to open a discussion of some general issues, not to reach a bottom line. History has no bottom lines, since it is bottomless. Whatever else it may be—a loose canon of classics, a toothless mosaic of monographs, a paper chase through endless archives—it is certainly debate. In closing this book, I hope the reader feels assured that the argument will go on.

ⁱ I should add, however, that The Great Cat Massacre stirred up a good deal of controversy after its publication in 1984. A dozen of these essays have been translated and reprinted by Edouardo Hourcade, Cristina Godoy, and Horacio Botalla as Luz y contraluz de una historia antropologica (Buenos Aires, 1995). No such volume exists in English. I should also point out that the Americans among my critics in this volume generally ignore the work I wrote in French (Edition et sedition is a very different book from The Forbidden Best-Sellers in Pre-Revolutionary France). The Europeans pay no attention to ideological themes such as populism and postmodernism, which exercise the Americans. And all the contributors to this volume are academics; so they understandably ignore my journalistic writing. Yet they do not dwell on the most academic side of my work: monographic studies of publishing and the book trade, articles on intellectuals and politicians, and ethnographic analyses of attitudes and world-views.

ⁱⁱ For a discussion of Calonne's pensions and Lenoir's role in their distribution, including references to manuscript sources, see "The High Enlightenment and the Low-Life of Literature", reprinted in Robert Darnton, The Literary Underground of the Old Regime (Cambridge, Mass., 1982), pp. 7-11.

ⁱⁱⁱ A full discussion of this argument and its sources appears in my article, "The Facts of Literary Life in Eighteenth-Century France," in Keith Michael Baker, ed., The Political Culture of the Old Regime (Oxford, 1987), pp. 261-291. A later version, which has a supplementary section on the literary representations of writers and writing, was published as "The Literary Revolution of 1789" in Studies in Eighteenth-Century Culture, vol. 21 (1991), pp. 3-26.

^{iv} D'Alembert, "Essai sur la societe des gens de lettres et des grands, sur la reputation, sur les Mecenes, et sur les recompenses litteraires" in d'Alembert, Melanges de litterature, d'histoire et de philosophie (Amsterdam, 1773; first edition, 1752), pp. 367 and 403.

^v Philippe Francois Nazaire Fabre d'Eglantine, Les Gens de lettres ou le poete provincial a Paris, published posthumously in Fabre's Melanges litteraires par une societe de gens de lettres (Paris, 1827), p. 100.

^{vi} Ibid., p. 65.

^{vii} Ibid., p. 23.

^{viii} Jacques-Pierre Brissot, Journal du Lincee de Londres, vol. I (London, 1784), p. 223.

^{ix} Jacques-Pierre Brissot, Examen critique des Voyages dans l'Amerique septentrionale de M. le marquis de Chastellux (London, 1786), pp. 127-129.

^x Jean-Louis Carra, M. de Calonne tout entier (Brussels, 1788), pp. vii-viii.

^{xi} Marc Bouloiseau and Albert Soboul, eds., Oeuvres de Maximilien Robespierre (Paris, 1958), IX, pp. 143-144.

^{xii} In addition to Eizenstein's essay in this volume, see her Grub Street Abroad (Oxford, 1992), chapter 5.

^{xiii} Voltaire scattered these epithets throughout his polemical writing. See especially his poem, "Le Pauvre Diable" and the articles entitled "Auteurs," "Charlatan," "Gueux," "Philosophe," and "Quisquis" in his Dictionnaire philosophique. For a more detailed discussion of "Le Pauvre Diable" and Le Neveu de Rameau, the two works of fiction that most vividly evoke life in Grub Street, Paris, see my essay, "The Life of a 'Poor Devil' in the Republic of Letters," Essays on the Age of Enlightenment in Honor of Ira O. Wade, Jean Macary, ed. (Geneva and Paris, 1977), pp. 39-92.

^{xiv} Pat Rogers, Grub Street. Study of a Sub-Culture (London, 1972), see especially chapter 2.

^{xv} Bibliotheque Nationale, nouv. acq. fr. 10781-10783. I have not been able to identify Barre. The other authors are: Jean Zorobabel Aublet de Maubuy, Paul Baret, Abraham Joseph Chaumeix, and Claude-Francois Lambert.

^{xvi} Ibid.

^{xvii} Voltaire, "Le Pauvre Diable" in Oeuvres completes de Voltaire (Geneva, 1785), vol. XIV, p. 162.

^{xviii} Antoine Rivarol, Le Petit Almanac de nos grands hommes (n.p., 1788), p. 5.

^{xix} Because the Tableau de Paris went through so many metamorphoses—from two to twelve volumes between 1781 and 1788—the texts referred to here can be located most easily under Mercier's chapter headings, which remained consistent: "Auteurs"; "Des demi-Auteurs, quarts d'auteurs, enfin metis, quarterons, etc."; "Brochures"; "La Litterature du faubourg Saint-Germain et celle du faubourg Saint-Honore"; "Censure des livres" "Misere des auteurs": "Le Musee de Paris"; "Les Grands Comediens contre les petits"; "Treteaux des boulevards"; and "Trente ecrivains en France, pas davantage." Mercier repeated

the same themes in many of his other works, notably De la Litterature et des litterateurs (1778) and Mon Bonnet de nuit (1784).

^{xx} Jacques Mallet du Pan, Memoires et correspondance de Mallet du Pan pour servir a l'histoire de la Revolution francaise, recueillis et mis en ordre par A. Sayons (Paris, 1851), I, 130-133.

^{xxi} Mercier, "Second Theatre francais", Tableau de Paris.

^{xxii} I originally published this account of Brissot's career as a preliminary sketch for a full-scale biography: "The Grub Street Style of Revolution: J.-P. Brissot, Police Spy", The Journal of Modern History, vol. 40 (1968), pp. 301-327. A draft of the biography has lain unpublished in a drawer since then, because I had not done enough research to carry it beyond 1789 and because I decided to postpone it in order to pursue what I took to be a more important topic, the history of books, which first captured my attention while I did research on Brissot in the papers of the STN. But I have transcribed Brissot's correspondence with the STN—162 letters—and will publish it soon on the Internet, in order to make it available to other scholars. My interpretation of Brissot's career has been attacked by Frederick A. de Luna, and I have replied to it with further documentation: see "Forum: Interpreting Brissot," French Historical Studies, vol. 17 (1991), pp. 159-205. Elizabeth Eisenstein has joined the attack in chapter 5 of her Grub Street Abroad. Aspects of the French Cosmopolitan Press from the Age of Louis XIV to the French Revolution (Oxford, 1992). In it, as in her contribution to this volume, Eisenstein takes my remark that Brissot remained trapped in Grub Street to mean literally that he could not travel out of Paris. I meant it figuratively, as above, to indicate the inability of impecunious authors to escape from the conditions of la basse litterature. Many of them did try to escape by pursuing jobs as tutors and journalists outside France. A few, like Pierre Rousseau, succeeded; but most joined the motley crowd of international intellectual adventurers studied by Alexandre Stroev in Les Aventuriers des Lumieres (Paris, 1997).

^{xxiii} Bibliotheque Nationale, nouv. acq. fr. 9534, fo. 410. For a general discussion of these issues, see my "Ideology on the Bourse" in Michel Vovelle, ed., L'Image de la Revolution francaise (Paris and Oxford, 1989), vol. 1, pp. 124-139.

^{xxiv} Daniel Gordon, "Beyond the Social History of Ideas: Morellet and the Enlightenment" in Jeffrey Merrick and Dorothy Medlin, eds., Andre Morellet (1727-1819) in the Republic of Letters and the French Revolution (New York, 1995), pp. 45-46. My essay on Morellet, "An Exemplary Career" appears in the same volume, pp. 5-26.

^{xxv} Diderot to Sophie Volland, August 23, 1769, in Diderot, Correspondance, ed. Georges Roth and Jean Varloot (Paris, 1955-1970), vol. 9, p. 120.

^{xxvi} See my "The High Enlightenment and the Low-Life of Literature" in The Literary Underground of the Old Regime (Cambridge, Mass., 1982), pp. 3-7 and the article on Suard in Jean Sgard, ed., Dictionnaire des journalistes (1600-1789) (Grenoble, 1976), p. 345, from which the quotation is taken.

^{xxvii} Journal de Paris, January 31, 1783.

^{xxviii} I have tried to develop this argument in "The Literary Revolution of 1789", Studies in Eighteenth-Century Culture, vol. 21 (1991), pp. 19-26. Further documentation can be found in the French version of that essay, "Litterature et revolution" in my Gens de lettres, gens du livre (Paris, 1992), chap. 5.

^{xxix} Dena Goodman, The Republic of Letters. A Cultural History of the French Enlightenment (Ithaca, 1994), chap. 2. The accusation of "masculinist assumptions" appears on p. 73. Goodman follows Daniel Gordon and Elizabeth Eisenstein in rejecting my account of the careers of Brissot, Morellet, and Suard; and she takes from Dominick LaCapra the notion that I oppose the reading of texts (p. 64).

^{xxx} This argument is a summary of the interpretation I advanced in "The Literary Revolution of 1789," Studies in Eighteenth-Century Culture, vol. 21 (1991), pp. 3-26.

^{xxxi} Voltaire, Le Siecle de Louis XIV in Voltaire. Oeuvres historiques, Bibliotheque de la Pleiade (Paris, 1957), p. 1012.

^{xxxii} For a more extensive version of this argument, see my essay, "The Social Life of Rousseau: Anthropology and the Loss of Innocence," Harper's Magazine (July, 1985), pp. 69-73.

^{xxxiii} See, for example, Lieselotte Steinbrugge, The Moral Sex. Woman's Nature in the French Enlightenment (New York and Oxford, 1995).

^{xxxiv} Aside from Olwen Hufton's general surveys of women's history, see her Women and the Limits of Citizenship in the French Revolution (Toronto, 1992).

^{xxxv} Dena Goodman, The Republic of Letters, especially pp. 1-10, where Goodman identifies the Enlightenment with a feminine "civilizing force."

^{xxxvi} The report describes Mme de Vieuxmaison as follows: “C’est la femme d’un conseiller au Parlement, soeur de Mme de Vauvray et fille de M. Ath, fermier general. Elle a beaucoup d’esprit et fait des vers et des couplets contre tout le monde, etant tres mechante....Elle est maintenant maitresse de M. de Latteignant, conseiller au Parlement. Cette societe, dans laquelle est M. le marquis de Bissy, qui a ete longtemps l’amant de Vauvray, est la plus dangereuse de Paris, et est soupconnee vivement d’avoir enfante Les Anecdotes de Perse.”

^{xxxvii} The Republic of Letters, p. 2.

^{xxxviii} Ibid., p. 1.

^{xxxix} Ibid., pp. 5-6.

^{xl} Ibid., p. 8.

^{xli} Ibid., p. 6.

^{xlii} Ibid., pp. 8-9.

^{xliiii} Memoires de l’abbe Morellet de l’Academie francaise sur le dix-huitieme siecle et sur la Revolution, Jean-Pierre Guicciardi, ed. (Paris, 1988), p. 97.

^{xliv} Viaggio a Parigi e Londra (1766-1767): Carteggio di Pietro e Alessandro Verri, ed. Gianmarco Gaspari (Milan, 1980), p. 102.

^{xlv} See the text of this edict, printed in J.-P. Belin, Le Commerce des livres prohibes a Paris de 1750 a 1789 (Paris, 1913), p. 114.

^{xlvi} Mme du Deffand to Voltaire, July 5, 1760, Correspondance complete de Mme du Deffand avec ses amis, P. de Lescure, ed. (Paris, 1865), vol. II, p. 262. The above account summarizes the correspondence of Voltaire and Mme du Deffand in 1759 and 1760, a fascinating exchange of letters, full of thrusts and parries partially concealed beneath a rhetoric of badinage and galanterie.

^{xlvii} Voltaire to d’Alembert, June 20, 1760, no. 8245, Voltaire’s Correspondence (Geneva, 1958), Theodore Besterman, ed., vol. 41, p. 143.

^{xlviii} D’Alembert to Voltaire, May 26, 1760, no. 8196, Ibid., p. 69.

^{xlix} Daniel Gordon, “Beyond the Social History of Ideas”, p. 44.

¹ These adjectives and the contradictory remarks on dialectics can be found scattered through the essays in this volume written by Elizabeth Eisenstein, Daniel Gordon, Jeremy Popkin, and Thomas Kaiser. The remarks on Gadamer and Geertz occur in Giovanni Levi, “I Pericoli del Geertzismo,” Quaderni storici, new series, vol. 58 (1985), pp. 269-277. Dominick La Capra has added other accusations to the list: see his “Chartier, Darnton, and the Great Symbol Massacre,” Journal of Modern History, vol. 60 (1988), pp. 95-112; and more can be found in the essays on The Great Cat Massacre collected in Luz y contraluz de una historia antropologica.

ⁱⁱ Elizabeth Eisenstein, Grub Street Abroad, p. 24.

ⁱⁱⁱ Abraham Bosset de Luze to the Societe typographique de Neuchatel (STN), April 1, 1780, in the papers of the STN, Bibliotheque publique et universitaire de Neuchatel. I have quoted this letter by one of the STN’s directors and summarized my general argument on publishing as a business in “Strategies financieres d’une maison d’edition au XVIIIe siecle,” Le Livre et l’historien. Etudes offertes en l’honneur du Professeur Henri-Jean Martin, Frederic Barbier and others, eds., (Geneva, 1997), pp. 519-527.

ⁱⁱⁱⁱ On Couret’s writing and his book business, see my Edition et sedition, pp. 137-138.

^{lv} For a detailed account of these speculations, see my essay, “The Life Cycle of a Book: A Publishing History of d’Holbach’s Systeme de la nature,” Publishing and Readership in Revolutionary France and America, Carol Armbruster, ed. (Westport, 1993), pp. 15-43.

^{lv} Andre to STN, August 22, 1784, quoted in The Business of Enlightenment: A Publishing History of the Encyclopedie 1775-1800 (Cambridge, Mass., 1979), p. 272.

^{lvi} In rare cases, booksellers handled books for publishers “a commission” and could return their unsold stock. The “Konditionsverkehr” seems to have been more widespread in parts of Germany: see Reinhard Wittmann, Geschichte des deutschen Buchhandels (Munich, 1991), pp. 114-115.

^{lvii} Jean-Francois Favarger to STN, August 15, 1778, quoted in The Business of Enlightenment, pp. 272-273. For a more detailed discussion of the STN’s “market research”, see my “Sounding the Literary Market in Prerevolutionary France,” Eighteenth-Century Studies, vol. 17 (1984), pp. 477-492. I hope to publish Favarger’s diary of his tour de France at a future date.

^{lviii} The following argument comes from general reflections on my research in the archives of the STN and in the Anisson-Duperron and Chambre Syndicale papers of the Bibliotheque Nationale. I have gone over some of the same ground in “Strategies financieres d’une maison d’edition au XVIIIe siecle.”

^{lix} See, for example, “The World of the Underground Booksellers in the Old Regime,” Vom Ancien Regime zur Franzosischen Revolution. Forschungen und Perspecktiven, Ernest Hinrichs, Eberhard Schmitt, and Rudolf Vierhaus, eds. (Gottingen, 1978), pp.439-479; “What Is the History of Books?” in The Kiss of Lamourette. Reflections in Cultural History (New York, 1990), pp. 107-135; “Le Marche litteraire francais vu de Neuchatel (1769-1789),” Jacques Rychner and Michel Schlup, eds., Aspects du livre neuchatelois (Neuchatel, 1986), pp. 59-75; and “Nouvelles Pistes en histoire du livre,” Revue francaise d’histoire du livre, no. 90-91 (1996), pp. 172-180.

^{lx} Clerval to STN, December 17, 1780. For further discussion of this and other episodes in the commercial networks of booksellers and publishers, see Edition et sedition, chapter 6.

^{lxi} Struykman et Minyere to STN, September 17, 1774, quoted in Ibid., p. 115.

^{lxii} J.E. Didier to STN, November 1, 1780, quoted in Ibid., p. 117.

^{lxiii} Ibid., p. 117.

^{lxiv} This unfortunate remark originally appeared in a review essay on The Enlightenment: An Interpretation by Peter Gay and Livre et societe by Francois Furet and others. It is reprinted in The Kiss of Lamourette, p. 251. My critics have often quoted it back at me, trimming off the last part to make it seem more outrageous.

^{lxv} “Sex for Thought,” The New York Review of Books, December 22, 1994, pp. 65-74.

^{lxvi} Article “Encyclopedie.” This article can be found in many anthropologies. I have taken the quotation from the first edition of the Encyclopedie, vol. V, p. 642A.

^{lxvii} The literature on Mme Doublet’s salon, known as “la paroisse”, has now reached large proportions. See especially Robert S. Tate, Jr., Petit de Bachaumont: His Circle and the “Memoires secrets”, Studies on Voltaire and the Eighteenth Century, vol. 65 (Oxford, 1968); Louis A. Olivier, “Bachaumont the Chronicler: A Questionable Renown,” Ibid., vol. 143 (1975); and Francois Moureau, De Bonne Main (Paris and Oxford, 1993).

^{lxviii} These quotations come from the report on Mairobert in d’Hemery’s files, cited above: Bibliothèque Nationale, nouv. acq. fr., 10782.

^{lxix} Francois Ravaisson and Louis Ravaisson-Mollien, eds., Archives de la Bastille, documents inedits (1659-1767) (Paris, 1866-1903), vol. 12, p.p. 315-316. See also pp. 312, 320, and 324-325.

^{lxx} See the article on Mairobert in Jean Sgard, ed., Dictionnaire des journalistes

^{lxxi} “‘La France, ton cafe fout le camp!’ De l’histoire du livre a l’histoire de la communication,” Actes de la recherche en sciences sociales, no. 100 (December, 1993), pp. 16-26.

^{lxxii} “The Rise of the Writer”, The New York Review of Books, May 31, 1979, pp. 26-29 and Robert Darnton and Daniel Roche, eds., Revolution in Print: The Press in France 1775-1800 (Berkeley, 1989). This collection also includes essays on pamphlets, prints, songs, popular almanacs, and all sorts of printed ephemera.

^{lxxiii} The Kiss of Lamourette, pp. 162 and 237-252. Francois Furet kindly introduced me to his collaborators in the Livre et societe group in 1973. I have worked closely with them and their colleagues in the Ecole des Hautes Etudes en Sciences Sociales ever since, and I view my occasional criticism of their work as a way of participating positively in the Annales tradition.

^{lxxiv} I have discussed these themes at length in two theses for degrees in Oxford: The Gallo-American Society (1962) and Trends in Radical Propaganda on the Eve of the French Revolution 1782-1788 (1964).