Tolerance: Beacon of the Enlightenment

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Caroline Warman
Charlie Hebdo, 7.1.15
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The sixth suite is made up of an adagio, an allegro and a minuet. The play on the modulations as a principle of composition is quite remarkable in these pieces. The adagio movement, which stresses the key of D major by long ascending scales, played in alternation with two groups of two instruments, moves away from this key, taking on those of A major and E major, with an intervening B flat which, in spite of the major key of the piece, gives a sense of melancholy to the whole of the adagio. The allegro, on the contrary, with its repeated staccato notes, its trills and appoggiatura, never forsakes the spirit of joy it began in. With its sonata form, the piece offers a development through careful modulation and numerous harmonic sequences.

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9. The Champs-Elysées were a kind of park at this point in time.
List of Musical Pieces

The music mentioned by Diderot in Rameau's Nephew is French and Italian, although Diderot was also well aware of the work of other foreign composers, such as C.P.E. Bach. The pieces specially performed and recorded for this multi-media edition were chosen to provide samples of music or composers that are less well known today, or to give examples of transcription, one of the principal ways that pieces came to be known and played in a private setting at the time.

Throughout this book the musical note symbol identifies when a recording is available. To access these musical pieces either click on the symbol or refer to the relevant endnote. If your device supports MP3 files you will be able to listen to the music directly. Alternatively, you can access the music online by following the links or scanning the QR codes provided.

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17 François-André Danican Philidor, L'Art de la modulation
   [The Art of Modulation], extract:
   Sixth suite: Sinfonia (Adagio — Allegro ma non troppo)

   Clémentine Frémont, traverso
   Josef Žák, violin
   Tatsuya Hatano, violin
   Rémy Petit, cello
   Felipe Guerra, harpsichord

   Recording available at http://dx.doi.org/10.11647/OBP0044.04
   Score available at http://gallica.bnf.fr/ark:/12148/br1b9057234#t2.image.r=l'art.de.la.modulation.langEN
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Clémentine Frémont, traverso
Josef Žák, violin
Tatsuya Hatano, violin
Rémy Petit, cello
Felipe Guerra, harpsichord
• https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BPcGSBr65rU
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Legal the Unfathomable, Philidor the Cunning, and Competent Mayot do battle, and where you can see the most surprising moves and hear the most vulgar things, for if you can be a clever man and a great chess-player like Legal, you can also be a great chess-player and a dunce, like Foubert and Mayot. One afternoon, when I was there, doing a lot of watching, not much speaking, and listening as little as I could, I was approached by one of the most bizarre characters in a country which, thanks to God's bounty, isn't short of them. He's a mixture of the lofty and the sordid, of good sense and unreason. The notions of what's decent and what's indecent must be strangely mixed up in his head since he displays the good qualities that nature has given him unostentatiously and the bad ones shamelessly. Moreover, he is possessed of a strong constitution, a singularly heated imagination, and an exceptionally vigorous set of lungs. If ever you meet him and his originality doesn't stop you in your tracks, either you'll put your fingers in your ears or you'll turn on your heels and run. Heavens, what a terrifying pair of lungs! Nothing is more unlike the man than he himself. Sometimes, he is as thin and pale as someone in the last stages of consumption and you can count his teeth through his cheeks — you'd think he'd not eaten for days or that he'd just come out of a Trappist monastery. A month later, he is as fleshy and replete as if he'd been at a banker's dinner table the whole time or been comfortably cloistered with the Bernardins. Today, skulking in dirty linen, with torn breeches, his coat in tatters, his shoes hanging off his feet, and his head held low, you'd be tempted to call him over and slip him a coin. Tomorrow, hair powdered and curled, well shod and well dressed, he goes about in public, his head held high, and you would almost take him for a respectable man. He lives from one day to the next. Sad or cheery, depending on the circumstances. His first concern when he gets up in the morning is where he'll have dinner; after dinner, he wonders where he'll go for supper. Nightfall brings its own anxiety. Either he makes his way back, on foot, to his tiny attic, unless his landlady has got fed up with waiting for the rent and asked him to return the key, or he falls back on a tavern on the outskirts of town where he waits for dawn with a bit of bread and a mug of beer. When he hasn't even got sixpence in his pocket, which does happen to him sometimes, he has a word with either a cab driver or the coachman of some great lord to see if they'll let him bed down in the straw next to the horses. In the morning, he still has half his mattress in his hair. If the season is mild, he spends the night walking up and down the Cours-la-Reine or the Champs-Elysées. He reappears in town along with the daylight, still wearing the clothes he had on yesterday, which, moreover, sometimes stay on him for the rest of the week. I have no respect for such oddballs. Other people make close acquaintances out of them, even friends. But they do stop me in my tracks once a year when I meet them because their character is so unlike other people's: they disrupt that annoying uniformity which our education, social conventions, and codes of conduct have inculcated in us. If such a man is present in a group, he acts like a pinch of yeast, fermenting and giving a portion of each person's natural individuality back to them. He stirs things up, shakes them about, provokes approval or blame; he makes the truth come out; he reveals who's genuinely good, he unmasks villains; and that's when a man of good sense pricks up his ears and sees the world for what it is.

I had known this one for a long time. He frequented a household that had opened its doors to him because of his talent. They had an only daughter. He kept on swearing to both mother and father that he would marry their daughter. They would shrug their shoulders, laugh in his face, tell him he was mad — but I actually saw him do it. He used to borrow money, which I gave him. He had somehow gained entry to some honest households where a place would always be set for him on the condition he not speak without permission. He would keep silent and eat with rage. Muzzled in this way, he was a magnificent sight. If ever he got it into his head to break the agreement and open his mouth, no sooner had he uttered a word than everyone round the table would shout: Oh Rameau! And then his eyes would burn with rage, and he would go back to eating even more furiously. You were curious to
chez Rey que font assaut Legal le profond, Philidor le subtil, le solide Mayot ; qu’on voit les coups les plus surprenants et qu’on entend les plus mauvais propos ; car si l’on peut être homme d’esprit et grand joueur d’échecs, comme Legal, on peut être aussi un grand joueur d’échecs et un sot, comme Foubert et Mayot. Un après-dîner, j’étais là, regardant beaucoup, parlant peu, et écoutant le moins que je pouvais, lorsque je fus abordé par un des plus bizarres personnages de ce pays où Dieu n’en a pas laissé manquer. C’est un composite de hauteur et de bassesse, de bon sens et de déraison. Il faut que les notions de l’honnête et du déshonnête soient bien étrangement brouillées dans sa tête, car il montre ce que la nature lui a donné de bonnes qualités sans ostentation, et ce qu’il en a reçu de mauvaises, sans pudeur. Au reste, il est doué d’une organisation forte, d’une chaleur d’imagination singulière, et d’une vigueur de poumons peu commune. Si vous le rencontrez jamais et que son originalité ne vous arrête pas, ou vous mettrez vos doigts dans vos oreilles, ou vous vous enfuirez. Dieux, quels terribles poumons ! Rien ne dissemble plus de lui que lui-même. Quelquefois, il est maigre et hâve comme un malade au dernier degré de la consommation ; on compterait ses dents à travers ses joues ; on dirait qu’il a passé plusieurs jours sans manger, ou qu’il sort de la Trappe. Le mois suivant, il est gras et replié, comme s’il n’avait pas quitté la table d’un financier, ou qu’il eût été renfermé dans un couvent de Bernardins. Aujourd’hui, en linge sale, en culotte déchirée, couvert de lambeaux, presque sans souliers, il va la tête basse, il se dérobe, on serait tenté de l’appeler pour lui donner l’aumône. Demain, poudré, chausset, frisé, bien vêtu, il marche la tête haute, il se montre, et vous le prendrez au peu près pour un honnête homme. Il vit au jour la journée. Triste ou gai, selon les circonstances. Son premier soin, le matin, quand il est levé, est de savoir où il dînera ; après dîner, il pense où il ira souper. La nuit amène aussi son inquiétude. Ou il regagne, à pied, un petit grenier qu’il habite, à moins que l’hôtesses emmenée d’attendre son loyer, ne lui en ait redemandé la clef ; ou il se rabat dans une taverne du faubourg où il attend le jour, entre un morceau de pain et un pot de bière. Quand il n’a pas six sols dans sa poche, ce qui lui arrive quelquefois, il a recours soit à un fiacre de ses amis, soit au cocher d’un grand seigneur qui lui donne un lit sur de la paille, à côté de ses chevaux. Le matin, il a encore une partie de son matelas dans ses cheveux. Si la saison est douce, il arpente toute la nuit le Cours ou les Champs-Élysées. Il repartit avec le jour, à la ville, habillé de la veille pour le lendemain, et du lendemain quelquefois pour le reste de la semaine. Je n’estime pas ces originaux-là. D’autres en font leurs connaissances familières, même leurs amis. Ils m’arrêtent une fois l’an, quand je les rencontre, parce que leur caractère tranché avec celui des autres, et qu’ils rompent cette fastidieuse uniformité que notre éducation, nos conventions de société, nos bienséances d’usage ont introduite. S’il en paraît un dans une compagnie, c’est un grain de levain qui fermente et qui restitue à chacun une portion de son individualité naturelle. Il secoue, il agite, il fait approuver ou blâmer ; il fait sortir la vérité ; il fait connaître les gens de bien ; il démascque les coquins ; c’est alors que l’homme de bon sens écoute, et démêle son monde.

Je connaissais celui-ci de longue main. Il fréquentait dans une maison dont son talent lui avait ouvert la porte. Il y avait une fille unique. Il jurait au père et à la mère qu’il épouserait leur fille. Ceux-ci haussaient les épaules, lui haïvaient au nez, lui disaient qu’il était fou, et je vis le moment que la chose était faite. Il m’empruntait écus que je lui donnais. Il s’était introduit, je ne sais comment, dans quelques maisons honnêtes, où il avait son couvert, mais à la condition qu’il ne parlerait pas, sans en avoir obtenu la permission. Il se faisait, et mangeait de rage. Il était excellent à voir dans cette contrainte. S’il lui prenait envie de manquer au traité, et qu’il ouvrit la bouche, au premier mot tous les convives s’écriaient : O Rameau ! Alors la fureur étincelait dans ses yeux, et il se remettait à manger avec plus de rage. Vous étiez curieux de savoir le nom de l’homme, et vous le savez. C’est le neveu de ce musicien célèbre que nous avons délivrés du plain-chant de Lulli que nous psalmiodions depuis plus de cent ans, qui a tant écrit de visions.
102 students and tutors

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- Katherine Lunn-Rockliffe and Hertford College: Josie Dyster, Rebekah Jones, Vedrana Koren, Emily Longshaw, Rebecca May, Gregory Mostyn, Jessica Quinn, Freya Rowland, Huw Spencer.
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- Sam Ferguson and Lady Margaret Hall: Aidan Clark, Imogen Lester, Frances Timberlake, Helena Walters.
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- Tim Farrant and Pembroke College: Ashley Cooper, Kenny Dada, Jess Kempner, Karolina Rachwol, Katharine Roddy.
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- Francesco Manzini and University College: James Martin.
- Kate Tunstall and Worcester College: Gail Braybrook, Elizabeth Dann, Nicki Hubbard, Oli Kelly, Kate Murrant, Helen Rumford, Charlotte Wren.
- Tutors Sam Ferguson, Melanie Florence, Francis Lamport, Francesco Manzini, Kate Tunstall, Caroline Warman, Francis Lamport.
Tolerance, published 7.1.16
Philippe-Jacques Loutherbourg, *Philander and Clorinda* (1803)
This is, I believe, to be the case in England and Holland, where it seems people think they have no freedom at all if they do not have complete impunity to say, unhampered, whatever they like.

Read the entry for 'Alius Locutus' on the ARTFL Encyclopaedia Project website: http://artflweb.org/artfl-encyclopedia/pt/0.1025.encyclopedia01723.201.39024

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7. Montesquieu, "On the Enslavement of Negroes", from *The Spirit of the Laws*

Irony is the Enlightenment philosopher's favourite weapon when ridiculing his opponents. How does one go about constructing the justification for slavery? By pretending to defend it, as Montesquieu does here.

If I had to justify our right to enslave negroes, this is what I would say:

Once the peoples of Europe had wiped out the people of America, they were obliged to enslave the peoples of Africa, because they needed someone to clear the land in America.

Sugar would be too expensive if there were no slaves to cultivate the plant it comes from.

The people in question are black from head to foot; and their nose is so squashed that it is almost impossible to feel sorry for them.

The mind will simply not accept the idea that God, who is a very wise being, would have put a soul, especially a good soul, into a completely black body.

It is so natural to think that colour is the essence of humanity, that the peoples of Asia, who make people into eunuchs, continue to deprive blacks of what they have in common with us in an even more extreme way.

You can tell skin colour from hair colour, and hair was so important to the Egyptians that they killed all redheads who fell into their hands, and the Egyptians were the best philosophers in the world.

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The fifth man: I am fortunate enough to be a good Catholic, and as such, I am rather surprised to see a Jew and a Turk in paradise.

The angel: Come in, and join your people beneath this portico.

You are next. What religion have you followed?

The sixth: None.

The angel: None?

The sixth: No.

The angel: But then what did you believe in?

The sixth: An immortal soul, a God who rewards and punishes, nothing more.

The angel: In that case, come in and take your place wherever you like.

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19. Olympe de Gouges (1748-1793), *Declaration of the Rights of Woman and the Female Citizen, 1791*

In 1791, the actress, playwright, fervent participant in the Revolution, and Girondist sympathizer, Olympe de Gouges, wrote her famous *Declaration of the Rights of Woman and of the Female Citizen.* She dedicated it to the queen, Marie Antoinette, not that it helped either of them or indeed its own reception. Both perished on the guillotine within a month of each other. Olympe de Gouges’s Declaration of Rights was not adopted in any respect.

Preamble:

The mothers, daughters, and sisters who together make up the female representatives of the Nation ask that they be constituted as a National Assembly. Considering ignorance of, neglect of, or contempt for the rights of women to be the sole causes of public misfortunes and governmental corruption, they have resolved to set out, in a solemn declaration, the natural, inalienable, and sacred rights of woman, so that this declaration, constantly present to all members of the social body, may ceaselessly remind them of their rights and their duties; so that the acts of the female executive and of the male executive may at all times be compared to the goals of any political institution, and as a result be all the more respected; so that the demands of female citizens, founded henceforth on simple and incontestable principles, will always revolve around the maintenance of the constitution, of sound morals, and of the happiness of all. Consequently, the sex which is superior in beauty as it is in the courage that it needs to endure the suffering of childbirth, acknowledges and declares, in the presence and under the auspices of the Supreme Being, the following Rights of Woman and of the Female Citizen:

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1. Olympe de Gouges, *Déclaration des droits de la femme et de la citoyenne,* presented to the National Assembly in 1791.
Voltaire’s Candide is built tender-hearted and unexpectedly ironic. His hero witnesses comic events without being able to do anything to stop them. Along with his servant Cacambo, and a train of slaves loaded with gold, gems and diamonds, Candide sets off for Surinam to find his beloved Cunegonde. But once he gets there, he discovers the horrors of the slave trade.

As they came closer to the town they came across a negro lying on the ground, only half dressed, that is to say, wearing nothing but some blue canvas trousers. This poor man no longer had his left leg or his right hand.

‘Oh good God!’ Candide said to him in Dutch, ‘what are you doing here, my friend, in this horrible state I see you in?’

‘I am waiting for my master, the famous merchant, Mr Vandermonde!’ replied the negro.

‘Is it Mr Vandermonde?’ asked Candide, ‘who has treated you in this way?’

‘Yes, sir,’ said the negro, ‘that’s how it works. Twice a year, they give us blue canvas trousers and nothing else to wear. When we work in the sugar factories and the mill traps a finger, they cut our hand off; when we want to run away, they cut our leg off; I friend myself in both these situations. This is the price we pay for the sugar you eat in Europe. And yet when my mother sent me for two Spanish crowns on the Guinea coast, she said to me: ‘My dear child, bless our shame, love them always, and they will give you happiness in life. For you have the honour of becoming the slave of our masters the white men, and in so doing you are making your father and mother’s fortune’. Ah! I don’t know if I made their fortune, but they certainly didn’t make mine. Dogs, monkeys, and parents are a thousand times less miserable than we are: the Dutch shamans who converted me tell me every Sunday that we are all children of Adam, black and white. I am no genealogist, but if these preachers are telling the truth, then we are all cousins. In which case you will concede that it would be not be possible to treat your relatives any worse.’

‘Oh Pangloss,’ cried Candide, ‘you had not foreseen this abomination; I have had enough, I am finally obliged to give up on your optimism!’

‘What is optimism?’ asked Cacambo.

‘Alas!’ exclaimed Candide, ‘it is the obsessive insistence that everything is fine when it couldn’t be worse’. And he burst into tears as he gazed at the negro, and he was still weeping when he reached Surinam.
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