

P

[The Streets of Paris]

In short, the streets of Paris
Were set to rhyme. Hear how.

—Beginning of *Dit des rues de Paris*, by Guillot (Paris, 1875), with preface, notes, and glossary by Edgar Marcuse (first word of the second line in the original: “Was”)

We leave an imprint each time we enter into a history.¹

They spoke of Paris as *la ville qui remue*—the city that never stops moving. But no less important than the life of this city’s layout is here the unconquerable power in the names of streets, squares, and theaters, a power which persists in the face of all topographic displacement. Those little theaters which, in the days of Louis Philippe, still lined the Boulevard du Temple—how often has one of them been torn down, only to resurface, newly built, in some other *quartier*. (To speak of “city districts” is odious to me.) How many street names, even today, preserve the name of a landed proprietor who, centuries earlier, had his demesne on their ground. The name “Château d’Eau,” referring to a long-vanished fountain, still haunts various *arrondissements* today. Even the better-known eating establishments are, in their way, assured of their small municipal immortality—to say nothing of the great literary immortality attaching to the Rocher de Cancall, the Véfour, the Trois Frères Provençaux. For hardly has a name made its way in the field of gastronomy, hardly has a Vatel or a Riche achieved its fame, than all of Paris, including the suburbs, is teeming with Petits Vatel and Petits Riches. Such is the movement of the streets, the movement of names, which often enough run at cross-purposes to one another. [P1,1]

And then the timeless little squares that suddenly are there, and to which no name attaches. They have not been the object of careful planning, like the Place Vendôme or the Place des Grèves, and do not enjoy the patronage of world history, but owe their existence to houses that have slowly, sleepily, belatedly assembled in response to the summons of the century. In such squares, the trees hold sway; even the smallest afford thick shade. Later, however, in the gaslight, their leaves have the appearance of dark-green frosted glass near the street lamps,

and their earliest green glow at dusk is the automatic signal for the start of spring in the big city. [P1,2]

The Quartier de l'Europe already existed as a project, incorporating the names of the European capitals, in 1820. [P1,3]

On February 4, 1805, houses were first numbered, by imperial decree. Previous attempts to do this—in January 1726—had met with violent resistance. Owners of houses declared themselves ready to number the side entrances, but not their carriage entrances. The Revolution had already introduced the numbering of houses according to districts; in some districts, there were 1,500–2,000 numbers. [P1,4]

After the assassination of Marat, Montmartre was renamed Mont-Marat. [P1,5]

The function of the saints in the naming of Parisian streets suddenly became clear during the Revolution. To be sure, the Rues Saint-Honoré, Saint-Roch, and Saint-Antoine were, for a while, known as Honoré, Roch, and Antoine, but it could not take hold; a hiatus had opened up that to the ear of the Frenchman was unendurable. [P1,6]

“An enthusiast of the Revolution once proposed transforming Paris into a map of the world: *all* streets and squares were to be rechristened and their new names drawn from noteworthy places and things across the world.” Pursue this in imagination and, from the surprising impression made by such an optical-phonetic image of the city, you will recognize the great importance of street names. Pinkerton, Mercier, and C. F. Cramer, *Ansichten der Hauptstadt des französischen Kaiserreichs vom Jahre 1806 an*, vol. 1 (Amsterdam, 1807), p. 100 (ch. 8, “Neologie,” by Pinkerton). [P1,7]

There is a peculiar voluptuousness in the naming of streets. [P1,8]

“The name La Roquette, given to two prisons, a street, and an entire district, comes from the plant of that name (*Eruca sativa*), which used to flourish in formerly uninhabited areas.” La Grande Roquette was, for a long time, the prison in which those sentenced to death awaited the outcome of their appeal. Maxime Du Camp, *Paris*, vol. 3, p. 264. [P1,9]

The sensuality in street names—certainly the only sort which citizens of the town, if need be, can still perceive. For what do we know of streetcorners, curbstones, the architecture of the pavement—we who have never felt heat, filth, and the edges of the stones beneath our naked soles, and have never scrutinized the uneven placement of the paving stones with an eye toward bedding down on them. [P1,10]

“Pont d’Austerlitz! Its famous name evokes for me something quite other than the battle. Despite what people have maintained to me, and which I accept for form’s sake, it was the battle that took its name from the bridge. An explanation for this took shape in my mind on the basis of my reveries, my recollection of distracted schooldays, and analogies in the savor and sound of certain words. As a child, I always kept this explanation under my hat; it was part of my secret language. And here it is: at the time of wars, crusades, and revolutions, on the eve of battle, the warriors would proceed with their ensigns to this bridge, old as the hills, and there, in all solemnity, would drink a cup of austerlitz. This austerlitz, formidable brew, was quite simply the hydromel of our ancestors, the Gauls, but more bitter and more filled with seltzer.” Charles Vildrac <Charles Messenger>, <Les> *Ponts de Paris* <Paris, ca. 1930>. [P1a,1]

Excursus on the Place du Maroc. Not only city and interior but city and open air can become entwined, and *this* intertwining can occur much more concretely. There is the Place du Maroc in Belleville: that desolate heap of stones with its rows of tenements became for me, when I happened on it one Sunday afternoon, not only a Moroccan desert but also, and at the same time, a monument of colonial imperialism; topographic vision was entwined with allegorical meaning in this square, yet not for an instant did it lose its place in the heart of Belleville. But to awaken such a view is something ordinarily reserved for intoxicants. And in such cases, in fact, street names are like intoxicating substances that make our perceptions more stratified and richer in spaces. One could call the energy by which they transport us into such a state their *vertu évocatrice*, their evocative power—but that is saying too little; for what is decisive here is not the association but the interpenetration of images. This state of affairs may be adduced, as well, in connection with certain pathological phenomena: the patient who wanders the city at night for hours on end and forgets the way home is perhaps in the grip of this power. [P1a,2]

Street names in Jean Brunet, *Le Messianisme—organisation générale de Paris: Sa constitution générale*, part 1 (Paris, 1858): Boulevard of Financiers, Boulevard of Jewelers, Boulevard of Merchants, Boulevard of Manufacturers, Boulevard of Metalworkers, Boulevard of Dyers, Boulevard of Printers, Boulevard of Students, Boulevard of Writers, Boulevard of Artists, Boulevard of Administrators.—Quartier Louis XIV (detailed argument for this name, p. 32, involving “embellishment” of the Saint-Martin and Saint-Denis gateways): Confection Street, Exportation Square, Ceramics Street, Bookbinding Street. [P1a,3]

“I read of a geographic scheme in which Paris would be the map, and hackney coaches the professors. Certainly, I would rather have Paris be a geographic map than a volume in the Roman calendar; and the names of saints, with which the streets are baptized, cannot compare, in either euphony or utility, with the names of the towns that have been proposed as substitutes for them. Thus, the Faubourg Saint-Denis, according to this plan, would be called the Faubourg de *Valenci-*

ennes; the Faubourg Saint-Marceau would become the Faubourg de Marseille; the Place de Grèves would be known as the Place de Tours or de Bourges; and so on.” Mercier, *Le Nouveau Paris* (Paris, 1800), vol. 5, p. 75. [P1a,4]

Rue des Immeubles Industriels—How old is this street? [P1a,5]

A surprising argument, a hundred years ago, in favor of an American system for demarcating streets: “You poor professors, who teach moral philosophy and belles lettres! Your names are posted in small black letters on a streetcorner, above a milestone. The name of this jeweler is as dazzling as a thousand fires—it shines like the sun. It is for sale, but it is expensive.” Mercier, *Le Nouveau Paris*, vol. 4, pp. 74–75. [P1a,6]

Apropos of the theory of street names: “Proper names, too, have an effect that is conceptually unburdened and purely acoustic. . . . To borrow an expression from Curtius (p. 65), proper names are “bare formulas” which Proust can fill up with feelings because they have not yet been rationalized by language.” Leo Spitzer, *Stilstudien* (Munich, 1928), vol. 2, p. 434. [P1a,7]

“Street,” to be understood, must be profiled against the older term “way.” With respect to their mythological natures, the two words are entirely distinct. The way brings with it the terrors of wandering, some reverberation of which must have struck the leaders of nomadic tribes. In the incalculable turnings and resolutions of the way, there is even today, for the solitary wanderer, a detectable trace of the power of ancient directives over wandering hordes. But the person who travels a street, it would seem, has no need of any waywise guiding hand. It is not in wandering that man takes to the street, but rather in submitting to the monotonous, fascinating, constantly unrolling band of asphalt. The synthesis of these twin terrors, however—monotonous wandering—is represented in the labyrinth. □ Antiquity □ [P2,1]

Whoever wishes to know how much at home we are in entrails must allow himself to be swept along in delirium through streets whose darkness greatly resembles the lap of a whore. □ Antiquity □ [P2,2]

How names in the city, though, first become potent when they issue within the labyrinthine halls of the Métro. Troglodytic kingdoms—thus they hover on the horizon: Solférino, Italie and Rome, Concorde and Nation. Difficult to believe that up above they all run out into one another, that under the open sky it all draws together. □ Antiquity □ [P2,3]

The true expressive character of street names can be recognized as soon as they are set beside reformist proposals for their normalization. For example, Pujoux’s proposal for naming the streets of Paris after the cities and localities of France, taking into consideration their geographic positions relative to one another, as

well as their population, and having regard for rivers and mountains, whose names would go especially to long streets which cross several districts—all of this “in order to provide an ensemble such that a traveler could acquire geographic knowledge of France within Paris and, reciprocally, of Paris within France.” J. B. Pujoux, *Paris à la fin du dix-huitième siècle* (Paris, 1801), p. 81. □ Flânerie □ [P2,4]

“Seventeen of the gates correspond to imperial routes. . . . In these names, one would seek in vain for a general system. What are Antihes, Toulouse, and Bâle doing there beside La Villette and Saint-Ouen? . . . If one had wanted to establish some distinctions, one could have given to each gate the name of the French city most distant in that direction.” E. de Lahédollière, *Histoire du nouveau* (Paris), p. 5. [P2,5]

“Some beneficial measures by the municipal magistracy date from the time of the Empire. On November 3, 1800, there was, by decree, a general revision of street names. Most of the grotesque vocables invented by the Revolution disappeared. The names of politicians were almost all replaced by the names of military men.” Lucien Dubech and Pierre d’Espezel, *Histoire de Paris* (Paris, 1926), p. 336. [P2,6]

“In 1802, in various neighborhoods—Rue du Mont-Blanc, Chaussée d’Antin—sidewalks were built, with an elevation of three or four inches. There was then an effort to get rid of the gutters in the center of the streets.” Lucien Dubech and Pierre d’Espezel, *Histoire de Paris* (Paris, 1926), p. 336. [P2,7]

“In 1805, the new system of sequential numbering of houses, begun on the initiative of Frochot and still in effect today: even numbers separated from odd, the even numbers on the right and the odd on the left, according as one moves away from the Seine or follows its course. The numbers were white and were placed on a red background in streets parallel to the river, on a black background in streets perpendicular to it.” Lucien Dubech and Pierre d’Espezel, *Histoire de Paris* (Paris, 1926), p. 337. [P2,8]

Around 1830: “The Chaussée d’Antin is the neighborhood of the nouveaux riches of the financial world. All these districts in the western part of town have been discredited: the city planners of the period believed that Paris was going to develop in the direction of the saltpeter works, an opinion that ought to instill prudence in today’s developers. . . . A lot on the Chaussée d’Antin had trouble finding a buyer at 20,000 to 25,000 francs.” Dubech and d’Espezel, *Histoire de Paris* (Paris, 1926), p. 364. [P2a,1]

July Monarchy: “While most of the street names recalling political events were done away with, new ones appeared commemorating a date: the Rue du 29 Juillet.” Duhech and d’Espezel, *Histoire de Paris*, p. 389. [P2a,2]

“I know nothing more ridiculous and more inconsistent than the names of streets, squares, blind alleys, and culs-de-sac in Paris. Let us choose at random some of these names in one of the more beautiful neighborhoods, and we cannot but note this incoherence and caprice. I arrive by the Rue Croix-des-Petits-Champs; I cross the Place des Victoires; I turn into the Rue Vuide-Gousset, which takes me to the Passage des Petits-Pères, from which it is only a short distance to the Palais-Egalité. What a salmagundi! The first name calls to mind a cult object and a rustic landscape; the second offers military triumphs; the third, an ambush; the fourth, the memory of a nickname given to a monastic order; and the last, a word which ignorance, intrigue, and ambition have taken turns abusing.” J. B. Pujoulx, *Paris à la fin du XVIII^e siècle* (Paris, 1801), pp. 73–74. [P2a,3]

“Two steps from the Place de la Bastille in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, people still say, ‘I am going to Paris’. . . . This suburb has its own mores and customs, even its own language. The municipality has numbered the houses here, as in all other parts of Paris; but if you ask one of the inhabitants of this suburb for his address, he will always give you the name his house bears and not the cold, official number. . . . This house is known by the name ‘To the King of Siam,’ that by ‘Star of Gold’; this house is called ‘Court of the Two Sisters,’ and that one is called ‘Name of Jesus’; others carry the name ‘Basket of Flowers,’ or ‘Saint Esprit,’ or ‘Bel Air,’ or ‘Hunting Box,’ or ‘The Good Seed.’” Sigmund Engländer, *Geschichte der französischen Arbeiterassoziationen* (Hamburg, 1864), vol. 3, p. 126. [P2a,4]

Excerpt from a proposal for naming streets which presumably stems from the Revolution: “Someone . . . proposed giving streets and alleys the names of virtues and generous sentiments, without reflecting that this moral nomenclature was too limited for the great number of streets to be found in Paris. . . . One senses that in this project there was a certain logic in the arrangement of names; for example, the Rue de la *Justice*, or that of *l’Humanité*, had necessarily to lead to the Rue du *Bonheur*, . . . while the Rue de la *Probité* . . . had to cross all of Paris in leading to the most beautiful neighborhoods.” J. B. Pujoulx, *Paris à la fin du XVIII^e siècle* (Paris, 1801), pp. 83–84. [P2a,5]

Concerning the magic of street names. Delvau on the Place Maubert: “It is not a square; it is a large blot, so full of filth and mire that even the lips sully themselves in pronouncing this name from the thirteenth century—not because it is old but because it exhales an odor of iniquity . . . which shocks the sense of smell.” A. Delvau, *Les Dessous de Paris* (Paris, 1866), p. 73. [P2a,6]

“It is not superfluous to observe that a foreigner, who, on arriving in a city, starts out everywhere judging by appearances, could well suppose, in coming upon these unsystematic and insignificant street names, that the reasoning of those who live here was no less loosely connected; and, certainly, if several streets presented him with base or obscene names, he would have grounds for believing in the immorality

of the inhabitants.” J. B. Pujoux, *Paris à la fin du XVIII^e siècle* (Paris, 1801), p. 77. [P3,1]

Rationalism took particular offense at names like Rue des Mauvais-Garçons, Rue Tire-Boudin, Rue Mauvaises-Paroles, Rue Femme-sans-Tête, Rue du Chat qui Pêche, Rue Courtaud-Villain.² It is such places that are frequented, says Pujoux, by those who won’t listen to his proposals. [P3,2]

“What a pleasure for the resident of the South of France to rediscover, in the names of the various districts of Paris, those of the place where he was born, of the town where his wife came into the world, of the village where he spent his early years.” J. B. Pujoux, *Paris à la fin du XVIII^e siècle* (Paris, 1801), p. 82. [P3,3]

“The hawkers choose their newspapers according to which neighborhoods they want to work in, and even within these areas there are nuances that must be distinguished. One street reads *Le Peuple*, while another will have only *La Réforme*, but the street perpendicular to these, which connects them, takes *L’Assemblée nationale*, or perhaps *L’Union*. A good hawker ought to be able to tell you, with an eye to the promises made by all the aspiring legislators and written upon our walls, what percentage of the vote in a particular *arrondissement* each of these political mendicants can expect to have.” A. Privat d’Anglemont, *Paris inconnu* (Paris, 1861), p. 154. □ Flâneur □ [P3,4]

What was otherwise reserved for only a very few words, a privileged class of words, the city has made possible for all words, or at least a great many: to be elevated to the noble status of name. This revolution in language was carried out by what is most general: the street.—Through its street names, the city is a linguistic cosmos. [P3,5]

Apropos of Victor Hugo’s “command of image. The few insights we have into his methods of composition confirm that the faculty of interior evocation was much stronger in him than in other people. This is why he was able—from memory, and without taking any notes—to describe the *quartier* of Paris through which Jean Valjean escapes in *Les Misérables*; and this description is strictly accurate, street by street, house by house.” Paul Bourget, obituary notice for Victor Hugo in the *Journal des débats*: “Victor Hugo devant l’opinion” (Paris, 1885), p. 91. [P3,6]

On an etching: “Rue Tirechape—in 1863 as it was in 1200.” Cabinet des Estampes. [P3,7]

In an engraving from 1830, one can see a man seated on a tree trunk in the Boulevard Saint-Denis. [P3,8]

In 1865, on the Boulevard des Capucines, at the corner of the Rue de Sèze and the Rue Caumartin, the first *refuge*, or street-island, was installed. [P3a,1]

“The way the cutups go to make faces at the entrance to the morgue; the way the showoffs come there to recite their grotesque jokes . . . in such a place; the way the crowd . . . gathers around to laugh their fill at the often indecent antics of a juggler, after gaping at five cadavers laid out side by side. . . . Now, that’s what I call revolting . . . !” Victor Fournel, *Ce qu’on voit dans les rues de Paris* (Paris, 1858), p. 355 (“La Morgue”). [P3a,2]

Ghosts of the city: “Romanticism on the decline . . . delights in legends. While George Sand, dressed as a man, supposedly rides on horseback across Paris in the company of Lamartine, dressed as a woman, Dumas has his novels written in cellars and drinks champagne upstairs with various actresses. Or, better yet, Dumas does not exist; he is only a mythical being, a trade name invented by a syndicate of editors.” J. Lucas-Dubreton, *La Vie d’Alexandre Dumas Père* (Paris <1928>), p. 141. [P3a,3]

“Here, then, . . . is the . . . *Dictionnaire de la langue verte* <Dictionary of Slang>, of which I would like people to say . . . what was said of Sébastien Mercier’s *Tableau de Paris*—namely, that it was conceived in the street and written on a milestone.” Alfred Delvau, *Dictionnaire de la langue verte* (Paris, 1866), p. iii. [P3a,4]

A nice description of elegant neighborhoods: “the nobility, silently bunkered in these cloistral streets as in an immense and splendid monastery of peace and refuge.” Paul-Ernest Rattier, *Paris n’existe pas* (Paris, 1857), p. 17. [P3a,5]

Around 1860, the Paris bridges were still insufficient for the traffic between the two banks; there was frequent recourse to ferries. The fare for this service was two sous; proletarians, therefore, could only rarely make use of it. (From P.-E. Rattier, *Paris n’existe pas* (Paris, 1857), pp. 49–50. [P3a,6]

“In Hugo, the Vendôme Column, the Arc de Triomphe, and the Invalides go hand in hand, if I may put it this way. There is a historical and political, a real and literary connection among these three monuments. Today, . . . the position of these three terms, their relation, has changed. The Column has been effectively supplanted, in spite of Vuillaume. And it is the Pantheon that has come, as it were, to replace it—especially since Hugo’s success in bringing it to yield, so to speak, to the great men. Today, the trilogy of monuments is the Arc de Triomphe, the Pantheon, and the Church of the Invalides.” Charles Péguy, *Oeuvres complètes, 1873–1914: Oeuvres de prose* (Paris, 1916), p. 419 (“Victor-Marie, Comte Hugo”). <See C6; C6a,1, section III.> [P3a,7]

“The true Paris is by nature a dark, miry, malodorous city, confined within its narrow lanes, . . . swarming with blind alleys, culs-de-sac, and mysterious passages, with labyrinths that lead you to the devil; a city where the pointed roofs of the somber houses join together up there near the clouds and thus begrudge you

the bit of blue which the northern sky would give in alms to the great capital. . . . The true Paris is full of freak shows, repositories at three centimes a night for unheard-of beings and human phantasmagorias. . . . There, in a cloud of ammoniac vapor, . . . and on beds that have not been made since the Creation, reposing side by side are hundreds, thousands, of charlatans, of match sellers, of accordion players, of hunchbacks, of the blind and the lame; of dwarfs, legless cripples, and men whose noses were bitten off in quarrels, of rubber-jointed men, clowns making a comeback, and sword swallows; of jugglers who balance a greasy pole on the tips of their teeth . . . ; children with four legs, Basque giants and other kinds, Tom Thumb in his twentieth reincarnation, plant-people whose hand or arm is the soil of a living tree, which sprouts each year its crown of branches and leaves; walking skeletons, transparent humans made of light . . . and whose faint voice can make itself heard to an attentive ear . . . ; orangutans with human intelligence; monsters who speak French.” Paul-Ernest de Rattier, *Paris n'existe pas* (Paris, 1857), pp. 12, 17–19. To be compared with this are Hugo’s drawings, and also Haussmann’s vision of Paris. [P4,1]

Fate of the republican opposition under Guizot. “*L’Emancipation*, of Toulouse, cites the words of a conservative to whom someone had expressed pity for the plight of those political prisoners languishing behind bars: ‘I will feel sorry for them when mushrooms begin growing on their backs.’” Jean Skerlitch, *L’Opinion publique en France d’après la poésie politique et sociale de 1830 à 1848* (Lausanne, 1901), pp. 162–163. [P4,2]

“With this magic title of *Paris*, a play or review or book is always assured of success.” Théophile Gautier, first sentence of the Introduction to *Paris et les Parisiens au XIX^e siècle* (Paris, 1856), p. i. [P4,3]

“The universe does nothing but gather the cigar hutts of Paris.” Théophile Gautier, Introduction, *Paris et les Parisiens au XIX^e siècle* (Paris, 1856), p. iii. [P4,4]

“A long time ago, someone had the idea of peopling the Champs-Élysées with statues. The moment for this has still not arrived.” Th. Gautier, “Études philosophiques,” *Paris et les Parisiens au XIX^e siècle*, p. 27. [P4,5]

“Thirty years ago . . . it was still . . . virtually the sewer it had been in ancient times. A very large number of streets, whose surface is now crowned, were then hollow causeways. You very often saw, at the low point where the gutters of a street or a square terminated, large rectangular gratings with great bars, the iron of which shone, polished by the feet of the multitude, dangerous and slippery for wagons, and making horses stumble. . . . In 1832, in many streets, . . . the old Gothic cloaca still cynically showed its jaws. They were enormous, sluggish gaps of stone, sometimes surrounded by stone blocks, displaying monumental effront-

ery.” Victor Hugo, *Oeuvres complètes*, novels, vol. 9 (Paris, 1881), p. 181 (*Les Misérables*).³ [P4a,1]

On the wall of the Farmers-General, under Louis XVI: “The *mur* <wall> by which Paris is immured makes Paris murmur.” [P4a,2]

As a legend of the morgue, Maillard cites the following remarks from E. Texier, *Le Tableau de Paris* (1852): “In this building lives a clerk who . . . has a family. Who knows whether the clerk’s daughter does not have a piano in her room and, on Sunday evenings, does not dance with her friends to the strains of the ritornellos of Pilodo or Musard.” According to Maillard, however, the clerk did not live in the morgue in 1852. Cited in Firmin Maillard, *Recherches historiques et critiques sur la Morgue* (Paris, 1860), pp. 26–27. The account goes back, as Maillard himself explains, to a report of 1830 by Léon Gozlan, which for its part was somewhat feuilletonistic. [P4a,3]

“The Place Maubert, accursed square which hides the name of Alhertus Magnus.” *Paris chez soi* <Paris, 1854>, p. 9 (Louis Lurine, “A travers les rues”). [P4a,4]

In Mercier, *Nouveau Paris* (1800), vol. 6, p. 56, it is recounted that “the mysterious hornblowers . . . in fact made a pretty sinister noise. It was not to announce the sale of water that they made this noise; their lugubrious hlaré, dignified fanfare of terror, was most often a threat of arson: ‘They were in the taverns, and they would communicate from one neighborhood to the next,’ says Mercier. ‘All their harmonized sounds were centrally coordinated, and when they played with redoubled force, one expected something to happen. You would listen for a long while, understanding nothing; but in all this uproar there was a language of sedition. These plots were no less deep for being hatched so blatantly. It has been remarked that, at the time of the fires, the signal was more prompt, more rapid, more shrill. When the hlaze broke out at Les Célestins, . . . my brain had been dulled the day before by the noise of the horns. On another occasion, the ears were assailed by the cracking of whips; on some days, it was a hanging on hoxes. One trembles at these keen daily alarms.’” Edouard Fournier, *Enigmes des rues de Paris* (Paris, 1860), pp. 72–73 (“Sur quelques bruits de Paris”). [P4a,5]

C. Bouglé, *Chez les prophètes socialistes* (Paris, 1918), cites, in the essay “L’Alliance intellectuelle franco-allemande” (p. 123), Börne’s phrase about the streets of Paris: those glorious streets “whose pavement one ought to tread with hare feet only.” [P5,1]

The Avenue Rachel leads to the cemetery of Montmartre. About this, Daniel Halévy writes (*Pays parisiens* [Paris <1932>], p. 276): “Rachel, the tragedienne, is here the herald and patroness.” [P5,2]

“The importance accorded the traffic of pilgrims—many people in those days went to venerate relics—is attested by the fact that the old Roman road, with its two sections, was named after the principal destinations of such pilgrimage: in the north, Saint-Martin, after the Cathedral of Tours; and in the south, Saint-Jacques, after the Spanish Jago di Compostella.” Fritz Stahl, *Paris* (Berlin <1929>), p. 67. [P5,3]

The oft-formulated observation that the neighborhoods of Paris each have a life of their own is given support by Stahl (*Paris*, p. 28) in a reference to certain Parisian monuments. (He speaks of the Arc de Triomphe, and one could also mention Notre Dame or Notre Dame de Lorette.) Forming a background to important streets, these buildings give their districts a center of gravity and, at the same time, represent the city as such within them. Stahl says “that each monumental edifice . . . appears with an escort, like a prince with his train of followers, and by this retinue it is separated from the respectfully withdrawing masses. It becomes the ruling nucleus of a neighborhood that appears to have gathered around it” (p. 25). [P5,4]