

THE  
**EMANCIPATION**  
OF WOMAN

OR

THE TESTAMENT OF THE PARIAH

a posthumous work

OF M<sup>me</sup> FLORA TRISTAN



COMPLETED ACCORDING TO HER NOTES AND PUBLISHED

**BY A. CONSTANT**

The progresses of society and changes of stages occur on account of the progress of women towards liberty, and the declines of the social order occur on account of the decline of the liberty of women... In summary, *the extension of the privileges of women is the principle of all social progress.*

FOURIER.

1846



## ***APPEAL TO WOMEN***

**OF ALL RANKS, ALL AGES, ALL OPINIONS, AND ALL COUNTRIES.**

Women,

You have the soul, the heart, the spirit, the senses; you are gifted with such impressionability that, unwittingly, you have a tear for every pain — a cry for every groan — a sublime impetus for every generous action — a devotion for all suffering — a consolation for all the afflicted; — women, you who are devoured by the need to love, to act, to live; you who *seek everywhere* an end to the burning and ceaseless activity of the soul that animates you, wears you down, gnaws at you, kills you — women, will you remain silent and always *hidden*, when the *most numerous* and *most useful* class, your brothers and sisters, the proletarians, those who work, suffer, weep and moan, just ask you, hands raised in supplication, to help them out of poverty and ignorance!

Women, THE WORKERS' UNION has cast its eyes on you; it has understood that it could not have more a devoted, more intelligent, more powerful auxiliary.—Women, THE WORKERS' UNION has a right to your gratitude. It is the *first* that has recognized in principle the rights of women. Today *your cause* and its own thus become common.—Women of the wealthy class, you who are educated, intelligent, who enjoy the power that education provides, who enjoy merit, rank, and fortune; you who could influence the men who surround you, your children, your domestics and the workers subordinated to you, lend your powerful protection to the men who only have strength in *numbers and right* to protect them.—In the turn, those men *with bare arms* will lend you *their support*.—You are oppressed by laws and prejudices; UNITE with the oppressed, and, through this legitimate and holy covenant, we can fight legally and honestly, of course, against the laws and prejudices that oppress us.

Women, what mission do you fulfill in society? — None. — Well, if you want to occupy your lives with dignity, dedicate yourselves to the triumph of the holiest of causes: THE WORKERS' UNION.

Women, who feel within yourselves the sacred fire that we call faith, love, devotion, intelligence, and activity, make yourselves preachers of THE WORKERS' UNION.

Women writers, poets, artistes, write to educate the people, and let THE UNION be the text of your songs.

Rich women, suppress all those frivolities of your toilette that absorb enormous sums, and learn to employ your fortunes more usefully and more magnificently. Make gifts to THE WORKERS' UNION.

Women of the people, become members of THE WORKERS' UNION. Convince you sons and daughters to enroll in the book of THE UNION.

Women of all France, of all the earth, show your glory by making yourselves, loudly and publicly, defenders of THE UNION.

Oh! Women, our sisters, do not remain deaf to our appeal! — Come to us, we have need of your help, of your assistance, of your protection.

Women, in the name of your sufferings and our own, we ask for your cooperation in our great work.

(Extract from *The Worker's Union*, 3rd edition.)

## FOREWARD

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We laugh, and perhaps with some justification, at the messiahs and false gods of our era; so, in publishing this *Testament of the Pariah*, we do not pretend to present Flora Tristan as a prophetess or as inspired.

But that women believed until her death; she first devoted herself to the working class in general, but she then wanted to work for the renewal of humanity through the moral emancipation of women, and that is why she worked in silence on a book full of bold and generous thoughts that should be published after her death. This book does not contain a new doctrine, and yet we do not hesitate to place it among the most profound and serious works of our palingenesic era; it is the farewell of a beautiful, misunderstood genius; and it is, in the end, the last song of the believing and sacrificed soul that the ancients had blessed with so many melodies under the emblem of the song of the swan.

All those to whom the memory of the friends of the people are dear, all the men of the future, and all the women who feel the dignity of their sex in the prerogatives of the mother will read this book with interest.

Doubtless they will find there a bit of the enthusiastic disorder and hyperbolic exaggeration that are ordinary in ardent souls; haven't the Catholic saints also had their pious exaggerations?

There is no doubt that the recriminations of Flora, against the society from which she had suffered so much, contain a bit of vehemence and bitterness; the fortunate will pardon her and the unfortunate will understand. As for the social order, it will nonetheless remain the same as long as God wills it.

Moreover, if only from the point of view of curiosity, this publication cannot fail to be successful. I deliver then to the public what has been entrusted to me for them. I have only lent my writing to Flora in the places where her notes were left cluttered or doubtful, but always according to her verbal customs.

In short, it is her thought and not mine that I submit to the judgment of opinion; because, as for me, I am tired of having thoughts that no one shares, and I withdraw from a competition where I fought painfully and generously perhaps, even though without encouragement and without glory, in order to end by dying in the shadows, praying at the tombs of the nobles hearts we forget and by conversing with the souls of those who have loved without hope and proclaimed a word without an echo!

A. CONSTANT.

## PREFACE.

So what must we do to move this corrupt generation? How deep must we plunge the iron to find living flesh beneath the gangrene that tends to putrefaction?

In the name of those who suffer, in the name of those who hunger, in the name of those killed slowly, in the name of those who sell themselves for a crust of muddy bread, in the name of those who, like the filthiest animals, are forced to fight for the vilest of feed in the sewers of crime;

In the name of the poor women who are priced like debauched meat in the butcher's shops of prostitution, and whom we called the daughters of joy, because, like the damned of Dante, their tears are forever frozen in their eyes and a fury of suffering sometimes makes them laugh miserably;

In the name of those innocent victims trafficked by the immorality of a mercantile marriage, who, dressed in white and adorned with flowers like the ancient sacrifices, are led to the altar so that a forced bachelor can give his ironic benediction to their ordeal, for an honorable father and a so-called virtuous mother have condemned them for a bit of gold to the torture invented by Mezentius, in the embraces of a corpse;

In the name of the mothers and fathers whose children are devoured by the social Moloch, in the name of the men who are mutilated and poisoned, in the name of the women whose hearts are eaten and who do not dare to complain, in the name of the children who are crushed, and whose skulls are flattened, so that they have neither heart nor thought...

I have screamed, I have wept, and you have laughed! I have worn myself to death, I have dragged myself to your feet, and you have planted your foot on my head! What am I! What does it matter what happens to me? Haven't I given my life for this people? That's alright: debase me, imprison me, slander me, push the insult further and throw me a bit of bread under the table. That is fine! I accept it all—except for your bread. All of that is for me, but the people, what will you do for them? — Ah! I had long since surmised that the people have nothing to expect from you. Prosperity intoxicates you, the habits of pleasure and remorse make you fear the boredom of serious ideas: the people disgust you and you do not forgive them for being unfortunate and hungry!

Is not it, my fat financiers with cheeks so rosy and so round, with lips still shiny from the delicious wines that you have just drunk; is not it that these people are ugly, with their sunken eyes, their pale complexion and their hollow cheeks?

Is it not, my ladies, the honest prostitutes—that is to say the rich ones, because these two words, as we know, have been synonymous for a long time—is it not, pretty, satiny sirens, gilt and perfumed, that these people feel bad and that it makes them sick with their rags? So what do they ask for and why has someone let them in?—There's nothing here for them.—They want bread? Tell

them that there is none. But, lackeys, chase away these people and give sugar to my poor greyhound that barks himself hoarse against them!

Isn't it, you all, the elect of the grubs, of the *buvaille*, of the lackeys, bellies always full and always hungry, bloated with pride and sated with infamy; isn't it that the people are greedy and that such rogues are very brazen to pretend that they want to eat!

Aren't the earth and all that it produces yours? Isn't it you who are the legitimate proprietors? Are you not masters, who may waste your remains when you are full, and share your luxury with your dogs, rather than concern yourselves with the necessities of the poor?

The poor? Let them go to the charity office! The beggars? To the workhouse! Let them go to the devil, all of them, if they wish! As for us, let us drink, eat and enjoy our prostitutes! We have the money.

Yes, drink: it is the blood of the people! Yes, eat: it is the flesh of the people! Yes, enjoy your prostitutes: it is the loins of the people! And when you go to sleep, well fed and jaded, they will awaken again, starving and terrible.

And when you have finished, it will begin!

Yes! Drink, but beware! For you also have blood in your veins!

Eat, but be afraid! For your flesh fattens like that of the victims!

Enjoy your prostitutes, but tremble with terror, for you have wives and daughters!

I have been a wife, I have been a mother, and society has crushed my heart. I have been murdered, because I protested against infamy, and society has debased me by regretfully condemning my assassin.

Now I am no longer a wife, I am no longer a mother, I am the pariah!

Well, brothers and sisters! When I have fallen in the war against your oppressors, I will leave you this book—a book of terrors for them, of hope and advice for you... and they will not dare to condemn it.

For I do not preach rebellion to you. Rebellion is the crime of a handful of seditious persons. A people never revolts; it rises when its time comes and does not need to be told.

I do not attack property, as they say. Could I encourage thieves, I, who pursue them under the judges' robes?

I do not attack morals: I only observe that our would-be moralists are the most immoral of men.

I do not attack religion; for it is in its very name that I raise my voice to denounce the selfishness and lies of our ministers.

I write to let you know; I cry out to let your hear; I walk so that you will know the way!

So read, sisters and brothers, and if you believe in the devotion of a sister, follow me!

A man once devoted himself to the point of death, and the testament that he left was the Gospel.

Well, as for me, I want to accomplish what Magdalene the sinner doubtless dreamed of, there at the foot of the cross.

I want to love as he has loved and die as he has died, in order to be able to impregnate the widowhood of the Gospel and also leave a legacy to mix with its own.

For me also there must be a Calvary, in order to proclaim there, as I die, the emancipation of woman!



## Gods.

Poor women, poor pariahs, hearts famished for liberty and love, women of the people who work to live and do not live, do you believe in God?

What is God for the pariah? Is he the father of all beings? But how could the pariah know a father when nature, her mother, prostitutes herself with strangers and no longer provides for her child?

If he is a father, where is his love? The pariah lives here below surrounded by hatred, or by a scorn still more poignant than hatred, or by a forgetfulness still more crushing than the scorn.

If he is a father, why doesn't he provide for his children and how doesn't he prevent the strongest or boldest from eating the portion of the weak and the timid?

If he is a father to you, what will be your share of his riches? The wealthy have disinherited us from the earth; the priests disinherit us from heaven!

Tell me, Monsignor Bishop and don't turn away your head, I do not ask you for alms, but you are paid to teach the people, and I would question you.

Jesus, your master, has said: Blessed are the poor; so why have you excommunicated them?

You are irritated by this speech: listen again and respond to me. Is there in your elegant temples a decent place where the poor can rest?

You can only go to God, you say, by means of the sacraments of his Church, and those are the only ways that he has established to communicate with men; but are there sacraments for the poor? Will you give the sacraments of the living to those who cannot live, or those of the dead to those who do not even count among the dead?

Who will be the godfather of the pariah's child and who will respond for him at baptism? To what parish will you present him? Does he have a home?

He will remain guilty of original sin because he was born without money and resources, and, admit it, that is for you especially the most irreparable original sin.

Grown older, if he wishes to approach God, he must at least go to confess. I only have authority in this parish, the priest will respond to him, if, by chance, he finds a priest who deigns to take the trouble to respond to him: "What parish are you from?"

"From the parish of misery," he will respond. "Well, wretch, confess yourself to the devil, because the horrible parish that you just named only has hell for a metropolis."

I have heard some of the priests who wait in the confessional ask if they speak to a gentlemen or a man, a lady or a woman.

Wretches who put humanity in the index and excommunicate the human race in order to confine themselves to the aristocracy, in order, no doubt, that their Christ will know where to find them when he comes to save men and women and to punish the wealthy, whom he has so often cursed!

Bad priests, you see well that, according to you, there is no God for the poor!

Can the child of the poor, ground for sixteen hours a day in the gears of the machines that work for you, go to the catechism to hear your instructions, and if he listened to them, how would he hear them? He would sleep and you would put him on his knees to rest from his weariness.

Is a first communion possible for these little unfortunates who have communed nearly from birth with all the physical and moral depravities, without being for that any less innocent in the eyes of sound reason?

Is there a marriage for the pariahs? Their loves can only be debauched, for they are not allowed to bring children into the world.

And if they want the Church to bless their last moments, they must beg for a place in the hospital so that public charity pays for the doctor and the priest, the extreme unction and the last medications.

Bad priests, you see clearly that your God is not the God of the poor, and that, according to you, there is no God for the pariahs!

Well, let me tell you that if there is a horrible phantom worthy of being the great pariah of the heavens, it is your God, bad priests! It is the false God that you made in your own image!

Let it be cursed as it curses those who beg! Let it be cast out as it casts out those who cry!

Our own God, we poor pariahs, its eternal justice! And we know that she will come when your time has passed.

**No doubt an empty heaven would seem preferable to your horrible Divinity, but we know that there is no void in the infinite, and because we believe in being by the movement and by the movement in life, and by life in progress, and by progress in the future, we know that there is a God!**

Yes, it is for the pariahs that a God **goes in** the heavens: it is called the future, it is called justice, it is called mercy and vengeance all at once, for it will pardon and it will punish!

Oh! Let us believe in that God, in order to unite us in one faith and to be strong; for faith alone is strong, and that is why we say that it saves.

Let us believe that it will aid us, if we aid ourselves; let us believe that it will save us, if we wish energetically and all together to save ourselves!

Women, my sisters, remain idle no longer in the combat that is prepared, for it will be the most loving who will triumph!

Certainly, I do not call you to forget your duties, but I teach you to know the most sacred of your duties.

Gods have made you to love. Now, what is loving? It is choosing. In order to love, you must be free!

My sisters, no longer be slaves whose flesh is sold and whose hearts are smothered. Do as I do instead: protest and die.

No longer be prostituted to sordid interests; no longer be the servants of the brutality of man!

Look to Christ, and see how he protested against the tyrants: Christ is widowed in heaven and he awaits a spouse. Women, know that **God** himself cannot do violence to the will of a child. Do you want to be free?..

## Man.

Eighteen centuries ago, a prefect of Judea appeared on his balcony of stone, beneath which pressed, shouting, a fanatic and debased populace; some lackeys dragged by bloody ropes and purple rags *something* living, crying and bleeding, which no longer had a shape, so completely had it been covered with wounds, with bonds, with rags and with thorns. Showing this work of torture to the people, Pontius Pilate said disdainfully: Behold the man!

Well, that man, who then went on to die for the people, was the man we worshipped for eighteen hundred years as a God; and man, that is to say the people (for, we have already said it, it is only a child of the people who is a man, while the other is a gentleman), well, I say, after eighteen hundred years the entire people still resemble the unfortunate torture victim whom Pontius Pilate designated by saying: Behold the man!

I ask you, modern philanthropists and makers of moral systems, what is a man worth in our modern society? I do not speak here of his work or of the use that can be made of him. What is the life of a man worth, purely and simply, and how much would society give to save it? — If he is in the river, 15 francs; if he is in poverty, nothing!

The sad *ecce homo* of Pontius Pilate had at least been paid a bit more dear.

What is a man in modern society? I do not speak of the capitalist, for a capitalist is not a man; he is a proprietor and that is why he ordinarily dispenses with being human.

A man is a productive force that costs so much to use and yields so much.

That is precisely what he was in the time of the slaves, with the difference that the slave had work and bread assured.

A man is a beast of burden that we dispense with feeding when he does not, or can no longer work.

If they are afraid of his idle hands, they tie them up, under pretext that he does not want to pay tribute to Caesar, and if he wants to be free, they tell him that he is king, and they give him for a pathetic scepter the stick that serves to strike him, and for crown the brambles of poverty and of the discomforts of all sorts that leave no rest for his poor head, and, to disguise its thorns, they soak them in his flowing blood, and make them a painful purple.

Behold the man! And there is only that man; for those treat him thus are not men; they are the great, the priests, slaves and executioners.

Behold society in its entirety! *Ecce homo!*

Now, while Pilate showed the Christ in this way to a pitiless populace, the holy women watched him from afar and cried, and even the wife of the proconsul said to him: "Do not stain this just man with blood!"

And when they led him to Calvary, the holy women accompanied him, crying.

That is well, women, for he died for you! Now show to the world that you have gathered the drops of his blood and that one of you has preserved his image on the shroud!

To you, now, belongs the work of redemption, to you the protest for all the days, to you the apostolate of the family, to you Calvary; for men no longer have enough love to know how to sacrifice themselves!

## **Woman in Modern Society.**

“How much will you give me, if I deliver him up to you?” said, speaking of his master, the infamous Judas, the type of the accursed Jew. They promised him thirty pieces of silver, and he sold at that price the kiss that would give death to a God.

“Who much will you give me?” says woman in modern society, “if I deliver myself up to you?”

They promise her a bit of gold, they make a bit of silver ring in her ears... What am I saying? They go so far as to throw some pieces of filthy, green copper in the stream! The woman stoops, picks herself up, smiles at you and suffers the kiss, more deplorable than the stooping, which everyday kills the modesty in her, the divinity of the woman, who, sacrificed every day, always suffers and cries.

For the same price, if that is more amusing to them, they can also spit in her face; she would not be more offended.

And the woman that we treat that way, born of Peter rather than Paul, could be our sister: born a little sooner, she could be our mother, and she has never offended us.

No matter, she is a wretch, and one can do anything to her: she must eat, she is hungry. That word explains everything.

The houses where this hideous traffic in human flesh and shame is done have recently been newly repainted and now bear, in the middle of the front, their number for a sign.

These establishments pay a fee to the police, are classified and numbered, and have dossiers at the Bureau of Public Morals.<sup>1</sup>

They are, as we see, so many branches of a parent company, which also whitewashes its exterior, makes a hypocritical morality with its windows of frosted glass and deserves to bear a number on the front, since it has nothing else in its heart.

That great and infamous house is the whole of society!

Fathers, whom we call honest, dare then to maintain that you have never sold your daughters!

Whether it is under one name or another, whether it is with honor or with infamy, whether it is for more or less money, whether it is a single unfortunate

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<sup>1</sup> We are assured that one woman, very celebrated among these headmasters, shows to whoever wishes to see it a certificate of irreproachable morality that was given her by the commissioner of the quarter of the Place du Palais-Royal, and signed by twenty principal proprietors of that quarter, who all certify that for thirty years Pauline the Jewess has earned in that regard the certificate that had been given her by its commissioner. (Editor's note.)

or several, what does it matter, if interest alone intervenes in the alliance that you impose on them?

Fathers who act in this way, close your windows well, frost their panes so that the scenes inside escape public pity and indignation; then write in large numbers the price that you want for your child, and hang the number on your door, so that the despicable sorts who have the money know that there is a body and soul for sale.

I address myself to the father, for I don't want to admit that a mother could ever consent to deliver up her daughter in this way.

In our unfortunate society, woman is a pariah from birth, serf of conditions, miserable from duty, and she must almost always choose between hypocrisy and stigmatization.

Someone will doubtless protest that there are worthy women, saintly women, content with their fate, perfectly honorable and fittingly honored.

Yes, I know it, they are sublime martyrs; they are content as Sylvio Pellico was content in his harsh prison.

They do not appear to suffer because their dignity is greater than their pain, or because they have never thought of their unknown rights, or because they prefer the tranquility of resignation to the anguish of struggle.

But ask these earthly angels if they have ever loved; they will respond to you by gazing to the heavens!

Ask them if they are truly happy; they will respond with Rousseau's Julie: "My friend, I am too happy; my happiness bores me."

Well, no, I tell you, you are not happy, for you are not living the life for which God created you.

You are blanched, stifled, deformed, discouraged, and you resign yourself. Well enough, but your task remains to be done.

The Christ said that the kingdom of the heavens suffers violence.

It is easy to yield; it is easy to keep silent, when at that price one may be tranquil and honored.

Oh! If you knew what it costs to protest; if your weak heart had only dreamed of that struggle against a world where no one encourages you and everything crushes you!

You would ask yourself what courage it would take to confront such a martyr!

Well, I tell you that this martyrdom is full of bitter, but immense ecstasies; that there is a triumph in the struggle, and the pariah would not change her fate for that of the most envied among you!

## The Light of the Future

The darkness covered the world. God said: Let there be light! And there was light, and that was the first day.

By that light, God accomplished his work during the following days, and on the seventh he rested.

Artisan of the light, you have rested too quickly! Begin the work of the first day again, for the light of intelligence is extinguished, and the star that was its blind reflection, the material sun itself, seems to have faded!

Man tires during his long nights of gazing at the dark sky where he has seen, one by one, all the stars extinguished.

He is tired of demanding the splendors of your Word of that pitiless sun, which for so many centuries has watched, with a fixed and always serene gaze, the many crimes and misfortunes that revolve around him!

The thirst of his intelligence cannot be quenched, and he has closed off his intelligence, from the side of heaven; for the truth, which he awaits like a shower of rain, has not fallen on him.

The hunger of his heart has not been filled with love, for he has closed his heart to love, and he no longer loves because he no longer believes!

Then he extends his hands towards the material wealth of the earth and his lips towards the springs of mortal delights, where at least he could drink, and the animal life triumphs.

Lord, why does your sky no longer have lights, and why has this earth, which you have given to man, become the prey of devouring animals?

For where there is no longer intelligence or love, human life is extinguished.

Speak again to the light, my God, and say once more to your Word: Let us make man!

Did the supreme intelligence manage to launch the sun into space and order the marvelous march of the spheres, just so that beings with big bellies and faces without genius could swap the products of the earth, human being included among themselves, like second-hand goods? Was this work accomplished so that we could just manage to eat, to have houses and clothes, to enjoy, in the end, not thought, but the power to stifle thought!

Behold our aborted world! An imperfect sketch from which the Creator seems to have turned away in disgust!

Do we await new word to pull us from the void? But hasn't the Christ whom you have called your God spoken, nearly two thousand years ago, and having being stirred up, having simmered like the surface of a mire heated by the sun, haven't you fallen again into your cold, flat inertia?



Oh! I understand all too well the bloody agony of the Christ in the Garden of Olives, where he kept vigil alone while his closest confidants slept or betrayed him! And that harrowing, terrible, desperate cry, that he let fall from the height of his cross onto the world like an eternal farewell:

“My God! My God! Why have you abandoned me?”

Oh! Yes! I understand you, poor prophet of the pariahs, whom the rich are happy to allow to be the God of the people, on the condition that you preach by example with your resignation in your torture, and that the people will let themselves be scourged and crucified like you!

We are told that the Word has created the world and that you were the incarnation of the Word: I believe it, and it is in you that I still hope; but you have not created either liberty or happiness for us, and they have made you die, and for eighteen hundred years and more they have triumphed and endlessly renewed your torture!

Master, you must return to life on the third day: your days in the sepulture are very long! Must our bones, and those of our children, bleach in the countryside, like those in the vision of Ezekiel, before the dawn of the third day?

When you rise again gloriously, O my master, and when you ascend the throne of the intelligences with your train of the poor and cursed, redeemed by your blood, then alone will the creation be finished, for God will have given man as master to the brutal instincts that devour the earth.

Then, O Christ, you will take by the hand the one who has said, “I am the servant of the Lord.” And you will say to her, “You are my mother; sit close to me on my throne and reign with me over the world.”

The glorious image of Mary will thus complete the sad myth of Eve: the mother of God will rehabilitate the mother of the first man; marriage, becoming free, will be pure and original sin will be erased.

You could rest then, creator of the moral world, of which the physical world where we suffer has only been the first sketch and unfinished attempt.

So the third day of the Christ will be the seventh of the world, and that will be the great Sabbath that has been decreed in the symbolic cosmogony of Moses!

## **The Three Symbolic Persons**

“Glory to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit,” the Church repeats in its doxology.

And the somber voice of real life responds in the heart of the pariah:

Where is the glory of the Father whose children are outcasts while we call him the Almighty?

Where is the glory of the Son who has made himself the brother of men and who by dying for them, once on Calvary and thousands of times on the communion altar, has still not saved them?

Where is the glory of the Holy Spirit, of the spirit of intelligence and love, in a world where we do not understand with love and do not love intelligence?

You sing glory to the Father, hypocritical Pharisees, and yet you have broken the tables of the law to go at your leisure to praise the golden calf!

You say glory to the Father, and yet the Father's children languish in ignorance of their heavenly origin and glorious destiny, because instead of preaching their God to them you preach yourself, and they are disgusted with hearing your empty, rote declamations, memorized like lessons for schoolchildren.

You say glory to the Father, and yet you persecute those who want to free the human family from exploitation and lies.

You say glory to the Father, and yet every day you profane the flesh and blood of the Son, in these sacrifices carried out every day with negligence and as a routine, where you do not think to pray for yourselves when you make the offering for the dead!

You sing glory to the Son, and yet you grow old in the spirit of pride and obstinacy of those who have crucified the Savior. And if he returned to earth you would chase him from the Church, and if he raised his voice he would have you put in prison.

You sing glory to the Son, but you have ripped out his heart so that he resembles you, and you have surrounded that heart with a hedge of thorns, so that small children doubtless never dare to approach it, and you have exposed it in this way on your altars, throbbing and bleeding, as the savages suspend the heads of the enemies they have killed in the enclosures of their idols.

You sing glory to the Son, and yet you scorn the poor whom the Son has glorified.

You sing glory to the Holy Spirit, and yet you protest relentlessly against the progress of intelligence and the legitimate expansion of love!

God will doubtless pardon you, for you know not what you do, but we will not listen to you, for you know not what you say!

The Father is the God who saved an oppressed people from the tyranny of Pharaoh by raising the sea and shaking the mountains with it! He is the terrible revolutionary of Tanis who chastised the kings with the ten plagues, as if with scalding rods, and who gave bread to all the people in the very midst of the desert!... Now the manna could fall from heaven, but the people would nonetheless die of hunger. The proprietors of the field would say: "All that falls on our lands is ours." The governments would say: "All that falls on the highways is ours." And between them they would exploit even the manna from heaven.

Father, if you no longer want to feed you children, is it because you can no longer save them? Has your hand lost its strength in age, and has your mouth forgotten what voice must be made heard in order to make the Pharaohs suffer?

Lord, save your children who perish, so that we can, in our turn, sing glory to the Father.

The Son is the God of the poor, the God of the people, the crucified God who has pardoned his executioners and whose death has still not been expiated; for his executioners are always the same.

O Christ! Haven't you suffered enough? You see very well that resignation only arouses them and that your silence encourages them.

O, lamb slain so many times slain, whose flesh has served so many orgies, is it not time to transfigure yourself, to make the roar of the lion of the tribe of Judah heard, to leave your tomb, mounted on that terrible steed that the apostle saw in his vision, and to reap the earth with that two-edged sword that egalitarian speech brought forth out of your mouth?

Master, will you soon invite the eagles and vultures to the great feast you prepare for them?

Are the grapes ripe? When will you start the harvest? Oh! When you come out from the pressing room with your robe dyed in new purple, we will shout in our turn: Glory to the Son!

The Holy Spirit is the God of intelligence and love; it is the spirit of liberty and life that works the world. It is the material genius of woman! In vain, Hell thickens the shadows around it; it shines, and, like thousands of burning lances, its fiery features rend the night.

This is the one whose reign is prepared, the one whose martyrs the world insults today! Let this corrupt world hasten, for it does not have long to triumph; and already, calm among the persecutions, laughing at the insults and proud in our misery, let us say: Glory to the Holy Spirit!

## Genius and Love

A sacred instinct leads the people unwittingly in the choice and the manifestation of their symbols.

Thus, in our time, in the place where despotism once had its dungeons, we have raised a column to liberty, and atop this column shines the angel of light, the young and glorious Lucifer!

Lucifer, the angel of genius and science, whom the superstitions of the Middle Ages had relegated to the throne of Hell, delivered finally with human conscience, rises again triumphant towards Heaven, with his star on his brow, and in his right hand this torch that does not go out.

Like the Father and the Son, the Holy Spirit now also has a human figure that may be invoked by men, and the symbolic dove has refolded its white wings.

The spirit of intelligence and love should manifest itself now in the world now behind the young and smiling features of Lucifer!

Intelligence is freed, she emerges victorious from the abyss of damnation, and she leads by the hand the gracious angel of love, who for a time had been banished with her.

Because Lucifer was not condemned alone, and he had dragged a sweet companion in his fall.

When the Father of being declares that word—Let there be light!—his gaze light ups with glory.

The rays of his crown break away from his brow and fall around him like a shower of gold.

In that moment, every drop of light takes an unknown form in heaven and becomes an angel. But a more beautiful and larger spirit than the others was born from the same look and from the radiant smile of God.

All the spirits bowing down from birth, that one alone remained upright, and he was sad, for in the rayon of the regard of God who had made him there was a flash of liberty and a spark of power.

So God regarded this beautiful angel with the jealous love that mothers would know later, and said to him: "Why are you sad?"

"Because I see your glory, which forces me to worship you," responded Lucifer, "and I love you with too noble a love to even be your slave!"

Immediately, the Lord drew back around him his garment of azure, sprinkled with stars, and spread it between his face and that of the too-beloved angel. A deep night enveloped budding nature, and the star that shone on the brow of Lucifer alone illuminated the darkness, and showed him the depth of his solitude. The angel of light cried, but he raised in triumph eyes bathed in tears. He would be miserable, but he was free!

Close to him, on an arid and desolate rock—the bones of the old chaos uncovered by these recent convulsions—sat another angel who watched him, and who cried, looking upon him with a sad smile.

Who are you, asked the rebel angel.—I am your brother Ariel, or rather, if I am allowed to borrow in advance the language that men will speak, I am your sister, O Lucifer!

You are the angel of genius, and I am the genius of love. You have come from the brow of God, shot from his gaze like a ray of his grandeur, and I have come from his heart, through the effusion of his smile, like a breath of his infinite love.

I cannot live without you, and I have come in your exile to doom myself with you, to suffer with you and to save myself with you.

“Thank you!” responded Lucifer, and he laid his first kiss on the forehead of Ariel, then he said: Sister, a great work is given us to do. We must free the creatures of God through intelligence and by love, making them stronger than the fear and pain. Let us create hell to ennoble the way to heaven.

From now on the human race will be divided in two: the herd of the timid, and the phalanx of the brave;

Those who fear losing their inheritance, which they have not earned, and will sleep away their idle freedom, and those who take freedom alone for a legacy by renouncing everything else.

Now, I tell you truly that if God has pity on the first, he will love the second with all his love, because liberty is the finest and the noblest of his gifts.

Here are the signs by which they will be recognized:

They are those in whom love will be more powerful than any sort of fear;

Those who scorn evil and do not fear hell;

Those who will do good for its own sake, and not to please or obey men;

Those finally who find their curse glorious so long as their minds and hearts do not condemn there, for they will be persecuted by servile minds, and some will think to debase them by calling them, like us, outcasts and pariahs!

A clap of thunder followed that speech of the greatest of the angels; and he, like a steed that hears the trumpet and breathes the battle from afar, raised his head proudly, clutched Ariel against his chest, puffed up with courage, gazed at the heavens with a calm pride and seemed to become intoxicated by the lightning.

As for Ariel, she did not hear the thunder; she did not see the flash rend the night with its livid beams; for her gaze, full of ecstasy, was immersed in that of Lucifer.

## Fraternity

The first on earth who bore the title of individual, selfish property was Cain, the fratricide.<sup>2</sup>

And not only did that savage cultivator take possession of what was not his, but he dared to ravish from his brother what he could no longer give him, usurping in this way the exclusive rights of God over life.

In this way, Cain posited the double basis of modern institutions: selfish property for the strongest, and the penalty of death for the weakest.

And yet the death penalty is such a horrible reprisal that God did not allow the children of Abel to execute it.

I, said the Lord to Cain, will punish you for your crime, but if someone dares to put a hand on you, to attempt to end your days, I will punish them seven times more!

Oppressed peoples, understand those words well.

They doubtless allow you to defend yourself against the executioners, but never to react by murder and violence.

Know well that the supreme Father of men is always on the side of those who are oppressed and that we are innocent before him as soon as we are persecuted.

If you want to battle for justice, never be aggressor before the battle or executioner after the victory. For I tell you truly that the blood of the victims will cry to God like the blood of Abel.

Society, by giving murder for murder, has established a sort of right of exchange for this horrible thing, and all its penal legislation comes down to a hoarding of the monopoly on blood, and to reserving for itself the exclusive rights to death.

He who strikes with the sword will perish by the sword, says the supreme wisdom, and that terrible word still condemns our modern societies to a violent death.

Oh my God! When will you cease to cause men to exterminate one another like hives of hostile and devouring insects?

— When men are truly men, and not animals with human features;

When intelligence distributes strengths and love establishes harmony;

When the fierce Cain loves and the gentle Abel works under the protection of his brother.

Then the soft words of Abel will regenerate the soul of Cain, and there will be an exchange of intelligence and vigor, resignation and courage

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<sup>2</sup> Ca'in in Hebrew means property.

Then the genius of man softens by uniting closely with that of woman, and that great moral marriage, which has not yet been accomplished, renews the face of the earth.

For now Cain and Abel are still enemies and alternately exchange their roles.

And that impious war separates man and woman, just as it separates reason and faith, religion and philosophy, God and liberty!

Thus the heart of humanity is split in two, and by that rending violence all its blood is spilled and it expires.

But we do not want to understand that Cain and Abel are the two children of the same mother and that society must support both its children.

We do not see that if man is the head of the association, woman is its heart and life.

We are afraid to admit that reason without faith is as sterile as thought without love, that religion is the philosophy of the heart and that God can only be served by free men.

We are outraged to see between Cain and Abel a woman who holds her hands out to them equally and seeks to reproach them by saying: You are brothers!

We shudder and are irritated in both camps to see a hand that blesses the two hostile flags and seeks to reunite them! "Who are you?" ask the small number of those who deign to count a woman for something.

Are you a democrat or absolutist? Philosopher or fanatic? Catholic or protestant?

— Brothers, I want the liberty of the people under the absolute reign of justice.

I want a religious philosophy that reconciles religion and faith forever.

I want the triumph of universal truth though protest against the bad priests who abuse it and hold it captive.

I adore the Christ, but I want to detach him from the cross and raise him up to empire with the globe of Charlemagne and the sword of Napoleon ;

Because a leader nailed up by his four limbs can do nothing to save us.

I want the marriage of the Christ with the wife of the Canticle.

I want my Christ victorious, as Saint John showed him to us in the Apocalypse, with his crown loaded with diadems, his white horse that swims through all the vanquished multitudes, his sword which breaks all the chains and tears up all the contracts of servitude, and his scales where not wealth, but works are weighed.

I want see him triumphant, rising again to heaven, after having broken the gates of ancient Tartarus, to deliver the beautiful angel Lucifer, the genius of light and liberty.

Then Mary, woman regenerated, will hold out her arms to both of them and cover them with caresses; the new Eve will boast of the warlike conquests of

Jesus, her divine Abel, and weep at seeing the sweetness of Lucifer, the angel of Cain, repentant and regenerated in turn!



## God and the Mother

On one of those flowery lawns that lean over the slopes of the Alps, two children were playing at the edge of a precipice.

And they had nothing to fear, for at some distance from them sat their mother, who did not take her eyes off them.

"My little angels," she said to them, "do not go to seek flowers down there where the slope becomes steep; you will slip and you will fall into the abyss."

But on the slope of the lawn the grass was so deep and so lovely, the flowers so fresh and so tempting!

The younger of the children, less aware of the danger, was the more audacious; he took advantage of a moment when his brother occupied their mother, showing her a beetle with golden wings, to run to the forbidden flowers.

Suddenly a cry escaped him, his foot had slipped; he rolled towards a bottomless gulf; a root that he had gripped, but that gradually broke under his weight, still retained him...

I ask you what the mother did.

Ah! Poor woman. She doubtless saved the child or perished with him.

Your response is the very cry of nature.

The God that we worship speaks thus through the mouth of one of his prophets, in addressing himself to his well-loved creatures.

Can a mother forget her child and no longer have pity for the fruit of her loins? Well, if she forgets it, I will still not forget you.

That is not the God of the wretched priests.

If the God of the wretched priests had been in the place of the mother he would have remained impassive and would have said to his young child: "Fall and die! I warned you. It is your fault."

But, you say, isn't the God of the wretched priests the God of the Christians! And hasn't he behave just like the mother of whom you speak? Hasn't he launched himself towards the abyss to save the sinners? Hasn't he descended even as far as hell to pick up human nature from the most desperate depths of its fall?

Yes, the God of the Christians has done that, but the God of the wretched priests has rendered his efforts useless.

The God of the Christians has shed his blood for all men, but the God of the wretched priests has collected it drop by drop in a miserly chalice and sold it to a small number of the fortunate.

The God of the Christians was a pariah who was crucified; the God of the wretched priests is an aristocrat who, with Judas' thirty pieces of silver, has bought the garments of Christ from the executioners, in order to lie to men in the guise of his victim.

The God of the Christians has broken the gates of hell and carried them away in triumph, like the Sampson of the parable lifted on his shoulder the gates of Gaza.

The God of the wretched priests has replaced the gates of bronze with gates of iron and diamond, on which he has written: Hope no more!

According to the hypocritical priests, God died to save men and give them life. And yet the generations of men are no less engulfed by eternal death, because they do not listen to the Pharisees of the new law.

According to these men, heaven and earth were created, God incarnated himself and was crucified only for the salvation of some jolly monks and some weak, stupid women; as for the great flock of which Christ was the good shepherd, the ignorant, the sinners, those possessed by impure spirits, the poor sinful women, all of suffering humanity, finally, they were all destined to go to hell, unless, by a miracle of grace, some among them made themselves blessed and approved by those hypocritical quacks who only bless the fortunate and only approve those who resemble them.

And what have we to say if God left the greatest number among us to perish forever, he who did not save the angels?

And why did God not save the angels?

Were they angels less his creatures and children than you?

The angels being superior intelligences, their depravity was free enough to be irreversible!

What!... you terrify me!... What! The angels, with a superior intelligence, could be separated forever from God in such a manner as to never again approach him! What a terrible mystery! The sole means of understanding that precisely because of the superiority of their intelligence they can never repent of their errors, is to admit that they were not wrong and that in their revolt there is an eternal truth!...

Then we must admit the two principles of the Manes and the eternity of chaos, or believe that the rebel angels, those revolutionaries of Heaven, are the celestial martyrs of intelligence and love, and they work through their pain for emancipation of beings and the manifestation of the most beautiful gift that the Divinity could give to his creatures: liberty!

Because they are intelligent, they cannot repent! Isn't that the most perfect expression of conscientious and informed perseverance?

No, the liberty of angels and souls cannot be found in the eternity of evil, since evil is only ignorance and error!

No, God, after having given liberty to minds, can never take it back, especially at the moment where it goes astray, and by giving to the angels and men that part of his divinity, he has well predicted that it will finally save everything that it first doomed, and that the evil caused by it will finally be destroyed by it!

The liberty of choice between good and evil, between truth and error, can only cease through the free and eternal adherence to the good and the true.

Science alone excludes doubt; perfect happiness excludes by itself the anxieties of desire.

The being made for good cannot by itself settle forever into evil, and to suppose that God will take advantage of a fall by his child, to draw back his hand and reclose the abyss, is the most abominable of blasphemies.

God allows the falls and errors of his creatures in order to educate their free will. Every error produces a disorder, every disorder a sorrow, every sorrow a reaction and repentance, and every repentance a progress.

Thus the pardon is in the punishment and the salvation in the condemnation.

Thus the fallen angels serve as an example to the faithful angels, and are the martyrs and pariahs of heavenly society.

But listen to the parable of the prodigal child, and understand why the father gives all his caresses and all the honors of his house to the one who has sinned, when he finally returns to himself, overcome by suffering and affected by repentance!

Well, I must then either give up on the kindness of God, or believe that the pariahs of heaven will one day be princes and kings among the angels. For God had not created them evil, and if pride has driven them to revolt, it is because God gave them that pride, which is a noble aspiration to glory.

Now God only gives desires in order to satisfy them; he gives thirst only to those whose thirst he wants to slake.

When the thirst for pride has dried up the sources of vanity, it turns, breathless and frantic, to the inexhaustible ocean of glory.

When the thirst for riches has been staved off by the perishable treasures of the earth, it covets the inexhaustible mines of heavenly gold and divine charity.

When the thirst for pleasures has been irritated by the disappointments of the senses, it rushes forward, relentless and burning with love, to the caresses of eternal beauty, and no work, no sacrifice, and no sorrow seems too painful in order to obtain and deserve it.

If man *could* really resist God, God, by giving him that power, would have given himself an eternal refutation!

Man can do what he wants, but he cannot choose his desires. It is attraction that determines them, and attraction comes from God.

So man's very errors are providential; it is necessary to raise him up and not punish him when he falls; it is necessary to teach him when he goes astray and not render him responsible for his errors.

And if man, who did not make his fellow, is reckless to punish him, would you want God to avenge on his own works even the imperfections of that work?

What we call the free will in man is not a real liberty, since then it would always choose the good.

Is it natural to want evil? Is it always the attraction of good that determines man's choices; or is the good that he prefers because of the greater or lesser accuracy of his perceptions.

According to his degree on the scale of progress, man is an animal, half-animal, or intelligent and free being.

Do not punish the animal for obeying its instincts; contain it through fear and direct it with intelligence and love.

## IX Love

Love and do what you want, said a Father of the Church.

Now, this is the word that sums up the whole Gospel of the Holy Spirit.

When we truly love we are free, for love is above all powers and carries away all constraints.

The reason that humanity is still not free is that, to this day, it has not understood what it is to love.

To this day we have understood, under the name of love, only the drawing of one sex towards the other.

An often brutal instinct, always selfish, inconstant as animal life in its phases, and more pitiless than hell in its insane jealousy!

A strange love that constantly seek victims, that carries them off without remorse, seizes them without pity, devours them without horror, and abandons their living remains in disgust.

A strange love from which innocence must guard itself as if from death!

True love is inseparable from intelligence and dominates the instincts of animal life.

True love is the impulse of the will toward the good and the attraction of the intelligence towards the true.

For the good is only found in the true, and the true is inseparable from the good.

To love a human creature is not to lust after it as prey; it is not to desire it in order to enjoy it alone. For the person who is the object of such an animal love, hatred is preferable.

To love is to want the good for the one that we love, and to be completely devoted to the happiness of the other.

Love is to put into another heart all of our hopes and all of our life, so that we only suffer the torments that cause it suffering and are only happy from its joys.

To love is put into another heart all its hopes and all its life, so that we only suffer the torments that cause it suffering and we are only happy with its joys.

To love God is to love truth and justice more than all the honors and all the pleasures of the earth.

But we cannot love God without loving men, because God is manifested to us in humanity, and it is in humanity that he wants to be loved by us.

The one who has most loved men has been a man-God; for, by pushing self-denial to the point of giving his human life, he has entered by love into the divine life.

The one who loves all of humanity more than himself is a child of Christ and an inheritor of his work: he is a child of the man-God.

The one who loves a people more than himself deserves to rule over that people, and it is by that mark alone that the future should recognize its legitimate kings.

The one who loves his friend more than himself raises himself for that friend above humanity; he is their guardian angel and visible providence.

The one who loves a woman more than himself deserves to be loved by her and to possess her beauty, for he will not torment her with his selfish demands and he will never abandon her.

It had been said by the ancients: You will love your neighbor as yourself.

Well, now, if you want love to save you, love your neighbor more than yourself!

The selfish have said that well-ordered charity begins with oneself, in order to prove the Gospel of Christ wrong.

As for me, I say to if you want to know how to love yourself, you must begin by loving others.

For we must learn to give in order to receive, and hasn't Christ said that the happiest are those who give?

Well-ordered selfishness begins with others. That is the maxim that we must oppose to that of the men without love.

It is only by a great and intelligent love that we can vanquish our passions and resist those of others.

True love is as strong as God, and that is why it has no fear of men.

And as it dominates the lusts with their unjust desires and their servile fears, it alone is truly free.

That is why, to this day, liberty is only a word for the multitudes. It is necessary to free men internally before breaking their external chains. Otherwise we unchain fierce beasts, and deliver the small numbers of the wise to the fury of the insensate mob.

So, brothers who want to be free, first work for your own moral emancipation, and before opposing strength to strength ask yourself if you are men or brutes, if you obey instincts or reason, if you covet or if you love?

Love is life; love is strength; love is power; love is liberty!

It is love that creates, and love that conserves. It is love that saves, and love that regenerates.

And that is why the future belongs to woman, for love has three phases of development.

It is filial first, then conjugal, then maternal.

This last term is the most perfect, and it is through it that humanity communes with God.<sup>3</sup>

So woman is raised higher than man on the scale of love, and when love dominates strength, woman will be the queen of the world.

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<sup>3</sup> Flora habitually wrote the word *Dieu* (*God*) with an *x* (*Dieux*.)

## Faith.

There are two sorts of faith: servile faith and generous faith.

Young man, you must believe us: we are your elders and the confidants of your father. He has disinherited you and banished you forever from his presence because you have offended him.

— If I have offended my noble father, it is without knowing and without wishing it. I will go and hug his knees, I will cry on his venerable hand, and he will pardon his son.

— Young man, you do not have blind faith in us, and we are friends of your father. It is us that you have offended, and, before swaying him, you must sway us, for he can only be reached through us.

— You are old, and I respect your age; but you dishonor your white hair with the lie, and I release myself from you. If you proclaimed only just, wise and honorable words for my father, I would believe in you as I believe in him. But you want to connect him with your evil passions and your injured sensitivity. You represent him to me as a merciless and heartless father.

From the bottom of my heart, I feel that you do not speak truth, for I know my father, and I do not believe in you because I believe in him.

Love believes all things, said the great apostle; that is to say that love, the father of liberty, is amazed by no sacrifice and knows nothing of the impossible.

But fear also believes all things, and does not refuse the trembling servitude of its soul to any absurdity.

If you do not believe in me, you will burn for all eternity, says the priest.

And, responds the pariah, I will love an eternal martyrdom more than a single instant of cowardice!

Do you know the reason and freedom of the mind, of which you ask the sacrifice?

Do you know that liberty can only be subjected freely, and that it never bows its head to pass within the yoke of fear?

Ah! You want to intimidate me in order to make me kill my soul by prostituting it to fear!

Well, I tell you that I will not believe you and that I defy your hell!

Your God, it seems, resembles those proconsuls of Rome who, on the one hand, showed the martyrs their idols, and on the other, the pyre.

I do not want a God who proceeds like the tyrants and acts like the executioners.

Back, old man, with your mysteries, whose obscurities the darkness of hell increases for me even more! I do not believe in you because I believe in God!

Man's faith is the religious expression of his heart; it is his moral life; for, morally speaking, man without faith is dead.

Faith is the feeling of life and eternal harmony; faith is the strength of hearts and the courage of the intelligence.

Faith is the perpetual sacrifice of our most noble faculties to eternal truth.

Faith is inseparable from love and liberty; that is why it is independent of men, and is granted to men only with an eye to God and because of him alone.

Faith alone sustains the energy of the will, and if the human will is all-powerful, it is because of faith.

And how will we struggle against the present, which kills us, if we do not believe in the future?

Let us believe in eternal justice; let us believe in its irresistible strength; let us believe in its triumph, and struggle with energy.

If you had a little faith, Christ said, if you had only as much as a mustard seed, you would say unto this mountain: Away with you, and the mountain would obey you.

Hasn't industry, which only has faith in money and itself, achieved greater miracles?

See industry, aided by the genius of man, and sustained by his faith in a rich future, make life seethe in the flanks of hot metal, and say to iron chargers: Whinny and walk!

Vanquished nature lets out a cry of fright; the metal whistles, frightened and indignant at obeying; at the end of its iron trunk its nostrils redden and sparkle; it throws to the wind its long white mane of smoke: it puffs furiously and gradually animates; it launches itself, trailing after it a whole rolling city. The air, violently torn, swirls around it like a tempest, and behold the horizons that turn, the mountains that move, the hills that flee, the trees that dance in circles and seem to execute military marches... Then, closer, everything is confused in a wake striped with vague and changing colors. The bodies have disappeared; everything is now nothing more than an illusion and a flash; the terrible machine seems to devour houses, trees, hillsides, and throwing them behind it, stunned, whirling and unsteady on their base... Hurrah! Hurrah! shouts industry, like the ghost of the ballad of Lenore. My infernal steed goes fast... Ah! Now the ghosts are defeated by marvels, and that is why they do not dare go out at night, as long as the prodigies of the industry terrify... See, over there, on the heights, that black, colossal dragon that arrives with the speed of lightning, vomiting flames!... But here the uplands are cut by peaks and a torrent rolls in the deep valley; the monster will not reach us... O terror! It passes over the void... Do you hear how it breathes? Here it is! Here it is! It drags after it through the air a cloud fiery as an infernal standard; it throws thousands of sparks to the wind, and a sweat of fire escapes from its flanks and leaves a red glint under its invisible feet. It is near us! It passes, growling like a storm! But it is fast as the lightning! Where is it? We have dreamed it, no doubt... Hurrah! Hurrah! says industry.



— No, stop, responds the high and ancient mountain... You will not climb my craggy summit, and I will break you if you throw yourself at my flanks...

— The courser whinnies and rushes forward: it plunges itself like a sword into the side of the mountain, which groans. The terrible whinnying resounds and fade away in the bowels of the earth where the dragon has disappeared; already a shrill whistle announces it in other countrysides; the mountain that has swallowed it without being able to stop it, vomits it out, superb and triumphant; a magical palace, illuminated as if for a party, seems to hasten to meet it. There, a whole people awaits the passage or the return of the rolling city; the metallic steed utters a cry of joy and seems impatient to rest; its panting breath runs out; it stops... It is no longer a machine of iron and copper, a heavy and lifeless mass that the strongest horses could hardly move.

It is by faith that a simple priest has built a magnificent temple! The church of Saint-Sulpice, whose towers I see from my window, reminds me at every instant of the miracles of faith!

And I too have believed, and so I have done much more than move mountains and draw water from the barren rock!

I have associated despite itself a selfish century with my work; my enthusiasm has triumphed over its indifference; I have believed and I have created some resources for my work, and you will dare say, pariahs, my brothers and sisters, that it is impossible to save you!

You can when you will, you will when you believe, and you will believe when you love!

## Liberty

Despotism had been the violent emancipation of the aristocracy. Brutal force, when it wants to make itself free, necessarily subjugates the weak, and the tyrant is the one that frees itself from human needs to give an unrestrained flight to his passions. So the false liberty is the sister of tyranny, and license necessarily mean slaves because it must have victims.

Now, as long as the brutal passions quarrel over the right to license, no liberty will be possible on the earth.

Aristocracy, the selfishness of domination, is not only the share of the great; it also gnaws at the entrails of the people and betrays itself by cries of rage and desire!

Yes, that is the great misfortune of the suffering classes: it is that the poor scorn the poor and make themselves the servile admirers of the rich that they detest and envy!

And by what right, jealous wretches, would you dispossess the rich, you who, in their place, would be harder and more insolent than them?

He has gained his riches by fraud, I expect; heir of thieves, is he himself without conscience? That could be. But you, by what right do you wish to supplant him by force?

Is the brigand who cuts throats preferable to the rogue who defrauds?

Brothers who want community among men, you want what Christ himself wanted.

But know that the community of Christ must have for its foundation the triumph of justice and not the reaction of the brutal passions.

Before thinking of fighting for liberty, earn the name of free men!

Be a people if you want to have rights to the sovereignty of people.

Be a people, and see if there will be tyrants who can stand before you!

When people who are truly of the people stand for their liberty, no human power can resist them. — This great and beautiful speech has been attributed to the current head of the French government.

If it was indeed his, the speech would be enough to respond, in the name of that same king, to all the insults of the parties.

What do you complain of since you obey? As we know men, so we govern them. You are not a people; you are school-kids, and the schoolmaster is right if he chastises you. Verily, I say unto you again, you will be free only so long as you know how to love; and how do you know if you do want to learn anything from woman?

## Religion

The true religion is the love of God [*Dieux*]<sup>4</sup> living in humanity!

Back now the swaddling clothes of symbolism, back the clouds of fable and legend! Free love so that love will set you free!

God [*Dieux*] is simple and unique in three terms, like humanity, its image.

In him there is the generative principle, the principle that conceives and gives birth, and the formulated childbirth that is the world.

The generative principle is intelligence and love; the principle that conceives is activity and force, and the resultant is called the laws of nature.

In humanity there is the father, the mother, and the child.

God is at once the father and the mother, and the world that grows and perfects itself ceaselessly in the womb of God is like that marvelous embryo of that eternal generation.

It is revealed to our intelligence like the sun in our eyes, and to our heart like the warmth on our limbs.

My brothers, the pariahs, believe in God, for, without him, the appetite of the brute must alone be the rule, and force must be the law.

What! You say that men are brothers, and you deny the common father of men!

But if there were neither God nor revelation how would you know the degree of fraternity that could exist between such different beings, between the strong and the weak, between the crafty man and the poor idiot?

Does the one not seem to be made to command the other, and does the one who needs guardianship not seem born to obey?

Who would make the law? Who would rule the rights of one and the other?

The strongest and the most intelligent will always make the law and make it in the interests of their passions, since materialism must legitimate all the passions.

Thus, after having fought like brigands to rob the rich, you will be rich in your turn and you will take your measures so that no one does to you what you have done to others; and you will be worse tyrants than the first. You will demand your security by means of the brute force that is the only material power, and you will prevent the people from educating themselves so that they remain ignorant of their rights.

That is where the atheism and materialism that you invoke as a means of liberation will inevitably lead you.

Such are not the convictions of the disciples of Christ and of the apostles of the Christian community.

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<sup>4</sup> By adding an *x* to the word God (*Dieux*), Flora wanted to express the plurality in unity. It is the *Eloim* of the Hebrews.

Certainly, we do not want to begin by excommunicating ourselves from the religious progress of the intelligence in our to claim our rights in the universal fraternity.

We no longer have to fear the guile of the wretched priests, we no longer believe in an aristocratic revelation confided through miracles to the privileged.

We do not seek God outside of humanity; he is in us and we are in him; he is revealed in the development of the two faculties of our soul: intelligence and love. Happy are those who have a pure heart, for they shall see God, as the Savior has said.

Conceived by the intelligence, his internal worship is philosophy; dreamed of by love, it is called religion.

Now, religion is one and multiple like all of human thought, extended to infinity by the aspirations of love. It has sprouted in humanity like a superb tree that has had its development and its phases; the graceful fables of Hellenism have been the flowers of that tree cherished by the poets, and the Christian dogmas have been its fruits.

Orpheus, Confucius, Socrates, and Plato have been, like Moses and Jeremiah, the precursors of the Perfect Man, the Incarnate World, the God-Man.

Why does your reason reject the idea of a God-Man? Aren't we all participants in the Being of God! And when then wouldn't the leader and model of humanity call itself the God-Man par excellence?

Woe to those who do not see the sun of eternal truth shine in the progress of human reason! Woe to those who can believe that humanity is mistaken and that God has left it for centuries bent under the yoke of error!

Do not laugh at the ancient honors of Jupiter, you who venerate the Decalogue of Jehovah!

Do not blaspheme the name of Apollo, you who worship Christ, for under two different names he is the Logos of Plato and the Word of the Christians!

Shame on those whose Vandals whose hammers still threaten our basilicas, and who, for our libraries, rekindle the torches of Omar!

Shame and eternal stigmatization on those so-called communists who want to dispossess humanity of its progress and its God!

Glory to the sweet and laughing divinities of Olympus, summarized in the one God of Socrates and Jesus!

Glory to the virgin of Catholicism, that symbol, so full of grace and love, of woman regenerated! Glory to the saints of legend, those mystic personifications of the spiritualist virtues! Glory to the name of the Catholic Church, that name full of the future that means universal association!

Now the inheritance of the centuries is in our hands. It is up to science to raise the veil of the centuries. It is intelligence and love that from now on will produce the priests, as at all times they have produced the seers and prophets!

It is up to us now to realize the universal communion, the communion of all with all and all with each!

In the name of Christ and his apostles, in the name of Plato and his disciples, in the name of Thomas More the martyr, in the name of all the great men of Christianity, put an end to the individualism that separates you. Know well that the word property is the opposite of communion, and that if communion is the summary of the religious idea, because it reunites men, appropriation is the constitutive principle of evil, because it divides them and forces them to battle one another.

Heaven is an eternal communion; hell is a property eternally disputed.

## Good and Evil

Brothers, first banish from your heart all feelings of hatred and revenge!

If the society is bad, all members of society suffer from it: and the oppressors are no less unhappy than the oppressed.

Oh! If the poor knew everything there was of anguish and torture under the beautiful clothes of the bad rich, they would have pity for them themselves!

If men are bad because they are still ignorant of the true good, and that like children they enslave themselves to animal greed.

We must not dream of further violence against the villains than to contain them as we contain the patients that fever makes mad, or to cure them in spite of themselves, as we do with the poor maniacs!

Doubtless we need to unite to resist evil; doubtless we need to protest every hour and every moment; doubtless we need to repel unjust force by the force of justice.

But let it not be for us to take revenge on those who oppress us. Think rather to deliver them from their tyranny, which is no less burdensome for them than the slavery they impose is for us!

Let us not rally to the cry of: Death to the tyrants! Let us cry: Death to tyranny! And let all men be saved.

If we must fight, let it be to conquer peace in the name of justice! If ever we must fight again, at least the people, instructed by the sad experience of an abortive revolution, will no longer soak its victory in blood; for all vengeance is absurd, and every penalty is vicious.

Those who do evil are the invalids of the moral order. However, we are not irritated against the sick and we do not seek to kill them; we treat and heal them.

When men are wiser, punishment will be replaced by moral hygiene, and criminals will be treated in special hospices, like the mad or sick children!

Do you believe that, knowingly and intentionally, man can ever choose evil, when he could do good!

These are the infirmities of the intelligence that deprave the will and make it make a bad choice by luring it with the attraction of a false good!

Every sin is a fall for the Soul! And society is a brutal and unintelligent mother when she punishes her children for being fallen.

We must, on the contrary, reach out our hands, raise them up and heal them.

Society should mourn when a brother has killed his brother, and it would be necessary to expiate this crime by heroic efforts of charity and reconciliation between men. The means of expiating a murder would be to save a man.

Instead of that, you know how we act in our era of infancy and barbarism.

To atone for a murder, we solemnly commit a second, and to prove to the madman that he is never permitted to kill his brother, we kill him.

Oh! Deep pity for these poor savages that we called civilized!

Pity for that society of executioners who torture and demoralize souls with poverty, and who remedy with the axe disorders almost always occasioned by hunger!

Deep pity for those unfortunates who curse us and believe us their enemies, because we want to save them from the hell of their own institutions!

Let those madmen cry, and let us continue our work. Relentless war against abuses, peace and mercy to men!

Let us know well that to give way to injustice is to be complicit in injustice. Let us first oppose social crimes with a passive resistance; then, if they want to constrain us to iniquity by force... they will find us all together!

We are without anger and hatred, and we are strong from our rights; we have faith in the future and we are determined to win, because we must and the time for it has come. So, brothers who want to be our masters, believe us, do justice to us and do not attack us!

As for you, my brothers and sisters, I have only to repeat to you the watchword of Christ: Simplicity of the dove in the ends, wisdom of the serpent in the means.

Don't hurl yourself carelessly against strength, for you will be broken: wear down strength by inertia, and dodge it by cunning.

Why leave to your enemies the advantages of an intelligent struggle? Oppose to their tireless Jesuitism a more than Jesuitical skill!

You do not owe truth to the liars. You do not owe confidence to the thieves. You do not owe devotion to the murderers!

Do for good what they do for evil. Whoever desires the ends desires the means!

Those who let themselves be defeated willingly betray their own cause. Well, why do you give way, then, if you are right?

## The Gospel and the Woman Guide

The Gospel did not begin eighteen hundred years ago, for its morality is eternal.

The Christ has summarized the gospel of humanity and the universal morality in the dogma of divine and human unity.

In his sermon on the mount he relied on the doctrines of the past and only made them take a step.

The Gospel, in its broadest sense, is universal truth made manifest by speech or by the Word.

In the beginning was the word, said the Evangelist, and the word was in God.

And God himself was a living word.

Everything has been done by it, and nothing that is done can be done without it!

It is life, because the life of intelligence is light.

And that light is made visible in the darkness that has rejected it. But it has nonetheless shone; and those who have seen it know now what they must do to be the children of God.

For the world has become palpable, the Word has become flesh and it has dwelt among us.

Thus the Gospel is the idea of the human perfection manifested by the word and the examples of a living example, which is Jesus.

But Jesus, the symbolic man, has still accomplished only the first phase of his existence: he has first known how to resign himself and die; he must now rise from the dead and triumph.

After the resignation, the protest. After the martyrdom, the judgment of the executioners. After the anguishes of death, the fullness of life.

Christ must now accomplish his work and he must again ascend the mountain to instruct us; but that mountain must no longer be the bloody Calvary; we await him on the glorious Tabor, no longer widowed and isolated as in the past, but leaning on the woman-guide!

Then he will speak to proclaim new beatitudes.

Happy, he will say, are those right in intelligence and love, for they will be the princes of heaven and the kings of the earth!

Happy are those who have the courage of their convictions, for they will triumph over the world!

Happy are those who have suffered and who wipe their tears, saying, "It is time to act," because they were children and they have become men!

Happy are those who only dream of delivering mankind from its ills and not of avenging their own wrongs, for all shall be forgiven.



Happy are those who see God with their intelligence and their love and have no need of the doctrines of men!

Happy are those who protest and battle without hatred because they are as strong as God himself!

Happy are those who in order to advance the reign of justice begin by doing justice, for they possess what they desire.

Happy are those who have been persecuted and who triumph without vengeance, for they are the children of God and the imitators of his Christ.

I tell you in truth, that if your justice is not more abundant than that of the priests and monks, you could not be free of their teachings and their strict practices.

I say to you: The one who insults my brother will deserve a judgment. And now I say to you: The one who is not troubled about the needs of his brother will deserve a condemnation.

If then, when you are at the table with your family, you learn that your brother has nothing to feed himself with his wife and children, leave your feast, already begun, go take half of your bread to your brother and then you will be glad with your family, and I would consider your meal a Eucharistic sacrifice.

I have told you that a dark look at the wife of another was an adultery; and now I tell you that look at a young girl bought with gold is a prostitution; and whoever marries a girl against his heart is in fact at once a prostitute and an adulterer.

For woman prostitutes her body when she delivers it to one she does not love, and, as she desires another, she hides adultery in her heart!

I have told you that to abandon a wife is to prostitute her.

And now I tell you that if you prostitute a woman, you offend your mother, and that if you insult a woman, you offend nature!

I have told you: Take no oath; your word is enough. And I tell you: Never be content with words when you can act.

I have told you not to individually resist those who insult you and rob you; you have done it and they have not been touched.

Now I tell you: Do not defend yourself, but defend your brothers. Do not deliver your wives and daughters to the affronts of the rich and your children to the exploitation of the robbers.

Do not avenge your own abuses, save outraged justice.

To forgive the evil that has been done is good, but it is better to prevent the evil from being done.

I have told you to love your enemies and pray for them, and now I tell you: It is not enough to pray for the wicked; you must deliver them from themselves. The wicked are sick and their fever infuriates them; do not abandon them to themselves, for that would be cruelty.

Prayer always proceeds action; but action must follow prayer.

You have invoked your Father who is in heaven, and your Father has heard you: now you must act, legally and peacefully!

I have told you to seek the kingdom of God and his justice and the rest will be given to you, and yet you are hungry, you are thirsty, and you are not clothed: for the kingdom of God is still not found.

But you know where it is and you know its door; only, the stingy rich and the faithless masters have prevented you from entering.

Tighten up against each other and move, your persistent movement to oppose their stubborn inertia, they will have to retreat, and they let you pass.

Close up your ranks and advance; oppose your relentless movement to their obstinate inertia; they will have to retreat and let you pass.

Unless, touched by repentance, they turn to go with you, and you will receive them with great joy.

For you say, we have lost our brothers and we found them again; they were dead, and they are alive!

It is then that the mother rejoices to see all her children reunited.

It is then that the sweet face of the woman-guide will shine, chaste and pure, in her white tunic, at the head of the humanitarian progress.

Smiling, with a branch myrtle in her hand, she will lead her faithful flock toward the pasture of God.

Will the symbolic dove shade with its wings, and all hearts, gathered in the peaceful love its harmonious beauty, will feel rejuvenated and full of naive expectations!

For if it is the father who feeds the family, it is the mother who unites it.

Woman is the queen of harmony and that is why she must be at the head of the regenerative movement of the future.

For, in order for you to live as brothers, the mother must teach you to love one another!

## Communion

Fathers and mothers who no longer believe in the authority of the Church, you want however for your children to have their first communion, and think you will fail in your natural duties if you do not impose this religious duty on them.

And in this you are no longer led by a reasoned belief, but by that sacred instinct that gives life to religions in the heart of the masses.

Yes, you do well to take your children to church, and make them accept their first communion, you who still await the second.

For in that symbol religion is contained, with its promises of liberty, equality and fraternity.

What is the first communion? It is admission to the banquet where men fraternize among themselves, and with God himself.

There, there are neither rich nor poor; all have an equal share in the bread that Christ has paid for with his blood and life and that he has thus been able to bequeath to futures generations by saying to them: It is my flesh and my blood!

Symbol that, for more than eighteen hundred years, protests loudly against selfish and murderous appropriation and that still has not been understood.

Seek a word that would be the direct and absolute opposite of communion: I am sorry for those to whom it could cause trouble, but it is property. Consult the grammar.

Of course I am far from wishing to disrespect property, that deaf and blind god of our unfortunate era, but I have a serious warning to give to men who spread its worship and defend it against all attacks, even those of reason.

You are proprietors and you make your children take communion with those of your workers and domestics! Beware!

You are proprietors and you accept Christianity as the basis of the of the teaching that we give to the people!... Beware once again!

Beware, but why then? Doesn't Christian morality absolutely condemn robbers?

Yes certes, it condemns them; and that is what makes the majority among you tremble.

But respond, I beg you, to the questions that I have asked you.

Was Christ given and was he received by the true Christians, not only as a doctor, but also as a model? — Yes.

Did he possess or wish to possess anything in the world? — No.

Has he ever spoken in favor of property? — No.

Has he imposed relinquishing of property as a condition of salvation? — Yes.

Has he said that it is easier for a cable to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to pass through the gates of heaven?

Has he forbidden his disciples from possessing or appropriating anything?

Did he establish such solidarity between men that the suffering of one alone must be the suffering of all, and that insult or injustice done to any one is done to himself, that is to God?

Has he said that if someone argued with a Christian over his tunic, the Christian should also give him his coat?

Has he wanted to create divine and human unity, and is communion its symbol? — Yes, always yes.

Did the first Christians, disciples and brothers of the apostles, understand the intentions of Christ better than us?

Did they hold everything in common?

Did Saint Peter, the leader of the Christian community, punish Ananias and Sapphira with death for the act of furtive appropriation and fraudulent removal of their own goods from the community?

Have any of the Catholic Fathers and doctors ever dared to disavow the apostles and criticize the maxims and practices of the primitive Church?

Now, I say, what prevents men from thinking of God? Isn't it the worry about making money?

What is the only source of their divisions and crimes? Isn't it property and its lusts?

What is the basis of selfish individualism? How are men separated into castes? Where does aristocracy come from? What is the source of the pariahs? Isn't it property?

These are the facts that I observe; if I am mistaken, let me be told; I only ask that you tell me yes or no. Moreover, I am not considering legal property here, and I only examine things from a religious and Christian point of view.

Now I believe that I have clearly and firmly established that Christianity, summarized in the communion, and modern civilization, summarized in property, are so opposed to one another in words and things, that one must necessarily destroy the other, and that, if society believes the idea of spiritualist communism to be dangerous, they must burn the Gospel and forbid the name of Christian, so that the children of the people will never be given foreign rights and ideas by making them commune at the table of God.

It may be asked why I, who speak in this way, have never approached the Catholic communion with my daughter.

It is because I have never wanted to deliver my dignity as a woman to the impure questions of a priest.

It is because I did not wish to deliver to these men the moral innocence of my daughter.

For the celibacy of the priests is in my opinion an impious thing, and the attentions of women in the confessional a sort of profanation of the laws of nature.

So is it to seduce the souls of our daughters that they renounce having a woman for a legitimate spouse!

Spiritual marriage is undoubtedly beautiful, and I understand it, I who had been made to pass for a harlot because I ruled my own senses enough to disdain prudery!

But this marriage must not be clandestine: it must be free to admit, if it wishes, the love of the senses, in order to triumph voluntarily.

What! To desire constantly and never to dare! And to lie always and furtively take a breath that enflames you and conceal in some hypocritical *capucinades* the passionate emotions of desire!... Fie! That is infamy!

## The Antichrist

The moral world has its movement of gravitation, just like the physical world, and it turns unceasingly around a luminous center, which is eternal truth.

It also has its days and its nights, its springtime and its winter.

The human race seeks, through continuous oscillations, its center of gravity, which is the absolute.

Thus in every great intellectual and moral action is found a principle of reaction, and opinion comes and goes like the pendulum of a clock, because the movement pushes it to the extremes and its center of gravity constantly attracts it.

It is according to this principle that the ancient world, weary of its sensual luxury, foresaw the Christian reaction, a reaction attempted by stoicism and pushed to the extreme by the ascetics of the desert.

But what was excessive in Christianity prepared a new triumph of the flesh, and the seers of the primitive church would announce the future reign of the Antichrist.

The Antichrist is the animal man who puts himself in the place of God and worships himself.

He is the negation of everything that Christ has come to affirm and the affirmation of what he has denied!

Christ said: Love one another as I have loved you, that is to say, if necessary, as far as death.

The Antichrist says: Everyone by and for themselves.

Christ said: Happy are the poor!

The Antichrist says: Happy are the rich!

Christ said: Give.

The Antichrist says: Exploit and amass.

Christ said to the poor woman sinner: Many sins are forgiven you because you have loved much.

The Antichrist says to her: You are eternally debased.

Christ said: Pardon the offenses.

Antichrist says: Devour the affronts in order to succeed, and you will avenge yourself later.

Christ sacrificed himself for the people.

The Antichrist sacrifices all of humanity to his own selfishness.

Christ has been sold, while the Antichrist sells religion and its priests.

By these characteristics, who can be ignorant of the genius of our unfortunate epoch?

Yes, the great intellectual and moral night has replaced the bright day of Christianity; but we await another dawn.

The deeper the night is now, the brighter and more radiant will be the day that follows.

Stay awake, children of the night, and do not let yourself be benumbed by the sleep of death that enchains the children of the night.

Tighten up your ranks and encourage each other mutually, for the hour of your deliverance approaches!

Protest against the Antichrist and against his impious doctrines by your union, by your devotion for one another, by an immense love for justice!

Separated from one another, you are weak; unite, and you will be strong.

Do not protest against violence with other form of violence, but all unite to demand justice, and you will obtain it.

Aspire with all your soul for some more perfect laws, but first submit to those that rule society, before being protected by them.

Ask and you will receive, seek and you will find, knock and it will be open to you.

Let your protest never be put off, let it adopt all voices, let it take all forms, except those of revolt and disorder; always be together and ready to answer for each other, you will see that you will be strong.

Little by little, and under the same protection of the laws, organize yourselves in unitary association, like the primitive Church, without gatherings and troubles; have in all the provinces your fathers and your guards, and make collections for those who are in need.

Begin again, in short, the Christian Association on a more reasonable and wider plan; you can do something only insofar as you are united.

That is what is said to you by a woman who boasts of the name of pariah, and who, after the example of Christ, wants to give her life for you.

And you will say to her one day: Is it not that woman who preached peaceful association to the people, and who wanted, with the farthings of the poor, to endow the veterans of labor with a more than royal retreat!<sup>5</sup>

Recall that evangelical parable where it is said that with five loaves of barley bread and a few little fish Christ nourished an entire people.

Truly fraternal association multiplies the slightest resources in a miraculous manner.

To have the right to call ourselves truly Christians, we must immediately practice community.

Now, know it well, that community must be voluntary, and forced expropriation, in the absolute sense, is sinful.

The existing right of property, being recognized by all, can be completely transformed only with the consent of all.

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<sup>5</sup> Madame Flora Tristan thus foresaw her imminent end.

Thus, to establish the reign of God and wealth for all, we must take nothing from anyone, but each can give what they have.

Community will be established over the whole earth, and a single rich man would excommunicate himself because he would want to keep his goods; he would have the right, and we should respect all that would be his!

But we would regard him as a bad brother, and we would encourage him to return to himself. We would do him all the good we could to give him a salutary example, and in the end, no doubt, he would be touched.

However, let us not lose the energy of our soul in dreams, and not build our community in the land of pipe-dreams.

We can transform property, but we cannot abolish possession.

But possession must be ruled by *communionist* laws, if you will me allow me this word, which alone expresses my thought.

The law should regulate the possession and proscribe its abuses. All owe each other everything, and society will oversee the needs, in order to anticipate them, with as much care as it presently watches schemes and crimes in order to terminate or punish them.

Everything belongs to God, and men are only the husbandmen of the earth.

One is strong and skillful, the other is weak and inexperienced; so the harvest of one must necessarily be more abundant than that of the other.

But God wants the strong to be the guardian of the weak, and instead of exploiting and enslaving them to enrich themselves more, to aid them to work and give them their excess.

So it is charity that we want to establish as the basis of social right, so that it is no longer only a religious virtue, but a political duty.

It is the reign of Christ that we call for with all our wishes, and we have the firm conviction that it cannot fail to arrive.

But in order to make it begin more quickly, first establish humanitarian association among us.

Let us organize a mutual assistance service between the poor and the various trades; demand with perseverance the right to work, and protest by all legal means against unjust exploitation.

Intelligent force is infinitely more powerful than brute force; so oppose your moral resistance to the material oppression, act together and you will triumph.



## **Catholicism or Universal Association**

If I protest in the name of the pariahs against the stepmother society that rejects us, it is not to divide, but to unite!

In demanding better laws in the future, I submit to the present laws.

Luther, that great initiator of the freedom of conscience, was a blind instrument of Providence, used to produce a great movement in the world; but he founded nothing and struck his reform with death by separating it from the Universal Church!

To make a durable work, it would be necessary to attack the abuses and respect the dogma; it would be necessary to remain Catholic despite the pope and only protest against the excommunication!

Catholicism, as dogma, is the most advanced religious synthesis; it is a conquest of the human spirit that no one should attack. It is a symbolism that we can and must explain, but about which we are allowed to change nothing.

The Church has been infallible in the construction of this great hieroglyphic monument; it has determined all the signs of consent for the society of which it was the mother; now, now that the structure of the dogma is finished and the Church no longer has anything to decide, why do you ask if it is still infallible?

For a time, the pontiffs of Rome were sublime protestants who struggled for the people against the kings, and who alone opposed a barrier to the unbridled encroachments of the despotism of the emperors.

If today the Pope fails the popular cause it is because the people, doubtless now enlightened about their rights, no longer need the pope to defend them.

The pontiff of Rome is only a great shadow of the past and a venerable memory; he is the old architect of the temple, who no longer has anything to do because the temple is built.

Now it is useless to want to materialize the cult and fix the symbols; the germ of life works in them, and while the priests watch over the empty tomb, the risen Christ will reconquer the world with the help of his mother.

Because if the Pharisees have seized the temple, they could not seize God.

People, if you want to be saved, be sincerely Christian, and base your religious instruction on the institutions of the universal Church.

Poor pariahs that are excommunicated, know that you are the family of Christ, and patiently await the return of the father, that is to say the Christian and philosophical reaction against the new pharisaism of the modern Jews who would close the Church of God to you!

Catholicism cannot cease to be universal, and those who want to break away from it excommunicate themselves from the society of the children of God and usurp a name that is no longer suitable for them.

Let us not allow the sacred heritage of our fathers to be snatched.

Let us defend our religion against those who want to make it lie to itself.

Let us be free, but let us love God, and we will never do evil.

Let us know that the great Catholic communion is not in the external trappings of religion, but in a real charity that is manifested by works.

Do good: that is the best prayer; let us dedicate ourselves to the good of others: this is the purest worship!

## The Prophets

Be silent, said the tyrants of Judah to Jeremiah, you call down fire and death on your homeland! And the aroused people cried out: "He blasphemes against the temple; let him be silent or let him die!"

Kings of Judah, and you, people of Israel," responded the prophet, I foresee the misfortunes of my homeland, but it is you who summon them!

You sleep on the edge of the precipice, me, I watch and I weep, I call you and I cry; so it is up to you to doom or save yourself!

O, blind society! Broken vessel, carried randomly by all the currents of the sea through the reefs, while the crew gets drunk....

Is it the poor passenger, who sees you sink little by little and who shouts to your pilots to wake up, who must save you from your ruin?

What! The lessons of the past are not enough for you and you are again preparing a future of remorse and terrors!

Remember what happened to the Hebrews: instead of listening to their prophets and reforming, they killed the messengers of God; they opposed violence and tyranny to the force of intelligence and love.

Well, the violence, they have vanquished themselves and tyranny has broken them.

Nebuchadnezzar avenged the death of Jeremiah; Titus avenged the death of Christ; and neither the people nor the temple have recovered from this last blow.

Remember what happened to the Catholic Church. Its pontiffs, instead of listening to the saints who preached reform, banished them and made them die.

Alexander VI, the incestuous poisoner, delivered Savonarola to torture and the stake. The Council of Constance, against the sworn faith, condemned John Huss without hearing him, and Jerome of Prague, who had returned to Catholic unity, was pushed by some unworthy punishments into heresy and to the stake!

Well, these murders did not remain sterile. They had stifled the reformers; soon the demolishers and incendiaries arrived; Jean Zisca came to replace Jean Hus, Luther replaced Savonarola, and Rome itself was delivered to horrible reprisals.

Remember the vows, so heroic and so pure, of France in 89; and remember how the stubbornness of the conservatives of that time led to the bloody orgies of 93!

Now, in the name of the people who suffer, we come to say to you: Rich men, the poor are your brothers and you must account to God and society for your wealth. We do not want to attack your rights, but recognize ours. We want to reach legitimate possession by work; and it is only when we possess something that we will organize the Christian community. You need us and we need you. We only ask that the social pact between us be just. If we respect what

is yours, respect what is ours, and do not devour the fruit of our labor; equitably remunerate the pains of the worker and not depreciate the price of his sweat by unjust monopolies and illegal competition; be brothers to us and we will be happy not to be your enemies!

Rich men, if you listen to the people and if you come to their aid, poverty will gradually become milder, physical well-being will incline the worker to moral instruction, he will become religious and wise, and society will be saved.

If, on the contrary, you insist on rejecting any improvement and progress; if you greet the peaceful efforts of the people to save themselves with persecution and violence, you will irritate the evil passions of the masses, and you will extinguish all the faith in their hearts. They will keep silent, but their hate will ferment in the silence. To your brutal negations of the rights of the people materialistic communism will oppose an even more brutal denial of your rights, and your property, assuming the character of an armed occupation, will be answered with robbery; crimes will overflow the dikes of justice; war will be everywhere and security nowhere; the pariahs gnaw at the base of the social structure as the waves gnaw at the rocks, and, finally, a day will come when all will fall with a terrible crash!

## **Legitimate Protest**

We do not remedy the evils caused by pride by opposing them with pride; anger does not cure anger; violence does not disarm violence, and usurpation will never restore balance in property.

If you want to protest against the executioners, do not be murderers!

If you want to protest against selfish property, do not be selfish or thieves!

Poor, if you want your protest against the evil rich to be legitimate, work first.

Be neither lazy nor drunkards, nor cowardly flatterers nor tyrants in your family.

Share your necessities with those who are poorer than you, ennoble yourself with the domestic virtues!

Know that man alone has the right to human brotherhood, and do not integrate yourself with the unreasoning animals!

## The Pariahs

Modern society, heartless mother, know that the desperate children you ever reject forever from your breast are, in law and fact, your mortal enemies.

What do you want said to them to appease them? What can you promise them, and what morality do you want to give them?

How would they become honest again? They are debased!

How, for example, will the liberated legitimately earn a living, and who will give them work?

How will the poor prostitute find a family?

Why do not you give death to the children that you do not want to feed?

Here they become your enemies, and you grind them under your foot; but like the serpent of legend, they draw back to bite your heel.

However, it would be time to take a side and immediately give them a possible position, even in the grave!

I know well that you have prisons and scaffolds, but it is necessary to pass through theft and murder to get there; and that means of earning one's retirement is a bit hard.

Heartless society, that does only feels your heart tremble under the tip of the dagger, when then will you stop devouring your children like the dreadful Moloch?

Murderous society, which has still not abolished the death penalty and does not tremble for itself, what will you respond to the Christ when one day your pariahs, their bloody head in hand, accuse you before the throne?

You have done nothing for them, and you have taken their liberty and their lives.

You have disinherited them, and then you debase them! Woe to you! For all their crimes fall back on your head.

And you still have a duty to them before eternal justice; for they could never do you as much harm you've done them!

## Dreadful Realities

It is horrible to say, but, in our society, what we call virtue often leads directly to crime, and what we call crime leads to honorable positions.

See the prostitutes on the streets, a pathetic flock marked by disgrace; if they had known to sell themselves early, their price would not have fallen so low, and they would be honorable women!

Most of these unfortunates have loved and let themselves be seduced; they haven't had the courage for hypocrisy, because they had a heart.

That is what the world has done to them. See the apostate priest dying of poverty; if he had known how to lie like the others and hid his vices under a hateful austerity, he might be a bishop today!

See these convicts leaving for Brest or Toulon, chained in pairs: they have stolen too openly. Oh! If they knew how to conduct their business!

See this poor woman of the people who has just been stopped for stealing a loaf of bread: she was young and beautiful, but she wanted to be honest. A brutal and lazy worker married her and made her a mother; then he abandoned her with her children!

O moralists! How beautiful you are in your theories and how powerful in your arguments!

You take so much care to mold virtuous people, and then, behold, society takes them, sneering, and throws them in the workhouse or the executioner's cart!

## The Hypocrites

“You do not have the right, Madame, to demand the emancipation of woman,” some men have said to me with a severe probity.

“And why is that?”

“Because you have emancipated yourself from all the laws of society!”

“Hypocrites!”

What! Because I have escaped, as if by a miracle, from the assassin’s bullet, I must not cry murder!

What! Because I have no status in the world, nor consideration from people like you, because I am wounded, broken at every step, because I cry without anyone deigning to hear me, because I devour my tears, because I arm myself with all the energy of a legitimate pride against the cowards who crush me, I would be the only one who does not have the right to complain!

What! It is precisely the victims who must keep silent, and we must wait for the executioners to plead in favor of those they torture! What pitiful mockery!

Ah! You degrade me because I protest! Ah! You want to stifle my voice!

Well, I will be silent about my own pain and those of women who are my sisters in bondage, and I will go to work for the emancipation of men!

You wanted to make me infamous, and I tell you that by my devotion I will make my life holy and my death glorious.

And you will see if the emancipation of women is a scourge, and if I was worthy to live more happily and more honored!

I wrote the book of the Workers’ Union and I carry with me; but I have dictated this one to a brother, and he will publish it if I die.

I go as, in the past, the apostles of the Christ went; I go to protest in a resounding manner against the narrow positivism of those who chain devotion.

I would be mad, if necessary! It is the fools who have saved the world!



## Religious Progress

There are people who are still Catholics in the manner of the old inquisitors who would condemn Galileo.

There are priests who disavow neither the auto-da-fé nor the Saint-Barthélémy, and who want to make religion alone responsible for these frightful political calamities.

There are men that even the name of liberty makes pale, and who laugh with disdain at the word progress;

Men whom two revolutions have not been able to teach anything, or make them forgotten anything, who protest with all their weak force against the emancipation of the human mind.

A helpless and sick herd, dangerous only because of the putrid miasma that it exhales and that our children breathe, because they raise the young.

Cowardly and hypocritical conspirators who paralyze all by their mass of inertia, and who crawl under sewers of the budget of a government of which they are the eternal enemies.

Bondage of mind, smallness and hardness of heart, Jewish scruples in the multiplicity of vain observances, excessive esteem for themselves and the coterie to which they belong, profound contempt for everything else, including honor, patriotism, the love of family, and especially the love of humanity. That is the character of these men and their followers.

A shadow of this pharisaism can hide and grow the most shameful disorders; the fellows are assured of the secret, and have at their discretion treasure from the plenary indulgences.

They do not know what an honest process is. So they are astonished to hear the means they use to achieve their pious and deserving ends reproached.

These are the men who doom Catholicism and still foment, in our time, religious wars!

They are the ones who believe they hold the truth captive, and who think they have eternalized the duration of their dogma because they have emaciated it like a skeleton and hardened it like a fossil.

They do not know, these preservers of mummies, that to be immortal, a religion must first be living!

So the Word of God has withdrawn from these men as speech goes from those who die. They have all the resources, all the rostrums, all the means of publicity: what do they say?

They only dare use silent insinuations, hidden persecutions, the secret whispers of the confessional, and feminine solicitations in the mysteries of the bedroom.

They are those who have dismayed the heart of the noble Lamennais, that priest who was for a moment the pilot of the ship of Peter, and who fell into the waves, like Palinurus, with his broken rudder.

They are those who still envelope in a single jealous condemnation, the two great regenerators of Catholic unity in France: Napoleon and Chateaubriand.

For they feel religion ready to escape them; they cling to its trailer with cries of fright, feeling that it advances and that already it tugs their crippled arms and drags their gouty feet!

Sisters and brothers, as long as the clergy has occult doctrines, as long as its morals are not public and universal, as long as it is the enemy of progress and sound philosophy, as long as it places the spirit of caste in the place of the evangelical mind, do not commune with it. Protest in union with the true universal Church against these false shepherds, and do not give them your children to instruct.

When we will have all come to that age of virility of which Saint Paul spoke, in the time of the fullness of Christ, we will no longer have need of priests, for all the Christians will be priests and kings, according to the promise of the Scriptures.

And that word of the great apostle should greatly disquiet those who refuse to believe in progress.

However, while awaiting that glorious epoch, let us consider the teaching Church as a school, and ask it to account for its moral and political doctrine before entrusting our children to it!

I do not address myself here to the pariahs. I know that the children of the pariahs only have poverty or a tutor and misfortune for a school. For those, there is no church, as there is no society or future!

And now I, the pariah, dare add that this Church, whose door is closed to those who suffer, is a temple of hell.

I say that if the Christ, a pariah like me, returned to the world, he would perhaps not find a priest to absolve him of his poverty and his virtues!

So let us seek the symbols of the future in the Catholic teaching, but let us flee the false shepherds like the plague-stricken.

For they are the children of those who have crucified Jesus, and they are more unintelligent, more heartless and more avaricious than their fathers!

## Emancipation.

To emancipate the serfs we must educate them; that is why I have made this book, which will be my testament.

I especially address it to women, in order to deliver them from the superstition that dazes their souls and shrinks their hearts, and to render them independent of the priests, all by giving them a lively faith and an ardent charity that will sustain them in the struggle!

It is false devotion that holds the noble hearts of women in an indolent and impious resignation.

Their rights are the same as those of men! They are furthermore the divine prerogative of maternity! So let them be mothers, for men are children!

They have ruled enough by strategy, triumphed enough by corruption; the hour has come for chastity and justice!

Yes, for chastity! For your loveless marriages, concluded for a price, are disgusting prostitutions!

Yes, for chastity, for it is the glory of woman, it is her need, it is her nature, and I want for proof of it only that sacred instinct that never perishes entirely in her, which we call modesty!

Yes, the hour of justice has come, for woman is not born for hypocrisy, and, when God has ordered her heart, she cannot without shame lie to God and to her heart.

Women are not a property, and the vile right of property over free beings is called slavery.

Woman was not born to be your slave.

Women, my sisters, you have often rejected my words because you have been told that I would doom you.

No, I tell you; I want to save you, but it is necessary to educate you, it is necessary to release you from the misgivings of a false religion, it is necessary to arm you with courage.

When you know how to want, all will be done, for men have need of you, as the child has need of its mother!

## The Modern Utopians

Honor to the men of conviction who advance as scouts at the head of the caravan of humanity!

Glory to these sublime madmen, whom we killed formerly and today are content to ridicule pleasantly while they die of poverty!

Humanity has never lacked prophets, and the future that opens before us also has its revelators.

Swedenborg, through the revelation of the correspondences, has announced the unity and universality of science and indicated to Fourier his fine system of analogies.

He has shown the celestial societies grouped by harmonious series according to the degrees of intelligence and love.

He has given heaven and hell attractions for motives, and on their antagonism he has established equilibrium.

Fourier wanted to realize the celestial dream of Swedenborg on earth, and transfigured the convent of the Middle Ages into a phalanstery.

Saint-Simon has given the initiative of the transfigurations of dogma, and has revealed the end of Christian widowhood and the great humanitarian marriage by the moral emancipation of women.

A man whose name still serves as a laughing stock for the so-called wise men because he still lives, Ganneau, summarizes these various systems in a magnificent orthodoxy; he justifies the emancipation of women by the cult of love and honor that he assigns to the title of mother. For him, the Emperor Napoleon is a messianic type representing the great Cain or usurper, but he reconciles him with the Christ, who is the great Abel, and from that union of obedience and strength is born the equilibrium of rights and duties.

After these great prophetic figures, who represent some general ideas, come some architects who give plans for the various parts of the social edifice.

Cabet, a man of conviction and perseverance, whose integrity took the place, up to a certain point, of ideas and talents, gave in his Icaria the plan for a great common manufacture and some rules for workshops that can have their reasonable and useful side. Proudhon, a reasoner with a serious, but overwhelming logic, takes property, such as we understand it in our time, is his stranglehold, where he crushes it. His book has not been pursued by the public prosecutor.

Victor Considérant, the regenerator of the societary school, and upholder of the work of Fourier, a man of science and talent, who will perhaps soon be called represent at the rostrum the ideas of peaceful emancipation and social organization.

That is nearly all the men of our era who are serious concerned with the future. But none of them have actively put their hand to the work, either because they lacked the means of execution, or because their plans were still not well settled, or because their faith was not keen enough.

We are told that an architect of antiquity, after having listened in silence to the details of some gigantic plans of another architect, a great maker of theories, surpassed him with a single phrase, by crying out: "What he has said, I will do!"

Oh! If courage and devotion were enough, I would, myself, this architect who speaks little, but who acts. . . . .

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Here ends the manuscript dictated by Mme. Flora Tristan.

Let us now finish with a few words about that extraordinary woman.

There are lives whose history belongs to the annals of humanity, and I believe this is one of them. Flora's personality was so exalted in the struggle that in her own eyes she had risen to the status of myth, she believed herself to be the female Messiah; after having struggled like a demon, she dreamed of the transfiguration of martyrdom to fly away to heaven on the wings of an angel; she was the ancient Medea, jealous of our modern Madame Guyon and sure of surpassing her.

Here is what was written about her, a year before her death, by one of her friends, who she since charged with writing her religious and literary testament.

The article appeared in an unfinished collection that was to be titled: *Les Messies contemporains*.

"Here is a woman of which we must not talk, but that it is necessary to know if you want to admire and tremble. Go see her: it will force you to be her mortal enemy or her minion; too far above the good or evil you can think of her, she will confuse your ideas, and when you think to seize her in the act of the vague blackness of which she is accused, she will escape you, grand, sublime and smiling with pity. Then, becoming an enthusiast, you'll set out breathlessly to follow her; so she will return disdainfully, grip your heart in a terrible, icy hand, then throw it back broken. Take her for a devil, she will spread two beautiful azure wings and a starry crown; pray to her like an angel, and she will show you the horns.

It is that Flora Tristan is the splendid personification of the most complete and most implacable pride. Milton's Satan must be dead of bitterness since she came into the world. If she was not Satan himself in progress, she has attained, by means of growing in rebellion, a tranquility and a serenity of her brow that makes her truly dangerous to souls, for it forces them to hate or worship her.

Too splendid to be vain, Madame Tristan imposes herself by renouncing her personality. Everything belongs to her: your ideas, your work, your personality, and she does not even respect your property in it. You are nothing, she is no more: God is everything, but she is everything in God, and God is everything in her. Pray, don't go resist her in anything; bow your head before the woman's glory that surrounds her; do not ask her the reason for anything; love her, on the great and unique condition that she will not love you. That's a singular condition, you say, and who imposes it? She!—No; you, if you are wise; for those who love Madame Tristan, she kills (morally, we hear). She is the ancient Circe minus the wand; she is a siren who does not sing, but who devours; she is an adorable vampire who kills the soul and leaves you your blood, so that it chokes you when you leave her, furious, without even the consolation of making her angry; for she is cruel with kindness, she tortures you by smiling; there is a children's naivety and a saint's conscience in her moral homicides; he is simple and sweet to throw you into rabid fits, and you leave her tender friendship with an indescribable urge to bite someone—or something—especially if your stomach is empty.

Angel or Satan, God or devil, this is how the woman appeared to those who had the fortune or misfortune to know her.

Let us pass now to her ideas.

Flora Tristan believed in God (*Dieux*, do not cross out the *x*). God, according to her, was father, mother and embryo, that is to say that, in the first principle, she recognized the active generation, the passive generation and the germ in indefinite progress. Intelligence and love, which are one, are the active principle that animates strength, and strength, from passive becoming active, fertile with intelligence and love; then the loving intelligence becomes mother of a fruit that always grows without ever leaving the womb that always limits it, and this fruit, which is the universe, is for that reason named the divine embryo.

The principle is reproduced in its effects, and God is manifested in humanity; the creative principle, the intelligent love becomes the woman: strength is represented by the man; the man is thus only the clay of Prometheus, and it is the woman who has received the sacred fire from heaven to animate it.

Flora also does not grant the title of father to man. According to her, the humanity represented by the Christ has only a mother on earth and a father in heaven. The woman, the mistress of her favors, animate whom she pleases with the sacred fire of love, and the one she chooses, she includes for a moment in the mother's privilege. She never gives herself to a man, but she honors a man with her choice, raises him up to his sovereign and returns him by imposing silence on him. So Flora does not demand the emancipation, but the sovereignty and autocracy of woman; her utopia is the Republic of the Bees, and what she seems to want to conquer, in the name of the kindest and most oppressed sex, is not equality and justice, it is the reaction and revenge. Flora Tristan had suffered a great deal.

Thus, to respond to the Communists who preach the community of women, Flora, also a communist in her own way, demands the community of men; if it was an irony, it would be bitter, but conclusive. Moreover, Madame Tristan abhors the very name of the property and does not believe in free will. She opposes progress to evil, and the inspiration of women to the errors of men; she accepts phalansterian ideas up to a certain point in the future of social organization; but Christ, Fourier, and Saint-Simon have only bought some wisps of straws from which she alone, inspired swallow of the spring to come, fashions a nest where she wants to incubate a new world under her maternal wings. Thus mad, by dint of becoming sublime, she loves humanity to the point of even envying God. Seek nothing small in her, and do not fear that she will falter. Robespierre said, "Let the colonies perish rather than a principle!" Flora willingly says: "Let the world perish rather than one of my dreams!" And if dreams Flora could materialize in the form of an iron triangle, I would fear, my faith! for the stupid human race a terrible realization of the wish of Caligula.

Terrible woman! you will say.—Wait!—Have you seen the insidious sweetness of her beautiful black eyes? Her hand of antique ivory, made with the chisel of Phidias? Her voluptuous and luxuriant hair, that the jealous time, like a patient spider, would enlase in a web of silver? Her queenly bearing, her infallible, but complacent and easy speech, fall from so ruby red lips and so pure? Have you seen Flora in the coquetry of her disdainful neglect? Yes, is not it? Well, then, I understand that you detest her with all your heart, but do not speak to me of evil; you are an interested party. If you have not seen her... my faith, hold, do not speak of her like a coward, I pity you.

There is stuff in that woman, a great and beautiful nature that the opinion should steer and not wither. But, pallid race we are, we are afraid of strong natures as lazy students are afraid of their teacher, and we would sooner furtively sketch them in caricature behind a door than profit their teachings.

The works of Madam Flora Tristan are: 1) *The Peregrinations of a Pariah*, the story of the author's travels in Peru, which we find enough in her work that we do not have the right to say: It is not she. The great character of that eccentric woman begins to become boldly apparent in that work, which was burned publicly in Arequipa, and has resulted in the suppression of a pension that Flora received from her Peruvian family.

2) *Méphis*, a social novel in draft form, as the author herself said in a private letter. We find there a new and amazing theory of love, together with the most advanced revolutionary ideas.

3) *Promenades in London*, a work of popular statistics, truly meticulous and useful; the author already rises to the dignity of humanitarian apostle.

4) Finally, *The Workers' Union*, a little book thick with ideas and with the future, which by itself can absolve Madam Flora of the little faults of her misunderstood genius, and which places her definitively at the head of the men of action of our era.

The life of that woman was full of painful mysteries. Victim so many times of a society that she felt forced to grind in her turn under her feet, she no longer limited herself to self-defense; she dared to attack, and the whole civilized order paled before her. She made horror, but she made envy, and the pariah appeared so calm and beautiful in her exile, in the midst of the civilized world, the victorious demon appeared happier than the angels.

However, she felt that the struggle was not the eternal condition of her existence; *unityism* had invaded this beautiful nature as the brightness of the sun invades those that climb above the clouds.

Never had such ardent aspirations towards universal peace made a woman's heart beat; never had dreams more sweet with angelic chastity purified a heart! Flora was a very Catholic nature, because she was stronger than all the philosophical prejudices. Born a few centuries earlier, she would have been St. Teresa, and in our century of Byronic doubt and satanic literature, she was jealous to compete with Satan, if only to defeat him and bring him back to God.

Born with an immense ambition, she justified that passion to some extent by directing it towards true grandeur; if one moment she dreamed of Peru and its fabulous riches, she soon felt that the superiority of her intelligence allowed her to create for herself some inexhaustible treasures with which she wished to endow the working class.

From her departure on the Tour de France, where she found death, Flora, who had long labored on her work on the emancipation of woman, gave me her notes in a bundle of nearly indecipherable papers, and tasked me with putting all that in order, and to return the manuscripts to her with my additions and remarks; the packet had been put in the mail for Lyon with her address. I had finished the part of the work that I now publish, and I asked her for the continuation; I was an entire month without news, and a month later I learned that Flora was dead.

Long disgusted with socialist and political disappointments, I had decided not to publish anything on these highly doubtful and controversial matters. Driven by the charm of my old beliefs, and aspiring now to rest and forgetfulness, I hesitated for a long time to publish a work whose opinions could possibly make me responsible, and in this irresolution I tried to arrange it, to soften it and bring it into harmony with my personal beliefs; but through it all an internal discontent pursued me, and I came to understand the expiations of the ancients to appease the manes. I had promised Flora I would collect and publish her last thoughts, and whatever my aversion to some of her convictions, I should not make myself the judge of them. So I present the work she confided to me; it is up to her soul to answer for it.

She was my friend in the spirit, and for a time all her beliefs were mine. Why did I change? Ask time why everything changes. Flora has not changed in the same way; but she is dead, which is a much more comprehensive and more terrible change.



Now there is a fact that seems to me to protest invincibly against all the utopias of those who dream of perfection on earth: death.

Suppose the phalanstery is organized and the world is in complete harmony; then, more terrifying than ever, a grinning specter will rise up before you like a terrible negation: death.

So we have no rest to seek here, since we die!

Our homeland is elsewhere than earth, since after a few days of agitation and struggle, we all go there in death!

Where now is that great army of which the Emperor was the head and the soul, which shook the world beneath its feet!

We seek for it and we hardly find a bit of debris any more.

Behind it all is dead, and where is the Emperor?

So what do the tombs proclaim, from the pyramids of Cheops to the pantheon of Voltaire?

That the earth is a place of passage and that our homeland is in eternity.

A moment is given to man here below to earn by devotion an eternity of liberty and glory.

So man is free and his actions determine his destiny.

The animals obey inevitable attractions, and they do not speak; what would they say?

Speech is impossible without judgment; for speech, the word is nothing but the announcement of a judgment.

So man is placed on the earth as a judge; and, according to the equity of his judgments, he must himself be judged.

Now, so that his judgment is not perverted, a perfect type has been given to him, and that type is the God-Man.

The Christ is thus the only Savior of humanity, and we await no other.

And this type of unity has first produced the hierarchical Church, which is unified in its chief and multiple in the functions of its members.

In the epoch of the great schism, the Church, saved by France, became essentially Gallic, and it is in the genius of France that we rediscover in our days the true doctrines of universal association. It is this French genius that must react, in an imminent future, against the brutal force of the North allied with the industrial power of England.

There will come a moment when it will be necessary to choose between the religious supremacy of the pope and that of the czar; but the pope will thus be forced, by the imperious force of circumstances, to adopt the French ideas and bless the holy alliance of the nations in the name of religion and liberty.

Thus the first people of the world, the king-people will be the most devoted, as in the time of the Christ, the man who is devoted unto death has been hailed as the true God-Man and only Savior of the World.

There are my hopes and dreams, and, while awaiting that beautiful future, I will keep silent and pray in the shade of the ancient metropolis where I have received, with a Christian name, the mysterious water of the baptism.

But I believe in the legitimacy of all extensions of the human word and I did not feel I should keep captive the word of a friend who is no longer in this world to complain of it. Let her forgive me for adding to it some reflections of my own, if, in the better world where no doubt she is gone, we still know something of the traces we have left here on earth!

Alph. CONSTANT.