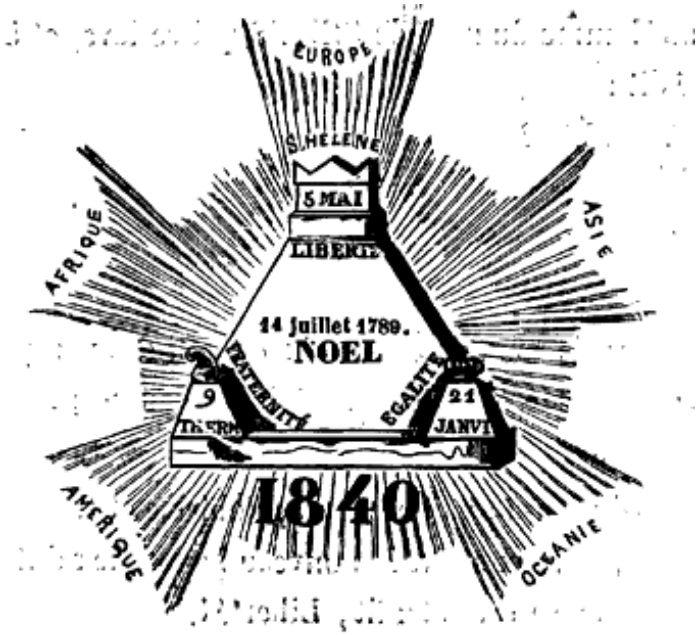


[Simon Ganneau (The Mapah), Manifesto in favor of Electoral Reform]



*I no longer come to say to the people:
Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's!
The mission of Caesar is finished.
But I come to say to Caesar:
Render unto God the things that are God's!
What is God?
God is the People.*

And the Word was made Man in a man by the name of Jesus;
And the Word was made a People in a people by the name of France;
And the Word united in Man was made flesh in the womb of a Virgin by the name of Mary;

And the Word united in a People was made flesh in the womb of a Virgin by the name of LIBERTY.

What is the Word?

The Word is LOVE.

And the Mother of the Christ Man gave birth in a stable;

And the Mother of the Christ People gave birth in a Bastille.

I tell you truly: the Holy Virgin Mary of Heaven, the Holy Virgin Liberty of the earth, are the GREAT-MOTHER, THE GREAT PARIAN THE GENESIAIC EVE.

In 1789, there was a man by the name of SIEYES who rose up, and in the face of the Nobility and Clergy said:

What is the Third Estate?

Nothing.

What should it be?

Everything.

To these simple words, the thunderous voice of Mirabeau responded: The great are only great because we are on our knees; let us rise up and we will be greater than them.

Straightaway the Tennis Court Oath burst out, Nobility and Clergy were overthrown, and from the Estates-General emerged the new Logos, the holy dogma Sovereignty of the People and an immense cry rang out, Liberty!

At that sacred name, the dawn of the great day broke, the gods of despotism were crushed, the Bastille, their monstrous symbol, crumbled; and from the debris of the old world arose, radiant with glory and love, LIBERTY OUR HOLY MOTHER, from whose torn flanks emerged, on July 14, 1789, THE FRENCH PEOPLE, THE MESSIAH OF THE PEOPLES.

Such is the origin, the germ of that French Revolution that would transfigure the world; called successively National Assembly, Constituent, Legislative, Convention, Directory, Consulate, Empire, Restoration, Revolution of July, at this hour it is called:

ELECTORAL REFORM!...

What is Electoral Reform?

Electoral Reform is the matrix of the fine fruit of the French Revolution. The fine fruit is the holy dogma of Sovereignty, the People established.

There are propositions so obvious that once posited they are resolved, of such gravity, that once attacked they are stuck instantly with death, if they are not reborn.

Let the Deaf hear, let the Blind see, for, in politics as in physics, expansion is the result of compression.

Sons of Liberty, listen!

ELECTORAL REFORM, today, July 14, 1840, is expressed thus:

In 1789 what was the Third Estate? (The bourgeoisie.)

Nothing.

From 1789 to 1840, what did the Third Estate become? (The bourgeoisie.)

Everything.

In 1840 what is the People?

Nothing.

What must it be?

Everything.

Let that formula be blessed! And in order for it to be blessed, Daughters and Sons of the martyrs of the world, reflect! Let your soul rise up as high as the

great soul of your Fathers. Let their great work, the Revolution, that terrible holy birth of the Human Unity, appear to you in all its majesty, and, your heart overflowing with enthusiasm and pride, beautiful children of the GIANTS of FEDERATION, cry out with us, in a holy transport of love: NOËL! NOËL! NOËL!

I say to you in truth:

Today, July 14, 1840, fiftieth anniversary of the revolution, is the day of Noël of the French People, of the CHRIST-PEOPLE who have died for the salvation of the Peoples.

Peoples, our brothers, do you hear it? It cries to you from its cradle: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity!

Peoples, our brothers, do you hear it? It cries to you from high on its cross of Waterloo: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity!

Peoples, our brothers, do you hear it? It cries to you from its tomb: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity!

Peoples, our brothers, have great faith and good hope; for the hour of the resurrection, of the great Easter and the great Federation is nigh.

Peoples our brothers, in the name of the Mother of all love, of the great Eve, of the holy Liberty, remember that where Caesar ends Man begins; that where Man begins is the Brother... FRATERNITY!...

MY SISTERS AND MY BROTHERS,

Parceling out is Division, and Misery is Night.

Association is Unity, and Happiness is Light.

Listen to this parable and let it be for you a spark of Life and Regeneration.

The grains of sand complained to God, saying:

The least wind shakes us and pushes us from shore to shore, over rocks that tear at us; the smallest drop of water engulfs us; we are the plaything of the elements and food for the smallest pebble of the beach, which devours us.

And in their anguish all cried to God for mercy.

God responded to them: ASSOCIATION.

At that word from the Eternal the dust made itself giant, and from its desert of sand, from its void of atoms, arose those colossi that we call the Pyrenees and the Alps. What are these colossi, the framework of the physical world? Some associated atoms.

At this hour, humanity is dissolved down to its last element, the individual, the atom.

All, at this hour, are wounded atoms, crying to God for mercy.

God responds to us: ASSOCIATION.

Brothers and sisters in sorrow, let us associate and we will be the giants, the new framework of humanity transfigured, which is to say associated, united!...

In the atomic world the law of Association is called Attraction; in the intellectual world it is called Love.

I say to you in truth, the matrix of Attraction, of Love and of its fine fruit Expansion, is the Evadian Unity.

The Evadian Unity is the Epic of human life in all these modes of manifestation, in the State of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, Expansion, Love, Harmony, Unity and Sovereignty.

In the Evadian Unity all are called, all are elected, all are rehabilitated.

FROM OUR PALLET IN OUR CITY OF PARIS, THE GREAT EVE OF THE EARTH, TODAY, JULY 14, 1840, DAY OF THE NOËL OF THE PEOPLE OF FRANCE, AND OF THE MESSIAH OF THE PEOPLES.

IN THE NAME OF THE GREAT EVADAH, IN THE NAME OF THE GREAT GOD, MOTHER, FATHER.

At Paris, in the Universe.

EXPANSION, LOVE.

THE MAPAH

“There was only Dust and Void, a Tear of Love fallen from the Bosom of the Mother made Life and Light.”



[Working translation by Shawn P. Wilbur.]