

# In the Sphere of Humanity:

## Joseph Déjacque, Slavery, and the Struggle for Freedom

An English Translation and Annotation of Selected  
Writings of

**Joseph Déjacque**

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with Introduction and Annotation

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Introduction  
**Joseph Déjacque**  
**Émigré Journalist**

by

Janine C. Hartman and Mark A. Lause

"What is this book?" asks Joseph Déjacque at its beginning of his *Humanisphere*. His answer was that it "is not a literary work, it is an infernal work, the cry of a rebel slave." Just so.

Those seeking fine literature would be well advised to do so elsewhere.

This is the voice of an intelligent and literate nineteenth century workingman. After becoming a minor leader in the European revolutionary movements that culminated in the uprisings of 1848-1849, Déjacque participated in émigré circles across the channel in England and across the Atlantic in the United States. His experience shaped a unique contribution to radical internationalism in the nineteenth century.

### **The French Working Class Revolutionary**

Joseph Déjacque was born at Paris in 1821 or 1822.<sup>1</sup> While he was very young, his father died. His

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<sup>1</sup>Valentin Pelosse in both "Mais qui est Déjacque?" 9-14 and "Essai de Biographie de Joseph Déjacque," 15-28 in *Joseph Déjacque: La Question Révolutionnaire, l'Hujmanisphere, A Bas les chefs!, La Liberation des noirs*

widowed mother worked as a laundress to pay Déjacque's tuition at the Salive school in the Faubourg St. Antoine. As a schoolboy of eight, he saw the insurrection in 1830 that toppled King Charles X, installing the "July Monarchy" of the Duc d'Orléans, Louis-Philippe. Having something of an education made him unusual for a boy of his class and time.

School ended at age twelve, when Déjacque entered the factory of a paper hanger in the Rue Lenoir. This apprenticeship began in 1834 and left him, five years later, selling wallpaper for a merchant in the Boulevard des Capucines. Yet, he was unready to settle into that trade for life.

Like many youthful rebels against the apparent tedium of craft labor, Déjacque went to sea. In 1841, he joined the Navy and boarded a man-of-war that took him to the Orient and allowed him to see something of the world before returning to Paris. Clearly his own experiences as a seaman are reflected in the references in *Humanisphere* to the voyage of the "Calypso" to the East.

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*Américains*, ed, Valentin Pelosse (Paris: Editions Champ Libre, 1971); *Dictionnaire Biographique du Mouvement Ouvrier Français*, ed., Jean Maitron (5 vols.; Paris, 1964), Max Nettlau gives 1821 as the year of birth in his *Der Vorfruehling der Anarchie: Ihre historische Entwicklung von den Anfaengen bis zum Jahre 1864* (Berlin: Verlag "Der Sydikalist," Fritze Kater, 1925), 207, and generally, 205-19. See also Nettlau's *Der Anarchismus von Proudhon zu Kropotkin: Seine historische Entwicklung in den Jahren 1859-1880* (Berlin: Verlag "Der Sydikalist," Fritze Kater, 1927). For a recent and comprehensive reference, see Déjacques, and the worker revolutionary milieu, consult Michel Cordillot *La Sociale en Amerique: Dictionnaire biographique du mouvement sociale francophone aux Etats-Unis, 1848-1922*. (Paris: De L'Atelier) 2002.

Other remarks in the *Le Libertaire* indicate that he found the life-and-death discipline and arbitrary hierarchy of the sea an even worse working situation.

The wallpaper of Paris called Déjacque home. In 1843, he began selling wallpaper out of a shop rue Louis-le-Grand. However, in 1847, he struck off on his own as a house painter or “paper hanger”. By then, he was already involved in a radical Christian socialist worker’s group that directed the *L’Atelier* (the Workshop), self-described as “the organ of the moral and material interests of the workers.”<sup>2</sup>

In February 1848, the pent-up grievances of a generation erupted once more in the streets of Paris.<sup>3</sup> On

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<sup>2</sup> The best comprehensive survey of Dejacque's life is Nicole Perrot A la recherche d'une patrie des droits de l'homme: Joseph Dejacque, proletaire anarchiste" dans Les Français des états-unis d'hier à aujourd'hui red. Ronald Creagh et John P. Clark, Actes du premier colloque internationale sur les français des états-unis-Montpellier (CIRCAN: Université Montpellier III), 1994, 281-297. William H. Sewell, Jr., *Work & Revolution in France: the Language of Labor from the Old Regime to 1848* (Cambridge, 1980), 219, 235. For further background to the outbursts of 1848-1849, Emile Durkheim, *Socialism*, ed. Alvin W. Gouldner (New York, 1962), which represented lectures of Saint-Simon; and, Peter N. Stearns, *Paths to Authority: the Middle Class and the Industrial Labor Force in France, 1820-48* (Urbana, 1978). One should also consult the annotated review of the sources in Édouard Dolléans and Michel Crozier, *Mouvements Ouvrier et Socialiste: Chronologie et Bibliographie—Anleterre, France, Allemagne, États-Unis (1750-1918)* (Paris, 1950), and in David Owen Evans, *Social Romanticism in France, 1830-1848, With a Selective Critical Bibliography* (New York, 1969), 105-143. See also Flora Tristan, *The Workers' Union* [1843], trans., Beverly Livingston (Urbana, 1983) for the kind of pre-revolutionary cooperative argument.

<sup>3</sup> For the unfolding of the 1848 revolution, see: Georges Duveau, *1848: the Making of a Revolution*, trans. Anne Carter (New York, 1967); Geoffrey Bruun, *Revolution and Reaction, 1848-1852* (New York, 1958); Charles Tilly, Louie Tilly and Richard Tilly, *The Rebellious Century, 1830-1930*

February 24, a provisional government based at the City Hall declared an end to the “bourgeois monarchy” of Louis-Philippe and proclaimed an armed “fraternal republic.” By mid-March, National Guard battalions took to the streets in opposition to the revolutionary government which responded with mass counter-demonstrations of workers. For them, the revolution had shattered the seeming permanence of a new industrial slavery and bode well for transition to a non-capitalist world.

At age twenty-six, Déjacque found himself in the thick of this turmoil with its promise and peril. During this time, he frequented the various socialist clubs, including that of Pauline Roland, Jeanne Deroin and others organizing for “Women’s Emancipation”. Events drew him more deeply into revolutionary journalism and organization.

The *bourgeois* leadership of the revolution had no desire to be swept towards socialism and tensions with the workers increased. In April, the government, citing the workers’ assembly in **Champ de Mars**, called the army into Paris. On the other hand, the rural majority, secured conservative success in the April 23 election of the **Constituent Assembly**.

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(Cambridge, MA, 1975); William L. Langer, *The Revolutions of 1848* (New York, 1969), representing the independent publication of five chapters from *Political and Social Upheaval* (New York, 1969); Peter N. Stearns, *1848: the Revolutionary Tide in Europe* (New York, 1974); and, Priscilla Robertson, *Revolutions of 1848: a Social History* (Princeton, 1952).

Policies in Paris undercut any potential revival of a working class demands. Unemployment during first half of 1848 reduced as many as half the workers of Paris to charity. On May 10, Déjacque enrolled in the National Workshops, the government's make-work concession to the socialists of Louis Blanc. However, the government found arresting the socialist leaders cheaper than actually funding the National Workshops. Robbed of power, hope, and even their illusions, despairing workers took to the streets and, from June 22 to June 25, seized and held about half of the city.

Armed with artillery, the military restored *bourgeois* order in the city. In the process, it killed about 3,000 working class Parisians, while wounding and arresting uncounted thousands, including Déjacque, who found himself imprisoned at Cherbourg. To ensure the further silence of the workers in French politics, the government ordered 15, 000 deported.

In the absence of any organized working class opposition, Prince **Louis-Napoleon Buonaparte** won the presidency in December. By March 1849, the government banned the last of the popular clubs. In May, it placed the French military at the service of the Pope against the Roman republic. After trimming the alternatives, the June elections returned a royalist majority. A year after the respectably middle class revolutionaries had betrayed the workers, they found that they themselves had been marginalized. The process became marked by the further shedding of working class blood at Lyon, leaving 150 dead and 1500 condemned.

The experience became formative to the

emergent thinking of the workers' movement. Recalling Napoleon Bonaparte's betrayal of the original French Revolution, Karl Marx wrote a satirical and biting analytical *Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte*.<sup>4</sup>

Déjacque's role in these events was minor but of lasting importance. For his participation in the workers' uprising in Paris in June 1848, he had been imprisoned at Cherbourg, and released in March 1849. Rearrested in June 1849 when the royalists came back to power, he continued to be in and out of trouble. Throughout, he overcame neither his faith in the promise of revolution nor his sense of class betrayal at the hands of its *bourgeois* misleadership. In his writings, the two actively fuel each other.

In August 1851, Déjacque's *Lazareenes, Fables et Poesies Sociales* offered views the government found worthy of notice. It is a collection of romantic poems and vignettes on class struggle, the injustices of social organization, the tyranny of religious and social institutions. By October, a court found him guilty of "inciting to the misfortune of the Republic government, inciting to hatred among citizens and apologetics for deeds identified as criminal under the law. He had in effect in a fable justified the June Days." For this, the authorities fined the paperhanger 2, 000 francs and

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<sup>4</sup> *Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte* (Moscow, 1948). See also Samuel Bernstein, *The Beginnings of Marxian Socialism in France* (New York, 1933).

sentenced him to two years in prison.<sup>5</sup>

By the time of his release, Déjacque chose to join the thousands of deported French radicals clustered in Brussels, London and elsewhere. He left France for Belgium, then England. Based upon his later activities and associations, he likely participated at the edges of a web of quasi-masonic secret societies that provided émigrés some form of organization.<sup>6</sup>

Central to these were variations of Masonic organizations, particularly a mysterious Order of Memphis (also described as **Mizraim**). Setting aside some of the self-mystified history of this variant, the Order most directly grew from the 1838 efforts of Jacques Etienne Marconis de **Negre** at Mountauban and barely limped along for ten years. By 1848, however, Louis Blanc and other radical spokesmen headed the Order, bringing it to the fore as something of a political force.<sup>7</sup> The revolution's defeat diffused the association

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<sup>5</sup>Tribunal Lists, *Gazette des Tribunaux*, Oct. 23, 1851.

<sup>6</sup>Max Nettlau, the Weimar period German anarchist with many direct associations to nineteenth century anarchists could find only one letter by Déjacque, one to Pierre Vesinier who was immersed in the order. Schuster, 49. See, in general, Boris I. Nicolaevsky, "Secret Societies and the First International," in *The Revolutionary Internationals, 1864-1943*, ed. Milorad M. Drachkovitch (Stanford, 1966), 36-56.

<sup>7</sup>The self-mystified history of this current stretches back to ancient Egypt through its 1814 introduction into France by Samuel Honis of Cairo who initiated his nephew Gabriel M. Marconis de Negre at Mountauban. E.J. Marconis, *The Sanctuary of Memphis or Hermes*, trans. W.J. Coombs (**n.p., n.d.**), from *Le Sanctuaire de Memphis. ou Hermes* (**n.p.**, 1849); John Yarker's *Lecture of a Chapel, Senate & Council: Account of the Antient and The Secret High Degree Rituals of the Masonic Rite of Memphis*; Arthur E. Waite, *A New Encyclopaedia of Freemasonry* (New York, 1970), 241, 248,

with its émigrés.

In London, the Order was behind the new *Loge des Philadelphes* among the émigrés. The lodge coordinated the efforts of French, Belgian, Swiss, Dutch and German radicals active amidst the efforts of the British Chartists to reorganize themselves. Its very presence made inescapable the necessity for an international organization.<sup>8</sup>

Such developments among the veterans of revolutionary failure left Déjacque essentially unimpressed. On his first day in London, fellow anarchist **Gustave LeFrançais** met Déjacque, “an old acquaintance from the clubs of 1848” on the banks of the Thames. The latter discussed the lot of the radical émigrés with the newcomer.<sup>9</sup>

Certainly, the economic deprivation of émigré life annoyed Déjacque, but he complained very bitterly about the absence of “moral rapport” among the

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which also has a curious entry for Louis Blanc, 69-72, and Kenneth Mackenzie, *The Royal Masonic Cyclopaedia* ( 1877), 185-88, 482, 489, 491-92.

<sup>8</sup>See Boris I. Nicolaevsky, “Secret Societies and the First International,” in *The Revolutionary Internationals, 1864-1943*, ed. Milorad M. Drachkovitch (Stanford, 1966), 36-56; James H. Billington, *Fire in the Minds of Men: Origins of the Revolutionary Faith* (New York, 1980), 329. For a good introduction to this rather complex subject, see J. M. Roberts, *The Mythology of the Secret Societies* (London, 1970).

<sup>9</sup>Pelosse, citing LaFrançais’ *Souvenirs d’un révolutionnaire*. [1886] He was later a member of the International and the Commune.

radicals. **Alexandre Auguste Ledru-Rollin** and others, mostly ex-deputies who saw themselves as “the Republic, as the State was Louis XIV, and other than them, all else were imbeciles or traitors.” He thought the *Commune Révolutionnaire* with its socialists and supporters of Auguste Blanqui “the most disinterested and ardent element of the revolutionary party, ” but prominent men like rather than “actual activity” defined the current.<sup>10</sup> Romantic political writers and leaders Louis Blanc, Etienne Cabet, and Pierre Leroux had small followings, but most had, like Déjacque, remained *Independants*, and consequently poorly regarded by factional leaders. In fact, representatives of Ledru and Pyat regularly met new arrivals from France at London Bridge to recruit them to “their respective clans”. Having arrived in the city by the Southampton train, LeFrancais noted, he had crossed the Waterloo Bridge and inadvertently encountered Déjacque rather than the “spectacle” of this factional rivalry.

Déjacque’s disgust erupted at the first public funeral of one of the proscribed after the coup. A worker named Gougou from Beaune, a participant in the June days had gotten tuberculosis in prison and, upon reaching London’s climate, rapidly died. Émigré leaders planned to transform the funeral into a grand fete for June 24, both the grand Masonic holiday of St. John’s. and the fourth anniversary of the socialist workers’ rising. With a red flag draped over the bier, the funeral procession moved north of the city towards Hampstead. At the graveside, Ledru-Rollin, Pyat, Leroux, Blanc,

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<sup>10</sup> Max Nomad’s chapter on “The Martyr: Auguste Blanqui, the Glorious Prisoner,” in his *Apostles of Revolution* (New York 1961), 21-82

Marc Caussidiere, Greppo, and worker-writer Martin Bernard sat in the first row at the grave, where Martin Nadaud delivered some official words of farewell before the “great men” of the Revolution turned to leave.

At this point, recalled **LaFrancais** “a man surged forward, young and almost bald, a gaunt and pale figure, from these sad and mocking times, a true Parisian proletarian type.” By ignoring the defense of protocol, “the bill-sticker, Déjacque, the poet of those miserable” forced participants either to hear him or to walk out on one of Gougon’s fellow workers. “The bourgeois republicans had many times flogged their wicked egotism in reunions of the proscribed,” wrote LaFrancais, “but they didn’t know what to do.” In the end those who regularly sought the honors of the occasion had to resign themselves to hearing Déjacque.

After recalling the June days, Déjacque turned to deliver verses in a “proletarian strafing fire” ringing out “in a strident, almost savage voice” towards “those who proscribed, in their turn proscribed.” Ledru-Rollin and Blanc who were “left bleak and speechless.” Supporters of the latter, including “the mason Nadaud” attacked the poet for “reviving sleeping disputes before the common foe”. Déjacque replied: “The common enemy, Citizen Nadaud, is all who, in London and Paris, dream of governing to better guarantee their social privileges against proletarian demands, the one in the name of Empire, the other in the name of the Republic.”

So, too, the deepest poverty subsumed the

workers. Déjacque, LeFrancaise and other “companions in misery” grouped in Soho. In the morning, they had “a little café au lait where it is more than two levels of water and an atom of bean” while, in the evening, they had “some bits of grilled beef liver, made more savory with butter” washed down “with black tea, with the least possible sugar.” On a good Sunday, recalled LaFrancais, they could afforded half pint of porter.

The generosity of the working people back in France, meant that collections supplied some relief funds. These sufficed to allow a meager four shillings daily to unemployed exiles, but the émigré politicians disputed control of those funds as well and mutual aid societies also hoarded the funds under their direction. Usurping this this power, the “high and mighty lords of democracy . . . died without forgetting or learning anything.”<sup>11</sup> Déjacque directly ascribed to bourgeois republicans the derelictions of the Restoration Bourbon nobles. By the close of 1852, Déjacque had moved from London to the Isle of Jersey in the Channel.

There, on July 26, 1853, the official opposition scheduled the burial of **Louis Julien**, one of Déjacque’s fellow poets who had contracted tuberculosis in prison. When the committee chose to make émigré poet and ex-deputy Victor Hugo the “sole speaker, ” Déjacque protested that Hugo could not “translate thought, all thought, not the thought of others, incredible nerve!—absurd, collective belief!” Again, the prominent among

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<sup>11</sup>*Lazareennes*, Second edition, 188 n10. For ten poems from the New Orleans edition, see *Creole Echoes: The Francophone Poetry of Nineteenth Century Louisiana* translated by Norman R Shapiro, introduction and notes by M. Lynn Weiss (Urbana :University of Illinois Press), 2004,33-47

the proscribed themselves proscribed others.<sup>12</sup> A hierarchy of suffering and agency, as well as public presentation seems to have been uppermost among the refugee community.

Pointing this out was an act of radicalism that hardly endeared Déjacque to the prominent spokesmen for the movement. His subsequent isolation was certainly a factor in his decision to leave for America in the Spring of 1854, where he became the first worker-publisher of a French radical republican newspaper in the United States.

### Émigré Anarchist in the United States

Almost as soon as Déjacque arrived in the U.S., he went to work as a house painter and began stirring controversy among the émigrés in New York as in London. For a year, the former had sustained the daily publication of *Le Republicain*.<sup>13</sup> While the city's largest émigré organization, *Le Commune Révolutionnaire* was surely a branch of the largely Blanquist London organization, it was apparently much broader and open-ended. Déjacque, famed worker-poet and author of *Lazareennes* was invited to lecture before New York's *Société de la Montagne* in June on *La Question Révolutionnaire*. He again assailed the republicans for

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<sup>12</sup>*Lazareennes*, Second edition, 186 n7.

<sup>13</sup>Samuel Bernstein, *The First International in America* (New York, 1962), 9-10.

being committed to bourgeois respectability, at the expense of ideological relevance. He found enough support to allow for publication of his remarks the following month.

While the land of 1776 still retained some of its original luster in the eyes of some European radicals, Déjacque insisted that no nation had universally applicable answers to "the social questions". He anticipated a day when "there will be no more questions of the little French Republic, nor little American Union, nor of the little United States of Europe but of the true, the great social Republic, one, human, indivisible, the Republic of men to the free state, the Republic of united individuals of the globe."

Shortly after Déjacque's arrival, he signed the inaugural manifesto of International Association. The core of this loose federation galvanized around the cooperation of left-wing Chartists and the émigrés in February 1855.<sup>14</sup> Such perspectives had immediate importance in the ethnically diverse Americas, and workers' organizations.

In membership Germans overshadowed the French, of course, in point of numbers and subsequent literature. In prerevolutionary Paris, Blanquist influences had politicalized the émigré German artisans in Wilhelm Weitling's "League of the Outlaws" who

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<sup>14</sup>Arthur Mueller Lehning, "The International Association (1855-1859): a Contribution to the Preliminary History of the First International, " *International Review for Social History*, III (1938), 185-284; Billington, 326-29; Theodore Rothstein, "Aus der Vorgeschichte der Internationale, " supplement to *Die Neue Zeit*, XVII (Oct. 31, 1913), 44 pp.

had begun setting up Workers' Educational Societies there and in other cities outside of the German states. The involvement of Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels shortly followed, with their drafting of its Manifesto when reorganized as the "Communist League". The importance of these Marxist associations have led to an emphasis on the German membership at the expense of its full continental character..

A succession of these German Communists sought to establish organizations in the United States.. In 1845-46, one of the more promising but least experienced organizers, Hermann Kriege, arrived in New York, launched his *Volkstribune*, with a related *Soziale Reform Association*, and marched them into the Democratic party before returning to Europe. When Weitling himself arrived, radical immigrants launched an *Arbeiterbund* that sustained his *Republik der Arbeiter* for nearly five years. In 1853, Joseph Weydemeyer, much closer to Marx than Weitling, sought to establish a short-lived *Allgemeine Arbeiterbund*. Then, too, Friedrich A. Sorge, a Weitlingist at loose ends began working his way towards Marxism after he had reached New York. By the time of Déjacque's arrival, then, there were quite a number of Germans ready and eager for some sort of international organization.

Then there were the most neglected of all, the Americans. Leaders of the National Reform Association had long groped for ties across the Atlantic to the developing international workers' movement. When the

Chartists projected their 1850 reorganization, the NRA, through the local "New York City Industrial Congress," suggested that it become international in scope. British planners, in turn, invited an American "mission of brotherhood" to a "World's Industrial Congress." In February 1851, the NYCIC assigned Parsons E. Day "to make such arrangements as may be deemed necessary" to attend the London meeting. A descendent of Joseph Warren of Bunker Hill fame, Day circulated among British radicals and émigrés from the continent.<sup>15</sup>

These American National Reformers joined adherents of the Germans of the "Workingmen's Association" and the French "Revolutionary Commune" to form the International Association in New York. To meet a rising tide of political Nativism in New York City, the Americans launched an organization of "Universal Democratic Republicans" which sponsored a mass meeting on March 6, 1855. It approved a new report on the conditions of the laboring classes, and agreed to cooperate with the immigrant radicals.<sup>16</sup>

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<sup>15</sup>Van Amringe, *Wisconsin Freeman*, Jan. 19, 1848; *Red Republican*, Nov. 16, 23, 1850 and Jan. 18, 1851, 173, 180-81, 481; *Friend of the People*, Feb. 15, April 5, 1851, 80, 136; *NYDyTrib*, Dec. 12, 20, 1850, Feb. 11, 14, 1851. On Day, see *Quaker City Weekly*, Nov. 24, 1849; *Doc. Hist.*, VII, 287, 288, 303; and his obituary in the *New York Times*, June 9, 1906. See also Billington, 326.

<sup>16</sup>Ira B. Davis, William West, William Arbuthnot and a Colonel Hugh Forbes were noted in the meetings of the "Universal Democratic Republicans," *New York Daily Tribune*, March 7, 1855, p. 7. See also the "Address to Bedini" and "Italian National Society," Feb. 1, 1854 and Nov. 23, 1859. See Billington, 326, 328 on the 1855 origins and 326-29 on the International Association. Nor is it an accident that the Order of Memphis reemerged among the exiles in London and, by the mid-1850s, as far as New York City. Henry J. Seymour active in organization of Order of Memphis at New York City in mid-1850s and Marconis himself came to the

Horace Greeley, the editor and former admirer of Charles Fourier the mystic socialist, covered the developments, but not in sufficient detail to document the presence of Déjacque. However, there is no reason to think that Déjacque himself saw much of a role for himself beyond the French community. Indeed, for all the years spent among the English and American peoples, there is no evidence that he ever uttered a word of English.

Déjacque did not remain long in New York after the 1855 launching of the International Association. Instead, he left for New Orleans. With about 150,000 residents at the time, the city was an anomalous Whig commercial metropolis in a rural Democratic state, and a cosmopolitan center in the least cosmopolitan party of the country.<sup>17</sup>

Certainly, French radical ideas had a significant following in New Orleans among both the émigrés and the indigenous American social reformers. Among the latter, Thomas J. Durant, John C. Wilkins, T. Wharton Collens, and others offered a peculiarly regional blueprint for socialism that avoided direct action to

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US by 1860. Introductory notes to new edition of Marconis. In 1867, Seymour sought to restructure the independent Order as a Rite affiliated with the Grand Orient in Paris, but Calvin C. Burt led the revolt which created what he outlined in his *Egyptian Masonic History in the Order of Ancient and Ninety-six (96) Degree Rite of Memphis*.

<sup>17</sup> The Federal Census of 1850 found 130,565 in New Orleans and adjacent Lafayette, which were combined by the time of the 1860 Census to show 168,675.

abolish slavery.<sup>18</sup> Increasingly, the very existence of slavery made

Most likely, Déjacque had every intention of organizing in the large French community there. Almost immediately, he renewed his ideological assault on the icons of the revolution, he published *Béranger au pilori*, an expose of Pierre Jean de Beranger, the radical songwriter who had turned to Bonapartism for salvation.

Then, too, French émigrés had to function within the limits of American republicanism. If Déjacque's hostility to republican respectability made him few friends among his countrymen, his 1856 address on slavery "in the salons of a beer house, Rue Royale" must have horrified many of his listeners. Perhaps the most blunt address on the subject in the history of Louisiana, he actually urged armed slave rebellion within hearing of the slaves themselves. In vain, he sought to publish it as *La Terreur aux États-Unis*.

Like others in those circumstances, Déjacque refocused his frustrated political activism into speculations about utopian societies. In 1857, he published *La Lettre à Proudhon (sur l'être-humain, male et femelle)*. This appeared in an considerably expanded version of *Lazareennes*. More importantly, he constructed his own rational utopia, *L'Humaniphère*,

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<sup>18</sup>Carl J. Guarneri, *The Utopian Alternative: Fourierism in Nineteenth-Century America* (Ithaca, 1991), 261-67; Joseph G. Tregle, Jr, "Thomas J. Durant, Utopian Socialism, and the Failure of Presidential Reconstruction in Louisiana," *Journal of Southern History*, XLV (November 1979), 485-512; Robert C. Reinders, "T. Wharton Collens: Catholic and Christian Socialist," *Catholic Historical Review*, LII (June 1966), 212-33.

*utopie anarchique* which he sought to publish by subscription. The failure of this last project, evident by February 1858, marked his final disillusionment with New Orleans.

There is no way of knowing whether Déjacque ever met his alter ego, Jean-Charles Houzeau. Although Déjacque's age, Houzeau had the benefits of birth to an aristocratic but enlightened aristocratic Belgian family and a scientific education that landed him a position as an astronomer. He also sought to apply the ideas of Claude Henri Saint-Simon, the socialist to the problems of the Industrial Revolution. He also became a member of the underground revolutionary circles and found himself in a kind of voluntary exile by October 1857, when he landed at New Orleans.<sup>19</sup>

Like Déjacque, Houzeau turned to journalism, but, unlike Déjacque, Houzeau persisted. Under his sponsorship, people like J. Clovis Laizer eventually made their bid for power. The son of a black Creole and a Swiss immigrant, Laizer was "admitted without the least suspicion" to employment as a white, and held membership in the New Orleans Typographical

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<sup>19</sup> Jean-Charles Houzeau, *My Passage at the New Orleans Tribune: A Memoir of the Civil War Era*, ed. David C. Rankin, trans. Gerard F. Denault (Baton Rouge, 1984), 2, 5, 7, 9, and, for his friendship with Durant, 38-39. Born in 1820, Houzeau would have been Déjacque's age.

Union.<sup>20</sup> With the wartime arrival of the Federal forces, radicals like Durant, Houzeau, Laizer, and others would eventually enjoy the revolutionary opportunity to reshape their society.

Destiny offered Déjacque less. Back in New York, he solicited some financial support from other refugees and sympathetic Americans, and began printing on a shoestring budget of *Le Libéraire, journal d'un mouvement social*. From its first issue on June 9, 1858, he was practically its sole contributor.<sup>21</sup>

During this time, Déjacque apparently continued to work as a house painter, issuing numbers of *Le Libéraire* as time and resources permitted. These allowed for the appearance of eight numbers in 1858, twelve in 1859, six in 1860, and one in 1861. It provided the most important platform from which this particular house painter and paper hanger addressed his contemporaries and posterity.<sup>22</sup>

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<sup>20</sup> *Ibid.*, 29, 134 and n; listings in *The Printer*, II (July, September, October, 1859, February 1860) 55, 111, 135, 208, III, (November 1860) 128.

<sup>21</sup>The most likely American contributor was probably William B. Greene. An ex-Brook Farmer, Greene was not only the most prominent Francophile and anarchist among his countrymen, but was in France during the publication of *Le Libéraire*, explaining the absence of much American input into the publication. His exchanges included, from Brussels, two socialist and refugee French journals, *Le Bien-Être Sociale* and *Le Proletaire*, to London *L'Association Internationale*, and from private addresses, to Geneva the Swiss political and and humoristic journal, *Le Carillon St-Gervais*.

<sup>22</sup>Max Nettlau located and interviewed people who had known Déjacque and made a deliberate effort to locate manuscript material. He unearthed the February 1861 letter to Vesinier, remarking that it was the only correspondence by Déjacque available to him.

Meanwhile, the vicissitudes of international affairs transformed the political atmosphere back in France, however briefly. Italian developments set Louis-Napoleon against the Papacy, which led him to attempt a rapprochement with the secular radicals. In 1859 and 1860, his government released Blanqui and other political prisoners and offered amnesty to the émigrés amnesty.

Then nearly forty, Déjacque decided to go home. Even though war clouds loomed in the United States, offering the possibility for rapid social changes, he proposed to resume the fight where he had left it nearly a decade earlier. Passing through England and Belgium, he returned to Paris.

Later, LaFrancais wrote that “Déjacque is dead, mad from misery, in Paris, 1864.” If this information was accurate, Déjacque would have then been forty-two years of age at his death.<sup>23</sup>

### **The Emergence of Working Class Internationalism**

Déjacque recognized that the repression after 1848 had driven together émigrés of various nations, classes, and goals, who would not ordinarily have

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<sup>23</sup>Lefrancais, *Souvenirs d'un révolutionnaire*. However, Woodcock described the evidence as “vague and contradictory,” 279; some say that Déjacque survived to commit suicide in 1867 and even that he outlived his politics, returned to Catholicism. The latter is almost certainly untrue because any such conversion would likely to have been publicized.

chosen each other as allies. Before later events clearly did so, he sought to distinguish republican nationalism from the radical internationalism of the working class. Conversely, later scholars and ideologues have largely ignored his *Humanisphere* to place him clearly into the anarchist rather than the socialist camp.

For many, the International Association and its kindred organizations represented a marriage of convenience, an international alliance of various, ultimately incompatible nationalists. In a sense, the logic of Transatlantic organization had outreached the rise of an internationalist ideology. Indeed, many radicals agreed with Giuseppe Mazzini who urged émigrés to set aside their differences on social questions to achieve national unity, while Déjacque and others consistently urged workers to set aside their national differences in order to overthrow their own nation's ruling class.

While the *Philadelphes* and other groupings around the International Association initially criticized Mazzini's revolutionary nationalism, they began to moderate their opposition as the years rolled by without the anticipated social revolution. By 1858, serious differences divided adherents of the International Association.

So, too, Déjacque is most often and generally described as an "anarchist," though the difference between such a term and those of a "socialist" or "communist" meant little at the time. He is correctly credited with popularizing the individualist social radicalism of Pierre Joseph Proudhon. Alongside Déjacque, other French émigrés like Anselme

Bellegarrique, Claude Pelletier, and, particularly, Ernest Couerderay popularized Proudhon, one of the most prominent living “socialist: of the day.”<sup>24</sup>

So did émigrés of other nationality like Wilhelm Weitling, the Magdeburg tailor who had fled to America, leaving his old League of the Outlaws in the hands of Karl Marx and others less inclined towards his ethical cooperationism. Nor does this begin to address the very real importance of those Americans themselves engaged in the regular Transatlantic importation of ideas.

The emphasis on Déjacque’s role in popularizing Proudhon also helps eclipse Déjacque’s own views, which are easily enough overlooked. He was a paperhanger who had become a newspaperman. Once back in New York from his sojourn in New Orleans, he launched *Le Libéraire*. Scholars have described it not only as a “remarkable new antinationalist journal” of that day, but America’s “first foreign language anarchist publication” and the first introduction anywhere of such a radically innovative use of “libertarian”.<sup>25</sup> Aside from

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<sup>24</sup>Paul Avrich, *Anarchist Portraits* (Princeton NJ, 1988), 137; James J. Martin, *Men Against the State: the Espositors of Individualist Anarchism in America, 1827-1908* (Colorado Springs, 1970), 93-94; Eunice Schuster, *Native American Anarchism: a Study of Left-Wing American Individualism* (Northampton MA, 1932), 123. Also: George Woodcock, *Proudhon* (New York 1956); *Selected Writings of P. -J. Proudhon*, ed. Stewart Edwards, trans. Elizabeth Fraser (New York, 1969).

<sup>25</sup>Billington, 327; Corinne Jacker, *The Black Flag of Anarchy* (New York,

a few long yellowed, brittle, and misplaced old tracts, he put his ideas and thoughts into this newsprint.

While its microfilming a generation ago saved *Le Libéraliste*, from the fate of Déjacque's pamphlets, the combination of its place of publication and the language consigned it to some obscurity everywhere except among the most highly specialized scholars. At the time, his publication of the paper in French confined his activities and reputation to émigré circles, and its pages indicate no more than a passing interest in what transpired among Americans or Germans. Of course, the French émigré circles of that day remain a curiously understudied subject. Tens of thousands came here, organized societies and churches, supported newspapers, and became a significant force before many of its prime movers returned to France, leaving much of the rest to be assimilated into American society. So, Déjacque's countrymen became a largely invisible immigrant group in nineteenth century America, easily neglected by both scholars on both sides of the Atlantic.

Déjacque's work episodically erupted into crimson flares of accusative anger that will blind the modern reader to his point, particularly if they are predisposed to be blinded. Certainly, it is striking, even against the general backdrop of the purple prose characteristic of the day. In his time, a workingman trying to get the floor, even within "the movement," found his views largely drowned by the meaningless prattle of the middle-class theorists and do-gooders who functioned as a group like a subcultural megaphone that

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1968), 94; and, George Woodcock, *Anarchism: a History of Libertarian Ideas and Movements* (New York, 1962), 281n.

drowned out any perspective that did not share their assumptions about learning, light, and progress—and their primary role in the entire process.

Indeed, a non-deferential radical of lower social origins would find it no easier today in trying to be heard among social superiors deigning to elevate the ignorant masses through the repeated invocation of arcane doctrines, dogmas and fads. (The label slapped on the mantra simply didn't matter, whether "liberalism," "post-modernism," "neo-Marxism," or even "anarchism".) Amidst these self-congratulatory and self-important *petit-bourgeois* radicals of his day, Déjacque resorted to a journalistic "shouting" that actually contributed to the din.

Surely, he himself thought his *Humanisphere* likely to be the most remembered of his work in *Le Libéraire*. In this utopian account, he offered what one historian called a "full account of his views," at least on the kind of decentralized mutualist civilization he hoped to arise from the ashes of the mid-nineteenth century capitalism around him. As utopian literature, *Humanisphere* is easily overlooked among its kindred and justly more famous titles from Etienne Cabet's *Voyage en Icarie* back to Sir Thomas More and Plato. Nevertheless, it merits attention on its own terms.<sup>26</sup>

Joseph Déjacque remains quite capable of

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<sup>26</sup>Bernstein, 10; Woodcock, 282-84.

speaking for himself, after a fashion, but realization of his unique and original contribution to labor radicalism requires negotiating his flare for the polemic.

As we have seen, the outcome of 1848-49 distinguished between those who still saw their goals in terms of a bourgeois republican nationalism, as opposed to a working class socialist internationalism. Through the 1850s, the former continued to project success through some mechanism other than mobilization of the working masses, which had proved so unmanageable for them earlier. Organizationally, this reliance on the enlightened few created the Order of Memphis and similarly quasi-Masonic self-delusions. Politically, it centered on the notion of terrorism.

Déjacque's rhetoric reflected his understanding of the life-and-death nature of contemporary radical deliberations, which his more genteel comrades often seemed to miss. The romantic posturing of the latter largely equated radicalism with violent rhetoric, but it had no reference to its impact upon the people, owing to the inherent political goal of revolutionary nationalism. State sanctions, including prison terms and conditions, differed greatly between the social classes. In the end, the displacement of the *ancien régime* with its kings and aristocrats by a new aspiring ruling class based on wealth and government interest, involved the replacement of rule by one minority with another. Rhetoric aside, the bourgeoisie essentially aspired to govern the nation in the name of the people. Such a revolutionary process included conspiratorial actions by a small number of romantic revolutionaries in the name of the many.

On January 14, 1858, Felice Orsini lobbed a grenade at Napoleon III outside the Municipal Opera House, killing eight, injuring 144, and leaving the target healthy enough to allow for a rapprochement with his radical *bourgeois* critics. Indeed, within months, the French monarch, for motives of his own of course, supported the nationalist rising in the Piedmont against Austria in 1858-59. Camillo Benso, Conte di Cavour—among others—saw a pragmatic alliance with France as a means to foster national unity and independence under royalist auspices. Although Mazzini remained uncooperative, few nationalists could resist Cavour's approach and a *bourgeois* nationalism began wagging what had become its tail, the International Association. (No doubt, it helped that the French had recruited the Association's General Secretary, John Mackay as a secret agent.)<sup>27</sup> Napoleon's offer of amnesty in 1860 provided a further inducement towards émigré peace with the new Bonaparte.

Within France, the *attentat* on Napoleon III essentially provided an otherwise nonexistent justification for greater military and police dictatorship. Of course, radical support for Orsini owed much to a

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<sup>27</sup>Luigi Salvatorelli, *The Risorgimento: Thought and Action*, trans. Mario Dormandi (New York, 1970), 136-37, 160-62. On Mackay, see Nicolaevsky, 45n. In London, the Philadelphes rallied to the support of Simon Bernard who had bought the explosives for Orsini. The British authorities, in a frightfully unprecedented move, arrested Bernard who turned the conspiracy trial into a political trial of Louis Napoleon. It took the English jury only fifteen minutes to acquit him.

bourgeois nostalgia for the Orleanists. Under the title “Heads Trembling in Europe” (*Tremblement de têtes en Europe*), a letter in *Le Libéral* protested: “Asses, my bourgeois, can you see nothing? Can you not see the dictator or that of the Orleans? Oh well! I see two cavaliers coming, the Genius of the Future and the Nemesis of Misery, and further, the social Revolution that flames and the liberty tree green.”

By then, proponents of stronger International organization had clearly come to see the International Association dominated by forces that desired little more than a global network of nationalists. On October 5, 1860, Guiseppe Garibaldi called for radicals to join International Legions to assist in his liberation of Italy, and presumably as a training ground for—and prelude to—the emancipation of their own nations. While it had little immediate impact, the nationalist supporters of Mazzini and Garibaldi sponsored meeting at La Chaux-de-Fond and Geneva culminating in a particularly important convention at Brussels on September 26-28, 1863 at Brussels. The gathering launched the *Association Federative Universelle de la Démocratie*, but the declaration of its organization alone meant nothing.

Déjacque has no sympathy whatsoever with this course. In February 1861, he issued the last number of *Le Libéral* and soon after returned to France where he found the movement still mired in this dispute with the nationalists. Back in America, some European revolutionaries, like those of the “Garibaldi Guards” – the Thirty-Ninth New York – clearly saw the Union war effort in the American Civil War as a means of promoting national unity and republicanism as a means to liberation, as did many of the Irish republicans later

involved in the Fenian cause.

Indeed, that class identity should provide some counterbalance to a history that remains centered on the ideas, values and standards of the elites. Beneath the surface of official race relations and elite mores, working people of all sorts came to their own understanding of these questions. Déjacque's working-class perspective is remarkably free of the national and ethnocentric assumptions. "For me, " he wrote, "humanity is humanity: I do not establish hierarchic distinctions between the sexes and races, between men and women, between blacks and whites. The difference in sexual organism is no more than the difference in skin color as a sign of superiority or inferiority. One may as well say that because some men have blond hair and some brown that they constitute separate human species, and that that affirms the superiority of blond over brown, or brown over blond. 'Equality is not uniformity.'"

The process of achieving such a goal posed even greater possibilities. "The American Babel again trembles on its foundations, " he continued hopefully. "From North to South to East to west the lightning of insurrection will thunder. Proletarian war and servile war will crack the States and the bones of the explorers of those states. The flesh of politicians and industrialists, patrons and masters, shopkeepers and planters will smoke under the bleeding feet of proletarians and of slaves." He predicted the disappearance of the "monstrous American Union, the fossil Republic" into

"the social Republic of the United States". Therein, "Blacks and whites, creoles and redskins will fraternize and found a new and single race. The negrocides and proletaricides, the amphibians of liberalism and carnivores of privilege will swivel back like caymans and bears before the progress of social liberty."

Adherents of a more social democratic kind of mass self-government generally shunned such self-indulgent, romantic violence that accomplished so little. In that day, some critics of capitalism everywhere sought to change the world through withdrawal into "utopian" communities. The European "socialists" of any stripe (like Marx, Proudhon – or Déjacque) operated without kind of universal white manhood suffrage characteristic of the U.S. and they shared the democratic revolutionary strategy. No more than their rivals or enemies did they view this as primarily a moral or ethical question, save in that they saw political action – any political action – as moral or ethical.

Such developments, however, forced the hand of those who favored international organization for working class internationalism and mass action. In 1862, a number of Parisian workers – not the generally middle class heroes of '48 – came to England to study both industry and the kinds of labor organizations it created. Together with the English Chartists, radical Philadelphes and others, they met at the Freemason's Hall in London and founded the International Workingmen's Association on September 24, 1864. Thereafter, for some years, the followers of a wide variety of social critics, including Marx and Proudhon cooperated to further this ideal of revolution, as distinct from that of the nationalists.

Déjacque probably did not live to see the IWA underway.

### Propaganda by the Deed

Déjacque became one of the few on the internationalist, socialist and working class side of that great divide to discard the value of small scale acts. While he rejected the self-contained conspiratorial romanticism of contemporary nationalists, he also allowed for the possibility that a precipitous violent blow against the order might transcend the pointless heroics of an Orsini by directly assisting in the mobilization of the people. As George Woodcock very astutely recognized, Déjacque was “the true ancestor” of the later idea of propaganda by the deed.<sup>28</sup> Like so much of radical “theory, ” contributions “from the bottom up” tend to be eclipsed by later writings by theorists of greater social rank.

As Déjacque’s 1861 essay on “The American Question” states, two figures – neither Orsini – inspired this insight. The first was Armand Barbés, the colorful and charismatic co-leader of various revolutionary societies in the 1830s alongside Blanqui and Filippo Buonarroti, the venerated and aged link to the French Revolution. On May 12, 1839, Barbés led the Blanquist seizure of the *Hotel de Ville* and the *Palais de Justice* in an

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<sup>28</sup>Woodcock, 281. Déjacque wrote of waging “war on civilization” much the same way that other contemporary socialists did so.

attempt to detonate a popular rising in Paris. Although backed by a handful of resident German artisans in what would become the Communist League, the Blanquists were overwhelmed by “the silence of the streets” and the entire effort collapsed.<sup>29</sup> For those who later rose in 1848, the Blanquist initiative seemed a vital precedent for their own course.

Twenty years later, Déjacque saw a similarly brave and similarly futile act in John Brown’s raid on Harper’s Ferry. In it, Brown took a small number of abolitionists into Virginia where they seized the Federal arsenal in an attempt to spark a general slave insurrection. As a singular paramilitary operation, it could hardly have been a greater failure. Unaware that it was happening, no slaves joined the attack which became quickly isolated by armed townspeople who besieged the raiders until the U.S. military could arrive.

Brown, of course, was a far better example than Barbés. Unlike the Europeans who sent the Blanquists to prison, the Americans sent Brown and all of the

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<sup>29</sup>Billington, 137, 181, 247; Nomad, 31-33; Jack Bakunin, *Pierre Leroux and the Birth of Democratic Socialism, 1797-1848* (New York, 1976), 100; Alan B. Spitzer, *The Revolutionary Theories of Louis Auguste Blanqui* (2nd ed.; New York, 1970), 7, 10, 16, 100n, 151. Barbés fell out with Blanqui over publication of the “Taschereau document,” named for the editor who printed from government files information on the Society of the Seasons (believed to be known only to its two founders) which Proudhon himself sought to negotiate; during their later detention, Proudhon and Barbés became members of the same political club in prison. By 1851, Proudhon in particular thought Barbés an example of the leader who is actually led by the mythology surrounding their reputation. George Woodcock, *Pierre-Joseph Proudhon: His Life and Work* (2nd ed.; New York, 1972), 121, 164, 166. Also, Suzanne Wasserman, *Les clubs de Barbés et de Blanqui en 1848* (Paris, 1913). One cannot help but wonder about Déjacques familiarity with Blanqui’s *Le Libérateur* of 1834.

survivors to the gallows. However, other Americans had ballots to use the following year to elect the insurgent third-party headed by Abraham Lincoln to national government. When the slaveholding planters refused to accept the results of that election and seceded, hundreds of thousands of Americans—including over 180,000 slaves and free blacks marched off to war singing that the souls of those slain for freedom marched with them, though their bodies lay “a-moulderin’ in the grave”.

While Déjacque identified a key American contribution to the emergence of revolutionary theory, he inadvertently minimized it by coupling of Brown to Barbés. This clearly represented a reach for some kind of European precedent other than Orsini. Indeed, at the time of Déjacque’s 1861 essay, the 1858 Orsini example might still have had greater and more immediate repercussions than did Barbés’ 1839 example.

### **The Rediscovery of Déjacque**

An accurate assessment of Déjacque and his legacy clearly requires an understanding of its context. Clearly, the neglect accorded him and his countrymen in the United States makes sense only in light of the Transatlantic ascendancy of Marxism, which came to place an overwhelming importance on the German émigrés. In the literature on the emerging socialism in the United States, Germans overshadowed entirely the role of the French—or even the Americans.

Erstwhile Left Wing scholarship helped obscure such ideas. Assertions of the universality of white working-class racism, for example, weds the Marxist and neoliberal to the reactionary and precludes an honest recognition of visions like Déjacque or those of his comrades.

In the end, Déjacque was primarily an early proponent of the workers' movement generally, rather than as of one tendency or another within it. It is grossly anachronistic to see him strictly as an anarchist or a proponent of a libertarian socialism critical of the "State Socialism" fostered by Karl Marx, Friedrich Engels, and others. In fact, the "Paris Commune" of 1871 provided the great contemporary touchstone: Marx and Engels described the Commune as the world's first experiment with "the dictatorship of the proletariat" while Proudhon and Bakunin saw the unfolding of anarchy.<sup>30</sup> The dispute between Marx and the anarchists, then, seemed as much an after-the-fact argument over labels than over the political content.

Although American politicians and ideologues, dominated by the concerns of corporate capitalism, have announced repeatedly that the fall of the Soviet Union has entirely discredited all criticisms of capitalism, the larger Labor, Socialist and Communist parties have not only failed to dissolve but have, in places, grown larger and more powerful. Although almost always excluded from any news coverage, the U.S. actually experienced a serious effort to launch a labor party after 1996. None of which would be surprising to those who have seen

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<sup>30</sup>Had Déjacque reached the ripe old age of fifty, he would have clearly left his mark on the historical record as a proponent of the Commune.

class conflict less as an official Soviet fiction than a genuine conflict of social classes. The subject will remain important and require study, particularly as the global tectonics of money and power bend the twenty-first century in recessions, and civil wars.

Certainly, the collapse of Stalinist Russia will make Déjacque's libertarian socialism increasingly of interest to scholars of political history.

Déjacque remained in obscurity for nearly a century after his death. Near the turn of the century, as anarchist and social democrats vied with each other, the emergence of coherent and rather dogmatic histories of socialism among the latter inspired the former to look into the past. Max Nettlau, Gustav Landauer and others began to see Déjacque as a vital forerunner for their anarcho-syndicalist or anarcho-communist perspectives. However, both socialist and anarchist scholars tended to read the disputes of their own day into the past. That is, rather than to study the material from the 1850s to understand the politics of that period, they used those materials to justify their internecine conflict with each other.

The Russian Revolution and the split of the Social Democracy into Socialist and Communist parties confused matters further. By the later 1920s, when Stalin had begun securing his personal control over the latter, he actively disparaged theory in favor of the men of

action, as he saw himself. During the “third period” of Stalinist delusions about the imminence of revolutionary upheavals, the French Communists resurrected Blanqui as an insurrectionary hero over all his contemporaries, with Louis Blanc cast as the feckless social democrat, and Proudhon as the meaningless theorist.

A generation later, Communism had failed to deliver a single one of its fundamental promises. As with western-style “democracy, ” those who did not share the ideals and principles of 1848 had appropriated its terminology. 120 years after that failed revolution, both “Communists” and “Democrats” were horrified as speech fight at the Sorbonne spilled across Paris, sparking a genuine insurrection by workers and peasants across France. The generation of 1968, like 1848, could not attain immediate gratification in the seizure of power, but it underscored the failure of systems and dogmas of all sorts. And it coincided with social upheavals from Mexico to Thailand, Prague to Chicago.

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In this context came the rediscovery of Déjacque. A glance at some of the key publications cited in these footnotes clearly indicates that most work of any substance came in the few years after the risings. He remained something of a figure—usually not much more than a name—in the subsequent histories of anarchism. All these newer references, however, indicate the weakness of the documentary record on Déjacque as a nineteenth century workingman, as well as the weakness of the assumptions of the

commentators.

This translation of some of Déjacque's key writings places a hitherto inaccessible source in émigré literature and labor history before English readers. It will also cast some general light on this important figure in the emergence of the international workers' movement.



# The Humanisphere

by

Joseph Déjacque

Anarchic Utopia

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Utopia: "A dream not realized, but not unrealizable."

Anarchy: "Absence of government"

Revolutions are conservations.

(P.J.PROUDHON)

There are no true revolutions that are not revolutions of ideas."

(JOUFFROY)

Make morals and no more laws.

(EMILE DE GIRARDIN)

Rule your words and actions as being judged by the law of liberty.....

Be resolute in liberty in Christ's example and freed, no longer submit to the yoke of servitude.

You have not contended against flesh and blood, but against powers and principalities, against the "lords of the earth" governors of the gloom of this century.

(Apostle SAINT-PAUL)

## Dedication

What is this book?

This book is not a literary but  
an infernal work, the cry of a rebel slave.

Unlike the salamander, one individual cannot confound all that dominates and mistreats upon the craft of legal order--- when day ends in the atelier, my watch ends upon the bridge, and nightly I descend, to my corner; a rat in the shadows, tooth and nail tearing and gnawing the worm-eaten old society parish by parish. Arming myself with a pen as spike, steeped with bile instead of ink, in my work breaks, little by little, daily perforate pierce Civilization's hull, opening it to the surrounding waters. Me, infamous proletarian, on whom the establishment, horde of exploiters, daily inflicts the punishment of misery, aggravated by brutalities of exile or prison ,I open an abyss at my murderer's feet, and balm vengeance over ever bleeding wounds. I watch my bosses. I know that every day brings me to that end, the formidable fell cry "save himself who can!" – that makes stronger their joyous intoxication. Bilge rat, I prepare their vessel; this ship that can only end my ills, and the ills of those like me. When the

revolution comes, the wretched will not suppress their ideas for food, but will take socialism for a sheet anchor!

This book is not written with ink, its pages aren't sheets of paper. This book is forged steel in octavo form; and charged with fulminate of ideas. It is an authored projectile that I fling a thousand sample across Civilization's pavements. Powerful words volley, and strike mortally in Prejudice's ranks. Strike the old society, and crack its very foundations.

Privilege?--for the enslaved, the time has come to harvest rebellion. There is not a worker, who in the back of his brain, does not secretly spin some thought of destruction. You have the bayonet of the Penal code, the catechism and the guillotine; we have the barricade and the utopia, sarcasm and bombs. You are compression, we, we are the minefield, with a spark you can ignite!<sup>31</sup>

Stifle us today, under your iron collar, your superficial torpor, the masses are gunpowder, their thinkers' ideas are the cartridge! It is dangerous to erase freedom in the very face of the gloomy masses. Imprudent reactionaries! God is God, you say. Yes, but Satan is Satan. The chosen of the golden calf are few, hell overflows with the damned. Aristocrats, understand, one must not play with fire, the fires of hell, listen!...

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<sup>31</sup>This paragraph was omitted from the 1899 edition of *Humanisphere*.

This book is not a manuscript, it is an act. There is no trace of the fantast's gloved hand; it is clay with heart, with logic, with blood, and with fever. It is a cry of insurrection, it is an alarm bell beaten with the hammer of ideas for popular passion's ear. More than a victory song, it is a triumphant salvo, the proclamation of individual sovereignty, the advent of universal liberty, the amnesty full and complete of all past authority's pain by anarchist decrees of the humanitarian Future.

This book, it is hate, it is love.



## Preface

*Know thyself.*

Social science proceeds by induction and deduction, by analogy. It is by a series of comparisons that we arrive at combination of truth.

I will proceed thus by analogy.

I will strive to be laconic. The big books are not those with the most words. In preference for long dissertations, to classical pedagogies, I will employ the embellished phrase, that has the advantage of the power to say much in few words. I am far from being infused with science. I have read a little, observed some, thought much. I am, I believe, less ignorant in the milieu most suited to list the needs of humanity. I have all the passions, those that I can satisfy, those of love and those of hate, the passion for extreme luxury and extreme simplicity. I understand all of the appetites, those of heart and belly, those of the flesh and the spirit. I have a taste for white bread, and also for black bread, for stormy discussion and quiet chat. All the physical and moral thirsts I know, I've an intuition towards all the intoxications; those that excite or calm, have their

seductions: the café and poetry, champagne and art, wine and tobacco, honey and milk, spectacles, chaos and light, shadow, solitude and pure water. I love work, hard labor; I also love leisure, the soft indolences. I can live poor and I can live rich, consume enormously, and work poor. I have looked in at the keyhole of opulent private life, I know hothouses and sumptuous salons; also by experience, cold and misery. I've known indigestion and I've known hunger. Sometimes I am liable to commit what "civilized" slang withers as virtue; and more often again, honors by the name of crime. I am the man most devoid of prejudice, and most replete with the passions that I know: proud enough to not be vain, and faithful enough to be hypocritically modest. I have no looks, but a fluid face that takes the wave's shape; at the least breath, it takes another expression, calm from tumult, temper to tenderness. With many passions, I hope to treat with some chance of success on human society, and that depends upon one's knowledge of one's own passions more than the passions of others.

The anarchist world is not my invention, certainly, it is more an invention of Proudhon's than Peter or John. Each in particular invented nothing. Inventions are the result of collective invention; that is the explanation of an phenomenon, a mark made by an unknown giant, but it is the work of all humans and of all the generations of man bound together by indissoluble solidarity. Well, it is an invention, I have all the more right to a patent to improve invention. For mischievous jokers to apply to me the title head of a school would be base

flattery. I know that having exposed these to ideas, they will reproach, or note this more or less as common knowledge. But I do not understand when humans servilely accept; become adepts to the first comer, model themselves upon his perception, ape him in the least detail, and toil, like a soldier, or a lackey, in his uniform, or livery. Fit yourself to the measure; shrink or swell, but don't go about with your sleeves too short, or your hems dragging. That is not proof of intelligence, and little dignifies the man who thinks or feels; and it is ridiculous as well.

Authority aligns men under flags by discipline, and chains them with a code of military orthodoxy, passive obedience; it's imperious voice commands silence, and immobility in the ranks, autocratic fixity.

Liberty rallies men to her banner by the voice of free inquiry, she does not petrify them in the same line. Each has his place, or claims it, and places himself as he hears. Liberty does not regiment men under the pen of a sect chief; she begins the movement of ideas, and inculcates the sentiment of active independence. Authority is unity in uniformity. Liberty is unity in diversity. The ax of authority is the knout-authority. Anarchy is the ax of liberty.

For me, one must make disciples less than men, and one is not a man without condition of independent being. We incorporate the ideas of others, and we incarnate our own ideas

in others; we lend our thoughts, nothing less: we make this combination from now on our own. We are an original work and not a copy. The slave models himself upon the master, he imitates. The free man does not produce his type, he creates.

My plan is to make a tableau of society such as society appears to me in the future; individual liberty will move anarchically in the social community and produce harmony.

I have no pretension of imposing my opinion upon others. I do not descend from snowy Sinai. I do not walk escorted by thunder and lightning. I am not sent by the autocrat of the universe to reveal his word to his so-humble subjects and publish the imperial ukase of his commandments. I live in the abysses of society; I let in revolutionary thoughts, and I pour forth these and abate the gloom. I am a seeker of truths; a courier of progress, a dreamer of light. I sigh after good fortune and evoke the ideal. If you dream of the ideal, do as I, love it. If you find imperfections, correct them. If you deplore this, create another. I am not unique, and I will voluntarily abandon this for yours, if yours appears more perfect. But I see two great possibilities: one can modify the expression, one cannot change the themes; it is absolute liberty, or absolute authority. Me, I chose liberty. Authority, I have seen it work, and its works condemn it. It is an old prostitute that never learned that depravity and what made it, meant death. Liberty, again, does not make herself known by her timid smile. She is the virgin who kisses humanity without

becoming fecund, yet if a man permits himself to be seduced by her charms, she will give him all her love and will bring forth generations dignified by the great name which she bears.

Undermining authority and criticizing its acts, is not enough. A negation, to be absolute, needs to complete itself with an affirmation. This is why I affirm liberty, because I have deduced the consequences.

I address myself, above all, to proletarians, and the proletarians are for the most part, again, more ignorant than I; also, before exhibiting the painting of anarchical order will be for this book, the final stroke of the author's pen; it is necessary to outline the history of Humanity. I will follow its march through the ages in the past and in the present, and I will accompany it into the future.

In this outline I have to reproduce a subject touched by a master hand from a great poetic artist. I don't have his work to hand, and if I had, I rarely reread a book; I have not the leisure nor courage. My memory is my library, and my library is often well disarrayed. If memory betrays, and I cite someone else, it will be all unwittingly. Plagiarists horrify me. Still, I am also of Alfred de Musset's opinion; I cannot think better than another who has already thought before me. I will wish a thing, that those who have not read Eugene Pelletan's book le

*Monde marche*,<sup>32</sup> will read it before continuing with this. The work of this brilliant writer is a museum of the rule of humanity to our times. Magnificent pages well-known, will prove a quick recourse for the civilized; a reference before my work, not only because it supplies a deficiency, but also helps one understand the shadows and the light.

And now, reader, if you would travel with me, pack your intelligence, and let's go!



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<sup>32</sup>One Camille Pelletan wrote *Les associations ouvrières dans le passé* (Paris, 1873) and part of his writings were collected by Georges Bourgin for *La Commune, 1870-1871* (Paris, 1939).

# First Part

## Geologic Question

*If you said to (the civilized) that our whirlwind environment of two hundred comets and planets in the image of a bee occupying a cell in a hive; that other stars, surrounded and fixed each by a vortex of other planets, and that the ensemble of this vast universe counts in its turn for a cell in a bee-hive formed in a hundred thousand siderial universes, that in sum it is a bi-universe, again coming to a tri-universe, formed from numerous biuniverses and more; again, that each of these universes, bi-universe, tri-universe, is a creature, having like us its own soul, stages of youth and age, death and birth...they will permit you to continue your subject; they will believe you mad with gigantic dreams; and then they pose in principle universal analogy!*

--- (Ch Fourier)<sup>33</sup>

One knows the physiognomy of Earth, its external

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<sup>33</sup>Charles Fourier (1772-1837) was one of the leading pioneers of communitarian socialism and working class cooperation.

conformation. The crayon, the pencil, and the pen have retraced its traits. The canvas of artists and poets' books take its cradle, and have shown it first enveloped in the swaddling of flood; all soft again beneath the scalp of first days, until hardening itself, and covered with vegetable pelt, activating its parts, embellishing self in fur and by stages advancing in its life.

One knows also its internal conformation, its physiology, one knows its endocrine anatomy. Excavations have laid bare its bony frame to which we give the name mineral ; its arteries where water circulates its intestines subducted by a mucosity of fire.

But this psychological organism, who occupies himself with that? Anybody. Where is the site of thought? Where in the brain? This is ignored. And through the orbs, for a being of a different nature than ours one nature being different than ours, but no less a moving and thinking being. That which we have taken for the surface of the earth, is it really the surface? And in plucking and scalping the atmosphere which envelops it, have we not put life into its flesh and fibers,[but] let us not lobotomize it, let us not tear bone with skin?

How do we know if, the terrestrial globe which is also a living being whose zoologic study is far from complete, who knows if that humanity is not the matter of its brain? If the human atom is not the animacule of thought, the molecule of planetary intelligence functioning under the vast skull of its

atmospheric circles? Do we know anything of the nature of its intimate senses? And, would it not be strange that all our social actions, swarming with humanoid societies, making the ideas or dreams that people from pole to pole across the globe?

I don't pretend to resolve the first part of the question, affirming or denying absolutely. I haven't thought surely enough on the subject. Only, I pose the matter in interrogative form, to provoke research, response. Perhaps I had best respond.

It is not without interest to me to occupy one's self with the intellectual organism of a being from which we took birth, no more than it doesn't appear to me to be without interest to occupy one's self with the corporeal organism. Because I want to study the zoology of beings animals or planetary, psychology is inseparable from physiology.

The prologue terminated, let us allow the earth to revolve on its axis and gravitate towards the sun and we will occupy ourselves with the movement of humanity and its gravitations toward progress.



## Movements of Humanity

*A cretin! that is to say, a poor deprived being, fearful and terrified; matter murdered, or man vegetating; a disgraced creature gorging himself on watery vegetables, black bread and bad water--nature without industry, without ideas, without past, without future, without strength--misfortune that sees nothing, speaks not, insensible to the exterior world, that is born, fears, and dies in the same place, miserable like bitter lichen and the knotty oaks.*

*Oh! It is an affrighting spectacle to see man crouch in the dust, head bowed toward the sun, arms hanging, back curved, legs bent, eyes pale or dull, the gaze vacant or dreadfully intent, blank gesturing hands, raddled cheeks, long fingers and feet, hair bristling like an animal's pelt, a face here and there, head down, the visage of an ape.*

*That our body is imperceptible to the universe isn't pleasant to realize! When the first men trembled before uncharted waters and rebel rocks! Like the great Alps diminish the Valais highlander. He crawls slowly, head and foot, feeling carefully. One could say a fear of rousing subterranean tempers. Earthworm, fool, slave, cretin, today, he would be all of that if he never revolted against force. And there is superiority, a giant, God, because he dares all!*

*And man struggles again against the Revolution.*

*The son damns his mother. Moses, saved from the waters, disowns Pharaoh's noble daughter. It cannot be. To God alone, of Fatality, the blind Blow, to the God of earth, to man free, the Revolution is evident. Fire against fire, lightening for lightening, deluge against deluge, light against light. Heaven is not so high that we cannot be seen, and man attains now or later all that he desires!*

-- Ernest Coeurduroy, *Le Monde Marche* by E. Pelletan

The world marches, or as Pelletan says--good writer, but a bourgeois writer, Girardin, the pen of a theocrat of intelligence--Yes, the world marches, marches, and marches again. First it began by creeping, face to the earth, hands and knees, man digging with his snout the earth as the deluvian waters receded, and he fed himself on peat. Plants smiled at him, he labored with hand and foot, and his muzzle browsed amid herb tufts and tree bark. Squatting at the tree's foot, looking, he dares lift his head, raises his hands to shoulder height until he stands on two feet, at full stature, when he immediately dominates all he surveys. Then, he has a thrill of pride, he, so weak and bare. He began to know his full stature. The blood that hummed in man, horizontal and vertical,

hummed in his ears and deafened him, deadening into man's\* eyes, flooded and blunted the brain, this blood recovered his balance, as after the deluge, flood waters, ocean waters, blood recirculated in his natural arteries, by the revolution of horizontality to human verticality, front to back, renewing, discovering, the clay of all intellectual causes.

Until then, the human animal was a brute among brutes; he now showed himself human. Thought was possible; again, just a germ, but one containing future harvests. The tree shading man bore fruit, he picked them, he took one with the hand that previously for him had been a paw, for hauling and walking, now was the sign of his royal animality, the scepter of his terrestrial power. Having eaten the fruits he took, he saw that his arms could extend no further. Then he uprooted a young sapling and used it as a stick to reach and detach the higher fruit from its branch. The stick helped him walk, and defend himself against animal attack. After taking fruit, he

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\* When I say "man it should be quite understood that I do not speak only of the male sex, but of both sexes, of human beings in the full and complete sense. I make this observation once and for all, for the reader. For me, humanity is humanity: I do not establish hierarchic distinctions between the sexes and races, between men and women, between blacks and whites. The difference in sexual organism is no more than the difference in skin color as a sign of superiority or inferiority. One may as well say that because some men have blond hair and some brown that they constitute separate human species, and that that affirms the superiority of blond over brown, or brown over blond. "Equality is not uniformity."

took flesh; he became a hunter, and as he had gathered apples, he killed game. He made a gown of animal skins, a home with tree branches, trees where he had today climbed to glean the nests of eggs or smallest birds. His eyes, formerly averted from the harshness of the sun, now contemplated the majestic blue and gilded pearls of its jeweled vault. It was a sovereign's crown to him, king over all that breathed, to each joyous star he gave a name, an astronomic value. Instinct would cry to him, followed by stuttering intelligence, and later speech. His language was subtle, like the hand, both always working. He must converse, join hand to hand, exchanging with others ideas, and strength, sensations, feelings. Man is not alone, isolated, weak; he is a race, he thinks and acts, he participates by thought and by action in all that he thinks and acts with other men. Solidarity is revealed to him. His life is a component; he lives not only as an individual, not only in the present generation, but also in those preceding and those that will follow. Originally a reptile, quadruped, biped, finally walking upright, like Mercury, with feathered head and claws. By observation and thought, he rises like an eagle above the clouds and plunges into the depths of infinity; courses he has mastered speed to cover the land's surface; trees yield up fleets, their branches logged to serve the mariner. The gatherer becomes a hunter, then shepherd, farmer, manufacturer. His destiny says to him, "March!" and always he marched. He discovered a thousand secrets in nature, he fashioned wood, plowed the earth, forged metals, he put his stamp on all and everything.

Also, man the individual leaves chaos. First he was like a mineral or a plant, until he rose up, walked, aspired to ascendant life, faster and stronger movement. Man's humanity again was a fetus, like the fetus developing as a generational organ, and after successive phases of aggrandizement, the day came when he would disengage from chaos, from gravity to centrifugal force, in the fullness of his social faculties.



## II

*God is Evil.*

*Property is Theft.*

*Slavery is the Assassin.*

-- P.J. Proudhon

*The Family is Evil, Theft and  
Assassination.*

-- ?????

All that was, will be, recrimination will change nothing, the past is the past and there is nothing there to teach the future.

From the first day of human life, when men weak in strength and numbers dispersed across the globe living thinly sewn across the forests like cornflowers in the wheat, impact, conflicts, could barely sustain selves. Each lived by the

communal breast, and that breast provided abundantly for all. Besides, man needed little; fruit to eat, goods for wear or shelter, such was the feeble sum of his needs. Only, the point on which I insist, is that man, beginning in the world, at full speed, at the time when instinctive law guides the first movement of the newborn being, at that hour where the great voice of nature spoke and revealed destiny, that voice told birds in the air, fish in the depths, plains and forest animals; that said to the bear; you will live alone in your anchorage; to the ant, you will live socially in an ant-hill; to the dove: you live nesting couple, male and female, to the times of love,--man then hears that voice tell him, you will live in community on the earth, free and in fraternity with your like; a social being, sociable to all; sleeping where you wish; gathering fruit, harvesting game, making love, eating, drinking. If you offer violence to your neighbor, male or female, your neighbor will respond with violence, and you know, with force equal to yours. Give heed to all your appetites, all your passions, but don't forget harmony between force and intelligence, between what you and others desire. And now go; earth, in this state will be for you the garden of Hesperides.<sup>34</sup>

Before arriving at the combination of races, Earth, eager little girl, cut and filled in the clay, days of fermenting, unformed monsters, she crumpled again and molded with shaking heat and a deluge of tears. All work includes apprenticeship. And here one must improve: the defective

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4 Unknown reference.

attempts formed complete beings, to make the species. For the human species, the masterwork, she had to compromise a bit with the brain and give more to the lungs. One didn't correspond with the other. It was badly finished, out of harmony. But I cannot reproach. Who can do better? No one. It was in the fatal order of things. First all gross and savage before man; man began by being gross and savage, slaying his delicate senses. Sensitivity responded to storm; she bloomed shyly under calm blue skies.

The day came when the advancement of the human race surpassed its intelligence. Man, again at the limits of idiocy has little rapport with man. His stupidity blunts him. True, his body is fine, arisen from primitive abjectness; exercise, physical agility, yes, but his spirit, awoke once, has fallen into leaden lethargy, maybe forever. The intellectual fibers atrophy. The goad of sadness becomes necessary to stimulate man's brain from somnolence and recall him to social destiny. Fruit becomes scarce, the chase more difficult; he must dispute possession. Man reproaches man, often contends over mutual possession. Is it important? The errant find the errant, man and woman couple, they form groups, tribes. These groups were gangs, next their territories, next their workshops. Intellect fled this torpor. The voice of necessity cried "March!" and they marched.

Now, all progress was not accomplished without pain. Ideas developed relative to appetite. Lost balance was not

recovered. The world marched or wove about, in blood and tears. Fire and iron to every place brought desolation and death. Slavery and oppression attached themselves like a leper to humanity's flanks. Natural order was in jeopardy.

This supreme moment decided for centuries the condition of man. What of intelligence? Could it conquer ignorance? Would it deliver men from the pain of self-destruction? Would it lead out of the labyrinth where pain and hunger roared? Would they climb the road paved with fraternal instincts that led to emancipation and general good fortune? Break the odious chains of the patriarchal family? Overturn the incipient barriers of property? Would they destroy law tables, government power, that two-edged sword that kills those that it protects? Will revolt always triumph over ever-menacing tyranny? Again, luminous column, life principle--will found anarchic order in equality and liberty--or, funeral urn, essence of death--will found arbitrary order in hierarchy and authority? Will there be fraternal communion of interest, or fratricidal division?

Will humanity perish only two steps from its cradle?

← . . . . . →

[The text of this section ends here in the first edition of *L'Humanisphere* serialized in "Le Libéraire" in the antebellum United States. The Champs Libre 1971 edition of Déjacque's work edited by Valentin Pelosse p.105-111 continues with a longer segment discussing the growth of morals and religion.)

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### III

*Liberty, equality, fraternity or death*

-- Revolutionary saying

*Eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth.*

-- Moses

The world marches. From infantryman to horseman, from road to canal. Commerce, conquest, and conquest is another commerce, galloping down the gravel of great roads, and sailing a fleet in great waters. The camel's nose and the ship's prow breasts the deserts and inland. Horses and elephants, cattle and chariots, sails and galleys maneuver under man's hand, cutting their mark on earth and wave. Ideas cut with a sword into the flesh of populations, circulated their veins with goods from all climes, goods from all countries on the street. The horizon was enlarged. Man marched, first family, then tribe, from tribe then to city and finally from city to nation. Asia, Africa, Europe were no more than continents, armies and caravans closed the distances. India, Egypt, Greece, Carthage

and Rome, first bordered one another, then roiled in a current of blood and gold, iron and fire, life and death, like the waters of the Nile they took along with them devastation, the arts and sciences, industry and agriculture. The flood of ravagers was drained off or absorbed by the conquered peoples, progress revived, heads raised, ample harvests again were gathered. India first, then Egypt, Greece, Rome shone each in their turn by the exertions of men, rose and fell just the same. Architecture, statuary, literature, made a great pile. In the revolutionary flight, philosophy like an electric current, again among the clouds, growled hollowly, sometimes flung lightning and broke away from its shackles and produced a thunderbolt. All powerful Rome had one foot in Persia and one in [L'Armorique]?. Like divine Phoebus conducting the sun, she reigned in light, and radiated upon the world. But in her triumphal course, she passed her zenith and entered into a phase of decadence. Proconsular dictatorship led to her decline. Already she had triumphed over the Gauls and Carthaginians; well nurtured in blood and almost at her gates, a formidable slave insurrection; one hundred thousand Spartacists perished in arms, struck to the heart by the sword of civic legions; drawn nooses replaced by chains made heavier by ideas. But the wolf was afraid. This fight had cost him the better part of his forces, the fight to the death had drained him.

Oh! to me it recalls the great days of June from former times, that immense barricade erected against the gladiators and manned by the Republic's privileged and the Capitoline

armies; oh, I cannot prevent myself from dreaming of that other wall of proletarian shields and saluting across the centuries,--I the vanquished of the Seine's banks--the vanquished of the Tiber's banks. The sound of similar revolution is not lost in the night of time; it resounds from nerve to nerve, muscle to muscle, generation to generation, and it will echo on the earth while society yet is a cave of exploiters! . . .

The Capitoline gods aged, Olympus fell undermined by a new heresy. The pagan Gospel was incomprehensible. The pace of time had corroded its letter and spirit. Progress shaped the Christian fable. The Empire succeeded the Republic, Caesars and emperors the tribunes and consuls. Rome was always Rome. But praetorians were debauched, tumors of empire replaced the recruiters among the people, bloody pioneers of universal unity. Roman eagles no longer soared on strong currents, their eyes unflinching in strong light. Wan torches of orgy alone attracted their own gaze; the elite made the circus and the racetrack the repository of their martial spirit. Like Jupiter, the eagle aged. the time of moral decomposition had arrived. Rome lived in its own shadow. The sewer was Acheron, this infernal river trickled, she moved, drunk with abjection, steered by the pilots of decadence, towards the sojourn of death.

Then, like in a corpse's breath, from a plant's putrefaction, Christianity stirred in the catacombs, germinating in the earth and springing up like a weed in the pores of

society. More and more it acquired momentum.

Christianity, the work of the Saint-Simonians<sup>35</sup> of the period, was more a superficial than a profound revolution. It followed the formalists and resembled them. It was always a universal theocracy; God and Pope; eternal authority, heaven and earth, father-deliverer and *Père Enfantin*, also *Père Cabet*<sup>36</sup> and *Père All-Powerful*, the Supreme Being and Holy Father Robespierre; hierarchy in all degrees, command and immediate submission, shepherd and lamb. victim and sacrificer. Always the pastor, the dogs and the flock, God, the priests and the folly. When it is a question of divinity; divinity will always be a consequence in humanity--done--pontiff or king, God-man; altar, throne, seat of power; the tiara, crown or presidential toga; the personification on earth of sovereign mastery of heaven--basically--slavery or servitude, helotage or proletarian; youthful body and intelligence, tatters from the mansard roof or the hulks, work and fleece brutes, work skims, the shorn monk and devil himself, devoured by the rich--between these, between depth and deed--clergy, army, bourgeoisie; the Church, barracks, shop; the theft, murder, ruse; man, a lackey to superiors, a bully to inferiors, creeping like a reptile, on occasion, climbing up and hissing like one.

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<sup>35</sup>Followers of Claude Henri de Rouvroy, Comte de Saint-Simon (1760-1825), author of *The New Christianity*.

<sup>36</sup>Etienne Cabet ( 1788-1856), author of *A Voyage to Icaria*.

Christianity was all this. Its utopian gospel was more nourishing than grain, and from grain comes intoxication. Christianity in reality was more conservative than revolutionary. But when it appeared, it seemed subversive of the old social order. It removed women from inferiority and proclaimed them man's equal' it unfettered the slave's mind and opened the doors of a world where the damned would be the chosen. It was like an Amazon revolt, as if the helots had revolted. But it was not the destiny of man and woman to be divided one from the other. Christ, or one of a multitude of Christs in his name, places them hand in hand brother and sister, offering the word to the sword for an immortal future. Later, from the height of the cross, he showed them the circus, all freedom recruited; religious recruits stabbed themselves--head and heart courageous, at the feet of lions, on the fire of funeral pyres. Men and women shed their blood in the arena and side by side received the baptism of martyrdom. Woman was no less heroic. It was her heroism that decided the victory. These young girls went to the stake and delivered themselves to the biting flames or were devoured living by ferocious beasts; defenseless gladiators died with good grace and in grace; these Christian women, haloed with enthusiasm. all-sacrificing, apotheosized, impressed spectators in favor of the victims. They would embrace their beliefs. Martyrs were reborn in the ashes. The circus, where they had burned, itself burned, an offer came to offer their necks and to die. Finally, the circus was relinquished, and victorious, Christian banners

bloomed in the walls along the route of carnage. Christianity would become Catholicism. The good would go entirely to the bad.

The grandeur of Rome existed in name only. The empire struggled like a ship on an ocean of barbarism. Mounting seas engulfed Roman possessions and breached the walls of the imperial city. Rome succumbed in the furor of their blades. Pagan civilization had its zenith, its apogee, its fall and now it bled in the final flashes of the great tumult.

After this torment, everything customary at the heart of this great society was disturbed from the surface and flung up the craft of barbarian intellect. The apostles' successors would defile the virginity of Christianity by their worldly honors. Fraternal immaculate conception aborted on its bed of triumph. The doctors attending poisoned the maternal organism with an adulterated drug, which had it result. Within the day after delivery, the fetus showed no signs of life. In place of aborted fraternity, from her entrails were extracted a monster half authority and half servility. The barbarians were too primitive to see this deceit and adored the usurping Church as legitimate. They made propagation of the new cult, with banner and sword, a barbarian mission. Hands accustomed to wielding the sword reversed the crucifix image. They took the crucifix by the head like a dagger and sheathed the point in the air.

Meanwhile, such great displacements of men weren't

made without knocking down walls. Properties and nations were altered. Slavery foresaw servitude. The patriciate had had its day of splendor, now was the tower of prelate and baron. Military and religious feudalism covered the sun with dungeons and jails. Baron and bishop held power. This federation of demi-gods formed empire where kings and popes were master-gods, sovereign lords--the Middle Ages' dark sun mounted the horizon. The bees of science deposited no more honey, if not in the monastic cell. Again, the most Catholic holy Inquisition ripped their hands with red hot irons and destroyed precious knowledge and tortured the philosopher's swarm. This was no more than the twilight shadows, but funereal veils of night obscured the manuscripts of antiquity. The shades were so tenacious that it seemed like humanity would never emerge. Eighteen centuries passed on the clock before the huntress Diana like an arrow loosed the first ray of dawn into the heart of that long night. A single time during eighteen centuries of barbarism or civilization--what would you call it--once giant Humanity rent its chains. It would again support the tithe, salt tax, forced labor, hunger, lash and saw, theft of flesh; the odious seigneurial law weighed heavy on the heart. the titan clenched his fists, gritted his teeth, opened his mouth and an eruption of torches and pitchforks, stones and report streamed across the lord's lands.; strong castles fell and castellans covered in crime were ground into the ruins. The fires of infinitude vassalage burnt and instantly lit up a moment of the somber feudal period, shown in their own

blood. *Jacquerie*<sup>37</sup>, like Christianity, had its martyrs. The peasant wars of France, like the helots of Rome, fell in defeat. The "jacques," legitimate sons of Christ and Spartacus, were sent to their ancestors. Of that rebellion not an ash remains. The emancipation of communes was all that resulted. Only the notables benefited. But a spark in the cinders much later produced a general blaze; '89 and '93 flamed across the world.

These epochs, so well-known, must be reviewed. I will say only one thing; what lost the Revolution of '93, first as always, the ignorance of the masses, and later the montagnards, men more turbulent than revolutionary, more agitated than agitators. That lost the Revolution, there is dictatorship, the Committee of Public Safety, royalty in a dozen people imposed on a vast body of citizen-subjects; no more than slave-components of the brain, having no will but that dominating them; and on the day that that was decapitated, they were no longer republicans. Kill the head and kill the body.

The claue applauded Thermidor's representatives like the senators of the decemvirs, and applauded the Eighteenth Brumaire. Who would dictate to the masses, brutalize them at

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<sup>37</sup>In 1358, after twenty years of war, plague and grueling levies, the peasants in at least two hundred communities rose up in a *Jacquerie*, a brutal and desperate attempt to exterminate the local nobles and their families. Although broadly spontaneous, much of its leadership was ascribed to the mythical Jacques Bonhomme.

their own invitation, as they abdicate their own individual sovereignty. They would serve in their name of the Republic and under the yoke of public conductors; it was no work for the Empire to harness these beasts to its chariot for acclamation. Had it been to the contrary, that each were permitted the power of representing himself, being his own leader, if the Committee of Public Safety were composed of the thirty millions inhabiting the Republic's territory, everyone, men and women, at the age of reason and action, had necessarily made each, on his own initiative, or that of his neighbors, his own measures to safeguard independence; had there been sounder reflection that the social body, the human body is not the inert slave of thought but more a type of still, animated by the free function of organs to produce thought; thought as the quintessence of anarchic evolution whose unity is caused only by attracting forces; again if the montagnard bourgeoisie had had fewer monarchical instincts, if they had not wanted to clot with others in the revolutionary torrent of its arteries, posing, a pearl in the flood, a jeweled authority in a setting; had they wanted revolution in the breasts of the masses instead of enthroning themselves and pretending to govern; doubtless French armies would not have cannonaded nations, placed the Tricolor on all European capitols and stuck the enflaming title of French citizen on all conquered peoples; no doubt. But the genius of liberty all disdains this; each man is an impregnable citadel, each intelligence an unconquered arsenal, each army an army invincible to combat despotism and destruction in all forms; but Revolution, that Amazon with fascinating eyes, conquering

man in humanity, had intoned the great societal Marseillaise and deployed in the world its sharp scarlet, heaven's vault harmony, the shining purple of unity! . . .

Empire, restoration of Caesars, led to restoration of the old monarchy, then Empire, then the old monarchy to 1830, which led from 1815. What's progress, but more ideas than deeds?

From antique times science constantly progressed. Earth no more was a flat or immobile surface, as believed from the time of creation, monster, before and after flood. No, Earth was a globe always in movement. Heaven no more a ceiling, blue plaster paradise of Olympus painted with golden lamps; no, it was an ocean of fluid neither the eye nor thought could penetrate. stars like suns, rolling in their blue waves, gravitating worlds, one to the other, in their vast orbit, eye animated beneath luminous lashes. That definition of Circulus: "Life is a circle in which one can find neither beginning nor ending nor, in the circle, all the points of circumference beginning or end;" that definition taking most universal proportion, receives an application reaching more truth and more comprehensible to the vulgar. All globes circle freely in the ether, placed one to the other, obeying all their passions and finding in their passions the law of their mobile and perpetual harmony; all globes first turn themselves, until they group with other globes and form what's called, I believe, a planetary system, that is to say, a colossal circumference of globes

voyaging in concert with the most gigantic systems and circumference always aggrandizing and always finding new worlds to expand their volume and always unlimited spaces to execute their progressive evolutions; again, all these globes from globes continue their movement and give a spherical idea of infinity; demonstrating by unanswerable argument--argument that one can prove visibly and mentally that anarchic order is universal order. A sphere always turns and under all senses a sphere that neither begins nor ends, has neither high nor low, consequently no god, for deeds, devil for the base. The Circulus in universality dethrones divine authority and proves its negation by proving its movement, as the circulus in humanity dethrones governmental authority of man over man and proves the absurdity. The same globes circle in universality, men circle anarchically in humanity, under the sole impulses of sympathies, attractions and reciprocal repulsions. Harmony exists by anarchy. It is the only solution to the social problem. Desire to resolve differently gives Galilee an eternal lunatic ,that is to say ,land not sphere, and a sphere that does not turn. While she turns, I would repeat, with the last poor old man condemned to swear falsely and accept the humiliation of life on the street, doubtless reserving his thoughts. To this great authoricide I pardon the apparent evil in favor of science, here there aren't any Jesuits who have ends to justify means. The idea of the Circulus a humanity is in my eyes a subject of very great import and consecrated by these lines, I will sum up. For the most complete development, I call on revolutionaries to meditate on this passage.

Then, science marched from discovery to discovery. New continents, the two Americans, Australia, joined their seniors. One of the proclaimers of American independence, Franklin, wrenched lightning from Jehovah's hands, and science was domesticated, traveling on an iron key with lightning's speed and the obedience of a dog. Fulton tamed steam, amphibious locomotion, that seized the imagination from Solomon to Caius. He powered the carapace of a vessel replaced capricious sail breadths with muscular fins. And the great force of the hydra laughs at wind and flood, and is so well subdued that she obeys with incredible suppleness the least tiller pressure. On land, on roads bordered by rail, a monster with an iron body, in rank voice, with flaming lungs leaves stagecoaches far to the rear, the Parisian one-horse chaise and the express. On the signal, to the stirrup, it leaves, in its wake a row of rolling houses, with the population of the quarter of a town, surpassing the speed of a bird's flight. In factories, slave to a thousand revolutions it does with marvelous speed the most delicate, and the most heavy work. Typography, that magnificent means to sculpt the word and reproduce thousands of copies, typography itself is a new beginning. It weaves fabrics, tints, waters silks, embroiders, saws wood, files iron, polishes ashwood; again concocts a host of instruments of work and objects of consumption. On the land, it clears, works, sows, harrows, harvests; it grinds spices, mills grain, takes it to town, kneads and bakes bread--an encyclopedic worker.

Doubtless, in a well-organized society, the steam engine improves existence and does well for all hands. But what is partial evil in comparison to general and definite results? that is what clears away the future. In Barbarism, like Civilization, which is in our day synonymous, Progress doesn't pass down a road without corpses. The epoch of peaceful progress won't open on the bones of the civilized world, when monopoly will have sighed its last, and the products of work will be public domain.

Astronomy, physics, chemistry, all the sciences one can name, will progress. only social science remains stationary. After Socrates ended with hemlock and Jesus was crucified, another great light came. then, in the most foul regions of society, in the most abject place possible, in a shop, emerged a great reformer.

Fourier discovered a new world where all individualities had a necessary value to the collective harmony. The passions are the instruments of the living concert for weaving the fiber of attractions. It is barely possible that Fourier entirely rejected the professions; he conserved, his commercial education, the bourgeois tradition, the prejudices of authority and servitude that swayed him from liberty and the absolute equality of anarchy. Nonetheless, before this bourgeois I salute anew, a revolutionary. Before the other bourgeoisie, he is a giant. His name remains inscribed in the memory of humanity.

1848 arrived and revolutionary Europe took fire like a powder train. June, that jacquerie of the nineteenth century protested against the modern abuses of the new lord. The theft of the right to work and the right to love, the exploitation of man and woman by gold stirred up the proletariat and put arms in its hands.

Capitalist feudalism trembled at its base. The high barons of usury and baronets of petty commerce fortified in their country-houses and flung from on high on the insurrection of enormous block of armies, swelling floods of national guard. The force of Jesuit tactics, they came to erase the revolt.

More than thirty thousand rebels men and women and children, were thrown into oubliettes of prison-hulks and forts. Innumerable prisoners were shot, misinformed by street signs inviting them to lay down their arms, declaring Neither vanquished nor victors but brothers,--ENEMY BROTHERS, they wanted to say! The streets were splattered with brains. Disarmed proletarians were juggled up in the caverns of the Tuileries, Hotel-de-Ville, École Militaire, garrison stables, Ivry racetrack, ditches and the Champs-de-Mars, in all the sewers of the capital of the civilized world, and massacred with every refinement of cruelty. Shots rained on the groaning, lead fell in the guise of bread in the cloacae where--among the death-rattles, the ring of laughter and of madness---splashing thigh-

deep in blood and urine, asphyxiated by foul air and tortured by hunger and thirst.

As in the Middle Ages, the streets were places taken by storm. The police of civilization climbed into houses, descended into basements, searching nooks and crannies with bayonet probes everywhere suspect. Between the dismantled barricades and each stone was placed a severed head. Never, since the world has been, had such slaughter been seen.

And not only the National Guard in town and province, the owners and shopkeepers, bourgeois and their satellites, after the combat, committed a thousand and one atrocities; but their wives, the women of home and salon, [were] more intoxicated than their husbands with the bleeding quarry. And it was they, from the height of balconies, who encouraged the slashers, threw flowers, ribbons, kisses to troops escorting convoys of prisoners, they insulted the vanquished, they demanded shrilly, in fulminating words that those taken be shot and hung onto their shutters; those chained lions who had roared and made them blanch from their orgy; they who at the passing of those great subjugated, spat in their faces the words, not even sentences--Die! In a sewer". Ah, these were not women, these were bourgeois wives.

One believes that Socialism was born in blood. On the contrary, it baptizes into life! Erased from the public space, it took refuge in clubs, cafes, workshops, like Christianity in the

catacombs, recruiting proselytes. Far from destroying it in a week, persecution fed it. Today like a grain of wheat under the snow, the germ is buried beneath the conquering currency of work. Times move, when it melts, when the spring sun melts the old frozen exhibit of lucre, metal drifting atop the proletarian's chest, the revolutionary season disengages itself from the Fish of February and under the seal of the Ram, one will see socialism raise its head and follow its zodiacal élan until it attains the Lion--the seed produces its promise.

Like '89 had its rebel angel, Mirabeau<sup>38</sup> at the Tennis Court flinging that stirring apostrophe in the face of the aristocracy--"Go tell your masters that we are here by the will of the people, and we will not leave but by force of bayonets!"--'48 had also its Proudhon,<sup>39</sup> another rebel spirit, who in a book, spat this mortal conclusion in the face of the bourgeoisie "Property is Theft!" Without '48, the truth had long slumbered ignored in the library of the privileged. '48 etched it in lightning and gave it the publicity of the daily press--the multiplicity of the clubs in full cry, it freighted the thought of each worker.

The great merit of Proudhon is not always having been logical, but having provoked others to seek logic. He is the man who always says "God is Evil--Slavery is Assassination--

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<sup>38</sup>Unknown reference.

<sup>39</sup>Pierre Joseph Proudhon (1809-1865).

Charity is a Mystification "ever and again; the man redeeming with all force the liberty of men, this man too, attacks the liberty of woman; she puts under the ban of society, decreed from humanity; Proudhon again has a fraction of revolutionary genius, half of his being is paralyzed; unfortunately it is his heart. Proudhon has anarchic tendencies, but he is not an anarchist; he is not for humanity, but masculinity. But as a reformer he is a flawed diamond--as an agitator, he throws sparks. Again, that's something. And the Mirabeau of the Proletariat has nothing on the Mirabeau of the Bourgeoisie--he's spent all the force of his new idea. A bit of rebellion, he was a thunderbolt glimmer that rapidly lit up the shades of corruption. The other struck lightning onto lightning. He did not only menace, he overwhelmed an old social order. Never had a man pulverized his way full of secular abuses and of superstitions pretending to legitimacy.

'89 was the '48 of the Bourgeoisie insurgent against the nobility; '48 was the '89 of the Proletariat against the Bourgeoisie! Then, '93.

And now, on provisional authority, the white republic, as an illustrious poet called it, who feared for the Vendôme column cut in two. Pass, blue republic or red republic, honest and modest, all men said, all devoted to it, doubtless because men of that republic were neither one nor the other. This also passed, the Pasha-ism of Cavaignac. the African, hideous Othello jealous of the forms, who stabbed the republic to the

heart because she lacked social forms. Pass on Napoleonic president emperor and empire, pontificate of flight and murder, catholicism of mercantile interests, Jesuitical and militarist. Pass, pass last glimmers of Civilization's lamp, and before you move across the windows of Plutus' temple bourgeois shades of the great seraphim. Pass, pass, dying light and illuminate the night round of the courtesans of the actual regime, phantoms grouped around the specter of St Helena, all that phantasmagorie of remnant titles, miters, insignia, silver, leather, tarnish, that bohemia of a court sacristy, shop, and back-shop, sophisticated spell of imperial Sabbat. Pass! Pass! The dead are quick! . . .

Go, Caesar, in that house of perdition you call the Tuileries, satisfy your obscene caprices, caress the ladies and their vessels, voluptuous prince; sleep, Master on satin skin, velvet pillowcases. The elysian lupanar certainly beats your past hovel in Haymarket. Go, ex-London constable, take your scepter in hand, beat everyone, the valet-lords, and all the people who valet your valets! break sticks on the feet of those abject beneath your despotism; Go, providential man; break bones, skeletal society, reduce it; one day, the Revolution will no more than sigh, and you will disappear.

Priests, intone "Te Deum" in the planks of your churches. Baptize, catechize, confess, marry and bury the living and the dead; aspergillate [sprinkle] the world with holy water and sermons to exorcise the demon of free thought.

Soldiers, sing of dregs and sweat, red drunks. Die at Sebastopol and die in Paris. Bivouac in blood and wine and spittle decorations; empty your canteens and guns, come down from swaggering and spilling brains, making a purple stream flow ; drink a skinful...Victory, soldiers, there are three hundred thousand of you and after two years of hesitation, you took down the ramparts of Sebastopol, defended by the blond children of Russia; and in the amount of five hundred thousand, after one or two nights of ambush, you conquered with military bravery the boulevards of Paris, those boulevards where you defiled, arm in arm; an army of promenaders of all ages and sexes. Soldiers! You are brave and in your end Papavoine contemplates you! . . .

Judges, pickpockets, legislators and hangmen, you spy, deport, guillotine, condemn, penalize the good and the bad, that population of the discontented, who encounter you; nibblers and devourers of budgets, can no longer think that this is the best of the best of all possible worlds. Manipulators of the plateaus of justice on golden feet you lead the culpability of social revendication--Bankers, shopkeepers, lenders, bloodsuckers of production for the producer is the one sole prey, go on with your cheats, seize the proletariat by the throat, and pump all the gold from its veins. Act commercially, gouge, exploit, ravage the chest of the worker's blouse, and of the moon. riches, you engrave on the belly and starve from the flesh of the poor--Advocates, plead for and against, white and

black, pluck the widow and the orphan, to the profit of lying powers; and the little artisan to the profit of the great owner. sustain the trial against the owners, for that false society, your trial and that of property.

Take before the tribunal your parodies of defense and make innocent by condemnation, under pretext of exonerating the accused. Illusionists, clerks and notaries, redirect your paper from property or piracy, dispossess those who dispossess others; sport like pennants for the rich and on plantation summits, after ceaselessly sucking up the sap from below, that courses ceaselessly up, to be eliminated. Doctors of Public Instruction who dose mercury in society's children in the name of clerical or universal cretinism, whip and whip again boys and girls. Diplomas of the Faculty of Medicine for mercury and arsenic medicators, experiment on workers, rack them in your hospital.

Go, empiricists, not only your certificate of scientific incapacity and grocer's rapacity authorize you, but you have the further guarantee of government. Do it, and you will have an aristocratic clientele and a character well thought of; the chief of State will detach from his crown a star and hang it in your buttonhole.

All of you, opulent in infamy, cheats on whom fortune smiles before registered houses, debauched by decadent Christianity, corrupters and corrupted, pious, pietizing, the

"vile multitude," soiled in your own filth, killing yourself with your own claws. attempting, your prudery, your intelligence, your life; do it and do again! . . .

And then, after?

Begin under the glistening sun and progress will follow its course? No, you can't make usurers quit usury, misery leave misery, bankrupt fail bankrupt, Revolution will not the REVOLUTION!! . . .

O Bourgeois, you have produced nothing more than exactions and then dream of eternal satisfaction directing your momentary whims. Say, bourgeois, when you spend an hour on the streets, ever felt a shadow follow you, something that tracks and walks with you? You come back dressed in imperial livery with breastplate, for crutches imperial bayonets in regiments, the blade of the guillotine surmounting the immense display of arms, with penal-catechism and religious-catechism on either side, the capital shines like the sun on Austerlitz. Bourgeois, you never fear the wolf, the hyena, or the specter you sense. One day a cloud will pass over the sun; that day your livery will be used for a drama, the day where, trembling in your nudity you stumble, one false step after false step upon the earth, frightened, terrified; that day you fall, from Moscow to Berezina, oh, on that day, I tell you, bad luck to you! The wolf, the hyena, the specter will fall on you, and devour you, throat and lungs and entrails and pickle your members and

liver, you fasces of bayonets, your catechisms, your codes. That utopia will make from capital.

Like a stag beetle pinned, your gold star will ornament a head in the abyss. Paris will become your Waterloo, and Waterloo, you know, led to St Helena. Truly, truly, I tell you, on that day I will have no pity or mercy for you. Remember June! You will cry out. an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth! Bourgeois, you are Jews who have forgotten Moses' law. . . .

Ah! always iron, lead and fire. Always fratricide among men! Always vanquisher and vanquished. When will this bloody time cease? Forced to eat the dead, will civilization die of indigestion?

When will men understand that authority is bad:

--That Property, which is also authority, is also bad

--That Family, again Authority, is Evil.

--That Religion, that is always authority, is Evil;

--That Legality, Constitutionality, Rule-  
mentality, contract-ality,  
these are authority, are evil, always evil!

Genius of anarchy, spirit of future centuries, deliver us  
from evil!!!



## Second Part

### Prelude

*Dream, idea ,utopia*

*Daughters of right,*

*sylphides of my dreams*

*Equality! Liberty! My Loves*

*Will you always be just dreams!*

*Fraternity, will you flee?*

*No, beloved goddesses*

*The day approaches when ideals  
join reality*

*that will mark utopia's hour! . . .*

*Blond utopia, my heart's ideal*

*Ah, brave again ignorance and error.*

*-- Le Lazarenes*

What is a utopia? A dream unrealized, but not unrealizable. The utopia of Galilee is now a truth, it triumphs despite the judge's sentence. The earth turns. The utopia of Christopher Columbus realized itself despite the clamors of his detractors; a new world, America, leaves his name on the reaches of the Ocean. Who was Salomon de Caus?<sup>40</sup> A utopian, a fool, but a fool who discovered steam. and Fulton, again a utopianist. You demand to the academicians and their emperor and master, Napoleon called the great..great like the monstrous fossils, or stupidity and ferocity. All these new ideas were utopias at birth, time lone, in development, brought them to the real world.

The seekers of ideal fortune, like the searchers for the philosopher's stone never perhaps realize their utopia in an absolute manner, but their utopia would be humanitarian progress. Alchemy never succeeded in making gold, but the crucible produced something more precious, it produced a science, chemistry. Social science would be the work of dreamers of perfect harmony.

Immortal conquering humanity is an armed body with an advance guard in the future and a rear guard in the past. To displace the present and raise its voice, one must send for the

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<sup>40</sup>Unknown reference.

reconnaissance, lost sentinels who fire a shot of the idea upon the limits of the Unknown. All the great studies of humanity force the march over terrain of social conquest accomplished in the footsteps of past guides. Forward, cry these explorers of the future towards the alpine summits of Utopia. Halt! rattle the stragglers from the past, crouched in the ruts of muddy reaction. March! revolutionary masses arouse themselves from inertness and at the shout---Humanity! I raise on the route of future centuries, the guides of anarchic utopia and to you cry: Forward! Let the sluggard of the Past sleep in their immobile slackness and final death! In response to their death rattle, to cadaverous wails by the sonorous call to action, to life. Blow trumpets of Progress, take in hand your revolutionary ramrods, and sound ,and strike!

March, march, march.

Today steam is in all its virility, electricity exerts its infant state; today locomotion and navigation are rapid; today the printer edits one hundred thousand copies, and commerce freights for the most forgotten corners of the globe today exchange after exchange arrives at the voice of unity; today the work of generations formed, level to level, arcade upon arcade, a gigantic aqueduct that sends across the real globe a flood of science and alight; motive and expansive force surpass the most utopian dreams that ancient times could imagine as grandiose for modern times, today the word "impossible" is radiating from the human dictionary; today ,man, the new Phoebus,

directs the march of steams, delivers food and products, and where it rains, greenhouses germinate, nurture and flower plants and trees from all climes, an oasis to which the traveler returns from the snow and ice of the North; today human genius in the name of sovereignty has taken possession of the sun, focusing it to artists, taking captive the rays to chain them in the atelier and constrain them, like vassal servants, to engrave and paint an image upon zinc plates and notepaper. today another giant step, it is possible that Progress, that giant of giants, continues to march, softly on the railways of social science? No ,no. I tell you it will change its appeal, it will get in step with steam and electricity, it will struggle with them with force and agility.

Unfortunately, he who wants to halt its course, he will be flung by the side of the road by an immense locomotive's cow-catcher, that cyclops with fiery eye that belches the heat of hell in the satanic cortege of humanity; and rearing on its axles, advances, body straight and head held high on the straight line of anarchy, tossing its brunette head, crowned with sparks of flame. Unlucky he who wishes to cross that tolling crater! All the gods of the ancient and modern world could not measure up to the new Titan. Places, Places! rings down the way by uniform hatred, boors, merchants of human cattle who return to Passy in carriages. Civilization shift yourself, Lilliputian matadors and take passage for Utopia! Places! Places! for the gusting energy of the Revolution. Places! blacksmiths, smelters of ideas, to the forge of lightning! . . .

After finishing these lines, I am forced to stop, as I am often constrained in the course of this work. The great tension of all my faculties to lift my head, the surcharged excitement and enthusiasm of thought, acts on my weak temperature and makes my eyes tear. I suffocate in sobs. The blood mounts between my temples and rises in my brain in torrential currents, burning floods that the arteries won't stop flinging. And while on the right I begin to contain and appease the agitation of my wits, on the left hand, I try in vain to compress the accelerated pulsations of my heart. Air does come to my lungs. I stagger like a drunk trying to open the window of my room. I approach my bed and fling myself on it--I see lost either life or reason? Tell me. And I rise up, cannot rest, lie down again, cannot rest. It seemed that my head would explode, my breast wrenched by tongs. I strangle, iron muscles press my throat.

Ah! An idea is a lover whose fiery embrace kills until you cry out, that is not a married love that slowly prepares you for new and more ardent caresses. For the heart must be strong in intuition if not in science. Stop! Rascals and sops, you are profane! Allow themselves to dance attendance in a sanctuary, that languorous, superb and passionate mistress must have lovers of bronze and gunpowder. Who knows how many days make up each kiss? Once the spasm takes me, I [hie] to my desk. The Idea comes and sits beside me. And, its head on my shoulder, one hand in mine and the other tangled in my hair,

we exchange a long gaze of calm intoxication. I continue writing and in her turn she leans over me. And I feel the sweet contact re-illumine the force in my brain and in my heart and her breath mingles with mine.

After re-reading what I have written and dreaming over that inert mass of prejudices and ignorance which must be transformed into actual individuals, free and studious intelligences, I feel the sigh slip away in my soul. But the Idea, speaking in my ear, dispels this. A society, she tells me, where in the most obscure beds and beneath worker's blouses are revolutionary lavas, from tempests of suffering and fire that circle the veins; a society where the disinherited dare write what I write and can name all the revolts in arms and in intelligence.

A society where such writers find printers to print, and men to shake hands with authors; where authors, who are workers, find patrons to employ them--secure exceptions--and where heretic from the legal order can walk down the street without being branded in the face with a red iron; without pillorying their books. Oh, go, such a society, officially the enemy of new ideas, is far from passing as its enemy...If again she has no feeling of the morality of the Future, no more does she feel the sentiment of the Past. Actual society is like a fortress surrounded on all sides that has lost communication with protecting troops. She knows she cannot be revived. Defense is no more than form. The day of collapse can be

calculated in advance. Doubtless, again cannon will exchange volleys; but when she uses the last munitions and supplies of abundance, she will strike her tents.

Old society no longer dares protect her, or if protecting, the furor discloses her weakness. Enthusiastic young men can be daring and succeed. Envious cruel old men are stranded in fearful decay. And good, these days more than ever, priests are making people religious; there are judges for torturing the body, soldiers for maintaining authority, bosses whose living depends upon the worker. But, priests and judges, soldiers and bosses have no more faith in their rite. In their public glorification of themselves by themselves there is an afterthought of shame. All these parvenus, carrying chasubles or gowns, belts ornamented with gold, or ash staffs step with ease from the world whence they came to the world where they go; restless legs, they walk on hot coals. It is true, they continue to officiate, condemn, shoot, exploit, but "inside they are not sure about not being thieves and ASSASSINS!"... that says what they don't dare avow, the fear of being afraid.

They vaguely understand that they are a rupture of a bond, that civilized society is society ill-famed; one day or another REVOLUTION will open its belly and justice will descend. The step in the future resounds on the street pavement. Three knocks on the door, three rings of the tocsin in Paris, and they'll all play with the gamblers!

Civilization, that daughter of Barbarians who had a savage for a grandfather, Civilization, married for eighteen centuries of debauch, is tainted with an incurable malady. She is condemned by science. She must not die. Why? It is later than she thinks. The malady is pulmonary emaciation, everyone knows that consumption preserves the appearance of life until the last hour. One orgiastic evening she will slip asleep and never rise.

When the Idea had finished speaking, I dressed and got on my knees, and between kisses, demanded from her the secret of future times. She was very tender, very good, and loved me so ardently that she could not refuse me. I hung upon her lips and received every word, fascinated by the hypnotic flow, by the light flooding me from her eyes. She was very beautiful, gracious seductress. I wish I had the power to recount with all her charm the magnificence of anarchic utopia, all the fairies of a harmonious world. My pen is little knowing, and can give only a pale perception. If you want to know the ineffable enchantments, like me, call the Idea and similarly guided by her, evoke in your turn sublime visions of the ideal, the luminous apotheosis of future ages.

II

Ten centuries have passed before Humanity--We are in the year 2858.--Imagine a savage from prior ages, yanked from his primitive forest and thrown without transition forty centuries from actual Europe, in France, in Paris. Suppose a

magic power had drawn his intelligence and led him past the marvels of industry, agriculture, architecture,, all the arts and sciences, and like a guide, she reviewed and explained all these beauties. Now judge the astonishment before all these things he can not believe his eyes or his ears, he will cry miracle, civilization, utopia!

Imagine now someone civilized is transplanted from nineteenth century Paris to humanity's original time. Judge the stupefaction of those men who have only brutal instincts, men who graze, bleat, bellow and chew, yell ,bray, bite and scratch and roar; men who have gears and intelligences and tongues for tools; they have no management, a mechanism where they don't understand the wheels. See the civilized, expose him to the mercy of crude men, the furor of ferocious beasts and inclement elements. He could not live among these monstrosities. For him it would be distaste, horror, chaos!

Oh well! Utopian anarchy is to civilization what civilization is savagery. For that surpassed then centuries separate present from future, between one can explore marvels, learn and finger the harmonious details, begin the joys of humanitarian society; for that actual world is again unknown land and marshy, a cloacal people with men and fossil institutions, monstrous outline of society something ill and hideous that the sponge of revolution will wipe from the globe's surface.

Civilization, with its movement, laws, morals, property lines, national ruts, authoritarian brambles, family roots, prostituted vegetation; Civilization with its dialect English, German, French, Cossack, with metal gods, great fetishes. pagoda-ed animalities, miter-crowned crocodiles, troops of rhinosceros and of deer, bourgeois and proletarians; its impenetrable forests of bayonets and bellowing artillery, bronze torrents lining their carriages and vomiting into the fracas cascades of grape-shot; Civilization, with grottoes of misery, jails and workshops, brothels and St-Lazare, mountains chained by palace and church, fortresses, shops, the retreats of princes, bishops, generals, bourgeois, obscene monkeys, hideous vultures, ill-licked bears, metallivores and carnivores, that soil in their debauch and bleed under their fangs. the human intelligence and form; Civilization with its penal Gospel and religious Code, its emperors and its popes; its power-constrictor that strangles a man with rings of hemp balanced from a tree limb after breaking his neck under the guillotine-alligator, you break like a dog under your terrible jaws and separate the head from the trunk with the slice of a triangular tooth; Civilization, again with its usage and its customs, its charters and pestaliencial constitutions; her moral-cholera; all her epidemic regionalities and constitutionalities; Civilization, in a word, in all its sap and exuberance/ Civilization in all its glory and in respect to the dazzling Future, would be for the Civilized the savagery of the original globe, new-born man leaving his earthly mold and mumbling again amid the monsters of chaos, as is also the anarchic utopia for the

civilized; what revelation for the savage would the civilized world be, something hyperbolically good, fine, something ultra and extranatural, paradise of man upon earth.

### III

Man is essentially a revolutionary being. He doesn't know how to stay in one place. He doesn't like where he was born, but lives with the stars. Nature gives him movement and light, gravity. The goal itself, slow moving will transform itself imperceptibly each day until entirely metamorphosed and will she not continue eternal metamorphosis?

Civilized, are you more a goal than the goal?

--"Revolutions are conservations."

--Then revolutionize yourself, conserve later.

In the arid desert where our generation camps, anarchy is again an oasis, for a caravan fatigued by march and counter-march, a mirage flooding to adventure. It depends on human intelligence to solidify the vapor, fix the phantom with blue wings on the sun and give it a body. You see, down there begins an immense misery a somber red cloud rises on the horizon. It is Simon the revolutionary. Alert! civilized, this is the time to fold your tents if you don't want to be swallowed by

an avalanche of burning sand. Alert! Flee the road before you. You will find a fresh source, the green lawn, perfumed flowers, savory fruits, sheltered protection in tall shade! Simon are you menaced? Alert! after you, death; to the right or left; its death; stay, death! March! Before you is life Civilized, civilized, I tell you; the mirage is not a mirage, utopia is utopia, what you take for a phantom is reality!..

#### IV

And giving me three kisses, the Idea pulled aside the curtain of centuries and discovered to my eyes a great scene of a future world, where she showed me the spectacle of anarchic Utopia.



## The Future World

*Mutual liberty is common law.*

-- Emile de Girardin

*And The earth that was dried up, is  
verdant again, and all pure will eat the  
fruit, and come and go without anyone  
saying "Where are you going?" "You  
cannot pass here." And little children  
playing in the flowers take them to their  
mother, who smiles sweetly on them.  
And we will have neither rich nor poor  
but all will have an abundance of things  
necessary to your needs, because you  
will love and aid your brothers.*

-- Paroles d'un  
Croyant [Words of a  
Believer]

First, the earth changed its physiognomy. In place of the marshy rains that devour the shining gambols of an agricultural blanket, a hollow gilded by fertility. The mountains seem to breathe with frenzy the grand air of liberty and balancing upon their hollows the fine panache of foliage. Deserts of sand have placed forests peopled with oaks, cedars, palms, pressing on the foot of a moss carpet, soft verdure enameling all the amorous flowers of freshening shades and of clear streams. The craters have been muted, they say nothing of their devastating eruption, and give a useful route to the lava reservoirs.

The air, fire and water, all elements with destructive features that cannot be doubted, captive under man's gaze, they obey his least wish. Heaven had been a ladder. Electricity took man upon the way and led him to the clouds, and aerial steamboats. She went over seconds of space that take months today, stepping over the backs of heavily shifting oceans. An immense network of irrigation covers the vast prairie, throwing up a fine barrier, where pass innumerable troops destined to the digestion of man.

Man, enthroned upon machines of labor, he made the land more fecund to his sustenance, but to the perspiration of the locomotive. Not only heaping the furrows of the land, but also passing the land under the harrow on the frontiers of nations. Railroads, bridges, thrown across the narrows and submarine tunnels ;the houses washed into aerostats, moved by

electricity, having made the whole globe a unique city in which one can turn in less than a day. The continents are the quarters of the districts of universal time. Monumental habitations, by milieux grouped in cultivated land, formed in squares.

The globe is a park where the oceans are the water features; a child, on an inflating balloon, forges briskly across a stream. Man having in his hand the scepter of science, since the power which one attributes to gods, to good times of hallucination, he commands the seasons, and the seasons serve their master. Tropical plants are discovered blooming to heaven in polar regions; canals of lava spurting at their feet; natural work of the globe and the artificial work of man have transformed the temperature of the poles and have made spring where perpetual winter reigned.

1) All the towns and all the hamlets and the civilized world, its temples, its citadels, its palace, the cottages, all its luxury and nurseries have been shriveled by the sun like the filths of the public road; nothing remains more of civilization but the historic cadaver, relegated to the montfaucon [public scaffold] of memory. A grandiose and elegant architecture like nothing that exists today would replace the paltry proportions and poverty of style and edifices of the civilized.

On the emplacement of Paris a colossal construction raised up and cemented of granite and marble, its supporting pillars of a denseness and prodigious height. Under its vast

dome in iron cut dark and placed, like a tooth, in a foundation of crystal, a million strollers promenade without being a crowd. Circular galleries on levels, one and the other, planted along the boulevards, forming also in its immense circuit an immense belt not less than twenty leagues in circumference. Along these galleries people will be transported along roads, slowly and in gracious wagons, the strollers from one point to another, take them up and put them down where they wish.

Each side of the iron road is an avenue of moss, a lawn, an avenue sanded for riders, another is parquetry; until an avenue recovered by a thick and soft carpet. The length of the avenue is lined with divans and nooks, with springy mattresses and cushions of silk and velvet, Persian wool carpeting, also banks and armchairs of varnished wood, marble, bronze, bare or garnished with braided symbols in leather, a drape of fur attached or tacked. At the base of these avenues, flowers, from all countries, blooming in long parterres on white marble. In the distance, lazy fountains, white marble, stucco, agate, bronze, lead, and massive silver; the others in black marble, violet tooth, its own yellow, in malachite, granite, jasper; in shell work, and leather and iron. The whole mélange in assembled and divided with perfect agreement and harmony. The form varied to infinity, cunningly jointed.

Sculptures, artistic works, ideal fantasies animate these urns, in the evening, they bring forth floods and jets of limpid water, floods cascading, diamonds and lava that steam past the

plants and aquatic flowers. The pillars and bases of the galleries boldly ornamented and strongly accentuated, neither Greek nor Roman, nor Moorish, Gothic, nor Renaissance, it is something rashly fine, daringly gracious, it is the purity of the profile with wantonness of contour, supple and nervous, that ornamentation is of our own time and the majesty of the lion, superb mane, awkwardness and the nudity of the young ballet-dancer.

The stone, wood and metal concurring in the decoration of these galleries marry harmoniously. On bases of gold and silver, dividing the sculptures in oak, maple and ebony. In the land, colors are softened in prevailing shapes in reliefs of iron foliage and galvanized lead. Bronze and marble muscles divide all that rich flesh into a thousand compartments connecting them.

From opulent draperies hanging the length of the arcades, inside, opening along the circuits and on the extreme edge in closed against the seasons by a crystal wall. On the interior the colonnade from a veranda supporting a crenellation platform or terrace, like a fortress or dovecot, affording passage, by architectural openings, to visitors who descend and climb by means of a moving balcony that responds to the least signal. The circular galleries are regulated to the whole, but vary in detail, are graduated in perspective by a body of structure in projects in a most interesting character.

In these pavilions, which are like rings of the chains of avenues, there are rooms of refreshment and collation, rooms for chatting and reading, playing games, resting, amusements and recreations, from the virile age to infancy. In these sorts of repositories open to the motley crowd of pilgrims, all the refinements of luxury, one could, from our day, call it aristocratic meeting and combining in all its richness and fairy elegance. These pavilions at the lower level, have peristyles at the entrance to the immense arena.

That new Coliseum, where we explore the benches, an arena like the ancient Coliseum, is a park sprinkled with massive trees, lawns, flower beds, rustic grottoes with sumptuous kiosks. The Seine and an infinity of canals and basins, formed of starting and still water, resting and weaving on. Long avenues of chestnut trees and narrow parks bordered by hedges and covered with honeysuckle and hawthorn tickle the senses/ Groups of bronze and marble, masterpieces of statuary marking avenues and enthroned in intervals, or off the way, in the crystal of a solitary fountain.

In the evening, little globes of electric light project like stars, their timid rays and shadows of verdure, and furthermore discovered, an enormous sphere of electric light, containing on its globe torrents of solar purity. Hot water pipes. infernal braziers and ventilators, lungs collared [coliens], combining the efforts to produce in that circle an ever temperate climate, perpetual flowering. Its more magical than the palace and

gardens in the Thousand and One Nights. Aerostatic boats, aerial canoes traverse light. A bird's flight is free human flight coming, leaving, following, crossing, in capricious evolutions. Here are the butterflies multicolored and flying from flower to flower, birds from the equatorial zones frolicking in complete beauty.

The children amuse themselves on the lawns with roebucks and tame lions like domestic animals or civilized, and to their little carriages they serve like hobbyhorses, harnessed. Panthers, tame like cats climbing columns and trees, vaulting on the shoulders of rock grottoes, and in their fine gambols and caprices, smirking draw the most gracious men arrived and dashing, asking from him a look or caress.

From lower organs bellowing with steam or electricity, one hears momentarily the voice of the bass singers, in common concert, blinding secret notes from a sharp branch, bird singers, the slow tenors. A little from the center of that valley of harmony, rises a labyrinth exuding the bouquet of palms. At the foot of the palms is a tribune of ivory, oak and the finest contour. Below that, backed with palm trunks is suspended a large crown of polished steel, with a blue satin cap lining it. a drapery of silk velvet depends from it with a silver fringe, supported by golden twists, knotted up.

On the circlet is a great star diamond, surmounting across and aigrette of living flame. On each side are two bronze

hands, each attached to the circle, one on the left, one of the right, each clasping the living flame. It is at this tribunal, in solemn days that people mount who wish to address the crowd. It is understood that to first dare address the chair, it must needs be other than our tribunes of parliament. Such will literally be erased under the moral weight of the crown. Like a bad smell emanating from beneath their feet and shaming and overwhelming them, the flow will rustle for shame and open wide to swallow them up.

Also the men who take up their places beneath the diadem on its allegoric degrees are those who have spilled out to them from the urn of intelligence some great and fertile thought encased in a pearl, a brilliant word, that leaving the masses, returns to the masses like a rose among the flowers. Those rise up who wish--but they do not wish unless they are capable. In that world, very different from our own, sublime pride elevates the voice in public only with something to say.

Icarus didn't dare essay his wings until very certain that he wouldn't fall. No less so that an intelligence of wax would raise words before an audience. An ingenious acoustic mechanism permits a thousand listeners to hear distinctly the orator's every word, each comes from him. Optical instruments admirably perfected, permit them to follow his movements, gestures and facial expression, from a very great distance.

Seen by the eyes of the Past, this colossal carrousel, with

all its human whims has for me the grand aspect of the Ocean. Seen by the eyes of the Future, our academies of legislators, and our democratic councils, the Bourbon palace, and the Martels<sup>41</sup> all have no more substance than a glass of water. Man continues, and sees things differently according to the panorama of the centuries, turning or reversing his perspectives. For me, utopia is utopia for the ordinary. They would have equally gigantic dreams and that couldn't be embraced by any small imaginations.

I have heard of proposals from the vulgar that the commoners couldn't be satisfied unless they also gratified the senses. Such a figure, I tell myself, would be among them, like someone civilized among the Lombards! He may as well put his head in a mortar, pound it like a peach pit, and reduce his brain to powder, he could never extract a ray of intelligence capable of understanding even the least word.

This monument, of which I begin to give an impression, is a palace where the least call upon the temple of arts and sciences, something in later society unlike like the Capital or the Forum in earlier society. It is the central point where all the rays of a circle join and radiate to all the points of the circumference. It is called the Cyclidion, that is a place consecrated to the circulus of idea, and consequently for all it is the product of those ideas, it is the altar of the social cult,

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<sup>41</sup>Charles "Martel"--the Hammer--won his name after taking the field against Moors in 732, winning decisive battles at Poitiers and Tours.

anarchist church of utopian humanity.

Like children of a new world, they have neither divinity nor papacy, neither royalty nor gods, nor kings nor priests. They don't want to be slaves, nor would they be masters. Being free, they have the cult of Liberty and practice it from their infancy and confess it at all moments to the ends of their lives. Their anarchists' communion needs neither bible nor code, each has in his bosom his clan and his prophet, his heart and his intelligence. They do well by their neighbors and would not think to do otherwise to another than he would himself do. They want the good for all, the good for others. They don't wish their own liberty abridged, nor would they abridge the freedom of others. Loving lovers, they want to believe in love, and multiply by love.

Men, render mankind a hundredfold and the children who cost the care of the Humanity; to their neighbor, sympathy is due, glance for glance, smile for smile, kiss for kiss, and at need, bite for bite. They know that they have one common mother Humanity, that they are all brothers, that fraternity obligates them. They are conscious that their harmony can exist by the concourse of the individual wills, that the natural law of attraction is a law more infinitely little than great, that nothing social can move by itself, universal thought, unity of unities. The sphere of spheres, immanent and permanent in eternal movement, it says: In anarchy is safety! It answers: Good fortune is our world. All are fortunate, all find in the word the

satisfactions they seek. They knock, and all doors open; sympathy, love, pleasures, joys, respond to their heartbeats with brain waves, hammer blows from their arms; and themselves, they salute brothers, lover, worker, and science, like a humble servant introduces them before the vestibule of the Unknown.

And you would want a religion, laws for such a people? Go on! That would be a peril, or a masterstroke. Laws and religions are made for salves by masters who are also slaves. Free men carry no spiritual lien or temporal chains. The free man is his own king and God. "Myself and my right," such is his device.

Upon the emplacement of the principal great towns today will be constructed Cyclidions, not the same, but analogous to those I have described. That day there will be a universal exposition of products and human genius. Sometimes, partial exhibits, exposition by district or continent, or such occasion of solemnity, three or four orators will pronounce discourses. In such cycles of poetic labor, arms and intelligence explore a museum of marvels. Agriculture exhibits its seeds; horticulture its flowers and its fruits, industry its textiles, furniture, jewels; science all its gears, mechanisms, statistics, theories. Architecture shows its plans, painting, tableaux, statuary, its ornaments and statues, music and poetry, the purest of their songs. The arts like the sciences have placed in the casket their finest jewels.

There is no concourse like ours. There is neither jury, nor admission, nor jury by comment or writing; no great prize granted by official judges or crowns, certificates, laurels or medals. Free is the great public voice, sole sovereign judge. It is to please that power of opinion that each comes to submit his work. and as one passes before the work, one after another, they discern, according to special aptitudes no more than the bauble of distinction, but more or less, lively admiration, attentive examination, more or less scorned/ Also, judgments are always equitable, always condemnation of the lesser brave, always to the benefit of the most valiant, always to encourage emulation, or the weak as for he strong. It is the great redressing of wrongs, those who fear all individually more or less follow the feelings of their vocation, they are more or less flying, and the future is in charge of satisfying its maternal observations. And all men enlarge themselves to envy by mutual instruction, so all have proud ambition to distinguish themselves in their various works.

On leaving that fete, I rise in an aerostat with my guide, we navigate the air of the universal city's square. It is something like a phylanstery, but without hierarchy, without authority, all to the contrary, bearing witness to liberty, to equality to the most complete anarchy. The forms are a little like a star, but its rectangular forces aren't symmetrical, each in its particular type.

Architecture seems to have modeled into the creases of the structure all the undulations of grace, all the curves of beauty. The interior decorations are of a sumptuous elegance. It is a fortunate mix of luxury and simplicity, a harmonious choice of contrasts. The population is five to six thousand persons. Each man and each woman has a separate room, composed of two chambers for sleeping, a bath or dressing room; workroom or library, from a small salon, and a terrace or greenhouse full of flowers and verdure. All are aired and heated by ventilators, which don't impede the agreeable view; winter, in defiance of the sun, loves to aim flame in the foyer. Each apartment has running water and light. The furnishings are of artistic splendor that would shame the princely tatters of our contemporary aristocrats. And again, each has its own pleasure to add or restrain, simplify or enrich the details; he can express his wishes. You can occupy the same room as long as you wish, always a long time, or change. Nothing could be easier and there are always vacancies at your disposal. These apartments permit one to enter or leave without being seen. On one side is a vast gallery, fronting the park, and devolving into a great artery that circulates the inhabitants. On the other side, the exterior, is a labyrinth of small and intimate galleries, where modesty and love can go about disrobed [in privacy].

There, in anarchic society, family and legal property are ideas, institutions, hieroglyphs of lost meaning; the family is one and indivisible; property is one and indivisible. In that fraternal communion, freedom is work and love is free.

Everyone opens his arms and all intelligence is the object of production and consumption, common capital, collective property, BELONGING TO EACH AND ALL. All that opens the heart, all essential to sensation, intimate and individual sentiment, particular capital, corporal property, all that is human, again, in its proper acceptance, by age and sex HE HAS. Producers and consumers produce and consume as they wish, when they want or where they want. Freedom is here. "People don't demand: why not?"

So that comfortable children, at the recreation hour can curvet in a circle, one with a racket, the other a ball flung in an arc, amusing themselves, changing comrades or toys at their fantasts, always, always suiting their movements to the needs of others, and of their own turbulent natures. So also, the children of anarchy, men and women, choosing in community the useful work they wish, simply or in groups, changing groups or tools according to their caprices, always stimulated to production by the example of others and by the charm of the act of creating.

So again, a dinner party of convivial friends eating and drinking at the same table, at their choice a morsel of this or a morsel of that, a glass of this or that wine, without ever abusing, with gluttony a premiere or rare wine; the men of the future, at the banquet of anarchist communism consuming according to their tastes what appears agreeable without ever abusing a fine savory or rare product. It is so fine that they

don't take more than a small amount--a table d'hôte, in a civilized country, the traveling salesman, bourgeois, is gross and brutal, unknown and pagan. These are moral people.

The man of the world, the aristocrat is decent and courteous; he carries his name blazoned on his face and the instinct of reciprocity commands civility. He is obliged, others are obliged. These are free manners. Like a commercial lump, legal freedom is gross and brutal; anarchic freedom is for everyone, has the delicacy of good company.<sup>+</sup>

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+Assassins, thieves, town guerillas, solitary insurgents! each has conscience and attacks legal society, and bringing perturbation to the civilized ,they act in the name of the most sacred rights and the most indispensable of duties.-- in elevating all the daily actions, the actions to life and the property of the rich to the bases of social insurrection, not only revolution will permanently severe, but will render them invincible. Nothing can resist them. The imperiled aristocrat will be forced to seek heroic remedies for immanent evil. The spirit of caste will disappear to make place for the spirit of conserving self. Then and only then, comes the idea of becoming a worker, combating that epidemic and ruin and death to obey new needs that cannot fail to manifest among the more intelligent, the need to gain the body's succour ,the right to exist, the blooming of existence. From an aristocrat he will become human. All the while ,in place of seeking to stifle social and revolutionary ideas, he will be primarily an activist, more revolutionary than the proletarians. The proletarian will have him work with his arms while will apprenticing himself for his brain work ;fraternal sentiment will replace the one of fratricide. No more one impotent arms, impotent brains, there will be man with arms, man of deeds ,man complete. His heart will enlarge itself will acquire itself arms, all that acquired by brain. the human being will be constituted, Humanity will be next. The individual medicine as in social science, the palliatives, the oils and the preceding routine have never succeeded in restoring the ill to health ,medicine more noxious than usual that never produced empiricism. The social body, like the human body,

Man and woman will love as they wish, when they wish and with whom they wish. Each and the other will have full and complete liberty. No convention or legal contract stops them. Attraction is the sole chain, pleasure their only rule. Also, love is most lasting and wraps itself up more than the modesty of the civilized. The mystery of pleasure will surround their free liaisons and renew their charm. It will be regarded as an offense to the chastity of morals and a provocation to jealous infirmities from averting to public gaze the intimacy of their sexual loves. All, in public, have tender regard one for the other, the regard of brothers to sisters, vermeil shining in lively amity; the spark of passion glitters in secret, like the stars, the chaste glimpses in the blue shades of night.

Lucky lovers seek shadows and solitude. From hidden sources course these limpid fortunes. For two hearts inclined one to another the sacraments which remain ignored and

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suffers a malady that aggravates itself each day. There is a means to save them, treat them by a new system, employ homeopathy. Oppression is held together by the theft and assassination; it must be combated by the assassination and the theft! One cures evil by evil. We provoke a terrible crisis, are crudescence of evil, later, from that crisis, Humanity takes possession of its senses and entering into a epoch of convalescence, nourishing the heart and brain in the juice of fraternal and social ideas and returning to health and movement; she revives in free and generous circulation of all nutritive fluids. all productive forces, foreshining physiognomy of good fortune.

profane--in the civilized world, men and women announce in the mayor's office and church and the publicity of their union, exposing the nudity of their marriage with the lights of a dress ball, in the atmosphere of a quadrille, accompanied by an orchestra; all the acclaim, a desired bacchanal. And, scandalous custom of the nuptial lupanar, at the stated hour, to pull by the hand of matrons the vine's light of tongues of the married; ignobly prepared to ignoble bestiality.--In the anarchic world, it will take out the view with blushing and distaste for that prostitution and those obscenities. All those sold men and women, commerce of nightmares and studies, or cotillions and pot-roast, profanation of the flesh and human thought, that commercialization of love--if the men of the future could make an image, they would shudder, in a dream at the thought of an outrageous reptile who will extinguish, in his cold and mortal paws, and drown the visage of his cool and venomous slobber.

In the anarchist's world a man can have many lovers, and doubtless a woman many lovers. All temperaments are not all the same and attractions are proportional to our needs. A man can love a woman for a time and love another woman for another time, reciprocally man and woman. What is evil if they obey their destiny? Evil will be violation and not satisfaction.

Free love is like fire, and like fire, it purifies all. I can say that in the anarchic world, the volatile lovers are few, and constant lovers, exclusive lovers, lovers twain are the greater number. Vagabond love searches for love, in the voyage, the

emotions, the fatigues have no end. Unique love, perpetual love, the joining of two hearts, confounded in reciprocal attraction, such is the supreme felicity of lovers, the apogee of sexual evolution, radiant foyer to all pilgrimages, the apotheosis of the human couple, good fortune at its zenith. From the hour where one loves, doubting the perpetuity of its love isn't weaker? One doubts, then doesn't love, then doesn't doubt. In the old society true love wasn't possible, no more than an illusion of the moment, prejudices and interests against nature are for the dissipated a fire that lights and smokes.

In the new society, love is a very lively flame and the breaks that surround them are most pure, very much in accord with smoothness and sweetness, and human poetry that doesn't fortify its ardor nor exalt the contact of all with sighs. Far from impoverishing, all that he meets nourishes him. Here the young man like the young girl have all the time to know one another. Equal by education and equal by social position, brother and sister in arts and sciences, in studies and professional works, free way, free gestures, they seek and find themselves. No one opposes their meeting, no one opposes modesty to their first virus, to the passion of their first kisses. They love, not because it is the will of fathers and mothers, by shop interests or genital or cerebral debauch, but because nature has disposed them one to the other, two hearts together, one for the other united by the same current of thought, sympathetic fluid that repeats all their pulsations and places in communication in their two beings.

That love is more than the love of the civilized, the love of nude forms, public love, legal love? That is savagery, something like a gross and brutal institution. Love among the harmonious love artistically veiled, love chaste and dignified, sensitive and passionate, anarchic love, that is humanly and naturally love; that is the ideal realized, the scientification. The first is animal love, hominid love. The one is obscenity and venality, brute sensation, feelings of a cretin; the other modesty and freedom, sensation and feeling of a human being.

The principles of love, for a savage, like an hominid; for a man of civilized time as for a man of harmonic times, is beauty only beauty, for later and inferior men, for the fossils of Humanity, is the full and sanguine carnations, tightly belted and variegated, a luxury of crinoline, plumes of seabirds or Austrian ribbons, Hottentot Venus or the poupée [fribble] of the salon. For later and superior men beauty is not only a carnal matter, it is also purity of form in grace and majesty of manners, in elegance and choice of adornment and above all in light in magnificence of heart and brain.

In perfectibility, beauty is not a privilege of birth any more than the reflection of a golden crowning, as in savage and bourgeois societies, she is the daughter of her works, the fruit of her own labor, a personal acquisition. What lights her face isn't the exterior reflection from an inert metal, vile thing; it is the radiance of all that explodes from a man of ideas, steamier

passions, heat in movement, continued gravitation, that stopped at the human body, from the skull, filters down its pores and flows in a stream of impalpable pearls and luminous essence, falls on all forms and all external movements, sanctifying the individual.

What definitively, is physical beauty? The body where mental beauty is the flower. All beauty comes from working, it is by work that each blossoms, intellectually and morally crowned. Love essentially is carnivorous, love is instinctual, not, for the human race, what indicates, the root of love? It grows opaquely, and without perfume, born in the flood of sun and raised with the embraces of that clay. Hominized love, love which is above all intelligent, is the blossom to transparent flesh. bodily mail from whence came embalmed emanations ,free incense, invisible atoms that flood the land and mount to the clouds.

--To germinate Humanity immense love

--To Humanity in flower, the flower of love!

This square of phylanstery, that I will call Humanisphere and through the causes of analogy that human constellation with grouped movements of the stars, attractive organization, passionate and harmonic anarchy. There will be a simple Humanisphere and a composite Humanisphere that is to say a Humanisphere considered in its individuality or

monument and embryonically grouped, and humanisphere considered in its collectivity or monument with harmonic groups. One hundred humanispheres simply grouped before a cyclidion form the first ring of the serial chain taking the name of "communal humanisphere." All communal humanisphere on the same continent from the first link of that chain and take the name "continental Humanisphere." The reunion of all the continental humanispheres form the complement of a serial chain and take the name "Humanispehre universal."

The simple Humanisphere is a structure composed of twelve aisles sunk one in the other, and stimulating the star (those less where I undertake here the description, there are all forms, diversity being a condition of harmony). One part is reserved with apartments for men and women. These apartments are all separated by walls that cannot be pierced by voice or sight partitions that absorb light and noise, so that each can laugh, dance and sing, make music (which isn't always amusing for the forced listener) without annoying his neighbor or being annoyed by them. Another part is planned for children. Here comes food, the boulangerie, the butcher shop, fishmonger's, washing, drying and ironing linens, then the workshops for those in various industries, factories of all types, storehouses of life and warehouses of raw materials and manufactured goods.

Besides these are the stables established for pleasure animals and travel through the exterior park with which those

free for the day ride, or drive children or great persons in fantastic carriages; next comes harness rooms, blacksmith shop for tools and locomotives and farming implements. Here are the small and great airships. They leave from a platform port. They throw out an anchor when they arrive and haul it in when they depart.

Further on come the study rooms for all taste and ages--mathematics, mechanics, physical anatomy astronomy--the observatory, chemistry laboratories greenhouses, botany; the museum of natural history, galleries of painting, sculpture, the great library. Here are the room for lecture, conversation, design, music, dance, gymnastics. There the theater rooms for spectacle, concerts, the show ring; arena for equitation; the rooms of billiard salon and all games of skill; amusement rooms for small children; the foyer for young mothers; larger rooms for gathering, refectory rooms, etc. and there comes the place where they assemble to treat questions of social organization.

It is the cyclidion club, or particular forum to the humanisphere. In the anarchist's parliament, each represents himself and is a peer to the others. Oh! How very different from the civilized; there no one can orate, dispute, vote, legislate, but all, young, or old, men or women, confer in common on the needs of the humanisphere. An individual initiative is accepted or refused at the word, according to what one believes useful or not spoken of. In that circle and office are the just. Only, this office has statistical authority. The

humanispheriens have an impartial eminent precedent and of a very eloquent laconism. They don't want anyone else.

The children's rooms are large, opening into another, lighted from above, with a range of rooms on each side. That recalls, but in similarly grandiose proportion, the cabins and salons of the magnificent American steamboats. Each child occupies two contiguous rooms, one for sleeping, the other for study. These are placed according to his age, tastes, his books, tools and toys of preference. The day and night watchmen and women, occupy vigilance posts with cots for bedrest. These watchmen contemplate with solicitude the sleep and movements of all these young human possibilities, and see to all their desires and needs.

That guard post is totally voluntary which reports and stands down freely among those with the most paternal sentiments, or maternal. IT is not forced labor commanded by discipline and rule; in the Humanisphere there is no rule or other discipline than each will, it is a completely spontaneous élan, like a mother blinking over her child's hair. It is witness of the most love, to these dear little beings, who enjoys most their childish caresses. Also, all these infants are charming. Mutuality is the human teacher. She teaches them the exchange of previous goods, she whom they emulate in propriety, goodness, gentleness, who exercises their physical and moral aptitudes, developments their appetites of heart and brain, guides their games and study, she who learns to arrange the

roses of instruction and of education without scratching in the thorns.

Caresses are there for all who look, child like man, man to old man. The caresses of science are not obtained without mental work, without deploying intelligence, the caresses of love without the heart's work, without despising sentiment.

The man-child is a rough diamond. His friction with his mates polishes him, tailors and forms him into a social gem. All all ages, there is a flint where society is the whetstone and individual egotism is the shaped stone. It is most by contact with others that one receives impressions that multiply in his mind as in his heart the passionate facets, passions that strike the sparks of sentiment and of intelligence. The Diamond is born hidden by an opaque and rude crust. It doesn't seem a true precious stone, not diaphonous, it doesn't shine in the light shedding that harsh crust. Man is like a precious stone, he doesn't pass the state of brilliance unused by all the senses, his crust of ignorance, his rough and immense virginity.

In the humanisphere all the young children smile where smiled at, and embrace those who embrace them, and love who loves them. If they are sulky where others are amiable, they are deprived of kisses until they learn that cannot sulk with impunity, and repel amiability by their tongues. The sentiment of reciprocity is engraved in all their little brains. The adults between them teach the human and social duty of man. If one

of them wants to abuse his strength over another, all playmates combine against him, he is put under the ban of juvenile opinion and abandonment by his comrades is so terrible and efficacious a punishment that there need be no teacher's official reprimand.

In scientific and professional studies, if his relative ignorance casts him in the shadow of scholars his own age, that for him is a dunce's cap harder to wear than the paper hat inflicted by a Jesuit from university or Sacred College. If he is not rehabilitated he will strain himself to return to his place with the others. In authoritarian teaching, the martinet and punishment-work will murder the body and brain of graduates, degrading the work of human nature making an act of vandalism; they don't know how to model original men, types of grace and of force, intelligence and love. That is necessary for the inspiration. There is no nation of that great artist that calls itself Liberty.

The adults always occupy their lodgings during the night. Sometimes it happens that one of them suspends the evening at their mother's and lingers until the following morning. The apartment of grand persons are composed, as said of two rooms for sleeping, free and partitionable, for the convenience of mother and child. Save for this exception, the custom is to separate at the hour of sleep, the mother remains in possession of her room, the child returns to sleep in his dormitory. In the dormitories, the children, no less than the

adults need keep the same room. they can change at will.

There is no more special place for young men and women; each has his nest where he wants, only the attractions decide it. The youngest generally chose pell-mell. The older ages, those approaching puberty, group themselves generally by sex; an admirable instinct of modesty separates them one from the other during the night. There is no inquisition, no one inspects their sleep. The watchmen have nothing to do with it, the children are big enough to serve themselves. Without leaving their room they find water, fire, light, and the syrups and essences that they often need. During the day, young men and women find themselves on the land, or in study rooms or workshops; joined again and stimulated by work and by exercises in common, taking part without distinction of sexes or fixed regularity in places, acting always as they wish.

As for the lodgings, I need not add that nothing is more comfortable or elegant, they are decorated and furnished with opulence, but with simplicity. Cherry wood, oak, marble floor cloth, cane matting, Persian cloths, unbleached cloth printed, color on color, mattress or ticking in sweet shades, oil paintings or prints form the furnishings and decoration. All the accessories are in porcelain, earthenware, in grays, stain, or some in silver.

For the youngest children, the great hall is shaded like a show ring and is an arena for their vacillating evolutions.

Above each is a great and large Moroccan dome, padded and encased in moldings of varnished wood, this takes the place of paneling. Instead of wood, set in panels are frescoes representing scenes judged most capable of stimulating infant's imaginations. The ceiling is in crystal and iron. The day comes through. Also through manipulated side openings. During the night candelabra and lustres [lamps] throw their light. For the older ones, the planks are recovered in oil cloth, matting or carpet. The wall decoration is appropriate to their intelligence. On tables placed in these diverse rooms, are placed books for all ages and all tastes, jewel boxes and toolboxes; again a multitude of games serving studies and studies serving games.

From our time again, crowd of people--those who are partisans of large reforms incline to think that nothing can not be obtained by authority, while only the contrary is true. It is authority that is the obstacle to all. The progress of ideas does not inspire itself by decrees it results from free and spontaneous teaching, from men and things. Obligatory instruction is against sense. Instruction means liberty; obligation means servitude. The politicians or Jesuits can desire to impose instructions that is their affair, obligatory instruction is obligatory abasement.

But the socialists want to study anarchist teaching, freedom of instruction after having the instruction of liberty. Ignorance is that which is most antipathetic to human nature. Men, at all the moments of his life and above all, as a child

demands all the more to learn; all his aspirations solicit it.

But civilized society, like barbarous society, like savage society, is far from facilitating the development of these attitudes, it knows how to ingeniously compress them. The manifestation of these faculties is imputed to crime, child by potential authority; many by governmental. Privy to sudden cares from the life-giving kisses of Liberty (which have made a race of fine and strong intelligences, the child like the man stagnates in their original ignorance, wallowing in the dung of prejudice, born by the arm, heart and brain, producing perpetuating from generation to generation that uniformity of deformed cretins who have of humanity only the name.

The child is the mimic of the man, but a perfect mimic. He reproduces all that he can see, but more or less servile, according to the more or less servile intelligence of man, more or less in infancy. The angles that stand out most on the virile mask, first are striking in their judgment. When a child is born among a war-like people, he will play soldier; he will love paper helmets, wooden cannon, the guns and drums. He who is among a people of navigators will play sailor, he'll make boats with walnut shells and sail them on the water. Among farmers, he will play in a little garden, amuse himself with spades, rakes, wheelbarrows. If under his eyes, a railroad, he will want a little locomotive; the cook's tools, he is from a cook's workshop. Again, he will imitate with equal ardor all the vices as well as all the virtues shown him as examples. He takes the

habit of brutality if he is with brutes; of urbanity if he is with polished men. He will be a boxer with John Bull; he'll howl savagely with Jonathan. He will be a musician in Italy, a dancer in Spain. He will grin and gambol to all in agreement, marked in visage and in his movements of the scale of the industrial life, artistic or scientific if he lives with workers of industry, art or of science; or imprinted with the mark of licentiousness and idleness, if he has contact with the lazy and the parasitical.

The society acts on the child and the child reacts again upon society. Solidly they move, neither to the exclusion of the other. There is not a wrong that I have named, that to reform society, must not first necessarily be begun by reforming childhood. All reforms come in pairs.

The repast finished, we pass into other salons where the decoration is no less splendid, but more playful, where one can take coffee, liqueurs, cigarettes or cigars; perfume-rooms, where burn and smoke all the aromas of the Orient, all the essences which please taste, all that caress the active and digestive functions, all that oil the physical years, and also accelerate the development of mental functions. Such savor, in quantity apart, the vaporous clouds of tobacco, the capricious reveries; another inhales, in the company of two or three, the odorous draughts of coffee and of cognac, drink, striking glasses, champagne with sweet cracking, fraternity with all excitements to lucidity, those of science or hearing, verse or taking in a group the nutritive distillation of knowing; offer or accept

spiritual fruits of thought; there an artist arranges in a little circle the fine flames of conversation, criticizing one thing, granting another and give free concourse all emanations of its melancholic or risible humor.

After breakfast each is isolated or grouped by his work; some to cooking, others on land and in various workshops. No constraining rule leads them, they leave for work as for a party of pleasure. The hunter, sleeping in a warm bed rouses himself to go to the snowy woods? Similarly they leave their sofas and conduct themselves, through fatigue but in a society of brains and charming companionship to rendezvous for production. The better workers are esteemed most fortunate. They are distinguished from the more laborious, supplying the best tools.

After dinner, past the coffee rooms to group salons to smaller more intimate salons or again to different scientific courses, or with lecture salons, design, music, dance, etc. And always freely, voluntarily, capriciously, for the initiated as for the adept, for study or teaching. Naturally there will always be professors for students and students for professors. Always a name provokes a response; always a satisfaction replies to a need. Man proposes and man disposes. From the diversity of desires harmony results. The sciences and art study rooms, like the spacious gathering rooms, are magnificently ornamented. The discourse salons are built as amphitheaters and the benches are marble, garnished with velvet stalls.

Off from each is a refreshment room. The style of amphitheater decoration is a style rich and severe. In the leisure salons light sparkles in profusion. The salons communicate with each other and can easily contain ten thousand people. One is decorated thus; moldings, cornice and pilasters in white marble, ornamented with golden crowns. The panels are tinted in a single color of silk damask with an interior border--a lizard in silver, on which in the guise of gold studs, a multitude of false diamonds. The ceiling is compartmented with ornaments blooming jets of flame that form designs and complete the decoration while providing clarity; the space of pilasters spurting in arabesques of light.

In the salon a pretty fountain in bronze or white marble, that fountain is also a clock. A bronze dome supports a group in white marble representing an Eve softly reclining on a bed of leaves and flowers and the head supported upon a rock; elevated between her hands a new born child, two doves placed on the rock, billing; the rock serves as a dial, two golden obelisks, figured with serpents marking the hours. In back of the rock was a banana tree in gold, branches hung with fruit hanging in groups. The bananas were framed by jets of light.

An artistic chimneypiece in white marble and gold assisting as the pedestal for an immense mirror, mirrors or chosen tableaux hang in the panels by the brown silk panels. The doors and windows, in the salon as throughout the

Humanisphere don't open by hinges above or below, but by grooves on right to left, and left to righting the walls disposed to that effect. In that manner the builders don't torture people, and one can open doors and window big and small as one wants.

Several times a week there is a spectacle in the theater. They present lyric pieces, dramas, comedies, but all that different than the poverty stricken stuff played in the scenes of our time. It is in a magnificent language, of the tendency to immobilize, as aspiration in the ideal future.

There is also a gymnasium where one can exercise with force and agility; the riding ring, where horsemen and horsewomen rival one another in grace and vigor and excellence in training, in their wake lions run or skip in the arena; the galleries for pistol or carbine shooting; billiard salons and other games where amateurs exercise their skills.

If the weather is fine, they promenade in the splendidly illuminated parks, concerts under the fine stars, country amusements, excursions far into the country, crossing solitary forests, plains and rustic mountains, where one encounters at certain distances, grottoes and chalets where one can eat and refresh one's self. From aerial embarcation or railroad cars, transport moves to the caprices of the promenaders.

At the end of the journey each returns home and sums

up his impressions before repose; each waits one for the other, their beloved. In the morning the lovers (male and female) separate mysteriously and exchange kisses, and one returning each according to his taste, the road of their multiple occupations. The variety of amusement excludes satiety. Good fortune for them is immediate.

Once a week, more or less as needed, they assemble in the conference salon, called the small internal cyclidion. They discuss and execute great works. Those who are the most knowledgeable in the question take the initiative. Statistics, projects, plans appear in the printed journals; there is comment in small groups, urgency generally recognised or rejected by each individually. Often it is one voice, a unanimous voice that acclaims or rejects.

They do not vote, the majority or the minority never make law. If a proposition sways a sufficient number of workers to execute it, these workers are the majority of the minority execute the proposition; it is the will of those who adhere to it. More often a majority rallies a minority, of the minority the majority. Like a party campaigning proposing to go to St. Germain others to Meudon, some to Sceaux, some to Fontenay, those who differ leave until in the end each cedes and finds an attraction and rejoins the others. And all take with common accord the same route, without authority other than that of pleasure governing the attraction is the law of their harmony. But at the point of departure, each is always free to

abandon himself to his caprice, to go with others or converge, stay on the road, if fatigued, or take the road of return if bored. Constraint is the mother of all vices. All that is banished by reason from the territory of the Humanisphere. Egoism well-taken, egoism intelligent and well developed that a person would not dream of offering his neighbor violence. And it is by egoism that there is the exchange of good precedent.

Egoism is man; without egoism humans wouldn't exist. It is egoism that is the motive of all our actions, the contriver of all our thoughts. It is that which makes one dream of conservation and his development is again his conservation. Egoism teaches you to produce to consume, to please others to be pleased, to love others in order to be loved by them, to work for others so that they later will work for him. It is egoism that stimulates his ambition and excites him to distinguish himself in all careers or makes man act with strength, skill, intelligence. Egoism elevates hauteur to genius; for that one expands, enlarging the circle of his influence, man straightens up and glances; in the view of personal satisfaction he mounts to the conquest of collective satisfactions. It is for he himself that dreads images of others sufferings. It is for he himself again that he sees the other in peril, he succours himself in succouring the other. His egoism ceaselessly augmented by the instinct of his progressive conservation and by the sentiment of solidarity that he feels with his fellows--the solicitude and perpetual emanation of his existence in existence in others.

The old society improperly called it devotion and not speculation; speculation more humanitarian than it was intelligent. Hominids were more imbecilic. Social man did not recall the seed of his malady; in health was the seed of health. Man is the social cause of all effects that socially dominate him. If he is fraternal and effectuates fraternity among others; if he is a fratricide, he effectuates fratricides among others. Humanly he cannot make a movement, act in arms, heart or brain without a repercussive sensation like an electrical current. That places the state of anarchic community, the state of freedom and intelligent nature, like the state of civilization, the state of domestic man, or of chained nature. Only, in civilization man was institutionally at war with man, he couldn't endure the good fortune of his neighbor and howled and bit to his detriment. He was a leashed dog, crouching in his niche and growling over his bone with ferocity and continual menace.

In anarchy, man is harmonically at peace with his fellows, he doesn't know how to rival his passions with those of others to take possession of universal fortune. In the Humanisphere hive where liberty is a queen, man not recoiling from man amid the perfumes, doesn't know how to produce more than honey. WE don't curse in egoism, to curse egoism is to curse man. The compression of our passions is the sole course of these disastrous efforts. Man, like society is perfectible. General ignorance has been the fatal cause of all ills. Universal science will remedy it. We instruct and receive instruction in turn. We analyze, compare, meditate and from

induction in induction and from deduction to deduction, we arrive at the scientific knowledge of our natural mechanism.

In the Humanisphere, no government. Instead, attractive organization takes the place of legislation. Sovereign individual liberty presides at all collective decisions. The authority of anarchy, the absence of all dictates in the name of force replaces the arbitrariness of authority, the despotism of sword and law. Faith itself is all the religion of Humanisphere. Gods and priests, religious superstitions, will turn them to universal reprobation. They will know neither theocracy nor aristocracy of any kind but individual autonomy. By their own laws each governs himself; it is on a government of each by himself that the social order is formed.

History demands; see if authority has ever been anything but the suicide of the individual? Name the order, the birth of men by men? What is the order that reigns in Paris, Warsaw, St Petersburg, Vienna, Rome, Naples, Madrid, in aristocratic England and in democratic America? I tell you, I know that it is murder, The order with the dagger or the cannon, the power of the guillotine, the order with Siberia or Cayenne<sup>42</sup>, with the knout or bayonet, with watchman's baton or sword of town guard; order personified in that homicidal

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<sup>42</sup>French prison colony.

trinity; iron, god, holy water; the order of musket blows, the blows of the bible and the banknote; the order enthroned on corpses and nourished by them; the order can be that of moribund civilization, but it will never be disorder, the gangrene in these societies which have the sentiment of existence.

The authorities are vampires and vampires are monsters which don't inhabit cemeteries, but promenade among the timid.

Consult your memories and you will see that the greatest absence of authority has always produced the most harmony. See the people on high on the barricades, and say if in these moments of anarchic passage if you were not witness, through their conduct, in favor of the natural order. While the men had bare arms and gunpowder stains; certainly they didn't have ignorant natures, from men's pain, denatured by the robot of social education, and capable, in private life as heads of families, well, of brutality towards their wives and children. You see them, in the milieu of public insurrection and momentarily, in their quality as free men. Their brutality has been transformed by enchantment into sweet courtesy. A woman moves by and for her they have only decent and polished words. Such an all-fraternal impression will aid them to vault the rampart of paving stones. On a Sunday stroll, he would have blushed to the burden of his child from its mother; here with a smile of satisfaction on his lips he takes an

unknown child and carries him across the barricade. It is an instantaneous metamorphosis. In today's man I do not recognize yesterday's. Permit authority to rebuild and the man of today will be the man of old!

Again, the day of the destruction of the flags, after February '48; never in the crowd greater, even at a fete, yet no gendarmes, nor agents of public force, authority, did not protect the circulation, each policed himself. Oh well, was there ever more order than in that disorder? What crowd? Person. Nothing encumbered. One protected the other. The multitude flowed away compactly in the boulevard and streets. Naturally as man's blood circulated in his arteries. In men, illness produces blockage, in crowds, it is the police and armed force, the malady takes the name of authority. anarchy is the health of multitudes.

Another example: It was in 1841--I believe, aboard a frigate of war. The officers and the commander himself, each time that they presided over a maneuver swore and raged at the sailors; the more they swore, the more they raged and the more badly was the movement executed. Finally, an officer made an exception to the rule. On the quarterdeck he did not say four words, and always did speak with an almost feminine sweetness. Never was an order better executed or more rapidly executed than under his orders. If he wanted the topsail reefed; it was done in the blink of an eye, and so quickly was thereof taken that the sails kissed and the blocks smoked. A fairy could

not act more promptly than from a blow. Well before the command, each was at his post, ready to mount in the shrouds, or loose the halyards. Then they would wait for him to give the order permitting them to execute the maneuver. And with the least confusion, without a knot forgotten, all was vigorously achieved. It was the enthusiasm and harmony. You want to know the magic secret of that officer and his manners, taken for a miracle; he didn't swear, he didn't rage, he didn't command, in a word he permitted it to be done. And that was what did it best. Men, under the rope's end of authority, the sailor acted as a brute; he went stupidly and slowly where he could. Permitted anarchic initiative he acted as a man, he maneuvered his hands and his intelligence, The deed I cite occurred aboard the frigate Calypso in Oriental seas. The officer in question didn't remain two months, the officers and commander were jealous.<sup>43</sup>

In the absence of order, there is true order. Law and sword are only the order of bandits, the code of theft, and murder which preside in the partition of booty, to the massacre of victims. It is in this bleeding proof that the civilized world turns. Anarchy is the antipodes, and this antipode is the axis

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<sup>43</sup>This was probably an autobiographical experience.

of the Humanispherian world.

--Liberty is all their government.

--Liberty is all their constitution.

--Liberty is all their legislation.

--Liberty is all their rules.

--Liberty is all their contracts.

--All that isn't liberty is their morals.--

Such is the formula burnt into the tables of their conscience, the criterion of all their rapports among them.

Does it fail in a corner of Europe to have the products of another continent; the journals of the Humanisphere mention it, it is inserted in a Bulletin of Publicity that monitors anarchist universality; and the Humanispheres of Asia, Africa, America or Oceania expediently produce the produce demanded. If there, in the contrary in European products a shortage, the Humanisphere of Europe will expedite matters. The exchange takes place naturally and not arbitrarily. Such a humanisphere gives more a day and may receive less, but it is not important as doubtless one day it will receive more and give less. All appertains to all and each can change his Humanisphere like he

changes an apartment--in universal circulation, a thing here, then, what can one do? Is not each free to transport himself where it seems good?

In anarchy, consumption voids itself by production. A Hemispherian could no more understand a man forced to work than one forced to eat. The need to work is also imperious in natural man as the need to eat. Man is not all breath, arms, a brain, apparently they have a function. Manual and intellectual labor are nourishment which makes him live. If man had no other needs than the needs of mouth and air, he would not be a man but a mollusc, and in place of hands, attributes of his intelligence, nature would have given him, like an oyster, two shells.

"Oh, the sloth, the sloth!" you cry to me, O civilized. Sloth is not the daughter of liberty and of human genius, but of the slavery of civilization; it is some immense thing of counter-nature that can be found in old and modern Sodoms. Sloth is a debauch of the arms, a numbing of the spirit. Sloth, is not play; it is gangrene, paralysis. Decaying societies, old worlds, corrupted civilizations can only produce and propagate similar scourges. The Humanispherians naturally satisfy the arm's need for exercise like the need for air. It is no more possible to ration the appetite for production than the appetite for consumption. Each consumes and produces according to his needs. And bending all men under a uniform distribution famishes some and makes the others die of indigestion.

Only the individual is capable of knowing the dose of labor that his stomach, his brain, or his hand can digest. Ration one horse to a stable; the master grants the domestic animal such and such a nourishment. But, in liberty the animal rations himself and his instinct offers him more than the master finds suitable to his temperament. Untamable animals aren't known to be ill. Having all profusion they fatten themselves by merely pulling up a briny herb. They know that the savage prairie produces more provender than they can eat, and they graze in peace, side by side. Why do men better themselves by consumption than production, by the mechanical forces, furnishing their needs:

--Authority is sloth.

--Liberty is work.

The slave only is slothful, rich or poor, the rich, slave of prejudices of false science; the poor slave of ignorance of the prejudiced--both slaves of the law, one for suffering, the other by imposition. One would not know him for the same as the free man. It would not be suicide to vow the inertia of productive faculties? Inert man is not man, he is less than a brute, the brute acts in some measure by his means, he obeys his instinct. Anyone who possesses a morsel of intelligence knows not to obey him; intelligence is not idleness, it is fecundising movement, it is progress. The intelligence of man

is in his instinct; and that instinct tells him ceaselessly raise your hand up and work; produce and discover; productions and discovery are freedom. That which is not work is not play. Work is life. Sloth is death--kill or work!

In the Humanisphere property isn't broken up, each has an interest in rendering it profitable. The aspirations of Science, disembarrassed of the subdivisions of thought, inventing and perfecting common appropriate machines for all uses. Everywhere activity and rapidity of work to watch the exuberance produced. As in the first ages of the world, you need only reach out your hand to seize fruit, await an apricot at the foot of a tree. Only the tree is now a magnificent monument where one finds the satisfactions of luxury; the fruit is all that art and science offer of what can be savored. Anarchy. No more in the marshy forests with muddy idiotism and obscure bestiality, but anarchy in an enchanted park with limpid intelligence and smiling humanity. Anarchy not in weakness and ignorance, nucleus of savagery, of barbarity and of civilization, but anarchy with the force of knowledge, tree-branch of harmony, glorious blossoming of man into flower, free man, in regions of blue under the radiance of universal solidarity.

Among the hemispheres, a man who knew how to use only one tool, whether a pen or a blade, would blush for shame. Man wants to be complete, and he is not complete without knowing. The man only of the pen or blade, is a castrate that

the civilized can admit or admire in their churches or their fabrics, in their workshops or in their academies, but he is not a natural man; he is a monstrosity that provokes withdrawal and distaste among the perfected men of the Humanisphere.

Man can be at times the man of thought and man of action, and produce by his arms as by his brain, otherwise he deceives his virility, forfeits the work of creation; and in attaining the falsetto voice he loses all the large and moving notes of his free and living instrument. Man is no more a man than a bird-music box. A Humanispherian not only thinks and acts all the time, again he exerts himself in the same day in a different metiers. He chisels a piece of wrought silver or will work on a piece of land; he will pass from engraving to a mattock and from the cook stove to the orchestra's podium. He is familiar with a crowd of works.

Inferior worker in this, he is a superior worker in that. He excels in his specialty. And justly, that inferiority and superiority one to the other produce knowing. It costs nothing to submit to superiority, I would not say officially, but recognized officiously, then a moment later, in another phase of production that superiority gives way to your inferiority. This creates a salutary emulation, a welcoming reciprocity destructive of jealous rivalry. Until by divine works, man acquires possession of more objects of comparison, his intelligence multiplies like his strength, by perpetual study and varied development of all physical and intellectual faculties,

and his profits perfecting himself in his art of predilection.

I repeat here what I previously noted: when I speak of man, it is not only half of humanity that is a question, but entire humanity, woman like man, the human Being. That which applies to one applies equally to the other. There is an exception to the general rule, a work that is the exclusive appendage of the female, childbirth and breastfeeding. When the woman accomplishes her labor, it is obvious that she cannot actively occupy herself with anything else. This special case momentarily is removed from the plurality of general attractions, but, her pregnancy and nursing and achieved, she returns to the community, with identical functions to those of other Humanispherians.

At birth, a child is listed with the surname and first name of his mother on the statistical book. Much later he himself selects his names, taking those given, or changing them. In the humanisphere, there are no disinherited bastards or privileged legitimates. Children are the children of nature and not of artifice. All are equal and legitimate before, their mother, the humanisphere and humanispherity as the external whale<sup>44</sup> is attached to its mother's breast, like the fetus to the internal organ, it must leave its nurse. The severance for the human is a

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<sup>44</sup>ambryon.

second delivery that happens when the infant can come and go alone. Mother and child can remain together if it is the pleasure of both. If the child in its young will, prefers the company of and the abodes of the other children, or the mother, fatigued by a long pregnancy, doesn't care to constantly have the child about her, then they can separate.

The children's room is where no more than the others, he will want for nothing, by turns the mother's rendezvous. If in the permutation of deaths and births, it happens that a new born loses its mother, or a mother loses a child, the young mother and the infant that lost his mother, the orphan will go to the breast of a goat or lion. It is the same usage among nursing mothers to cause a sickly child to take the milk of a vigorous animal such as the lion, like the civilized take asses' milk with consumptives. (Don't forget that in the epoch in question, lions and panthers are domestic animals; men possess herds of bears as today we have herds of sheep; all the most ferocious animals who range have submitted and disciplined themselves under the pontificate of man, those who crept with secret terror and inclined before the aureole of light and electricity that crowns his brow and imposes respect. Man is the sum to which all animal races gravitate.)

The nourishment of men and women is based on hygiene. It adopts from preference as the food most proper to the nutrition of the body's needs and the fibers of the brain. Never is there a meal without eating some tarts of roasted meat,

mutton, bear or beef, some gathering for coffee or other liqueurs that excite the sap of thought. Everything is combined for the pleasures, those of the table, will not be unproductive or harmful to the development of man and his faculties. Among them all pleasures are work, and all work is a pleasure. The fertility of good fortune is perpetual. It is spring and continuous autumn of satisfaction. Flowers and fruits of production, like tropical flowers and fruits, bloom in one season. The banana tree is the small humanisphere that provides the home and the pasturage for the black chestnut, so the humanisphere is the great banana tree that satisfies the immense needs of free men. In its shade he aspires to fill his lungs with all the sweet breezes of nature and lift his eye to the height of the stars and contemplate all the radiances.

As one would think, there is no medicine there, that is to say, there are no maladies. What causes maladies today? The pestilential emanations of a part of the globe, and above all, failed balance of the exercise of the human organs. Man is wed to a unique work, a unique enjoyment. He wrenches himself around in the convulsions of youth, another in the colic and hiccups of indigestion. One occupies his arms to the exclusion of his brain, the other his brain to the exclusion of his arms. The daily bruises and cares contract man's nerves; slowing the natural circulation of blood and producing the interior sinks that exhale themselves withering away to death.

The doctor arrives, he with an interest in maladies like a

lawyer is interested in trials, he inoculates the patient's veins with mercury and arsenic; from a passing indisposition he makes an incurable leprosy and communicates it down the generations. One has a horror of Brinvilliers<sup>45</sup> but truly, what is a Brinvilliers compared to these poisoners called doctors! La Brinvilliers only took the lives of some of her contemporaries; these attack the life and intelligence of all humans in their posterity. Civilized and civilized! Have hangmen's academies if you want, but don't have doctor's academies! Men have amphitheatres with scaffolds, assassinate the present, but at least spare the future!

Among the humanispherians there is an equation between exercising human faculties and that balance produces health. I can't say that they any longer occupy themselves with surgery or anatomy. Another art, another science is neglected. It isn't that the humanispherian has followed this course. Those workers who profess surgery exercise their knowledge upon an arm or leg when an accident occurs. To indispositions as to all notions of hygiene and anatomy, they doctor themselves, or take an exercise form, one a sleeping vial, later, it is most often said, they are the best disposed people in the world.

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<sup>45</sup>The seventeenth century marquise, who poisoned her male relatives, with "inheritance powder."

Contrary to Gall and Lavater<sup>46</sup>, who take effect for cause, they do not believe that man is born with absolutely pronounced aptitudes. The face's lines and head's reliefs aren't innate to us, they say ,we are born with the germ of all the faculties (save for rare exceptions, and they are mentally, or physically infirm, but monstrosities are called to disappear in Harmony) exterior circumstances act diversely upon them. Accordingly these faculties find themselves, or are found exposed to radiance; they acquiring a more or less great conviction, drawing itself one way or another.

Man's physiognomy reflects his tendencies, but his physiognomy is most often different from that we had as children. The craniology of man was witness to his passions, but that craniology most often is not comparable to what he was in the nest.--As the right arm, exercised to the detriment of the left, acquires more vigor, more elasticity and also more volume than this brother limb, also the abuse of that exercise can make a shoulder hump, by the same token exclusive exercise to restrain passionate faculties can develop the organs and make the skull a hump; the facial furrows, like the skull's bump, are all the blossoming of our sensations on our face, but not only original stigmata. The milieu is which we live and the diversity of points of view where men are placed, which make us see things from different aspects, explaining the diversity of craniology and phrenology like his diversity of passions and aptitudes. Where the bumps are equally developed on the

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<sup>46</sup>Franz Joseph Gall (1758-1828) was the German born anatomist in practice at Vienna, credited as the pioneer of phrenology.

skull, assured man's skull is most perfect. the ideal type, doubtless neither has bumps or horns. What if men in the real world were faithful to their bumps and horns<sup>1</sup> If astrology pretends to the doctrine of science, says that the sun escapes its rays and not that rays escape the sun, my word, you would find civilized people to believe, and salesmen-professors to sell. Poor world! Poor teaching corps! Man's hell! Grocer's paradise!

As there is neither slave nor master, chiefs nor subordinates, neither owners nor disinherited, legality nor penalty, borders nor barriers, civil or religious codes, military and religious codes, lawyers nor tipstuffs, attorneys or notaries, judges or police, bourgeois or lords, priests or soldiers, thrones or altars, banks or churches, nor prisons, fortresses, butchers or scaffolds, or again, conserved in spirits of wine, mummified in natural grandeur or reproduced in miniature, all rouged and numbered in the back rooms of museums as objects of antiquity and curiosity.

The same books of French authors, Cossacks, Germans, English, etc. lie in dust in the library shelf; people don't read them, the languages are dead as well. A universal language has replaced the jargon of nations. In that language one says more in a word than in ours by a phrase. When by chance a humanispherian casts his glance on a page written from civilized times and has the courage to read some lines he shuts the book with a shudder of shame and disgust dreaming that

humanity was at that epoch of Babylonian depravity and civil constitutions, the blush mounts to his cheek, as a young woman, previously soiled by debauch, blushes in rehabilitation, when remembering her days of prostitution.

Property and commerce, that putrid affection for gold, that usurer's malady, that corrosive contagion that infests a virus of venality on contemporary societies and metalizes friendship and love; that scourge of the nineteenth century has disappeared from the breast of humanity. There are no more sellers or sold. Anarchic community of interests has recovered above all the purity of health in morals. Love is no more an immense traffic, but an exchange of tender and pure affections. Venus is no more Venus lewd, but Venus Urania. Friendship is no longer a merchant caressing the button-hole of the passer-by and exchanging honeyed proposals, in accordance with acceptance or refusal of his merchandise; it is a charming child that doesn't demand caresses in return for its caresses, sympathy for sympathy. In the Humanisphere, all that is apparent is real; appearance is not a travesty. Dissimulation was ever the livery of valets and slaves; rigor among the civilized. The free man takes the heart of the franchise, that escutcheon of Liberty. Dissimulation is an exception among the humanispherians.

Religious artifices, the edifices of superstition, respond among the civilized, as with the barbarians, with the savage, to a need for the ideal which populations cannot find in the real

world, so they aspire to the impossible world.

Women, above all, are the half of the human race more excluded than the other, from social rights and relegated, like Cinderella, to a corner of the home, liveried to catechismal meditations, evil hallucinations, woman abandons herself with all the élan of heart and imagination, to the charm of religious pomps and of masses as great spectacle, to all the mystical poetry of Roman mysteries, where the good Jesus is the hero and divine love is an intrigue. All the songs of angels and the angelic<sup>47</sup>. This paradise full of light, music, incense, the opera of eternity, where God is the grand maestro, decorator, composer and orchestra conductor? These statues of blue where Mary or Magdalene, those two daughters of Eve have places of honor; all that phantasmagory of sacred physicians that cannot fail in a society like ours to give a vivid impression on the sentimental fibers of women, that fiber compressed and ever agitated. Body chained to the kitchen stove, the shop counter or the piano in the salon--she is in the path of thought--without ballast and without sails, rudder or compass towards the idealization of a human being in the sphere sprinkled by the reefs and constellations of superstition of azure fluid, in exotic dreams of a paradisaical life. She reacts by mysticism, she rebels by superstition against the degree of inferiority man has placed on her. In her abasement she calls upon celestial ascension, from the bestiality of man to the spirituality of God.

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<sup>47</sup>d'angesses.

In the Humanisphere, nothing similar could be Man is not more than woman, and woman is not more than man. Both are equally free. The urns of voluntary instruction are overturned by the flood of science. The shock of intelligences has altered its course. The use of fluctuating needs raised the level on all days. Man and woman swim in that ocean of progress, laced one on the other, the living sources of heart pouring forth in society their liquors and burning passions and place man like woman in a succouring bath perfumed with mutual odors.

Love is no more mysticism, or bestiality, love and all the voluptuaries of physical and moral sensation, love is humanity purified, humanity vivified, regenerated, humanity made man. The ideal on the land, land present or future, that you want the lark to search elsewhere? For divinity walking on the clouds of imagination one must have clouds, and under the humanispherian skull there is a radiance. There light rains not far from the timorous; intelligence rains not at the point of superstition. Today when existence is a perpetual maceration, a claustration of passions, fortune is a dream. In the future world, life will be the expansion of all the passionate fibers, life will be a dream of fortune.

In the civilized world all is masturbation or sodomy, masturbation or sodomy of the flesh, masturbation or sodomy of the spirit. The spirit is a drop of abject thoughts, the flesh an artificial ulcer of foul pleasures. In the time men and women

don't have love,they have needs. In these times love will be a need for them! And what with the fire of passion to the heart, with the ardor of sentiment, the brain joins in a mutual kiss. All voluptuaries do not act more in the natural order, but in those of the flesh, and those of the spirit. Liberty will purify all.

After having visited in detail the buildings of Humanispheres where all the workshops of pleasure and salons of work, storehouses of science and streets and museums of all productions; after having admired iron machines powered by steam or electricity in the mobile laboring multitudes of gears which are to humanispherians what proletarian multitudes or slaves are to the civilized; after having assisted no less admirable movement of those human gears, from that multitude of free workers, serial mechanisms where all attraction is the unique motivator; after constituting the marvels of that egalitarian organization of anarchic evolution produces harmony; after having visited the land, the gardens, prairies, hanging gardens where troops come to the country and the heaps serving for granary and fodder; after having surveyed all the lives of iron that furrow the interior and exterior of the Humanisphere; and having navigated in these magnificent steam airships that transport men and product in eagle's flight, the ideas and objects of a humanisphere to a humanisphere, from continent to continent, and from points of the globe to its extremities; after having seen or heard, probing like a finger's end, thoughts on all these things--how is it I ask myself, in returning to the civilized how

can one live under Law, the knout. Authority, when anarchy, that law of Liberty, to morals so pure, so sweet? How can one look at so so phenomenal and intelligent a fraternity and return to normal inebecic fratricide? Ah! phenomenae and utopias are phenomenae or utopias by rapport to our ignorance. All of that for our world in a phenomenon, for another world is a completely ordinary thing, acting on the movement of planets or movement of men and that makes it more phenomenal for me. That society remains perpetually in social obscurity and that it will not be awakened by light. Authority is the nightmare dead on the breast of Humanity and suffocating it; she hears the voice of Liberty, leaves her dolorous sleep, and she will recover the fullness of her senses and her aptitude for work, love, luck!

Is is good that in Humanisphere the machines do all the very heavy work and the most disagreeable works not to the tastes of anyone. Nonetheless, these works are executed without law, rule, or contract forcing them. How? I tell myself, I who never see these things among the civilized. Very simple. How do you render work attractive? It is not always the nature of work, but the condition of exertion and results obtained. In our time a worker goes to exercise a profession--not always a profession he would have chosen, chance more than attraction decides. This or that profession will secure him a relative ease, his salary will rise, he has a boss who doesn't make him feel authority, and that worker accomplishes his work with a certain sense of pleasure. Suppose that same worker toils for a

cross grained employer, his salary is halved; that by his profession he procures no more than misery; and his distaste for work will mean he accomplishes nothing with pleasure. Drunkenness and sloth have no other cause among workers. Slaves to patience, they get tipsy, rebut the world, wallow in dregs and dross, or among the elite, they rebel to murder and become a martyr, and like Alibaud, like Moncharmont, and claim back the rights of man, against irons, face to face with the scaffold. Immortality of glory to them! . . .

In the Humanisphere, works by their nature that appear repugnant are executed with pleasure by workers. And the cause is the condition in which they are exercised.

The different sorts of workers are recruited voluntarily as men recruit themselves for the barricade and are entirely free to remain or leave as they want, and pass to another order, or barricade. There is no chief attired in title. Those who know more, or have aptitude for the work naturally take the initiative, according to recognized capacity. Turn and turn alike, each gives and receives. There is an amicable agreement, not authority. All the more, it is rare that there isn't a mixture of men and women among the workers in an order. Also the work is in conditions very attractive for some, one is repulsed, only by himself, when he fails to find a certain charm in accomplishment. Naturally these results quickly obtain. If this work were indispensable, those most repulsed and abstaining would be charmed to do it, and under the affability, there is

serious provenance in another area for services rendered. One cannot believe that the most gross work among the humanispherians are those of the most inferior intelligences, on the contrary, they are the more intelligent, most often submitted to arts and sciences, pleasing themselves by making up the work quota. The more delicacy and exquisiteness in the man, the more developed the moral sense; and apt to accept rude and harsh labor when it is a sacrifice to the love of humanity. I have seen, by the June transportations, at the fort of Honiet, to Cherbourg, the delicacy nature is capable of, providing money to some, easing a co-detainee's lot, his turn at corvée, and it was a filthy job emptying privies of ordure; and to satisfy their moral sense and internal witness of fraternity to their companions--they preferred to do this themselves and stop at the canteen, paying for the service, than force companions to the corvée.

Man truly man, egotistically, goodness is fortune, enough it is to do good because it is well that he does so for others, and satisfies himself. He sows good seed upon the ground and later will recover a ear of corn. Egoism is the source of all the virtues; the first Christians, those who lived in community and in fraternity in the catacombs were egoists, they placed their virtue at usurious interest in God's hands, and obtained celestial immortality. Humanispherians place their good actions for life in Humanity, after pleasure--from the extraction which is their birth to the extraction of their life--the benefits of mutual assurance. Humanity, one cannot buy

individual happiness, at the price of universal happiness.

I have not spoken of the costumes of the Humanispherians. This costume is not uniform. Each dresses according to his own manner. There is no special mode. Elegance and simplicity are the general sign. It is above all the cut and quality of the fabric where is distinction. The blouse, called a wagoner's smock<sup>48</sup>, with pagoda sleeves, in fiber for work, silk for leisure; breton breeches or long tailored trousers, always narrow below the knee with boots or with cuffs below pantaloons, or light weight shoes with high soles in varnished leather; a round hat of felt with a simple ribbon or plume, or a turban; the neck bare as in the Middle Ages; the shirt's ornamentation embroidered in a neck border and cuffs; such is the costume most in use.

Now, the color, the nature of the fabric, the cut, essentially different accessories. One allows the blouse to float, another carries a knife in his belt, or morocco leather pouch, entwined in a steel or leather neck chain falling to his thigh. In winter, one envelopes himself in a mantle, another in a burnous.

Men or women indifferently wear the same costume.

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<sup>48</sup>rouliere.

Only the women substitute a more generously cut skirt to pantaloons, ornamenting the blouse or tunic with lace, their cuffs and neck artistically worked with jewels, their coiffures as ingenious as they can make them flatter the traits of their faces, but none of them finds it gracious to pierce the nose or ears in order to pass rings of gold or silver with stones attached. A great number take robes to tailors where the multiplicity of forms is infinite. They don't seek to be uniform, but to differentiate from one another.

And it is the same with the men. The men generally have beards and long hair parted at the top of the head. They don't find it more natural, or less ridiculous than shaving the head in the priest's tonsure; and in their old age when the snow of years has bleached their front and clouded their view, they don't pluck the white hairs anymore than they would pluck out their eyes. They also take other costumes, the genre Louis XIII among others, but not the masculine costume or crinolines of our epoch. The balloons in which our women navigate on earth are reserved for steam airships and the pipes [hats] in voile or black silk would not serve to cover a chimney.

I don't know a single man among the hemispherians who wants to make himself ridiculous in a riding coat, or bourgeois dress of the civilized; there one wants to be free in his movements and the costume witness to grace and liberty of the wearer. One prefers the majesty of a ample and floating gown to the noisy bounce of the crinoline and the grimace, epileptic,

or a frock coat topped with the head of a cretin and the queue of a tailcoat. Clothes, says a proverb, don't make the man. It is true, in the sense of a proverb. But society makes the clothes and a society that dresses like ours, denounces, like the chrysalis for the caterpillar, the ugliness of rags with a clear eye.

In the humanisphere, humanity is far from being a rage, no more than a prisoner in a cocoon, he has the power of ways, dressed in his ample and gracious tunic, charming armor, the elegant wings of the butterfly--taken in its absolute sense, man is enveloped: the physiognomy is never a mask for those who know how to interrogate it. Moral always pierces physical. And the physique of actually society isn't fine, how much more ugly again are its morals.

In my excursions, I had never seen cemeteries. And I asked where the dead went, when I had occasion to assist at an interment. The dead were placed in a circle for a day, that had the form of a great bower. It wasn't in an area of funerary aspect. Wild flowers were covering the body and thrown over the bower. The head reposed in bouquets of roses, that served as a pillow. A wagon came in the circle, those who had known him particularly took their places about. I imitated them, arriving in the country, where an iron machine was digging in granite, the convoy stopped. The machine in question had a little the appearance of a locomotive. A drum and cauldron were poised above a flaming brazier. The cauldron was surmounted by a tube with a piston.

The cadaver was put in, enveloped in its winding sheet, until it glided through an opening drawer in the drum. The brazier was loaded and reduced it to powder. Each of the assistants threw a spray of blooming roses in the stones of the monument. They intoned a hymn to the universal transformation. Then they separate the ashes of the dead, which are thrown as fertilizer on the laboring land.

The humanispherians pretend that cemeteries are a cause of unhealthiness and it is preferable to seed the wheat with the fallen, meet that grain nourish the living and that marble vaults don't prevent the regeneration of the dead. they don't understand funerary prisons anymore than they understand cellular gravestones, no more the detention of the dead than the living/

It isn't superstition, but science that is law among them. They have no reason for prejudice. For them all matter is animated; they don't believe in the duality of the soul and the body; they recognize the unity of substance; only, it acquires thousands and thousands of forms, more or less great, more or less pure, more or less volatile. In admitting same, they say, the soul was a distinct thing from the body--which they deny--and again they hold it absurd to believe in individual immortality, to eternally compact personality, to his indestructible immobilization. The law of composition and decomposition rules the body and that is the universal law, also the law of

souls.

By the same, to the heat of the measure and steam, water condenses in the brain of the locomotive and constitutes our thought and makes our movement with the force of electricity. Our intelligence the wheels of our bodily mechanism. But unlike that of the locomotive, our form is finished and consequently perishable; is a soul more immortal than its envelope? Certainly the animating electricity will not disappear in the impossible nothingness, no more than palpable substance disappears when one changes clothes. But at the moment of death like the moment of existence, the cauldron like the steam doesn't know how to conserve the exclusive personality. The wheels run the iron, the steam evaporates; body and soul transform themselves incessantly and disperse in the entrails of the earth or on the wings of the winds in particles of metal or fluid containing the molecules. Infinity. The molecule is for men the most infinitesimal in the terrestrial globe, a world inhabited by movement an animated aggregation of imperceptibles susceptible to attraction and repulsion. That which makes life, that something, movement, is the condensation and dilation of substance elaborated by the chemical action of nature. It is that ailmentation and that ejection of steam like the locomotive, of thought in man, that acts to balance the body. But the body renews itself by friction, the locomotive goes for refit, the human to the tomb. That's what we call death, not a metamorphosis, but nothing is lost and all becomes a new form under the incessant manipulation

of attractive forces.

It is recognized that the human body renews itself every seven years, it doesn't rest new molecules on old molecules. From the set of the feet to the ends of the hair, all has been destroyed, but bit by bit. And you would want that the soul, which is the resume of our sensations, something like their living mirror, a mirror which reflects the evolution of all the infinitely, little worlds all call a man. I want that that soul would not renovate itself not year to year, but minute to minute; losing nothing from its individuality from others in breathing their emanations? And when one dies, extending a sigh on the physique, form ended, dispersed to the wind as debris and walked among the furrows as a seed to make new harvest. One wishes--vain and absurd inconsequence on our part! that the sickle of destruction didn't break the human soul, final form and disperse it to the world as fertilizer?

Truly, when one hears that the civilized pride themselves on the immortality of their souls, one is tempted to demand if they have before them the rogues or brutes, and finishes by concluding that they are one or the other.

We fling, say the hemispherians, the ashes of the dead in pasturage and on cultivated land, after incorporating most quickly the form when knew promptly to the life of humanity. WE would regard it as crime to relegate to the earth a part of ourselves than retard ourselves from the advent of the light. As

one does not doubt that the earth cannot change emanations with other globes, and under the most subtle form, that of thought, we have the certainty that man's thought is pure and more apt to exude among the sphere of superior work. That is why we don't want appertained to humanity lost to humanity, as all also passes into the alembic of human life, alembic most perfect, acquiring a more ethereal property and passing from the human circulus to a circulus more elevated, from circulus to circulus to universal circulation.

The Christians, the Catholics, eat God for love of divinity, they commune as god eaters. Humanispherians carry love of humanity up to cannibalism: they eat man after death, but not in repugnant form, under the form of host, the form of bread and wine, meat and fruits, under the form of foods. It is the communion of men by men, the resurrection of cadaverous remains to human existence. One says more, reviving more than crying over them. And this activates the clandestine work of nature, they open the phases of transformation, the sudden changes of metempsychosis. And they salute death like birth, those two cradles of new life, with festival songs and the scent of flowers. Immortality they affirm, has nothing immaterial. A body of luminous flesh and thought, like all sons, dissolves when he finishes his round. The flesh grinds itself and returns to flesh; and thought, clarity projected radiant on its ideal, decomposes in its radiance and adheres. Man seeds man--the harvests, he mills and recreates himself by nutrition. Humanity is the seed of humanity, and it blooms and exhales, clouds of

thought and incense rise to better worlds.

Such is their pious belief scientific belief based upon induction and deduction, upon analogy. They are, he tells truly, not believers, but seers.

I wander over all continents, Europe, Asia, Africa, Oceania. I have looked well upon diverse physiognomies, but I have never seen a similar race. The universal belief of the populations Asiatic, European, African and American (red skins) the multiplication of all by all has leveled asperities of color and language. Humanity is one. And in that regard all the humanisphere is a *mélange* of sweetness and strength that has a strange charm.

Something like a cloud of magnetic fluid surrounds each person and illuminates his head with a phosphorescent aureole. One feels towards him an irresistible attraction. The grace of his form. Words falling from his lips, all imprinted with easy thought, like a perfume, emanate. Sculptors don't know how to model the animated contours of his body and face, and to mark the ever-new animation of his charm. A painter could not reproduce the eye and the enthusiastic thought, limpid, full of languor and of energy, the mobile aspects of light that vary a mirror-like stream in its calm or rapid course and always picturesque. The musician could not modulate his words, nor wait his ineffability of sentiment; and the poet could not translate his sentiment, nor his ineffable melody. The idealized

human being, in form, movement, gesture, gaze, word and thought imprinted from the most utopian perfectability. In a word, man made man.

Then there appeared to me the later world. The fall of time unrolled before my eyes; it revealed to my spirit harmonic anarchy; liberalism, egalitarianism and universal human family.

O Liberty! Ceres of anarchy, you who labor at your breast modern civilization under the claws and harvest of revolt, you who prune the savage instincts of contemporary societies and graft on the twigs utopian thoughts of a better world, healthy universally fertile, and glory to you, Liberty, you hold in your hands the seeds of future harvest, the baskets of flowers and fruits of the Future, the horn of abundance and social progress. Health and glory to you, Liberty!

And you, Idea, thank you for permitting me to contemplate the human paradise, the humanitarian Eden, Idea, ever beautiful lover, mistress full of grace, enchantress hour, for whom my heart and my voice thrills, for whom my eye and my thought look with love; Idea whose kisses are spasms of good fortune. Oh! Let me live and die and revive again in your continual clasps, allow me to take root in that world you have evoked, allow me to develop myself in the milieu of that parterre of humans; allow me to bloom as all the flowers of men and women. Allow me to gather and exhale the fragrances of

universal felicity!

Idea, pole of love, beloved star, attracting beauty oh! stay with me, don't abandon me, plunge me once more into the future dream in the present reality, the sun of liberty in the gloom of authority; make it that I am no more only a spectator but an actor of the anarchic novel wherein you have given men the vision. O you who work miracles, make fall before me the certainty of centuries and allow me to live my life in the humanisphere and humanispherity!

Child, she tells me, I cannot accord your desires. Time is time. And such distance only thought alone can reach. Your feet are with the sun that saw you born. The law of gravity applies also. Remain under the sun of civilization as on Calvary, it is necessary. Be one of the Messiahs of social regeneration. Make your words glisten like a sword, plunge it bare and sharp into corrupted societies and strike to the heart of the walking corpse of Authority. Call to all little children and the women and the proletarians and teach them by question and example the revindication of rights to individual and social development.

Confess the total power of the Revolution to the degree of the barricade unto the platform of the scaffold. Under the torch that burns and the flambeau that clarifies. Under faith and honey on the head of the oppressed. Agitate the hands learning ideal progress and provoke free intelligences in a

crusade against barbaric ignorance. Oppose truth to prejudice, liberty to authority, good to evil. Erring man, be his champion; throw to bourgeois legality a bleeding defiance; combat the gun with the pen, with sarcasm and a paving stone to the head and in the hand; murder or butcher!

Martyred man, social crucifixion, take courage in your crown of thorns, bite the vinegared sponge that the civilized put in your mouth, let them bleed the sorrows of your heart. It is from your blood will be made the knives of free men. The blood of martyrs is a fertile rose, shaking drops into the world. Good fortune is not the century, it is the earth, that every day revolves and gravitates in the light, it is the human future! . . .

Alack! You pass through the ordeal to the good of generations, you will assist again to the good of informed attempts at social renovation, to calamities follow new progress and new calamities, before arriving in the promised land and before all the "cracys" and "archies" had been placed to "anarchy." The people and men will break and resound again in deeds from their chains, to the lack link. Liberty is not a woman of a lupanar and she gives to the first arrived. One must conquer by valiant proofs, one must honor her in order to raise a smile. She is a great lady who is faithful to her nobility, her nobility comes from her head and heart. Liberty is a chatelaine, enthroned upon the antipodes of civilization, she convokes Humanity. With the steam of electricity distances are bridged. All roads lead to an end, and the shorter the better.

The Revolution runs on iron rails! Men and people, go! The Idea had spoken. I bowed.



## Third Part

### Transitional Period

How will progress be accomplished? What means shall prevail? What will be the chosen route? That is difficult to determine in an absolute manner. But there will be means, there will be a route, if there is a step towards anarchic liberty, I will applaud it. A progress works itself whereby the arbitrary sceptor of Tsars or independent hands of republics, by Cossacks of Russian or the proletarians of France, Germany, England, Italy.

By these means unity will be, national feudality will disappear, and I will cry "bravo!" The sun, divided into a thousand fractions, unites itself and constitutes itself in vast agricultural associations, these associations make themselves, like railroad societies, of usurious exploitations and I will cry again "bravo!"

That the workers of town and country organize

themselves into corporations and replace the salary by the good of circulation, the shop by the bazaar, private monopoly by public exhibition, and commerce of capital by the exchange of products; they will subscribe in common to a mutual assurance and found a bank of reciprocal credit; they will decree in germ the abolition of all species of usury and always I will cry "bravo!"

When woman is called to all the benefits and she is, to all charges in society; when marriage disappears; when inheritance is suppressed and employs the product of successions to endow each mother with a pension for nurture and education of her child; when prostitution is hated and all the lies it produces; when it puts the mattock to the garrisons and churches, and they are razed and monuments of public use are built in their stead, when arbitrators are substituted for official judges and the individual contract to the law; when universal inscription, such that understand Girardin, demolish the prisons and jails, the penal Code and the scaffold; that the little like the slow great reforms are given impetus; those reforms themselves of scales and paws of torture; men make real progress and not negligible palliatives, a stage in the future not a return to the Past, and with these two hands I will encourage, and with my brains.

All this will take a great effort and first it will be weak and feeble. Man today is incomparably greater in sciences, stronger in industry, than was man of another time. All that

begins with monstrous dimensions is not born viable. the enormous fossils that have preceded the birth of man like civilized societies again the creation of harmonic societies. The land must be enriched with dead animals in order to render it productive, so must man use the detritus of dead civilizations to render the social and the functional.

The times reap what the times sew. The future supposes a past and the past a future; the present oscillates between two movements, without the power to guard equilibrium and drawn by an irresistible love of the attractive Unknown. One cannot hold out indefinitely against Progress. These fatal insights take always and last all the plateaus of balance. One can momentarily be violent shaking an inverse sense, falling under reactionary pressure; the pressure expires, it doesn't return with more force than its natural inclination, and nothing has more vigor or power than the Revolution. Ah! Instead of clinging with rage to the branches of the Past and acting without success and bloodying ourselves in our impotence, let this allow social pendulum to plunge freely in the Future.

And, one hand filled with robes, feet in the spheric plateau, O you gigantic aeronaut with the terrestrial globe for your ship. Humanity, don't close up your eyes, nor reject the penniless nor tremble in fright, nor tear up your breast with your nails, nor clasp your hands in distress; fear is a bad counselor, she peoples thought with phantoms. Raise, in the

contrary, the veil of your eyelids and look, eagle, with your eyes and see and salute a sky without boundaries, luminous and azure profundities of Infinity, all these magnificences of universal anarchy. Queen, have for a flower on your crown the jewels of intelligence. Oh! dignity of your sovereignty. All before you is your domain, immensity is your empire. Among us, human loveliness, mounted on a terrestrial globe, her triumphal aership followed by doves of attraction. Arise, blonde sovereign, mother--this time no more of a feeble infant, from blind love and armed with poisoned arrows, but well, contrary to man and in full possession of senses, lucid loves armed by the spirit to productivity. Go, Majesty, arbored in the prow of your purple pavilion and row, diadem on your head, scepter in hand, to the acclamation of the Future! . . .

Two sons of the Bourgeoisie, who have abdicated their bourgeois education and made a vow to liberty, Ernest Coeurduroy and Octave Vauthier, together in a brochure *Barrier of Combat*, and one, in his book, *Revolution in Man and Society* prophesy the regeneration of society by cossack invasion. They find, they formulate this judgment, on the analogy that exists between societies in decadence and in Roman decadence. They affirm that socialism will establish itself in Europe as much as Europe will be one. Absolutely, yes, they have reason to affirm that liberty will be all of nothing.

But it is not only in Europe but all the globes where unity will manifest under socialism in its catholicity, gathering

the entire world in its roots until she rises up high enough to abrade Humanity of bleeding tempests, and give it a taste for the charms of universal and reciprocal fraternity. Being logical, not only the invasion of Cossacks in France will summon it, but also the invasion of the Chinese of Hindustan, Chinese multitudes, Mongolian and Tatar, savages from New Zealand and Guinea, Asia, Africa, Oceania; that of the red skins of the two Americas and of Anglo-Saxons in the United States; these are all the peoples of the four points of the world who must make the conquest and domination of Europe.

But no. Conditions are no longer the same. Means of communication aren't the same as in the time of the Romans; the sciences have made an immense step. It is not only the banks of the Neva or Danube that surge henceforth hordes of barbarians called to the sack of Civilization, but the banks of the Seine, Rhone, Thames, Tagus, Tiber and Rhine--it is deep furrowed, the basis of the workshop, it is the small change<sup>49</sup> of gibberishing in the flood of men and women, the pitchforks and torch, the hammer and the gun, concealed in the peasant's smock and worker's blouse, hunger in the breath and fever in the heart, but under the conduct of the Idea, that Attila of modern invasion; its under the generic name of proletariat and moving avid masses in the luminous centers of the utopian city; it is Paris, London, Vienna, Berlin, Madrid, Lisbon, Rome,

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<sup>49</sup>chariant.

Naples, which, raising its vast enormities and powerful by its cruel insurrections, the devastating torrent will overflow. It is the bruise of that social tempest, the current of that regenerating inundation that will sink Civilization in decadence. The sigh of a new spirit that the popular ocean will bound from the abyss. The torment of new ideas that will collapse the heads and thrones of the civilized and will pass with the level of iron and fire upon their ruins. They will drown in the flames and blood all the legalized and notary acts of sustainers of these acts and will be the sun, morseled and owned in a collective unity.

There is no fear this time that the Barbarians will take the world, it is the light. The ancients did take Christianity, by name and letter, but spirit, they have killed the spirit, the new will not confess absolutely the letter, but the spirit of socialism. These where they find a corner of social earth, and plant it in the seed of the tree of Liberty. They will raise their tents, the burning tree of free men. They will project the branches of propaganda in every part where they can. They will increase in number and in force, in scientific and social progress. They move over, foot to foot, idea to total idea to Europe, the Caucasus to Mt. Hecla and from Gibraltar with the Ural mountains. the tyrants, struggled in vain. It is necessary that oligarchic Civilizations cede terrain, marches ascend from Social Anarchy.

Europe conquered freely organized, it must be that

America will socialize in its turn the Republic of Union, that nursery of grocers that benevolently chose two surnames of republic modeled and gave all the grandeur consisting in extension of territory; that cloaca where she vented and saved all the cheats of mercantilism, filibusterers of commercial piratings of human flesh, that haunt of all hideous and ferocious beasts that Revolutionary Europe will reject from its breast; last rampart of bourgeois civilization, but where, also, or German colonies, of revolutionaries, of all nations, established in the interior, will pierce the earth with the landmarks of Progress, pose the first aids to social reforms, that colossal invalid, that republic with a mineral heart, ice head, goitered neck, statue of cretinism with feet poised on a cotton ball and hands armed with a whip and a Bible; harpy who suspends from her lips a knife and a revolver, thief like a magpie; murderer like a tiger; vampire with bestial thirsts which he must always succour with blood or gold.

The American Babel again trembles on its foundations. From North to South to East to west the lightning of insurrection will thunder. Proletarian war and servile war will crack the States and the bones of the explorers of those states.

The flesh of politicians and industrialists, patrons and masters, shopkeepers and planters will smoke under the

bleeding feet of proletarians and of slaves.<sup>50</sup>

The monstrous American Union, the fossil Republic, will disappear in the cataclysm. Then the social Republic of the United States-Europe will enjamb Oceania and take possession of that new conquest. Blacks and whites, creoles and redskins will fraternize and found a new and single race. The negrocides and proletaricides, the amphibians of liberalism and carnivores of privilege will swivel back like caymans and bears before the progress of social liberty.

Jailbirds like animals of the forest dread neighbors. Libertarian fraternity will frighten the denizens of Civilization. They know that where human rights exist there is no place for exploitation. They will flee to the very back of bayous, unto dens more virgin than those of the Cordeliers.

First individualism, communal, national, European, from ramification to ramification and from invasion to

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<sup>50</sup>This sentence is omitted from the 1899 edition. The preface explained that contemporary readers would misunderstand but that Déjacque's words would be comprehended in their true intent by posterity.

invasion, will sway universal socialism. And one day there will be no more questions of the little French Republic, nor little American Union, nor of the little United States of Europe but of the true, the great, social Republic, one, human, indivisible, the Republic of men to the free state, the Republic of united individuals of the globe.

*Finis*

# Appendix:

Extracts from

*The American Question:*

*on Slavery and the Harper's Ferry Raid*

No. 10. I have exposed the situation. I've shown the perils. Let us now see what are the means.

No. 11. The proletarian white is the natural brother of the black slave, he sees his condition, and he would give him a certain blow if he were placed by the constitution. Doubtless if one took each American separately and asked them his opinion on slavery, the great majority would respond by condemning slavery; and that, not only in the North, but also in the South. The violence and governmental beginning only in the North as the South manifests; in the North from government edicts issued conspiracy/intrigue and corruption and which relegate free men of color to the rank of pariahs, to the end sustaining

white plebe absurd prejudices, morally enslaving him while governing in perpetuity more strictly; in the free states, the white proletarian does not dare treat as an equal his brother black proletarian, from fear of incurring the blame of gentlemen, the index of his patrons and masters of all sorts; just like those who, disengaged from all superstition about god, nevertheless go to temple, for marriage, baptism, or burial, from fear of being noticed by capitalists, from all tyrant industrialists, politicians, and religious, and from being, as an atheist, deprived by them of all that gains his bread.--To the South, it's another matter. There, to dare manifest an abolitionist opinion, it's prison, it's affronting the power, it's the dagger, the revolver, being tarred and feathered [l'emplumele], atrocities and barbarous punishments, Lynch Law inflicted by bands of loafers on the side of the planters and of their [mob of lackey politicians, the legislative bodies, and state executives.

In the North, there are men who speak of the inferiority of blacks. Supposing that they are not themselves inferior to blacks (and I will well admit [that] upon the face of their pathetic reasoning), that they would take the trouble to visit certain quarters of New York where one can think a little upon those horrible Irish faces, those men, those women, those children who have nothing human about them, and who enjoy the title of "free citizens",--calumniated by the Republic, slaves of the Faith, and whom the pastor of the Roman Church leads

to [clerical blows] in cretin feeling! . . . And after that, assert again if you dare, the superiority of whites over blacks! I defy you to find anything more ignoble and ferocious than the traits of these white brutes, of these beings, born to be men, and degenerated into Catholic animals! Oh, religion! There you kill all that makes a creature human! Such an image of your god!-If the blacks of the free states are not more developed than they are, the fault is the interdict imposed upon them by white legislation and a religion which teaches them always submission to their dominators in place of revolt.

There are men in the South who speak of the need for black slaves to cultivate cotton: they are the owners of cotton plantations. Proletarian whites, they say, could not do this work: the sun would kill them. Touching philanthropy, crocodile tears! If they truly desired [welfare] of the bayou, how in the South where they have the strong fear of exposing whites to the culture of cotton, it is the same whites who do the most arduous work and what's more, exclude blacks? Then, if you ask [across ] the virgin lands who found the routes, who built the canals, who on the infected levees loads and unloads steamboats? Who? Say! If it's not the whites?-Aren't these whites, yes or no, then at the mercy of radiating rays of the sun? Aren't they open to pestilential miasmas, when they [trudge] the fetid earth of the canal that they cross or the railroad that they [assemble]? Answer, slavers! Wicked impostors! Is it by luck that you would risk putting the blacks of your plantations

to these labors? No! [bar] human pity, you know that the fever would decimate them, and you would love to sacrifice more the life of white proletarians than those of black slaves, because one is your property, a [chattel] that has a price, and the others don't count. The example of the first Napoleon, butcher of the battlefield who in his bloody arena where one counted corpses, pitied the number of dead horses and remained impassive before mountains of killed cavalymen, you also say: the proletarians replace themselves! Hunger, that forced conscription will [bring] us the others!

Direct slavery of blacks, that abominable monstrosity, is an anachronism in a century where one agitates for the emancipation of white slaves, the deliverance of the proletariat. To tell the truth, there's no place today for oral arguments where one responds to these engines of another age. These shreds and remnants of the late Roman Empire; it is the pike and the cannon. The beneficiaries and sustainers of the system are outside of human law. It cannot be discussed with these cannibal civilized Southerners who talk sulfur ], women, alligators . . . . They must be suppressed! All compromise with slavery is a crime. Ringing justice must prevail.

"The American Question: the Irrepressible Conflict," *Libértaire*, towards end of the run

*La Libétaire*, No. 27, Feb. 4, 1861. Dedicated to the state of the Union

"The Servile War," *Libéraire*,

Property is theft! Slavery is assassination!

--P.J. Proudhon

We Northern abolitionists have come in order to deliver your slaves. I regard slave proprietors as ....

-John Brown

A raid of "free soilers" began a levy of slaves on the borders of Virginia and of Maryland. They are not vanquished and they are dead, but they died in combat. They have [found] in defeat future victory. John Brown had previously fought in Kansas, where one of his three sons had been killed by the slavers and whose two others came to perish at his side; John Brown is Spartacus who called the modern helots to break their chains,

blacks to take up arms. The rising was tentative. Blacks did not respond in numbers to his call. The standard of revolt is effaced {?} in the blood of those who carried it. This standard, was that of liberty, and I salute it! And I kiss the bleeding [flesh] on the ripped breasts of the vanquished, upon the mutilated chests of martyrs!-What brightens my eyes; is that which provokes black slaves or white slaves to revolt; when they deploy themselves on barricades of the old or new continent; serves [opposition] to soldiers of the legal order; who [fire] the bullets of the bourgeois assassins from Washington or from Paris. Yes,infantry from National Guard of France or America; insulted by the prostitutes of the press of the model republic or of the honest and moderate republic; one like the other, this flag, it's the [standard] ! Wherever this appears, I raise my call. I answer; now; I pace around the room; I rehearse the moral complicity, the solidarity of all his acts. That which touches him touches me; vendetta!

The insurrection of Harper's Ferry passed like a cloud; the storm is somber; but it's electrical. After these clouds flash lightening, Oh Liberty!

In France, in '39, another John Brown, Armand Barbés was also a terrorist. His political move was one of the preliminary strikes where February was the decisive move. (June '48, the

first exclusive uprising of the proletariat, began the series of social strikes precursing the libertarian revolution.) The privileged have treated Barbés as a fool and an assassin, as they treated Brown insensitively and like a bandit. The one was a bourgeois, the other is a white. Both are enthusiasts for the freeing of slaves. Likes Barbés in '39, Brown is a fanatic hero, a choleric abolitionist who moves to the accomplishment of his designs without regard for success or failure, a man of feeling more than knowledge given up to the impetuous passion that inflamed him, he judged the moment opportune, the place favorable for acting and he acted. Surely! I will not blame him. All insurrection, be it individual, be it doomed, is always due the ardent sympathies of revolutionaries, and it is all the more due when it is the more fearful. Those who today [condemn] John Brown and his companions or insult their[ memory : --the artisans of abolitionist banalities [will lie toallo the morning of the libertines of the town] defer less, having squeamishness to the weak in default of cheating hearts:--mercenaries of the French Empire, scribes of the throne, scribes of the altar, these salesmen who daily sing Te Deum to the glory of armies asperge with sanctified ink the brave] , the heroes of the battlefield crowned with Zouave or Turk turbans; those above all [those ] who remember that the "free soilers" of Harper's Ferry, those fighters for liberty, have virtue that merits their respect: in the face of the enemy! Soldiers of emperors or of kings know to say: "Honor to courage unlucky?" These rebels, that the soldiers and the volunteers from slavery have militarily assassinated or that the judges condemned to legal

assassination they are stricken by a hundred opposing but ... and those who have been killed and those who, like Brown, have survived their wounds, they will be hanged it's said... Infamy! That these venal crests who coldly rage over the body of the vanquished and mutilate their bodies and character I also will say hideous, they don't have the visage of men. Their skull does not contain even the instincts of a hyena. They are and theirs], eighteen years old before another gibbet mocking the face of Jesus, and Jesus, the bloody mud of their word!

Allow the whores of the press their objection. Their insults would honor as their kiss would wound: they are the insults and kisses of prostitution!

Let us examine the deeds and take the lesson for an unsuccessful insurrection in the States to the slaves, is the initiative of some free and white abolitionists enough? No. It is necessary that the initiative come from the blacks, from the slaves themselves. The white man is suspect to the black man who is [mired] in helotism and under the whip of the whites, his masters. In the so-called free states, the man of color is looked on a dog; he's not allowed in public conveyances or the theatre if he's not in a reserved area: he is a leper in a Lazarreto. The white aristocracy, Northern abolitionists keep their distance and [[react]] with distaste. One can't take a step

without encountering imbecilities, absurdities and monstrous prejudices which bar his way. The electoral urn, like the public conveyance, like the theatre and the rest, is forbidden. He is deprived of his civil rights, treated in all and above all as a pariah. The black man of the States knows this. He knows that he's a counter in all sorts of intrigues; that the abolitionism for the Northern masters, the exploiters of proletarians and voters, the white slave proprietors, those who want to benefit industry and commerce, control political patronage, state appointments, [] and sinecures. {big bracket} That liberty which is generally conveyed to all, what is it? The liberty to die hungry...proletarian liberty...also little pressed to expose your life for what, that your life is more miserable and that liberty is your great desire. More than the Negroes, remaining, you have a profound ignorance and a rigorous captivity, that you do not know that which has passed among some thousands on the plantation . The attempt by John Brown was to the good, the story will echo and echo until the most pronounced cases, and it will renew the fibre of independence of slaves, it will dispose them towards sedition and it will be an agent of recruitment for another insurrectional movement. But the attempt at Harper's Ferry failed and failed gravely: it had a being of insensate generosity, he was master of the terrain, the life of legal malefactors; himself contented to make prisoners, take hostages, in place of having put to death planters under whose hand he'd been, traffickers in human souls, having also given hostages to rebellion. Man as property of man is assassination, the most horrible of crimes. In such circumstances, one does

not speak with crime, one suppresses it! When one has recourse against legal violence, to force of arms, it is to serve them: one need not fear to face the blood of the enemy. From slaves to masters, this is a war of extermination. First take up arms, failing that, burn all the plantations. One must-victorious-vanquish the planters-not a plantation must remain. The enemy is more logical, he is: not from the quarters! ...

All workers have the right to the tools and product of their labor. The Southern plantations appropriate the right from the slaves that cultivate. The masters should be expropriated in the cause of public morality for crimes against humanity. John Brown saw in the Constitution that would proclaim, elaboration of ideas not lucid or fully formed, but intimated the need of justice and of social reparation where a heart beats, and, consequently, in the heart of the masses, source and foundation of feeling is animated. Later, the rill becomes a river, the tinsel burns! Before the will to progress inalienable and natural law. 1860 rises before the world, the dawn of great revolutionary events.

All Europe is under arms;

It is the last agony of kings...

Kings of high and low places. When in America the Northern proletariat and the Southern slave [rise?] for the great war, the proletarian and the civil war, the war against "master, our enemy"; and when the old and new continents can in one fraternal voice raise the cry of social insurrection, the cry of human conscience: Liberty!

And you, Martyrs! John Brown, Shields, Aaron C. Stevens, Breen, Cupie, Copeland, Cook, you will be more! Fodder to the hangman, strangled by the cord of law, you will rejoin your companions, fallen under lead and iron... And you, intellectual accomplices, you will be impotent to save yourselves, I tell you, you have been accomplices the same as their murderers! ... In not taking up our arms to defend you, neither acting with word nor pen, with muscles, in place of acting also with sword and gun with muscles. What! Us your assassins? Yes, you! Horrible, isn't it?-Ah, that blood falls upon us and our children, that our consciences and theirs drink it, which faces the hate and insurrection against legal crime! ...

--The time of redemption is near. Captives that we are in the resonance of civilized institutions, we redeem the falsely held... Martyrs! You will be avenged!

*La Libértaire*, No. 18, Oct. 26, 1859:

"Murder for Murder"

The death sentence has been pronounced against the last two accused of insurrection at Harper's Ferry. Stevens, the insurgent crippled by his wounds, said to his condemners: "I have nothing on my conscience when I dream of my brothers massacred and my sisters raped. I go to my end with the courage of a man."

Hazlett said with the same calm: "Whatever happens, I am resigned to my end."

The perpetration of the crime will take place the sixteenth of March—Southern journals are full of lists of masters murdered by their slaves. The blood spilled by the hands of planters has nurtured individual insurrection. The servile war continues! ...

*La Libértaire*, No. 22, Feb. 27, 1860

