

The entire universe is composed of star systems. To create them, nature has only a hundred simple bodies at her disposal. In spite of the prodigious use she can make of these resources and the incalculable number of combinations they allow her to make, the result is necessarily a finite number, like that of the elements themselves, and in order to fill the expanse, nature must repeat each of her original combinations or types ad infinitum.

Every star, therefore, exists in infinite number in time and space, not merely in one of its aspects, but as it is in each second of its duration, from birth to death. All beings distributed over its surface, large or small, living or inanimate, share the privilege of this perennality.

The earth is one of these stars. Every human being is therefore eternal in every second of his existence. What I am writing now in a dungeon in the Fort of Taurus, I have written and will write for all eternity, on a table, with a pen, under clothes, in all the same circumstances. So with everyone.

All these lands sink, one after the other, into the renovating flames, only to be reborn and fall back into them again, the monotonous flow of an hourglass that turns over and empties itself eternally. It is new always old, and old always new.

Those curious about ultra-terrestrial life may, however, smile at a mathematical conclusion that grants them not only immortality, but eternity? The number of our look-alikes is infinite in time and space. In consciousness, we can hardly expect more. These doppelgangers are in flesh and blood, even in trousers and overcoats, in crinoline and bun. They are not ghosts, they are eternalized actuality.

But here is a major flaw: there is no progress. Alas! No, they are vulgar reissues, repetitions. Like the copies of past worlds, like those of future worlds. Only the chapter of bifurcations remains open to hope. Let us not forget that everything we could have been here below, we are somewhere else.

Progress is only here on earth for our nephews. They are luckier than we are. All the beautiful things that our globe will see, our future descendants have already seen them, are seeing them now, and will always see them, of course, in the form of look-alikes who have preceded them and will follow them. Sons of a better humanity, they have already mocked and scorned us on the dead lands, coming after us. They continue to castigate us in the living lands from which we have disappeared, and will forever pursue us with their contempt in the lands yet unborn.

They and we, and all the hosts of our planet, are reborn prisoners of the time and place that the fates assign to us in the series of its avatars. Our permanence is an appendage of his. We are only partial phenomena of its resurrections. Men of the nineteenth century, the time of our appearances is fixed for ever, and we are always the same, at most with the prospect of happy variants. There is nothing here to flatter the thirst for the best. What is there to do? I have not sought my pleasure, I have sought the truth. There is neither revelation nor prophet here, but a simple deduction from spectral analysis and Laplace's cosmogony. These two discoveries make us eternal. Is this a godsend? Let us take advantage of it. Is it a mystification? Let us resign ourselves.

But is it not a consolation to know that we are constantly, on billions of earths, in the company of loved ones who are now only a memory for us?

Is it any different, however, to think that we have tasted and will eternally taste this happiness, in the guise of a look-alike, of billions of look-alikes? But that's us. For many small minds, these felicities by substitution lack a little intoxication. They would prefer three or four years of supplements in the current edition to all the duplicates of the infinite. One is hard to cling to, in our century of disillusionment and scepticism.

Deep down, it is melancholy this eternity of man by the stars, and sadder still this sequestration of brother-worlds by the inexorable barrier of space. So many identical populations passing by without having suspected their mutual existence! Yes, well. It was finally discovered in the 19th century. But who would believe it?

And then, until now, the past for us represented barbarism, and the future meant progress, science, happiness, illusion! This past has seen the most brilliant civilizations disappear on all our globes without leaving a trace, and they will disappear again without leaving any more. The future will see again on billions of lands the ignorance, the foolishness, the cruelties of our old ages!

At the present time, the whole life of our planet, from birth to death, is detailed, day by day, on myriads of brother stars, with all its crimes and misfortunes. What we call progress is cloistered on every earth, and vanishes with it. Always and everywhere, in the terrestrial camp, the same drama, the same setting, on the same narrow stage, a noisy humanity, infatuated with its greatness, believing itself to be the universe and living in its prison as in an immensity, soon to sink with the globe which has borne in the deepest disdain, the burden of its pride. The same monotony, the same immobility in the foreign stars. The universe repeats itself endlessly and chattering on the spot. Eternity imperceptibly plays the same representations in infinity.

Auguste Blanqui

E-déchets

Prison d'Atwater, Californie (USA), 2002

ARCHIVE N°12

YAN MORVAN

300 ex. 2021