

In War and Peace (translation of preface)

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Preface

I apologize to the French public to dare me to represent him, and what is worse, with a book dated from abroad. I entreat my countrymen, before condemning the author and showing the works, to want to hear, on one and another, a few words of explanation. It's not only me but all those who, for thirteen years, abused by events, inevitably remain attached to certain ideas and certain things.

And first, with respect to the personality of the writer.

France, the last ten years, has started a new life, I did not need to come to Belgium to learn. The ideas, until towards the end of the Second Republic, it seemed tied, now it seems not to understand them more than half, and worry about the same. The men who served him as guide, that by their genius and the very diversity of their opinions, personified in her movement, she pushes, they speak the unwelcome. Especially those who, after the February Revolution, a time seemed to have imposed on the nation, the latest ones, it became unpleasant. She told them: "Go back!"

I understand this change, and for my part, I am resigned. Similar developments are not uncommon in people's lives. The loser can challenge against the judgments of Providence, despite himself, he is forced to bow to the sovereignty of the masses. Time worked, the world has turned, France has done what he liked, what can we, Republicans and Socialists in 1848, have yet to tell him he is interested? We just follow his path? Our Coers remained inflexible, and our aspirations are in the countdown time, born to fathers who had seen 89 and 93, we do not feel the same way as the generation of 1930, despite the most famous examples, despite the amnesties which we obtained the blessing, we have changed neither wit nor maxims. We are now, as said Sieyes, what we were yesterday. This consistency is precisely what we condemn. After so many and such terrible losses, there us a final cons.

We said with cruel frankness, and the most ruthless, as usual, were those we had hitherto regarded as friends, political brethren:- "The men of 1848 are gone, buried, forgotten. We need the immigrants to know (some Republicans inside given to those outside, following the coup, the name of emigrants): any favoritism them removed even within the party. They are not level, they do not follow the current, they are out of the movement. They lost to the French feeling. Great things were made, that their only recourse is to slander. They took in exile language and ideas from abroad, and can not express a thought that is an insult to the nation. they are silent, if they remain in default of common sense, a spark of patriotism. The abstention is their right, to them, and more than ever their duty. "

As for me, despite the promptings of my Coers, I do not call that conviction. I consent to the death, as I feel truly humbled. God forbid that I imitate the old Buonarotti returning after thirty-

six, **in the middle bourgeoisie July Plead Babeuf**, and to deliver a withering skepticism posterity the corruptions of the Executive! The company evicts us, well, I take notice of eviction.

But here is what induced me, after so many mishaps, to speak again, and I urge my fellow citizens to receive in good part. This is something that interests them, where it is neither a republic nor socialism, and that does not cause any annoyance to the Church, the emperor, not even the property. On the contrary.

In 1859, war broke out between Piedmont and Austria: France took the side of the Piémontais. We know what was the result of this overwhelming campaign: the facts were made, that the opinion had not even had time to form on the company. Even today, after two years, the multitude of spirits has remained, for the moral, political and historical event, in complete uncertainty. Many people find that war is over our century military glory and conquest uncertainty. Many people find that war is over our century military glory and conquest affect just one company delivered commercialism, who knows what cost the battles, and does not believe in profit. As for questions of nationality, unity, boundaries, and others, is to criticize someone to say that the contradiction is everywhere. Nationality seem quite respectable, perhaps, if she met so many interests that deny that the claim of prejudice, unity, acclaimed by some, is frowned upon by the other: in short, in this maze international politics, which everyone can reason with such a high kill, the only positive thing that the man of common sense noticing is that there is no road or discovers outcome.

Like everyone else, seeing the gun replaced the discussion, I wanted to reflect this extra-dialectical way of solving international difficulties, know what people and governments act when, instead of convincing themselves they work to destroy And, since the speech was to the events, find out what events meant.

I reasoned thus, like many others, out of sight on "Italy, Austria, their relationships and history in France and its legitimate influence, on the treaties of 1815, on the principle of nationality and the natural boundaries, when I noticed, not without shame, that my conclusions are purely speculative, arbitrary, a product of my likes and dislikes secret, and not based on any principle.

I look around me, I read, listen, I am informed. We do historical matter, I thought, what principles govern the manufacture? ... My memories referring to 1849, during the time of the Roman expedition and the war in Hungary, I wanted to see what we then say to these events. I apologize to my former colleagues and employees: they spoke then, as they have done since, according to their democratic inclinations, but never claim a shred of philosophy, without serious reason, in a word, without principles. And what I noticed in the republican press, I found him in the conservative press: interested motives, prejudices, always; legal reasons, never.

The revolution, I thought, had to leave us a few things ... But again my search was fruitless. Our fathers of 92, as well as those who succeeded them during the imperial period, acted, but does not philosophize. A few words here and there: War to the castles, peace to the cottages, or else: People are our brothers, etc.. Science, jurisprudence, no vestige.

I address the special writers who since Grotius and Hobbes addressed doctrinally peace and war of conquest, revolutions of governments, the law, and who had to bring any business to considerations of metaphysics and law. Deception! It is certain that the authors have sought principles, but it is equally obvious to anyone who can read, they have not found. Their so-called science of law, what am I saying? the whole body of law, as they have designed and presentation, is a scaffolding of fiction which they themselves do not add debt.

Principles exist, however, I always say. The principles are the soul of history. It is an axiom of modern philosophy that everything has its idea from its principle and law that any fact is adequate to an idea that nothing happens in the universe is an expression of idea. The rolling stone has its own, like the flower and butterfly. These are ideas that stir chaos and who fertilize; ideas lead humanity through revolutions and disasters. How the war would it not his superior reason, his idea, his principle, as well as labor and freedom? There is a law of the storm, there's such a struggle. The principles are the only social life. These principles, I seek them, and do not find it. Nobody answers me, either France or abroad.

Scary thing! we boast of our discoveries, our progress. Certainly we have reason to brag about. But it is true that a month on the physiology of companies and the march of the States we do not know anything yet, we're not even the basics. We drive on assumptions: the more civilized century that ever was, nations live together without guarantees, without principles, without faith, without rights. And because we have certainty about anything, faith in anything, it follows that, in politics as in business, trust, for which so much has been fought since 1848, has become a utopia.

Certainly, such considerations are of our time, and we can not blame them for being more revolutionary than conservative, more Republican than dynastic. They embrace all opinions, all interests.

The campaign was over Lombardy, the Treaty of Villafranca had succeeded to Zurich, I was not more advanced than the first day, and I abstained in doubt, despite all provocations, to wear a trial. Like the French, as a Democrat, I could point to some rejoice; friends of truth and right, I was only half satisfied.

Finally decided to have the answer to the riddle, I thought I caught, through the undergrowth of lawyers in the jumble of stories, the darkest of the popular consciousness, a fugitive ray. This ray, I fixed, multiplied, concentrated in short, I composed this writing, I present to the benevolence of the reader, and in which I hope my fellow citizens will not find more flavor than the socialist Belgian regional flavor.

Turning to the book.

Here I could feel how sad is the position of a man who entered the service of a cause defeated, she was attracted to some quarrel with the government. We no longer believe his word, we did not believe his judgments, people are wary of his intentions, you see conspiracies in its most

legitimate reservations. Admitting he made a harmless book, it is claimed that this book, leaving the character and aspirations of the writer, can not have the slightest public interest.

I blush to maintain the public of my tribulations, writer suspicious of ideas, grappling with the terror of librarians, whether it should be seen as a trait of our time, still curious, but strangely collapsed, and coercive and intelligence. First they made me hear the rest with all imaginable caution, that it would undertake the publication of my manuscript on the advice of counsel, chosen from the most distinguished lawyers of the Paris bar. However painful that was my pride that condition of prior censorship, I submitted myself however, agree even to rectify, correct, amend, redo, add, delete, whatever I said would be by my critic .

But it was not for the corrections that I should expect, something that the Inquisition never refused a heretic: It was totally condemned without appeal. Hon lawyer, on grounds which I could glimpse the substance enters significantly for the rejection.

If we must believe, and the reader may consider that in some minds the appearance of a new idea produces the effect of a spectrum. I do not know what monsters the publisher and its board discovered in my manuscript, it is certain that, by mutual agreement and a unanimous opinion, my book was rejected, and as dangerous and as tasteless. "This man hollow, hollow, said my Aristarchus and it raises bigger one than the others: it makes you dizzy, it cuts you breathing, it will knock you down. After twenty years during the war did to the Exchange , the economists, who here, about war and peace, attacks the law and that falls on the lawyers is a fully charged against the policy of the Emperor! .. ". Pass the lawyers; concerning the policy of the Emperor, it's just the opposite is the truth. Earlier, I explained that I had undertaken, in part, my work, to show me to myself, in terms of principles, the perfect regularity of the last war. But fear, and also the esprit de corps, are seeing things upside down.

I guess the prudent adviser added, taking the publisher through feelings: "It does not suit a home that meets his ministry to lend to such diatribes. We are no longer in 1848: thank God, those times are away from us. Let these genius eccentrics, a fair dedicated to oblivion, and whose names, scarecrows worn excite more than scorn and impatience. "

After this expert report, it would have been unworthy of me to insist. I retired perplexed when I met Mr. Hetzel, just a man in exile, to whom a suspect could be an end of inadmissibility against a writer who, knowing that I initially sentenced, has kindly undertaken vis-à-vis the public, my call.

I wanted to mention this, I denounce myself, to warn the imperial government that, if there are moments in the history of nations where the public thought breaks, like a fragile fabric, the law which 'surrounds, there are others where the law is strangling public thought, and we're one of those moments. Some fear, others by zeal, all by imbecility, betray freedom, even when it is offered. The imperial government can boast of having held high in the minds of the cult of the order; ever, if not careful, we do congratulate gave rise to intelligence.

But forget it not for me to blame others because it is myself, what are my peers who is accused of bribing public reason in France and lost freedom. Everything that I may, is to protest the loyalty of my thought and moderation of my word.

What is there in this book is so exorbitant, so antipathetic to the spirit of our times now, a lawyer-minded man, skeptical, liberal, has felt obliged to do so in advance, the executor of the judgments of public opinion? Reader, I'll tell you.

I set out to rehabilitate a right shamefully disregarded by all lawyers, without which neither the law, nor the political right, nor the civil law, have no true and solid foundation: the law is the law of force. I argued, proved that the law of force, or the strongest, whose name is taken every day as an irony of justice, is a real right, as respectable, as sacred as any other right, and that it is on the right of force, in which human consciousness, despite the vagaries of the school, believed in all times, that is ultimately the social structure. Had I did not say why the force said the law, she was all right or that it was preferable to any intelligence. I protested, however, against such errors.

I paid tribute to the warrior spirit, slandered by the industrial spirit: but I have no less acknowledged that heroism must now give way to industry.

I restored the war in its former prestige, I have shown, against the opinion of lawyers, it is essentially retributive, but without claiming that it was necessary to transform our courts-martial: far from that, I showed that in all probability,

We walk into an era of peace indefinitely.

That's what I said and I thought I had made intelligible enough for a skilled person. Apparently I was wrong.

Moreover, dear reader, read this little story, extracted from the Appendix of Diis Heroibus poetics and we had explained in the colleges to six children, and you know the fund and the depths of this terrible treaty. You can even dispense with taking classmates. When the doctors of law have become incapable of understanding the law by reasoning that if they talk, as did Jesus Christ through parables.

Hercules.

Hercules, young man, already illustrated by many a feat, but whose education had been, by the misfortune of the times, much neglected, received from his father Amphitryon order to follow the school of Thebes. Besides music, as it was then, religion and law were taught writing, that a stranger from the East, was made in Greece. At that time, Orpheus met the mountains of his songs, and another invented the lyre; others found the art of forging iron and to make all kinds of instruments. It was an age of renaissance, when princes and peoples vied emulation for the wisdom and progress.

The young hero obeyed with joy, not doubting that he came to the end of all science, divine and human, as he did robbers and monsters. He took a style shelves, set himself to learn letters,

numbers, range of sounds, geometrical figures, and write under the dictation of the master, the better to stay in his memory, the hymns of the poets and sages apothegms.

But it was in vain that the son of Amphitryon applies the power of his will and his understanding to these subtle studies. He made no progress, and was consistently rated the last of the school. Any restraint of mind dizzy. When sitting in the study room, his head bent over his bench, he tried to draw on the sand, repeating their names, characters writing or signs of numeration, the fire rose to her face; he felt at the temples beat his arteries and his eyes went out of their sockets; bloody drops ran down his face. His intelligence, any insight, only managed to grasp anything analytically. The art of assembling the letters to form words, the skill with which it entertains young children today, was for him a headache. It was in the middle of each lesson, send it breathe and cool off in the orchard. He managed to sign his name, ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ, yet he was using it for a piece of leather, where the seven letters that formed his name was engraved with the punches, and in the voids where he spent his pen. But that was it: he never knew the sixteen letters of the alphabet Cadmeians. As for signs of counting, the figures of geometry, it fails to grasp the greater meaning. Although his language, from one extreme naivete, had nothing wrong, the rules of grammar slipped on his brain without leaving in its memory trace. The serial numbers are so simple, gender and case in nouns, the times and people in the verbs, it seemed like a maze where his reason no longer found. Nature has made each of us a special gift: a readiness in mind and the art of speaking well, the other the courage and strength of body. That the scientist does not despise the strong, nor the very clever: they will also need each other.

Hercules fails to mount a greater range her voice, a baritone with a copper luster prodigious covered and broke the chorus. The feasts of Bacchus, he blew a horn enormous, stunning the entire city. The flute and the lyre annoyed him. Ever, finally, he could walk or dance in place sacred dances. His inability to hear her laugh her classmates, who called bull's head. The first he laughed at the hardness of the brain, moreover, the best companion in the world.

After a year, Hercules knew absolutely nothing. However, its size, which already exceeded that of the biggest and strongest athletes had increased to half a head, and his strength was superhuman courage, his skill in all years, also his strength. It was a game for him to stop a chariot drawn by two horses galloping, to seize the bull by the horns and the reverse twisting her neck. His hands were pincers, his thighs, long and strong, indefatigable. He could go forty-five miles in eighteen hours, and provide seven days following the same career. Thus he was forced on Menal a doe, who was said to have feet of brass. Hercules, having made, had been tamed. The animals he had tamed once clung to him, and would have died rather than leave. There is no love like the love inspired by strong men.

He had built a bow-clad steel blades, a man of ordinary strength could barely lift, and whose arrows were like spears. With this bow he slew the Stymphalides, antediluvian species of vultures, able to remove a pig in their area for two years or a heifer. There was, in the forest of Nemea, a lion, the terror of the country, which each year, raised on Bouveries a tribute of one hundred oxen, not to mention cows, calves, foals and other small game. Many times they had taken counsel, and no one knew how to get rid of. Hercules said it would fight the melee, armed only with its mass. It was the trunk of a holm oak, hardened by fire, topped with a large, thick shell and heavy iron spikes. Hercules enters the thicket where the lion was the cause, the insult

with stones, and when the predator, a giant leap, leaps on Hercules, it hits him on the wing, and 'shade of a sudden. The animal's head, a cubit wide, had been crushed by the terrible club, as if she had been crushed under a rock fell from the top of the mountain.

Of all the battles of Hercules, the most glorious was the one he sustained in the marsh of Lerna, against a huge snake. Many a time we had seen the hideous reptile enter a bull, strong horse, the choke in its nodes, then dragging her into his lair where he devoured. No living force seemed able to deliver the land of this monster. Hercules was first thought to surprise him in his digestion, but also an ox did not think the more terrible than a frog in a boa snake, the bad about a certain Lachish, envious of Hercules - Hercules were envious - made him abandon this project. As he suspected, for a similar expedition, his club, at its option too light, too short and not hard enough, he chose a rod of iron, long, thick, flexible, weight of two men he took care to build itself, and he maneuvered with two hands, as the drummer for wheat maneuver his scourge. Thus, armed with no other clothing than his belt, Hercules was attacked in his lair the snake. When it thus as a feature, with a terrible hiss, background on his enemy, Hercules, who had played with the Nemean lion, did not feel a shiver. Jumping from the side, he struck by the beam, the boa with such skill and strength, he broke his spine, and that those who watched the battle from afar saw the snake down as if he been cut in half. Lachish approaching soon: "You should not try," he said to Hercules, to stifle your arms as you choked the poor Antaeus, the son of Earth. "Hercules, with a flick of his fingers, sent Lachish against the rock, and the brains were, and was buried denigrator with the Hydra of Lerna in the sludge.

Like all heroes, when he was in front of the enemy, a sort of inspiration took hold of Hercules. On the spot he saw what he had to do, then his intelligence exceeded that of the ablest. The bobcat captures its prey by the throat and the bull gives its butting under the belly of his opponent's horse turns his rump, and launches into fleeing the double blow of hoof and the snake slipped around his victim and suffocation. Thus the man of combat, which meet the courage, skill and strength, knows all circumstances, a science immediate and certain, what tactics it should use. Reflection only serves to explain its intentions to others, but the genius of war, what the military called simply glance, the point can not be taught in schools, and heroes are born and captain absolutely as we are born poet.

It is conceivable that the robbers, giants, pirates, so strong, so well entrenched and so numerous they were, were not beautiful game with Hercule. Some barbarian chieftain of the race of the ancient Pelasgians, a disproportionate stature, had settled in a passage where he robbed and scalping travelers. Hercules fooled by him, challenged him to fight, then break his heart by hugging, and her hair was a flapper for his grooms. A tyrant fed his horses on human flesh: Hercules made them eat him alive.

It was soon done and the police throughout Greece. While he lived, the roads were safe. On all sides it was called: he left alone with his club, his bow and arrows. His expedition ended, he greeted his guests, simply for any reward of booty taken from the enemy. His reputation extended far and was matched by his kindness.

Despite his distinguished services, although among the princesses of Greece, none of them would certainly have a grudge, lived in Hercules adventurer he failed to win a throne. Not one of the

cities that had saved him offered to take him for a prince. Invincible in war, he knew nothing about politics. If I could read! he said with touching modesty. If I could ride a horse! said the ambitious lawyer, Robespierre.

At the end of the school year, the school teacher told his students with a prize distribution. The program was magnificent after a sacrifice to the gods, there must have been dancing, singing and declamation. A tragedy, the composition of the professor, would be played by students. The event will conclude with the crowning of the winners.

On the day indicated, the whole town went to the ceremony. On a platform surrounded by garlands of greenery and topped by an arch of triumph, were placed the magistrates left the orchestra, the students right. Badges to all eyes showed the names of winners and a stack of rings rested on a tripod of marble in front of the stage, they had placed an altar, and burning incense. The master had directed the study with so much ability, varying exercises and claiming various abilities of the subjects, that these amiable young men had been all, without exception, each receive at least one reward. Parents, children, everybody was happy.

Hercules only had no money. For all his prowess, for so many free services, the teacher had not even given honorable mention. He arrives with his bow, like a ballista, put his club on his hand, the skin of Nemean covering his broad shoulders, his hind feet of brass, which followed him like a puppy. A slave was the Boar's Head in Arcadia, he had killed and whose defenses were two long fins. Another giant shook the hair he had scalped; four trains the skin of the boa, seven times as large as Hercules.

As soon as he appeared, people began to shout "Bravo!" (sic) Hercules. Hello to the son of Jupiter !...» Nobody wanted to believe that the noble Amphitryon, one of the bravest and strongest knights of Greece, was capable of generating such a son. The girls threw her bouquet, which was located in more than one gallant currency, the tamer of monsters could not read.

He was there with his heroic size, his powerful frame, his hair curled like the bull of Marathon, around the front, a strip as a sign of celebration.

"Why, he asked the master, didst thou not award a crown, and humiliate you in front of the city?"

"You know nothing," replied the teacher, you refuse to teach you, you do not even have classes. The youngest of these children, in three days, learn more than you'll know all your life. You belong to your father's cart, where you will do well to return with your slaves. Apollo and the Muses you push. "

And assistance with laughter.

Hercules, furious, kicking the platform sinks, reverses the triumphal arch, tumbling benches, chairs, the altar of incense, light tripod, scatters crowns, makes a whole heap, and application of fire. Then he grabbed the schoolmaster, the fact break into the skin of his boa, head of the man leaving through the mouth of the snake, the cap of the Boar's Head, and thus accommodated, to

suspend the one of poplars under which distribution should be done. Women fleeing terrified; schoolchildren eclipse, the people stand aside: no one dares to face the anger of Hercules.

The tumult reaches to the palace, where was the mother of Hercules, Alcmene worthy. It was a splendid beauty; reached middle age, it would have taken her to the goddess of strength. She has said a word to his son, whose rage, in the presence of her mother grave, but to burst into tears. Then she asks the master, half dead, what does this scandal. This sends his best, protesting his respect for the princess, but can not conceal that his son, this powerful, this beautiful, this magnanimous Hercules, after all, is a *dry fruit*. Alcmene, barely containing a laugh, as the figure of the master seemed strange, said: "Fool that thou art, that establishes you as a prize in your school gym? Do you think the city has need of musicians and lawyers? Come, my son, shoot me this pedant; your studies are completed. And it's you, "she bouquets thrown by browsing to the hero, who have won the first prize ... to the decision of girls to Thebes."

It was after this adventure Hercules instituted the Olympic Games, later imitated in the Nemean games, the Pythian, the Isthmian, and were celebrated during a long succession of ages, all over Greece. At these games historians and poets came to show their talent, as well as athletes from their force. Herodotus read his history, it became famous for Pindar's odes.

Two men, *tie*, created the Greek ideal, Hercules and Homer. The first, robbed of its strength, showed that force can, on occasion, have more spirit than the spirit, and that if she has a reason, it therefore also its right. The other devoted his genius to celebrate the heroes, the mighty men, and over twenty-five centuries of posterity applauds his songs.

The book we will read, and which has outraged one of the celebrities of the Paris bar, is anything but a comment on this old myth. The State to State, the only right recognized is the right of force in the masses, and freedom also come straight from the source. Is there enough here to make a fuss? And because it is a revolutionary who said he should ban advertising? Ah! While it is nice for us to want, as pure spirits, we govern by the laws of only the idea. But since nature, making us flesh and bone, we submitted simultaneously to the force, let us, without shame, recognize, and, if possible, we take it. We do not at least be worthy because instead of crawling like pygmies we will behave generously, at times, like Hercules.

But make no mistake about it. Heroism was a beautiful thing; mail heroism is finished. Hercules and his ilk are mythology. I feel the force and has gloriously inaugurated on earth the reign of law: but I do not want to sovereign. I do not want more plebeian than the Hercules Hercules government, nor the foundation of the war than those of the Holy Vehme.

That is my book. Like it refutes, if we can, but we do not try to smother the purposes of inadmissibility from the author's name or propriety of government. It would be odious and ridiculous.

Ixelles-lez-Brussels, 1 March 1861.