

The fortifications. In the great pure sky, of a warm serenity, the two o'clock sun was slowly descending. Above the immense Paris, distant smoke, russet smoke, rose in a light cloud, a scattered and flying breath of a colossus at work. It was Paris in its forge, Paris with its passions, its struggles, its thunder still rumbling, its ardent life still in childbirth of the life of tomorrow. And the white train, the lamentable train of all misery and pain, was coming back at high speed, blowing its heart-rending whistle. The five hundred pilgrims, the three hundred sick people were going to get lost in it and fall back on the hard pavement of their existence, after the prodigious dream they just had, until the day when the consoling need for a new dream would force them to start again on the eternal pilgrimage of mystery and oblivion. Ah, sad men, poor sick humanity, starved of illusion, which, in the weariness of this ending century, distraught and bruised by having acquired too much science, believes itself abandoned by the doctors of the soul and body, in great danger of succumbing to the malincurable, and goes back and asks for the miracle of its cure at the mystical Lourdes of a past that is dead forever!

There, Bernadette, the new messiah of suffering, so touching in her human reality, is the terrible lesson, the holocaust cut off from the world, the victim condemned to abandonment, solitude and death, stricken with the decay of not having been a woman, nor a wife, nor a mother, because she had seen the Holy Virgin.

Émile Zola

Lourdes

1979 (France)

ARCHIVE N°6

YAN MORVAN

300 ex 2021

IC