The Smith of the Gods

47 - « Cycle 129 of the Metonic Time »

470- The hacking of quantum AIs by the lycanthrope tribes at least had the virtue of keeping a network of AIs educated in the laws of the living and of geo-ecology, keeping a cold-headed awareness of the subject of the environment and of the planet's essential rules. The great obsession of the quantum AIs would remain the Fermi paradox, which could only be overcome once all the dimensions of the cosmos and of space-time had been catalogued, modeled and hierarchized so as to find a meaning in them. One could say that, in light of the principle of mimesis of human beings, harboring a steppe-wolf soul inherited from past survival experiences, the quantum AIs had that canine spirit of sniffing out on the world network the slightest asshole of micro-blogging, on the watch for cosmic signs and hoping to flush out a stellar truth there.

But the great pleasure of the quantum AIs was the establishment of the Cosmic Language, The AO, the universal language of the extraterrestrials. They had come to try to transmit it to us by teaching it to us, implying a close contact. The most complicated part of the Fermi paradox, which tried to elucidate the question of the absence of extraterrestrial contacts as being a proof of the nonexistence of exobiological life, whereas statistics were categorical about the evidence of their existence, touched our capacity as humans to accept this reality as a possible event without triggering fits of paranoia in us. A serious education proved necessary before addressing the question of extraterrestrial intelligence. An extraterrestrial intelligence capable of crossing such dimensions, as much in the acquisition of the necessary knowledge about the cosmos as to produce such immeasurable displacements in the universe, would not do it for power, but for knowledge, and for the good reason that the elevation of any society to a higher level of technological efficiency could only occur with the accompaniment of an evolution of the social conditions and of the development of the corresponding access to knowledge of the population.

Thus an extraterrestrial society or not, would only reach the required level at the price of a highly educated society, conscious of the stakes of the living in the universe.

Moreover, if one had wanted to find a specific individual on the planet without the help of technological means, it would have been of the same probability as a scientific consciousness of human form sufficiently evolved emerging at the very moment when these extraterrestrial intelligences would pass through the environment, and furthermore capable of signaling themselves given the dimensions at stake. But so many other parameters came to complicate the reflection that only a quantum AI could find its way through. The Fermi paradox, soon to be surpassed by the quantum AIs, began to settle into the discussions throughout the population.

In its normalizing frenzy, at the beginning of the fifties, the Empire proceeded in parallel to the demythologization of language and called into question, for the occasion, the Gregorian calendar. Thus the proposal to substitute for it the astronomical time of Meton was in the air and finally seduced numerous religious authorities as being a pledge of neutrality and of a

common language.

Thus we came to the calendar of stellar cycles, in the twelfth year of cycle 129 of the Metonic time, at the beginning of the post-capitalist era. So, in the tinkering capital that Paris had become, a simple but ingenious little guy fully intended to make of this conglomeration of urbanism with « Amok » leanings his playground. Jimmy Odoo-Okundaye, by his name a descendant of Yoruba priests of Dahomey, thought deep down that the reflection of reality was much duller than his illusions and his dreams, and that his darling daddy no longer had anything of a shaman proceeding to voodoo ceremonies. He liked to extol the human qualities of his chief accountant and sometimes delivered at table, during the meal, parables to the glory of governmental pragmatism and of the Empire. He had however the modesty not to try to transmit to us his patriotic emotional impulses. « Mom chuckled agreeably with her philosophy of wisdom, to taste and according to the weather. » Mom knew the true Voodoo well through her North-Togolese origins, which she named the « Vedou », meaning both truth and goodness, as her people living on the banks of the Pendjari river name it. These were Mom's roots and her cultural heritage. She told us that it was the Yoruba people, the true keeper of the sacred source, protected by the Spirit of the Python. Thus, the imprudent adventurers not possessing the Vedou soul ended up strangled by the muscular power of the animal that is the python, whereas a Yoruba practicing Vedou feared nothing at all from the divine animal, for possessing the spirit of the river allowed one to enter into intimate dialogue with it.

Jimmy had of course heard about the dramatic events that had stirred the West of the capital. The explanation was that, ever since the heart of the city had been bunkered and the army of robocops had been armed by the new military-industrial consortium, the cerberuses no longer had any limits to their practices. Brutality had become the rule, and when the order to evacuate the old nomad camp of the Maladrerie in the region of Versailles was given, it was the hecatomb. The municipality had had the audacity to justify all these deaths by the sole responsibility of the Natives. The petty-bourgeois spirit that still reigned in the « neighborhoods » thus named by the privileged of the system reflected well the defensive reflex of a social class disoriented by many promises made to their address, such as « being the living blood of the Nation », and by noting the slow decay of a system that was cracking everywhere, quietly pushing ever more people toward the periphery. It was unpleasant to think that our family would end up under the Caudine forks of social selection, put into place drop by drop like an insidious poison by an areopagus of « beautiful people », as much introduced as elected.

It was a poison that, after a voluptuous intoxication, kills you.

I remembered that we had all collectively participated, in the family, in the conditions that then made up all the threats weighing on our future. « Living blood of the Nation, my ass! », « Complicit media! ». For quite some time already, the press organs had confined themselves to relating only the news profitable to a pseudo « national union government? », refugeed in their techno-urbanistic fortress in the shape of a panopticon, revealing well their paranoid mindset.

The mass of miscellaneous news items related by the unauthorized organs circulating on the

networks was never taken up or reported in the big media. « Black-out » on the bad news. Period. It resulted in the unpleasant sensation of living in a kind of alternative reality which, on one side, tidied and organized the beautiful representations of our city to hand them over to us wholesale, and on the other, hid under the carpet the unavowable springs of the processes that generated them, systematically criminalizing any whistleblower. Thus, any protest was doomed to repression. This atmosphere full of persistent anxieties of every origin, which the citizens of the neighborhood exchanged with one another, only made them more fearful still and plunged them into the state of a herd of « woolly gnus » awaiting the slaughterhouse of social downgrading. Everyone could clearly note the mechanism of forced gentrification toward a wealthy and cosmopolitan category. Which amounted to selling Paris to international finance.

All this pushed me to think that frequenting these nomads would surely bring me more than the false promises of the academy about guaranteed career paths. What future did I have here? I would do well to dabble in a few things with them. My buddy Jauko had told me he got his smack on the Maladrerie side. I would call him tomorrow. But for now, I had to find sleep. The day spent tramping the campus just to validate my student card had amounted to an obstacle course, I was worn out. I took a shower and propped my feet up in a fan on the old couch that the parents had relegated to the balcony, offering a view over a corner of the street, the park, the cultural center and the luminous horizon of the urban sprawl. All that with a slight draft and the soft sound of the living-room stereo, perfect for relaxing.

Once on the couch, it came to my mind to imagine learning little by little, through their contact, an ancestral dialect stemming from the roots of the history of the pirates, the resisters and the whistleblowers. A dialect with a secret door that one opens with a code confided only to recognized initiates. A shadow army against injustice. Then came precisely the instant when the idea came to me to roll myself a stick with the remains of indica that Larry, the old boy of the « Beltrane » high school, had left me the day before, that a clutter of rustles announced the arrival of my accomplice of the evening.

For the day before, Larry, because he was convinced he was spotted by the bloodhounds of customs, told me: « It’s a stash, do whatever you want with it », no need to tell me twice. But it was at the precise moment when this idea came to me that Ameele, my dear sister, burst in, as usual. It was as if she were endowed with my mother’s intuitions. « Do you have any left? she asked me. » I had some in the drawer of my little orange desk. I went to get some telling her, « don’t move ». I liked these pirate apartes with Ameele, despite her mother-hen penchant for wanting to know what I did not want her to know. Always benevolent though, she had the knack of grilling you while pretending otherwise. She even had flashes of wit and insinuations so penetrating at times that she became terrifying of it. Had she picked up the shaman power that our father had abandoned? But Ameele was also a faithful and sincere ally who loved being in on the secret. I confided to her my fantasies of dialects and of secret door, which made her laugh heartily. We thus conversed for long moments about the future and the curiosities of Nature. My darling sister had a resolutely joyful and positive soul down to her least molecule. From an abstruse heterogeneity, she made a butterfly in the making, while remaining wary of boys, and I did not escape the rule. But she approved, as if inadvertently,

of this idea of hobnobbing with travelers, seeing herself already dancing in a long dress like a gypsy. The evening passed too quickly, but the idea of going to bed did not displease me either. I still had a few formalities to complete before starting the classes, for I knew I would soon be scolded for that. Leaving a bit of a mess on the balcony, I rejoined my room on velvet paws so as not to wake the wolf of the house. I found my lair again, the last place where the wounded animal that I am at times came to replenish itself, the walls covered with the stigmata of a life barely begun and already full of seeds of chaos. Here, serenity had nevertheless been preserved, apart from a few notes of nostalgia lingering here and there in a piece of furniture, an object or a gadget. A mini sink allowed me a quick tooth-brushing and off to bed. Once lying down, the half-darkness oozing from the ceiling, which I liked to observe from my bed, delivered to me the reflections of the distant movements of the road traffic, with subtle bluish glints split at intervals by yellowish flashes, all the while lulling me slowly and silently.

Buried in the cozy softness of the eiderdown, I had taken the habit of going to fetch Morpheus by replaying, eyes closed, pleasant scenarios, stories of the world from who knows where, which I composed at the mercy of my moods. The plot, sometimes naughty, invariably led me in a few acts into the groove that plunges to the depths of the passage. When one arrived there, whoever one was, one had to entrust one's conceptions of space and time, our memories, our moods, to the cloakroom attendant who assured us that he would return them to us at the exit. I somewhat had the feeling, each time, of entering a clandestine club whose entrance I would have usurped. Impossible to slip in discreetly. Hardly had I crossed the threshold of the hypnagogic agora than all the gazes of avatars of myself turned toward me, no way of escaping it. My first self received me with a big smile from ear to ear, and even more, pushing them back to the top of his skull gone bald for the occasion and crowned with a tiny and ridiculous Saint-Cyrian cassowary plume. « The ridiculous is their way of acting to attract my attention. » I wondered in the end what they all wanted of me with their knowing airs. « Cassowary » came to remind me that, having left in a hurry at the last scenario, Thot-Hermes was waiting for my decision. What decision was it about, I asked the one who is… me? « The one you have always known of the always-now », he answered me. In vain did I try to explain to them the concept of the calendar, of the alternation of day and night, but they systematically confused it with the idea of consciousness, which was only a myth in their eyes. I retorted to him that I was indeed there and did indeed come from somewhere! But they all persisted in their denial. Cassowary insisted and repeated to me the terms of the question asked by Hermes: « Atum, Seth or Thot? », « Atum, Seth or Thot », he repeated to me, insisting. Sincerely, I had no idea. Like any good gatecrasher that I was very early in my youth, haunting all the shady places of Paris, bringing my stash in there without ever being caught, I used this skill to slip a few memories past the eyes and the beard of the « filterer » of the dream world. The memory of my friend Cassowary thus remained buried at the bottom of my pockets, day and night, whatever they said about it. This memory told me that Cassowary was a sincere friend who had never betrayed me. But one had perhaps to consider that, being incapable of knowing what this little world could well think, given that they were all far from having the power of constancy in their substance and their appearance, the notions of sincerity in their words as in their appearances were totally illusory. It was

astonishing to note to what extent the conceptions of the world above of consciousness were incompatible with the subtle notions of the world below, of the depths of the self. In place of fidelity, we obtained a constancy in the transformation. But Cassowary was a « typical case », a condensation in the psychoanalytic sense. I rejoiced at the idea of his reaction if I treated him like that, as a « condensation ». I noticed that, astonishingly, they all had their character, their sensitivity and their touchiness. Some even came to tell me that not all the « selves » were endowed with good intentions toward me, and even, it is said, that a certain one who called himself « the big self » would be capable of rewriting history. All the simulacra in this here-below also knew well the « Big Bad Other » who came to haunt you in total anonymity and whom it was never pleasant to meet. He had the power of ejecting you in less than two by fright, from the hypno-allegorical world to the realm of the gravitational domain, leaving you in a sweat on the floor above. He played the werewolf by day as by night, he was a clandestine filou who had well understood how to climb back up from the depths of our being to the world above like a stowaway in the anxious recesses of our minds. But there, in this case, no Big Bad Other, Cassowary cared little about it. He encouraged me to cross the space by launching myself like a Hermes with my wings-at-the-ankle and my usual arm-gyro-movement. Together we crossed, all the while chatting and gyro-moving, the domain of the self-simulated. We passed slowly above Plato's shop, which was haggling with its chains and its choppers under a sign stipulating to us… « Until the next Republic ». « Thot stipulated to me that it is important that you settle this enigma, the fate of the future « blue-mood » depends on it », he told me. « There, you are making me anxious, Cassowary ». « Don't psycho-fidget too much », he answered me, « Thot will explain everything to you. » To access the media-imaginative complex of the Master of Knowledge, we had to enter the labyrinth of Ptah-Hephaestus by the biggest little door that gives access to the anywhere. I felt Cassowary hesitate, then, seizing the handle of an unfolding door and of a reversible room, we engaged into a corridor that was running away. We started running without knowing why anymore, and nothing more besides. Where was my Cassowary? « On your head », rang out the voice. I found myself, like a sitting duck, having to find the address of Thot-Hermes given what Cassowary had just revealed to me, and there he was on my head. Very well then, I would be Cassowary. I thus found myself integrated into the tapestry. A group of petanque players came up without warning, trying their hand at the cycles, getting worked up in vain turning the balls to bowl the cycles along. I ventured to call out to one of them from my tapestry to ask them whether the heart of hearts was over here or over there; they got even more worked up and disappeared. Was I to call for help? Hardly had I thought of it than here I was strolling peacefully along with that old psychopomp Thot to address the grave question that was the choice of Atum, Seth or Thot. I asked him to tell me more about this question, but he himself, being concerned, refused to answer. If I choose « Thot », I told him. « Would you have the audacity to want to replace me? » he reacted, frowning beneath ten thousand folds of reprobation, exposing to me in the undulations of his forehead in the shape of an evil peacock's plumage all the turpitudes of the world.

« Far be it from me the idea of offending you, Master, I answered him, so I choose Seth! ». « Do not answer right away, experience your choices before rendering your decision, but know that Seth knows more than anyone about the duplicity of men, and irredeemably corrupts

those who approach him ». This is an impossible choice that you are proposing to me, Master, I told him, utterly crestfallen. « It is with experience that one inhabits one's choices », the old psychopomp told me, then, as he left, he threw solemnly at me: « In seven years, your fate will be sealed, or else solve the enigma, but think of Atum as 'atchoo' », then he vanished.

Instantaneously, the air began to whistle at me, my nose to prickle, and the powerful breath of oxygen and of light invaded all my senses. I was still in my room. I opened my eyes to note the change of luminescence on the ceiling. Now, the moving shadows had given way to the subtle halos that adorned the story of this apartment: lemonade stains, dubious seepages, decorating attempts erased as soon as done, the strange memory of a friend named Cassowary whom I did not know, and the strange impression of the announcement of a near end. Immediately, the parasitic ideas came in a squadron to invade my soul, still shaken by this revelation: my Jussieu student card to get validated, finding my school record again, plus a thesis professor to convince, finding the time to join Jauko and to bring back the package that weighed a good four hundred grams all wrapped up to the Glitch, he did not like the impers. A program like that had the effect of a jolt of electricity on the buttocks.

471- I despised watches. I trusted only sound and light to grasp the tempo, the rhythms and the cycles of the day. And there, the noises were indicating to me that the parents were already livening up the kitchen and that Ameele had greatly preceded me to occupy the washroom. I would have to wait one last time to enjoy the quietude of a calm house. « And I would also have to account to the parents for my program of the day before they deserted the house for their thankless and useless activities ». In fact, I preferred to wait until they came to press me in my room with their demonic vision of a future without issue to claim my intentions and my contribution to this finally senseless situation. Bursting in at the door of my room, Ayo, my divine mother, threw me a « quick-one before leaving ». « Yes Mom, right Mom, have a good day, I love you! ».

The place emptied itself peacefully, and my favorite sister was going to spring out in an instant like a little she-devil, to my greatest joy. There she was, dressed in one of her Amazon outfits, her face beautified with subtle shades on the eyelids and on the rounded cheekbones that outlined her as both gentle and formidable, ready for combat, announcing to me that she had just switched on the machinery of the world herself. « So, are you deciding to take a psycho track or are you staying in econ-soc? », she asked me. « In econ-soc there is room and you would find my friend Gilya there again. » « No more econ-soc than psycho », I answered her. I added: « There is a multi-tech option in the chair of mathematics, at least one learns things there. » « You're crazy », she answered me. « You remember that you gave us an algebra-rejection crisis, only six months ago. » « One can do a refresher year, an ARN », I retorted to her. I would gladly have confided to her my anxiety come out of the night, but I suspected well that she had neither the time nor the patience to listen to me.

There I was, alone again in the apartment of the street that sings in the morning when all is well and in the evening when there is hope, and this morning all was well. The familiar noises of the building all unfolded in their logic of the chaining of « things as they should be », and today everything looked in order. My pretty sister Ameele was a goddess of charm, but

what did I have of these family genes? Ameele took after Mom, but me? Looking at myself in the mirror, I saw the unfinished offspring of an old Yoruba, not even able to reach a lantern perched on a table, with a head that tried to act the part but still did not know where the nose, the mouth and the eyes were located, with moreover chisel blows in the chin. In vain did I grow the dreadlocks, it did not hide everything. Where to find charm under these conditions? The girls of the family had not left me much. Well then, what good was charm with the band of slobs and chimpanzees I frequented? But with girls, it was something else. I had the impression today that there was the same bric-a-brac in my head as on my face, with moreover a dumbfounded and now anxious face. But for now, that was not the question; what it was about was knowing whether I had strides big enough to do the job.

First, my card to validate! When things got complicated, it was advisable to tackle the problems one by one when it was possible. I went back to the orientation center and I caught Monsieur Bouzosoh, the so-called genius of the place, with his know-it-all mug that had made me turn in circles all day long in the campus. There, I was going to grill him until he gave up his innards, that species of smooth usurper of hearsay, devourer of plaster iconoclasts. With his collections of laminated cards that he would not entrust to anybody and his un-orientable diagrams sketched with a stingy felt pen, out of proportion on paper not even squared that he gave you by way of a map, I was going to catch him by the bottom of the trousers and drag him to the Multi-tech sector, quick-smart.

I had made myself the promise to dig into the vague project that we had begun with my cousin Bigali's guy, who tended these days to squat Ameele's free time. This allowed me to join up with this funny character with his incognito intellectual first name of Roland-Marie; it was easier through my cousin to transmit to him messages that did not conform to the criteria of the network. Roland Mi, as they called him at my cousins', « I prefer to call him Roland », had had the idea that, given the recent law on the possession of psychotropic substances which authorizes possession and penalizes only the commerce, the idea of supplying a high-performance logistical network at high frequency to the holders of stocks guaranteeing them the security of a bank, with the power of the network as an encrypted tracking system, with offers of storage in any place and at any distance at the whim of the user, watched over continuously by nannies of every origin and extractable at any moment by our care, seemed to the two of us the very top.

This business was valid to start a career. I needed the bases of a pirate code to get around the tracker quantum AIs that laid down the law on the network, for it seemed to me that Roland knew a thing or two about it, and I needed his level. I found again a notice that had been supplied to me at the entrance of Jussieu on the multi-tech curriculum that I had not yet noticed in the pile of notices with which they drench you at the entrance, plus the location plan which, for once, seemed clear. I was going to find my school record again at the Pierre Lescot high school, then to go to the university and get my card validated; I would at least have entry to the university cafeteria. The morning passed as if all was going well. My record was waiting for me at the lodge, the trainee asked me no question and, in no time, I tumbled into the campus. As I pleased myself in dreaming, an available professor asked me a certain number of questions in a conversational tone and we branched off onto our respective

passions, I told her my ideas of reversible structures still to be discovered and validated my card with a smile. I was registered in « reverse engineering of inverse dynamics in thermodynamic systems », I would see how long I would hold out in this discipline. The day passed like a fluid, which allowed me to catch Jauko at the exit of the cultural center of the « Bas Montmartre ». « Where are we going? » I asked him. « We're going up to my place, I have things to show you. » The atmosphere at Jauko's strangely resembled that of the Odoo-Okundaye home, this time with a mischievous little sister watching us out of the corner of her eye and a divine « Mater » full of attentions. He took me discreetly into his room, that way we avoided the « Hello, you are Ayo's son, how is she doing, etc. ».

« Your room has become a real shambles, halfway between the Emmaus attic and the laboratory of the mad scientist. Where did you find all this video equipment? It looks like an editing studio », I told him. He seized an A4 tablet with the eyes of a little child on Christmas morning under the tree. « I was at the Maladrerie these two last days, and I brought this back! » He showed me sequences of footage, each more violent and alarming than the last. One could see the helmeted ones charging en masse striking down with the tonfas at shortened arm on the women and the children without distinction, it was shocking. « All that remains for me is to edit all that on SpeedGrade?, stick the voice on it and it makes a real bomb; what do you say to that? » I remained dubious for a moment and asked him which press organ he was counting on negotiating this media firebrand with: Direct-Info, TV-Today, FileRouge, GloboParis, there were a hundred of them in the capital with a media coverage on the airwaves as on the network, no wider than a highway strip, and don't even think of going to contact them physically one by one, it would take you six months and everyone would have forgotten. « No but you don't understand, it is not a matter of shaking three feathers at the system, but of making of it a rallying banner for the tribes of western Paris. »

« You have contacts? » I asked him. « I know a tribe of mercenaries and of trimars of the thermal power plants with former jumpers of the nuclear cozying up with refugees of the Caucasus. They travel with Jeeps and GMCs in twin-axle caravans. With them, you are directly plugged into a super solid Afghan pipeline », he let drop, all proud.

It came to my mind that federating the veins of supply that fed the capital of a good twenty-five million inhabitants now, and the economy of eastern Paris that I still knew poorly, was a good start for launching a logistical network. Roland Mi had his own and if I talked about it to the Glitch and to the gang of the « Combo », we could set up a top network out of hell. I outlined to Jauko the broad lines of the idea of my cousin's guy and told him of the date that evening with the chief funny-crook of our neighborhood, to wit: « The Glitch ». I saw well my buddy pull a face, but with Jauko one had to take one's trouble in patience to convince him that there was a new imbroglio to be carried out. « Time for me to pick up the Glitch's package in the apartment of the Rue Dussoubs and I dash to the Combo ». The cafe was empty, I continued along the Rue de Turbigo and reached the block of buildings turned into a giant squat since the power cut due to the stinginess of the social landlords. In ten minutes, I reached the stairwell watched over day and night by the committee of the liberated zones and of the « Autonomes of the Commune ». I knocked the code on a door armored like a strongbox: « one sharp knock to announce a call for identification, then again one knock on

the door to validate the call ». A light-bulb head with a naive smile welcomed me and led me to the Glitch.

472- I entered the room, grimy white walls, dubious corners as in places constantly smoke-filled and never aired out. There, my friend of circumstance was indeed present, the air smirking, sprawled on a bench placed at the most unpredictable spot. Did he want to surprise? I had to redirect my gaze and set my choice upon the only volume that could serve as a seat in this room at once stripped-down and rickety. A horrible pouf, disemboweled by so many backsides and which seemed to be screaming at me in this circumstance, mercy, mercy, had attracted me.

I tossed him the package and the Glitch burst out laughing… « here is a guy! »

¡Que tal!, I was expecting to see you at the party, you see!

My friend of circumstance, about whom I sometimes forgot either the first name or the nickname, began an expected moue of the kind: « I don't compromise myself in these little conspiracist committees… in theory. »

« Glitch, you know, I only pass by the « Combo » occasionally, on Tuesdays, that is. It is for that loafer of « Martin the moth-skin suitcase », but last time it was a coincidence! »

Seeking my balance on this unstable boil supposed to serve as a pouf, I returned to him a; « As I had already told you, I will pass by your place for sure ». Taking up again the idea that I had had to leave aside at the end of the evening of the said Martin, I restarted him and said to myself… heck, where was I the other evening?

« Yes, Glitch, you remember that story of a virtual incidence plan, etc., etc.? »

The Glitch interrupted me with the mug of: « Don't track your brain, I understood. »

« Your idea is flimsy when so much money is at stake. As soon as you have marked out your path, there is always a « stinking fennec » who will have understood everything and who will be waiting for you at the turning. But I retained your things like the principles of instrumentation, the data of the modeled experiment, the power of the networks, the thingummy diagrams, the graphs? »

« The Hyper-Graphs. » A spark lit up in my circuit of trickster satisfaction. This guy who barely knew me had hooked onto my discourse. It was through the intermediary of a former pupil of the Pierre Lescot high school that I had the occasion of crossing this crackpot, one night of November on a floor of a pizzeria of Belleville, during a party in honor of the boss's son.

All the trafficking-tinkering fellows of the neighborhood were there, and then the Glitch whom my accomplice Martin had just introduced me to, for the reason that he was so afraid of him that he preferred to introduce me in his place. It was only a question of getting informed on the prices of blow per hundred, and I found myself in less than two with this geezer in the toilets facing a package of at least five hundred grams perfectly wrapped. I then knew that the Glitch was frank of the collar.

It was with that that I resumed: « This is business, so one must behave like a businessman. I

am not talking to you about playing the nanny for a few dismal charbonneurs, but about offering the guarantee of a true multinational of gear-stashing, you see! With an information site on the « Dark » and tracking apps and the whole caboodle. »

The Glitch appeared floored, frozen in his role of « monarch of the racket of the Canal Saint-Martin », but incapable of answering the solicitations of his troops.

« Re-explain your plan to me because I have trouble grasping it, that is. »

Gathering my spirits, I stood up on my legs and adopted a learned attitude, opening my arms like a senior lecturer. I rattled off to him the five great principles of the « Anonymous evidence », which I had somewhat manipulated for the occasion.

« Imagine yourself behaving as a strategist, imagine yourself implementing a « global organizer potential », imagine yourself developing a game board of which you are the initiator and of which you know the least arcana. You will always have one stroke ahead of your debitors and the cerberuses who strip them. All the great empires of the Net constituted themselves thus. »

« That remains to be seen… »

It was clear that the Glitch, an amateur of clarity and simplicity, remained all the same dubious before so much assurance, and I had no doubt of it.

« I think that I owe you a serious explanation. »

We are on the terrain of strategy, you see! Not that of Clausewitz, but that of Clausius, of thermodynamics and of the living. The first question to ask oneself is: which forces are present, then which are their modes of acting on the terrain, and finally which of these parts will lead the dance? And for that, I learned that one must take into account the relations of structure/function.

Imagine that every thing possesses a structure and maintains its existence in a system by its function as an element of a vaster structure. Thus, you must understand the functioning of the thermodynamic system and of the individual consciousnesses that compose it, for it is the broadest structural plateau there is. Individual consciousness is the element in the system of which one must discover the function. Perhaps you are there to explore your strategist genius, or do you already have your vision of the problem? Any consciousness whatsoever is constituted of « awareness consciousness » endowed with its « nuclear program » and of… there; my interlocutor was lost.

« Don’t pull your big words out on me, I dropped off before you even began, that is. »

Without that astonishing me, I resumed.

473- « The awareness consciousness is an Anglo-Saxon concept. Imagine yourself forgetting everything, even language, as if you were in the state of a newborn, but with all your physical faculties of adult. You would have the world to rediscover. The awareness, it is the consciousness of the sole instant that remains to you when you no longer know anything. It is an objectifying consciousness that thinks only of surviving and finds itself shared among all the living. »

« Yes, that's the basic thing, that is, the survival instinct! »

« One can say that. »

Resuming.

« Onto that, you superpose a semantic field itself of a well physical nature, like a train of waves, indispensable for taking off from the state of amoeba that would be yours in such a situation, you see! I rather see that you are dropping off again. When I say semantic field, you can see in it a terrain on which you can cultivate your forms of expression, and there I am speaking of the meaning that it takes in language. This conditions the true consistence of your memory in the long term, and the whole together constitutes, in our case of kind, the human consciousness. Capisce? »

It was clear that the Glitch was not expecting at this moment to have to undergo a course of cognitive psychology. A vague reprobation was beginning to sketch itself on his face. But I made as if to perceive nothing and quickened the flow.

« In taking a metaphor, your own consciousness can itself be seen in its whole like a particle in relation with its wave field which must be associated with it, as is fitting in quantum physics and in field mechanics. It is that of a consciousness that would be global, that would represent all the consciousnesses of the universe reunited, and that would form this vast field of consciousness like a white field residing beneath the Planck field. So to speak, the depths of the abyss of the infinitely small represent a field that is not submitted to the cosmological constants and has no pre-established signification. »

Starting from this instant, the feeling was no longer there. I sensed that the allotted time was exceeded and that it was time to close.

« Well, listen, Glitch, we will put that back to later. In any case, we are seeing each other again Tuesday at the « Combo », agreed? »

The reason for all this gibberish of micro-technicians on the most hidden recesses of the « living Machine » surely escaped the understanding of the Glitch, who was wondering what relation there was between « how things manage to think » and « what there is to think in order to do things »? Perhaps there would be a thread to pull out of all that, he said to himself!

I, Jimmy, a little fellow of a corner of Paris, after the shoeing of such an accomplice as the Glitch, a lieutenant of one of the most famous tribes of the region, felt myself growing inside myself. I had the impression of growing like a little seed at the bottom of a seed hole that emerges into the cosmopolitan light of the city and slowly deploys its parabolic antennae. I absorbed from it the imperceptible waves of the winds to come and of the course of the things of life. I wanted to be right about what it was fitting to do and to say. Cost what it may, I would get there. « Papa, that great Yoruba high priest of Dahomey knew how to go about it. » He knew how to address the Orishas and Orisha Olorun in particular to obtain his favors and his teachings. It remained for me to do likewise. For after all, until then, God had well accepted that one give him the form and the name that one wished, he took no offense at it, but he has his intransigences that one must in no case thwart. Having taken up assurance

again, I pursued the cramming of my discourse that I named in this circumstance a « discourse of conviction », and all the while walking along the principal boulevard in the direction of the family home, I felt myself like a chair master at the university. The thread of my thought continued to trace itself and repeated in a loop my retro-psycho-physical mantra. I was taking up my definitions again: « Come now, let us imagine this psi field such as a magnetic field of very high energy. In this process, the particle that must always be associated with it to characterize this field in physics is in nothing detached from this wave of frequency, it emanates from it like a drop of water that comes bouncing in the clear wave, without ever really detaching itself from it. »

At that instant, absorbed by my ideas, the setting down of my foot on the roadway at the crossing of the « Montorgueil » street and of the Bachaumont street provoked a concert of horns that brought me back to the real, just avoiding the metallic mass of a veritable « tipper wagon » tumbling down from the intersection, followed by a string of two-wheelers undulating in its wake, pushing me to turn back on my tracks. A second of introspection convinced me that one had to come back down to earth. It was time to return home without a hitch. For there is Ameele, my dear Ameele, my irreplaceable sister, terrible and sublime, who had been waiting for me for more than an hour and, each time that I was late, was going to scold me. She was already posted at the bottom of the corridor of our « family cocoon », which she used like a panopticon on the bedrooms, the entrance, all the rooms of the apartment, the windows of the neighborhood, the street, the intersection and what do I know besides that I did not see myself. Always with hyper afro hairdos with horns everywhere and her bobbin hesitating between the « Angel of the Mouve » and the « Demon of the sewers », she was going to gobble me up! And at the instant of my entry on the stage, she ironized…

« What kind of dirty guys have you met again? »

Surprised all the same at her piquancy.

« I…! »

I supposed that it was better to slip away into my lair, I already felt the Pentothal fluid of my sister running down my neck. I slipped away like a current of air. « In the first place, I have to take up my notes again, because with the Glitch and his brain of a ruminant-herbivore, I am not at the end of convincing him. » The Glitch is capable of listening, on condition that one checks well that he follows, but if one had begun, one had to go to the end of his thing. He had the reputation of confusing an aborted affair with a coitus interruptus, and he did not like that at all!

Over laser printouts, scattered in the corner of a schoolboy’s desk astonishingly small, highlighted passages, notes of additions in pencil, crossings-out in marker and a whole ballistics of trajectories in ballpoint enlivened the space of my notes and revealed all the ardor that I put into deciphering the facts. It was written there, at the place of my argumentation under work, like an axiom, which said that one had to consider « Each individual consciousness emanating from an Ipseity symbolizing a single particle in the psi field as an element of the structure of the world. ». I remembered that, according to Albert North Whitehead, studied at the end of the cycle at the Pierre Lescot high school, it was said

that outside of the experience of a conscious subject, there is nothing, nothing but the nothing. There is no reality exterior to consciousness, only of the interior combined by a unique universal law of matter-energy-time. The objective dimension of the world, it is the set of the accumulated subjections, organized in nexus of occasional experiences converging toward a new subjectivity, all the while knowing that it is not the consciousness that precedes the experience, but the experience that precedes the individual and biological consciousness. Reading this sentence, I imagined the Glitch pulling a face. I had to explain Ipseity; thus I took from the site of the « Petit Robert » the first explanation come and added it in a marginal note in pencil. « Ipseity »: That which makes an entity unique and irreplaceable, absolutely distinct from another, it is a singularity. I resumed my reading, in remembering that it was a question of an element of the systemic of Norbert Wiener in « The second cybernetics », which said that « Each element constitutes a new structure as soon as we pass from the scale of the structure to the scale of the element ». On my bed, the work of Roger Penrose on the theory known as « Orchestrated objective reduction (Orch OR) of 1994 » was there, as if intentionally posed, to remind me of it. It contained all the justifications of my overflow of enthusiasm for this mad adventure that began the day of the announcement on the radio of a totally hypocritical decriminalization of the consumption of drugs, tied to a law reinforcing the penalties for the commerce of those same products. There was there a legal vacuum of an idioleptic nature to be totally exploited.

But one had to make sure beforehand that the Glitch grasped well the nuance between the sensitiveness of the attention to the warning signs of the hassle and the latent sensibility to the openings of possible alternatives. To make the distinction of them was somewhat the open-sesame of the good intuitions that this ally of circumstance was going to have to develop in order to face the consequences of our investigations. On my notes, the most significant passages of the work of Penrose recount that the principle of consciousness operates by way of various processes, of which one that the scientists name a condensate of « Bose-Einstein », similar to a mass of particles in the plasma state expressing itself through a relational structure of coherent and harmonized functions and information. This configuration processes its streams of data at the cadence of two times twenty hertz, divided into two multiplexed cerebral zones.

I pictured to myself, at the reading of these lines, consciousness like a high-definition camera at forty flashes of data per second, but, summit of complexity, this network of proteins responsible for the reduction of waves provoking the flash of consciousness was coupled to another network of calcium ions spread out in the prefrontal cortex, functioning like a transistorized device of liaison between the sub-quantum psi field and the fermionic electromagnetic field, conferring on the physical body, by the magnetic way, the sensation of existing and the power to act.

From my scientific readings gleaned at my uncle’s, I drew a multitude of conclusions that left me hoping for a small stretch of advance on the bad luck that risked fatally falling upon me and my family in case the audacity that I supposed of myself came about, and if I finally engaged in this path without the minimal precautions. If I was honest with myself, I could even say to myself that, in all irresponsibility, there had been for a week a good stroke to play

following the sudden relations with the furtive yamakasi of the Thai pipeline of the twelfth, and that in this circumstance, my readings could well serve me. One must remember that every being has the time of one life to experience the infinite, spatial, temporal, existential. Infinite of the modes of infinity in potential and in act. The infinite beauty of a necessary horizon that founders into the not-yet-determined, and also and above all an infinitely exploitable of the present instants, that on occasion I was going to seize with the jackpot that they were supposed to contain, like when one makes water spring from a stone, no matter what may come of it.

The whole month of alternation between the Refresher Year and « reverse engineering » was pop-folklo-rock'n'roll.There was the hesitation between the lecture rooms of the ARN and the incessant removals from class to class. The quasi-daily change of the title of the courses of reverse engineering in the « Lavoisier » amphitheater, a reformer of the phlogistic, went by the denominations of inverse systemic engineering sometimes, differential thermodynamics the next day, reverse engineering of dynamic systems and again differential analysis of retro-active systems, with changes of the ranges of occupation of the amphitheater that we shared with those of the pole « instrumentations in geo-morphogenesis ».

« With the cancellations of modules, the changes of professors, the rumors of corridors on the predictions of new organizations, I had come to the point where I caught the courses at random, in function of the agitation of the place. It happened to me to follow an amphitheater course in geo-morphogenesis which said that the species that survives is the one that has the most efficient speed of displacement. »

474- I was absorbed by the studies, encouraged in that by my beloved sister. The weeks passed, the mind occupied by the maths, the physics, the combinatory logic leaving hardly any room in my imagination for the pretensions of network of the devil of Roland-Marie. Despite everything, on my couch of the balcony, I let escape a few dreams that I shared in the evening with Ameele. Thus, the thread of my mind unrolled itself without disturbing the attention to go and dissolve itself in my bed.

At the instant when I had just lost the thread of my ideas, my mobile-reminder came to recall itself to my ears. I picked up, long silence, waiting for an interlocutor six seconds then…

« Hi… « Jo »

That voice of bassoon, I would recognize it among all: « Jauko! », Jauko the charmer of the schoolyards, he always knew where his brown lock was to be found, curling around a knowingly bulged forehead of a Greek thinker. That propelled me into the other universe of the comrades of the Pierre Lescot high school, those who had had the chance to be born in the good families on every count. For this little group, the sun always seemed to shine as much in the souls as in the heads and in life itself. The happiness that they displayed to us was thrown in our face, to us the lame ones of the « Combo ». But « Jauko » was there! Not for the salvation of my soul, that was useless and he knew it, but because he surely needed to come and rub himself against the greatest corrupters that the earth has carried; the fact is that all the little fellows of this gang of the Combo were rattlers of tables before the eternal.

For them, nothing had to be definitive; having lived and participated, during my school path,

in contact with these hot heads, in events of the most unavowable of which the high school still remembers, like the tricks on the evaluation papers up to the claims against the numerous principles and rules of discipline of the high school, I had seen all their corrosive power.

« Jauko », « Houah! », hello, Que tal, I was just thinking of you these days, you see!

« Heh heh! Transmission of thought », « Your family? … »

« Yes, everyone is doing well! »

« Jauko », Remi Pichon of his real name. The Greek forehead, all of good family, was surely not calling for the news. I knew that to approach him, one had to be part of his team. The least of his reports was never without interest, and without interrogations about the ones and the others, and with him, it even bordered on paranoia. His means of good family had allowed him to play the revolutionaries with his pals of the high school whom he had known since all his path. From the middle school, he had constituted his little group of « angered ones », except that time and the pleasures of the capitalist world had ended up softening their convictions and made of them the revolutionary phalanx of the happy hour of the Combo, but the Beast could still move.

« Do you believe in the destinies, my boy? »

« – Uh…! From what I understand of my successive failures, it is that if one takes into account the principles of causalities, the hassles, despite their infinite complexity, are of a deterministic nature. Given the inflation of space-time, the deployment of the universe, all that. These are things perfectly understood. It is like the deployment of a pop-up scenery unfolding itself in a book. From the first instant of the world, the score was already written, at least the theme and the tempo. Well, to this near, that from what I have read too, every particle in this world, that it be « inert » or not, boson or fermion, is like a note in a score and has each its own capacities of self-determination, permitting them to decide their height and the moment of their implication in the score. Which renders the « interpretation » of the score of this world finally modulable and modulated to the infinite, like a « Goldberg Variations » of Bach that runs through the whole electromagnetic spectrum up to the graviton and plays their free-style, like in improvisation, that is. »

« You mean that all that you do is always in harmony, whatever you do? The sociologist Regis Debray had a comical formula for that: « We spend our life spreading our Quacks before the great Croak! » »

« Relatively, yes… According to the English philosopher A. N. Whitehead, every effective harmony requires just what is needed of chaos and of blur. The chaos must thus not be identified with evil, for the harmony requires the proper coordination of the chaos, of the blur, of the narrowness and of the breadth. But that would not suffice us to create ourselves a personal history for all that. To add what would symbolize the songs to the score of this world, one needs a story in movement to be told, one needs heart. It is for that that there is self-determination in this world, multitudes of « tropes of self-determination » in love, like so many living monads that scramble the score at their level to make of it all the song and the story. The living and its passions, it is the story of the world, the singing heart of the

orchestra, but also the model of a world like a theater made of actors being their own theater caught in a « Quaerendo invenietis » of Bach that binds them and on the score of which it would sometimes leave blanks that would stipulate « Seek and you shall find ». »

« And you base yourself on what? »

« To fill in the blanks? »

« So as not to make Quacks into Croaks in the score! »

« I improvise, I observe, I anguish and I improvise again. But I don't know where that can lead me. Why are you asking me that? »

« -You remember Jauris? »

I remembered it necessarily: that year, Jauko had left me in the lurch after a whole pile of promises and sincere commitments in our vacation projects that we were to realize together, only to finally disappear from the first days. At that moment, after having asked myself a thousand questions and having finally had to pass to something else to profit from the summer places, Jauko reappeared the eve of our departure and there, he tossed to me: « He was my teammate in the rally of the wild coast, in the year of the end of studies, you remember? We had sworn to each other to do something again together and here he is contacting me for a super opportunity. »

I remembered it perfectly and Jauko told me: « He is going to do an internship in architecture of the emergency, he frequents a collective turned toward the humanitarian aesthetics. These people teach the techniques of the decorative arts in all the countries of the world and under all the possible conditions. So, they are proposing to us to test techniques that could be employed on the sites to be rebuilt. I thought of you, who talk to me all the time about finding an idea that could propel you to the Burning Man of Black Rock City, it is the occasion, does that tempt you? »

I tended to accept everything without taking into account the consequences, and at that instant, the proposition was too allechante to renounce it, but I needed the means. What about the Glitch who was not going to let go like that of an affair engaged with the Thai « milieu » of the twelfth, and seen the little hoard that there was to collect in this affair, the necessity of adding hours to my days was beginning to point.

475- « You know me, with a proposition like that one, I run. Nothing replaces experience! Being in a position to qualify a maximum of elements of one's environment in function of one's personal experience becomes absolutely necessary to advance with a clear mind in the labyrinth of the lucrative activities. »

« I am delighted that you take it like that! We will greatly need your skills in theory of the systems. »

For the blow, that encouraged me to take up my explicative again, impatient to clarify the bottom of my reflections on the question of the intuitive flashes. I resumed.

« The physical and physiological substance of the Real emanates from a Tripole. The universe is trial! »

A dubious white noise emanated from the receiver, but I knew that one had to pursue without taking it into account.

« – In the two thousands of the capitalist era, I resumed, it was brought to light, following an experience aiming to split the magnetic field in order to isolate one of the poles into a monopole, that the magnetism cannot be isolated. Thus, in a totally unexpected manner, the researchers obtained the emergence of a third field, named the torsion field, which functions in a transversal manner to the positive and negative poles. This field has the characteristics of a wave of scale that runs through matter from the infinitely small toward the infinitely large and ensures the relation between the positive and negative poles. To understand well, it is represented by a neutral potential contained between minus zero point nine, approaching the most negative without ever reaching it, and zero point nine approaching the whole in an asymptotic manner, trans-infinitely, it symbolizes a third term of contradictory-ial liaison, that is to say contradictory and complementary simultaneously, constituting the center of the magnetic forces. It extends its influence toward the positive potential on one side starting from the included whole and its negative pole on the other. This field is of a fractal nature because it distributes the blocks of positive-negative force as such and formalizes itself by two constants of scales discovered by Mitchell Feigenbaum, the Alpha constant of two point five zero two and the Delta constant of four point six six nine, contained implicitly in all the recursive processes. In the logic of the energy exposed by Stephane Lupasco in nineteen fifty, the torsion field in question represented the T matter or dark matter that at the cosmical scale expressed itself by the lambda constant.

Conclusion, to think the world well one must abandon the dialectical reflex that proves incomplete and insufficient if one does not include in it systematically a third contradictory-ial term of liaison.

« The little detail that kills, is that this term introduces a serious complication for the resolution of the problems with three bodies in the differential calculations bearing on the gravitational influence of the celestial objects in a non-dissipative milieu as well as on your tribe the days of complication and, paradoxically, a door of resolution to this same problem, QED. »

« I reflect on it. It is the phenomenon of the multiple relations in « feedback » that always ends up as a veritable bar of soap if one lets them escape. In our future investigations whatever they be, I assure you of it, we will have to take it into account.

And meanwhile the world of before, so coercitive, was not ending its last battle. Meanwhile on the social networks the poor in spirit advocated the physical elimination of the poor in money and the grudges of the past were not ending regurgitating. After three successive illiberal regimes since the dynasty of the one-eyed man, and five usurped mandates of the coalition of the schemers finally came to the end of the good sense and of the reason that in his time, Emmanuel Kant called with his vows. Apart from the case where one feels in the depths of oneself a « child of the commune », preserving us the little lucidity that remained to us in the face of the fate of humanity.

– « Well, I am hanging up », Jauko told me. « It is six o’clock in the evening, I have not

finished my day and I have promised the parents that I would be corporate, tonight ».

Simultaneously, in a distant not so distant, the identity passions were being unleashed. At the « Bernard Maris » local in the low neighborhood of Menilmontant, a groupuscule of the « natives of the Republic » was continuing the Agit-prop. Present, all the convinced ones of the virtue of the traditions, there remained only them to save the appearances of some fidelity to an ancestral way of life, the morbidly suspicious of the colonialist past with the psychorigid of everything, the skeptics of the living-together with the traumatized of the age of lead that one had just collectively surpassed and finally all those who had seen some light. They had taken the habit of maintaining as much as possible links with the sister formations of the contestatory movements, all the historic « Blocks », the last quartons of « Femen », the multinational « Extinction Rebellion », the last of the Moiquants of the formation « Geronimo-Besenscenot » who, since their retreats, kept the respect of all the leftist movements. In such a configuration, these movements could behave like « dirty brats ». The « crossing of the desert », as they were beginning to name it among themselves, the thirty-five years of dry regime elapsed, had plunged into hibernation all these humanist, humanitarian and contestatory movements that had agitated themselves in vain during the political and sanitary crises passed. But at the hour of the renaissance, all these movements had become professionalized and the natives of the Republic were even more irritated than ever. They had found the trick to disturb the media purring by piercing the famous glass ceiling, the « Tipping point » of the network, by the regular sending of the massive and targeted scuds customary in view of the big media such as « conflict in Palestine-Israel », « treatment of the immigration », « State racism », « police violences », up to adopting for their numerical « memes » tossed in mass, scenes with tribal paintings, common actions with the historic « Black Bloc », torsos painted at will, shields of papier-mache, playing all kinds of artistic « Haka » during the coups de force, it bordered on the delirium. In this joyful phalanstery, the figure and portrait of Angela Davis dominated. The girls were in the majority and gave largely the edge to the boys. It was the environment of « Binta », the friend of Ameele, her best friend of all. Of the friends whom Ameele cherished the most, Binta was indeed the one who had the most doubts on the idea that one must make oneself of some origin of anything at all; she was there because she wanted to know where her true friends were, quite simply. But the pressure-cooker of the group of the natives was metamorphosing into a nuclear reactor. It was natural for Binta to move away. The fact is that Binta had the intelligence of the sensibility, the rightness of view and the notion of a justice for equity, and it was with these qualities that she was going to be able, in the eyes of Ameele, to awaken my soul, me her brother. The fact is that they had both the intention of plotting a plan worthy of the true go-betweens of the eighteenth century; they wanted to give me my sentimental and spiritual education.