The Smith of the Gods

50 - « The Seventeen She-Wolves »

500- On the campus of Jussieu, the discussions on the gene TrxG-1/2-PeG were in full swing, some even advanced that it was due to the planetary hydric stress. But my subject of concern was elsewhere, I had to find the means to procure myself enough money for my expedition to the greatest « human be-in » that the planet had known, the « Burning Man » of Black Rock City in the Nevada desert, with always the muffled and nagging music of a near end coming out of the Tartarus and the Styx of my unconscious. There was always Jauko who had let me understand that he knew well the tribe of the Glitch and that it supplied the essential of the recreational for western Paris. It was not so much the idea of digging into the prospect of a network of nannies, but of meeting a world mysterious to my eyes, and that fanned my curiosity. Ameele was the first to applaud this project and the expedition with Jauko and the Glitch was planned for the next day, on the sly from the parents who could not understand that we compromised ourselves thus outside the walls. The Glitch, a lieutenant of the tribes, had obtained his passport thanks to his uncle, an uncle of the system, godfather of the marsh and of the 20th arrondissement with his eight pizzerias from the center to Belleville and his contact with the Dark Army for the pipeline of blow. The expedition organized itself on velocipedes at daybreak, the best way to pass the electronic barriers which control the agglomeration at the risk of an administrative interrogation. The movements in western Paris remained complicated, the denser the population, the more numerous and important the risks of clashes. One had better possess an azimuthal quantum AI to avoid the racketeering which can occur despite the unfalsifiability of the passports of the Empire, but the Glitch did not seem stressed, the road, he knew it! After two hours of cyclo-dalic wanderings, the damp veil of the morning was lifting, the urbanism was growing rarer all the while leaving remarkable embeddings, abandoned concrete superstructures framing islets of organized vegetal oases. The Glitch pointed out to us the progressive disappearance of the traffic lights, of the advertising panels, which the population did not regret, of any signage, fruit of the rapine of metal, and announced to us the symptoms of the concentration of the tribes on the horizon. « Around noon, we will have arrived at the camp of the Maladrerie », he asserted. We headed toward the camp of the « seventeen she-wolves », one of the first tribes born of the social collapse and of the generalized isolation of the years 2030. I felt a form of worry and a boiling excitement at the coming discovery of this pirate universe. Would I be up to it, I, a little unfinished Yoruba who could not reach a lamp? I was beginning to suffer in the thighs, I had never ventured so far by bike. Ameele, on the other hand, seemed to want to win the stage and displayed a smile I did not know of her. The Glitch signed us to turn right and Jauko, who was to close the march, had left me behind. The slowing down of the expedition provoked in me a feeling of sudden expectancy which led my heart to race. Given what was told in the neighborhoods about the nomads, a remainder of worry subsisted as to their benevolence. The Glitch put foot to the ground when a big fellow came to make him a particular sign which I could not identify. Apparently, the welcome seemed warm. It was a tribe lieutenant in charge of welcoming the visitors. We took the road again toward a zone

where a few groups of caravans alternated with architectures recently occupied, mixed with improvised encampments embedded in an urbanism in a state of premature absence. The atmosphere was becoming frankly nomadic, laundry hung out in every corner, the population of domestic animals criss-crossing the urban spaces: dogs, cats, piglets, goats and sheep. The presence of the donkey represented without question the timeless image of the Bohemia, and said well that we had arrived at the kingdom of the tribes. Another quarter of an hour, we entered an intensely organized fringe where we crossed places which meant that we no longer knew whether we were on a public way or on a farmyard. The effigies of she-wolves emerged from everywhere on the bodywork, rivaling in virtuosity, each displaying different styles of graphs. The Glitch signed us that we had arrived at the camp with a curl of the hand and little by little the faces of a welcome committee appeared, receiving us like members of the family, I was moved by it. On the right, a row of Chevrolets, of Dodges and a brand-new Ranger Raptor 3 rubbed shoulders with an old Berliet converted to gasogen, hood open with the engine taken down. All of that formed the enclosure of the gate of the colony. A bit beyond the gaze, petanque grounds which was the national sport of the tribes and above all a specialty of the tribe of the « seventeen she-wolves ». It made its reputation with its pink pills of ecstasy which simulated the LSD, plus its chromium-vanadium nunchakus. Ameele was beside herself, she had taken off five centimeters from the ground and was not going to come back down until our return. Barely arrived, I had the impression that she had become a cousin of the tribe whom they had not seen again since time immemorial. She dropped her bike on the pile and escaped into the domotic meanders of her new family. I continued to make a good figure without knowing whether I should smile or look serious, it was at that moment that a warrior of the steppes of Asia, tall as a pygmy, his eyes full of prickles, came to throw me a clod of what seemed to be clay, and the unchaining of a little piglet which tried itself at licking my thigh, which triggered a general burst of laughter. All the relations had thawed and the question of knowing whether I should look serious or not no longer made sense. Nour, with a motherly smile, dressed in a trekking outfit, came to accost me joking: « If you refuse the single combat with our little « Sun Tzu » ones, they are going to put you in the lockup, you see », she joked, and proposed to me to come and change in her bohemian lair. She took me toward a beautiful double-axle mobile-home at the corner of a street which was occupied with archery shooting ranges. She sat enthroned at the side of a group of igloo tents and camping-cars. In less than two, I found myself in my briefs in an adventuress's tent, awaiting the return of my pants after having noted with Nour, « my new instant friend », that my pants size did not figure in her stock of recovery cast-offs, it was not a common size. It is the privilege of the small ones to trouble the world with logistics. I ended up rummaging through her jumble of recovered clothes and found leather pants in my size, « Banco ». With my Stetson boots, I had class, here I was ready to confront the camp. Jauko joked at my appearance at the step of the mobile-home: « Well, a rasta-gypsy! », in a thunderous burst of laughter and followed up with: « You have a new family now ». Nour attested in a « He is our darling! ». I was impatient to meet the camp, we went to tramp the courses and detours of this gypsy maze in search of Ameele when we met lieutenants who were easily recognizable by their appearance. Always fairly sturdy fellows, displaying somewhere a distinctive subtlety, and always giving the impression that they were in the action. « Hey, you haven't seen a young Togolese girl with braids like goat horns pass by, by any chance? » – « The

girls are over there », they answered, showing us a military-origin camp shelter. We did not know the customs for knocking at the door of a tent and tried to hail the tenant of the place. It was Alix whom Jauko had met during the events of the Maladrerie. Alix was the flaneuse of the camp of the seventeen she-wolves, hard to meet, always in movement. She possessed an absolute memory of the places down to every burrow crossed in the surroundings, almost beyond the department. Alix appeared and let us in. There, Ameele, with a smile I did not know of her, threw us a « Hi tourists », they had taken out cards and planned, without consulting us, an expedition by night in the light of the moon. A lieutenant was there and was trying to get us aboard a house pils-trip with the Arizona-pink of their own making, Alix advised Ameele to take nothing because she risked missing something extraordinary by the natural way. The decision of the adventure to the Arizona-pink was taken and Alix was going to guide us. Night fallen, after having made a little tour through the Ummah of the seventeen she-wolves with the lieutenant with the magic pils, two other adventure companions picked up along our visit in the village of tipis followed us. Belina, a former chartered accountant, and her warrior son « Sun Tzu », twelve years old, yet another one, who possessed a photovoltaic Volkswagen combi repainted in rainbow colors. Finally, the lieutenant with his folk guitar on his back, Jauko, Ameele and myself swallowed the marvelous pink pill with the she-wolf’s head and the expedition undertook the road in the tracks of Alix. The psychotropic state was going to rise very slowly during the way. The night remained very clear. We had to go back up the old departmental road abandoned for a century to the three-lane national road which runs alongside the French Gatinais. All of a sudden, Alix plunged into the bushy copses below the road, we followed her and there everything changed. We had the impression that the hour, the day, the year had slipped, that we had just jumped an interstice in the fabric of the world. The atmosphere became muffled, resembling wadding. We looked at each other, intrigued and interrogative: « It frizzles in my ears, does it do that to you too? », « Me, I have the impression of walking on cotton », Ameele told me. Jauko was still trying to crawl at the head of the procession following Alix who cared little about us. She signed us « to the right! », with a finger pointed like the needle of a compass toward the North and vanished. She had taken a byroad which looked well maintained and frequented. The locals had baptized this road « the wigwam way » for the dozens of Baba cool who had established their ranch there. The noise of our soles emitted creaks and slaps which paced our advance in the night. Looking at the Sioux getup each of us displayed, we gave the impression of a furtive quarteron advancing toward the road of glory. To port, the scenery stood out in the brightness of the almost full moon, the moon of the lycanthropes, Belina joked. The dark and dancing lace of the trees stood up like a corridor toward the far-off and let the starred infinity show through intermittently, adorned with its oblong star with silver glints. It was a cosmic drop cap laid on a page of our history which added a new episode to it so that the pleasure of life may continue. Hootings began the concerto of the night birds of every kind. In the silence of the night, it was the song of the beetles and of the lepidoptera which reigned and dominated the hatchways. It vibrillates, sissifies, buzzes, whizzes, frantically in every direction. The night, it is the moment of the insects, of the small ones, the most numerous, and of the most fragile, the rarest. In the light of the moon, the glow-worms threw a challenge to the fireflies lodged on the other slope of the road. I called out to the lieutenant who had a tendency to laugh alone: « What am I to call you? », I said to

him as I approached. « Galouzo, the king of the bamboo tipi », « of the bamboo tipi? », « yes, I have a technique for making bamboo joints for the tipis ». As he was telling me this, a cloud of midges and of dwarf ladybirds in a nuptial ballet fluttered to crown our heads. Sphinxes and bombyxes came as spectators. Visibly, the animals of nature were informed of our presence. The steady step was becoming erratic at the arrival of a mass of lepidoptera. Nothing was missing but the horde of the heterocera behind the neuroptera to finish distracting the column. One more gust of Sciaridae or of Ephydridae, coming as reinforcement to mingle with antlions guided by fireflies, revealed a truly city-like activity of this world of the arthropods. They scattered their luciferin in the air and left for the occasion a sensation of druidic mystery. The midges were becoming shiny. Jauko burst out laughing: « a red one », « a blue one », « oh! a mauve one ». He had started turning in circles, his nose in the air in search of the Tinker Bells. Everyone was there, nose in the air, watching for a sign. Belina had started hopping, talking to us about a fluorescent butterfly with giant wings. We all found ourselves scattered mikado-fashion, except little « Sun Tzu » who was watching his mom frankly delirious. We took to experimenting with our pericoenaesthetic sensations by reproducing monkey tricks addressed to each other. Galouzo was mumbling « maoua-je-moulangerle-lesmous », « moi-jomeleugeaire-loumeeuh », « moi-jemeuh… », clearly the pils were beginning their rise on the little band of psychonauts. I saw them decked out with African masks painted in devilishly comic ways and the movements I was making gave the impression of displacing space. Alix turned back, realizing that the squad of Sioux had greatly dispersed. « At this rate, we will not have arrived, the Kidoux ». The column set off again in the dumbfounded silence of each on the furrow of the strolling star. Alix was crowned with a halo of blue diamonds projecting their glints beyond the firmament. She began to gravitate slowly, drawing us into her suction along a path more and more narrow and more and more twirly toward the magic mount. As much as the path was dark, so much the spirits of nature lit up with a thousand fires and with thousands of millions of colors. The ground concealed a carpet of precious crystals and of dancing mushrooms. Were the pink pills going to keep on rising like that? We were surprised at their rapidity. A clearing opened to us at the top of a hill, which Alix reserved to the only initiates. We suddenly had the feeling of being as close as possible to the moon. Ameele had metamorphosed into a damselfly fairy and was developing a choreography all in grace while Belina continued her butterfly hunt and ran everywhere. Galouzo was rolling in the grass listening to the voices of the queen of the insects. Only Jauko seemed still to have both feet on the ground but was pushing me looks like bursts of glass marbles at the bottom of a well, then he asked me whether one could not lower the light. Myself, I felt my feet treading a carpet of frosted grass which crunched under my steps. I had frozen feet, barely warmed knees, hips breathing warmth, shoulders on fire and a head like a nozzle from which a column of steam was escaping. The crystals of frost were transforming into a wave of majestic rainbow diamonds. Little « Sun Tzu » preferred to take refuge in the wings of Alix who was alone with him in keeping her head. The clearing lit up by our sole presence and Alix signed us to calm down while committing us to organize ourselves in a circle around her. She began her usual ritual, arranging a chain of stones and pebbles in a circle with a few twigs and lit a small hearth which she protected with three big logs, asking us to take care of it during the psychonautic journey, then began her real tale. She commenced her long elaboration of the genesis of the

word. « In the beginning was the sound », « from sound is born language which is the crash of the world », « at the moment when speaking engages us, the word is no longer language », « the word borrows the voice of the heart », « but we have our language, the language of Mother-wolf », « the language of Mother-wolf is the language of the heart », « the language of the heart draws its source from the aromas of the moon », « such is the mantra of the strollers for the quietude of the tribes ». Alix took up her mantra again in a loop which little « Sun Tzu » listened to religiously. « From sound is born language which is the crash of the world », « the language of Mother-wolf is the language of the heart », « the language of the heart draws its source from the aromas of the moon », « the aromas of the moon are the ferments of the human soul »… then she began the epic of the seventeen she-wolves. The travelers of the strange that we all formed had greatly sobered up, attentive to the words of Alix, the storyteller maker of languages. She sat enthroned standing before the fragile and precious hearth, wrapping it in a warm aura, and we, cross-legged, mouths open, eyes wide, beneath the firmament, we were wandering utterly hallucinating.

501- Our spirit was going, each imagining himself crossing parallel universes by our sole super-powers. I still heard intermittently the mantras of Alix: « the language of the heart draws its source from the aromas of the moon », « the aromas of the moon are the lineaments of our attachment to the world »… I saw at the falling instant of the moon a rain of big multicolored gene filaments bathing the meadow, plunging us into a felicity I had never met. Space, little by little, was dissolving and I felt myself irremediably leaving. Spiraled « splay » of yellow and blue elliptical navel-hairs rose before me, spiraled « bend » of mauve or violet sounds, shapes and feelings invaded my senses, twisted bent waves of hyperbolic navels constituted the ambient air, generating in the movement parabolic-mushroom navels which epic themselves in the corners and parabolic breaker navels forming the dwarf spirits appearing from everywhere. I found myself embarked in a vortex of fusion of space-time, sensual, sensitive and sensorial, dodeca-sensational doubling and devilishly magnificent but anguishing all at once. Totally uncontrollable madness, putting to the test my rasta temerity and my mental coherence. I always had that idiopathic reflex of saving face when everything was derailing and I felt absurd. A moment arrives when one must let go. The tempest carried me away, the colors, the shapes, the sounds, the senses, time, existence itself, I was no longer anything but the essence of myself, I was no longer anything but nothing, I no longer knew anything, I was nothing, nothing had any meaning since the words which invaded me were empty because I was « Everything » since all time and then nothing mattered any more… When one is there, the whole structure of the universe has to be rebuilt and the way seemed long to come back to civilization. Fortunately, the journey was timed and the tempest calmed itself naturally at the elimination of the molecule, failing which we would end up totally psychotic. The return to earth resembled the landing of a parachutist who would have had to recite patiently all the fundamental mantras of the science of language during his fall, to merit again his place among the earthlings. And there! The reward, once the work accomplished, signed itself each time with the same allegories, the image of a breaker, of a wave like that of Hokusai exhausting its force on the sandy shore of destiny, opening to us new dimensions and new opportunities. At dawn, Alix signaled the end of the recreation and we undertook the way back toward the camp. All the heads had become relatively empty, still haunted by the

mantras of Alix, exhausted by this eventful night, but exchanging our extraordinary experiences with relish like children. The journey was made in a relative silence, somewhere not displeased to have become again viable human beings but stunned by the night. We were impatient for a little rest. Belina offered Jauko a space in her tipi with her son, which he accepted with pleasure. Galouzo was galloping ahead, we no longer existed for him at this hour. Alix told me in passing that she no longer had room in her canteen which she had to share with Ameele, but added: « I am going to introduce you to Providence, a Cheyenne of the camp, she repairs the tents for the colony, she will have an igloo for you ». At the camp of the seventeen she-wolves, they named Cheyennes all the defectors from the other tribes of the country whom Mother-wolf had adopted. Arrived at the quarter of the tipis, Jauko, Belina and « Sun Tzu » left in their direction, then I followed Alix and Ameele to a small local improvised as a clinic for canvas shelters. A bit in the half-dark, a woman swaddled from head to feet in disposable protections, mask and glasses, was working on an oversized pedal sewing machine. « Let me introduce you to Providence, and Providence, let me introduce you to Jimmy » – Delighted, I mumbled without too much conviction, the need for sleep must have been readable on my face and Providence had well understood. She stood up and, removing her mask, revealed a magnificent smile, then led us into a backyard where she was installing and testing her tents. A magnificent canvas beetle the size of a truck garage welcomed me for the night. « There you go, fully equipped », Providence told me while sketching a gesture of welcome. I familiarized myself quickly with this new environment, spartan in appearance but efficient, with the luxury of a beautiful copper basin under a water fountain near a bed worthy of a Saudi prince. After removing my Stetsons, I lay down directly under the duvet, completely worn out. Like a young recruit, I always huddled in the same fetal position, the nose virtually plunged toward the furrow of hypnagogia, trying to press with all my weight on the axis of the globe. The sparkle of the fovea was beginning to pierce under the dark canvas of the eyelids and generated rosaries of colored shapes, clouds of cosmic dust, semblances of objects sketching themselves and vanishing ceaselessly. The memory of Nour came back to my mind and I imagined myself in her arms for a moment, then sharing common friends in the camp of the seventeen she-wolves. I was taking up our adventure backwards to the summit of the initiatory hill and, while accessing the top of the magic mount, the cloakroom service of the very private club of dreams presented its lair. I left there again my memories, my GPS, my kinesthetic sensations and my notions of gravity. « Have a good stay, sir, here is your cloakroom ticket! ». At the entrance of the club, I was looking for the presence of Cassowary who usually waited for me at the door. « Behind you », he breathed in my ear. Surprise was also one of the specificities of Cassowary. What do you have to propose to me? I began, waiting for him to appear, always with that same smile from ear to ear. This time, he was frankly leaning to the left. « I must take you to Thot-Hermes, he dispatched me to conduct you to his communication agency », he affirmed to me. Once again, you are going to tell me to wait until we arrive at the agency to know what it is about. « Absolutely not, we are there ». Indeed, I recognized the old Thot who this time displayed an imposing mustache. « Ah! Jimmy, you arrive at the right moment », he told me, « we are investigating the murder of « Beni-balou-dana » due to a dark machination which led to his beheading under the sentence of the redoubtable goddess Sekhmet, the armed arm of the God Re. I preferred that you take part in the investigation because it could

very well happen to you ». Thot intrigued me squarely, my survival depended on it. Cassowary proposed to the old Thot to recall to me the fundamentals of the Enneads and Thot acquiesced. « In the beginning was Atum emerging from the Nihil, the father, and from his daughter the Noun, he became Re, creator of everything, then he generated Tefnout, the humid and fertile void which became Hathor. From Hathor are born Shou, the breath of life, and Geb, the nourishing earth of the Nile and of the hot sand of the desert. On the earth, Geb installs the Mast of Djed, origin of the existence of the Gods, but also Apophis, the enemy serpent of Re. From Djed emerges Sekhmet, the protective goddess of the God Re from the harmful actions of the serpent Apophis, then Osiris and Isis, the protective couple of Egypt, as well as Seth and Nephthys, his sister and wife, passer of the souls of the dead, as well as Anubis, his faithful assistant. Isis and Osiris gave birth to Horus and, for the occasion, Geb will share his kingdom. The desert to Seth, who cannot have a child, and to his brother Osiris, the fertile soils of the delta of the Nile. Thus, Osiris, attracting the jealousy of Seth, will be assassinated later under his blows. Horus will avenge the death of his father and will form with Seth a divine duo characterized by their rivalry, each wounding the other for the murder of Osiris. From this confrontation leading to the putting out of the eye of Horus is issued Thot, the lunar god, considered as their common son and master and servant of these places. » At that instant, Cassowary, with his naive air, asked Thot: « But who is this « Beni-balou-dana »? » « An innocent », Thot answered, « he is only the object of a dark machination which is not going to stop there, one must absolutely intervene ». This revelation led me into a retro-turnabout toppling me to the summit of my inner SimCity, scrutinizing the meanders of an architecture begun but never finished and proliferating at its own convenience. In this architecture of the immature and erratic intimate, I suddenly hoped to find the reasons for such an involuntary drama. Who was this Beni-balou-dana and what did this assassin want of me, who was he? I felt the presence of the Great Other behind me and his influence froze my blood. Thus, I escaped in buzzing gyro-movements of my ankle-wings in search of a certain crazy-garage that Plato kept somewhere in my endo-imaginary and which was polishing its chains for whoever cared to grab them in order to make its fat of the land. It fell where my choice was that it fall due at the term of my last hypno-dream and, as a sage as I know he is, he was there. « Master Plato! », I began with a hypothetical voice, but Master Plato was ignoring me and derogated in nothing from the rule of « I have nothing to do with it! ». In vain did I twirl around, nothing was of any help, impossible to catch him with the four eyes. Did he have any? I grabbed a chain which brought me back to him and mentioned to him his choppers heating up which only seek to be in the knowledge and in the view of all his well-wishers. Plato acquiesced to this pertinent argument and granted me a little attention. « What do you have so important to tell me that you twirl around me like that? ». « Master Plato », I told him, « during my last hypnagogic passage, I noticed that you touched a multitude of consciousnesses with your chains and your choppers and I was wondering whether you could not ask your chained-chopped of the erudite people who read you whether by chance somebody would not know a certain Beni-balou-dana? », « Do not speak of misfortune », he answered me, « this story was born of a conflict between Thot and Ptah, I do not meddle in it ». Where can I have this information, Master? I asked him. « Search in the depths, one finds everything there ». Endowed with this advice, I pursued my investigations beyond the routine which closed the doors to my extravagance and plunged

into the incongruous. I burst out laughing uselessly into the void: « Does anybody know a certain Beni-balou-dana? », « Beni-balou-dana? », but nothing came out of it, I found myself again with the old Thot and nothing had advanced. Despite this failure, Thot proposed to me a collaboration I could not refuse, I was going to obtain a temporary press card of the prestigious Hatchepsout-press to investigate the murder of Beni-balou-dana. « Master Thot, being a novice, I would have a certain number of questions about the journalistic practices in hypnagogic milieu, notably whether the network connection extends in the whole domain of the inner world and beyond? ». « The network extends everywhere there exists a network to connect provided that you possess the codes to access it », Thot answered me. « And do you possess quantum AIs in the editorial staff? », I added. « Of course, but they speak to us in an unknown and indescribable language ». Endowed with this information, I tried to connect myself to verify all these assertions. An anonymous of the editorial staff, without a face, accepted to back me up in my investigations. I noticed first of all that the access codes of the sessions were easy to crack, one could make as many attempts as one wished, it sufficed to have a bit of imagination and I had more than the whole editorial staff reunited. I thus spent much time scrutinizing the World Wide Dream hunting for complicated first names. I found a multitude of « Beni something », plenty of « Balou », « Baloulou », « Babalou » and « Dana » by the shovelful, but no « Beni-balou-dana ». One access, despite everything, resisted me and left only a laconic text field on a gray background without any indication. I sensed that this one was not going to let itself be had. The field demanded eight characters and a single attempt. I attempted an intrusion with a logical sequence like that of Fibonacci: « 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13 », the field vanished while stipulating that I had to wait a millennium before the next attempt! At its reappearance a few instants later, not being the kind to let myself be impressed by a machine, I made an attempt with the prime numbers: « 2, 3, 5, 7, 11, 13 ».

502- Miracle, the logical wall had just given way. Strangely I had the feeling of knowing this environment. Portals like « Trans-connect » and « France-connect », networks like ARIANE and ARPANET, the Googlie network and a totally idiolectical dark web, typical of the neurosis of humans in a state of waking. It was as if in a state of waking consciousness, I suddenly accessed an internet network of the unconscious! The paradox was overturning. The windfall was too good, I typed in the Googlie field, « Beni-balou-dana » and in response Googlie absented itself in a worrying manner, then nothing, then anything whatsoever in the fashion of the hypno-psychic intra-intra-net. No trace of a Beni-balou-dana neither in the world of waking, nor in the virtual world, nor in the hypno-psychic world. My investigation was proving delicate. I remembered that a conflict, maybe even unconscious, was smoldering between Thot and Ptah, I thus decided to pay a friendly visit to the terrible and characterful demiurge Ptah constituting the second key of my enigma. Crossing again the exasperated cyclo-boules players, met during my last sequence in the tapestry of my unconscious, I questioned them again on the direction of the ptahtic labyrinth, lair of the Master. As usual they got worked up and disappeared. The gyro-movements were no longer working and I found myself constrained to row. The inconvenience is that the psychic arms do not have the same efficiency as the physical arms and to want to row in one’s dream is not to displace forces and particles but to stir up the past, the lived experience, to make it say what it has not yet said. I found myself confronted with my memory which was beginning to scatter in a

worrying manner between reality, dream, and the network which is our deported memory. A moment arrives when, by dint of reading in volume and in quality, one can find oneself with five volumes open simultaneously, and at that instant we can hear the dialogue of the open pages in conversation resurrecting through their voices the great agora of thought. And if the intention came to you to relate, like a faithful secretary, the report of the typological meditations under way, a pen can sometimes nestle in your texts, a sign of the presence of the angel of the libraries. It is a precious ally for a reporter investigator of the Hatchepsout-press that I had become, and that encouraged me to persevere. The only thing to know is that the angels of the libraries reveal their power only in writing and interfere in nothing in the chaining of the events, they relate reality only. But to write an article it is the top. And to possess a pen of the angel of the libraries was worth more than my provisional card of the Hatchepsout editorial staff. Encouraged by this precious sign which confirmed my place in the famous organ, I felt myself up to confronting the intimidating Ptah. I was once again going to have to cross the fortress Labyrinth that the god of the forge had built up around his workshop. There was first the smallest of the big doors to spot and to manage to catch the handle of the unfolding door which girds the access to the corridor that runs away. Ptah is also the god of the complicated architectures but his corridors, however improbable and convoluted they be, always end up, by dint of patience, provided that one has the sense of orientation, by leading straight to the goal. And here I was accessing it, on the step of the door of his workshop. « My respects Master Ptah, it is the Hatchepsout-press that sends me ». Ptah scrutinized me and ended up sketching a smile. « What do you want of me, young patrician? ». « my editorial staff is in search of information on the death of a certain Beni-balou-dana ». « And what is your name, first of all? ». « Jimmy, Master », « Jimmy, you are talking to me about Kott-cain, a mercenary of the manipulation refugeed in a troll farm based at the antipodes. », but how do you know that, Master Ptah? « he is in the habit of the coups de force on behalf of Sekhmet, there would be nothing surprising in his being the author of it, but I have no proof of it whatsoever. It is up to you to do this work, young man ». Following this discussion, things were established, for the rest of my investigation I had to approach the terrible Sekhmet at my own risks and perils. Getting informed at the editorial staff about the pedigree of the lion goddess whom everybody dreads, I obtained her address with all the necessary recommendations. I proposed to Cassowary to accompany me, with his smile from ear to ear, one can deflate any situation of tension whatever it may be. The atmosphere had relaxed and we felt ourselves growing wings. The overflight of the absolute domain was thus done in wingsuit mode up to the antipodes, able to accelerate, to change direction instantaneously at the risk of getting lost. Cassowary was tracing ahead, I suspected him of knowing the way for all the time he had been hanging about in the Hatchepsout editorial staff. Arrived at the indicated address, what was not my surprise, a little house half « quiet » half « cute » and totally ridiculous with an inscription above a little bell in a campanula petal. « pull the bobbin and the chime will ring ». A nursery rhyme resounded in our ears and a Blond lady with an elusive face and a husky voice came to open to us with a magnificent she-cat in her arms. It was Bastet the Cat Goddess or else Sekhmet on her good days. The goddess extended her paw to us in a perfectly gracious manner and enjoined us to enter her cattery. The lady said not a word, Bastet pointed out to us that she was authorized to express herself only to utter something interesting and that in any case, she had nothing else

to do than to obey. We are investigators of the Hatchepsout, and we are looking for information on a certain Kott-cain. The Goddess shrugged and pricked up her ears like points of assegai. « We are in the land of the troll farms here, and of the dirty guys the streets are full. Your Kott-cain, it is a pseudo of a mercenary, these people have no scruples ». « But why did you come to settle in such a place? » I asked her. « I must manage my world-famous site, « The power of the cat tree », and from here the connections are faster. Moreover at a moment of our history a « re-awakened » crossed the gray portal with the help of glasses of syntunization of the « Tron » type using the auditory synesthetic channel which allowed him to navigate simultaneously in his psychoactive pseudo-real space in a state of waking all the while circulating on our holy hypnagogic network. We immediately decreed its confiscation, at the principle of which, bringing back memories of the dream world is prohibited for these ordinary re-awakened ones. We studied its principle which we reversed in such a way that from now on with these glasses we can control the World Wide Web from the depths of the unconscious ». « Bravo, Goddess », I expressed with, despite everything, a twinge of worry as to the consequences of such a reversal. The only thing which remained for us to do was to retrieve the true identity of this Kott-cain without raising attention onto our investigations. Bastet indicated to us again that this famous Kott-cain was active in the troll factory « Cyber Front Z » but Cassowary, who is anything but reckless, pointed out to me that Thot feared that I was in his line of sight and that approaching him carried a fatal risk. Bastet indicated to us a registration office at the center of the antipodes, in the middle of the troll factories, « this officine assigns an exploitation number to the haters and keeps the register of it, there you will have your information », she added. Rendered at the office of the antipodes, the retrieval of the information was done in all discretion. It was a certain « Bartley Mac Mahes » originating from the Manu-Maine. Endowed with this new key, we cleaved again the mental space in wingsuit straight toward the editorial staff. Barely arrived, we shared out the task, it was about revealing the identities of the protagonists but above all about discovering the true sponsor of this odious machination. To Cassowary the tracking of Bartley Mac Mahes while I would go looking for tips on Beni-balou-dana. Cassowary advised me to begin with the editorial staff, there are formidable bloodhounds at the Hatchepsout-press. He indicated to me an editor toiling over a poor keyboard which clackety-clopated with suffering. I dared not approach him but Cassowary called out to him. « He wants info on a Beni-balou-dana », he threw. The editor turning his head, I found myself facing a guy with an ineffable aspect at first approach. He possessed a turned-around face which meant that facing him we were staring at his mouth and not his eyes, the top of his face displayed a magnificent beard perfectly trimmed and combed and then the bottom of the face kept a small tousled tuft in the shape of a goatee, it was disconcerting. The turned-around mouth began its lesson: « you do not know the expression Beni-balou-dana? Beni signifies an individual who masters the shamanic journey, Balou corresponds to the one who masters the hypnagogic journey and Dana represents an awakened dreamer who has the power to jostle destiny, your fellow has the particularity of mastering the three », then plunged back into his keyboard. Cassowary pointed out to me that I had to get moving because, being twenty years old, in seven years the prophecy will rank me among the figures of the famous club of the 27 become 57, Jimy Hendrix, Jim Morrison, Janis Joplin, Brian Jones, Kurt Cobain, Amy Winehouse, JM Basquiat, Dino Stones, maybe myself and soon a new Beni-balou-dana and so many others

besides, I had an interest in shaking my behind. Then an infernal clamor resounded in the firmament of the « domain of absolute overflight without edges » invading the whole volume of the understanding, « rooaac », « rooaac-rooaac », « you see me », « you see me », « rooac », « rooac » then a violent flash of light and the whole weight of my body avenging itself for the excesses of the day before.

503- The tender and benevolent face of Nour appeared at the foot of the bed. « Well, you slept ten hours, guy, and night is almost falling », she joked while shaking her head. This time I was disturbed by her presence and by the feelings I bear her. Straightening up to recover my spirits, I asked her instinctively whether there was a Bartley Mac Mahes in the camp? « You know, the camp represents eighteen hectares of grounds, six hundred vehicles, there are the « photo-autonomous » ones on solar which constitute the village of tipis that you visited yesterday evening, the « Gazos » on gasogen which carry out the rapine of wood, the « HVBs » on recycled vegetable oils, the « combusteurs » motorized with the fuel cell, the « fossils » which still burn fuel oil for their motorization. If one counts an average of six dwellers per vehicle, that makes three thousand six hundred souls in the Ummah. I do not know everybody, but ask Mother-wolf, she has kept the register of the tribe since the origin. » I was going to leave Nour to find the Glitch again in the camp and to thank warmly Providence for her hospitality. Usually, the lieutenants are where the scrap-metal action is, it suffices to prick up one's ear and to listen to the resonances of the street. A little group was active on the left of the axis of the central way, a dozen lieutenants were circling around an improvised paper furnace to place there a crucible of soft cast iron and there, in the background, my Glitch, leaning against a Scots pine, was whistling the song of the tribes. He signed to me and announced to me at the approach that he had obtained ten kilos of Afghani from a contact in the camp, and that it was going to happen tomorrow morning. We were going to be able to enjoy the camp of the seventeen she-wolves a little longer. Ameele, Jauko and myself had stars full in the eyes. In the twenty-four hours passed in the camp since our arrival, we discovered and exchanged a myriad of feelings of unknown and all different natures that our a priori of patricians in the way of slow destitution could not suspect. Our affective emotions were shaken up a hundred times more than what one lives in a year in our city routine. The natives adopted consciously or unconsciously the benevolence of Mother-wolf and possessed a mischievous and curious spirit proper to the nomads, I was impatient to meet them all. Mother-wolf possessed a superb « Airstream Pottery Barn » on a vintage base in the circum-topic lot of the camp. Nour rejoined us and led us on the way to dear Mother who would without doubt know how to answer us. Our strolls in the intimacy of the seventeen she-wolves opened to us a space of organization that we cannot suspect from Paris. Anonymity does not exist here, you settle yourself for a few seconds somewhere in the camp and straightaway somebody comes to exchange a few impressions and feelings with you as if you were the friend of always sharing the destiny of the Ummah. We tinkled-strolled through the canteens and the trailers of the camp which ceaselessly remodeled the scheme of the territory of the Ummah. Nothing resembled anything and everything had a name. The whole diversity of human nature concentrated itself over a few strides and Nour seemed to know everybody all along our meandering progression, going from court to court, followed by a string of piglets, dogs, lambs, and even cats watching over

the advance of the group from the roofs and the watchtowers. Approaching a strange « Dymaxion », a young woman was cultivating sweet peas which she had taken the habit of disseminating to whoever wanted them in the camp and which had the particularity of invading the bohemian hearths of the Ummah. That brought a touch of lightness at the edge of the trailers and of the tiny-houses in every corner of the nomad village. « Ameele and Jimmy », she told us, « let me introduce you to Zeline ». The friend of Nour revealed a face full of charm, emerging from the bushes of petals of watercolor colors. Her bodily expression, all in spontaneity and subtlety, made of her an endearing woman. After a few exchanges, we parted while promising to see each other again and the little Indian file continued its snaking toward the refuge of Mam-wolf. The circum-topic lot is constituted by agglutination of caravans of lieutenants who negotiated among themselves the position to adopt with respect to Mother-wolf, a function of their importance, and end up forming an organization in the shape of a neuron, extending its axons of infrastructure and its influences into all the places of the camp. Penetrating into the circum-topic lot, one senses arrangements much better thought out and structured than in the rest of the camp. The pathway continues by following the tours and the detours constituted of hitches much more impressive than at the periphery. Here, the Dodges rub shoulders with the Raptor Shelby, alternating with gleaming double-axle urbanisms. We arrived at the superb all-alu Airstream of the Mother of the seventeen she-wolves. The door of Mother-wolf is always open and always surrounded by the vigilance of the lieutenants. Arrived at the circum-topic point of the camp, the atmosphere was for fun and the little group installed in front of her trailer seemed to want to commit a mad party for the evening. The door of the Airstream was wide open and Mother-wolf appeared in jubilation. She recognized Nour and invited us to take part in the communion of joy of her pack of wolf cubs which was preparing itself this evening. We acquiesced eagerly and asked for an audience. She let us into her lair where everything seemed to have strictly its place, the atmosphere was balancing between the post of a countryside HQ and the laboratory of Merlin the enchanter. On the principle, any lieutenant is susceptible of assisting Mother-wolf in her administrative tasks. To the question of knowing whether a certain Bartley Mac Mahes had resided in the camp, Mother-wolf sent us back to a lieutenant slumped on a garden bench. He accompanied us with enthusiasm into the trailer and rummaged through the registers. « Indeed, there is a Bartley Mac Mahes who stayed in the camp on two occasions, in 2038 and in 2042, and stayed there each time six months. »

Endowed with this information of which I did not know what to make, apart from the conviction that the fellow risked doing me in, I strove to forget these bad ideas in order to « carpe diem » with my new friends: Nour, Zeline, Alix, Belina, Providence, Ameele my dear sister, Jauko and all the cream of this little tenderly turbulent people. Galouzo could not miss such an occasion. We were sitting on tables, waiting for the atmosphere to settle into place. The circle of pick-ups and trailers encircled a vast courtyard like a concert space, in the center of which one would have placed a fire that young girls in leggings were feeding with ardor. Little piglet was there, who had followed the band of the bohemian cats and was awaiting, like us, the mounting of the excitement and of the enthusiasm of the Gypsy spirit. The half-dark was beginning to impose itself, setting the faces ablaze with the reddening

glow of the growing hearth. A multitude of groups had formed and a flood of little Sun Tzus were fighting in single combat, sometimes provoking sheaves of burning embers by striking the fire with their samurai sticks. I heard a rough explanation between Galouzo and a heavy-chested lieutenant, warning him that it was out of the question that he distribute his pills on the occasion, that was going to mess up the atmosphere, which Galouzo approved without discussing: « Far be it from me that intention », he answered him. The Glitch approached me and breathed to me at the ear: « I have pseudo-cocaine in my Quech', shall I go and get it? ». The Glitch kept a tent permanently in the colony, which allowed him to shuttle with the pizzerias of his uncle to supply them with blow. The difficulty was to find a compliant vehicle to make the journey and to pass the two electronic barriers which were bunkering the capital. Ameele, seeing Mother-wolf approach, who was coming to make the acquaintance of her new little wolf cubs whom she saw through us, tried to entice from her, as from a mother, the possibility of borrowing one of her gypsy dresses full of colors. Mother-wolf, delighted by our spontaneity and our freshness of spirit to take part in the festivities, engaged Ameele to come into her trailer to choose her happiness and off they went together, Ameele limping-clopping ahead and humming little tunes she liked to invent. Ten minutes went by and Ameele reappeared with a dress like a peacock's fin, dominant emerald green with mauve and violet moires, dotted with little flames of warmth made of oranges. With her dark pear-chocolate complexion, she was magnificent. Dressed in a black legging, she began to turn like a ballerina of a jewel box in the glow of the fire until losing her balance and began to laugh without restraint. Ameele seemed to be realizing her dream, the evening was beginning well. As usual, Jauko could not stay still and headed toward Providence to tell her about his conversations with the queen of the insects, agitating as in the middle of an acid-trip. Providence, amused, seemed to approve his words and a little Yorkshire appearing in front of me seemed to be questioning me, the tip of its tail wagging like a clock. « You want a « little treat »? » I was thinking when suddenly a young man with an ebony-colored purebred Arabian mane came out of a caravan with a magnificent acoustic bass Ibanez and settled a bit forward in the light, one knee on an outdoor armchair and the fingers applied on the neck and the bridge. Silence was made then this beautiful hidalgo filled our ears with Django Reinhardt. The tapping effects resonated as one could wish on the body of his Ibanez bass and Django-junior had the fingers of a god. A troupe of dancers in the manouche fashion, rivaling with their seventy-pleat dresses, had immediately formed near the fire and Ameele was waiting only for this moment to show her aptitudes as a she-devil of the move. I was hypnotized by my sister who rivaled in presence with her new sisters of heart. The little Yorkshire stood up on its hind legs and began to dance to the rhythm of a manouche ragtime. Following that, the Glitch took me to the trailer of a lieutenant of the quarteron of the biologists who possessed all the material necessary to snort his pseudo-cocaine. At first approach, it did not have the inconvenience of blasting the nasal partitions, and the effect of fuzz, of crimping and of sparkles of the usual neurons was absent. Only the heart was solicited and a push close to ecstasy seemed to want to rise. With a vicious air, the Glitch prepared me again a rail twice the size while handing me the straw: « You're ready? ». The evening passed marvelously, apart from the invasion of the arthropods always on appointment at midnight. The little boost of the Glitch gave me the courage to approach the present and tender Nour. With a smile in the cassowary fashion, I approached her to evoke

our moments of intimacy which corresponded to common bursts of laughter and approached her passion as an archer: « I have the soul of Hippolyta », the favorite of Penthesilea, she told me, « she is the most beautiful of the Amazons ». Her assurance masked a great sensitivity and a certain need for affection that my attention to the things of life could perhaps have quenched. We were evoking the events of the Maladrerie and she seemed to be telling me that through this drama her destiny was engaged. The cruelty of the situation was that I could not commit myself likewise and was only a tourist who swept the territory sometimes forgetting his friends of passage. We had a great affinity, me and Nour, with whom I shared my ideas of Clausian strategy and of operational systemic, but the fact was there: I remained a patrician of the Empire who had not yet chosen his camp. The evening passed until the exhaustion of the energies, we had gone from Django Reinhardt to the reggae-time and to the reggaeton, then to the protest songs and the groups of revelers had little by little dissipated. I asked Providence for the authorization to spend again a night in her giant beetle, which she granted me with pleasure, and I could well see on leaving Ameele in a spirit ballet with a lieutenant who resembled a descendant of a Mohican. I signaled to her and went to bed with the little group: Belina and her Sun Tzu, Jauko, Nour, Providence and the Glitch who had to load the kilos of Afghani into the trunk of a car for the return of the next day. We were thus to make the return by bike without the Glitch. One had to rest, above all since the electronic borders were almost impossible to cross incognito from a certain hour.

504- The night unfolded like a passage through a white hole. On waking, there remained to me only the memories of the day before and the disheartening constatation of having to leave, to quit this assembly of magnificent people with whom I had shared, the time of a dream, existence and maybe destiny. Providence had prepared for me her secret grandmother coffee which was barely beginning to cool on the table and which had ended by awakening my senses and my taste buds with its roasted aromas beyond my state of drowsiness. I heard Providence moving away, throwing me a « It is six o'clock, Paris is waking! ». I retrieved the few things I had scattered around the camp and went to fetch our bikes in the inextricable mass of handlebars and chain frames which rose at the entrance of the colony. Soon, Ameele and Jauko found me again in front of the ball of wheels-pedals all in knots and took part in the untangling of the scrap metal. I spotted our bikes in a hollow, as if this inextricable mass of bicycles had turned itself over miraculously during the night. Our friends of the camp had come to observe this recurrent and strange ritual of the tangled-up bikes which occurs at the moment of departure and had made of it a tradition which, by way of farewells, came to joke about this dismaying phenomenon and about the ability of the visitors to get something out of it without taking everything along with them; it moreover gave them the occasion to present their regrets at seeing us leave. Apart from Galouzo who, at this hour, was already touring the camp to extol his pink pills, everyone was there: Belina and Sun Tzu, Alix, Nour and Zeline having transmitted to us their good thoughts through the mouth of Providence, plus the new Mohican friend of Ameele who was in the state of a transpierced lover. As one can guess, the departure was heart-rending. The bikes found again, we spent a good half hour pouring out and exchanging our deepest and most vibrant respective feelings, hugging each other one last time all the while evoking the conviction of seeing each other again as soon as possible. Time passes inexorably and the fateful hour is already there, one must leave. The first barrier is

relatively easy to cross without alerting the internal customs who have a quasi-absolute power over the patricians suspected of collusion with the natives, above all if they are on file in the register of the subversives. Jauko had kept the indications of the Glitch to pass the electronic barriers; there was the plan of the most recent breaches in the system. It was about finding the addresses of squats which gave access to basements bypassing the coverage field of the electronic barrier by going down deep enough, sometimes to the third basement, with the bikes on the back and to tramp the undergrounds without the guarantee of escaping the cerberuses.