The Smith of the Gods

52 - « The SaturnaliaBetween the Sedentary Peoples and the Nomadic Peoples Against the Empire»

520- Barely had I set down my bag and taken stock of the moment I had just lived than Jauko burst into the apartment and joined me on the balcony couch to grill me about my journey and the return of hubris one must feel residing there. He pulled out a spliff as long as a cigar and added, Taste this! It's Sativa genetically crossed with coca plants onto which phenylethylamine crystals have been grafted, it comes from Germany and it blows your head off like nothing else. They're experimenting with crazy stuff over there, it's a lieutenant of the Maladrerie who handed me this devilry. The effect was stunning, my arms moved on their own, standing up required no effort, and we had the sensation of taking off then moving in levitation over the lake of the fairies' felicity. I suggested to Jauko that we flee into my bedroom, for the rise seemed to want to carry us to the limits of ourselves, and it was better to get ahead of it. Apart from a fit of giggling that wouldn't let go, we kept a clear mind, only the physical impressions danced the polka. Ten minutes passed and the fine effects of the psychotropics began to dissipate; only the gut of the giggling remained, which for once didn't leave us. Not bad, but it doesn't last very long I find; we'll have to see whether this compound interests enough people to make a business of it. Jauko didn't know but we planned to contact this lieutenant during the week, after meeting Leeloo, Jauris's friend who manages the initiative of the NGO « Universal Ars » invested in the Architecture of Urgency. We parted early, I already had a good day in my legs and that was enough for the moment. I barely took time for a shower, and dove under the sheets after inventorying the bunches of jinxes swirling above my head. The dread of a mortal fate born since this wretched job and which seemed factual in this instance, the obsession with a Mac Mahes who would hold a grudge against me for who knows what reason, the filing by the Cerberuses as a native sympathizer, a curse issued from a certain Atum or Seth or Thot, I have no idea, and a purse far from containing the fifty thousand euros I had deemed necessary for my Burning man dream. I let all that loop around and preferred to dive into the saving hypnagogic furrow. I developed all sorts of psychic processes to dive more effectively into the deep unconscious, like a free-diver, through tricks picked from the repertoire of cognitive psychology. The practice of emptiness was not bad: one must evacuate everything, and even then it is not enough, one must evacuate still more; it can work when one is well and truly tired, but if stress gets mixed in it will not suffice, you are constantly brought back to yourself and it produces something like a membrane reluctant to let go of the self. If that doesn't work you can try the Gestaltic gaze, which consists in observing the whispers of the foveal cells to discern shapes there; if the attention is sufficient, you will perceive the shy wave of the blood rhythms which will lull you toward the repairing wake; but there is also the Shepherd's technique, which enumerates one by one the hassles, the bastards, the jinxes, the absurdities, the incommensurability of certain things and the puniness of others, the share of absurdity of the world and of its limitlessness; thus gliding over the realm of the absolute domain, without borders, of the absurd and of its unconscious, quite simply one ends up sinking. And always the same welcome: the mandatory cloakroom, the prohibited GPS and the cloakroom ticket at

the entrance. My Cassowary, he said, had been waiting impatiently for me for a long time. After what must have been an announced catastrophe, having learned from his beak that Pythagoras wanted to see me, the Cassowary hastened to set us in motion. I thought about my arrival in the Tetractum, and that he would surely welcome me, frustrated by the delay occasioned; he couldn't stand it, so they said. In fact, he meant to warn me that Mahes, having taken the habit of passing through the grey portal and frequenting the architectural mazes, liked on occasion to precipitate careless workers, innocently, into the void. That no longer surprised me given what Lina Al-Hathloul had revealed to us, and I suggested to my Cassowary to take me, passing once again by Thot, to go through his archives. Thot, I told him! No, it's to Pythagoras that I'm taking you this time; he is the Grand Master of the spirit of numbers. Master Pythagoras, having become the predecessor of himself for eternity, while waiting for me, had had the time to reincarnate as many times as the ratio of himself to his whole, up to me. The Cassowary shot ahead, equipped with a magnificent pair of wings he wore on a relative or supposed back. Where do you get equipment like that? « it's Glasya who lent them to me for an infinite time »; meanwhile, I had to gallop unfairly behind with simulated strides that didn't amount to much. I'm going to lose you, Cassowary, I thought by reflex, « enter the labyrinth of Ptah-Hephaestus through the largest small door that gives access to anywhere, and we'll meet at the entrance of the Pythagoras Institute » he answered me. The Cassowary vanished and I kept churning my legs as hard as I could, all while meeting a multitude of churners like myself who all seemed to be heading in the same direction.

521- Everyone must pass through Ptah, my neighbor told me; ah yes, the smallest of the large doors, I hinted back with a wink, « no, the door that leads to anywhere! » then he fled. Master Pythagoras was waiting for me at the entrance of the institute alongside the Cassowary, with a cassowarian smile, and both enjoined me to enter. Pythagoras had been a dynamic man and remained so; he had taken part in the founding of the university alongside Plato, and their little institute had become a monumental institution. All my respect, Master; are you aware of my troubles? « Of course, we know the Beni-balou-dana case well; currently it is a Conley Mac Mahes who is in charge of the contract of Sekhmet weighing on his head ». What am I doing in this story and what do you advise me, Master? « I know that the angel Asmoday, who resides behind the door that one never sees at the far end of the institute, came there to unearth an algorithm of a toxic nature which he would have entrusted to this Conley Mac Mahes; in my opinion it is surely a spying algorithm. » Pythagoras explained to me that Asmoday was the Grand King Commander of the 72 legions of Amaymon. He possesses the serpent's tail, spits fire and has the feet of a goose, he sits on a dragon and holds in his hand the lance of truth. Pythagoras continued, « since he possesses three heads which he uses at his leisure, bull, man or ram, with him one must expect anything; his wings are blackened by the corrosion of the sulfur he drags through the underworld. If you address him, it is proper to let him rise after his apparition, before putting any question to him, and sometimes his answers are misleading. The fact that they now know how to pass through the grey portal bodes nothing good. » And I suppose I must beware of this Conley Mac Mahes! « Obviously, it is the reason why I entrust you with this talisman of orientation; it is the Cycloidal Triangle of the Tetractys, equipped with its Magic wheel no.10, its Chrysic wheel no.18 and its Tetractic

wheel no.26 » Pythagoras explained to me. « The interior of this Cycloidal Triangle represents the plain of truths, containing everything that was and everything that will be, and outside of which all research is doomed to failure; it will protect you from Asmoday's lance. » I thank you infinitely for it, Master, I shall take great care of it. I put it around my neck and, equipped with this talisman, I ventured to confront Asmoday and Amaymon face to face. Amaymon has the shape of a wolf, with a serpent's tail spitting flames. When he takes human form, his head is that of an owl with a maw studded with teeth. From his first place of apparition, originating in Theban Egypt, he hypostasized at the beginning of times, from Amon-Ra, under the appearance of an angel of darkness with a lycanthropic soul. The great register of angels mentions him in 7th position on the list of demons and rebellious angels. Thus it was enough to make Asmoday appear in order to have Amaymon, the angel of debauchery and pornography, then invoke a counter-truth to provoke him and render him captive to your mind. Amaymon made me understand urgently that I was venturing too far and plunged me into a maelstrom of Outreblack ashes which ejected me to the surface of the world in an inner upheaval that left traces. Thus from this virtual Blast of dust, on waking this time there remained to me only the idea firmly in mind of a dark dream filled with raging matters forming a barrier to my subconscious, with as a message from the beyond « Conley Mac Mahes » which sounded like « what Mic-Mac is this? ». So as soon as my feet touched the ground jumping off my bed, I noted « Conley Mac Mahes » on a sheet so as not to lose sight of this omen. Although I really didn't know whether I should link it to another « Bartley Mac Mahes » emerged from the depths of my memory, these people were frankly starting to invade me.

Scene Three: « The Retreat! »

I met Jauko again as I returned to the apartment to work out with him the plan for the Sativa-phenylethylamine grass from Germany. That required running a regular shuttle with the « seventeen she-wolves », and we needed a strategy to get past the electronic barriers. The idea was to contact the Glitch; he was used to running the shuttle with the tribes and would be able to give us tips.

Arriving at Montorgueil, Ameele was furious and blamed me for having kept her away from yesterday's little bash with Jauko. I explained to her that there was only a three-drag spliff and that it had all happened so fast… but that with this, we were going to organize regular shuttles with the seventeen she-wolves and that she would be part of the adventure. I knew she was already thinking of her fairy-fingered Domingo Reinhardt called Alvaro, which brought a wide smile to her face. We finished the evening on the balcony couch building strategies of electronic-barrier avoidance and visions of nomad parties to tear everything apart.

I lay down without much conviction in my ability to fall asleep, so innumerable were the patterns at work trotting through my head: those of the development of the nanny service network, of the meanders of legislative fuzziness on the possession of psychotropic substances and of troubled advice from lawyers in search of adventures, the technique for gaining the trust and respect of the Ile-de-France powder circles, the avoidance of the Empire's services while keeping up the classes at Jussieu, the elucidation of this wretched

prophecy of mac whatchamacallit and then of Atum or Seth or Thot, or whatever, and the means of finding the fifty thousand euros to put aside for the Burning Man adventure before the tick-tock falls. Phew, I don't know whether I shall find sleep or where I shall find it, but what I know is that all this, I am going to do it. Close the eyes, forbid oneself to think, fix on one's breathing, lose oneself in one's head. Strangely, when I run this experiment, I receive a shot of melatonin and associated cortisol announcing a close hypnagogic dive, provided I don't restart the machine. And this time, the dive took me straight to my Cassowary, all smiles, facing me, who throws at me: « You'll see. The Cerberuses, you'll walk them to the ends of the earth. » And how do you know that? I retorted. « I'm taking you to Pythagoras, he'll explain to you! » and he darted off fast through the corridor that fled through the largest small door.

« You've lost your wings » I joked, arriving at the Pythagoras Institute. « No, they bother me in the corridors that flee. » Pythagoras was waiting for me with the same smile copied from the Cassowary's. « What did you think of my cycloidal wheel? » Pythagoras, the shepherd of numbers, asked me. I recounted to him right away my troubles with Amaymon and the Outreblack blast that had been invading me since. « You are not ready yet » he told me, « I might have guessed; I must raise you to the Spirit of numbers and of their forms, that is to say to Arithmology. » I suddenly felt invaded by a tsunami of figures which swallowed me to hurl me into an algebraic coma. « Calm down, my friend, you'll see, it's simple, I shall initiate you. » « It is about the three wheels of Time which draw the first 180° movement of Enantiodromy leading to elevation, that is to say your « Nadir » before your « Zenith », and it is made of three wheels at 60°. » Your Talisman reminds me of the children's spirograph, I ventured; « you couldn't be more right, mathematicians call it the hypocycloid with three cusps; it generates a discontinuous curve in such a way that any one of the points of time, which is a date, travels along the sides of a curvilinear triangle, and ensures that each vertex of the triangle imposes the inscription of the three angular numbers which define your conjunction with the Universe. »

522- Thus the magic wheels derive directly from the movement of the primary Ouroboros, which is itself the revelation of the inverted generator. This inverted generator, through the play of logical interferences, is the expression of the sound it emits when it expresses the length of a string. So, in the end, a Magic Wheel is the musical expression of its generator; it is an indivisible number representing the inverted value in its Ouroboros, it is the ratio of magic wheel no.181 to magic wheel no.180. That is to say, of the effect of that number through that string upon Man, since man is sensitive to Music.

In Arithmology, the cycloidal triangle expresses the One, the unique reference which is not! It is made of two equations. The first equation is the concatenation of wheel no.47, the number of the Moon, plus wheel no.26, the number of Mars or of the metallic phylum, plus wheel no.50, the number of Jupiter of Masculinity. In relation to the second equation which is Moon no.47, Venus no.29, Moon no.47, that is, all Femininity coupled with all Masculinity, in action conjugated through the intermediary of the Moon common to both principles.

From this combinatorics, the first solid figure to emerge is the number of Horus, which is the number of the Sun no.79 plus Moon no.47. In Geomancy, this produces the Tetrahedron, the

first figure of the eternal polyhedra; then the second figure is the Hexahedron, the third the Octahedron. Then comes the number of knowledge and of the Decagon revealer of Arithmology, then comes the Pentagon; it is the Pythagorean tetrad which leads to the Dodecahedron, hence the correspondence with the sky. Then come the progressive polyhedra; the first is the Diheptahedron made of iron sulfide which also crystallizes into a Dodecahedron and positions itself at no.152, the number of the attraction of couples: Venus plus Moon in « Conjunctions » with Mars Jupiter. Mars gives us the second progressive polyhedron, the « Siderohedron », figure of the restarting. From there, Jupiter brings us the third progressive polyhedron, the « Cassiterohedron », which is the figure of Ananke, of necessity and fatality.

Geomancy says that Mars plus Venus, number of the genitive couple of sensual passion, is also the figure of the « Puer », the mischievous child of the Greek Tetractys, and finally wheel no.180, the couple of the two Venuses, celestial and terrestrial, number of earthly joy exalted by an ideal, number of the love of beauty and of the intimate joy it procures for humans; it is the number of the « Cosmodicy ». Moreover, magic wheel no.59, generator of magic wheel no.58 symbolizing the two Venuses, through magic wheel no.181, generator of magic wheel no.180, bring Eternity.

Become aware that the cycloidal triangle protects you only if you master its gears; it is about three dials developing in Vernier fashion, generating unique situations at the step of the quantum of action, and which you must use to counter Amaymon and his lance of truth; and remember, he is a messenger of Thot led astray since the origins of the world, who did his schooling in Babylon. Then he added: « As soon as you master simultaneously the hypnagogic dive, the Eudemonist consciousness and the psychedelic voyage, you become Beni-balou-dana and you put the power of Sekhmet in danger. The solution remaining to you, as it was in the era of the Nagadian empire twelve thousand years ago, is to fake a slow death through a subterfuge: it consists in consuming red beer which, because it simulates blood, protects you for a time by satisfying the hemoglobin thirst of the terrible Sekhmet. So that for you, all the while that time flows, the tick-tock will fall only at the appointed hour. »

Then chained on a deafening « RoAAAAAAC », « RoAAAAAAC » in the weft of my consciousness. It was still night when an unusual din jostled the logical course of things. I was at home and it was turned upside down; it seemed to come from the kitchen.

I came out of my bedroom, found my Ameele prostrate at the door of the room, watching the parents bustling about in the kitchen, opening the windows, panicking in every direction while urging us to do the same in every room. Ameele had the reflex to contact right away the block’s technician who possessed the plan of the neighborhood’s infrastructure, after getting up to speed on the situation. The gas pipes had been damaged during the night by a malicious action, and it was inevitable that the Empire’s Henchmen were going to land.

The apartment was now flooded with Robocops inspecting the building. All the neighbors were woken one by one and the inspectors didn’t hesitate to land to submit us to questioning. An impressive official took me aside in my bedroom and criticized the details of my intimate environment. « Ah! a portrait of a Plains Indian; you like the Natives, I observe here » he mocked me in an inquisitorial manner. Taking off his all-chrome glasses, he stared at me

saying: « We know you have had contacts with terrorists from subversive tribes; we are watching you closely; your trafficking affairs do not interest us. » A shiver ran down my neck; I had to react: « As I have already stated, I am going to visit a cousin residing in zone C; I have nothing more to say. But what are you going to do about the attack? » The official, sure of himself, answered me: « This event does not happen without reason, and you know more than you are willing to tell me. » Not so! I retorted; I had to tell him: « There is still the event of Tabuk all the same », I confessed to him, « I took part in the drafting of a document indicting the NEOM project and the misdeeds of prince Bin Salman, which earned me a presumption of a criminal contract on my head revealed by « Globo-Paris ». And even on all the authors and whistleblowers aware of this scandal. » « I shall verify your statements, but that seems novelistic to me; don't forget that we have our eye on you. » The helmeted ones cleared the floor quickly in single file. The family, stunned by what had just happened, took us, Ameele and me, aside for a four-eyes talk. We then revealed to them the passages we had censored from our adventure at the Maladrerie and the hidden details of my time at NEOM. They turned ice-cold with terror and grounded us as if we were very little children. Once the tumult passed, the clarity of day began to cross the windows of the hearth and the family had to get ready despite everything for the day.

523- On the pretext of lecture-hall classes, I dragged Ameele into the Glitch's Den at the block of the « Autonomes of the Commune ». There was an unusual attendance that morning at the lair of the boss of the shady deals. « We've had an explosion of demand since the dismantling of a network in western Paris » the Glitch told us. We are here so that you give us your navigation plan between Montorgueil and the Maladrerie. The Glitch delighted in giving us a lesson in turn; he seated us on his couch and took the same codes and attitudes I had held the time before. « There you are: shuttles to the Maladrerie, we've been organizing them for years, and lieutenants of the seventeen she-wolves come and go incognito between the camp and my uncle's pizzerias of Belleville; but there is a simple way to get past the electronic barriers. I'll explain: the radar zone of the Robot-Drones does not reach below the third basements, and if you go down to the fourths you will find there a vast network of deep sewers, passable on trials, avoiding the alerts. Don't worry, these trial bikes were thought out for the occasion and are perfectly transportable on the shoulder; you will load them on your back in the maze of steps and stairs to take during the route, and you will thus be able to crisscross the tunnels without running into the Cops, in theory at least. »

We were frankly intrigued, Ameele and I, at having to carry some motorcycle on our back; it must have shown on our faces and made the Glitch smile. He took us into a room of shambles where rested the miraculous iron horses. A batch of completely stripped electric trial frames, which looked like they were coming back from the front, with barely the minimum accessories and wheels that looked more like bicycle wheels than wheels of solid vehicles, lay there, piled against the wall. « Heft it » the Glitch suggested to me. Indeed, these machines hardly weighed more than a bicycle and were hoisted without problem onto the back thanks to a strap system designed for transport. Ameele tried it at once and it posed no more problems. « They are here at your disposal day and night; you know the code to enter, there are lieutenants permanently behind the door » the Glitch added. We exposed to him with enthusiasm our plans for Sativa-phenylethylamine shuttles with the seventeen

she-wolves and I promised him on occasion substantial commissions. I spoke to him again at the same time about my Uber-nanny program; he seemed more attentive this time, and we continued the discussion while sharing a few beers before vanishing.

Ameele was excited as a flea; all that remained was to connect Jauko to the affair and we were going to make our butter with the seventeen she-wolves. I knew full well that this story wasn't going to stop there with the Cops and that at some point the tick-tock would fall, but I had assets against this Mic Mac Mahes that would not be taken from me.

I still had to collect my five thousand euros from the campus temp agency for the month of toil at Tabuk, then we were ready for the adventure. The financing of the network began to come together, between the Glitch, Jauko, Bernis the lieutenant of the sativa, and our distribution network. Roland Mi was fine-tuning the details of the code of the Uber-nanny network and all that remained for us was to install the infrastructure, well, if one can say so. The hour had come to settle at the seventeen she-wolves while keeping up the classes at Jussieu. I remembered a lecture class followed by inadvertence due to the confusion of its title, which said that « the organism which survives is the one which has the most efficient speed of movement ».

We were going to become the squad of undetectable wingsuit-riders, off the radar of the Robot-Cops. Jauko was up for the adventure and we sped off at once for the Maladrerie. To hell with the parents, to hell with the Cops, to hell with the Mac Mahes, the hassles were running behind. The trials turned out to be true flying wings and we covered the route in practically half an hour outbound. The shuttles followed one another without disturbing our reason for being at Jussieu, which allowed me little by little to get initiated into « Lincos », the extra-terrestrial linguistics, and to follow the classes of general thermo-dynamics. Business with Bernis went intelligently and we managed to make our butter in four shuttles a month. Soon the twenty thousand euros needed to launch the nanny network would be within our reach. We had now settled, Ameele and I, at the seventeen she-wolves which had become our headquarters and our guarantee against the infiltration of any hired killer into the colony. Mac Mahes was already known in the camp and Mother Wolf had passed the word of vigilance. We had, we the Odoo-Okundaye, each of us two, found our place in this nomad society: Ameele with Alvaro, and me who had greatly grown closer to Nour. At the start of year 58, at cycle 130 of Meton, new faces landed at the seventeen she-wolves. Aminata Adikou-Traore and Inaya Mani, two adorable, loving and inseparable Amazons who were going to unleash the evenings under Mother Wolf's Moon. They both had the gift of Music and carted about with them a veritable museum of instruments. They had set up a little business with Alix, Mother Wolf's storyteller, to form a Romance-Rock group that would soon earn a reputation throughout the camp. The parties followed one another at the circa-topical point of the camp which found itself invaded by Zeline's sweet peas and began to resound with all its new tendencies and musical influences. The rivalry between Domingo's Django Reinhardt style, the Reggae Rag-Time Reggae Ton trend of the Guild of lieutenants supported and financed by Mother Wolf, and this new Romance-Rock group of the Traore & Co, music was becoming the fourth specialty of the Umma, and we were proud of it.

524- The acquisition of Feynman diagrammatics at Jussieu was becoming possible: « In theoretical physics, Feynman diagrams are systems of representation of the Schrodinger equations describing the interactions of subatomic particles within the framework of the quantum theory of fields, and are represented by a system of graphic signs similar to a written language, universally comprehensible. » All that corresponded to one of the programs in the flesh of the thermo-dynamics of systems and became a familiar language to my mind as the classes went by. I became able to interpret a Feynman sequence and to understand its implications, which allowed me to converse with the holders of exo-linguistics who were used to considering Mendeleiev's table as a simple alphabet of the constructive relations of the chains of signs. Three months were enough for me to manage in the Feynman language and to feel ready to apply it here to make its pedagogy to the nomad World. This system of signs seemed completely foreign to the minds of Jauko and the Glitch, but I was not despairing, for like any language, it could be learned. Nour possessed a rare quantum-AI on the camp, owing to the mistrust the natives bore them. It had nonetheless the virtue of helping us produce, through an encryption-decryption code, an instant translation of the Feynmanian scripturality. This situation was strangely synchronized with another improbable event. A completely unexpected official mail reached me at the camp through the intermediary of the office of the tribes, with the academy of quantum sciences of the GMO as sender. It was a message addressed to me from our extraterrestrial cousins, transmitted through the bubble chamber and retranscribed by our eggheads. It seemed drafted in writing close to Feynman scripturality, which all that remained was to retranscribe into our language by our educated quantum-AI. It told that they did not know our universe, but that the physical and chemical structures of our world were close to theirs, which meant their bubble chambers got along well with our pure-hydrogen bubble chamber; they added that they allowed themselves to contact me because they knew me well, or at least a sort of ipseity like myself existing at the other end of the Universe but in shifts of differences of forms of space and time. This missive related the risks that a cosmic executor like a Mahes could make me run, whom they recognized as one of their equivalent Demons and whom they named « A-Avouala ». Their missive set out the solutions they had used when they were themselves confronted with the situation. They added moreover advice for the organization of the « Human-Being » of Black Rock City in the Nevada desert, recommendations for transforming a quantum-AI into an extra-terrestrial communication system, ending with: « Jimmy, we know that all this may intrigue you, but we shall bring you more precision subsequently for your network projects, your adventures and your dreams; convey our friendship to Thot and Ptah, a fine thought for Ameele, we address you all our reverence. » The details of the mail were precious and would serve me, notably to curb the misdeeds of Mahes and to counter the errors not to be made in the organization of nanny networks. Such news, despite its improbability, reassured us, but we decided to say nothing of it at the camp of the seventeen she-wolves for the moment, apart from Mother Wolf who had the wisdom necessary to understand the situation. Nour, a worthy descendant of Penthesilea and Hippolyta, with these counsels from the beyond, was not going to let a voracious one of finance like « Amazone » prosper. In that, I resembled her well, with in the line of sight the agencies of hired killers « Mac Mahes » in the pay of the financial system. As good strategists and good systemists as we both were, we were capable of solving these equations with x unknowns that destiny imposed on us. The idea of

convening a war council had come.

I proposed contacting Hanae who had followed the events closely, had been confronted at first hand with the throes and turpitudes of the coalized global finance, and was involved in the NEOM cabal. We were going to set up an action cell with the collaboration of Mother Wolf, Nour, Hanae, Ameele, Providence who remained Cheyenne at heart, Jauko the faithful friend, Galouzo the opportunist, the Glitch our fixer, and myself. The first counsels given by our distant cousins consisted in the mass acquisition of quantum-AIs converted into a communication system AO known under the label « The AO », distributed to each child of the lycanthropic tribes. Mother Wolf would supervise the operation. A quantum AO communicator could be reduced to the size of a taulki-wauki with all possible refinements plus « Azimutability », that is to say the capacity to detect any form of consciousness nearby in order to track its movements. The AO predictive system available at all times generated a privileged communication link with its entangled counterpart beyond space and time. That was due to the fact that events repeat in echo across all the universes, and that somewhere a consciousness had already lived in a certain way what we were living, through quantum entanglement, and on the other hand that hydrogen consciousnesses, tending to interconnect beyond space and time, it only remained for us to use them to contact our distant cousins to envisage our future. With our skills in systemics, that made it a formidable weapon against the embolized system, and a good means to build a winning strategy against capitalism in a state of globalization, once and for all. The best strategist remained Yvan Beckerman, and it was the moment to put him in the picture, as recommended by the celestial missive. A summit meeting had to take place between the representative of the tribes and the representative of the ecological city-states. Nour had been dispatched by Mother Wolf to represent the tribes, and the summit meeting was collectively decided at the winter solstice to honor the Saturnalia between the sedentary peoples and the nomadic peoples against the Empire.