The Smith of the Gods

54 - « Scene Four: The Cusp »

540- At this point in the plot, the whole of humanity was facing an ineluctable faith in its destiny, and in a manner with which it had never been confronted until then. The enthusiasm of the peoples in revolt against the supreme intransigence of the technological power of weapons and of « legitimate » violence, tried and tested again and again throughout human history, was bringing this very faith to bear with all its strength and risked tipping over into a loss of faith in all the things necessary for the smooth running of the world. The forces present had captured, unleashed and confronted all the possible outcomes among themselves to such a point that the cosmos was offended by it. A status of absolute state of emergency was decreed over the whole territory, and the entire police and military apparatus was mobilized in the surroundings of the capital. Their strategy of attack in tortoise formation or of carapaced quarterons against the sedition gave the advantage widely to the eminently mobile and volatile tribes, but the toll of the clashes was dramatic all the same. The Alix-Beckerman strategy was to form a lead quarteron which they would join in order to reach the town hall of the 1st arrondissement, assisted by a wave of formations and armed groups organizing barrage fire based on slings firing metal ball bearings, high-powered potato cannons, clod launchers that had the advantage of deflecting the hydro-balls of the constables, and all sorts of weapons that the tribes had been perfecting since the collapse of the resources of 2040, the formidable remaining point being the on-board tazo-lasers of the cops and the electromagnetic targeting systems with ultra-short waves that our azimutable quantum-AIs knew how to detect and avoid at all costs. On the eve of the first offensive, a third missive in pure AO language from our distant cousins arrived at the seventeen she-wolves. They expressed themselves as follows,

[The message is written here in pure AO language, in glyphs that cannot be reproduced in this document; the translation is given below.]

Translation: « Jimmy, as you have already understood, the process of existence cannot maintain itself outside a fundamental space of (potentials, structures, functions). Consciousness obtains its potential through the setting in tension of the unconscious revealing itself within a structure of perception of a content of that unconscious, and having as its function the capture of that content with the aim of an emotional relaxation, leading to the function of integration of that content by consciousness. This implies: intellectual questioning, sensorial preparation, affective neutrality, lowering of the threshold of consciousness, emergence of an unconscious content, its evaluation, its acceptance, its confrontation with the conscious, through tools that you must surely know well today, it seems to us. We know that through the conversations you have obtained with great eminent Masters in your hypnagogic journeys, your intellectual progress and your cosmic-affective-narcoleptic trajectory, you understand this language. But all the same, we will give you a little reminder. So, let us consider in a psychogenic diagram a variable (u) representing the return to the collective unconscious, a variable (t), time, and a variable (w) of structuring of the ego in order to model your psychic state. The cusp is the moment when

unconscious activity, hypnagogic dreams, come to cover the conscious part of the psyche, like a fold in the sheets, a cloud cover over your moods. Thus it can be conceptualized through a model of the movements of the unconscious with the help of this set of variables. There are two general types of attitude extraversion and introversion and four functional types which are precisely of the thinking and feeling, sensing and intuition types. That gives us in reality eight classes of different functionalities. But even if one keeps only to the four functions, one may legitimately envisage them as orientation markers for individuals, just as the cardinal points could be in geography. Each person indeed presents a dominant functional type which she uses preferentially and which entails the progressive withering of the remaining functional types. This content can be more or less « assimilated in the pensive one », « lived in the sentimental one », « noted in the sensitive one » and « revealed in the intuitive one ». If we come back to the psychic context, this variable corresponds to the evolution of the differentiation of the personal conscious and unconscious attractors. The variable (u) of the mathematical morpheme of the cusp in fact constitutes a brake, a kind of resistance to the structuring of the psyche; it is ceaselessly directed toward the region of the « stable regime » where the attractors do not exist yet. In fact, this variable corresponds most probably to the spontaneous return toward the collective unconscious, which is, all things considered, logical. Indeed, when communication between the personal unconscious and the conscious is no longer possible, the collective unconscious manifests itself and manages to unblock the situation by proposing archaic symbols, drawn from the phylogenetic heritage. This first phase leads to the perception of the unconscious content in the form of an image that has the value of a symbol; this thing perceived as a totality, a something unknowable, little by little will speak within us.

541- This symbol, a veritable message from the unconscious, will perhaps end up being integrated into the conscious after all the phases and all the cycles of which we spoke in our previous missive. The transcendent function thus appears to us as containing a possible « third term » included in the complementarity of the differences and of their tension, and allowing an outcome to the apparent conflict of the two opposed positions, namely a conscious frozen in its unilaterality, which is the representation of the Empire, plus an unconscious blocked in its accumulation of libido, which results in the revolt of the tribes and which in a way figures the arm-wrestling match you are confronted with and which you have to win. This is very probably to be related to the fact that one must periodically renew the sacrificial rite of regeneration that is called the « negentropic » rite. Thus, on the level of the topology of the unconscious, we model the process of regression by a variable (u) to which we have attributed an entropic meaning, and a process of progression of the ego by a variable (w), all of this within the framework of the emergence of the consecutive mathematical morpheme of the cusp, which consecutively forms a swallowtail that you know well, and which, starting from the development of the ego, tends to realize totality. It seems that within the more general framework of the Self, this produces a parabolic umbilic; it is an extension toward the collective « sacred » and falls under the variable (t), which is time, whereas the return to the personal pulsional elements falls under the variable (w). Which does not mean a systematic return to the original individualized ego, but rather accounts for an inflationist tendency of an individualistic personality that appropriates collective elements; one knows

the harmful figure of the guru or of the director of conscience. It is indeed this variable (t) that gives the direction of the true psychic evolution and that opens onto negentropic complexity through the accumulation of collective experiences, that is to say, in the end, the Self. For us indeed, becoming conscious means becoming whole, that is to say, capable of living in full harmony with Nature in its entirety. For that, one must begin to live this harmony with one s relational environment, the condition being to possess an ego sufficiently strong and solid. There you are, Jimmy, you are the best placed to blow on the embers of time; we have every confidence in you, son; all our affection to Ameele, your cousins very far away in the beyond. » Whew, these stories of umbilics terrified me; I did not feel myself to be the navel of anything or anyone, and why should I feel so much concerned by the definitive fate of humanity more than anyone else, and why should I have to die in seven years? Everyone in Mother Wolf s Airstream was looking at me questioningly while I had only questions in my baggage. « Everyone will interpret this as best they can », I said, « but the essential thing is to come to an understanding! » Hanae pointed out to me that she shared my fate, and Nelia, present in Villereal with Binta at this moment of the events, advised me to consult little Benoit on these questions that he knew well, which I did urgently. Little Benoit was delighted to climb aboard the adventure and offered to come and join Nelia at Mother Wolf s Airstream. The celestial missive triggered in him only a « that is obvious! », and we were all impatient for the elucidation of all the vagueness and of all the unknowns of this missive. « You cannot prevent the inflation of the ego », little Benoit began. « It is its principle of structuring; to control it, it is a question of acuity toward oneself. As soon as your structure crushes the insignificant, it is a cut from oneself, from one s nature; one must come back and observe », « it is a new departure! ». Thank you Benoit, things are becoming a little clearer, but what about the principle of invisibility?

« Surround yourself, then surround yourself, and surround yourself again! ». Mother Wolf adopted little Benoit into her team; Hanae kept him under her protective wing. He would be her right arm in the quarteron strategy of the seventeen she-wolves. Our knowledge of the tunnels and of the topography of western Paris thus gave us the opportunity to play a role in the first assault wave. Mother Wolf agreed with my point of view, and everyone took their place in the breakthrough squad we were going to make up. Jauko, who likes to take the lead, will this time have to show his talent. The Glitch can also supply us with a good lot of trials-wingsuits, and Galouzo is counting on concocting for us a cocktail of awakening and vigilance capable of keeping us going without sleep for seventy-two hours. The first wave must be a wave of tests and of intelligence on the reliability of the electronic barrier system that had bunkered the capital. Nour expects to train us in hypodermic archery in trial-wingsuit, and Mother Wolf is going to assign us a handful of lieutenants to carry out our mission. The goal was to assist Alix in holding her position and in reaching the town hall without ending up in the dungeons or in the Guantanamos of the Empire.

542- Little Benoit knew the question of invisibility well and offered me to come and discuss the problem with his mother, Claire Maestro, who had been confronted with this difficult question of the technique of disappearance. Madame Maestro was no longer the kind to let herself be taken in by a smooth talker or a busybody, however professional he might be. She had known how to keep the paparazzi, the crows, the magpies and the birds of ill omen away

for fifteen years for the well-being of little Benoit, and she could teach me about the subject. « Everything lies in the quality of the entourage », she confirmed to me. « If you know how to surround yourself with a good praetorian guard, you must first of all disappear from the networks, first point. Then grant exchanges only with your personal guard alone, second point. Your personal guard, in whom you must have full confidence, must exchange information only with a selected entourage, and exclusively with that entourage, forming a third circle, third point. This third rampart must keep the mystery and spread the legend, that is point four. Thus equipped, little Jimmy will be able to dissolve at leisure and reappear as he pleases, that is the last point. » Maman Maestro s demonstration was thereby eloquent. Once the invisibility was organized by the Grace of the beautiful Amazons of the camp to my knowledge, all that remained for me was to rethink my project of a network of wet nurses in the light of the new situation.

On the surface, swarms of trials of zadist-eco militants were to disperse the military formations and to outflank them. The information, by this principle, would circulate between the surface and the undergrounds held by our trials-wingsuits, multiplying the panic of the system and its doctrine of the maintaining of order. Rougeoie Saint-Jolie was blowing with all her embers of sarcastic irony on the networks of influencers at Yvan s address, and he was giving as good as he got with his Haka Yakanamouraches on the field of operations, broadcast live through every possible pipe. This strategy of path-clearing and of incessant hammering of the elements of the sedition between surface and underground was literally exhausting the Robo-cops, who at times no longer even managed to pass through the small guts of the Parisian Subway or to follow the yamaka-zebras on the roofs and on the most flighty terraces of the city. The Alix-Beckerman conjunction was bound together by two different strategies owing to the mytho-psychic and fantastical character of the nomads, who imagined for themselves a felicity of the thermo-dynamic phylum and of the « virtuous » progressive character of the ecological militants on the path of the Great Man. Thus, the tribes were supplying them with the equivalent of a real-time map of the state of the offensive against the electronic barriers in order to allow the access-prime of our historic couple: Alix, the storyteller of the tribes, and Yvan Beckerman, the romantic of the eco-villages. They were the hoped-for actors of the reversal of the century for the reign of the all-inclusive of the Tribes. And it was at the town hall of the 1st arrondissement of Paris that it would be consecrated. Euphoria was at its maximum; was it our consumption of alcohol exclusively cucurbitaceous for three months, or our streaks of phenylethylamine? But everyone had assimilated the lessons of the great poet Hakim Bey on the strategy of the nomadic TAZ and of the ecological ZAD, including the Sethy tribes, who had generously shared their war treasure among all the villages of the centre. Moreover, the king one never saw had even, for the first time, expressed himself on Mother Wolf s network: act intensely without risk, gather together and disappear. The In-group of the Tribes means that one never abandons anyone, and the cops that we captured were evolving naturally through a Stockholm syndrome, becoming militants of the indigenous cause on their return to the Empire, especially after three months of velo-percepts that Yvan automatically made them undergo, on top of the cucurbitaceous-phenylethylaminated diet and the permanent ritual of the Haka Youkoulele dances, Aminata-Inyatous every evening under the moon. The Cerberuses were coming back

to the fold in flip-flops, nose to the wind, Cassowary smile, Romano-Hawaiian shirt and cod-tortoiseshell glasses. Once again, the operation was driving the President of the Parisian agglomeration mad, who always predicted a deadly end at Yvan Beckerman s address.

Providence had set about organizing the process of the making of wingsuit equipment and of yamaka-zebra combinations for the tribes, as well as camouflage duffle-coats for the eco-militants. Her machines were running at full capacity and had even taken Belina on board in the making of « Tipi-bamboo » with Galouzo, in order to turn them into offensive poles against the tortoise formations of the cops and dichroic shields against the on-board lasers. The confrontation promised a fine disorder, at the risk of shuffling the cards one way or the other, and all the parties present were aware of it. Everything is a question of strategy, and the quantum-AIs were claiming the same competences for themselves. They had consulted among themselves and had arrived at an astonishing proposition that was not lacking in piquancy and that seemed to seduce the majority present. It consisted of a breakthrough squad of eight to ten fighters constituting the bridgehead, led into the undergrounds and the deepest guts of Paris by « Rominagrobis »! And who here did not know Rominagrobis? Everyone in the camp knew Rominagrobis, the fetish cat of the Lycans, a big handsome red tom, striped with calcined stripes, well big, well fat, with a good bushy fox tail and pelted like a baroque fresco tiger, moustached like a moujik mage with the posture of a paper tiger, with bis-orientable ears. He lived peacefully on the roofs of the mobile-homes and of the caravans of the tribe, leaving them only for the grub that he had in abundance, seeing that he was everyone s cat. Nobody could imagine that Rominagrobis could do anything other than eat when everything is ready, paws under the table. But his irresistible bent for rats still got his bottom moving. Present him with a mouse, and Rominagrobis metamorphoses into a leopard. On his own, he had decimated more rats of the camp than all the young tiger-cats who criss-crossed the tribe over the course of singular duels, forming only a cohort of feline rogues. Convincing him to take part in the adventure was not going to be very difficult, seeing that it was a matter of going off to hunt the big rats of the capital. Everyone went in search of king Rominagrobis, who had already captured us well. He had logically taken refuge on the roof of Mother Wolf s Airstream, alongside the weathervane bearing the effigy of the Gallic rooster, pretending that nothing was going on, indicating the direction of the wind, but his fox tail always betrayed him. He came from a crossed fox lineage that made of him an animal beyond the reach of the lion Goddess; he was a specimen of the Canis-Tigrus breed with an unbeatable nose. A good Goralian dish with leftovers of sardines cracked with grilled spices was enough to make him come down and take part in the investigations. Thus, savouring his favourite dish, he manifested his attention to us. Galouzo, who mastered feline semiology well, signified to him gesturally our whole plan of action for the assault on the capital. Rominagrobis s eyes lit up at the very moment of the evocation of the big rats that kept coming up through the guts of Paris. The deal was in the bag. Once convinced, when the moment came, he had to be equipped with a leather jacket, with diving goggles to protect his eyes and with the assistance of a quantum AI for azimutability, the ears freed for the detection of the big rats. Our Rominagrobis looked like a steampunk hero straight out of a retro-romantic machine.

543- The biggest rats circulated in the deepest reaches of the finest guts of the Parisian urban

network, which forbade the transport of the trials. The journey was going to be made without them, the trials being recovered once the two electronic barriers had been broken through. Three teams organized themselves, with as bridgehead Rominagrobis, Galouzo, Jauko, Nelia, Binta, Providence, Nour and me, and the cover groups Gylia and Bigali, Alix, Hanae and little Benoit, the Glitch and his lieutenant, and the Zeline group, plus the eco-militants. The departure was to take place at dawn, and the squad was to enter through the finest guts. The quantum-AIs were indicating the seventh underground level to us, and Rominagrobis was wriggling like an eel. The animal was shooting along like a torpedo, and we were following him only with difficulty, having only the glow of his fox tail to spot him in the dark. It was like the flame of the lighthouse of Alexandria, but in the wintry half-light of the Saturnalia and in the most fetid intestines of modern Babylon. The further we progressed, the more we had to come back up a level, at the risk of meeting the forces of the Empire, which happened at the fourth underground level of the Grand Parly II, where a perfectly organized trap was to let no one through. The drama was narrowly avoided thanks to the vigilance of Rominagrobis, who preferred to dive back into the deepest guts at the approach of the suspicious agitation and on the evidence of the rats, who maintained among themselves a good Rattus-rattus-type information network that was without equal. Our quantum AI was indicating to us the position of the yamaka-zebras on the surface, and the ballet with the cops was hallucinating. These yamaka-zebras were drawing on the roofs an incessant merry-go-round, wheeling in turn in small groups of three by three, separating, recomposing themselves in an inverted three-by-three tactic, separating again, recomposing themselves again and knitting among themselves the groups of kamikazes to the tune of the wind, drawing on our screens a disconcerting circumvolutionary topsy-turvy ballet that left the carapaced ones on the floor. The progression was going well. Having reached the « False rest », the light of day that finally bathed our faces on emerging at the surface brought us a great breath of optimism and allowed us to have a new relation to the situation. On the quantum AI, the yamaka-zebras kept twirling in gyratory progression, while the trajectories of the trials of the eco-militants were exploding everywhere in the urban labyrinth, enough to turn the head of the centre for the coordination of security operations. The advantage seemed to tilt toward the natives, much lighter and faster. « The species that survives is the one that has the most efficient speed of movement », and there one could see it. The helmeted ones were helmeting hard against the rigidity of their carapaces, while the jousters in sedition enjoyed the elasticity of nomadic science. But the risk was never ruled out of ending up in their outstretched nets, given the power of their technological means. The azimuthable short-wave electromagnetic weapons were the most dangerous, capable of reaching anyone individually at a distance of three hundred metres, and this despite the thickness of the walls. But the quantum-AIs knew how to foresee them and to generate decoys in order to deflect them accordingly. The advance was carried out through successive assaults of the constituted groups. The progress of one squad freed the adjacent groups, and so on: a squad to the East, then a squad to the West. The rhythms imposed on the cohort of helmeted ones pushed them to exhaustion and imposed a frequent renewal of the brigades on the ground, which was as many occasions for the joyful seditious ones to progress. Offensive groups devoted to the liberation and to the recovery of the Lycans and eco-militants bastilled by the cops seemed perfectly efficient, with their mastery of thermo-dynamics and their little bombs with pepper

of Provence and with nitrate salts of Brittany. They were in a position to overturn any salad basket whatever it might be, and to open it like a pecan nut in order to free its content. After two days of offensives, the « False rest » had been passed by most of the squads of the tribes, and our lead group was reaching Marnes-la-Coquette, the crossing of the first electronic border. Jimmy was counting on going back up the Sevre and Meudon, on passing by the bridge of Billancourt, then by Issy-les-Moulineaux, Vanves and Chatillon, the electronic barrier number II, then Notre-Dame de Bonsecours and Alesia, on passing from the place de Catalogne to the parvis of the Templars, from Edgar Quinet to Raspail and Saint-Sulpice, then pont Neuf, Etienne Marcel and finally Madeleine and the Orangerie. The town hall was there, within reach of hand, and we were going to access it in the coming days, but for the moment there was no question of losing a single soldier. If the progression became too hard, the instruction was the return to base. Rominagrobis had become « Unstoppable », and we regretted not having thought of putting a leash on him; only the sardines cracked with grilled spices still held him back a little in his hunt for the caudal appendages of the big rodents, which he ended up gnawing as an aperitif amid a concert of squeaking of little beasts.

After ten days of offensive, the wisdom of Mother Wolf prevailed in the decisions of the lycans of the seventeen she-wolves, and the recall of the troops resounded through all the sub-urban canals and the most deeply buried guts of western Paris for the gathering of the soldiers of the revolution. The situation was stagnating, and an assessment had to be made in order to establish a true strategy. The finding was that the forced cucurbitaceous diet of the last three months did not suit at all the intestinal transit of the Robo-cops, and their carapacing was a real handicap in the case of pressing needs. The seditious ones, for their part, having developed a metabolism that transformed beta-carotene into highly energetic sugars, reinforced the good mood in the colony, and their transit was delighted by it. Meanwhile, a drama had occurred in the camp: an unknown man of the tribe had been discovered lifeless on the periphery of the installations. It was to the East of the camp, toward the marshes; yet another dead man, and the rumour of a Bartley Mac Mahes was haunting the caravans of the seventeen she-wolves. That presaged nothing good for me, and the strategist minds were going to have to get moving. The events spent criss-crossing the undergrounds with Rominagrobis had allowed me to become intimately acquainted with his feline majesty. His semaphore ears were becoming easier and easier to decrypt, and Rominagrobis seemed to be telling me that he was capable of eating a Mac Mahes as much as a big rat. Just be content to warn me in time, I signified to him. Rominagrobis went back up onto his circum-topic roof and developed his parabolic ears. A new summit meeting was being prepared between Alix and Beckerman, and as Alix s teammates, we had been given authorization to take part in the meeting. The boycott of the banks was to continue; the news of the Balkan, Slav and Baltic resistance was at its best, despite a small dip of the U-Kingdomians in their isolation, having a mammoth megalopolis to storm. But the pumpkin strategy was becoming an explosive product. All the territories were being criss-crossed by the ecological militants disseminating day and night, and by every trick, bombs of squash seeds. By the chance of the crossings, new varieties emerged, of cucumber-pumpkin types, courgette-Doubeurre, gherkin-watermelon, chayote-coloquinte, oil squashes-Mexican Peponide, aubergine-pickles, sweeping the whole possible gustatory spectrum of the delicious seditious ones, including the

infinity of varieties of squash alcohol that the rebellion knew perfectly how to synthesize, plunging the revolt into permanent Dionysian euphoria. After alcohol, fuel and sweets, could the invisibility potion be elaborated from pumpkin salt? It was time to think about it.

544- The Sethy tribes had not ceased, throughout the rebellion, cultivating Humulus lupulus in all its forms, in the same way as the fields of squashes, alcohol and cannabis, and coca galore. We had come to the era of the pumpkin, which was visibly going to last a good while, although the Sativa-Methylphenylamine was starting to circulate again, and the prospect of a dopamine based on cucurbitaceous sugars, a product of chemical manipulation, was becoming enticing. The terpenes, better known for hops under different names such as myrcene, betapinene and alpha-humulene, are chemical elements that determine the smell of cannabis and of hops. That is why, at the moment of flowering in a hop field, the smell can lead to confusion, which becomes interesting for combining them together with a steroid cucurbitacin-type dopamine, which is a simple triterpene hydrocarbon. They had found full-spectrum cannabis oils crossed with dopa-cucurbitacins that seemed to produce interesting effects. The research in Germany was taking place in East Berlin, and Bernis had a contact there. First of all, we had to convince Mother Wolf of the relevance of our projects, for organizing such a journey anonymously could once again not be done without the great Mother Wolf network. An expedition was decided: a shuttle in a fuel-cell combi was to leave in the coming days, which can still take four to five travellers as far as Berlin. The journey planned with Nour, Jauko, Bernis, the Glitch and myself took place over two days, with a stopover in Leipzig in a super nice youth hostel decorated with the effigy of the masked cucumber against the Empire. An atmosphere of sativated giggles reigned there, characteristic of the region. The research centre on cucurbitaceous drugs was set up in a large collective squat of the Kreuzberg in East Berlin. The atmosphere there was relaxed; it looked more like an art school than a research centre. A satived-to-the-ears character came to warn us: « Settle in wherever you want! ». In the building, there were rooms everywhere, with always a few Spartan pieces of furniture and mattresses heaped, rolled, folded, laid down. Corridors in enfilade presented rooms, in double loft, to be taken over at one s discretion with the minimum of survival means: a set of photovoltaic panels, a train of batteries, a dish for the network connection, a screen guided by speech in German, and the authorization of the old gas stoves. They were really nice, these Germans. The stay took place in joy, the Teutons handling to perfection the language of Moliere. On the second floor, smells of cucurbitaceous terpenes of every nature came to strike our olfactory receptors. An open door was attracting us with its effluvia of candied watermelons and of fermented melon recalling old port. « Cucurbitaceous sugar combines well with the Indica-sativa, which is more powerful than the common sativa », a long-haired hippie in a white coat told us, offering us to taste a fluo orange squash confit. In such a bazaar of herbs and spices, a cook would be entirely in his place. « We grow in our basements a cannabis of the Cannabaceae family, it is an

Indica of the Hindu Kush, for it combines well with methylphenylamine and brings it the power of the physiological and psychotropic effects. We extract from it a broad-spectrum CBD that one combines with a sublimated cucurbitaceous sugar; that gives us this orange jelly with the stimulating-myorelaxant power, giving this sensation of braving terrestrial gravity with a light MDMA ecstasy effect that possesses the power to carry you into the flow.

» The exposition of the satived-with-pumpkin scientist gave us the impression that, once one had tasted their curcubi-magic, one would no longer be capable of distinguishing anything of top and bottom. We spent the day visiting the workshops of the different research projects, which reminded me of the good laughs at the ENSA of Paris-La Villette with Leeloo, Benoit and the band of girls of Archi. Here, they were not stacking blocks and things, but active principles and molecules, except that the new doors they were opening borrowed the same paths as at the ENSA. I regretted that Leeloo was not present at this moment. Bernis found again his contact of the sativa-methylphenylamine, who was playing the caid of recreational neurochemistry with us. He was a tall stooped pepper-and-salt man with a face marked by the road. He had invited us into his apartments, recounting to us his great moments of youth in the Sandoz pharmaceutical laboratories in Switzerland under the figure of Albert Hofmann. He had had the occasion to cross paths with him at the age of 97 in the famous Helvetic centre. « He remained the Boss of the psychonauts », he told us, « a title he had shared with Timothy Leary in the 1970s. » Gundolf, who had spent six months at Sandoz testing the learning aptitudes under LSD of professor Peter Gasser, assured us that he kept contacts with the laboratory. What was bringing us there was above all the prospects of diffusion of the new fruit-paste sweets with methyl-phenylaminated cucurbitacins of the research centre. He could supply us with one million four hundred thousand to one million five hundred thousand doses per month, he told us, by passing through the network of the offices of the French-tribal question, the deal was possible. The proposition suited us perfectly, and we were going to keep a parallel accounting in order to provision the necessary credits while waiting for the thaw of the banking situation. These little orange curcubi-cubes had the appearance of a universal panacea: myorelaxants, ecstatic, antidepressants, decongestants, antineuralgic, healing, regulators of the transit and delicious. The affair seemed without risk, and it gave me the occasion to set up a network of wet nurses of national level. The principle of barter, for three months, had been well adopted and still maintained a real economic activity in the country. The taking in hand of the code of the network by Roland Mi left me free to work in the field.

545- We were going to create an adhesion kit to the « TEOU » network, with the prospects of gains through the activity of wet nursing and all the connection codes, plus a manual in AO language for the exchanges. The work in the field was immense, owing to the fact that we had to recruit at least five wet nurses per square kilometre over a territory of five hundred thousand square kilometres. Which comes back to having to prospect for prospectors before the prospecting of the wet nurses. The Glitch was game, Ameele, my female double whom I imagined as better, too, Jauko of course, and in the end everyone was getting into the game of the prospecting of prospects.

On the 16th of January of the year 59, in the 130th cycle of Meton, a troubling event reminded us of the existence of Mahes. That morning, we happened to be hanging around at the edge of the camp to discuss the strategy with the tightened group, but passing in front of Nour s double-axle caravan, a strange smell of gas was emanating from it, concentrated in the cabin. A gas cylinder was connected to a sealed ignition system behind the door. Our salvation came from the attitude of Rominagrobis, who, spending his time on the roofs of the caravans, held here a posture of the squirrel kind, all bristly, with his caudal tuft plugged into

220 volts, signifying an anomaly to us. Something is happening, I thought. A lieutenant had the presence of mind to break the windows to let the gas escape. Following this, we discovered a lot of damaged gas cylinders between the axles of the caravan, placed there intentionally. We had to take the thing seriously, for Mac Mahes knew how to slink like a cat and to infiltrate our privacy without leaving traces; he was not going to stop on such a good path. A trap had to be organized, a plan of the mousetrap kind. I remembered the advice of the last missive of the distant cousins, which gave me the direction to take. We had to imagine a scenario that would project me into a situation of extreme fragility during the next assault on the capital. For we had the superiority of the connected s-AO azimutable quantum-AIs, the vigilance of the yamaka-zebras capable of leading astray any feline whatever it might be, boastful lions as well as enraged leopards, my praetorian guard of Amazons and the tricks of the eco-luddites.

We had to recover his biological imprint in order to mark him on our azimutable AIs, then observe his behaviour and establish his strategy from it. Once it was verified that Jimmy was indeed becoming his target, lure him into the underground labyrinths of Paris and, by a sustained rhythm of progression applied to the colony of squads, corner him, seize him in a gut of the second electronic barrier. It was fitting to trap him between two lockable metal grids that one sometimes comes across in the sewers. Thus locked in the cage, the animal could roar as much as he wanted. His future from then on would take place among the rats, the supreme punishment for a descendant of the Goddess Sekhmet. But the invasion of the fundamental deities coming from the hypnagogic mental network was indeed starting to invade the real network. For proof, the vicious turns of phrase already heard in the mouth of Amaymon during my dreams, which one finds everywhere in the numerous pornographic sites that proliferate on the legal Net. In the meantime, all that remained was to wait for the second offensive after having collected the biological elements of this hitman in order to mark him at the Azimutage of our quantum-AIs. Which was done quickly, through the discovery of a key having served in the sabotage of the gas cylinders and bearing traces of biogenetic elements. We could now follow him to the nearest metre over the whole territory; all that remained was to hook the animal.

Roland Mi now mastered to perfection the hexadecimal code, allowing us to invest the second-level network for our quantum Bot « TEOU », mastering the Big Data. We were passing under the Dak Net by the paths traced by the F-Society in its time, and we had « Rootkit » loops in most of the « Majors » in order to widen our field of investigation. The error of the GMO system had been to concentrate its quantum-AIs on the mastery of the climate and on the maintaining of its own system, abandoning the deepest layers of the Dark to the profit of the tribes. The most fundamental layers of the Net were now held by the hackers, and they had become impossible to dislodge. The F-Society, thanks to Yvan Beckerman, had authorized us to borrow these deep layers of the Net, on condition that the TEOU business bring profit to the sedition. A written agreement was attested and signed in an emergency by all the groups of sedition in the whole of Europe, and TEOU was soon going to cover the continent. All these affairs were going a bit over my head, which is saying something. But the affair was launched, and come what may. I was now lodging with Nour, for following these unhappy events, I had to support her and to apologize for being the

subject of this dirty business. Nour was thinking only of the sling and was preparing for the second wave. I was trying my hand at archery in trial-wingsuit with her, but with my small size, I was mastering nothing at all. My role was rather in the supervision of my baby TEOU, and I was going to devote myself to it. At bedtime, the systemic patterns haunted me and copulated among themselves to the point of muddling my mind. Apart from preventing me from sleeping, speculating about the future does not favour falling asleep; it is better to replay the film from the joys of my existence. Never did the memories shared with my new adoptive family leave me. Access to the hypnagogic club is given only to soothed souls; remembering my future dulcinea is a short path to it, and sleeping is an abandonment, that of the ego as one thinks it is.