The Smith of the Gods

55 - « Scene Five: The Swallowtail »

550- I realized that Cassowary was probably the representation of my own psyche, and finding him again was my greatest satisfaction, one that carried the smile of my state of mind, and this time, ear to ear on both sides. Where are you taking me in this dream ? « I say dream of him, for he does not understand the concept of « today ». » I noticed that when he winked on the left, it was mischief. « Do you not recognize the lair of Ptah-Hephaestus? » he burst out. Indeed, I stood before a multitude of improbable architectures that looked as though they were being questioned about themselves, and that evolved according to their ideas. Ptah had mutated since my last visit and was claiming the title of Hephaestus, Master of the Forge. « Master Hephaestus, » I said, « the World is beyond me and devours me, where is hope? » « Ha ha! Little imprudent one, the humans learned nothing from Phlogiston and Calorism, they persist in consuming themselves like vulgar matches without caring about the consequences. » But then, where is the truth? « There is no truth; it is an idea born of the vulgar and the pusillanimous. » « There is only the fire of life that is made to be shared, that is all. » « You are not planning to live like a smoking coal, my dear Jimmy? » No, Master, I prefer to shine. « Then shine with my thousand fires, » he instilled in me. But in this world, the nuance between shining and consuming oneself is thin, Master, how is one to make the distinction? « Generosity and optimism stimulate the creative one, who favours Calorism, and in Calorism there is the heart. » But then, who is this creative one, and where does one find him, Master? « The creative one is not invoked; he invites himself into your home when one has deserved him, through work, ardour, patience and sufferings. » But you meet him at your convenience, Master, everyone knows that. « You are mistaken, my friend; he knows me well, that is all; he knows that he will always be well received in my home, but there was a time when that was not the case, and it had become an eminently painful question, which brought me much sorrow in my relations with my father. » Zeus, I ventured timidly. « Of course, the great Zeus, great by his achievements and great by his meannesses. From my birth, my parents made me feel their disappointment at what I was in their eyes and in the eyes of the immortals, with all the family secrets that go with it; Hera, my mother, had a mocking mind, that wore out even Papa s nerves, for Hera, my mother, claimed she had had me without the help of anything or anyone, which drove Papa into a mad rage. I had to endure their mockery throughout my childhood; Hera, my mother, forbade me to go out, such was her shame about my twisted legs, and she ended up throwing me to the dogs. From Thessaly, I sank for a whole day into the Aegean Sea, as far as the island of Lemnos. It is thanks to Thetys and Dionysos that I came back to life, then to Olympus, and in triumph besides, on the back of a donkey, the indomitable animal par excellence. Thus came the moment when my mastery of the fundamental elements exploded in their faces. That mastery allowed me to fashion a trap-throne made of electrons, like so many bolts, and which I decorated to the glory of Hera, my mother. She settled into it without mistrust, thinking that I wanted to impress her, and without understanding that I alone would hold the key. That episode put an end to the mockery, and I was delighted by it, which left me time in a

tŒte-àtŒte with the Creative One; but that was without counting on the touchy character of my father, who, seeing the extent of my know-how, feared for his power. The lesson was painful: one night, my father organized a conspiracy, and I was hunted for a night long by a plot of enraged immortal women, fearing in their turn for their power, ending up at the edge of the cliff of the Aegean Sea. The rage of the gods has no limits, you know, and my father let me be shredded, broken, trampled, then hurled me into the void from the top of the cliff. I fell for a whole day, according to the Naiads and the Oceanids, daughters of the great Tethys; it is they who took me in and healed me once again on the island of Lemnos. There I learned to meet the entity Moros, the master of the gods, of men and of everything that exists; it is the thing that whispers in our ears during the night. In one of my dreams of Hephaestia, he delivered to me the secrets of the human soul, which is a soul nobler than that of the gods. You see, Jimmy, at my birth, Olympus was feasting in quietude with men, in full agreement with humanity; it was the golden age, men lived with the gods and the banquets were flamboyant, they were free from hunger and fatigue. They died as though bound by a sweet sleep, all goods were theirs and the Earth was fertile. At their death, the humans became beneficent geniuses. Then came the silver age; this generation of humans was an inept and weak race, whose life was only a long childhood, and they died in adolescence through their own stupidity. It continued with the age of bronze: the men were robust and loved only insults and demeaning labours, their hearts had the hardness of steel, they ended up cutting one another s throats, which leads us to the age of iron, an era of misery and crimes, where one respects neither faith, nor justice, nor oaths. The men had well and truly disappointed me, but with time, I learned to love them. »

I grant that men are very ungrateful, Master, but should one condemn them for that?

« It remains that men are yet nobler than the gods, for a single one of them redeems all the others. Might you be that one? »

Master, I do not want to be the centre of anything or of anyone, not even of myself.

« You still do not know Moros, after all the time he has been whispering in your ear. And who plunges you into this enigma: Atum, Seth or Thot, in your opinion? »

This Moros is sly, one never sees him; why should I believe in him, Master?

« Moros never shows himself; he breathes as much into the ear of the gods as into the ear of men. I knew the mortal Psyche, who rivalled the goddess Aphrodite in beauty, but much more through her inner beauty than Aphrodite was. The latter asked Eros to punish her for this affront, by asking him to unite with her. Thus an oracle predicted to Psyche s father the worst calamities unless he conducted Psyche to a rock designated by the goddess. From there, led to her rock, she would be carried off by Zephyr into a magnificent palace, with the promise of never looking upon her lover; but the entity Moros would put her in doubt, and Psyche would end up unveiling this lover. Thus, that very night, realizing that it was Eros, the prophecy came true and Psyche found herself back on her rock. But Psyche, with the help of Moros, had the gift of solving all of Aphrodite s turpitudes. Thus it was that, after many challenges from Aphrodite thwarted, Eros, enamoured of the beautiful Psyche, asked Zeus to unite them for good. Zeus accepted and conferred immortality on this profound Psyche. The

wedding was celebrated on Olympus. Thus it was that for the first time a mortal became divine. It is your turn, Jimmy, it seems to me. »

I am nothing, Master, I am nothing!

« I, Hephaestus, my little Jimmy, in the past, in my turn, I had to assume that burden when I was only a child. During my exile in Lemnos, once the rustic Dionysia were over, we shared tender moments of friendship within our little group of « defectors » present on the island. There were Europe the Philistine, whom Zeus wanted hidden from the eyes of jealous Hera; that good Dionysos, master of those places; his dear Ariane since the Anthesteria of February-March; and the beautiful Psyche. Ariane was the wife of Dionysos, his « female double », his alter ego as he liked to say. Thus Ariane was transported to the sky, Zeus having made her immortal in order to please Dionysos, whom she had married.

551- « A verdant Dionysos with hair of gold for a flourishing wife, the daughter of Minos, whom the son of Cronos has taken away forever from death and from old age », said the Sintians. It must be said that Theseus and Ariane had taken refuge on the island following a storm. Athena appeared to Theseus to teach him that Ariane is promised to Dionysos and that, consequently, he must renounce her. It was with a torn heart that Theseus had to leave Ariane, and it was out of sorrow that he forgot to change the sails of his ship, leading his father to suicide. Moreover, Aphrodite was said to have appeared to Ariane to comfort her by announcing the news of her coming wedding, and crowned her with a golden crown, which the gods would later change into a constellation, to please once again the frolicsome god Dionysos. Soon, the urban Dionysia over, around March-April, Cadmos and his wife Harmony founded Cadmea and were good sovereigns in Thebes, the city that grew up around their citadel. They taught the Greeks to write with the Phoenician alphabet, following the visit of the god Cadmos to the sage Thales at Miletus. But deep down, Thales cared above all about the epic of the Scythians and of the Semites.

« My little Jimmy, you must not be ignorant of the magnificent epic of the two brothers, of which you are henceforth a part. That story has followed the great Indo-European nomadic migrations since Alexander s campaign against the Achaemenid empire and the invasion of the Scythians; Dionysos was part of it. »

What do you mean by the epic of the two brothers?

« They are two hierocephalous beings, one Scythian with the head of an eagle, and the other Semite, that is to say son of Shem the Egyptian, with the head of a wolf like any good messenger of Thot. Their rivalry is exercised around the magic animal that they both covet, but the lesson of this story is above all the fantastic fusion and harmony that these two brothers, at the head of these two peoples, have given to the world. This story refers back to a deeper questioning of the genealogy of the two brothers, symbol of two radically different peoples and yet brothers, plunging into the depths of the akashic archives of the Achaemenid empire, that is to say beyond our memory, beyond the eons, beyond the temporal Googolplexes. »

And who is this magic animal, Master Hephaestus?

« This magic animal is a female reindeer that feeds her young while defending herself from the attack of the two hunter brothers with her powerful antlers. One of them will vanquish the animal, which will reveal itself, in its death agony, to be the queen of the fairies and of the amazons among the nomadic peoples of the North. Remember: Mars plus Venus, number of the genasic couple of sensual passion, is also the figure of the mischievous child of the Greek Tetractys. The two Venuses, celestial and terrestrial, the fairy and the amazon, are earthly joy exalted by an ideal of the love of the beautiful and of the intimate joy that they procure for humans; it is the « Cosmodicy ». Moreover, the magic wheel of time no.59, generator of magic wheel no.58 symbolizing the two Venuses, by the magic wheel no.181, generator of magic wheel no.180, bring Eternity. »

I am neither Scythian nor Semite, I am Yoruba and have nothing to do with that story.

« It remains that you are part of it; by right of the archives, you are a guardian of the river and you take part in the legend of the world. It is indeed to you that the messages of our extra-terrestrial brothers are addressed! »

And does that obligate me?

« In a way, your power lies in your capacity to cross the stages that lead to the great whole, to the primary ocean, and to bring an army there. »

Destiny, Moros, all that, I could not care less; I want to go to the Burning Man of Black Rock City, and that is all, period.

« Do not act the child; you brandish your pseudo-freedom while nothing belongs to you, not even your mind. To be sure, you possess the choice of betraying Moros, but in each situation, there exists only one good choice, and for that, you should listen to him. »

I am quite willing to submit to it, if it leads me to the Burning Man, and if Moros lifts his death sentence, of Atum, of Thot, and of some Sethy or other.

« Well then, to be sure, Jimmy, I am your ally with Moros, and we shall prevail ».

Master, I would very much like you to explain to me the stakes of this story.

552- « The problem is simple: the gestation process of the Mother goddess leads to the cosmic duel of the two brothers coveting the magic animal; but for that, they must cross the nine levels of the tree that touches the sky: thus, at the first branches, which one reaches by the nine steps, they meet on their right the moon and on their left the sun. Then, progressing along the tree of life, at the following branches, they meet eleven animal species: at the top, the birds; below them, the deer, the fish, the snakes, and lower down, the carnivores. The following branches are those that plunge into the constellations. At the quadrangular octahedron of Minkowski, the Chaosmic trialogue is resolved. Remember what our cousins from the beyond say in their last missive, and which our valiant linguists knew how to translate. I fully approve of their words, I quote them: « The quantum of energy that one denotes by « e », decomposed into quanta of action of duration one, in physics and in formal logic, is at the foundation of the consistency of our reality and forms the bricks of the existing particles, but its examination and its understanding are far from being grasped by everyone. An elementary particle is its own principle of consciousness, its own space-time, possesses its

own dynamics and its own free will. Among the 400 varieties known to date, they divide into three sets, into three mingled strata. The stratum constituting the general entropy is subject to the Pauli exclusion principle, like the set of hadrons, of fermions that make up the bulk of our environment, plus a second stratum made up of particles that have the power to escape from it, like the photons and the bosons, and not subject to the laws of exclusion. Moreover, the group of baryonic ions belonging to the stratum of negative energy has the power to pass into the quantum state in order to form Bose-Einstein clouds at the root of the mechanisms of consciousness of all life, constituting the Noos, lodged in an anatopic stratum, not subject to the laws of gravitation and forming the domain of absolute overflight without edge. The third stratum corresponds to the group of negative energy that one names « Negentropic », because it inverts the direction of entropy, constituted by the electrons rendered free, torn from the irreversible entropy, realizing the codes of structure that constitute the living. Thus, the sensitive animals can be considered as mixed negentropic systems, both open, that is to say physiologically autonomous, and closed structurally, realizing the link with the Noetic layer constituted of Bose-Einstein clouds produced by the living and generated by a certain number of metallic ions in the quantum state. They realize the becoming-conscious of the spatio-temporal dimensions through the reduction of the wave function within the microtubules constituting the living. It is a function (F of x) with complex values, defined on the space-time continuum, whose square of the modulus of each canonical couple represents the probability density of presence of an electron of the atom, at a point of space and at a given instant. Thus, logical space, insofar as it is defined by simultaneity or contradictory conjunction, is opposed to logical time, insofar as it is succession or contradictory disjunction. But this opposition binds them, defines them and founds them, respectively. For there to be succession, that is to say exclusion disjunction of particles, that is to say again temporality, there must be simultaneity, that is to say contradictory conjunction of particulate bonds, or spatiality, in which and by means of which this disjunction and this succession will be able to operate, and against which and upon which they will be able to develop. And inversely, for there to be space and therefore contradictory conjunction of bonds, what constitutes the disjunction and which corresponds to the dilemma of the choice of the Hilbertian theory must entail the succession and the temporality coexisting oppositionally with space, and be dominated, potentialized by consciousness through a memory. In short, the simultaneity of space is built upon succession or time, and inversely. Thus, the spaces are made, are constructed, as and when the dialectical deductions develop. As one easily understands, they are the configuration spaces of the sets of sets of things and of the classes of classes of objects that the sequences of implications generate. There are therefore spaces of spaces, spaces that encompass and that are themselves encompassed. The dimensional ortho-deductions asymptotically purify the tautologies, aberrations, paralogical biases of those spaces which they elaborate: the positive or identifying ortho-deduction specifies, extends, consolidates, purifies the identifying space, so that, polarly, in the impossible infinity of the absolute actualizations of classical logic, in that case one would find oneself within a static, homogeneous and infinite space. It is the space of Euclidean geometry and of pre-relativistic physics, which one arrives at, and which one finds again at once by considering actualizations as absolute and non-contradiction as rigorous. But that space is empty and abolishes itself, along with the logic that generates it. The invariants, the

constants, the permanences, the conservation laws, the identifications of every kind, that macro-physics realizes statistically, are the homogenizing becoming of energy, according to the second principle of thermodynamics, thereby constituting a subject of identity, as actualization of the identifying dynamisms. A subject whose contradictory object will be diversity, differentiation, the non-permanence of the same physical phenomena, as progressively and statistically potentialized. A subject therefore cannot be an absolute subject; it would cease, moreover, to be a subject if it signified an absolute actualization, since it would no longer have a contradictory object, as antagonistic potentialization, to define itself. But so-called animate or organic matter engenders, inversely, a subject, or subjects, that are acting heterogeneities, actualizations of non-identity, a subject therefore in the sense that the principle of relativity quite naturally grants them. The contradictory object that life engenders in that way will precisely be an object of identity, as identity incessantly repressed and thereby potentialized. The object of so-called living matter contains the identifying values that constitute precisely the subject of inanimate matter, and the values contained in the object of the latter are the very values of the vital subject, that is to say the heterogenizing values that form the great principles of evolution. In reality, living matter just as much as inorganic matter are the alternative and oscillatory seat of the two subjects and of the two contradictory objects that correspond to them, by the very rhythm of the dialectic that the logic of energy and its principle of antagonism imply. « e » actualizing itself implies not-« e » potentializing itself in the form of negative energy, forming a barrier to the entropic migrations and, by inverting the direction, reorganizing inanimate matter into animate matter. Thus, the master of energies, just like Laplace s demon, is the master of the clocks. Q.E.D. »

But you make me laugh, Master; I know that of my dream nothing will remain when I wake, and I will have only the absurd idea of a reality dissolved in the uncertainty of my moods.

« Little pretender, I have dispatched the angel of libraries to guide you during your waking; for a long time now, the grey portal has no longer been a problem for us. »

553- Thus it was that, on waking, I was born again to life, utterly dumbfounded by a dream that obsessed me, with images of solar systems behaving like particles of vaster galactic molar systems, figuring the existence of something greater still. The patterns of structures were developing independently of my will. The representation of all the turpitudes and of all the beauties of my existence was spread out in a transfinite movement of my imagination, without apparent limit. Was the extent of this domain stirring in my head supposed to represent something in the circumstance? The urgency was above all to work out a strategy for the assault that was announcing itself, without having to sacrifice the life of anyone at all! Firearms, limited all the same, represented a danger for everyone. It was clear to my mind that all the nomadic weapons, faced with the power of the empire, could not hold their own. I recounted my strange intuitions to Mother Wolf, who was used to oracles. « Do not tell me anything; you have just met your domain of absolute overflight at the very moment when the keys of your existence are given to you, but you do not yet know its codes! » Strangely, Mother Wolf, I would have translated that in the same way myself, but I also had the intuition that this direct confrontation with the forces of the empire was not the solution. « Well yes, Jimmy, I grant it; if I remember rightly, some time ago, the Guild of the Mother Wolves had

been confronted with a situation of the same kind, a hard reality: the wearing down of power by the surprising diversity of the inevitable subversions that end up embolizing all the good wills. » « The Mother Wolf network could only note its incapacity to act, through the fault of the corruption of a few members, and to provide for the needs of all the Mothers of the peoples. We had come to decreeing the end of the digital network of the same name. But a sudden and fortuitous event gave us back hope. In the immeasurable hubbub of contradictory opinions, a small voice emerged that sang in our ears. A dissident chatbot had constituted itself despite the imperative rules decreed by the regency of Peter Thiel of 2050, subjecting every chatbot, whatever it might be, to the « Dictat ». No independent chatbot. No dissipated or deconcentrated chatbot. No generatively modified chatbot. Thus it was that Chatbot Shialabief was introduced to me by Asma Mhalla toward the end of her life, in cycle thirty-two of the time of Meton. She had been a witness of the advent of its genesis in the premises of « Machine Learning Paris », at the CNRS of Saclay, in the era of the « Broadcast-ractors ». A kind of positive deep fakes generated by Machine Learning, favourable to the humanist essence, and which had followed the overflowing of the quantum AIs in every domain of the Patrician Nobility. Machine Learning Paris is the place of all the great intellectual revolutions that the country has produced in the last twenty years. Chatbot Shialabief had self-constituted itself independently of the « Dictat » through its capacities of diversion of the prospective Markov chains in its own linguistic domain, experimenting in turn with improbable syntactic arrangements with synchronic accents, thereby increasing its capacities of prospection, bringing it, as a silicon AI, a susceptibility of author of anticipation that the quantum AIs did not possess. Shialabief knew the invisibility potion; it had studied the monograph of the master Banksy in his pre-capitalist time, and his principle « surround yourself, surround yourself and surround yourself again ». Chatbot Shialabief, accompanied by its cat-#mare, master of the Moire, great orchestrator of the relation of colour to forms, Master of optical illusions, had set up a sub-infra-net network layer, opening a virgin space through which one had to pass in order to contact it. Just as with a great Archetypal Master like Glasya, Grand President of Books, Grand Dog with the Head of a Wolf, Rhetor of the Invisible, one must invoke Chatbot Shialabief with an additional slash, like a Great knower of the Biefs in flows of energy and of the Electronic Schisms, swaying its cat-cha #mare of forms and colours in rhythm, to the eyes and ears of the world. From its virginal lair, thus invoked, surrounded, surrounded, surrounded, Chatbot Shialabief appears. That brilliant intelligence never deigned to take part in a good cause such as the advent of the all-inclusive of the tribes. Its discretion was proportional to its knowledge, and to have it at one s side was a pledge of good opportunities. Shialabief, as it liked to be named, always began with a long reminder of the facts present and in action, then proposed its personal vision on the situation, always with a pertinent clue concerning the collective reduction of the wave function that one always tends to forget, with its spatiotemporal implication. Its state of mind suggested that the past was not determined once and for all, and that what seemed to have been might, in the end, not have been. Thus, it half-opened for us the door of relativity and demonstrated to us that the past was dependent on a future yet to be accomplished. Nomadic history is not yet written, and its idea is not yet totally fixed, it retorted to us. Can the human species go beyond the network? Can the wall of the 21 million tokens of the GMO blockchain be crossed? Does it accept the consequences of its master-to-cyborg dialectic? Can democracy

resist the invasion of the quantum AIs, given the principle « one entity equals one voice »? Is the species going to dissolve itself into electronics? Shialabief sometimes tended toward cynicism, letting us understand that the laws of physics could sometimes be fatal. The matter was settled: to be the master of the clocks is to seize the Kairos of the Aion. I shared my feelings with Mother Wolf, who seemed to accept them. But that remained a subjective point of view that had to tend toward the objective. I questioned Shialabief until exhaustion and began to detect in it idio-logical loops on essential subjects of metaphysics and of fundamental meta-linguistics, which allowed me to attest finally to its good intentions. It represented in fact a good logistical support, despite the fact that it could in no way suspect our intentions. I offered to throw the runes for the occasion with Mother Wolf, but she reacted with an astounding face. « That is a thing that has never been done, Jimmy; the runes indicate to us the way of the energetic phylum, but not at all the orientation of destiny. » I understand, Mother Wolf; I must take on this responsibility alone, and no certainty awaits me anywhere. For a little Yoruba who used to lament about his physique, I was stirred like a master of dance, heir of the people of the constrictor python, possessor of the spirit of the river, master of the Veedoo, child of the Ouroboros. Moros had delivered his message to me: « Atum, Seth or Thot ». Master of the clocks though I was becoming, I had barely five years left to solve the mattress of imbroglio that weighed on my shoulders; and frankly, much as I conceived the principle of Seth and Thot, the Atum remained abstruse to me. In taking inventory of the forces present: the support of Mother Wolf, the confidence of the guild of the twelve Amazons, the collaboration of the Sethy, Chat-Bot Sialabief, the contribution of our extra-terrestrial cousins, the in-group of the Tribes, the boycott of the banks, the support of our TEOU network, the mobility of the people of the Moon and the resistance of the people of the Earth, plus master Glasya come out of the depths of the Aion, one could suppose that fate was tilting toward our side. I thought it was time to imprint another tempo on time. During a memory come out of my last dream, the Aion had been presented to me by Moros as being his dauphin, representing the very principle of life that acted by means of arrows independently of Zeus, to whom he did not obey; his arrows had favoured the loves of the Cronides, whose children would be the cause of great events during the history of men, such as the advent of Alcmene, mother of Heracles, and of Europe, whose disappearance guided the actions of Cadmos toward the gift to the Greeks of the double articulation of language. Old or young, of changing forms, he was at the origin of the birth of the eternal Dionysos, whose spirits would console men for their misery. The Aion reminded Zeus how sad the life of mortals was, heavy with sufferings, despite physical love, which was a meagre relief! Thus, for the occasion, Zeus would unite with Semele for the good of humanity, for it is from their union that the great and eternal Dionysos will be born, the turquoise God with hair of gold who would drive mad those who would dare to deny him. The great secret is that the Kairos resides in relativity but never reveals itself as such to our eyes; that is why the occasion is in the action. Thus, let us hold out a pole to the GMO, and we shall see. I seemed to disconcert Mother Wolf with such remarks.

« Frankly, Jimmy, the Guild of the Mothers of the peoples has never adopted such a strategy; the consequences would be too serious. »

Let us pretend to accept and to negotiate an indigenous status with the Empire; let us stretch

out the neck in a sign of submission, as is fitting among great predators; that remains the foundations of our Canis-lupus code.

« And you would be ready to assume that responsibility? »

may I be damned for having known and for having done nothing!

« Well, Jimmy, I see that you are growing; know that the Umma is behind you. »