

Getting rid of the Temptation to Exist

Chapter Five



*"She was told she was going to die.
It was summer."*

Manifesto, for the world at large, with Notes,
memories and reveries collected in a spirit of
constant incompleteness.

January 1947 - Winter 2006

*

Immersion in oblivion,

Suspending dreams, boredom crumpling leaves

Pebbles in my shoe, I'm gonna destroy your anus

A lightning bolt crossing the darkness

*

L'Assassino di Elizabeth Short

You were an innocent child at heart

Manifesto

(a practical guide to my future self)

We are revolutionary because there is no revolution without a revolutionary.

We are unconcerned with our goals, our reason.

Our will is in the movement (impulse) / failure / accident.

We are failed artists. Only the flayed, the failed, practising, without talent, in old-fashioned disciplines, know how to be touching.

We are the instigators of a revolutionary movement without a final goal because there is none. *To address here the notion of artistic suicide.

We don't care about the effect, our mission is the cause.

"THIS REVOLUTION AIMS AT A GENERAL DEVALUATION OF VALUES, AT THE DEVALUATION OF THE MIND, AT THE DEVALUATION OF REALITY, AT THE DEVALUATION OF THOUGHT."

To create the most disturbing sounds possible / auditory torture, which will be the sound accompaniment to a larger work.

Our aspirations are not musical, pictorial or cinematographic but rather a Dadaist mix of surrealism and nihilism.

"...some sounds disturb me... some layers of sound are borderline unpleasant for my ears".

We use, for our own purposes, the initial concepts of the industrial movements:

PHOTOCOPIES OF SORDID IMAGES AND GROTESQUE CRIMES.

To this we add an immoderate use of Italian.

The language of the Giallo, that style of cinema featuring very graphic murders.

"The monster raises his face dripping with the blood of his victim".

... Every day I discover new things... It's driving me crazy, I want to do everything... it's so terribly difficult to make a complete thing... I want to struggle... scratch... start again... by dint of observation... reflection... you find it.

How can I hope to weld pieces together to make a story?

The Black Dahlia Murder is a real Giallo.

A surrealist work in the strict sense, the incursion of Art into the real world.

"On the immobilised pavements human caterpillars were writhing, without arms or legs... A first decapitated body was discovered in the recreation room, its head resting on the television. A first decapitated body was discovered in the recreation room, its head resting on the television. A surrealist work in the strict sense, the incursion of Art into the real world.

but, even more profoundly, a diabolical being.

L'Uomo Dei Sogni
« L'assassino di Beth Short »
January 1947

A Pepper Steak

A good blue steak with chips. Maybe even some barbecue sauce. No, more like pepper. I'll have a good steak, well grilled on top and blue on the inside, and some pepper. And chips of course. I knew everything about you before you even spoke to me. I only had to see the back of your neck to know that your name was Emilie. Slightly muscular thighs but not an ounce of fat. Oh, I managed to get a 300 gram steak out of it, let's say. It's a pity that you had to be damaged for that. It's a bit your fault too, at first I just wanted to carve you a thigh and then you had to struggle. I had to bang you and drag you here, do you think it was easy, to hoist you onto the work table and fix your feet in the stirrups? I've never been much of an athlete. Oh, I'd have to heat up the barbecue. Emilie, if you only knew how much I've watched your thighs. Sometimes when you turned your head towards me I had to look down, red with shame. I regret having pulled out a lock of your hair when I dragged you down the stairs here. I loved your long blonde hair. You can't fucking blame me for a bit of thigh! I love you, we can live together very well even if you're missing a bit of thigh. Do you want a plate? I'm not a dog, you know, we can share very well. Stop crying, you'll make me cry. Love makes me sad, but it's joyful, isn't it?

It was hard to throw your skin in the rubbish. Oh, it wasn't hard to peel off the meat, but it was so soft. You know, we both shouldn't be having sex or anything. It's too soon. Can you smell how good that is? That smell of grilled meat reminds me of barbecues at the lake house. A really nice place... You'll see. I'm not going to cook you too much, I'd like to eat you raw if I listened to myself. You're awfully cute. Yes, you know, I guessed you quite a bit in the nude. Hihi, I'm a bit ashamed, do you mind? Hop, a little pepper. A lot, even, because I love spices.

The Mexicans, or the Indians, well, the niakoués, used to cook their meat in spices. It must have been good. But hello stomach. You know, I'm usually a vegan, but I thought, this is different. This is love.

Oh, the mustard. God, you've lost a lot of blood. I can't stand the the sight of blood. One blood test and I'll be out like a light. I don't know how you how you do it. There, there, stop crying, it's almost done. I like to make a bed of chips on the plate and put my steak on top. I put the mustard on the side of the the plate. Well, it's ready. Bon appétit my love, we're going to enjoy it.

June 24, 1972

L'Assassino di Elizabeth Short

Elizabeth Short is many things; she is a starlet but she also looks like our grandmothers in the yellowed and faded photos of their youth. That's what makes us look at her fondly, but it's also true that Elizabeth Short was a flighty, unserious and perhaps a little slutty. She also frequented the underground pornographic scene in Los Angeles. Elizabeth Short is also a corpse, a very ugly corpse but also a very artistic one. Elizabeth Short is In Heaven where everything is fine, but beware, In Heaven is not heaven, In Heaven is a squalid old motel where the green wallpaper comes unstuck as it rolls up, where the wooden floor creaks under our feet. An old motel that smells rancid, where we drink whisky and smoke cigars while watching scarred strippers shimmy. An old motel where the manager, Mr Hand, has a sickly face and scours his nails with a penknife. Maybe In Heaven owes a lot to Dark City, maybe it owes a lot to David Lynch. Maybe they owe it all to Elizabeth Short. A gloved assassin murders a young woman in a vacant lot. Her body is horribly and artistically mutilated. Elizabeth Short is a Giallo. The Gialli are Elizabeth Short.

Elizabeth Short's killer is Elizabeth Short. He is her myth, he is the one who made Elizabeth Short. No one has ever found him because he doesn't need to exist. Only Elizabeth matters. The assassin is nothing more than a part of her myth, as was Los Angeles, as was James Elroy, as was 1947 and its batch of Hollywood stars beaten to death.

In 2005 L'Assassino di Beth Short was born, almost at the same time as Steve Hodel's book. This is a coincidence, but not the only one. Indeed, both are useless in the Black Dahlia myth. The first is an industry group led by a poor guy fascinated by the myth, the second is a book written by another poor guy convinced that his father is the man with the gloved hand who killed Beth one night in 1947.

Both projects, apart from being useless, are both driven by the Oedipus complex of their authors.

The year of birth of L'Assassino di Beth Short is also the year of its first demo: Attraverso la Nerezza Della Notte. Yes, like the musical piece. This demo consisted of several tracks made with oscilloscope frequencies and one track with synthesizer effects and pornographic film-like pleasure rales. The reception was more enthusiastic than expected. Then the demo disappeared, leaving no trace. Like Elizabeth Short's assassin. Even the author has no copy. The project then died a first time.

The same year the project was resurrected for a weekend.

THE TEMPTATION TO WRITE

Don't Expect Too Much from the End of the World

I don't want things to change,

I only wish they would stop.

In truth things never really change,

The End is always the same.

The Madhouse throws its lightning bolts,

The writer devours his readers.

(The Devil resides in the alley next to the Tower)

Das Licht Auszumachen

I am drunk when I discover one of my texts on the table.
table.

I have the unpleasant feeling that it was written by a
stranger.

Who is he? Am I not the stranger?

Arty & Chic

Don't blow my brains out, the Japanese want to
to buy it.

S. tells me, with great tenderness, that I am a
self-stabilised psychopath.

THE MACHINES THAT ENSLAVE US SHOULD BE USED FOR OUR OWN
PURPOSES.



The Dead Don't Need to Be Avenged

*As a teenager, I discovered the techniques of astral travel in
the wooded park of the Museum of Art and Industry.*

*Yesterday, I became a magician by discovering that magic does
not exist. Better still, I discovered, in the same way, the
set of mechanisms that allow me to create magic.*

What would I do with magic when I created it?

Agent of Discord

The advent of violence

Coke, depression, debauchery and so on do not make you a good writer. They don't even make you a writer anyway. Depression isn't constructive, and it's not even as destructive as it pretends to be, it's just an unproductive non-state. That's what depression is all about. You write, you write a lot and then you erase what you've written. You wish you could always erase the shit you produce so easily.

I didn't know where I was going, not that night, nor any other night before. I never tried to copulate with my fellow man, I never copulated with anyone anyway. I have forgotten the very idea of copulation. I wandered around, like every night before. And then I shaved my head, I drank. I interacted with the dregs of society, I learned how to get sucked off by zoo animals. In heaven, everything is fine. Walking up Hollywood Boulevard I found a board with nails on it, I kept it and even considered it an artifact of fate. And then I got lost in my thoughts, in the night and in the hills above Hollywood. I sat on a bench, cried and rubbed my eyes until all I could see was a kaleidoscope of bright colours.

Down below was one of those luxury cars. A couple was snogging while listening to music. It's a special, romantic place where couples come to do this kind of thing. And then I got down to their level, with my hood down to my eyes. I could have been as loud as an elephant and they wouldn't have heard me anyway, as they were busy fornicating. I opened the driver's side door, dragged the guy by the collar and threw him on the pavement. When he tried to get up I hit him in the face with my spike board. His eye popped out of one of the rusty nails. I hit him again and again, never stopping, as if I were going to beat him for eternity. Each blow tore away his flesh. Tore away his scream. I didn't stop hitting until he had shut up for good.

"I would like to be murdered, or have my dick sucked."

I got into the car, the girl was prostrate in her chair, her knees tucked under her bare, youthful chest. I grabbed her by the hair, her screams drowning out the music. I dragged her outside and did the same to her as I did to her playmate.

I ran until I was breathless. Until my throat burned like I ate ground glass. Until a stitch in my side made me collapse. Then I dragged myself to the garden of one of those luxurious villas. I slumped into a deckchair by the pool. My face felt hot as if it had been skinned. The blood pounded in my veins like a cockroach colony trying to fight its way through. I waited a moment to catch my breath and then reached into my pockets. A few Tagada strawberries resided there. I chewed them slowly, my forehead dripping with sour, boiling sweat.

Then I continued to wander as I had done every night before.

The Price of Blood

Murder, assassination or whatever you want to call it, has remained unchanged since Cain. It is driven by only one thing, necessity. Whether it is the consequence of jealousy or of some pressure, necessity is the only thing that leads to bloodshed. This necessity is so present in all of us that it is incredible that humanity has not yet been eradicated in a global conflict.

However, one evening I slipped and committed the act that you find so repugnant. I would have a thousand reasons to give you to buy your leniency, but the only one you need to remember is that of necessity. And perhaps also that of my survival. Someone had to die for me to stay alive. I am not making excuses for it, I also know that it was an event that, as a human being, I needed physiologically. But please remember that I am no worse or better than you.

It had been a strange day from the beginning, I had woken up in the early evening and the sun had already set. It was as if God had decided to turn his gaze away from me, or perhaps it was I who had already withdrawn from his sight. For several weeks an organisation had decided to harm me. I had noticed this at my workplace, where a newcomer had seriously started to seduce me. She always sat next to me and interfered in my life until she became an important part of it. On the other hand, and this is difficult to explain, I always had the impression that she was haughty towards me, even hostile. She said she loved me while her eyes screamed that she hated me. Despite all this we went to the beach for the weekend, she was wearing a beautiful pink swimming costume. I became more and more suspicious of her, she talked to people I didn't know and spent a lot of time alone in the hotel bar. I understood that she was passing detailed information about me to her organisation. Despite this I said nothing and carried on as if nothing had happened.

Then things got worse.

I noticed a lot of dysfunction in my daily life. First there was this girl who tried to make me believe that she made me happy. She was, on the surface, so wonderful and caring. But I would see her sending messages on her mobile phone or computer. She was reporting my every move to the organisation that was sworn to destroy me. Her goal in the organisation was to give me the illusion of happiness in order to better destroy me when the time came. At the same time, his intensive surveillance bore fruit. All the places and people I frequented became hostile. Every minute of my life was placed under the domination of the organisation, every move was observed and recorded.

Then the wheels came off and I lost my job. My files had been doctored to make it look like I had embezzled money. All the people in charge of the investigation were linked to the organisation or were pressured by it, so I could never defend myself. Everyone was against me. The case was so well organised that my bank accounts were frozen for the duration of the investigation. I had no assets left and lost my home. And of course she left me when her dirty work was done. My friends no longer replied to my messages or used false pretexts to cut short the conversations I had with them.

It was at this moment that I chose to disappear in a cloud of black smoke, but like in the trick of The Transported Man I would eventually reappear on the other side of the stage. I was able to get some money back by selling my appliances to a second-hand dealer. This money was used to rent a room for a few months. In Heaven was an old hotel so miserable that it was only frequented by whores and tramps. Which was absolutely perfect because the organisation would never have the idea to come and get me here. I wore an old trench coat, a cap and a pair of sunglasses, I didn't shave anymore and rarely washed. I was unrecognisable to those who had only known me as a frustrated little accountant. I found a night job as a rat catcher in a factory.

I used to go to a pub where I could drink a few whiskey sours before going to work. This pub was frequented by the dregs of society, there was a guy whose sex life consisted of being sucked off by the fawns in the zoo. He would pass a small bottle of sugar water through the grill and the fawns would come and lick it off, then he would take the bottle out, squirt the contents of the bottle on his cock and pass it through the grill. The fawns would lick his cock as they had done with the bottle. The old man said that he always managed to direct his ejaculation towards the animals' eyes. In his youth he had been in Afghanistan where he had given pornographic magazines to the Taliban who had become his friends. So much so that they invited him to have cocaine and champagne with them and the KGB guys. Afterwards he paid him to bury landmines around the villages. With this money he bought girls and prostituted them in Bombay. Then he came back to the country where he lived, selling mescaline which he found at the foot of the vines.

There was this other old guy whose brain was so fried he could only say his first name and mime the riff of Smoke on the Water. Sometimes he would put his hand on the counter and point to his fingers while bellowing incantations.

A young man who had been fired from his security job spoke while staring at a point in space. He recited the technical specifications of firearms, mentioned the toxicity index of pepper bombs and sometimes pulled a carbon-bladed dagger from his bag to threaten his reflection in the mirror hanging above the bar. He carried a modified electric baton with him at all times, which he said could fry a man like a sausage left on a barbecue.

These three had become my friends, mainly because it was impossible for them to be part of the organisation. And if the organisation had approached them they would not have been able to get them in anyway. The zoophile was a depressed old alcoholic and the fantasy side of his life had long since faded away. The incantor's brain was so fried that it was of little use to them and the serial killer was far too crazy to

be of any use. I trusted them completely. They were my friends, better yet, my family.

One evening when he was feeling worse than usual the old pimp told me about his life, his wife was in a psychiatric hospital. She was schizophrenic and had a habit of stabbing people. A habit that was frowned upon by the rest of society, which had decided that she would be less of a nuisance in a cell and knocked out by psychotropic drugs. But, as the zoophile had told the judge, a stabbing never killed anyone. She was now under the supervision of three nurses and a doctor. The zoophile told me that this psychiatrist was known to take part in sex parties, and he knew all the participants and had listed them in a notebook. The head nurse was a tall, skinny, toothless man and the zoophile told me that he was a heroin addict. The other two nurses were two unimportant old women, except that they too must have been partying. Anyway, the pimp told me that only fools could keep fools.

The plan was as simple as it was effective, one night the pimp offers the incantor, the serial killer and me a small amount of money in exchange for which we steal a car. Anyway, there are always cars lying around that get stolen. One more or one less won't change the karma of the universe. So we drive to the psychiatric hospital, attach chains to the rear bumper of the car and to the gate, which we rip off by accelerating the car to the max. Then we rush into the hospital, smash the back door and head for the schizo's cell. If the nurses come to us, a well-placed headbutt will be enough to knock them out. Then we break down the door, tell the schizo to join us. We drive at full speed to the beach, the zoophile and the schizo kiss and kill each other. The three of us disappear into thin air and drink a Tequila Sunrise in memory of the two lovers.

However, a shadow was beginning to fall over this picture. That evening, a homosexual was frequenting the pub, which in itself was strange, especially as it was a nice place and the bar was becoming more and more disreputable. He was obviously there for me, for the organisation. He kept staring at me but what intrigued me most was his unusually sharp canines, like those of a vampire. He was constantly smiling. He listened

with interest to the pimp explaining his plan and couldn't help but giggle behind his glass of Coca Cola. And when his eyes met mine, he knew I understood, he stopped smiling and started to head for the bathroom to let the organization know he had found me. I counted thirty seconds and then hurried to the toilet, entered and found that the pedal had left the door ajar. I threw myself with all my strength into the door, shoulder first. It hit the faggot hard and he hit his head on the sink. I fell on top of him. The door had not finished opening when he was already incapacitated and his head was bleeding badly. Half his skull was deformed by the violence of the impact. I quickly searched his pockets, took his mobile phone and left the bar without further ado. I heard the old pimp calling out to me but didn't look back. Once on the street I started to run, the adrenaline flooding my brain allowed me to feel neither pain nor fatigue so I stopped only after several minutes of running. I was out of breath but also full of pride. I was no longer such an easy target for them. So I told myself that I had to act quickly because the reprisals would be terrible. I decided to take advantage of my head start to strike again. The Wonderful Transported Man had reappeared in the second box.

I was on my way to my ex-girlfriend's house, the head of the organisation. If I was quick, she wouldn't have been warned yet that one of her agents had gone bankrupt. I could surprise her with my Marvellous Transported Man trick. When I got to her house I saw that the light was on and that her car was parked at the bottom of the building. I entered the code for the intercom which, to my surprise, was still working. Big mistake, sweetheart. I had to be quick. I took the stairs in case there were cameras in the lift. While we were together, when I became aware of his active participation in the organisation, I had taken the precaution of making a copy of his keys. Just in case. I walked in, trying to make as little noise as possible, when I saw that she was taking a shower. Perfect, she wouldn't hear me. I went into the kitchen and took one of the bigger knives from the drawer and hid in the bedroom, unscrewing the light bulb.

Once out of the shower she came into the room, tried to turn on the light, fussed, turned around to get another bulb from the cupboard. It was at this moment that I chose to leap forward with my knife. The blade slammed into his back, broke his shoulder blade, and shot out through his chest. I felt her warm blood spray my hand and run down my arm, inside my sleeve. With my free hand I gagged her and pulled her towards me. I could feel the coolness of her dressing gown, her skin, the smell of her wet hair pressed against my face. She was so wonderful. I had loved her so much before I knew her dark secret. No, even knowing this I still loved her and I told her in the hollow of my ear. I also told her that I regretted with all my heart what I was doing but that she had forced me to do it, she and her dirty little organisation. Then I asked her why her organisation wanted to harm me so much. She didn't answer, so I let her collapse to the ground where she finished dying. We were covered in blood and I was in tears. I had done what had to be done. I wanted to search the flat for any clues that would allow me to track down the members of the organization but I had to run, there were certainly hundreds of surveillance cameras in the flat and her accomplices would soon come. I took one last look at her and ran.

I returned to In Heaven and stuffed my bloody clothes into a plastic bag, took a shower, shaved my beard and head and put on my old suit that I wore in my previous life as an accountant. I left In Heaven without a sound and without being seen by anyone. Further on I threw my bloody clothes and my knife into a rubbish bin. Tomorrow I would leave the City and all would be over forever.

To finish the night, I rented a room in the most luxurious hotel in the city. The organisation knew that I had become a semi-hobo, they would never look for me here. I rented the biggest and most expensive room and paid in cash, I had no means of payment anyway, not even a bank account. Once in the room, which was larger than many flats, I undressed in the small living room and showered once more, the smell of blood is persistent. Once I lay down and the light was off I felt a presence in the room. I tried to turn on the light but it was no longer working. That's when I saw a strange thing crouching

on the dresser that faced the bed. It was a man, or rather a humanoid creature. It wore a hood with a few thin tentacles sticking out of it. My eyes were getting used to the darkness and the street lights allowed me to see it more clearly. It was a muscular and graceful creature, its skin wet and grey. She had no nose but two slits that vibrated slightly with her breathing. She was dressed in a monk's robe, a bow tied behind her back. Her forearms were wrapped in bandages down to her hands, which had only three long fingers with one more phalanx than humans, and her feet, which hung over the edge of the chest of drawers, were similar in every way to her hands. But the most disturbing thing was its eyes, which were huge and reminded me of a fish. I couldn't move, and I could hardly breathe at all. Its voice was slow and hoarse, as if the creature must have been breathing in gas.

"Tonight you shed blood, young fool. You shed blood without knowing the price. You should have known that the blood of every person who is murdered is His. But you took it. Now you owe us the blood of two lives. What will you do to repay us, young fool?"

I didn't know if this question really needed an answer, and even if it did, I didn't know how to answer it. So I kept quiet.

"Since the beginning of time, assassination has been our job, young human. Did you think you could practice the art we took millennia to perfect? I asked you a question, you must repay us for the blood of two lives. I can take yours, but I'm afraid we don't have the money yet... You have no choice but to kill for us."

"But I am not a murderer, I only wanted to save my life. "

"Very well. Then I will take your blood, we will also make your soul serve us beyond the death of your flesh. I wasn't going to charge you a fee... But if you want it... So be it. "

It was all over, the creature leapt at me without a sound, it looked so light I thought it would never land. Its feet sank into my rib cage and broke my ribs and my breathing. Then the assassin pulled a long, curved blade from his sleeve and slit my throat in one aerial movement. I heard him say a few words and began to sink as my blood flowed like a torrent. I did not die, I remained attached to the creature. I was lost, I did not know where my body was or even where I was. I never heard from the organisation or even the outside world again. The creature stole my soul and hid it somewhere.

Since then I have been worried about the mysterious purpose the creature promised I would serve...

2

The shadow moved through the alley, skimming the stone walls. Her boots pounded on the cobblestones flooded by the driving rain. So far no one had seen it, yet its mere presence outside on this moonless night was enough to make the milk go sour and give nightmares to infants. The shadow moved forward, towards a goal known only to her, while firmly gripping the hilt of her dagger.

1

Getting rid of the temptation to exist

His name was William S. Marker and he hated being called Bill or Willy. The S. in his name meant nothing, but because of that letter some students called him 'Pacemaker' when he was still a student. Marker had never been outstanding, at school he was average and as an employee nobody had ever reproached

him. He was the kind of person you forget within minutes of meeting and whose name you desperately look for when you see them in old school photos. Marker had practically always lived alone and his life was a sum of habits in which everything was perfectly ordered, indeed, like every object in his daily life, he had assigned himself a place and tried to keep it. His flat was a temple to the glory of the organisation, nothing could indicate that a human being lived there. The bed was always spotlessly made and William preferred to sleep on the carpet anyway. He had no television or stereo but read a lot, his books all arranged by author and then alphabetically in large Ikea bookcases. Entering Marker's home felt like arriving in a newly cleaned hotel room. William S. Marker refused to think that his existence could upset anything. Nevertheless, it was existence that decided to shake up William S. Marker. The company where he worked decided to fire him during a downsizing, the choice was obvious because he was one of those people who would not make waves, who would simply cash their redundancy cheques and register on the unemployment list. The employer even signed a letter of recommendation for him to find a similar job and assured him that there would always be a job somewhere for a jack-of-all-trades. Living on his own, he had some savings which, together with his unemployment and redundancy payments, would allow him to live for a few years without being worried about money. The real problem would be boredom, because in a life where work is the only source of occupation what can you do when you lose your job? This is how bar parties became his main activity, where it was possible to drink and listen to all sorts of stories while remaining perfectly anonymous. Here, too, life had decided not to leave Mr Marker alone, for it was at this point that Carrieta entered his life. She was a Eurasian girl who was neither beautiful nor ugly but who had a huge appetite for sex and drink. She would approach any man who could offer her

a few drinks and a bit of sex. She very carefully avoided William, however, as he seemed too cold to provide her with either. In fact, she found him rather uptight but couldn't help watching him pick up peanuts from the counter or clean the rim of his glass when he'd just had a drink. The man was methodical, unflappable when tempers flared and, most strikingly, had a knack for avoiding eye contact. But one evening, certainly out of provocation, Carrieta bumped into him and spilled her Tequila Sunrise on his shirt. He said nothing, took off his clothes and pulled a clean jumper from his backpack.

*

I'm really confused.

*

It's nothing, really.

*

Yes, I think it is. Your shirt is ready for the cleaners.

*

These things happen.

William S. Marker accepted the drink that the young woman offered him as compensation, hoping that the score would end on this note, but she resumed her performance.

*

I see you here often...

*

I am often here.

*

Yet you don't talk to anyone...

*

I don't talk to anyone. Usually.

They exchanged a smile.

*

So let's toast... To this first exchange and this first smile.
To your... How already?

*

I didn't give you my name...

*

Carrieta! She said, raising her glass

*

Bill.

William S. Marsten, about himself, in a letter to the police
station of Saint-Etienne

"If you wish to understand my actions do not think of me as a
human being or even a monster. Do not forget that a monster is
like God. So is Man, who is in his image. I am none of these
things. I am not an animal or a beast either. Do not think of
me as an intelligent being, at most you can suggest that I
possess some form of malice. I am nothing natural. If, of
course, one admits that I am."

1. Fiat Lux

Something stirred in the darkness beneath his sheet. He
emerged from the abysmal depths of sleep and realised that it
was only his leg. A single ray of light filtered through a
crack in the black paint covering the windows, but the sun was
shining so brightly that this single ray was enough to light
up the room. Everything was covered in thick black paint, the
furniture had not been cleared away and the objects were also
painted. He lay in this obsidian nothingness, a pool of
sticky, smelly blood was coagulating under his mattress and
already a trickle of fresh, bright red blood was flowing from

an open wound. He wanted to get up but couldn't, so he looked round the room.

He had just awakened, it was like being born, except that you had to have already lived to reach this new form of consciousness. Everything that had been darkness was becoming crystal clear, what had been chaos was now marvellously ordered, everything was interlocking, the cogs were turning and a formidable machine was being set in motion. The power of the revelations had wiped out all his questions and left no new ones.

Thus William Marsten stood up and contemplated his work.

A first decapitated body was discovered in the recreation room, its head resting on the television. A first decapitated body was discovered in the recreation room, its head resting on the television. A surrealist work in the strict sense, the incursion of art into the real world.

The human caterpillars, all young girls, probably between fifteen and seventeen years old, were painfully contorted, moaning and waiting for a cyclopean bird to come and peck them. A grotesque picture as if inspired by Dante's Inferno.

The body and head discovered in the recreation room belonged to a nurse. Her cap was still attached to the top of her head. Perhaps it was the dried blood that held it in place.

Further down the alley a clumsy graffiti adorned what was once the door to the infirmary.

"I would like to be murdered or have my dick sucked.

Among the throng of paramedics, law enforcement officers and journalists, only one man could see past the raw horror of the scene and the apparent vulgarity of the text. It was an alexandrine. A clumsy line, to be sure, but an alexandrine nonetheless. It was also a clue.

And in the present situation no clue was insignificant, for the building of the security cordon had been done too late and the most insignificant of footprints was irretrievably lost. The presence of the seven survivors had complicated everything, the scene of the crime could not be closed as it should be in order to let through what was necessary of help. Kyle couldn't help thinking that everything had been calculated by the perpetrators of the massacre.

Later, during a police search, they found a young woman staggering in a field, looking haggard, with obscenities carved into her skin. Glue had been poured into her eyes.

A council of war was held at the police station the evening after the macabre discoveries.

"So what have we got? Terrorist or alien attack? The end of the world?"

"Carnage."

"Why did you leave them alive?"

"Sadism?"

"Yes... That or some kind of pattern. I mean... Even if it is a message, it can't be said to be devoid of sadism... And resentment, if the alexandrine is to be believed."

"I don't follow you. Outside we have seven girls with arms and legs amputated, here a decapitated body and in the dormitory we have six more victims. All dead. And you want to make it look like a crime committed by a frustrated guy? No, it's bigger than that.

"In my opinion we have a lone killer, all the victims are women and for good reason we are in a girls' boarding school. So it's most likely a man who has a relationship problem with women who wanted revenge. When do you think we will be able to interview them?

"Given their condition, and assuming they all survive, it will be several weeks or even months. Don't count on it."

"That is to say, he's had as many passes through this crime scene as through a station concourse, it's impossible to exploit any prints or tissue. So what do we do, wait for the next step, any kind of claim?"

"We'll mostly keep looking for clues, find motives, interview witnesses, make assumptions... Cop's job."

"Cop's work."

"Well, what else can we use?"

"So we've got seven girls stabbed in the heart in the dormitory, seven girls with their limbs blown off in front of the boarding school. They're all wearing shorts, blue, and

white T-shirts. They were probably engaged in some kind of sporting activity. The seven survivors required the intervention of several firemen, doctors and ambulances. I can't help but think that this was done to erase all the prints or at least to drown them in the mass."

*

Undated dream.

A forest not far from a beach. Vaguely humanoid dead elephants ride other dead elephants. The humanoids carry spears and long shields, like two of the Maasai. Some of the mounts swallow men whole in their gigantic jaws. The forest trembles under their feet and the trees threaten to fall.

"According to Edgar Cayce, the Atlantean society, at the beginning, would have been composed of men of harmonious proportions, but also of monsters half man, half animal [...]"

5000 Years of Mysterious History N° 3

*

A set of considerations and theories on time travel

Argument

It will be useful to note that the whole of this reflection was conceived during our daily journeys between our place of work and our home. These journeys are made exclusively on foot and last about thirty minutes.

Postulate

Time travel is permanent because time is not fixed. However, it is commonly accepted that it is impossible to travel backwards. In trying to logically demonstrate the causes of this impossibility, we have discovered several clues to the contrary. This reflection and the tracks we have begun to explore form the subject of our essay.

Limitation of the journey in reverse

1. In our view, one of the primary conditions for travel to the past is that the past must physically exist in some place. It is impossible to physically go to a place that does not exist.

1.1 This implies that our reality must constantly duplicate itself in order to create physical "pasts" in physical places. If these places are not in our universe, they either do not exist or exist in parallel universes. For example, dimensions existing on different vibrational frequencies than ours.

1.2 One limitation already seems to be that if the universe duplicates itself at every moment but only does so once per moment then each universe follows our time curve fairly closely. However, if a parallel universe was duplicated ten thousand years ago, it is to be assumed that this universe will have experienced ten thousand years of parallel evolution. It is impossible for us to account for all the parameters involved, but we can say that a universe that has undergone ten thousand years of evolution in a place other than ours will be radically different.

1.3 If the universe duplicates itself, we must define how often it does so. This is the great unknown for the moment. Let us simply consider for the moment that the universe is deduced at the rate of the smallest possible time unit. We can therefore be certain that if parallel universes exist then there is a number equal to the age of the first universe calculated in the smallest possible time unit. Let us consider for the moment this number equal to a theoretical infinity in constant increase.

1.4 One may now legitimately ask why the universe would duplicate itself.

There may be a reason for this. If we think of the universe as an organism, we should not forget that the purpose of any living organism is to preserve and reproduce itself. What better way for the universe to do this than by duplicating itself? This is exactly the Ghost backup system in computing.

2. It is also important to point out that relativity can only be applied in the case of future travel. There is the famous example of the individual travelling in space for one year while it would have been a hundred years on Earth. This notion is important to understand in order to be able to grasp the Theory of Liminal Time which will be discussed later.

It is possible that there are other limitations to time travel, but for now we will just focus on these few points.

New leads :

Real case of time travel or autoscopic hallucination?

Rule:

If there are infinite parallel dimensions then they are populated by infinite life forms. If there are infinite life forms then there are infinite life forms more intelligent than ours. If there are infinite life forms more intelligent than ours, then there are infinite life forms that have mastered dimensional travel.

If an infinite number of life forms master dimensional travel then an infinite number of life forms have visited our dimension and are still visiting it.

*

the theory of liminal time.

In short, it states that with enough concentration one can step out of space-time and see time as a whole. And walk around in it like a ghost or a presence.

This explains why, as a child, I dreamed several times that an adult, malevolent version of myself was watching me sleep.

*

If the universe is an organism, it is logical that it should seek to preserve itself and... to reproduce itself.

And like all good reproductions, they end up moving away from the original model in order to acquire their autonomy by conserving the main characteristics of the progenitor with more or less fidelity.

I have already explained that I was not the first to discover the theory of bifurcation.

But it also turns out that my Structure theory has been around for a while.

It's called Backs Roads. Basically it says that if all parallel universes exist and they are infinite then that means that everything we create must exist somewhere. And the famous Backs Roads are roads that exist between dimensions and allow, for example, Freddy to meet Jason.

I invented The Structure and it's kind of the same thing.

The Backs Roads and the Structure are like the Via Inferna.

A road that allows you to travel against the current of the future, the past and parallel dimensions.

In short, you have all the keys in hand to invent a new theory: the Via Inferna. A path that frees itself from space-time.

Let's say that a man who lives in 2010 goes back to modify things in 1986. Wouldn't the guy living in 1997 see the changes made as "holes" and as he explored these memory holes what he would see is... The Future. In his past, yeah.

I've often wondered who put up that picture of the Virgin Mary with a demon baby in her arms.

I know now: it was me.

I know this because one day we were coming back from the haunted house with the gang and we rang the intercoms of all the flats on the Cours Fauriel. At one house I said "no wait, I know someone who lives here".

I looked for a long time to see who could live here.

Well, it was me who lived there last year, at 60 cours fauriel.

I am rare because autoscopic hallucinations are rare. Even tiny.

I am unique because even in this infinitesimal number of cases, no one has seen himself older and more malicious.

Unless it's not a hallucination.

Damn, good call Parker...

Well, after some thought and a big poop...

This story doesn't prove anything empirically.

Either I'm a unique case of autoscopy... No, I am a unique case of autoscopy.

Now: either I'm the only one to have had a hallucination of this type or it's not a hallucination.

Either way, it's impossible to tell. At least for the moment.

The only real and irrevocable fact is that I saw myself in a totally new way. It remains to be seen whether this is an illusion or not. One might think that I have not made any progress, whereas in fact it is a terrible step: it is an absolutely unique case.

The Structure

The Structure is a cyclopean, sprawling edifice that links all worlds and universes. It is the interface between realities, the nexus of all creation.

More concretely, it is a maze of corridors, staircases, buildings, ladders and cables hidden between each world. Each world has several accesses to the structure but these are hidden and not easily accessible. These entrances can take the form of doors, shafts, caves, tunnels, conduits etc... There is a form of magical aura that diverts the attention of living beings from these portals.

The Structure is protected by guardians called Serpents. These are wizards or technomages capable of bringing parts of the Structure to life and turning them into fighting creatures called 'Kaiju'. The strength used by the Serpents is drawn from raw Chaos, while, paradoxically, the Structure symbolises Order.

It is this paradox that causes the Structure to become corrupted, rusting and returning to a state of cosmic dust. The consequence of this defilement is dramatic as the universes collapse and collide. However, the Serpents are unaware that they themselves are destroying the Structure they are supposed to protect and believe that it is the intrusion of living beings that is the cause of the building's agony. They then relentlessly hunt down the living beings and exterminate them, using more chaotic magic to precipitate the fall of the Structure.

However, do not think that the Serpents are stupid, they are in fact victims of the manipulations of Kahn, an agent of Chaos whose interest is the total destruction of the Structure. Kahn is acting on behalf of the Permutation, which wishes to permute all worlds in order to control Creation and thus control the multiverse.

A World in Agony

Kyle

The world ceased to exist for Kyle long before it did for us. His deviant mind had, of its own accord, begun the systematic erasure of every element constituting reality. So much so that on the day the real end of the world took place he was already alone in the nothingness of his mind. The apocalypse has no hold on someone for whom the world does not exist, so Kyle was one of the few survivors. For the sake of completeness, it would be more accurate to say that he was one of the five survivors, even if he could not have known it from his cell.

After walking through the desert for a period of time so long that it was unquantifiable, Kyle met a sinister character. A gypsy, dressed all in black, straight as an I, a toothy grin embedded in his emaciated face. His mouth was an unhealthy cesspool with a few stumps blacker than hell. The gypsy scratched his several days old beard with his penknife, then made it disappear in the palm of his hand. "Hey friend... It's getting rare to meet anything alive these days... Hehe." Kyle didn't respond, he was barely aware of the stranger's presence. "You know, kid, hundreds of worlds like this one have already perished. This one is dying and will not be an exception." The gypsy pulled a small tobacco pouch from the back pocket of his jeans and proceeded to roll himself a wink. Kyle crouched down, the desert heat weighing on his shoulders. The black-clad man lit his cigarette and started walking again. "See you soon,

buddy... Don't forget that we still have Hell to face. In the distance a section of the metal structure collapsed into the sand with a thud. A cloud of rust disappeared on the horizon.

Twins Sisters from the future

In the future, human beings will have freed themselves from the limits of technology and matter, which will be replaced by the forces of thought. Travel to the past will therefore become possible because it will be cognitive. Technology prevents travel to the past because technically the past no longer exists, although it still exists virtually.

Kahn has developed a technique that allows him to steal objects from the future. It is a work of anticipation, Kahn predicted what the Talisman would be, where it would be and when it would be. Then he accelerated time, or slowed down his own time, and this is how he was able to steal the talisman in the future that prevents the Structure from being affected by Chaos. Once the talisman was stolen, the floodgates of time opened and Kahn was able to project himself into the past. However, two twin sisters were commissioned to protect the talisman and one of them threw herself at Kahn and clung to him as he went back into the past. It was there, above the Nexus of Time, that she snatched the Talisman from Kahn's hands and fell with him. Kahn is lost in time but his mastery of chaos magic allows him to move freely through time and space. The keeper of the talisman has collapsed lifeless on a dying world.

The one of the two sisters who had remained in the future became attached to the memory of her sister, who was now in the past and was able to join her by thought. Now she stands beside her sister's remains where she awaits the future and the birth of her twin. However, it is a hopeless quest because now that the Structure is crumbling, it is not certain that the future exists and that her sister will ever be born.

Prayers, Supplications, Bestiality and Talisman

Prayers

Somewhere in 1876 was Father's farm, where he had only raised a few pigs since his wife's death. Over the years he had become like his animals; old, obese and disgusting. He shared his life with his two daughters, whom he had been afraid to get rid of for fear that they would be like their mother. His fear had its limits, so he had taken his eldest daughter as a lover and locked the youngest in the attic.

One evening when he returned from the pigsty and smelled particularly of manure, Father came to caress the thighs of his lover who was preparing dinner. She closed her eyes and pinched her nostrils, the Father was delighted, and reached under his daughter's dress and stroked her crotch with brutality. The girl gasped in pain and the Father, not being able to take any more of this delight, rolled up the dress and shoved it up her ass without preparation. The girl wanted to scream, but did not, lest the Father brutalise her further. However, she could not stop herself from crying. The old pig fucked her to the hilt and filled her with semen. When he had finished, he spanked his elder daughter and asked her to undress him. His daughter complied without a word and he now ordered her to wash him. The girl grabbed a large sponge when the Father slapped her and told her that he preferred her to lick him.

The eldest began her diabolical chore, licking her father with her pretty little pink tongue. He asked her to insist on her private parts and in particular on the glans, which, at the smell of the foul odour, made her vomit. Father was satisfied that he had found a valid excuse to punish her and took her by the hair and locked her in a wardrobe so narrow that she was condemned to spend the night standing up.

The youngest daughter, who had been watching the scene from the attic, could not help but cry and silently prayed that Father would never turn his attention away from her sister and come to care for her.

Supplications

Noone

Apart from his incest, the father had other secrets. Since he was a child he had kept a secret automaton made entirely of steel in the cellar system under the farmhouse. It seemed that this automaton had always been here and the Father had been careful not to tell anyone about its existence. Although he couldn't say why, he felt he had a mission as a guardian of this steel being. The automaton seemed to be out of order and the Father had never known how to fix it.

Father's second secret was more recent, he had found a very strange artefact during one of his walks in the mountains. The object was made of materials he had never seen before and was rather large, which was all the more strange because it looked like a necklace. Father had taken the talisman back to the farm and hid it near the automaton, where he was sure his young mistress would not go snooping.

Since this famous find, Father had taken the habit of locking his daughter in the wardrobe after abusing her childish charms. He would take advantage of this to go and join his automaton and try to understand how it worked. He also paid the greatest attention to the study of his Talisman.

Bestiality

Ancient legends claimed that God had forbidden angels to mate with women because they would give birth to giants who would cause terrible evils to all mankind. As the prohibitions were invariably transgressed, the women soon gave birth to hideous giants who caused many terrible cataclysms. The sorcerers, who are not known to follow moral lessons, especially when it comes to gain or pleasure, reproduced, on their scale, the fault of the angels.

Wizards went to Sabbaths where they mated with beasts when nature had clearly indicated that this should not be done. Young witches were ridden by dogs, while disgusting old witches offered their filthy mouths and behinds to the goats. The witches sodomised wolves and sheep, which they savagely mutilated. The snakes wrapped themselves around the grotesque assemblage and penetrated the orifices that lay in their path.

And once again, what had to happen happened, the beasts and witches gave birth to monstrous creatures. Of course, the cases were very isolated, but the abominations that came into the world were so revolting that the punishment was certainly commensurate with the misdeed.

These dastardly beasts were called "Garwalls" which is the phonetic form of their demented grunts. In appearance they were men, though often deformed, but when night came, and especially on moonless nights, they became hybrid creatures that were only vaguely humanoid. Their bodies were large and gaunt, their features bestial and gaunt, and they sported hair as dense as it was shaggy. Their limbs were twisted and swollen, their teeth were fangs and their eyes were festering. They howled and snarled even more horribly than the beasts and were no longer human... Or even animal. The rage that foamed from their lips drove them to run through the night and to kill, mutilate and devour anything that had the misfortune to cross their path.

Of course, God-cursed beings are not allowed to rest in death. So once a Garwall is killed, he becomes an Oupire. Oupires are creatures that are neither dead nor fully alive and feed on the blood, flesh and excrement of the living. Their bodies are extremely thin, little more than a skeleton covered with greyish skin and thick hair. Their fangs grow even larger until they no longer fit in their jaws and their eyes sink so far into their purulent sockets that they become two small yellowish pearls. The Oupires can only come out at night, when the Creator turns his attention away from the world of men. Once an Oupire has devoured human blood, flesh and excrement, its mind is full and round, its body fat to the point of cracking. Excess blood oozes out of the pores of its skin, drips from its nose, mouth, tear glands and ears. The only way to eliminate an Oupire permanently is to separate its limbs and head from its body and carefully burn each part until its very ashes disappear in smoke. But then again the Oupire always comes back because the doors to the afterlife are permanently closed to it.

Talisman

The talisman is not an object, the talisman is a dreamlike artifact. One cannot know what it is because it is not. The talisman has no practical use, yet it is absolutely necessary for the one who walks the Via Inferna. The talisman is the link between the internal and external forces that dictate the rules of all worlds. The talisman is the heart of the Structure. The talisman is not an object, it is the Structure. The talisman is the world.

The talisman allows access to other realities and therefore cannot be from our reality.

After Kahn stole the talisman that maintains the Structure, he lost it immediately. In reality, the talisman was retrieved by two twins from the future to keep it safe. But they lost it in turn. One of the sisters died, the Talisman taking her life with it, and her twin stayed by her corpse waiting for the future to find her alive.

But now that the Structure was collapsing and the floodgates of time were open, the Talisman found itself on Man's Earth in the year 1876. It found its way into the worst hands it could possibly get into, but by the same token, it was long gone before anyone who knew its true power could get their hands on it.

FACIES HERMETICA

Guidelines

Remain unavailable.

To become invisible.

To become a symbol.

To become an idea.

The one who is rejected by reality must create / become his own reality.

Consequently he will have to wear a mask to infiltrate the reality recognized by all.

Become those who haunt us.

Adopting their ideals while making sure that our mask has a number of cracks.

They call it personality.

Destroy what you love / Do not love those you destroy.
destroy.

To become the one who is hidden in the darkness and leans over our sleeping bodies.

Something true: finding legitimacy.

Contempt for the human race, for the dignity of others.

Thirst for power, techniques of domination and mental manipulation.

We hate them because they preach a love they are unable to give.

DOOMSDAY PLAN

"Cell 13 is the world"

PALACE OF DISGUST

"People of the Earth, if you are reading this message it means that The Agent of Discord is dead.

So everything is happening as we planned."

The Plan

Transforming books with two words, demiurge on the work of others.

To contaminate reality by giving meaning to the absurd.

The Plan corrupts everything because it is its essence, its reason for being.

All messages are replaced by the Plan, as if it were the only reason for all creations.

To integrate the great history of Rock n' Roll and to make an ontology of oneself.

To overcome a sickly condition of evil, to become the master of it and not to suffer from any affection.

The system is made to be diverted, it is its only function.

Whoever does not do this is condemned to normality, poverty, contempt, death.



I wanna see you sleeping as long as the night.

DIRECTORY OF SOCIOPATHS

God is hosting a radio show. A woman, probably in her fifties, calls him to confess a murderous impulse.

woman, probably in her fifties, calls him to confess a murderous impulse.

The same afternoon, she had wanted to push a young man under the rails of the of the subway.

It turns out that he committed suicide by throwing himself under the tracks.

But at the moment of committing suicide, the young man's eyes met the woman's.

the woman. This look gave rise to an intense feeling of guilt.

She confesses to God himself but he refuses her absolution.

*

The door opened suddenly. Some guy with mini-shorts that molded his balls horribly appeared brandishing an axe; in my terror I saw everything in slow motion, a real nightmare, my arms were heavier than lead. The psychopath wore a cap frozen by dirt and sebum, a black mustache, frightfully black, even, and the kind of glasses that the League of Human Rights had finally forbidden to everyone except Francis Heaulme.

— I'm going to kill you all, you fucking assholes!" the guy shouted.

— Calm down, JC," sighed ? while crushing his cigarette.

That didn't seem to be enough for Francis Heaulme who jumped over the table and found himself in the middle of us.

— You take me for an idiot but I'm not going to let myself, eh! he shouted

— This is J.C.," he whispered to me. For Tramp Jesus.

*

"We in Saint Etienne have Jesus Calderon, alias JC, alias Jesus Bum. He is forty years old, weighs 20 kilos, has a dirty moustache, hair in some places, dirty clothes, shorts as long as underpants, dirty Ricard caps, long and dirty nails, glasses that hold on to the tape and a dirty and torn backpack full of dirty JDR books. And dirty character sheets. He cheats and steals dice, eats his boogers in public, is violent, once brought an axe to the RPG club to chop up a guy. And incidentally he thinks he's a satanic werewolf and runs around naked in the woods. In his dirty house there are lots of JDR books and dirty character sheets, broken cabinets, torn vampire movie posters. He pretends to know a lot of gamers, that he's a German RPG champion, and that he's dating a nurse with big tits; but we think he's a repressed fag, because in all his RPG scripts he forces you to sleep with guys to get information. Once at the roleplaying club there were many more players than GMs, and Tramp Jesus wasn't there. Gilles said "we're going to draw a big circle and summon him", then he said "Jesus I summon you, Jesus comes to the summons of your master Satan". And at that moment Tramp Jesus opened the door. We all looked at each other with a stupid look on our faces."

Jesus Calderon, whose full name was Jesus Aldo Calderon, born in 1915 and who committed suicide in 1975, better known to the public, and before the events that caused a scandal at the end of his life, to the marginalized people of

Saint-Etienne, under the sobriquet of "Jesus the Bum", was an artist who was almost unknown during his lifetime, but whose work is now being rediscovered and commented on with increasing interest by historians of electronic music.

Born in Saint-Etienne in 1915, where he was to spend the whole of his life, Jesus Calderon was brought up by his grandmother and aunts after the death of his parents, of whom he would have no memory. His family, which had arrived on French soil two generations earlier, had no choice but to keep young Jesus on the farm, where he helped with various tasks until he was old enough to be drafted. As an extremely violent and solitary child, Jesus will keep a painful memory of this youth away from others, away from school, away from the games of his age and away from life. The second husband of his aunt Emma, Roberto Valls, a violent man, probably subject to psychotic tendencies, extremely religious, and according to Jesus Calderon himself, a homosexual and repressed pedophile, would have forced him for years to pray on his knees for hours, and to swear tirelessly on the Bible that he had not masturbated or gone "to do dirty things with the boys of the neighborhood" (the artist will never specify if these accusations were founded or not). This treatment would inspire in the young boy an early and deep hatred of religion, and in his own words "a total terror of the very idea of a God.

Having arrived at the 16th infantry regiment illiterate, he was quickly nicknamed "Tramp Jesus" by his comrades - mostly sons of local peasants and young men from the streets - because of his unkempt and unsocial appearance. He came out of the regiment with a profound literary and philosophical culture, but unfortunately this never allowed him to rise socially. The company of a fellow student who was even more totally rejected than he was by his fellow students, whose name he never gave, claiming that he was the illegitimate son of a great French cardinal of the time (and whose nickname Jesus reported was "the priest", in reference to his origins as well as his taste for black clothes), gave him a taste for learning and developed an unexpected curiosity for literary and philosophical matters, lending him books and discussing them at length with him. This period of cut with the environment known since his birth and of intellectual formation will mark forever the life of the future experimental artist, who will speak about it at the same time as of a "daily ordeal" - reference to the incessant bullying inflicted to him by his room-mates - and of a time of "unsuspected happinesses, abysses and peaks" (in "Propos d'un samedi matin", written in prison in 1972).

As soon as he returned from the army, Jesus left his family, after a last altercation with Roberto Valls, his aunt's husband, whom he almost killed, and moved into an abandoned house outside Saint-Etienne. He does not work and lives essentially from a small vegetable garden that he maintains, on a vacant lot and with the authorization of the owner, the owner of a cabaret in an adjacent street where Jesus will have his habits for a long time. Admiring the shows of transvestites and dancers, he made many sketches of this underworld and nightlife. It is very likely that this discovery of the homosexual and artistic milieu of Saint-Etienne, at the end of his adolescence and after a childhood marked by religion and prohibitions, marked Jesus Calderon and determined his own future "shows".

After the death of the owner of this cabaret, evicted from the house he occupied, Jesus will occupy almost a dozen abandoned houses, successively over the years or sometimes simultaneously, sharing his space with other marginals, to evolve towards a more and more total solitude. He would eventually return to his last living aunt's house, in 1950, at the age of 35, never to leave the family home.

Having found a job as a salesman in a household appliance store thanks to his aunt's few connections, Jesus the Bum discovers an unexpected passion for electronics. He spends hours assembling and disassembling, repairing and even improving the radios he is given. This passion will grow when his employer will make him discover the first works of Pierre Schaeffer and the IRCAM. Literally fascinated by the sound possibilities offered by electronics, Jesus set up a workshop in the cellar of the family farm, and spent several days building a machine that allowed him to capture radio waves and modify them using filters. Halfway between the radio and the synthesizer, this machine will be used over the following years to create works that he will play essentially live, having no means of recording them, in front of an audience made up of the marginalized people he knew during his years of homelessness. In front of the disinterest and the almost total incomprehension of his former friends, as well as of his family and local

artists, in front of his sound creations (of which there remain only vague descriptions in his journal, as well as a few transcriptions on paper allowing him to remember the settings for each "work") and after a scandal that his family will have the greatest difficulty in suppressing and which will lead to his dismissal from the store (he would have tried to seduce the youngest son of his employer), the latter will shut himself off completely and will cease to see anyone except his aunt.

It is at this date - 1953 - that we lose almost all trace of Tramp Jesus, for a period of about fifteen years. What he did during those years, which led him to prison at the end of his life, is only known through the testimonies of his victims and his own diary. Recluse at his aunt's house in a miserable house and definitely without job, apart from the work in the family garden, Jesus will lead an absolutely solitary life. The searches carried out at his home in 1975 showed that he had spent most of his time composing experimental works on his machine, which he constantly reworked and improved, until he had turned it into a real amateur synthesizer. Unable to raise the money to buy a tape recorder, he transcribed his works on paper using a notation system of his own invention and adapted to his unique machine; machine and retranscriptions today repurchased by a private collector, who in 2004 made interpret extracts of the repertory of Jesus Clochard in the cinema Le Royal of Saint-Etienne, during an evening dedicated to the precursors of the electronic music, where also and in homage to Jesus Clochard, local artists like L'Assassino di Elisabeth Short, 202 Project, Tamagawa and KNX occurred

This recent notoriety, this growing recognition of the work of Tramp Jesus, should not make us forget the context of its creation, and the seriousness of the facts that were reproached to him; because indeed from 1956 and during almost ten years, Tramp Jesus kidnapped and sequestered more than thirty young men, some of whom were also raped. No murders seem to have been committed, even if some of the victims affirmed at the 1975 trial that Jesus could very well have been responsible for the disappearance of some of their friends. The victims were almost all marginalized people from Saint-Etienne; the older ones had already crossed paths with Jesus the Bum when he was there at the end of the 1940s, but the majority were young runaways or poor workers, sometimes Algerian immigrants. The modus operandi was always the same: JC would kidnap his victim in a van, tie her up and chloroform her, and take her to an abandoned house that he had once occupied. It is there that he sequestered his victim, leaving her tied up or sometimes injecting her at regular hours with massive doses of tranquilizers, stolen from her aunt (the latter died in November 1966). The house had electricity thanks to a generator and Jesus the Bum had installed his machine in a room that he could lock. He made undergo to the main part of his victims a form of "spectacle" that he had elaborated, based on transvestism and sexual exhibition (during the lawsuit two plaintiffs affirmed to have seen JC pushing a crucifix then a statuette of the Virgin in the anus). Between two "performances" he made them listen to his compositions, sometimes during ten hours in a row. He also interrupted himself to talk to them about his life and his theories - which he expressed during the trial, and which, although they were judged to be perfectly abstruse by the court, were not enough to make him declare himself irresponsible as his lawyer had hoped. Victims affirmed that in addition to tranquilizers, JC would have injected them several times with his own sperm. He would only let them leave after obtaining assurances of their silence - sometimes by bribing them with large sums of money, the source of which could never be determined at trial.

The ages of the victims at the time of the events ranged from 14 to 65. The youngest of the men kidnapped by JC was a regular member of the role-playing club "La Guilde de la Rose Pourpre" established in Saint-Etienne, which he had started to frequent after having discovered by chance the name of the association in the phone book, and believed that it was an esoteric order. Realizing his mistake, he had thought that, in spite of everything, role-playing could be considered as an unconscious magical practice, capable of generating egregores. JC's interest in esotericism and even magic has grown since he left the military service, although he has always claimed to be a radical atheist. It would seem that the discovery of a few issues of the magazine *Acéphale*, created by Georges Bataille, before the Second World War, had a lasting effect on him. He took advantage of the role-playing club to distribute photocopies of this magazine, which he also left in large numbers in the few places frequented by the marginals of Saint-Etienne. They were also found in the affairs of schoolboys and schoolgirls of the city, after the

affair had burst. In 1975 JC deposited at the Prefecture the statutes of an association baptized "Church of the Nothingness" but he never had the time to complete his creation: indeed on August 10th in the morning the forces of order came to arrest him at his residence, following the complaint for touchings deposited by the youngest regular of the "Guilde de la Rose Pourpre".

The trial took place quickly, and behind closed doors. There was only one plaintiff, but the witnesses called to the stand, mostly marginalized people from Saint-Etienne who had known Jesus for most of his life, as well as his former employer and his son, painted a damning picture of the character. The revelations about the kidnappings that Jesus Aldo Calderon had practiced during a decade, did not give rise to any condemnation as such, for lack of evidence, but the accounts that the supposed victims made horrified the jury. Jesus tried to defend himself clumsily, accusing all his victims of having provoked him, of being shameful homosexuals, or of being swindlers who tried to blackmail him. Searches of his home did not yield any formal proof of the abductions, let alone the abuse, but evidence such as some transvestite outfits and pairs of handcuffs found in his belongings convinced the court. Jesus Aldo Calderon was sentenced to 10 years of imprisonment. More than the imprisonment, it is the public revelation of his homosexuality - a homosexuality that he will never be able to admit or name - that will be fatal for him. He committed suicide the same year, in his cell, in a state of complete physical and mental decay - weighing only 45 kilos and having sunk into an almost complete amnesia.

The rediscovery of the sound works of Jesus Calderon would not take place until the end of the 1980s.

"One day I wanted to know for sure, to see it from the inside, and I went to the Sciento headquarters in Lyon. The woman who welcomed me took me through the first stages, an interrogation lasting several hours, modelled on police methods - asking the same questions over and over again, turned around differently so that you end up getting lost. Then she asked me to lie down and close my eyes, and to concentrate on describing my past lives to her. I squinted slightly, I looked at her with half-closed eyes and described scenes of orgies, for hours..."

"When I was young I was obsessed with witchcraft, esotericism and religious matters. In a grimoire I found an invocation to meet a demon at a crossroads. In a forest above my house there are two paths that cross and it is a rather remote place. I go there, do the magic ritual, bury a coin in the middle of the junction of the two paths and leave. I wasn't supposed to look back and I didn't. On the book it said that the demon should come to me with bottle green pants and a yellow jacket. On the way back I passed by the farmhouse, and I passed a lascar with green Lacoste pants and a yellow lascar jacket. He looked at me and said Hi."

"When a girl puts herself in a certain position, according to the size of her body and certain parameters like the shape of her legs or her ass, I see her suddenly appear naked. I once guessed that a girl had a mole on her buttock, based on the shape of her thigh when she was dancing to Slayer in a metal club. When I saw the back of the girl's neck I knew her name was Emilie; and bam, her name is Emilie. It's really amazing. I call it ass blinking. Because I've noticed that sometimes a girl's ass and hips go in intricate circles, before they reach a point where they flash like a spark, and then she appears to me naked. And when I see the other men around they are hypnotized, it's crazy. It's the ass blinking."

"I once met an NSBM fan who was completely crazy. He was really crazy. He was living in a center for crazy kids and was forced to look for work and do administrative tasks by psychologists. He was really crazy, he thought that a swastika had grown on his forehead one night and that it was emitting light. And this guy told me his perception of NSBM and all that, and I thought he was much saner than the guys in the RU after all. One time he explained to me, wearing his Kristallnacht shirt, that you had to be completely crazy to be a Nazi; he was totally anti-Nazi. But he was a real nutcase, one time he had a white shirt and blue jeans and he told me that he felt good there in black. And one time he freaked out my dad on the phone talking about the mystical bond we had."

"It reminds me that once I was listening to Surf in the USA with some smokers while driving at full speed; they were cool for the only time in their lives. And I was there. It was so beautiful that it made my eyes sting, and I wanted life to stop right there, in that moment of pure perfection. Where I was in the 60's, with cool guys, not racist slobs. I prayed that we would hit a truck, that the earth would explode in one clean swoop. It was a pure moment of closure."

"I have good reason to hate dwarves: I dated a dwarf once, and then a dwarf was making fun of me in seventh grade and I planned to kill him. I still have that frustration in me. And I was disgusted for a week when in "House 4" that son of a bitch dwarf makes a poor girl drink his phlegm. I was forced to watch Fort Boyard as a child. And I bought a Full Moon movie with only dwarf actors dressed up as Dracula, Frankenstein and the Mummy, and it sucked. And I ran into Giant Cuckoo at the FNAC and he didn't answer me when I said hello. Dwarves are Satan's race. I'm going to create mini gas chambers to stick them in."

"I'd like the whole world to dance to MIDI, singing in yogurt. At least once, damn it. Once, five minutes. What the hell."

"You're not going to believe this: I've noticed that when I listen to my walkman and have strange thoughts (rape, attacks, cannibalism, sex in meetings, extra terrestrial, becoming the master of the world etc.) there are crackling noises in my headphones, as if certain thoughts were recognized, by a chip let's say, and were transmitted to a sort of Big Brother. The transfer is done by radio waves and causes parasites in my helmet. I tested it: I forced myself to think about George Bush's attack, and it crackled."

"In fact we are being tricked, they are not romantic these bitches of women. They make you think they are, but they're not. I fucking figured it out; women aren't romantic. They're just freaks with tiny dicks. I'm a real romantic."

"Last night I dreamed I stuffed some clothes, a few books and a Bible into my duffel bag and walked to your house. Then we walked through Germany, Poland and Russia before taking a rowboat to Canada. We would arrive at Honti's house, bearded, hairy and hungry and he would offer us a nice bowl of soup."

The Offices of the Organization

Report n°258-B-78 du XX/XX/XXXX

The Organization's offices are spread throughout the world, their geographical extent and intensity of Real Existence depending on the number of members present at the same time in the same areas. The existence of permanent offices has been proven in Paris, New York, Uqbar, Saint-Etienne, Bogota, Havana, Tamanrasset, Venice, Iqaluit, Baghdad, as well as in the homosexual neighborhoods of Marrakech and Ryad. There are traces of the Organization's presence in Hawaii, Tuvalu, New Orleans, Patagonia and Azerbaijan.

The actual area of influence of the Organization varies from city to city - in Paris it includes the Jardin Naturel in the twentieth arrondissement and the adjacent alleys, as well as the two closest metro lines, the entire length of which is constantly patrolled by Organization spy tramps. Public toilets and hostels for illegal workers are the most frequently used meeting places. A trained eye can recognize the Organization's mark in any city, steppe or underwater ruin.

It is provided for in the unwritten statutes of the Organization that brief meetings with representatives of the Steering Committee (usually of the order of thirty seconds, sometimes more and sometimes much less, the time of a literal blink of an eye, on a subway platform or in the middle of a riot) are possible, at some point in space-time - though usually located in the future.

Members of the Organization or sympathizers wishing to make an appointment with a representative of the Committee usually submit their request by means of hastily scribbled graffiti in public toilets, or by means of innocuous-looking stickers (calls to Jihad, advertisements for erotic telephone services, disappearances of children) to be pasted on walls and poles, within the limits of the Organization's territory. The answer usually reaches them within five years, by the same means, or more rarely also coded in Morse code in the song of a bird or the sound of a car engine starting up; sometimes also written on a teenager's T-shirt or as a message in a dream. It is not strictly impossible that it also comes by mail or telephone.

The appointments granted are extremely rare, on the order of one or two per century, and are generally in exchange for a favor of a sexual nature.

Numerology About Dracula

Vlad Țepeș (not to be confused with his father Vlad Dracul) was held captive in Turkey for 6 years (1442 - 1448). His second reign over Wallachia also lasted 6 years (1456 - 1462). The first reign of Țepeș, on the other hand, lasted only two months. A reign as short as his third and last one, which lasted only three months ($3 \times 2 = 6$). After his defeat against Radu III the Elegant, Vlad is maintained prisoner in Buda during twelve years (2×6). Vlad is murdered in 1476 which equals 9 in recursive numerology ($1+4+7+6 = 18$, $1+8 = 9$).

Dracula Drăculea, Dracules or Dragulios mean Dragon or Devil in Romanian. This nickname was given to Vlad II (the father of Vlad Țepeș) in reaction to his affiliation with the Order of the Dragon in 1431 ($1+4+3+1 = 9$). Vlad Țepeș would also be nicknamed Dracula.

Vlad III was born in 1431 (which is also the year of his father's affiliation to the Order of the Dragon and which, as we have seen, corresponds to 9) and died in 1476 (which also corresponds to 9). He therefore lived 45 years, which also corresponds to 9 ($4+5$) in recursive numerology. The life of Vlad III is therefore linked to four 6 and three 9. So we can say that Vlad Țepeș's numbers are 6 and 9 ($6 \times 4 = 24$, $2+4 = 6$ and $3 \times 9 = 18$, $1+8 = 9$).

The number 9 is important because it represents initiation, Odin hung 9 days on the Yggdrasil tree to learn the secret of the runes.

The number 6 also has a strong initiatory value because it represents the different levels occupied by living beings:

- 1 - sperms or seeds
- 2 - plants
- 3 - animals
- 4 - human beings
- 5 - demons: mediators between humans and gods
- 6 - gods

If we push the reasoning further and add the two recursive numbers of Dracula, 9 and 6, we get 6 again in recursive numerology ($9+6 = 15$, $1+5 = 6$).

Vlad Țepeș's life has been one long initiation, started by his father, to become a God/Vampyre. The 9 symbolizes that like Odin, he had to pass through the darkness (the vampyre's night) to know the Secret of immortality.

The Great Tarot of Artists - Building Painters

- The Howler of the Past

His name is Kether - Thaumiel "the twin". He is the twin of God and comes from the same people as him. But unlike his brother, Kether - Thaumiel is crazy and is not a creator, he just howls in the abyss of the past. All past times belong to him and form his desperate and cold kingdom. Drawing this blade means that a bad person or a painful event from the seeker's past is trying to resurface, which would be catastrophic for him.

Kether - Thaumiel is also the elder of the Ambush.

0 - The Celestial Tramp

The Celestial Tramp is one of the avatars of God present on our world. This blade has become "The Bateleur" in the Tarot de Marseille.

I - The Beginning

The Beginning is one of the 5 facets of God, also known as Light, Life, Breath, Architect, Creation, Gaia, Mother Goddess. It is the most positive aspect of God. This facet is found at the beginning and after the end of the cycle of existence. Drawing this card means that a new phase in the life of the seeker is beginning. Generally this leads to a positive interpretation.

The Beginning leads to the Time that is subject to it.

II - Time

Time is the road marked out by Merkâva, the chariot of existence. God is the road and the chariot that paces it. God is Time and Merkâva. Time is both the Son of the beginning and the second facet of God. It is a blade that is neutral, both positive and negative.

III - The Minister of Ghouls and Zombies

IV - The Astral Lower Realm

This is the Land of the Larvae. The Larvae are entities that were once part of Trym but were lost before consciousness was given to them. The Larvae wander between worlds and feed on the psychic energy of the creatures of The Structure. The Very Low is an allegorical place that nevertheless finds a material form in the Village. This incarnation has the appearance of a desert. Nomads inhabit this desert, they are horrible obese humanoids saturated with energy. They are considered as Psychic Vampires. Larvae also roam here in the form of translucent and pale insectoids.

V - The Qlipphoth

VI - It

VII - The Plan

VIII - The Autophagus

IX - Merkâvâ : The Kâ

X - The Witch / The Obscene Backside

XI - The Via Inferna

The Via Inferna is the path of the in-between worlds using internal and external forces to transform visions into reality, always in accordance with one's own will.

XII - The Ambush

XIII - The Man in Black / Transmutation

XIV - The Valley of Death
XV - The Man in Black / The Illusionist
XVI - The Temple in Memory of Jean Lefevbre
XVII - The Dream City
XVIII - The Great Black Raven
IXX - The Luminous Melancholy
XX - Vrkolak, The Angel of the End
XXI - The Labyrinth
XXII - The Village (This is the World)

The glossary

Khem is the name of the god of alchemy, but he is not the secret god of alchemists. **Khem** is the black art.

The **Kâ** or **MerKva** : The chariot of God and the secret of the world. To know this secret is to have power over the world.

France is the territorial extension of the states surrounding it.

Homosexuals have only two rights: AIDS and Hell.

I despise as degrading for the man all sexual relations whatever they are and it is to offend me gravely to believe that the body which I carry could have given itself up to it at any time of its life.

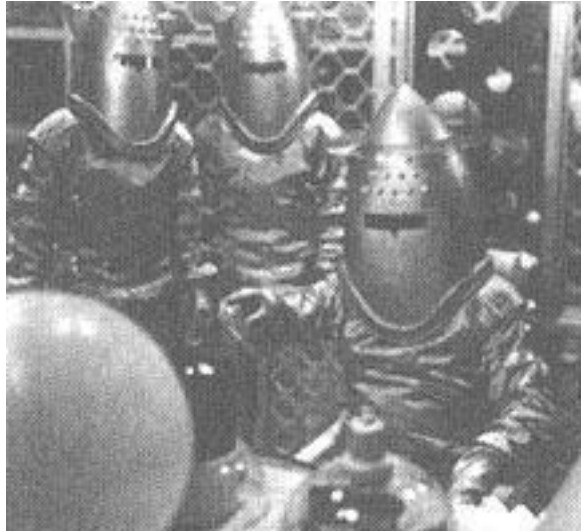
God is neither merciful nor loving.

God drove man out of the Garden of Eden for having sinned.

Man is the repudiated creature of God.

Man reproduces the original sin every day in the warmth of his home.

That is why God will never forgive man.



The Agent of Discord is a cybernetic unit originating from Venus, also known as Planet X or Planet Death, and expressing itself only through prophecies and esoteric formulas.

*

*The children, like embers, jumped and applauded the mime,
Their cheeks crimson with laughter,
And their hair as blond as ash,
Swirled above them like smoke,
Or an entity moved by a life of its own.*

*

*

One day I will leave you for the peaks and the abysses

For the ridges and for the steppes

The rivers and the deserts

That day you will become me

And time will flow, liquid,

Warm as a sunny memory

*