

– We did it, man. We beat the Wendigo.

David says this to me at the top of the hill and I think about how far we've come.

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He wanted this book to start with two sentences.

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It is not true that David D. fed on human flesh for a long time. Nor that he was a marksman. Nor is it true that he created a satanic cult in his teens and was part of a far-right militia. Nor is it true that his grandfather, shortly before his death in 2006, made zombie films and politically shocking shorts with him.

Or more to the point: all this did exist, but not in the way you might imagine.

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In this world of ours, which passes for real, of electrical outlets, cables, fibre optics and WiFi waves, I met David D. on the forum of the neo-Nazi webzine "Wardance", in 2003, and we got to know each other better on the Microsoft Network Messenger, also known as MSN Messenger – but in reality, I probably knew him in the 80s, in the US, in an American family series with black people. He was probably playing baseball, being raised by a single mother (a secretary, maybe) and being the new neighbour in the neighbourhood. The New Kid on the Block. Or maybe I met him in a Stephen King novel – "IT" or "The Body". We must have been part of the same gang of kids who were misfits in the world and in life, wannabe losers, united to the death. Still, I've known David for a long time, probably forever; we've known each other in many novels, in films, in a thousand other lives. Nor is it impossible that on a higher level we are one and the same person.

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He was fascinated by this American series, where a nice family hides the Bigfoot, this hairy, four-legged creature, perhaps of alien origin, I don't know, in their home and has so many funny and touching moments with it. It had always seemed sinister, unhealthy, without me being able to put into words exactly what I felt was secretly perverse – and it was David who enlightened me, explaining that behind the smiling side of the show was the story of a family hiding from the world something absolutely abnormal, aberrant, that should not be. Something that should be kept secret. Something like incest – that's the comparison he used.

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He would often call me in the morning to tell me about his dreams of the night, convinced that we were really crossing paths on the Astral plane. But most often it was to report his battles with the Larvae, inferior, immaterial creatures, whose aim was to parasitise our dreams in order to vampire our vital energy – their usual technique being to take on the appearance of a person close to us. According to him, this was the reason why we could recognise and fight them; whenever I told him about a dream I had had, in which someone I knew (sometimes he himself) had behaved strangely or frighteningly, he assured me that I had come across a larva.

Artaud quotes these bugs in his poem 'Prayer':

"Satisfy us we are hungry  
Of interstellar concussions  
Ah pour us astral larvae  
In place of our blood".

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*"One day I wanted to know for sure, to see it from the inside, and I went to the Scientology 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 in different ways so that you end up losing yourself. Then she asked me to lie down and close my eyes, and to concentrate on describing my past lives to her. I squinted slightly, looked at her with half-closed eyes and described scenes of orgies, for hours..."*

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It was power he was after – he made no secret of it, and his contempt for mankind, his contempt for the suffering or dignity of others, which he saw as serving his ambitions, his satisfaction, his fantasies, had long horrified me. His fascination with cults and all the techniques of mental control, manipulation and disinformation, and his taste for mystifying enterprises – such as those we had imagined with the Nihil Pop Organization – were only the expression of this.

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He firmly believed in magic, or pretended to believe in it, although I understood from his contact that this distinction is meaningless – believing in magic being only the will to always establish causal links between things, events, to seek them out and learn to recognise them, ever more secret, ever more obscure, incomprehensible or absurd in appearance.

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"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 wearing bottle green trousers and a yellow jacket. On the way back I passed the farmhouse, and I passed a lascar with a green Lacoste trousers and a yellow lascar jacket. He looked at me and said "Hi".

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Immersion in oblivion,  
Suspending dreams, boredom crumpling leaves  
Pebbles in my shoe, I'm gonna bust your anus  
A lightning bolt crossing the darkness

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"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 arse and hips go in complex circles, before they reach a point where a sparkle comes out, and then she appears to me naked. And when I see the other men around they are hypnotised, it's crazy. It's the ass blinking."

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"I once met a crazy NSBM fan. Really crazy. He was living in a centre for crazy kids and he 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 the NSBM and all that, and I thought he was much saner than the guys in the RU after all. Once 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 said he felt good there in black. And once he freaked out my dad on the phone talking about the mystical bond we had.

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"It reminds me that once I was listening to Surf in the USA with a bunch of drunks 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 rednecks. I prayed that we would hit a truck, that the earth would explode with a bang. It was a pure moment of closure."

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"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 made a poor girl drink his mucus. I was forced to watch Fort Boyard as a child. And I bought a Full Moon movie with only dwarf actors dressed 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."

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"I'd like the whole world to dance to MIDI music, pretending to sing. At least once, damn it. Once, five minutes. What the hell."

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"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 recognised, 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 the attack on George Bush, and it crackled.

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"In Saint Etienne we have Jean Charles, alias JC, alias Tramp Jesus. He's forty years old, weighs 20 kilos, has a dirty moustache, hair in places, dirty clothes, shorts as long as pants, 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 JDR club to chop up a guy. And incidentally thinks he's a satanic werewolf and runs around naked in the woods. His house is full of dirty JDR books and character sheets, broken cupboards, torn up vampire movie posters. He pretends he knows a lot of roleplayers, that he's a German RPG champion, and that he's dating a nurse with big tits; but we actually think he's a repressed faggot, 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 Jesus the Tramp wasn't there. Gilles said "let's draw a big circle and summon him", then he said "JCCCCCCC I summon you JCcccc come to the summons of your master Satan". And at that moment Jesus the Tramp opened the door. We all looked at each other with a stupid look on our faces."

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"In fact, we are being tricked, they are not romantic, these bitchy women. They make you think that, 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."

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"Last night I dreamt 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 boat to Canada. We would arrive at Honti's house, bearded, hairy and hungry and he would offer us a nice bowl of soup."