

# The Mystical Idiot

Annual Review of the  
Organization

## L'Assassino di Beth Short - Manifesto



L'Assassino di Beth Short.

We are revolutionaries because there are no revolutions without revolutionaries. We are little concerned with our goals, with our reason. Our will is in the movement, the impulse. It doesn't matter where it goes. We are the instigators of a revolutionary movement without a goal. We do not care about the effect, our mission is to be the cause.

"This revolution aims at a general devaluation of values, at the depreciation of the spirit, at the demineralization of the evidence, at the unevenness of the thought."

Our musical goal *stricto sensu* is to create the most disturbing sounds possible, to create an auditory torture which will be the sound accompaniment of a larger work. For our inspiration has never been strictly musical.

But rather pictorial, cinematographic, surrealist and nihilistic.

"Certain sounds disturb me... certain layers are at the limit of the unpleasant for my ears...".

Our covers take up the initial concept of industrial music, photocopies, sordid images, grotesque crimes. We are fanatics of the early industrial movement.

We don't try to recreate any movement, we just create what we liked to see and hear. We are our own audience.

For this very reason we use Italian as the main language of L'Assassino di Beth Short.

We are Giallo lovers. Those Italian movies featuring very graphic murders. 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 immobilized sidewalks twisted human caterpillars, without arms or legs... A first decapitated body was discovered in the recreation room, the head resting on the television."

L'Uomo Dei Sogni,  
"L'assassino di Beth Short"

## **The Offices of the Organization**

### **Reoort 258-B-78 (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 in the unwritten statutes of the Organization that brief meetings with representatives of the Executive Committee (usually of the order of thirty seconds, sometimes more and sometimes much less, the time of a blink of an eye, literally, on a subway platform or in the middle of a riot) are possible, in any point of 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 she also comes by mail or by phone.

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

## **The advent of violence**

Coke, depression, debauchery and tutti quanti 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 in hell. That's what depression is all about. You write, you write a lot and then you erase what you have 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 all the other nights 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 the 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 overlooking Hollywood. I sat on a bench, cried and rubbed my eyes until all I could see was a kaleidoscope of bright colors.

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, 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 nail board. His eye popped out of one of the rusty nails. I hit him again and again, never stopping, as if I was going to beat him for eternity. Each blow tore away his flesh. Tore away his scream. I didn't stop hitting him 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 out of breath. 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 deck chair by the pool. My face was hot as if it had been skinned. The blood was pounding in my veins like a roach colony trying to make 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 result of jealousy or some other 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 this 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 trying to apologize for it, I also know that it was an event that, as a human being, I had a physiological need for. But please remember that I am neither worse nor better than you.

This day had been strange from the beginning, I had woken up in the early evening and the sun was already down. It was as if God had decided to turn his gaze away from me, or perhaps it was already me who had withdrawn from his sight. For several weeks an organization had decided to harm me. I had noticed that at my workplace, 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 everything we had gone to the beach for the weekend, she was wearing a beautiful pink bathing suit. I became more and more suspicious of her, she talked to people I didn't know and spent a lot of time alone at the hotel bar. I understood that she was passing detailed information about me to her organization. Despite this I said nothing and continued to act 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 so hard to make me believe that she made me happy. She was, on the surface, so wonderful and caring. But I would see her texting on her cell phone or computer. She was reporting my every move to the organization that was sworn to destroy me. Her goal in the organization was to give me the illusion of happiness 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 organization, every gesture was observed and recorded.

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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 either connected to the organization or were pressured by it, so I could never defend myself. Everyone was against me. The case was so well organized 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 once her dirty work was done. My friends no longer responded to my messages or used false pretexts to cut short the conversations I had with them.

I chose this moment 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 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 organization would never have the idea to come and get me here. I wore an old trench coat, a hat and a pair of sunglasses, I didn't shave anymore and rarely washed. I was unrecognizable to those who had only known me as a frustrated little accountant. I found a night job as an exterminator 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 by the fawns of 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 away, spray his cock with the contents of the bottle and pass it through the grill. The fawns would lick his dick just like 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 that 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 gun specs, mentioned the toxicity rating of pepper spray, 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 that he said could fry a man like a sausage left on a barbecue.

These three had become my friends, mainly because there was no way they were part of the organization. And if the organization had approached them they would not have been able to integrate them anyway. The zoophile was an old depressed alcoholic and the fantasy side of his life had long since faded away. The incantor was so brain-dead that he could not be of much use to them and the serial killer was 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 participate 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 two other nurses were two old women of no importance, except that they too had to participate in partouzes. Anyway, the pimp told me that only crazy people could keep crazy people.

The plan was as simple as it was effective, one night the pimp offers a small amount of money to the incantor, the serial killer and me 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 tear off by accelerating the car to the limit. Then we rush into the hospital, smash the back door and head for the schizo's cell. If the nurses present themselves to us, a blow of ball well placed will be enough to knock them out. There we break down

the door, enjoin the schizo to join us. We drive at full speed to the beach, the zoophile and the schizo kiss and shoot each other. We three disappear in the nature and drink a Tequila Sunrise in the memory of the two lovers.

However a shade began to stain this picture. Indeed 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 organization. He kept staring at me, but what intrigued me the most was his abnormally 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 understood that I had understood, he stopped smiling and started to go to the bathroom to warn the organization that he had found me. I counted thirty seconds and then went to the bathroom at full speed, I entered and noticed that the pedal had left the door ajar. I projected myself with all my strength in the door, the shoulder in front. This one violently hit the faggot who hit his head against the sink. I fell on top of him. The door had not finished opening when he was already incapacitated and his head was bleeding like crazy. Half of his skull was deformed by the violence of the impact. I quickly searched his pockets, took his cell phone and left the bar without further ado. I heard the old pimp calling out to me but I didn't turn around. Once in the street I started to run, the adrenaline that flooded 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 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, the head of the organization. If I was quick, she wouldn't have been warned yet about the failure of one of her agents. I could surprise her with my Marvelous Transported Man trick. When I arrived at 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, my beautiful one. I had to be quick. I took the stairs in case there were cameras in the elevator. While we were together, when I became aware of his active participation in the organization, I had taken the precaution of making a duplicate of his keys. Just in case. I walked in and tried to make as little noise as possible when I saw that she was taking a shower. Perfect, she wouldn't hear me. I went to the kitchen and took one of the biggest knives that was in the

drawer and then I went to hide in the bedroom, but not without having unscrewed the light bulb.

Once out of the shower she came into the room, tried to turn on the light, complained, turned around to get another bulb from the closet. That's the moment I chose to leap forward with my knife. The blade struck his back, broke his shoulder blade and went 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 robe, 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, her and her dirty little organization. Then I asked her why her organization wanted to harm me so much. She didn't answer, so I let her collapse on the floor where she finished dying. We were covered in blood and I was in tears. But I had done what needed to be done. I wanted to search the apartment to find all the clues that would have allowed me to track down the members of the organization, but I had to run, there were certainly hundreds of surveillance cameras in the apartment 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 garbage can. 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 organization knew that I had become a semi-hobo, they would never look for me here. I rented the largest and most expensive room and paid in cash, I had no means of payment, not even a bank account. Once in the room, which was larger than many apartments, 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 wanted to turn on the light but it didn't work anymore. That's when I saw a strange thing crouching on the dresser that was facing the bed. It was a man, or rather a humanoid creature. It was wearing a hood from which a few thin tentacles were protruding. My eyes were getting used to the darkness and the street lights allowed me to see it more clearly. She was a muscular and graceful creature, her skin was wet and gray. She had no nose but two slits that vibrated slightly with her breathing. She was

dressed in a monk's habit, a bow tied behind her back. Her forearms were wrapped in bandages until her hands, which had only three long fingers with one more phalanx than humans, and her feet, which were hanging on the edge of the chest of drawers, were similar to her hands in every way. But the most disturbing thing was his eyes, which were huge and reminded me of a fish. I couldn't move, and I could barely breathe. Its voice was slow and hoarse, as if the creature must have been breathing in gas.

"Tonight you have 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 do you intend to do to pay us back, young fool?"

I didn't know if this question was really waiting for an answer, and even if it was, 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 pay us back 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 that 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 motion. I heard him say a few words and began to sink as my blood flowed like a torrent. I didn't die though, I was still attached to the creature. I was lost, I didn't know where my body was or even where I was. I never heard from the organization 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...

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The shadow moved through the alley, skimming the stone walls. Her boots pounded on the cobblestones flooded by the pouring rain. No one had seen her so far, yet her mere presence outside on this moonless night was enough to turn the milk and give nightmares to infants. The shadow moved forward, toward a goal known only to her, while firmly gripping the hilt of her dagger.

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He was fascinated by this American series, where a nice family hides in their home the Bigfoot, this hairy and quadrumanous creature, maybe of alien origin, I don't know, and lives with it so many funny and touching moments. 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 series 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 parasitize our dreams in order to vampire our vital energy - their usual technique being to take the appearance of a person of our close circle. According to him, this was the reason why we could recognize and fight them; whenever I told him about one of my dreams, where an acquaintance (himself, sometimes) was behaving 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".

"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 made me go through the first stages, an interrogation lasting several hours, modelled on police methods - asking the same questions over and over again, turned 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..."

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It was power he was aiming for - he made no secret of it - and his contempt for the human race, 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 for sects and all the techniques of mental control, manipulation, disinformation, and his taste for mystifying enterprises - such as those we had imagined with the Nihil Pop Organization - were only the expression of this.

## A Pepper Steak

A nice rare steak with chips. Maybe even some barbecue sauce. No, more like pepper. I take it back, a good steak well grilled on top and blue inside and 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. Too bad you had to be damaged for that. It's a little bit your fault too, at first I just wanted to cut you a thigh and then you had to struggle. I had to bump 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 lower my eyes, red with shame. I regret having pulled a lock of your hair when I dragged you down the stairs here. I loved your long blonde hair. You're not going to fucking resent me for a piece of thigh! I love you, we can live together very well even if you are missing a piece 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?

I had a hard time throwing your skin in the garbage. 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 it 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 overcook you, I'd want to eat you raw if I listened to myself. You're really cute. Yes, you know I guessed you naked. Hihi, I'm a little ashamed, you don't mind? Hop, a little pepper. A lot, even, because I love spices.

Mexicans, or Indians, well 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 sight of blood. One blood test and I'm a winker. I don't know how you do it. There, there, stop crying, it's almost done. I like to make a bed of chips in the plate and put my steak on it. I put the mustard on the side of the plate. Well, it's ready. Bon appétit my love, we are going to enjoy.

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 look for them and to learn to recognize them, always more secret, always 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 had 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."

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Immersion in oblivion,  
Suspending dreams, boredom that crumples the leaves  
Pebbles in my shoe, I will burst your anus  
A lightning zipping the darkness



"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."

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"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."

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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 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."

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

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"You're not going to believe me: I've noticed that when I listen to my walkman and I 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."

"We in Saint Etienne have Jean Charles, alias JC, alias Tramp Jesus. 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 "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 Tramp Jesus opened the door. We all looked at each other like idiots."

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"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."

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"Last night I dreamed that 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."

At that time, François and I were following the principles of the great Black Metal "gurus" to the letter.

One evening after reading an interview with Abbath we had elaborated the project of getting lost in a forest of Pilat. We had planned several times to spend a night in the forest but this time we really "needed" to do it. We walked for hours, we faced nature without any preparation. When the night started to fall and the fog lifted we found ourselves facing our most primal fears. If we were of the most Cartesian nature, at that moment we were able to believe in any force of nature; we could have sworn to anyone that we had seen and heard legendary creatures all around us.

Shortly after nightfall the sky was so dark that only the moon served as a landmark. We walked without taking our eyes off it, stumbling with each step. My hands were bruised from holding on to branches and brambles.

When François told me that it was better not to fall and that if one of us broke a leg he would be condemned to die in the forest I was taken by a panic of fear. Now it all seems very funny to me but at the time I was stunned. We decided to sit down at the place where we were and wait for the sunrise to come.

"And if the sun never rises" was enough to make François tremble from head to toe.

We spent the night sitting here, convinced that a wild boar was lurking around us, waiting for us to sleep and devour us.

## A COMMUNICATION FROM THOMAS R.

At the moment I'm reading an ethnology thing about Mexican sorcerers... it's captivating... these guys take drugs 365 days a year... they have a blast... they play with their conscience... one of them puts an ice cream in the bottom of a stream and then contemplates his reflection for hours through the water... and creatures from the "lower world" appear... lights of all kinds... with the plants they eat it's easier... but I would like to live this life... a life based on sensory and psychic experimentation... to be paid for it, recognized... in fact artistic expression is only that, for me: playing with your brain... fuck a work... our mind is very plastic i know you can really play with it in the strong sense; for example the famous fight club let go in the car... well these wizards were already practicing it... like they have fun jumping in dark crevices without knowing the bottom... to summarize their philosophy, there is the tonal and the nagual... the tonal is the spirit that organizes, regulates, fixes... orders what... and the nagual is the vital, inconceivable, irrational, chaotic force - their goal is to establish the link between the two planes of reality. What kills modern man is his fear of the nagual. so he locks himself into narrow structures that protect him but suffocate him. What kills the archaic man is to plunge into the nagual, without brakes nor protections, African tribes type... unleashing of the instincts... There is a fucking split between these 2 realities, for them the nagual incarnates, it seeks to give itself form, to become aware of itself, then it disintegrates its forms. It is a cycle close to the vision of Nietzsche when he speaks about the art which leaves to the search of the becoming or the will in search of the being... or of the relation Apollo / Dionysos... especially this last one : Apollo gives the form, the measure, but he is only a veil : behind it is the pure, creative and destructive force, and I believe that many become crazy when they dive there without being armed. Artaud dived there for example... The human brain is not adapted, it is very complex and organized, and there we are dealing with something too vast... They call it the emanations of the eagle... but I find that even in Freud, or Jung, with the It - Stephen King's IT. The pre-Socratics were looking for that too: Empedocles jumped into a volcano... even Socrates swallowed poison... they put their knowledge on an energetic plane... nothing to do with white-collar salon discussions... "do you think we need a 6th republic Mr. Trucmuche"... no, they put death on their shoulder, and they are ready.

Jean-Paul Bourre saw his mother and sister decapitated, in the car he was in... his father was drunk... small road in Auvergne... he was 17 years old or something like that... he got out of the car... and he looked at himself in the rear view mirror... and I got a chill down my spine when he told me that... because he looked at himself... there were the dead bodies there nearby, and he looked at himself in an almost narcissistic way; he envisioned himself, there, alive and them dead... in fact it was like in a dream, so impossible... inconceivable... so he took the shock of the event on his whole life, but on the day itself not. But it was this founding event that opened up all his avenues... it's excruciating to say, but such grief opens up perspectives. After that, nothing limits. How to fear a boss, to submit to whom, to what? You are deprived of the essential, violently, unjustly... you see then that the social sense means nothing... it is a veneer... a modest veil put on the atrocity of being.

The other day I had a great childhood regression and saw things the way I saw them as a child...really a Peter Pan trip...well it was clear: the adult world looked like an ice age. Everything seemed frozen, cold, dull, disembodied... automatic... closed... contingent... not fluid. I felt, to use a pompous term, entropy. Well, it wasn't the first time, but let's say with great acuity. The 1st time that I had become aware of it other than as a crisis of unconscious anxiety, it is the evening of my 1st handjob... There I saw the evening... the people alone... the material limitation... Around 11/12 years old, really for me, the sexual awakening, the puberty corresponded to THE FALL. It is religious, even. For me it was a self-dissolution, a destructuring of my fundamental unity. And finally I see sex as an auto combustion, a permanent attempt to fill the void. I always come back to the vision of the discovery of the world which is given to the child, I believe that the child is part linked to the world; it is world;

the adult is in the scission. Obviously I speak about archetypes: there are children with the lives of adults and conversely. The child such as I see it lives in its desire, it is its desire, its imaginary and him make one - the child not constrained by a mould. I have not received any norms. At a time of great frustration, around 16/17 years old, I seriously considered rape and murder. I never got to that point... It must be the alcohol that saved me. Finally, I believe that this anguish was born from this absence of norms, from this almost destructive freedom for a child. When I brought home a 0, my father would say: you are a genius, these teachers are idiots. I ended up integrating it... Very strange, my father had reactionary speeches, but in fact was absolutely lax towards me... by cowardice and impotence... My father is a sociopath, let's put it that way... I never saw a stranger come into our house for 15 years; when the plumber knocked on the door because of a leak, we had to keep quiet so that he would leave... megalomaniacal, paranoid and misanthropic vision of things... to fill a void, a fragility, a basic emotional and psychic decline... I would say, almost constitutional... And I believe I have inherited 99% of my father's elements; except for a greater curiosity on my part, a desire to communicate that is not as extinguished, a death instinct that is a little less intense - I say a little less. In fact, mine has killed itself to avoid reality. He lives in bed 365 days a year, and drinks. He goes out to buy his drinks, comes home, lies down, and drinks. Then sleeps. Sleeps all day. Then drinks. He's a living dead. And yet, at the base, loving fantasy movies, literature, having initiated myself to chess, to the game... But wimpy. Passive. In a word: depressive. Slavish. To a rare point, I think. Just one example to give you an idea of the extent: he had a mole, cancerous, he knew it, and he let it deteriorate for 7 years out of a phobia of hospitals; it would have taken 1 hour of surgery - finally it became a crater like 15 centimeters of wound, a gaping hole in the cheek, bleeding almost permanently. He would go out in the street with a handkerchief to wipe it off. The tumor attacked the bone. My mother sent for a doctor who told her that it would attack your eye, well, you can do as you wish, but you'll have 2-3 years at most. Finally he went to the hospital: 8 interventions under general anesthesia, 7 months in the hospital instead of one hour. Now somewhat patched up in a Frankenstein way, but all is well: he sleeps, he drinks, he continues to wait for his death. Strangely enough, being semi-fascinated and semi-fearful - to put it mildly - I have a somewhat morbid father.

Nihilism such as I consider it has moreover nothing affirmative it wants to preserve a zone of neutral indeterminacy in fact far from the negativism or the positivism without forbidding one the other, in short it is an inadequate term as I live it. I do not wish to abandon myself to the refusal of being nor to adhere to an enthusiastic affirmation. The right not to decide, not to choose any existential option or absolute ethical value. What is this pressure that we are to choose, to identify ourselves absolutely with this or that? I find good reasons to like one thing and its opposite according to my mood... Now I feel a certain pity for the teenager I was, who was frantically looking for a justification to things, a transcendent legitimacy to everything - this is the symptom of a cruel lack of inner freedom. Even the liberal globalist unification, the excessive miscegenation, all this will not prevent genius from being born here or there. The open society, Adorno's way, is rich in promises. The mediocre is the strict average survival instinct, and the aspiration to material conditions only. Genius is any form of creation (in the strong sense) that makes sense. To conclude I would say: Long live techno-gnosis, clones, Bin Laden, Sophie Marceau, sleep and a slice of Nutella.

I'm always moved by places that are a bit abandoned and forgotten by the crowds... the empty rooms, the cracked stairs... it was quite disturbing... I robbed my aunt: I was 12 years old. In fact I didn't steal anything, I just broke in, broke her window, and watched the Wimbledon semi-finals on her TV... because I didn't have a TV... I knew she was away for the weekend, and I entered people's houses several times in their absence, without breaking and entering, but without their knowledge. In fact, the idea of other people's intimacy fascinated me. But once inside, I feel uneasy... You feel the smallness of everyday life... in fact there is only pathos... but I think the attraction comes from being OUTSIDE. We idealize, it's mysterious... The number of times I fantasized about being able to spy on young girls in their

intimacy... but what did I miss? waxing... For example, I moved to Paris and now I fantasize about visiting my former family apartment; seeing what the new inhabitants have done with it. I think it has something to do with death. I often had the following nightmare: I had to climb the 5 floors of my building, but they were multiplying... it lasted... at the windows appeared gargoyles, demonic what... and the highlight is that once arrived at the threshold of my door: the apartment was uninhabited.

I once lived alone for a year without leaving my house, in my late teens; without going out once. I feared the outside world in a pathological way. I watched people walking down the street from my window, and I could no longer conceive of being part of the human race. I felt radically different, outside the norm, abnormal in a word. Moreover my fascist temptation came from there; a desire of normalization, by a way however considered as out of norms! But by "militating" in Unité Radicale, I quickly understood that the social cases were legion. That all were deficient individuals, who precisely needed the group to be. Nazism offered, like communism, an ideal - admittedly with a background of barbarism - but an ideal. The liberal society allows us to be free. Free of what? To be empty.

What I like is a city like Calcutta, where people die on the ground, with a big smile... The monsoon stinks, the colors are violent, there is life and death, far from the sanitized cities.

In this world there is an island that is shaped like an O. Its center is made up of water at the bottom of which resides a beast of which I don't really want us to know much. However, we can consider that it has a form of intelligence or bestial malice. The ring of the island itself is made of grey rocks and yellowed trees. There are a few bears, grizzly bears and a mysterious black figure of which we know nothing either. The only thing we can do on this ring is to walk. Anyway there is no way to come on the island nor no way to leave. We are there and then that's all. You can't see the beast of the deep either because it is as big as half of Manhattan. So it can be mistaken for a crack in the ocean. However, even if we cannot interact with the beast, it will always try to lure us into its abyss. The black silhouette can also act in this way, however there is never any direct contact with it either.

\*

In this world there is only a vast ocean called Panthalassa. There are also some islands but not many. There is in particular this island in the shape of O and an archipelago which is called Atlantis (yeah it is by original but I don't care). This archipelago contains an inner sea: Thetys.

On the archipelago of Atlantis live Elephant Men who make magic and live in ivory towers, Crocodile Men who live in the swamps and who will invent black magic close to voodoo, Octopus Men who live at the bottom of the oceans with their octopus gods (big squids of several kilometers long), Sea Elves who live in underwater gardens, Whale Men who form a dying race since their oldest gods have been devoured by the octopus gods. And Shark Men who see all other races as potential meals.

Loose notes:

Blue elves, pink elves (like the Krees).

Underwater cities.

Floating city.

O island on the back of a monster.

\*



Tempeteers are wizards specialized in provoking storms, hurricanes, strong winds, thunderstorms.

These things exist in real life.

At one time, I drew a picture of several tempeteers disheveled, some of them even hanging perpendicular to a pole because the wind was so strong, all with a sign "396th annual congress of tempeteers".

I've been talking about it for a while now:

Satanael 5/11/2003 4:28:53 AM

there are also the tempeteers.

as the name indicates, they are magicians who make tempetes rise.

it is rather in rural witchcraft and i read something (magic and witchcraft of jean jordy) (now go and find out if it is true Smile) that in the 18th century there would have been the last two tempeteurs known in France.

I think that the tempeteers exist but for the census nothing is sure!

\*

The elves of the pink seas cannot breathe under water. So they live on giant platforms. Artificial and mobile islands. They also have submarines.

The blue sea elves can breathe underwater with gills, their hands and feet are webbed. They live in underwater cities.

There are also underwater domed cities where pink and blue elves can live together.

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, Jissé," sighed David, stubbing out 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.," David whispered to me. For Tramp Jesus.

## Double Murder at La Réjaillère

There was this place above La Métare, a tiny neighborhood called La Réjaillère. In truth, instead of a neighborhood, it was something like two buildings, four or five villas, a gas factory and then it was the forest. This neighborhood overlooked the city and it was towards the aforementioned gas factory that couples came to kiss in the moonlight. Well, that was ten years ago. Since then, couples, most of them pederasts, have come to get into their cars and throw their condoms in what used to be such a lovely part of the forest. ("Homosexuals have only two rights: AIDS and Hell." William S. Marsten "Notes")

I didn't know where I was going, not that night, nor any other night before. 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 the zoo animals. In heaven, everything is fine. Going up La Réjaillère, at the level of the elementary school, I found a board with nails on it, I kept it and I even considered it an artifact of fate. And then I got lost in my thoughts, in the night and in the hills overlooking Saint Etienne. I sat on a rock, which I had once nicknamed "The Rock of the Trolls", cried and rubbed my eyes until I could only see a kaleidoscope of bright colors.

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, 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 ground. 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 was going to beat him for eternity. Each of my blows tore away his flesh. Tore away his scream. I didn't stop hitting him until he had shut up for good.

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

I got into the car, her boyfriend was prostrate in his chair, his knees bent under his naked, juvenile body. I grabbed him by the hair, his screams covering the music. I dragged him outside and did the same to him as I did to his playmate.

I ran, until I was out of breath. 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 deck chair by the pool. My face was hot as if it had been skinned. The blood was pounding in my veins like a roach colony trying to make its way through. I waited a moment to catch my breath and then I reached into my pockets. A few Tagada strawberries were in there. I chewed them slowly, my forehead dripping with sour, boiling sweat.

Then I continued to wander around like every night before.

---

William has always felt very uncomfortable around girls. ("I'm in love with a girl who has glass bone disease, she is flattered by my company. I can't help but want to knock her to the ground." June 24, 1972 William S. Marsten "Notes")

## X. Last Chapter

Excerpts from my private correspondence with William S. Marsten

## 2. Fred & Jeannie Talks about Aids Every Night after Midnight

Plan :

1. A crime in New York. A staging announcing the end of the world (like, the end is near written on the bathroom mirror. Newspaper clippings everywhere (a rain of frogs in Texas, a priest who ate parishioners etc...) All described by a radio program.

2. Introduction of Paula. Paula leaves him on the day of the wedding. Something like Woody Allen.

3. A radio show "Fred & Jeannie... "(): a listener calls in to the show about AIDS and starts talking about how he has had AIDS for 6 months but has never had sex in his life and has never had surgery. He is a Jehovah's witness... He claims he got AIDS when a guy sneezed in the elevator. He is thrown off the air. Discomfort. One sequences etc...

4. Paula arrives in Rhode Island and meets Kyle while buying doughnuts to take to her parents. Kyle is with his kids and his wife. Kyle's wife and Paula meet. Kyle's wife loves Paula and offers to take her out to dinner.

5. Various radio clips: disasters everywhere. An AIDS epidemic. War breaks out in earnest in the Middle East.

6. New crime. The end is not near. THE END IS HERE.

Insert a scene in a supermarket. But beware, we are far from the idyllic setting of the one in Dawn of the Dead. In reality, a supermarket without electricity would be a horrible place, all the fresh products, the milk, the tractor section would have rotted. A stench would be released, flies and stray dogs would have invaded the place. And to do it right, the cans of food would have already been looted. It is in this scene that most of the characters will die, between the chewers of the stray dogs.

To insert:

"Good evening, my name is Renee O'Brian and today is Thursday. Every Thursday, from 11 p.m. to midnight, I have the pleasure of talking to junkies to inform you about the dangers of drugs. But without further ado I welcome Chiquita on the air to talk about a top secret CIA project. Good evening Chiquita."

« ... »

"Chiquita?"

"Hello?"

"Yes Chiquita, you are on the air."

"Hello? Hello Renee... Hello?"

" We're listening Chiquita. "

"Well good evening... I'm actually calling to testify about an abduction.

"Chiquita, can you explain to our listeners what an abduction is?"

"Hello? I'm sorry, I can't hear you very well.

"Chiquita, explain to us what an abduction is."

"Well, it's when Martians or government agents or whatever come and abduct you. For me it was CIA agents.

"So, you claim to have been abducted by CIA agents in the service of the government?"

"Yes... [sobs] Excuse me..."

"It's natural Chiquita, but why did these agents abduct you? To try experiments on you?"

"Yes... Well, it's more complicated than that. It was part of Project Monarch. Oh my god..."

"What is Project Monarch?"

"Well they sodomize you... That kind of penetration attacks the nerves... At the base of the spine... And uh... It causes a neurological disorder that messes with your brain. You see, for a person to develop personalities... Multiple personalities... They have to sodomize her between the ages of two and four. Sodomy is the keystone of all this."

"But why do they want to create multiple personalities in you?"

"For several things... You can become a whore for the government and they make you forget all about it afterwards, to avoid a repeat of the Clinton / Lewinski incident. Or they can make you a perfect, undetectable spy."

"...Well we're going to welcome two new listeners who want to respond. But first, a short commercial followed by an episode of Bugs Bunny and Sam the Pirate."

A super AIDS that spreads like the common cold and sends you into a state of extreme weakness in just three days.

A super cancer that causes you to grow tumors the size of tennis balls in one day.

A super rabies that transmits itself in a stray dog bite and causes you to die of an epileptic seizure within seconds.

The final scene has to take place in a van with Kyle, Paula and the killer. The van sinks beneath the icy waters.

### **Excerpt from a letter from Tramp Jesus to Reynald L.**

"I used to go there almost every night... a guy from the regiment told me about it, he had worked there as a bartender after the war... they served cheap meals, begging a little during the day and finding odd jobs now and then, I had enough to eat there and watch the show, and once I even got to give a bouquet of flowers to one of the artists. A Portuguese guy, I think, named Pedro... he was bald and waxed his whole body, even his eyebrows, nose hair, and more... he removed everything and coated himself with oil, his show was called The Mystery of Excretion. I let you guess what it consisted of... He would be inserted into a giant gut (I was told it was real gut, sewn together) and he would walk through it, arms locked to his body, straight up, head first. It was amazing! I wish you could have seen it with your own eyes, it looked like an awful birth, along with an excretion, something dirty and laborious, horribly physiological, relentless, atrocious..."



One day we will be zombies

One day we will be zombies

Amnesiac and blessed

Wandering with our families in the woods and  
villages

Discovering the world and savoring its substance

And nothing will matter anymore

Than the moonlight and the fat grass

Where we will picnic with human bodies

Our own bodies, those of our neighbors,

United in daze and indifference

The indifference, the Entropy

The death

### **Victor Crane & The Aztecian Dagger**

Jacob became a vampire while being held in Auschwitz. Lovely young women die slashed in the alleys. A mysterious Aztec dagger is stolen from the British Museum. Only Victor Crane can find the link between these three cases!

### **Victor Crane & The Four Doomed Mummies**

Jacob the vampire has been destroyed and peace has gradually returned to the streets of London until the day when four mysterious Aztec mummies are delivered to the British Museum. Victor Crane will have to go back in search of the fabulous Aztec dagger!

### **Victor Crane & The Survivors of the Lost World**

Four scientists go missing after crossing the Bermuda Triangle and find themselves on an island populated by dinosaurs, apes and a mysterious cult of lizardmen. A mission for Victor Crane?

### **Victor Crane & The Realms of Agarthia**

Chthonic creatures are attacking the surface peoples in order to fulfill a centuries-old revenge. Or are they looking for a mysterious artifact? What if Victor Crane is the one who possesses it?

### **Victor Crane & The Reptilian's Conspiracy**

Aliens have invaded the Earth... Only they did it millions of years ago and are still among us! Only the greatest detective in the world will be able to recognize them and he is... Victor Crane!

### **Victor Crane & The Fishmen From Atlantide**

Atlantis has resurfaced and with it a mysterious ancient curse! All of Victor Crane's investigations will be resolved here with a surprising conclusion!

### **The Great Black Raven against Vidoc's henchmen**

An honest man sees his family murdered by an odious thug. A few years later, the thug enters the police force under the wing of Vidocq. Our honest man will take on the mask of the Great Black Crow and will live only to avenge his family. The Great Black Raven in the fangs of Dracula

Everyone thinks the Great Black Raven is dead, including himself! However, a mysterious cult of ghouls is going to look for him in the catacombs to take him to the heart of the Carpathians, in the age-old lair of the Prince of Darkness himself. But for what purpose?!

### **The Great Black Raven "Bas les masques, Fantomas!"**

Back in the capital, the Great Black Raven discovers that a mysterious criminal with a thousand faces is terrorizing the populace. Will he be able to unmask the deceiver while deceiving Juve's vigilance?

### **The Great Black Raven "In the Spider's Web!"**

A masked vigilante named Spider is determined to make a name for himself by capturing the Great Black Raven. Will the raven get caught in his web?

### **The Great Black Raven "Through Dr. Watson's Lens**

The famous London detective Sherlock Holmes himself is determined to find out who is hiding under the blood-stained mask of the Great Black Raven. Who will be the smartest? Elementary, my dear Watson!

At the end of "In Dr. Watson's Spyglass", the Great Raven is arrested and placed in Arkham Asylum in the suburbs of London. The originally planned sequel "The Great Black Raven vs. Flash Gordon" will never be released. Villeneuve, who had always regretted that his character was resurrected in "The Fangs of Dracula" to take on all the fantasy characters in popular

literature, thought that the heights of ridiculousness were reached when he was offered to send his character into space to fight the Ming Emperor alongside Flash Gordon.

Villeneuve takes over the reins of his character and the following year he publishes the sequel to his first book, "Un soleil de plomb" (A Sun of Lead), in which he learns that his character remained in a comatose state in the catacombs for several days. We can easily deduce that the rest of his adventures were "dreamed". In spite of this tricky script, we appreciate the fact that we are back to a darker tone, a more complex plot (the Great Black Raven is a criminal for everyone, yet his intentions are justified).

However, the following year Villeneuve takes a regrettable step backwards and finally agrees to write The Great Black Raven versus Flash Gordon. Full of inconsistencies, out of continuity, lazy style... The book has nothing to please and yet it is Villeneuve's best selling book.

Only two months after Tramp Jesus and Villeneuve have fun writing a sequel to "Sun of Lead". Worthy heir of the first volume, the book skips the story with Flash Gordon and does not even mention it. It is as if the book had never existed. Soleil de Plomb plunges us for the last time into the darkness of the Black Raven, indeed the hero dies in the middle of the story. We also discover, and it is amazing, that the great black raven is not Jean Lafleur and that he is alive and well as his family. The last part of the book plunges us into the darkest madness and the book ends in the most nihilistic way possible. The issues are not resolved, but it doesn't matter. Nothing matters anymore.

The last book to come out on the Great Black Raven was "The Great Black Raven". A complete and streamlined rewrite of the first book and the two "Sun of Lead" books into one story, completely omitting the books not written by Villeneuve. Most fans consider this book to be the only vision to keep of the Raven and Villeneuve has always agreed with them. However, this book will remain largely unknown, especially compared to "Flash Gordon" which is regularly reissued in various collections dedicated to the space hero.

\*

A zombie attack on a supermarket.

A zombie attack against a military base.

A tentacle attack on a supermarket.

A Chechen terrorists attack against a country house.

An attack by Forrin vampires on a small town.

And the worst part is that these are all good movies that I quote Mr. Green

(Dawn of the Dead, Day of the Dead, The Myst, Severance, Le Cirque des vampires... )

Then it must be possible to mix everything up:

An attack of Chechen tentacles on a military base.

The attack of a supermarket against forrins (no trailers on our parking lot!)

The attack of a vampire tentacle against a zombie circus.

The night was sticky. Around me the darkness breathed, contracted to the quivering horizon, before exhaling its breath of pink and sweet carrion. I was leaning on the railing of the number seven deck, contemplating the water similar to a bubbly saliva, creamy like a slime of a madman. The spotlights hit the waves and revealed the black, indistinct shapes that came from time to time to move in the light.

\*

They called me the Marauder. For too many centuries I had walked the streets of the nameless city.

**Nihil. Pop.** : Popular nihilism. Pop nihilism. All the popular and present forms in the "youth" culture and the subcultures, of a refusal of the values so much past as current. Pop Nihilism can take all forms, and adopt on the surface, all discourses. It can be violent or pacifist, backward-looking or clean-slate, opposed to Nature or attracted to it, atheist or mystic, socialist or liberal, deadly serious or prankster - and most of the time, it is all of these at the same time, or all of these successively, according to the denials or the mood swings.

The Pop Nihilist is not systematically self-conscious; even the rarest specimens are. Let's say that this consciousness is the ultimate stage, the reward, the final detachment of any CONTENT in his rebellion. To desire nothing more, even the void.

The current model of pop nihilism consists, in adolescence in particular, in a succession of "periods" - hippie, Nazi, science-fiction, roguelike - which have a role of safety valve, or consolation; by rejecting, in any way, the surrounding world, in a radical way.

Pop Nihilism is a generalized strategy: Domination has long since recovered reactionary as well as progressive, revolutionary as well as conservative discourses, and the rejection of society has become a commodity like any other, a purchasable identity, a universally accepted and encouraged posture, since the world, anyway, won't change anymore. Pop Nihilism as a safety valve is therefore also one of the weapons of power.

## 1. Primordial Chaos

"To appreciate a posthumous reputation during one's lifetime, there is nothing like anticipating it in writing." Amélie Nothomb, *Le Voyage d'Hiver*.

### Argument

This book is not, strictly speaking, a literary work. Think of it more as a written documentary about the man William S. Marsten and the near destruction of the city of Saint-Etienne. Rather than a classical and abstruse literary form, I have tried to give you the most faithful rendering of the testimonies I was able to collect in Saint Etienne itself or by telephone. I have added some extracts from my personal correspondence with Marsten as well as various newspaper extracts or articles found on the Internet.

The text is also interspersed with more fictionalized passages. I chose this narrative process to specify that these passages were the direct work of yours truly. For example, the description of William's apartment could, in my opinion, only be described in the manner of a novel, so that the reading is lighter.

The story is also peppered with notes, songs and short stories found in Marsten's belongings. I chose to include them in the story, at certain key moments, to allow for a deeper understanding of the character's motivations and also to justify my possible narrative choices.

Before concluding, I would like to point out that some names have been changed at the request of those concerned or their relatives. Thus the name William S. Marsten was built as follows: William, has Bill as its final name. Bill is one of the members of the group Bob & Bill Plays Drones, a fictional musical project of Marsten. The S. in his name doesn't stand for anything in particular, but allows for a nod to the R. in J. R. Cash, which also has no meaning. And Marsten is a reference to the Marsten House massacre that takes place at the beginning of Stephen King's *Salem*. By the way, Stephen King fans will note that Carrieta is the first name that allows the diminutive Carrie.

Hoping that my humble work will allow you to better understand what happened in Saint-Etienne or, at the most, to entertain you.

Stéphane F..

## 1. Primordial Chaos

### ACT ONE

Lilian Bernard, former office mate

"I remember when William asked me to help him proofread a poem he had written for Sandy Martin. He was telling her that he loved her so much that he wanted to kidnap her with a Kiloutou truck. He said he loved her so much he could eat her. I think he was saying that literally."

Sandy Martin, Smocking Dog waitress

"He had a weird look in his eyes. Kind of glassy and uh... uh... absent, what... but... at the same time it was like if he looked at you all the way into the back of your skull... the inside... of... of the mind, you know. I knew he rented a Kiloutou van and I had asked my brother... uh... to... to give me a ride home after the service in the evening. (His voice goes off the phone) - What? no... no, please stop (We hang up abruptly) "

Song found in the William S. Marsten archives where it was used as a bookmark

Go, go, go away. I don't care

Why does she chooses the man who walks behind her,

When I walk beside her.

He had a knife,

But I can strangle her in her sleep.

I love her so much,

I can strangle her in her sleep.



I don't know what I want,  
I don't know what I want.

I want somethin' new but I don't know what.

I want hurt someone but I don't know who.

My days are blacks like the nights are yellows,  
And all through the house,  
I kill'em one by one.

I don't know what I want,  
I don't know what I want.

I want somethin' new but I don't know what.

Somethin' yellow,  
Yellow like hell.

Office colleagues

"We were sure it would end up like... What's the name of the thing with the Americans who listen to hard rock? Oh yeah, that's it: the Concubine Massacre. At the same time, I think he was single."

"He had a record out, well it was a noise like a record that doesn't work."

"He'd laugh himself silly talking about X-rated movies with horses and dogs. He drew things with blood but without that he was kind."

François Jossinet, drummer for the band Cult of Pain

"I would like to but I can't find what to say..."

Michael (childhood friend then enemy)

"You see I always felt like I knew when the guy was lying. He had this kind of smirk on his face that said, "I'm just fucking with you, asshole." A car salesman's smile. He was always telling crazy stories and I, you know, I was sure they were crackers. But one day I come home from school and I pass this asshole on the stairs and he tells me that my grandmother is dead. He had this stupid grin on his face so I shoved my hand in his face, I don't like people joking about death, you know. The guy's hollering and saying it's true and all that shit. So I run home and it's fucking true that my grandmother was dead. This bastard wasn't lying, it's just that everything made him laugh, even people's deaths."

Stéphane F. (childhood friend)

"J'aimais pas trop qu'il fréquente Bertrand Barrère."

ACT TWO

God and the nuclear bomb

Extract from the Tribune Le Progrès

"An aggressor was attacked on the rue des creuses at the level of the Sainte Marie Church during the night of Saturday to Sunday around 1 am. The man was violently arguing against his wife, who will file a complaint against her husband for assault and battery, when a hooded individual seized him and knocked him out by throwing him against a signpost before disappearing into the night. No search procedure has yet been launched against the individual."

A gang of young people from the Metare

"Hey Mourad he saw the Batman-mobile! Oh Mourad tell them, did you see it!"

"Yeah, I saw the Batman-mobile, it had rims like his mother's! It went by commac wawawoum!"

A drunk wandering near the Rond Point Casino, yelling into a cell phone

"Call dispatch! Call Central! There's a big fat guy with a big guitar and a can uh... Big. His name is Bruno Marsten. Call it in, he's gonna rob the casino! Call it in!"

Excerpt from the Tribune Le Progrès

A cannabis dealer assaulted.

Yesterday evening, in the Park of Europe, street of the Rights of Man, a dealer was attacked then tied up. The frightened individual confided to the forces of order "He did not stop hitting me and telling me that he did not want any more criminal in his city! In his town! Is that Maurice Vincent or what?"

Police reports indicate that the assailant was a member of a gathering of neighborhood fathers fed up with drugs being sold to their children.

No charges have been filed to date. Inspector Mourier even says, "Maybe we should give them a salary and a plaque."

The manager of the Petit Casino du Cours Fauriel

"At the beginning the guy bought exactly one pack of beer, Guinness, every day. With peanuts. We always thought he drank too much and that he must be an alcoholic, but see... Selling alcohol is our job. So anyway, overnight the guy quit drinking completely. And peanuts. Every day he came to buy exactly 2 liters of Monster. Well, you see, we're not the kind of people who spy on what our customers buy, but sometimes a grocer is better than a shrink. We immediately thought that 2 liters of energy drink per day is a bit much. So when we heard this story about a guy who patrols the streets at night to beat up some hoodlums, we immediately made the connection."

Luc, manager of the bookshop "Des Bulles et des Hommes

"They both started to play hide and seek or rather a creepy version of the gendarme and thieves with the city as a playground. Usually in this kind of game we start with a silly "NAP you're dead" and the other kid pretends he has a bulletproof shield. And then we invent laser guns, magic shields etc... Until the two kids invoke God and the Nuclear Bomb."

### ACT THREE

His Desert of Ashes

Anonymous

"There was a place, near the old youth house in the Metare, where the old people used to gather. They would unfold their chairs and sit there all day in the shade. They would drink lemonade and tell stories about a time known only to them. Later on, some young people chose this place to sell drugs and litter. Within a few months the little old people's park had become a notorious dumping ground. And something must have gone wrong in Marsten's head because one night he came, at the time when his identity was still secret, and he poured gasoline on the trees and the disused premises of the MJC and he set fire to it. The fire was so big that even the firemen couldn't do anything but wait for it to happen and prevent it from spreading. That day Marsten crossed the line, his war against crime had become a war against us all and against passivity. The little park had become his declaration of war, his HQ, his batcave, his ash desert."

I have no responsibility to the world.

It is not my duty to perpetuate the species.

I do not have to accept the natural order.

The world has no reason to exist in itself.

My interests and those of the world diverge.

I can create my own morality, my own definition of right and wrong outside of any consideration of nature.

I define what is desirable and what is not; what has the right to exist or not. The consequences of my actions on the world are irrelevant.

The only acceptable project towards the world is to reshape it in my image.

I am the world's revolt against itself; its outcome; its only excuse.