

## Fantasy in Flaw Major

Subtly sculpting the silence. With, in the tool bag, words as gouge, chisel, hammer. The two headed ghost that haunted you so much, according to the learned studiously bending over your work. The silence of irremediable absence and childhood shamelessly demolished by the Great Axe. What a strange material. I want to come into this large silence in your posthumous company, with you I want to briefly dive holding my breath into a huge flaw the size of an ocean, between the deep and the extension of space. In this Haitian zero year 2010, you would have been 74 on the 7th of March, the same age as my own good mother still well alive and who tossed off at me in cold blood, one night of sour altercation about an absolutely unexpected omelet, the day before the beginning of the global financial crisis in the United States, as she distractedly chew on a match, and with an ironical tone : "Can poetry be eaten?". Rather than a question calling for an answer, it was first of all a low blow, under the belt, by the stubborn long term refusal of difference. How can you answer right away to such a motherly dirty trick but by a splendid filial smile and its assorted mineral silence. A loving mother clinched to the certainties she wraps herself with whatever unfavorable circumstances is more of a soaped slippery board than a rocket to the stars, its not really a must, believe me, Perec my friend. On one most uncommon sparkless day, as we were conversing one to one, she admitted that she occasionally regretted having let me go to boarding school, far away from her, when I was 10. Loving mother, too loving, sometimes un-motherly sour, and hence unbearable...

Now you are a shining star in the sky of French literature thanks to Sans, sine, by way of loss, and its corollary, lack. So will the GA be thanked, that stepped in so cruelly towards you? Without necessarily making it such a quick job, we nevertheless will have to admit the fact that its "intervention" literally produced you. An image comes immediately to my mind, as I say this: to express the juice of a ripe orange, it certainly has to be pressed somewhat firmly. (Op)pression and expression. Heads and tails of the same painful medal? Seems so... What cannot be said op-presses, goes for the throat, is a source of suffocation, triggers intense psychic pain, one risks choking by lack of air if this suffocation becomes permanent. The only exit is to express oneself, expressing over and over again. Instinct for survival steps in. None of us asked to be born into this world. But while we are here, we might as well turn this presence into an unlikely work, we might as well turn this transit passage of undefined length into something else than a vain translation in the field of phenomenon, we might as well systematically turn ourselves into traces by conjuring the founding unconsolation that is the source of the liberating pressure of expression, as one would say a pressure of copulation, an uncontrollable rut. Without the dread that haunted you, without that tremendous lack, you would not have been Perec, would you? The GA certainly produced a multiplicity of orphans, but most of them nevertheless passed absolutely unnoticed, dressed in anonymity, neither seen, nor known, drowned in the undifferentiated mass. Deliberately taking as a site for demonstration and observation the crossing of history and one's own personal history is in itself a whole program of poetical presence, assumed and lucid in the world, by means of a litany of fantasies in flaw major that never stop astonishing compulsive readers and your faithful audience. Although your existential and artistic trajectory would not impress a wise Mwaba-Gurma man, so much inscribed as it is in the world view of that people of North Togo.

Did you ever come in sub-Saharan Africa? Nothing points that way in anything I read about you until now. It is not surprising, and you share this flaw of another kind with the best European Enlightened minds, who still travel across the planet, sailing the seven seas but never setting a foot on African soil. Why? Not interesting? I will not blame you, thinking that if you lasted longer, that journey would have happened naturally, as things go, like in a logical step in your process, and you would have benefited from it to go even further in that sculpture of silence that an academic Lejeune sees in you in his exegesis. Black Africa is a land pierced with little and large silences, at the precise crossing of H and h, of the major flaw named slave trade to the bloody dictatorial gestures of the now over post-independence. A several centuries long saga of cascading demolition yet to be exorcised, casting a shadow that dramatically obliterates the creative energies on this side of the world, and hence alters them, reduces their positive impact, slows their expansion, just like the subservience to Debt and the iniquitous defect of repayment. 2010 marks the arrival to the PK 50 of History, and this is worth a whole "year" dedicated to Africa in France. A praiseworthy initiative. But will this organized visibility be enough to remove the dark unawareness that covers a continent however crucial in the plans of power of the Masters of the Ax, will it be able to wipe away stereotypes, or at least to dilute them?

I will not give up, nor beg for the answer. I will rather tell you a few words about the Mwaba-Gurma. From their point of view, *relation* is the supreme principle. Everything *is* relation, and is related, possibly antagonistically. Mankind *is* nature standing up and walking on two feet. And that makes it a *being aside*, without any equivalent in the animal kingdom in which it is nevertheless grounded, a singularity, but one that does not pretend to be superior. The MG also state that "our biggest problem" is the ego, that "me" as a ballast we should get rid of, instead of spending our time polishing and cherishing it. They conceive a supreme and benevolent being, Yedu, the One whose house is the Upper, "a continuous totality of light", representing the life producing Sun. This cosmogony also stipulates, and this is where it becomes interesting for you, that man *comes* to the world to express himself.

His presence to the world has an *object* that he has to discover, one day or another, the reason why, *for what*, he *is* there, an object he has to take care of right away in order to be fully accomplished, without any leftovers, by *exhausting* himself in it. This quest and this mission to be carried on are the basis of existence, with all their various consequences, both positive and negative, that the subject has to opt for anyway. That being obviously *exteriorizes* another status/presence to the world than merely that of the corruptible mass of flesh, fluids, blood, and bones of Western rationality, a heavy body bound to a skeleton, and totally overwhelmed by the painful conscience of its finiteness, having absolutely no influence over the random course of its individual existence, or that of the being from Eden loaded with the original sin, hence a being of the fall, forced to search for redemption with a 1000 watt lamp, because the MG man is able, by "sacrificing", to escape from the "strict process of causes and consequences" that we call fate, or blind striking destiny. In this way, it installs itself as a Subject, capable of the Lucidity that belongs to the privileged who have access to the "continuous totality of light" that comes from the Upper.

The large ontological perspective of the MG understands, in its own subtle and discreet way, that the physical world is fundamentally falls prey to degeneration, decay, wear, decline, loss, anomie, let us say entropy, it is always on the verge of drowning into probability, tasteless obviousness, and hence into the monotony and the flatness of a not cold bubble less soda. The ordinary mission in the world of the Lucid is hence to ward it off by sublimating oneself, by insufflating negentropy, unlikelihood, fantasy, that is, in the end, poetry into the empirical reality. This is what you never stopped doing all along your short but so rich life among the letters and the words, between crosswords and the games of the Ouvroir, drawing a mischievous trail, elusive at first, not linear, wriggling, between childish playfulness and human seriousness, your attention always locked on this "infra-ordinary" that you were so keen on, like on a precious support. Welcome into the maze of Perec...

Lucidity is a site as demanding as it is incandescent. Probably no one expressed this better than the poet René Char, in this Icarian formula: "Lucidity is the wound closest to the sun." And that is why not exactly anybody may rub shoulders with it, and especially not the first papier mache figure that turns up, it is not a kid's game in a Disneyland theme park. The Lucid is on all aspects like a sentinel posted on a watchtower, and he dresses in vigilance from dawn to dawn. Drowsiness is forbidden. But keeping your eyes wide open is sometimes a real accomplishment, a huge performance when eyelids weigh a few tons. You have to be made of stern stuff to get over that "bar". Might as well say that the Lucid, under any disguise, is a fearless knight permanently covered by un-quietness. And for good reason, no one knows the day nor the time... says Christ in the well known parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins caught short by the late arrival of the Husband: having fallen asleep while waiting, all the oil of their lamps had burnt out. Lucidity is always ready for anything, and un-quiet, stepping back from the temptation of soporific quietness that numbs the senses.

Except that the ordinary man preached by merchant civilization is precisely very fond of this quietness. He even searches for it, so as to curl up in its soft cocoon, totally immersed in the illusory felicity of material consumption. *Homo Oeconomicus* obturates and stitches any likely or possible source of unquietness and trouble, so that its existence may go on as a quiet river, and he diligently attends to that work of tranquilization. It certainly is more relaxing to sleep on both ears instead of with only one eye, especially when the social delegation of vigilance to specialized operators pushes to do so. And besides, the said vigilance does not always fit with enjoyment, even if the two words do unwillingly rhyme in French. But certainly, this observation does not mean that Lucidity is austere, on the contrary, it is mischievous, cheerful, casual, and fun, but without ever ceasing to keep alert. Un-quietness is not to be confused with anxiety, it keep attention sharp, pushed forth as ethics to live by, for life, esthetically, it is absolutely not rigid. On this scale, Lucidity is darn demanding, and may sometimes appear uncompromising, unconcerned by half-measures and half-heartedness, it is full-bodied and stands as a large tree, forest giants raised with all their height in the biosphere. Lucidity does not live "calmly" on Earth. And not all the big brain bipeds

are Lucids.

No one and nothing will tell us or ever allow us to know what where the ultimate words of your mother to her little boy, that day, at Lyon railway station. The last ones of a short common life, only six years, as you reached what cognitive psychology defines as the age of reason. As I imagine her taking you in her arms and holding you tight against her, a huge emotion seizes me sixty-eight years later, here in Douala, between the tar and the mangrove, in the northern neighborhood of latitude zero. She guesses that her fate is sealed, like all those who wear the yellow star, the infamous sign in occupied France. Her heart is bleeding as she stays there on the platform, without moving, while the train pulls heavily away towards the free zone and your salvation, until it disappears. It seems that everything we once lived is recorded and stored in the fissure of Rolando, a part of the hippocampus, and if that part of your brain had been titillated with electrodes, maybe we would have known. The words of a tearing farewell and hope for you. Words at the brink of the Nazi abyss of nothingness. I cannot imagine all the bitter tears that your sobbing body poured that day of infinite sadness...

Unlike you, I remember very well until now my insouciance driven childhood, I remember little yellow virtuoso butterflies drawing iridescent arabesques in the bright daylight of Douala, and these pleasant memories have always been with me everywhere. No crack. I am five years old when the first horn of independence blows green-red-yellow, the colors of the flag. My mother buys records at Bedrossian's, and among her favorite artists is Edith Piaf. Oh yes! La Môme lulled my childhood with her cheeky voice, she lit up many parties at home. And I still hear her in this context that does not exist any longer. Urban transformation went by. So did age and decay. The vegetal hedges of Chinese bamboo where baby green mambas sometimes hid gave way to concrete walls, sometimes turned into fortifications taking over the function of dividing public and private space. The frangipani trees of my Ivy Street grew old and the heavy smell of their white flowers no longer fill the neighborhood when the sparkling sun orbits at its zenith. The house of the Commander of the Légion de Gendarmerie du Littoral has not changed and the sentinels on duty make sure that no one parks a car on the sidewalk along the surrounding wall. I remember the bridge over the Wouri fading into the night, a long shining comma of reinforced concrete levitating over the dark waters, while the *Jean Mermoz*, a transatlantic liner of the Compagnie Frayssinet & Cyprien Fabre, leaves the port of Douala and sails its way towards Marseille, in 1963.

Did I cross you one day, somewhere in this Paris that I was so fond of, and walked so thoroughly, if not in the bus, between autumn 1973 and winter 1978? Where was I on the 18th of October, 1974, when you achieve the only "exhaustion" of your favorite places that you had set as a long term program, and stayed unfinished? Somewhere near the University, at Tolbiac, attending a course on economy? Hanging around in a bookshop, as I often would? Standing in the line in front of the student restaurant of Port-Royal, near the Gobelins? Or at home, in my little studio apartment in the Marais, on the first floor of 3 rue des Ecouffes? I lived in North African Jewish territory. The kosher butcher's was next to the synagogue. An old doddering white Russian woman who never went out lived on the third floor of the building, and her only company was her amply shaped daughter that I was too young to engage. Once or twice, a fellow student whose father worked in the aircraft industry called on me to drive me to class with the father's light blue Jaguar, Gilles M. would otherwise drive us around in a juvenile 2CV. One evening, as I came back to my apartment, I found my mailbox had been forced, my mail opened, and a photograph that a sweetheart from home had sent me was ripped in two. A gratuitous act of vile meanness, and I was furious at the idea that I was passing these vandals by without knowing on the same sidewalk, and that they would be secretly laughing. Except for that incident, I never was confronted to primary racism during my whole blue-white-red stay.

If the Ouvroir of Queneau & Co did not exist, no doubt you would have invented it. Nothing less than such a crazy "tribe", a sanctuary unique in its kind, was needed for a wounded man like you, a place and a stronghold for exercises of skillful demolition of the stiffness of French language, in its syntax and its semantics. Your catharsis also had to go that way. This mischief puzzled me at first when I discovered it, many years ago. You sacked head high and without a flinch all dogmatism of language, just as the GA bluntly trampled on your childhood. Fighting them was both an esthetical and political uncompromising posture. You were pushing the crosswords amateur out of the tameness of level 5 in mass magazines. You were explicitly loosing, disorienting and disconcerting he or she who ventured with usual tools for navigation in your constraint and complex textual universe. No passive readers here. In these post Cartesian times, it will soon be that one or another of the learned academics who wrestle with your abounding work will label it fractal. Erudite people build your literary eternity, my pal Gepe, if they have not succeeded yet. There are about 246.000 entries on your name in Google, which is not nothing, and covers a myriad of works, publications and stratospheric symposia about you.

You, the orphan that convoy 47 of February 11th 1943 deprived of the fussy love of a mother, you that a gunshot deprived of the rough tenderness of a father on the 16th of May 1940, you child without a childhood hung on to the letter W to avoid falling trough the white hole drilled in your life by the GA. There is no scandal in staying alive after it, because narrators are needed to tell the human tragedies that madness periodically foments in history. But sometimes, the effects of the cataclysm being amplified by the logics of profit, it is actually nature that hits the level of inexpressibility and settles silence. Like the one that followed the quake of January 12th, 2010, in Haiti, or the huge wave of December 26th, 2004, in the Indian ocean. Before the clamor of cries and desolation raises over the ruins, rising up towards the sky, carrying every distress and incomprehension in the face of the brutality of reality.

Six years, one month, and thirteen days after your death, I came back to Paris. That summer, I had a little practice of Belleville with the Têtes Brûlées, a short lived bikutsi band that did its first French and international appearance at the music feast on June 21st, 1988, in the very last set on the stage that was erected on the esplanade of the Centre Georges Pompidou. I still remember a Chinese restaurant, at the very end of the street of the same name, that opened late and served exclusively steamed food. *Yéké-Yéké* by Mory Kanté was a hit in the top 50 charts. A summer of night and day wandering in Paris, in nostalgia cracked from one end to the other, trying to bring back past times. I had taken the plane towards Cameroon on the 18th of February 1978, postponing university, thinking to stay just a few days, just the time to have things settled with the Binomial, my father and mother united without my knowing, about my sabbatical year, and then that done to come quietly back into my existence of delivery driver and loose cannon on the banks of the Seine. Alas, mister my father confiscated my passport, and the "few days" candidly expected turned into ten years of assigned residence and unconsolation when I started writing by keeping a diary of that forced interior exile. Without words, without this long protective rail, I would have slowly and inexorably fell into the black hole of madness or the chasm of alcoholism, the only known exits of the cracked in my country.

For your guidance, Dany-the-Red shifted to the green way, the climate broke down, and the first wind power plants of Paris have been set in Belleville, on the roof of the Maison de l'Air. A street has now been named after you, and the Post issued a stamp with your effigy a few years ago, among other marks of gratitude from the blue-white-red posterity. If there God is said to be deceased and Reason hit it with incompetence since its very first conquests, the civil cult of the dead is remarkably flourishing around your place. At least, remarkable identities such as you are honored and glorified by public collective memory. *Aux grand hommes la patrie reconnaissante*. There once was Georges Perec. You are part of the French heritage, besides Céline, Hugo, Flaubert, Duras, Beauvoir, Colette, as well as Camus & Co. And in no time you are going to be a classic of the literature of the world. "Without" ruled your life more than "with" did, and you gave a masterly response to the GA. This or that academic is of course free to consider that you did not manage to reach a total "mending" of your self. We have to learn to live with our cracks, stitched as we can with writing that is then on passionately lived out, from head to feet, as a therapy, a long term act of mending.

Just like a careful and modest *mater dolorosa* silently mends the worn out clothes of her offspring. It will always be a repair, a makeshift job instead of an identical restoration of the initial state. We can always reconstitute a cup that was broken into a few large and medium pieces, but in the end it will no longer be the same object as before it was broken, it will keep the *mark* reality, of what, as Jankélévitch writes in substance, having happened, cannot simply not have happened. What is done is done, conclusive and irreversible. The cracked cup will leak for ever. The daring of mending does certainly not take everybody, and not in the same way. Forcing reality to pay back is not a small ambition, and is the distinguishing mark of the knights of all kinds, those who are not satisfied with the status of a weeper of victims of the GA, that a Congolese writer, Sony Labou Tansi, called the Ugly. It could easily be turned into a riddle, to end up laughing with you in the limbo after this short journey together in the silence of a great gap, looking at the world, time passing by, as words cross under the sign of mischievousness and fantasy. But I still have one concern to word before we say goodbye...

It is about offspring and children in this multicultural French society that went on after you, until it became postindustrial and postmodern. Nothing in what I read about you indicates that you ever had any... choice? My fellow student Franck L. did the same when we were still twenty, and I thought, in my little tropical corner, that it would finally wear off, but no, to the point that his courageous girlfriend who wanted a child and wanted to be a mother had to seek that elsewhere, and I left it in 2000, at the turning point of my German summer at the end of the 20th century, between the love parade and the fear of the

bug. I will not tell you about our endless conversation, arguing over the phone, he in Paris and me in Berlin, flabbergasted by this posture dictated by the GA. Not only poetry happens to be very problematic after Auschwitz, for the European conscience and culture impaled on feelings of guilt. Disenchantment sees no interest nor meaning in making children in a world perceived as absurd, where Evil hides in the cracks and waits for the right moment to step in and play its part with an army of zealed menial sidekicks, ready to obey at the slightest sign. This reality would be, according to Franck and his likes, the foil for procreation...

You know what? GA is easy to blame! Such an attitude stinks of woolly arrogance and selfishness hard to take in. I would tend to see in it an attitude of flight in front of the responsibility of raising a child, of letting it "grow", because first of all this means being erased before it, so as not to cast any shadow on it, while still being there, present, available, guardian and guide, friend, confident, so many circumstanced roles that complete each other and engage our intimate instance, needing patience in the face of the intrinsic fancy of the child of man, its demands, its intransigence, its questions, fears, rashness, flashes, intuitions, weakness, and so on. The child is a complete Other, and teaches us much more about ourselves than any animal pet trained to have access to the food that the master serves. A father and a mother are not masters of children to be trained. The real "erasure of the future" is this obstinate refusal of an offspring that disguises itself as a high and sharp sense of historical responsibility. What are we talking about, in this post cold war junkyard of intellectual stagnation in every direction, and epistemological stalemate? The flag of neo cynics happily flies over the ruins of the humanism of the Enlightenment.

As such, I do not have anything against constrictor boas, Chihuahuas, Persian cats, mynah birds, and all that domestic zoo full of hair, feathers and scales, commonly bought in dedicated shops, and that would be an interesting alternative to human progeny in our homes. As far as I know, a child is not something you buy at the market. There is an immemorial tradition of my fellow countrymen Bamiléké in western Cameroon, where great H and little h intersect, that is to bury deceased childless men and women with a stone in their right hand. Is this not an ironic habit that should be meditated, my friend Georges? To tell you the truth, my dear, since I do have children, two big boys that I raised in company with their feminist dentist mother, this unlikely fatherhood was an exercise in humility, and it still is. If it was to be repeated in an other life, I would gladly go for it with the same enthusiasm and the same joy, because it is a great relief not to have to care only for oneself, it is a great occasion to get rid of dubious self-centeredness. And this is why the protection of childhood is a primary task of society, and a fundamental standard of civilization.

Self-subjugation is a hot item in Whiteland, under the marketing direction of brands raised into economical assets, vectors for financial value. Narcissus is about to oust Ulysses for ever out of the arena. To the greatest joy of the mermaids who let a new song be heard, even more fascinating than the old one of Homer. And the minstrels on duty forward this melody from the abyss under every latitude of our earth and water globe, the "common house" so dear to Michel Serres, expecting wages for the good loyal service that makes them another kind of stars, levitating thousands of light-years above the basic Belvillian, inasmuch as that refers to a specific urban identity. The bling-bling caravan rides high, Spectacle goes on full blast in the upper floors of Crystal Palace. In the lower ones, the earthly myriads of dereliction go from one dawn to the other with officially less than two dollars in their pocket, without any social safety net, at the mercy of everything or nothing at all. The new sensation in this shark dance, is that the South has more and more moguls in the upper floors, among the so-called Richistanis inhabiting Richistan, the archipelago of the neo-Croesus owners of private jets, of fifty meter yachts, and collectors of high precision Swiss watches.

A woman from Paris, as I incidentally mentioned the virtual residency project last autumn on the deck of a houseboat moored in Rotterdam, between the wine and the smoke, listlessly dropped "Belleville is being gentrified...", and then the lady turned right away towards something else without any warning. Which is a pity because I hoped she could tell me more about that myth of urban stubbornness against the plans of real estate capitalism that does not care about nostalgia and the preservation of a Parisian soul. Massive depoliticization profits the empire of emptiness whose rule spreads each day the sun comes and goes, democracy turns procedural and collapses like a flat tire *made in China*, in your France under sarkozian administration, Perec. More and more shops are open until midnight for advertizing events or to sell this or that to crowds made happy by high tech consumerist addiction. It is necessary to sound the alarm of danger in the residence. Now or never. Whiteland drowns each second, every minute that goes by, in its cracked reflection. The age-long arrogance of single-sided Western centrism is endlessly waning, perhaps it even falls to dust in the arena of an economical globalization that shuffles the cards on every level of history, while the raising power of BRIC brings a new lease of life to capitalism. Alas?

Oh, and I nearly skipped it... there is a debate, astonishing seen from where I stand, that is currently especially hot in France. At the core of that dispute launched by the gang of Nicolas the Short: national identity. Yes, you got that right Gepe, national identity. I can see you grinning, scratching your shock of hair with a puzzled expression and a raised eyebrow. No less than that! When the whole world is vibrating with multiculturalism, and ground has to be reclaimed against merchant globalization in shifting scales, Besson & Co annoy us with allegiances. I would friendly suggest reading *L'incandescent* by Michel Serres, and they will see written in black over white that the source of the Evil that wears down this world and humanity, as the marine inspired philosopher says in substance, stand in allegiances, and I say, in the identity excitants working as permitted free market low quality booze. A debate on national identity in France, in these times on Earth? It is just like if we were back in those times when the entitled clerks of the Liberation did not mention "dead for France" in front of your mother's name, although your father, her husband, happened to be "fallen on the field of horror" engaged under that blue-white-red flag, a monstrous iniquity. They are always putting their foot in, the UMP, as if they were doing it on purpose, like the speech of Dakar. Cannot be more has-been! And then they are full of themselves in the media, on all keys, just like chocolate roosters in an Easter poultry yard...

The unwordable does not let itself be seized in quantitative physical dimensions. It will never be a question of numbers, size, weight, or any other measure, nor of any abnormality, *stricto sensu*. It may very well happen *within* the norms. However possible to express it or to say it, the is an unwordable because there is a wordable, and a logical contradiction. The deep essence of the unwordable is to challenge understanding on every level of reality. It storms on the mother who seeks for her missing child whose buried assaulted body will be found during a search, just as it does on teenager girls raped by lined-up soldiers in wars between bloody lords fond of diamonds from Sierra-Leone, R.D.C., and elsewhere on the continent. It weighs on the lightly peculiar youngster ostracized by its parents without any objective reason, purely on the basis of third-party defamatory testimonials. It reached a climax in 1994 in Rwanda, during the now painfully remembered "machete season". While I am at it, I can assure you that Goya and a certain African saying share the same concerns about what fatally happens when reason falls asleep, when it lowers its guard and then does not see, *kougna kougna*, furtively coming into the house, the angels of destruction and desolation, the proven diggers of harmony and the sly accelerators of entropy. In this case, it states that the devil has fun with lazy brains. In my Ewondo language of the "lords of the forest", the unwordable is *amala*.

You will certainly be pleased to know that I am in the situation of a homeless as I write this malicious ode to the mischief of the survivors of the unwordable, even if a sympathetic blond ex-hacker on a computer mission for an insurance company on this not-so-sad side of the world, that could very well be my son, is generously offering his hospitality, until the better days to come... There is a West-African saying assuring that sleeping on somebody else's mat is like sleeping outside. What do you think? I will set aside the ins and outs of this comical situation so as not to open another window when the time comes to conclude. In Cameroon, the issue of housing is even more urgent and hot than in your blue-white-red country, except that in my green-red-yellow one there is no Jeudi Noir nor Don Quichotte. Nobody cares. And everybody manages, in its own way. Having released this long final sentence full of drawers that was in fact really heavy on my neurons, I may now cordially bow in front of you and leave, fearless Perec, valiant squirrel faced poet that stayed stuck on a day in March, 46 on the dashboard of time and administration, like precisely forty-six revolutions around the sun, minus three days. I imagine with envy that you must be having a few topological conversations going on with Pierre Gilles de Gennes. The fierce and daily fight against stupidity and ignorance is still going on on the planet and in History, the fight against the Great Axe remains an open process for lucidity.