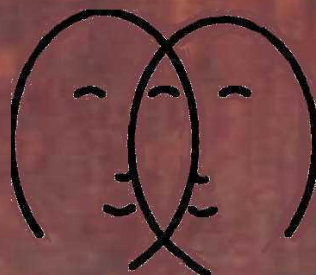


**Vahé Zartarian**

***Homo sapiens* is fading away**

**cocreate *Homo consciens***





***Vahe Zartarian***

***Homo Sapiens is fading away***

**CO-CREATE**

***Homo Consciens***

translated from french by the author  
with the help of Laurence Mahé

FR v3 - EN v1

© **Vahé Zartarian 2025**

## PREFACE

### ***presentation***

Far from depressing dystopias and fatalisms that deprive us of our personal power, this project explores in the form of a science fiction novel a possible evolutionary path of humanity. In other words, through the play of our intentions, it is possible to build a more exciting future in coevolution with all-that-lives. Not just a change of civilization but a true mutation of our species that would transform us from *Homo sapiens* into *Homo consciens*. This saga of the species takes place over the next 100,000 years. The book itself is divided into three parts, each focused on a period of this future history: 1. the end of the twenty first century, 2. the fortieth millennium, 3. the hundredth millennium.

### ***contributions***

Vahé Zartarian is the initiator and main contributor to this project. A graduate of the École Polytechnique (class of 77), he is the author of numerous books at the intersection of science, epistemology, metaphysics, and spirituality. His works (in french) are available on:

[www.co-creation.net](http://www.co-creation.net)

Also contributing to this work:

Corinne Leforestier: Tao-anartist as she defines herself, painter, engraver, Chinese calligrapher, and incidentally computer scientist. Her works can be seen on her websites:

[galerie.terracolorosa.com](http://galerie.terracolorosa.com) and [blog.terracolorosa.com](http://blog.terracolorosa.com)

Jean-Marie Lucchini-Mangani: versatile humanoid rebel, temporary member of the solar system, Corso-Maltese region.

Joël Striff: scientist, consultant, teacher, he has practiced various forms of meditation with renowned masters, experiences he shared as a yoga teacher and in a book *Le chemin vers la paix intérieure: méditations bouddhistes, chrétiennes et hindouistes* (*The Path to Inner Peace: Buddhist, Christian, and Hindu Meditations*, available only in french from JMG Editions, 2024).

Dreaming and actualizing a more harmonious, joyful, and playful future humanity is a never ending collective work in progress. Expanded versions of this book will be offered as new developments become available:

[www.co-creation.net](http://www.co-creation.net)

### **copyright**

Although this document is freely available for everyone to access, it is not without copyright. You may freely distribute this PDF as long as you do not modify the file and do not request compensation. The author retains the rights to distribution in other forms than digital as well as the rights to adaptation, exploitation, and translation. For any inquiries, please contact:

[vahe@jeux-espace.fr](mailto:vahe@jeux-espace.fr)

## PROLOGUE

Imagining apocalyptic futures is easy given the present state of decay of our civilizations. Imagining reasons for the failure of our societies is easy given the extent of their dysfunctions. But imagining a future where the human species would renew itself to live joyfully in harmony with all-that-lives is difficult. A happiness that would not be hoped for beyond death, nor obtained at the cost of mass brainwashing, whether through the gentle acceptance of addictions of all kinds, or through the all-too-familiar violent methods of various revolutions.

My ambition in this book is to offer a more exciting vision of the future of humanity and a path leading to it. It goes without saying that to explore how a new human species might emerge in the coming millennia, fiction is more appropriate than non-fiction. However, this novel is not a fantasy but a realistic utopia, insofar as many of the ideas presented here are plausible, because based either on scientific facts or on personal experiences.

I sometimes say half-jokingly that I have no imagination because everything I write about the future is real to me. I don't feel like I am making up new ideas, but rather seeing them pass by and catching them on the fly. The way this book was written is proof of this: apart from a hesitation at the beginning, I didn't have to look for ideas, I didn't have any breakdowns or writer's block. My starting point is one of my previous books with this explicit title: *Homo sapiens will disappear ... what next?*<sup>1</sup>. It was this question – what new species will follow Homo sapiens – that I wanted to explore. This launched the first chapter. Afterwards, I had a doubt, I was about to stop because I didn't have the slightest idea how to

---

<sup>1</sup> Available only in french under the original title: *Homo sapiens disparaîtra ... et après ?* (see reference 1 at the end of the book).

continue. So I went for a walk, and, during the walk, all the ideas for the second chapter came to me like in a bundle. I just had to put them into words. And the rest came in the same way: chapter finished, walk, new ideas for the next one, putting them into words... In two months the book was written.

I hope you will enjoy following the adventures of our species over more than 100,000 years. Indeed, the human species is the central character of this novel, but you will also meet Lucy and Sofia, Amba and Luma, Zene and Yaz... Some of you may have the same feeling as me: "This is about me, about my future." But I hope all of you will simply enjoy reading this story and draw inspiration from it for new dreams.

*Vahé*

Chaudon-France, August-September 2024



## SECOND PROLOGUE

Once the first draft of this novel was completed, I gave it to a few friends to read. Their opinions were unanimous: pleasant to read, profound, but –ouch!– it deserves more developments. I admit it is more a collection of short stories that sketch out in dotted lines a trajectory and a new humanity than a linear story because the main character is the species. My mind, prone to syntheses that go straight to the point, does not feel any gaps. But I understand that it does not satisfy everyone. Starting with Corinne, my partner and first reader. Never lacking in imagination, she immediately finds me a new subject to slip between two of these dots:

“Tell me Vahe, how is the life of the lioux?”

“Not the slightest idea! Just imagine it yourself and write a chapter.”

“I know how to paint, draw, engrave, do calligraphy, but I can’t write a story that takes place 40,000 years from now.”

“So we will never know how the lioux live.”

I was wrong. As before, new ideas came to me all at once during a walk, and that became chapter 3 of book 2: *the lioux*.

Stimulated by our discussions, a few days later a new chapter came to my mind, chapter 7 of book 1: *new beginning*, 2110.

Along the way, a completely different idea came to me: imagining a new species that would follow *Homo sapiens* should be a collective work. So I asked a few people to help fill the vast expanses left open for creation. New chapters were born from these exchanges. Someone also suggested the idea of interludes, anecdotes that echo each other from era to era: three interludes on *the life of a lake* and three interludes on a *collective building*.

Between *Homo sapiens* today and *Homo consciens* in the future, only 21 chapters and 6 interludes to tell a saga of the species

supposed to take place over 100,000 years. This means that there is still plenty to do. This work, which traces the plausible contours of a future humanity and a possible path of evolution, becomes a work in progress. And when this future will be born from our present dreams, the story will not end because new dreams will inevitably arise that will carry our consciousness into dimensions still unimaginable...

*Vahe*

Chaudon, January 2025

## CONTENTS

Preface.....	1
Prologue.....	3
Second Prologue.....	5
BOOK 1 TWENTY FIRST CENTURY.....	9
1 Lucy and Sofia, Friday, October 6, 2079, early morning.....	11
2 Clara, Friday, October 6, 2079, early evening.....	21
3 Luke, Outside of Time.....	31
4 Lucy and Sofia, October 10-12, 2079.....	37
5 The Futurology Symposium, 2100.....	49
6 Power Games, Spring 2110.....	63
7 New Beginning, a few weeks later.....	71
Interlude: The Life of a Lake, The Kingfisher.....	83
Interlude: Collective Building, Round Square.....	85

BOOK 2: FORTIETH MILLENNIUM.....	89
1 In-Ara, 40,000 years and some.....	91
2 Amba and Djan, same day.....	101
Interlude: The Life of a Lake, Ice Blood.....	111
3 The Lioux, same days.....	113
4 Amba-Djan's Apprenticeship, a few months later.....	121
Interlude: Collective Building, Cocoon.....	131
5 Preparatory Course, 37 years later.....	137
6 Luma, Glimpses of Her Initiation.....	149
7 Luma, Mutation Ceremony.....	161
Mandala.....	169
BOOK 3 HUNDREDTH MILLENNIUM.....	173
1 Reborn, 1000 years after the glaciation.....	175
Interlude: The Life of a Lake, The Fibi.....	187
2 Lihou, Krk, Tui, 30 years later.....	191
Interlude: Collective Building, Cocreation.....	201
Blueboos.....	205
3 Late Homo sapiens vs. Homo consciens, A Comparative Study, 5000 years after the thaw.....	209
4 OkoKyo, the Scribe, a few years later.....	221
5 BeiGi, PaMa, PeiMei, BeiGi's Initiation.....	229
6 Zic&Danz with Yaz and Zene.....	239
7 Galactic Awakening, 10 years later Earth time.....	253
Epilogue.....	257
References.....	259

**BOOK 1**  
**TWENTY FIRST CENTURY**



**LUCY AND SOFIA**

**FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6, 2079**

**EARLY MORNING**

“Shit shit and shit!”

“What’s the matter, Lucy?”

“Do you have anything for a headache, Sofia?”

“I assume you want the quick fix: no acupuncture, herbal teas, massages, rest?”

“Very fast! I’m fed up, this has been going on for two days.”

“Here, take this. Why such a hurry?”

“Thanks. Life’s too short.”

“For all you have to do? Careful! Only one pill.”

“Shit shit and shit!”

“What else?”

“Look at this poster.”

“*Cordoba Conference, the Centennial, October 2-5, 2079*. It’s the 6th, it’s over now.”

“I completely forgot. The centennial, do you realize? In 1979 our parents weren’t even born.”

“So what?”

“Look at the title: *science and consciousness*. Right in my research. How could I have forgotten? Damned headache. When will your thing work? How am I going to access the information now?”

“You should find the conferences on the network.”

“Don’t you know? Broadband communications between universities are down. Satellites have reportedly exploded. I don’t want to wait for the official release of the conference proceedings. I’m not even sure they’ll ever come out.”

“Maybe the AI has already made a written summary you can access at low bandwidth.”

“No trust in that thing. That’s one of the advantages of being in a science school: we’re taught how these things work, and it’s not as effective as people think. Also true of all these technologies once said to save humanity. Bullshit!”

“I agree. Besides, as a biologist, I don’t have any more confidence, especially in the contraceptives concocted in our labs.”

“Same for me. That’s how every month I get caught out and have to run around looking for tampons. And with all the network outages, I no longer trust my digital diary. I write everything down on scraps of paper that end up scattered all over the place. There must be one somewhere to remind me of the Cordoba conference. Anyway, enough complaining. How can I retrieve the information? Don’t you have one of your brilliant intuitions?”

“Alex! I’m sure he can help.”

“True. He is the kind of guy who’s always up to date on everything. It amazes me, actually.”

“Yeah, hello?”

“Hi Alex.”

“Yeah, who is it?”

“Lucy.”

“Fuck, Lucy, I’m sleeping.”

“Not anymore so we can talk.”

“What do you want? You’re talking even faster and louder than usual. Are you high on the new ‘red dragon pills’ or something?”

“Don’t be a pain and tell us about the Cordoba conference instead. Sofia says you know about it.”

“Ah, beautiful Sofia...”



“Stop wandering and focus.”

“What a sweet love poem you whisper to me.”

“That you appreciate this poetry proves you are now fully awake.”

“Sure that with your expertise in handling your tongue one can’t stay asleep for long.”

“Stop your bullshit and go to the point.”

“I still don’t understand how, with the parents you have and the studies you pursue, you express yourself with so much delicacy.”

“I don’t have time to be nice. As my father used to say: ‘One day we are dead.’ And there you go, he’s dead. But I’m alive, and so are you, and so is Sofia. So let’s move on.”

“Okay, don’t get upset, I’ll take my notes and give you a summary.”

“Many topics were covered, five of which were most interesting to me:

1. the engine of the evolution of species
2. the programmed end of *Homo sapiens*
3. an ice age is coming
4. quantum physics, neuroscience and consciousness
5. everything is consciousness, from Kashmir Shaivism to the aphorisms of Master Wuchen (meaning Dustless).”

“Please elaborate.”

“The engine of evolution in summary <sup>1</sup>:

- the forms of some living organisms, both at the individual level and at the species level, are not simple bits of space filled with organic matter and shaped by blind physicochemical forces;
- they must have meaning for the entities that perceive them;
- they manifest an intention on the part of the entities who design them;

---

<sup>1</sup> Quotes taken from reference 3.

- these entities have the know-how to manipulate matter at a very deep level;
- in short: intention informs matter and gives it forms and movements.”

“I love your summaries that go straight to the point.”

“See, a compliment from time to time doesn’t hurt. I’d almost be tempted to take that as a declaration of love.”

“Don’t get too excited, it doesn’t say anything other than that you make good summaries. I like you when you play the teacher, you’re good at it, that’s all, so keep going.”

“The programmed end of *Homo sapiens*<sup>1</sup>:

- species appear and disappear, with an average lifespan of 5 million years;
- since the genus *Homo* appeared around –2.8 million years ago, dozens of species have been discovered such as *Homo habilis*, *Homo erectus*, *Homo neanderthalensis*, *Homo sapiens*, etc., the latter, to which we belong, being estimated to be around 300,000 years old;
- 100,000 years ago, at least six different species of the genus *Homo* populated the Earth, while for the last 20,000 years only one has survived, ours, *Homo sapiens*;
- the question is not ‘if’ it will disappear, it is inevitable, the question is ‘when’;
- this time is approaching because generations are no longer renewed; for that to happen, an average of 2.1 children per woman is needed but fertility has now fallen worldwide to less than 1 child per woman, an estimation because the data are no longer very reliable;
- a reversal is unthinkable given that in addition to economic and cultural factors which partly explain the low birth rate, we have also observed for several decades a decline in both female and male fecundity, mainly because of the poor

---

1 Quotes taken from reference 1.

quality of food, pollutions of all kinds, and the overconsumption of drugs with numerous undesirable side-effects;

- perhaps the most serious reason: for many, life no longer has any meaning, all the scenarios about the future propagated by the media are bleak, so why have children and force them to live in even worse conditions than today?"

"That's why a conference like this is important, to try to find meaning again, without drifting towards harmful and delusional ideologies."

"Maybe, but the fact remains that an apocalypse is looming in the form of a new ice age. As an architect, this subject has truly fascinated me. In fact, I have already studied it. I could talk to you about it for hours."

"Control yourself, a few minutes will be enough."

"So be it:

- The quaternary glaciations, particularly the four most recent ones in the last 600,000 years, are mainly caused by variations in the Earth's orbital parameters: variations in the eccentricity of the ellipse it travels around the Sun, the obliquity of its rotational axis, and the precession of the equinoxes. To which are obviously added changes in solar intensity.
- Increasing knowledge of these parameters allows us to refine the models, from which we derive that the next glaciation could begin very quickly, perhaps in just 1,500 or 2,000 years.
- An ice age is mainly characterized by an expansion of glaciers, so that vast territories become unsuitable for life, which persists mainly in equatorial and tropical regions.
- An ice age lasts about 80,000 years while an interglacial period lasts only a few thousand years to a maximum of 20,000 years.

- The current interglacial period, called the Holocene, began a little over 10,000 years ago, in line with the average of previous interglacial periods, which reinforces the hypothesis of an imminent return of glaciation.”

“Mind-blowing: humanity, or what will remain of it, will have to go through nearly 100,000 years of very difficult times.”

“It’s not encouraging indeed, but she has already crossed ice ages and survived. Knowing this, we can perhaps try to make this crossing less painful. That being said, I don’t see how the following topics addressed at the conference will be of any help, although quite interesting. Let’s go anyway: quantum physics, neuroscience and consciousness<sup>1</sup>. I admit that I’ve lost track a little.”

“Don’t worry, I already know all that, it’s right in my thesis topic.”

“All I recall is that materialism is completely wrong. The last lecture goes even further by stating that ‘everything is consciousness.’ This is the first aphorism of Master Wuchen<sup>2</sup> from which everything else flows: life, the universe, incarnation... I remember these two in particular:

- The physical experience is real. The physical world is unreal. Neither a simulation nor an illusion, but a consensual collective hallucination.
- To incarnate: a know-how to experience one’s thoughts as world events.

Downright dizzying. And again this one he calls the fundamental equation:

- Intention makes manifestation. Intention is the interplay of imagination, consciousness, belief.

Intellectually, it’s fascinating. But I’m too down-to-earth and rational to buy into it. It’s more of a philosophy for Sofia. What do you think?”

“ ... ”

---

1 See reference 3.

2 From reference 2.

“Hello, are you still there?”

“I’m thinking. And what do you think about all this, I mean the entire conference?”

“My synthesis abilities are reaching their limits. I must lack the imagination to connect the evolution of *Homo sapiens*, glaciation, quantum physics and consciousness.”

“I wonder ... maybe ... all this could mean that *Homo sapiens* will disappear and another species will replace it in whose development we would take part.”

“A project that matches your great modesty.”

“Not just my project.”

“And how shall we call this new species?”

“Sofia, who is next to me and listened to all we said without wanting to intervene until now, whispers to me: *Homo consciens*.”

“Quite a program.”

“OK, thanks for everything, you can go back to sleep.”

“Becoming a *Homo Consciens*, what do you think about that, Sofia?”

“You are beginning to put into words what I have always felt intuitively: there is a new human being to dream of and embody. We are currently on Earth to begin to imagine a story that could unfold over centuries.”

“Even millennia. To begin with, I already see new places where to settle...”

“Don’t get carried away, you must first make it your personal story. For now, you only have an intuition backed by an intellectual understanding. You must integrate deep within yourself that ‘everything is consciousness,’ that life is a game, the great Game of Creation. Each of your cells must be convinced of this, your every thought must emanate from this worldview.”

“And then we can gather in new places to co-create this dream and bring it to life. I’m not good at organizing things but my mother is.”

"The seed of renewal that I felt in you from our first meeting is ripening."

"You mean it's not just friendship that makes you stick with me?"

"It's much, much, much deeper, in ways you can't yet imagine. There's magic in the universe, subtle connections that I hope you'll soon be able to perceive."

"How can you know that?"

"I'm going to tell you a story about my maternal grandmother. You know that she left the Amazon and came to settle in Europe to escape the massacres which her people were victim. She was a shaman. In fact, my entire line of female ancestors is shaman."

"I didn't know."

"Time was not right."

"I suspected you had a different and deeper perspective on things. By the way, isn't it strange that you study biology?"

"Not so much because shamans also know how to work with DNA, and I want to cross-reference this knowledge with scientific knowledge. But I was telling you about my grandmother. In the tradition of my lineage, a shaman chooses very early on among her daughters the one who will succeed her. On this occasion, she makes a special object. She gives it to her disciple, then immediately takes it back to give it to someone else who must give it in turn. Thus, the object travels as if by itself, sometimes very far away. Its wanderings end when chance or the magic of the universe, call it what you will, brings it back into the hands of its owner. Only then is she considered a true shaman. So my grandmother, like all the women in her lineage, received one day such an object from her own mother, of which she was immediately dispossessed. The object went on its own journey while my grandmother fled her country to land in Paris. Before meeting the man who would become my grandfather, she spent some time doing odd jobs, mostly cleaning. Since she spoke Spanish, she found herself working for a wealthy family of Mexican origin. Shortly after starting her job, she was surprised to discover the

object was displayed in a closet behind a window. She couldn't take her eyes off it for so long that her employer, seeing her astonishment, told her that if the object interested her so much, she should just take it. And so it was. He obviously knew nothing of its true nature, but he had an intuition of its importance to her. Reclaiming possession of it allowed my grandmother to achieve the full status of shaman according to the tradition of her clan. You see how the universe is full of subtle connections. <sup>1</sup>"

"Absolutely magical. Can't believe it. But then your mother must have made for you such an object."

"Only to you I can tell: she did."

"How did the object find its way to you?"

"You gave it back to me when we celebrated our twentieth birthday."

---

<sup>1</sup> This story is freely inspired by a practice of the Kallawayas of Bolivia as reported by Frederika Van Ingen in *Ce que les peuples racines ont à nous dire*, p88 (les liens qui libèrent 2020).





CLARA

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6, 2079

EARLY EVENING

“It is late, what do we have so urgent?”

“Sorry, Madam President, for asking for a meeting so late. It’s about the loss of broadband connection with other universities.”

“Do we know what happened?”

“Via a still working low-speed line, I was able to talk to my Chinese counterpart at the *Asian Engineering University*. They believe the satellite exploded, probably struck by uncontrolled debris. There are now so many of them up there that no satellite is safe.”

“This explosion will generate a lot of additional debris. The remaining satellites still working are likely to be quickly decommissioned. A consequence among others, weather forecasts will become impossible.”

“But there may be a glimmer of hope, Madam President, at least regarding broadband. The Chinese suggest to put back into operation an old cable, a relic of the ‘New Silk Roads’ of the early 20th century. According to preliminary tests it seems intact. We just need to establish a connection with our university.”

“Do we know where it lands?”

“The Chinese say it is only a hundred kilometers from us.”

“What do you think?”

“We believe we can pick up the signal and relay it here using a few well-positioned GSM antennas.”

“Do we have such equipments?”

“There are plenty of them scattered all over the place to collect. Moving them and making them operational shouldn't be difficult.”

“So temporarily put a team on it, the one working on the supercomputer's rehabilitation, and begin work quickly. We all know the importance of these communications. Scientific research is already in bad shape worldwide, if on top of that the exchanges of information were to completely stop... These communications are vital. But let's not kid ourselves, no one knows how long this new connection will last, it is so easy to cut a cable. Even more so in these times when anti-technology groups are engaged in destructive competition with each other. So once the connection is reestablished, work with your Chinese counterparts about sustainable alternatives. Is that all? Good evening everyone.”

“Good evening, Madam President.”

Why this obsequiousness from former colleagues? Do they fear me so much? It is true that I sometimes snap at them. Maybe they are just afraid of losing their privileged position at this university, a haven of peace and culture in the midst of decaying societies.

Why was I so weak as to accept the leadership of this *European Polytechnic University*? I did not ask for it. My peers praised me for my organizational skills and decision-making abilities, they said. My ego rushed to agree without giving my mind time to reflect. Flattery and vanity, at almost fifty, I am still there. For a moment of petty glory, I abandoned my research and find myself confronted with a host of practical problems, most of them without solution. But since we still have to face the situation, we talk and talk, in the hope that some miracle will occur that will get us out of this situation. It is not just about saving face. The challenge is to preserve a rational approach against the rise of delusional beliefs, from the most nihilistic followers who self-destruct with all kinds of drugs, to the most brutal fanatics who no longer know how to express themselves except through extreme violence. So we are

trying at all costs to preserve the university because we are all convinced of its importance, even if the means are starting to run out.

Yet everything had started so well when the university was founded a little over twenty years ago, the very year Lucy was born. Scientific universities welcoming researchers to work and young people to study were already scarce. Concerned patrons replaced failing states by generously endowing the foundation that oversees it. Thus, it has its own micro-nuclear power plant, still in perfect working order, well maintained by competent technicians trained on campus. This is fortunate because petrochemical sites cease to operate one after the other due to lack of maintenance, fires, and other disasters caused by nature or by ecoterrorist groups. The university also has vast agricultural lands that provide a livelihood for researchers and students. It is surrounded by forests and mountains intended to isolate it from unrest. The founders imagined this university like the monasteries of the Middle Ages established in deserts to protect them from the noise of the world and preserve knowledge, without religion or the ideal of the City of God obviously.

Unfortunately, these last twenty years, things have changed faster than expected, for the worse of course. The major global trade networks have broken down due to poor ship maintenance and, above all, piracy. Many industries have had to shut down due to a lack of raw materials and essential components, not to mention the loss of skills. Global finance has collapsed due to bursting bubbles, non-repayment of debts, devaluation of currencies, and the collapse of computer networks... More positive corollaries: the weakening of the armed forces of the oligarchies, amplified by the accelerated aging of the world's population; and the return of ownership of goods to those who have the use of them instead of those who have the money.

The future is darkening, despair is gaining ground, which is easier to hide with drugs and violence than by trying to educate

oneself to imagine and build a better future. There are even rumors that our chemistry labs are involved in the synthesis of new drugs. Just rumors and no proof yet. And even if the facts were established, what could we do? If people want to self-destruct...

7 p.m. Night already. Never again do I enjoy the spectacle of nature from my office: fields, then forest, then hills, then the long rocky ridge. Sometimes deer graze and take off in graceful leaps when surprised. In the morning, it is still dark when I come in, only to quickly leave to deal with countless problems. And in the evening, it is dark too when I return to finish the paperwork. In between, meetings, lots of meetings, endless, and from which, unfortunately, only rarely useful decisions emerge. Fed up with all this! Lucy would express it with less restraint: fuck!

“Madam President, I will leave if you no longer need me.”

“Well, thank you for staying.”

“Your daughter tried to reach you while you were in a meeting. She said she would call back around 8 p.m.”

“Thank you and see you tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow is Saturday, I’m not working, Madam.”

“Of course, excuse me, I’m tired.”

Lucy, she must have something important to tell me. She is not the kind to waste time on idle chatter. Though it is nice sometimes to let yourself go, just for the pleasure of sharing a moment with someone you love. We haven’t seen each other much since I became ‘Madam President.’ We each live our own lives as if we lived in distant cities. A shared meal from time to time is all that brings us together. Maybe tomorrow?

Or maybe not if some new problems arise more urgent than those of the day before. Endless. It is becoming increasingly difficult to replace faulty equipment. IT technicians are working wonders to recycle electronic components that are no longer

manufactured. Still, we'll eventually run out of computers and phones. The buildings themselves are starting to deteriorate. Work campaigns mobilizing everyone on campus – chores, some say – ensure minimal maintenance. Fortunately, the medical school is still working fine. The curriculum has been completely redesigned to no longer depend on sophisticated equipment that will soon no longer work, nor on medications that we no longer know how to manufacture. Hypnosis, acupuncture, herbal medicine, aromatherapy, etc., and of course all the basic surgical and dental procedures. That reminds me, I forgot to ask for more basil essential oil.

So many thoughts that never stop spinning as soon as I find myself alone. And when I am no longer performing, bodily aches overwhelm me. And I miss Luke so much. Why did he want to climb that mountain? Why this fatal fall? Accident or suicide? It is clear that he felt more and more alien to this world. Not something new: according to him, it was a feeling he had since he was a child. “This world is not my world,” he supposedly told his parents as soon as he learned to speak, and he never stopped repeating this since. A premonitory sign perhaps: his parents had named him Luke in memory of an old space science fiction series whose hero was a Luke Skywalker, literally one who walks in the sky. Undoubtedly, his world was the sky. Our earthly world could even less become his when apocalyptic ideas won over the collective consciousness of humanity. Then art no longer had a place. For a musician, it was a kind of death. But strangely, his own death never frightened him because for him it simply meant returning to his true home. His love for music, for me, and for Lucy kept him going. In fact, it was he who chose this name for our daughter. He said “Luke and Lucy” sounded good. The difference is that she doesn’t walk in the Sky, but on Earth.

My neck and stomach hurt from being tense all the time. My back hurts, and my legs are swollen from too much sitting. My body

is telling me to stop, but I can't. The guilt of having shirked my responsibilities would win if I was to resign. Perhaps the collective despair is reaching me by contagion?

I miss Luke. He may not have felt like he was of this world, but he knew so well how to play with bodies. He loved to caress me. He loved to give me pleasure and watch me get it. He loved to knead my buttocks. And I loved him be like that, and I loved when he delicately slipped a finger into my anus, another into my vagina, and at the same time licked my clitoris. And I loved watching him when, after orgasm, he himself looked at me with the blissful smile of an angel. Then he would take me by the hand, lead me before the large bathroom mirror, and say: "See how beautiful you are." And I felt beautiful, and I was grateful to him, and I would hold myself tightly against him until I happily felt my breasts crushed against his chest. Now all my tensions make me ugly. Ugly enough to scare everyone because no one shows any desire to caress me anymore.

A few days before his fatal fall, Luke did something bizarre that suggests his action was intentional. He went to see the head of the university's AI to ask him to create an avatar for him. This was done without my knowledge. I only learned about it after everything was over, his body cremated, his ashes scattered across the mountain. In accordance with Luke's wishes, they installed a program on my computer so I could converse with him. I was shown how it worked. I haven't started it since, it felt so strange to be conversing realistically, like in an online conference, with a dead Luke whose ashes I had just scattered. I didn't even tell Lucy about it. But tonight, why not give it a try, I wish so much he were here.

Luke in his favorite place, his music room, surrounded by his instruments, in his usual relaxed look, smiling at me as if he were happy to see me.

"You look tired."

"I have been overwhelmed with problems since I accepted this job."

"So don't forget the basics: drink plenty of water, eat well, breathe well, walk, and if possible, make love from time to time."

"Breathing, I can still do it."

"Not me."

Disturbing. It is so Luke: his voice, his gestures, his facial expressions. As if he had been away traveling for two years and we found ourselves unchanged, talking as if nothing had happened. It is so natural and familiar that I don't even want to cry. Except for his last line, which makes it all pathetic and reminds me that this image and this voice are generated by a computer that feels nothing, that has no consciousness. So pathetic.

"I find you distant."

"Why am I here?"

"Resign."

"I feel responsible."

"Then stay and wear yourself out until death ensues."

"You're getting brutal."

"'Carrying water, chopping wood, that is all', said an old Zen master."

"It is easy to give life lessons when you are only a string of zeros and ones on a computer. It was a mistake to activate it. Not only will I stop it, but I'll uninstall it as well."

"Wait! I have another suggestion that you might like better."

"A one last chance."

"I assume you still have that painting you love so much in your office."

"You mean Gong Xian's reproduction of 'valleys under the mist' <sup>1</sup>. It has been a long time since I haven't taken the time to lose myself in contemplation of these valleys."

"It illustrates so well this poem by Shen Zhou:

---

<sup>1</sup> In *Toute la beauté du monde, peintres chinois de la voie excentrique*, François Cheng, p94-95 (Phébus 2004).

The mist comes: the mountain loses its colors.  
The clouds fly away: the mountain as it is!  
Let the old man then, free from worries,  
Go strolling at the whim of his cane.”

“‘Strolling free from worries’, you are right, just sit down in front of it and let my mind wander in these misty mountains while waiting for Lucy’s call.”

Luke abruptly disappears from the screen. Between the closing of the program and the turning off of the computer, a strange phenomenon occurs. For a few seconds the screen becomes milky, a vaporous silhouette appears that irresistibly recalls Luke<sup>1</sup>. It doesn’t have the precision of his avatar in the simulation but it seems strangely more natural and therefore more real, more alive. It comes forward until the face fills the screen. The lips move without any sound coming out. Looks like ‘flsfls’. Maybe the lyrics of a song but it doesn’t mean anything to me. No time to wonder further, Lucy’s calling.

“Hi Mom.”

“Lucy, my dear, it is good to hear from you. I miss you.”

“You always leave your office so late that we hardly ever see each other at home anymore. As proof, I have to call you there.”

“I know, excuse me. Always in meetings trying to solve unsolvable problems.”

“Then resign.”

“It has already been suggested to me.”

“And?”

“Nothing. Even if I don’t feel up to the task, I have responsibilities to assume.”

“So just take responsibility and stop complaining. Anyway, we all think you’re doing pretty well. We can’t think of anyone who could do better. So keep it up.”

---

1 Phenomenon related to electronic voice phenomena (EVP).



"Thanks."

"Well, I'm not calling you for a cuddle therapy session. Sofia and I went hiking for a few days."

"You mean you're sleeping outside? Aren't you cold?"

"Don't worry, we made a fire. You should even see it from your window. We're camping right at the entrance of the forest, past the fields. See?"

"I think I see a glow."

"It's us! We left late, so we didn't get far today. Tomorrow we'll have a real day of walking. Likely the whole week."

"And what are you doing hiking?"

"We make the new man, or rather the new woman."

"You mean one of you is pregnant?"

"Mom, I'm serious, so listen to me seriously. I'm not talking about making babies willy-nilly. I'm talking about the future of humanity."

"Lucky for you if you can imagine a future for her. I'm having a hard time right now."

"Don't throw your troubles in my face."

"Excuse me. You seem so enthusiastic that I would hate to break your momentum."

"Don't worry, it won't break that easily. I would so much like you too take part in our project. I would like you to rediscover the vitality and joy you had a few years ago."

"I would like that too."

"It's possible, you'll see. We'll explain everything to you when we get back."

"Be careful."

"I have to, I love you."

It's obvious now: flsfls means 'follow Lucy, follow Lucy'. Follow her? No matter where, she knows or will soon know:

Free from worries, in the valley under the mist, sleep.



### 3

#### LUKE

#### OUTSIDE OF TIME

My foot slips. Falling, without the sensation of falling. Impression of floating then rising, fast, faster and faster. Crossing the fog of dark human thoughts. Some spirits, dead or alive, settle there. Isn't that my mother's face? No stopping possible, the movement accelerates by the attraction of the light beyond. Past the silhouettes, the ghosts, the dark thoughts, the sticky fog. Into the light. A pleasant and familiar light that illuminates the path back to my true self. I exult. Only a few more thoughts before I return to my origin before my birth.

The body I inhabited completes its fall onto the rocks, dislocated. I feel nothing, I see nothing, I simply know.

A dead body and me more alive than ever, with my whole life before me, literally: all the events spread out there in front of me like on a wall of screens, all the scenes played out, here alone, there with others, accessing their points of view and their experiences.

Here, I tell my parents for the first time that this world is not my world. Amazement:

"What does he say, Mom?"

"What does he say, Dad?"

They don't understand. Stranger to this society, they would understand, but stranger to this world, that's impossible. I have told them many times, but they never understood. I express myself through music. I struggle to explain my intuitions with words: the spirit exists without the body, the body exists through the spirit.

Fortunately, they have enough love for their only child to accept me, even if I am so different from them. I chose them for their benevolence. May they be thanked. Without a physical body either, maybe now they will be able to understand? I hope so for them even though I know it will be difficult, especially for my mother. Too much anger, too many certainties about good and evil, too many misunderstandings, she wanders in the fog. Does she even know she is dead? She stays inaccessible, including to my father's love. Agnostic and pragmatic, he accepts and moves more easily in these immaterial realities. He understood in dying what I have always known: life is a dream from which death awakens us <sup>1</sup>.

Here, this memorable concert where the cows in the surrounding fields dance to our music <sup>2</sup>. Even more wonderful, now I hear them clearly singing inwardly. So beautiful. Songs that we musicians also hear in our minds while playing. Although barely at the threshold of our consciousness, we are sensitive enough not to ignore them. The magic works, our improvisations are in harmony with theirs. They are so happy that they show it by dancing. Happy too, our music lifts us to ecstasy.

Here, a sad and unfinished encounter. A young and inexperienced Luke goes to a prostitute because he has to behave as everyone else or risk rejection. Ignorant, he puts on a show by playing the confident male. But he knows nothing, and she knows it, even knows his frailty better than he does. She tries to help him with understanding and gentleness. He rejects her moves, feeling belittled. Inner panic spills outward in anger. She becomes responsible for his powerlessness. Woman without a name or a face, you deserve better for your kindness and your courage in

---

1 Hodjviri, Persian writer of the 11<sup>th</sup> century.

2 The following details are my own, but the starting point is real. It happened to a friend: while he was playing his saxophone at the edge of a field, the cows started to dance.

choosing this difficult life. He doesn't respect you, doesn't even see you in your humanity. I owe you an apology.

The sincerity of repentance reshapes the past. The film is changed: no more reproaches, some embarrassed smiles that lead to a peaceful separation. And Luke, too, changes for the rest of his life. He awakens to his anima, accepts it, and in doing so, gets access to old memories rich in experiences: he loves women and intuitively knows how to love them.

Here, Clara on her birthing bed. She is smiling. So peaceful, so relaxed. She knows: everything is going to be fine. And it all goes with amazing ease. Eager to arrive, Lucy lets her little body glide effortlessly into the world through Clara's. So rich with experiences and memories, so eager to spring into action, that her first cries sound more like words than wails.

A small, peaceful body resting on Clara's breast, her spirit floats around us. A communion of spirits to express our gratitude: from Lucy that we are her parents in this life, from us that she chose us as her parents in this life.

Clara! She's calling me: not yet.  
The soul! I'm approaching: not yet.

Here, Luke sinks deeper into his solitude: in this world that isn't his, no one seems to understand him. A strong, irresistible, and definitive desire to flee. On the verge of committing the irreversible, miracles that bring him back on tracks.

An unknown power forces his body to lie down and paralyzes him. A huge entity takes possession. He should be afraid, resist, but a strong feeling of familiarity leads him to let go. He lets himself be invaded by this spirit. Overwhelmed by this immensity so infinitely rich, his attention is drawn only to one thing: an unconditional love that radiates a benevolent light into his every cell. The entity withdraws, leaving him at peace and happy, at last.

The next day is spent wandering the streets, not quite disembodied, not yet reincarnated. The world seems to have lost its solidity. Unreal. Nothing but a stage set. People seem to have lost their souls, puppets flailing on invisible strings manipulated by who knows who. And Luke seems to hover above them, unnoticed, an observer who refuses to play.

When evening comes, same hour as the day before, his body is forced to lie down, the entity taking possession of it. Second miracle. With even more abandon Luke lets himself swallowed up by this benevolent and familiar spirit. Once again overwhelmed, his attention retains only one thing: a vast and powerful creative intelligence, involved with many other similar entities in the creation of this physical experience.

Revelation: there lies the origin and end and meaning of Luke.

Another day of wandering, a little more alive, a little less disembodied. The world and its people are regaining substance. Precious games are being played. Like mirrors they reflect and reveal the creative principle. And Luke contemplates this brilliant invention as if from the outside: this physical world and incarnation as the stage of the Game of Creation, to reveal and fulfill oneself.

When evening comes, third miracle, same hour, same procedure: the vast entity in this body too small for her, Luke's spirit in hers, much too large for him. Yet – is it the effect of getting used to the light – details become clearer. A multitude of spirits rush to meet me, who in various places and times incarnated on Earth: this Chinese Buddhist monk, this Japanese warrior, this Ottoman courtesan, this Mongolian shaman, this Sufi musician, this Italian astronomer, this French teacher... So many who know me and whom I recognize. So many who are me and other than me. Recognition opens minds to the sharing of experiences. From these memories spring an intimate knowledge of the female body, a taste for the music of ecstasy, a detachment from material goods, an affinity with Zen and the arts of China...

Revelation: the soul creates itself by creating, and reveals itself in the mirror of physical experience.

Revelation: all these incarnations to learn how to handle creative power and enjoy its creations.

Revelation: The World is Perfect.

Revelation of a mission: create music that connects to the soul.

Revelation of a mission: be Lucy's father and help her become who she is.

Revelation: Clara, Lucy, and Luke in an alternate timeline. Life paths that take different directions because Luke doesn't step aside when he should. An illness overtakes him that will sooner or later render him unable to make music, then render him impotent. Clara and Lucy, who out of love, sacrifice themselves to care for him. The pain of contemplating his decline, the anger of knowing they are powerless, the unspoken reproaches of having to abandon their life paths. Gestures of love turn into obligations. This shall not be. I must not burden them with this. My love for them demands that I free them. I choose, we choose, what is best for everyone: on this mountain I am about to climb, my foot must slip.

My foot slips. Falling, without the sensation of falling. Impression of rising, fast. A fraction of a thought away from my soul. Not yet. Clara calls.

Lost by grief and anesthetized by work, she is forgetful of herself. Her intuitions hardly reach her consciousness. I have to help her find herself again. The avatar program perhaps? Not enough, but a point of entry nonetheless before the act that will shatter her armor. Call out to her:

"Clara, Clara, Clara, follow Lucy, follow Lucy, follow Lucy."

She hears. Will she listen? It is her free choice.

The soul's call becomes urgent. Not yet irresistible. I hold back the moment for one last encounter. Face to face with a new incarnate self, one last visit to Earth before leaving this plane. The human being appears in the timelessness of the spirit as it will be in 100,000 years from now on Earth time: graceful, fluid, radiant, smiling. Too brief a glimpse, already fading because I can no longer resist the call.

Enstasy<sup>1</sup>.

---

<sup>1</sup> Where *ecstasy* means an exit from oneself to enter a larger dimension, *enstasy* means a dive into oneself where one discovers that deep down everything is there.



**LUCY AND SOFIA****OCTOBER 10-12, 2079*****October 10, early breakfast in a glade***

“Sofia?”

“Yes?”

“We’ve already been walking for four days, and with the return trip on top of that, I fear we’ll run out of food.”

“I only took what was necessary. We won’t lack anything because from now on you’ll stop eating.”

“What? What’s this all about? Are you kidding me?”

“Calm down, it is part of the ritual. First, purify yourself.”

“Because I’m not pure enough maybe, and I’m going to become so by stopping eating. I don’t believe it.”

“It’s not a question of believing or not believing: you have to experience.”

“And what will it do to me to experience this purification?”

“Help you be reborn.”

“I don’t understand. I thought we were coming here to find a place to launch our new project.”

“Maybe too. But as I already told you, and you seem not to have heard correctly, you must first integrate this future story deep into yourself, make it your personal story. And for that you must rebuild yourself as an individual. You know the etymology: individual, In-Di-Vi-Si-Ble, indivisible. So also integrate your past to be reborn and give birth to your future. I have nothing to teach you, everything is within you, but latent. You must consciously gather

together all these pieces that make you, keep what is necessary, erase the rest, activate your imagination, connect with all-that-lives. I am here to help you enter dimensions still hidden from the view of your present incarnation by helping you to be reborn."

"You're like a midwife who delivers souls."

"Somehow."

"And how are you going to help me give birth to myself?"

"Everything in its time. Today you have nothing else to do but drink, walk, pee, and start again."

"I guess it's within my present capabilities."

"Without bothering us with all your questions?"

"Difficult but I promise I'll try."

"Then let's go."

"And where are we going?"

"Let's say the purification exercise begins after this last question. You see over there, halfway up the rocky ledge, we can see the source of this torrent. We'll stop there this afternoon."

"And then? Oops, sorry, no more questions, I promise. I drink, I walk, I pee, I drink, I walk, I pee..."

### ***October 11, dawn***

"Hello Lucy, already up?"

"I barely slept. I kept getting up to pee, sorry, to purify myself. What are you looking at?"

"Do you see that flat rock over there?"

"Yeah."

"Well, you are going to go sit on it and spend your day observing what's going on."

"That's all! And what's supposed to happen up there?"

"You look outside, you look inside, and let connections be made."

“Why not if it’s going to help me be reborn. But what’s so special about this rock that I can’t just do this non doing here before my tent?”

“I feel like this is where you should be. It is a place of power for you.”

“I don’t feel anything.”

“You think too much, you talk too much, no surprise this information escapes you. Just go ahead and do what I tell you.”

“And you, what are you going to do while I do this nothing up there?”

“I’ll get ready on my own. And then I’ll join you late this afternoon. We’ll hold the first ceremony tonight.”

“What is this ceremony? If, of course, the cosmos allows Madam Sofia to tell me.”

“No irony, please. There are forces beyond our control that we cannot trifle with with impunity. The lighter you become, the more they will manifest as your allies. So go up there and finish purifying yourself.”

“You almost scare me when you talk like that.”

“It is no longer Sofia you are talking to, it is no longer Sofia talking to you. This body is the channel through which my entire line of shamans, past, present, and future, expresses herself. Among other talents I-we has that of delivering souls. You are lucky to be in expert hands. So don’t let your fears ruin everything. Tonight you will drink the contents of this bottle and you will be reborn as yourself.”

“What’s in it?”

“No more questions. You just have to trust me. Do you trust me?”

“Uh... right now, if you ask... I don’t quite know anymore... maybe yes... a little.”

“Whatever your present hesitations, you just need to be ready tonight. So get going and stop ruminating. We’ll meet up there later. And don’t forget to drink, it’s important.”

"Yes, I know, thank you, no eating, but drinking and peeing to purify myself, no need to insist."

***October 11, late afternoon***

"Hello again Sofia."

"You seem rested and serene."

"I feel good here. I barely sat down and fell asleep. I woke up not long ago. My head is empty. Seeing without thinking is nice."

"Proof that this place and you are in tune, even if it's not the ordinary effect of a place of power to induce sleep. But you are not an ordinary person, are you? And besides sleeping?"

"I remember I dreamed about my father."

"He died in these mountains didn't he?"

"Yes, a little further, one of those peaks beyond the bar. He fell while climbing a rocky wall alone. Ten days to find him and bring him back. But in the dream he seemed fine. Serene, as you said, the word applies to him as well."

"Other details?"

"Not that I remember."

"As little as you remember, this dream is important: it connects you to your family line. Anything else?"

"When I woke up, a snake was crawling right in front of me, calmly. It stopped for a moment as if to let me know he knew I was there."

"Or that he knew who you are."

"And then he continued on his way as if I wasn't bothering him."

"Do you know his species?"

"No."

"Would you recognize him?"

"Don't think so. You know, I had just woken up. But still, I noticed how gracefully he undulated. I found him beautiful and I

wasn't the least afraid. Then he disappeared into this crevice, you see, there, to the right a few meters away."

"Surprising."

"What? Is that bad?"

"No, that's all right. It's more that I am surprised. I didn't think such a power animal would associate with such a place of power."

"And to this strange human that I am. I heard you think so strongly."

"Right. But in my mind, it doesn't mean anything negative. The changes that take place now require adjustments. We are no longer playing the traditional games our ancestors played. So I too must adjust my bearings to align with this renewal we hope for, in association with Gaia."

"And by this meeting she would in some way signify her acceptance?"

"Maybe. I don't know. It will become clearer later I hope. Now let our minds rest peacefully while night falls. And from now on, you stop drinking too."

"There was this poem that my parents loved so much that began like this: 'Come night: the mountain loses its colors'."

### ***a little later***

"Ugh! this stuff is disgusting."

"A family recipe, only natural ingredients <sup>1</sup>."

"That's not going to reassure me. Belladonna is also one hundred percent natural and you won't make me swallow a full glass of juice like that."

"It does not taste good, I agree, but it is effective. And not dangerous. We have been drinking it in my family for generations to access the spirit world."

---

<sup>1</sup> Let's say it is a kind of ayahuasca.

“And did you take some?”

“Of course! Many times, and you see, I am doing well. So now we’ll shut up and concentrate.”

“OK, I swallow ... really disgusting ... oh my ... quick, give me the bowl, I have to vomit.”

“Here. Don’t worry, it’s a normal effect. It’s the cleansing process finishing. Rinse your mouth and drink the rest of the bottle.”

“Are you really sure this stuff isn’t dangerous? I feel sick only thinking about it.”

“I understand your fear, all this is so far removed from your culture. So rest assured, it does not taste good but it is harmless. I have taken it plenty of times and nothing serious ever happened to me. This is no longer the time to procrastinate. The cosmos has brought us together, me a midwife of souls, you a soul asking to be born. So let’s be quiet, drink, let yourself go and see what comes. Breathe in, breathe out, breathe in, breathe out, gently, deeply, through your belly, breathe in... breathe out...”

### ***middle of the night*<sup>1</sup>**

“Sofia, I’m cold.”

“Here, I brought up some blankets. Come into my lap, you’ll warm up faster. Comfortable?”

“Yes, thank you.”

“Take your time and tell us when you want.”

“It’s not very orderly. I feel like I’m still partly in the experience and partly outside it. I thought I heard music, but I don’t know if it was real or a hallucination.”

“I beat the drum.”

---

<sup>1</sup> All the experiences recounted in the remainder of this chapter were experienced by the author during sessions with LSD and ayahuasca.

"I didn't notice you brought it. In any case, what I heard didn't sound like drumming."

"I just gave a rhythm to desynchronize and resynchronize the rhythms of your brain. Everything else, all you experienced, was just a matter between you, the spirits and all-that-is."

"In any case, I heard the music, and it was incredibly rich and complex. I don't know how to put it."

"I understand, I experienced the same. I would say it is multidimensional and fractal."

"Yes, that's it: sounds within sounds within sounds. I was simultaneously each note separately and all the notes together. I was the sound itself, as if inside, and at the same time outside perceiving the music. As if both creator and listener. It was downright enjoyable. Perhaps my father spontaneously had this kind of experience when he was playing music?"

"Possible."

"I don't know why it stopped abruptly."

"I changed the pace to make you explore other dimensions."

"I actually went elsewhere. You'll laugh, I ended up in the Egypt of the pharaohs!"

"Tell."

"It's not to be taken literally, it's more of a fantasy Egypt than a historical Egypt. A real epic, in fact. In short, here I am in the body of a gigantic female divinity! Not a statue, a real living being. I am this divinity lying on an immense flat chariot pulled by a crowd of people. Compared to me, they look like ants. The procession moves along a very wide, very long, very straight avenue lined up with statues and temples. Everything is crushed by a vertical sun that casts no shadows. This setting suddenly disappears as my attention turns completely inward. It's incredible, I feel the body of this divinity like my body, full of new and subtle sensations because I realize that she is pregnant and about to give birth. Quite naturally, I let myself be carried away by the experience. I have pelvic contractions that intensify and accelerate. My lower abdomen feels

swollen, but it's not unpleasant. I barely have time to realize what's going on that the baby is out. Then another extraordinary transformation occurs: my consciousness shifts once again to enter the baby's body. I know for sure that this baby is me, Lucy. And the film ends there."

"Beautiful, you gave birth to yourself."

"Wait, it's not over yet, there was another extraordinary experience right after: without transition I transformed into a snake. I mean I didn't see a snake from the outside. I was inside its very body."

"I understand, I too had such an experience with a tiger. It's true that it is extraordinary and it allows us to put into perspective our present life in this particular body."

"Exactly. I was completely that snake because I had all the sensations of a snake's body and none of those of a human body. I no longer had arms or legs. I had different muscles attached to a different skeleton. I felt their contractions and the sliding of my body on the dry earth of the savanna. I moved, crawling without having to think about it, as naturally as Lucy walks on her two legs. I inhabited a body other than my usual one. It was pleasant, unusual but at the same time not completely foreign, as if an old memory had been reactivated."

"I think I understand now your encounter with the snake earlier. Did you know that for some shamans, the snake symbolizes DNA<sup>1</sup>?"

"No."

"And isn't it in DNA that the intention to form a new species projects?"

"You mean we need Gaia's participation in some way."

"You could say it like that."

"It suggests deep connections between different species."

"Yes, it's not just a small game between humans. And I see other meanings as well. The serpent is generally considered a chthonic

---

<sup>1</sup> Jeremy Narby, *The Cosmic Serpent: DNA and the Origins of Knowledge* (Penguin Publishing Group, 1999).



symbol. It represents deep telluric forces, as well as night and death. This suggests a necessary phase of involution before evolution itself.”

“Consistent with the impending ice age. Involution, withdrawal, symbolically death, before evolution, rebirth as a new species.”

“That’s it!”

“You know, Sofia, you are a magnificent midwife of souls. But now I’m tired, I need to sleep.”

“Go to sleep, old and beautiful soul. Rest well because tomorrow you will set off again on a journey into the depths of your being.”

#### ***October 12, early night***

“Drink.”

“Not even scared. Bring the bowl closer anyway in case the spirit of the brew wants to pull the finishing trick on me again.”

“You won’t need it.”

#### ***October 12, middle of the night***

“Magnificent, incredible, marvelous, extraordinary, I’m lost for words. A complete bodily transformation. Not at all like when I became a snake. I didn’t leave this body, but I connected to it in a strangely new way. As if it were no longer solid at all, but liquid. Nothing to do with diving into water. Nothing hard anymore, nothing but water. With a host of new, rich, subtle sensations inside. Touch, hearing, and sight all mixed together. The slightest disturbance in this water-body gave rise to a firework of pleasant sensations. A simple acoustic wave was enough to penetrate it deeply and make it vibrate intensely.”

“I sang while I beat the drum. That’s what may have gone through it and caused those feelings.”

“In any case, it spread everywhere, turning on and off lots of tiny colored dots that traced luminous trajectories. Difficult to describe obviously.”

“I can’t help you decode your experience, you’ve reached territories that I myself have never explored and that I presently struggle to imagine.”

“Wait, I saved the best for last: you have no idea how pleasant it was to inhabit this water-body, to the point that all those mixed sensations of touch-sight-hearing actually triggered an orgasm! An orgasm, can you imagine, just with sounds and with no connection to sex, of course.”

“According to some spiritual traditions, the greatest pleasure is in the act of creation that brings forth all-that-is, a truly divine pleasure. Perhaps this is what you experienced. The sexual pleasure we know as humans would only be a toned-down version, most often misunderstood and misused. This suggests new connections with other dimensions. I am happy for you that you have connected with those.”

“You think what I experienced is a glimpse of a new species?”

“I don’t know. What is certain, however, is that the fact that you experienced this in your current body is proof that our species has not reached its full development, that it has within it the seeds of evolution.”

“So the game of dreaming up a new species should be more about how to connect with the body and activate existing potentials than embarking on crazy morphological transformations. How are we going to do that?”

“Always so impatient! You rush into things, forgetting that such a creation can only be a co-creation. You also forget that it will take centuries, even millennia.”

“I know it won’t happen next week, but after going through all this, the goal seems so close.”

"You have folded together the past and the future, you have connected yourself to the Earth and to all-that-lives in a few particular experiences. The game of life involves their unfolding, thus returning to linear time."

"Involution-evolution, is that it? But I feel so filled with visions and energy that it wants to pour out. It's irrepressible."

"It is because you are still too close to these experiences. But I tell you, they will fade."

"Don't want them to fade!"

"They won't disappear, you'll digest them. The day will come when there will be no more distance between them and you. Then, between what you are, what you say, what you do, there will be no more distance. Then when you speak, people will listen to you, not before."

"And co-creation will happen by itself, I know."

"Lucy, thank you for allowing me to assist your rebirth."

"Sofia, thank you for giving me birth."

"Sofia?"

"Yes?"

"I still feel strange. I see the stars getting closer. Or rather no, it's me who feel as if rising to meet them. When I close my eyes, I feel like I'm being carried by a dragon, you know, one of those very long Asian dragons that undulate gracefully."

"Wouldn't it be more like a snake? Yesterday I forgot to tell you another meaning of the snake. For some Amazonian shamans, the snake allows one to travel through the cosmos: planets, stars,

galaxies, etc.<sup>1</sup>. Thanks to it, consciousness crosses the universe at the speed of thought.”

“What do you think that means?”

“Maybe we’re too stuck to the Earth?”

“Our imagination still needs to expand?”

“Sofia?”

“What else?”

“I feel like something is still missing.”

“Do you ever stop?”

“That’s the problem: we’re too serious!”

“YOU are too serious!”

“Yeah, a little fantasy wouldn’t hurt.”

“Just by the way you say it, we understand that it is not the most salient trait of your personality.”

“Yeah.”

---

1 Romuald Leterrier had such an experience with ayahuasca, which he describes in *Ovni et conscience* (éditions JMG 2015). The shaman who guides him explains: “The serpent that took you on a journey is called Janagpacha Marna. She is the mother of the sky, and also the spirit of the cielo ayahuasca. She is the one who takes your spirit on a journey through the cosmos and the universe.”

**THE FUTUROLOGY SYMPOSIUM****2100*****Clara's opening speech***

“Lucy wanted this symposium to mark the beginning of the path to a more harmonious, more joyful, more exciting future. She should have held this speech, but, you know Lucy, she hates formalities. So she said to me in her inimitable style: ‘Mom, you’re the one who organized everything, so you’re the one who shall speak first; besides, you are my mother, I wouldn’t be here if you weren’t there.’ How to resist such euphemistic flattery? So here I am before you. Before launching the discussion, I want to remind you of a few facts. Nothing you don’t already know. It’s just a matter of getting in tune, like an orchestra that tunes itself before playing.

“Here we are, gathered at our new settlement, the Fairies’ Glade. That was not the original name of the place. The children named it like that, for reasons of their own. And since it belongs more to them than to us, who were born and have lived most of our lives elsewhere, their choice takes precedence.

“Sofia and Lucy first set foot in this Fairies’ Glade about twenty years ago. They also imagined the project that has occupied us ever since. They convinced us one by one to take part. Starting with me. I admit I wasn’t difficult to convince. Not only because their enthusiasm was infectious, not only because their arguments were solid. I had an additional reason: I was realizing that our university’s days were numbered. As president, I didn’t hesitate to divert some of its resources to this project while possible, and to

call upon the skills of my colleagues to solve all the practical problems posed by the development of such a settlement. My goal was clear from the start: to ensure its sustainability. It has been achieved: the Fairies' Glade is self-sufficient, and we are now permanently settled here. The best proofs are the children born here, and the fruit trees that bear fruits. The umbilical cord with the university has been cut. It was about time. For those who don't know yet, some areas of the campus are now completely out of control. All sorts of drugs are manufactured there, most of which are consumed on-site. The excitement and loss of control they cause foster orgies and fights to the death. In short, an end-of-the-world atmosphere that contrasts sharply with the work being done here.

"Twenty years of striving to reach maturity. A twentieth anniversary that coincides with this highly symbolic year: 2100. Which also coincides with my 70th birthday, making me the oldest here. Born in 2030, you can imagine how much I have seen the world change.

"Even isolated in this desert, echoes from elsewhere reach us. Lack of food, violence, and fanaticism are gaining ground. We also receive more encouraging news from groups established like us in deserts where they are trying to survive. But as you know, mere survival has never given sufficient meaning to human existence. This has already been largely experienced by our species and it seems alas to go on due to a lack of imagination. In contrast, we receive no news from groups who, like us, aspire to cross the hundred thousand years of the next ice age to give birth along the way to a new species: *Homo consciens*. This is the *raison d'être* of our group gathered here. As crazy as it seems, it is the most sensible thing to do. If someone had told me twenty years ago that I would one day utter these words, I would not have believed her!

"All of us here have invested our knowledge, our time, our work, to make the Fairies' Glade a sustainable place to live. Keeping in mind that we are not to be chained there, like all these agricultural

societies of the last millennia. It was designed from the start as an ecosystem in its own right, able to stay in good health by itself without the need for humans to take care of it. The purpose of this autonomy is that everyone should have time to devote to activities other than survival, and this without depending on increasingly inoperable machines or an army of slaves or a hierarchy. Letting free one's creativity, dreaming, meditating, exploring the confines of one's mind, connecting with each other and with all-that-lives, there is so much to do, or not do, everyone is free. Let us consider that from this day on the first phase of our settlement at the Fairies' Glade is over. The second begins."

"Imagining the story of the future of the species."

"Thank you, Lucy. So, tracing the contours of *Homo consciens* and finding a path that leads there, these are the two main goals of this symposium. Before opening the discussion, I will give the floor to one of our two scribes who will take notes of what will be said and edit the proceedings."

"Consider the following discussions a co-creation process. The ideas shared do not belong to anyone in particular. Therefore, we will not record the names of the speakers. So, please do not complain if your name does not appear in the proceedings."

"Okay, now let's go."

### ***Proceedings of the 2100 Futurology Symposium***

#### ***Part 1: Insights into a New Humanity***

"When we realize how interpersonal relationships and the whole history of humanity are poisoned by mom and dad, I advocate that reproduction by parthenogenesis would be a better choice."

"The idea is attractive, except that evolution does not work like that. New species inherit from those that came before. All species

of the genus *Homo* are mammals, *Homo sapiens* is a mammal, *Homo consciens* will undoubtedly be a mammal.”

“This brings another thought to me. We dream of a future human species that would not be just a slightly improved sapiens, but we must know how to temper the excesses of fantasy otherwise nothing will happen. To take an analogy: if I break an arm, I know I can regain the use of it; but if it is amputated, no matter how much I meditate, practice visualizations, send out clear intentions, or inveigh against an unjust god, it will not grow back.”

“Nevertheless, it would be a good thing if the injunction given to women to give birth in pain were to be reversed to: ‘you will give birth without pain’.”

“Or better still: ‘you will give birth in an orgasm’.”

“Self-hypnosis helps produce endorphins which reduce pain.”

“Yes, but the body still suffers. The idea is not to self-anesthetize but to ensure that there is no more pain. This requires a better adaptation between the woman’s body and that of the baby so that the birth is easier, without tears, without requiring a cesarean. I can’t imagine in 40,000 years an operating room deep in a cave where cesareans would be performed on a mass scale. And if the problem isn’t solved, we’ll return to very high maternal and infant mortality rates.”

“This idea of parthenogenesis to solve mom-dad problems takes my thinking in another direction. I think it would be a mistake to plan a change of body to solve problems, whether to correct what is wrong, or out of fear, or simply to survive. We must dream of a new flesh in order to achieve more, to create, to enjoy the experience of incarnation in this physical universe, to play and coevolve with all-that-lives.”

“I always have trouble with abstract ideas, I need concrete images to understand. Here is the analogy that comes to me and which I believe illustrates well what has just been said. I draw it from my field, music. In the 19th century, a marvelous instrument was invented: the saxophone. In the 20th century, another



marvelous instrument was invented: the electric guitar. Their inventors were not seeking to 'solve problems'. They dreamed of instruments that would offer artists new possibilities of expression. Adolphe Sax could not have known what Paul Desmond, Charlie Parker, Stan Getz, John Coltrane, and so many others would get from his invention a century later. But he knew how to imagine the instrument thanks to which the sublime musics these artists produced exist."

"I understand. It would be a matter of imagining a successor to *Homo sapiens* who would synthesize its qualities while enriching its perceptive capabilities"

"compare a single hair cell sensitive to vibrations with an ear: a hair cell cannot hear music"

"and by enriching its capabilities for action"

"compare what the transition from paw to hand allowed: a paw does not play the guitar."

"In short, expand the playing ground to express your creativity more and more and reveal yourself more and more through your creations."

"And co-creating with all-that-lives."

"The analogy with musical instruments, as enlightening as it is, still leaves one major point aside: a saxophone is constructed by assembly, while a living body is autopoietic, that is, it grows following an internal push. Our bodies, which have nearly 30,000 billion cells, were born from a single cell."

"Or let's say two: an egg fertilized by a sperm."

"What are you getting at?"

"Simply this: how will the dream of a new body lead to the transformation of the genome so that the changes are transmitted to the descendants?"

"Without becoming DNA tinkering, in other words genetic engineering."

"That goes without saying."

“You might say it’s an obsession, but I have another analogy. I can’t help it, that’s how my mind works. When my father was diagnosed with Parkinson’s disease, I did some research on the subject only to discover that the placebo effect is as effective as medication in stimulating the production of dopamine in the brain<sup>1</sup>. It doesn’t cure the disease, but it does alleviate the symptoms. It’s obvious that most patients don’t know anything about how the brain works. The very name dopamine is unknown to them. When they take a placebo believing it’s a real drug, they don’t think their brain will synthesize dopamine. They are just convinced they will regain mobility.”

“In other words: the person focuses on the end result, then the body somehow captures their intention and manages to achieve it. Basically, there is no need to worry about how something will happen: it happens by itself as long as the intention is clear.”

“That it works at the individual level is undeniable, but that doesn’t mean it’s the same at the species level. I come back to my question: how can our intentions act on the genome so that the transformations imagined at the individual level are transmitted to offsprings? This is ultimately what will define a new species.”

“As a biologist, I know of many examples that show that what has just been said about the individual is also valid at the species level, namely that the important thing is the intention, not the details that lead to its materialization.”

“Do you have a specific example?”

“The first that comes to my mind is the hammer orchid. The story is a bit long, but it is so improbable and so relevant to our topic that it deserves to be told<sup>2</sup>.”

“Go ahead.”

---

1 Raul de la Fuente-Fernandez, Thomas J. Ruth, Vesna Sossi, Michael Schulzer, Donald B. Calne, A. Jon Stoessl, *Expectation and Dopamine Release: Mechanism of the Placebo Effect in Parkinson’s Disease*, Science 10 August 2001, vol. 293, p. 1164-1166.

2 Other examples in reference 3.

“This interplay between a flower and an insect takes place in Australia, in a hot and dry region where natural fires are frequent, so frequent that life has adapted to them: grasshoppers are black, spiders are ash-colored, trees cover themselves with several layers of bark for protection, fruits are fire-resistant, plants live mainly underground, followed by many insects, including the thynnid wasp. The female has lost her wings because it is impossible to work underground with such cumbersome appendages. She lays her eggs on the roots of a bush parasitized by beetle larvae on which her own larvae feed. This solves part of her problem. Next problem is fertilization. For this to take place, the female wasp climbs to the top of a tall flower and emits her pheromone. The male, who has not lost his wings, has already been patrolling for three weeks, because there is a delay between the birth of the two sexes. His state of deprivation makes him very sensitive. As soon as he perceives the scent signal, he follows the trail. Once in sight of the object of his desire, he swoops down, grabs the female, and carries her into the air to fertilize her in mid-flight. Then he releases her at the foot of a bush, the very one whose roots are infested with beetle larvae. The wasp’s life cycle is complete, and we can move on to the second protagonist of this crazy story, the hammer orchid. Like almost all orchids, it has fertilization problems. To solve this, it uses the small thynnid wasp, taking advantage of the three weeks during which the male is deprived of his partner. The way he fertilizes the female is so special that the orchid had to invent an even more special device. To begin with, it made a lure of the female wasp: a shiny head, a round, hairy body, and it even emits a scent similar to the pheromone synthesized to attract the male. But if the orchid had simply placed this lure in the corolla, it would have been useless since this wasp lands only to take off again immediately with his sweetheart. Instead, it placed it at the end of an arm, about six centimeters long, articulated on an elastic hinge. So here is our male who swoops down on the lure and grabs it. Believing it is a female, it flaps its wings to take off. But,

because of the articulated arm, it moves in an arc until it hits some sort of anvil. The elastic hinge brings everything back. The male starts again, persists, hits the anvil again and again. After a while, probably tired, it finally lets go and flies away for good. If it is disappointed, the orchid has reasons to be satisfied. Indeed, the anvil contains pollen sacs and a stigma, that is to say a female organ. By hitting it, the insect has attached the sacs to its back. And if it already had some from another hammer orchid, it deposited them on the stigma, thus fertilizing the flower. Not content with having invented all this, the orchid also found a way to integrate it into its genome to transmit it to its descendants.”

“In a less scientific and more anthropocentric way: an orchid wanted to look like a wasp, thinking it would help it to be fertilized more efficiently, and, with no concern about the details of the realization, without getting lost in questions like ‘is it possible?’ or ‘is it not possible?’, it just happened!”

“Ultimately, there should be only one question to ask oneself: if I was to reincarnate in 1000 years, 10,000 years or 100,000 years, what would I wish to experience?”

“Thank you, Alex, for this condensed summary, which concludes the morning well. You can meditate on it now, or start thinking about the topic we’ll discuss after lunch: a path to the future.”

## ***Proceedings of the 2100 Futurology Symposium***

### ***Part 2: A Path to the Future***

“Although this morning’s discussions do not yet outline the contours of a *Homo consciens*, we have still made progress: we know how to approach the transition from *Homo sapiens* to *Homo consciens*. We also suspect that none of us will see the results of this evolution. Not because it would require the accumulation of numberless microevolutions spread over a very long time. What will take time

is to specify what we want, individually and collectively. And then to convince ourselves that the projection of a clear intention is all that is needed to make it happen. Nature knows how to do this very efficiently, as the example of the orchid proves. For us humans, it is more difficult because we are so full of fears and doubts that our intentions are blurred.”

“As if thinking blue in the morning, yellow in the afternoon, and be surprised to get green in the evening.”

“Exactly. And when we move to the collective level, when the intentions of a multitude of individuals collide, you can easily imagine how the confusion increases exponentially.”

“One thinks blue, another yellow, another red, and in the end all we get is a brown mess.”

“But projecting a new species is a collective action par excellence. That’s what will take time: clarifying our intentions both individually and collectively. And then knowing how to project them.”

“It should be done as simply and naturally as the intention to raise the arm translates into the fact that the arm rises.”

“This is why our project has a second part which places it in the long term.”

“Our distant descendants will know nothing of this symposium, but they will nonetheless continue its work. The spirit of what we are working towards must endure through the centuries.”

“When I said this morning that the Fairies’ Glade is a place of perennial life, it must be clear that it is only on the scale of a few generations. We know that what we are envisioning will span millennia. How can we design a project that spans such a long time? It is, of course, impossible to anticipate the transformations of the fauna and flora, and even less so the behavior of the sapiens who will survive. But it must be possible to prepare our descendants for this long journey through time. In particular, one thing seems almost certain: the planet is inexorably heading towards a new ice age. Alex, can you elaborate?”

“It’s simple: ice ages are primarily driven by Earth’s orbital parameters. The likelihood that these parameters will change enough in the coming years to shift our planet’s climate onto a different trajectory can be considered null.”

“What does an ice age look like?”

“The Earth’s average temperature drops significantly over several tens of thousands of years, 80,000 or even 100,000 years, to the point that high and mid latitudes become covered by ice, up to several kilometers thick. As a result, sea levels drop considerably, more than 100 meters, exposing continental shelves and connecting many islands to the continents. The cold, ice-free lands become covered in a tundra landscape.”

“Does all the planet look like this?”

“No. The tropics are also cooling, but they generally maintain a more temperate climate. It is also drier, causing the great rainforests to shrink.”

“So wouldn’t it be desirable to develop a nomadic culture that would gradually move towards the tropics?”

“There are so many parameters fraught with so much uncertainties that it’s impossible to predict where the most favorable conditions will be. For example, a lack of water can turn tropical areas into deserts. Moreover, ice ages aren’t monolithic, there are fluctuations between very cold and more temperate periods.”

“For the record, Neanderthals and Cro-Magnons coexisted in Europe during the last ice age.”

“Nevertheless, the idea of a nomadic culture is interesting to promote adaptability.”

“In my opinion, there are more important dimensions to consider. Over the past few millennia, humanity has forced its environment to change. Through sheer numbers and hard work, it has succeeded to a certain extent. Even though hurricanes, volcanoes, and earthquakes regularly remind it of its weakness, it has nonetheless persisted in wanting to reshape its environment to

conform to its materialistic vision and exorcise its fears. Of course, there have always been human groups who have acted differently, based on the belief that there is no environment strictly speaking, because they themselves are nature and not outside of it. The fact remains that the dominant trend over the past few millennia has been to work to reshape the planet, and that has led us to where we are today. A radical change of perspective is required. Especially since with a greatly reduced number of humans and less favorable climatic conditions, it will no longer make sense to want to transform the planet. Therefore, what we need to focus on is inner work.”

“What do you mean?”

“Different things. For example, tummo.”

“What’s that?”

“It is a Tibetan practice which, through breathing and visualization, generates intense body heat. It allows one to withstand the greatest cold without having to burn wood, coal, oil or uranium.”

“I’ve heard about it. It is said that in Tibet the monks even practiced a kind of competition: in the middle of winter, they soaked sheets in water which froze as soon as they were taken out; they dressed the monks while they sat naked on the ground; they gave off so much heat that the sheets dried; the winner was the one who had dried the greatest number of sheets during the night.”

“Interesting indeed for living in cold climates without suffering. Are there still masters of this practice and are they willing to teach?”

“Probably. I met some a few years ago when I did a retreat at a Tibetan Center not far from here. I’ll try to get back in touch.”

“Mama poop!”

“Go see your father.”

“Papa poop!”

“Go see your mother.”

“Mama say Papa.”

“Okay, I’m coming.”

“This unexpected interruption reminds me of a thought that came to me earlier. It would be an advantageous evolution if some learning processes accelerate in children: eating, peeing, pooping... There are child prodigies who play the violin or the piano at the age of four, so why shouldn’t all children become prodigies in more prosaic areas?”

“Speaking of food and miracles, I’m thinking of inedia, or living without taking any food nor drink. This ability to live without eating has been attested since times immemorial by mystics of all cultures. It’s not about prolonged fasting or abstaining from all exertion. Some of these people lead extremely active lives, don’t lose weight, even though they eat nothing.”

“I doubt that such a level of spiritual development is accessible to most people. I even wonder if it would be desirable for everyone to stop eating because that would mean severing certain connections with Gaia. Not to mention severing the conviviality associated with the ritual of eating. In any case, it has the merit of directing reflection towards the reduction of the human footprint on the planet.”

“Which would not result from the sole reduction in numbers but from a change in attitude.”

“There’s another topic that hasn’t been addressed, probably because it goes without saying. We are all pacifists here, and I hope our descendants will be. We don’t have weapons nor ramparts, unlike most survivalist villages. But what if we encounter groups that display hostility?”

“We cannot anticipate everything that will happen. We can only hope that our descendants will act in accordance with our values.”

“This can only work if these values are not imposed from the outside but internalized. Human history is, alas, full of anecdotes, often horrific, where moral rules are blithely transgressed.”

“Let’s not be naive: even sincere kindness does not protect against bullets or arrows.”



“Nor mosquitoes.”

“The most important is an adequate inner attitude. This is what we learn in martial arts. The important thing is not such and such combat technique. It is maintaining such an inner state of lucidity and tranquility that one manages to avoid combat. In other words: win without fight. So once again, the importance of inner work.”

“I prefer ‘mind games’ to ‘inner work.’ I don’t see us as engineers tinkering with our bodily machines. I see us as free spirits playing with other free spirits, those of plants, animals, microbes, and Gaia, playing with our bodies, with the spirits of our ancestors and our future incarnations. Within multidimensional souls, this is the chosen game of incarnation.”

“Freedom is a concept that is most important to me. Freedom that in particular takes these different forms: freedom not to obey if one does not feel in agreement with what is asked; freedom to leave in case of deeper disagreements; freedom to create, in particular to project other visions of a future of humanity.”

“We are not here at the center of a new messianic religion that would excommunicate those who do not adhere to it. We are simply playing with our imaginations, with our bodies, with all-that-lives, and”

“Papa, bote!”

“What? A robot? Where?”

“No bot, bote!”

“Oh, you want your baby bottle. Go ask your mother.”

“Mama bote!”

“Ask your father.”

“Papa say Mama.”

“There’s still work to be done.”

“Yeah! But in 100,000 years, almost 4,000 generations, it should be OK.”



## POWER GAMES

SPRING 2110

*dispute*

“What’s this meeting about? Why did you ask me to come?”

“Hello Lucy.”

“Yeah, hi.”

“We’ve all been thinking about something and we thought we should tell you about this idea we had.”

“Well?”

“And so we said to ourselves that we had to stop eating meat.”

“And even ban all animal products.”

“Up to you. What’s the problem?”

“We need your support because we want this to become the rule for the whole community.”

“Not in the rules of the community to impose anything.”

“Even if it hurts us to know that all these animals are being slaughtered?”

“Besides, Lucy, it’s not animals that are eaten, it’s corpses! *Homo sapiens* is not to eat meat, we are not carnivores.”

“I am appalled that scientists would utter such untruths. Archaeological, paleontological, and physiological evidence all converge to prove that *Homo sapiens* was always a great hunter and a meat-eating omnivore. Have you forgotten all the energy required to feed your brain alone? 20% of total energy consumption for only 2% of body mass! You’re not going to feed your intelligence with grass, even if you spend all day grazing!”

"It doesn't change the fact that we don't want to eat corpses."

"On the contrary, it changes a lot if you want to impose it on everyone. Even if I eat little of it, I will never support your idea. You are free to be vegetarian or vegan or raw foodist or whatever you want, but don't make it a rule for everyone. And then, have you carefully thought about the consequences? There are no stores where to get the products necessary to balance your diet. And there is no one to grow them for you. If you want to spend your days there... And then have you thought about children and babies? It's not with nettle juice and wild carrot puree that you will help them grow."

"Lucy?"

"What else?"

"Your mother fell and lost consciousness, we carried her to her room."

"Coming, but we'll have to talk about all this again."

### ***Lucy and Clara***

"Mom, what's wrong with you? They tell me you fell and fainted."

"Let's say that, in order, I lost consciousness and fell."

"Nothing broken?"

"No, you see, I'm okay, just a moment of weakness."

"Hypoglycemia?"

"Maybe. But it's over, see, I'm still standing. Come on, let's walk a little, it will do me good. Isn't Sofia around?"

"No, don't you remember? She went away for a few days to pick plants for her medications."

"Oh, I forgot."

"Mom, are you sure you're okay?"

"Yes, don't worry."

"Isn't it normal I worry?"

"That's nice, but you do realize that I'm 80 years old and that soon... maybe..."

"Mom! Don't talk like that!"

"I know you're worried, but not just because of me."

"How do you know?"

"You are my daughter. Besides, I wouldn't have this career if I hadn't been able to read people's minds."

"So tell me, what's going on in the community? Something's not quite right. They just started bothering me with some crazy story about how we should all stop eating meat. And even stop using all animal products. Plus, they're trying to force me to take a stand."

"Divide and conquer. It is one of the oldest and most effective political trick."

"You mean this isn't just about diet?"

"It seems obvious to me that this is not what is really at stake. I hope you didn't get too upset?"

"Uh, a little, but not much. Actually, I didn't have time to argue, we were interrupted by the news you had passed out."

"Understand that anything else could have been used as a pretext for sowing discord: the maintenance of the toilets, the pruning of fruit trees, the distribution of harvests... For some time now, there have been underground currents running through our community to change the balance of power."

"I didn't see it that way. I thought it was serious, them not wanting to eat meat."

"Maybe for some. But for others it is just a political pretext, and politics is my domain, not yours or Sofia's. You are both endowed with talents and goodwill"

"got it: Sofia and I are incapable of taking charge of the community."

"Others have understood this, and they have also understood that I will not be able to assume this task for much longer. They are making moves to strengthen their positions while waiting for the right moment. Those who are stirring up this meat story want to

involve you in order to benefit from your aura as the initiator of the Fairies' Glade project."

"So people here are like everyone else? Behind a facade of great ideas, the same flaws in the search of power."

"Sadly, yes, and submission to authority is certainly the case for many. We are not the future humanity we dream of. We are all still *Homo sapiens* shaped by a long history and by Western beliefs."

"Stop it, Mom, I might faint too."

"I take that as humor."

"Yeah, let's say that. Now rest. You say you're okay, but you're still limping a little."

### **Lucy**

Mom, how did she put up with this kind of situation for so many years? It must have been even worse when president of the university. What's more, always alone. It sure would have killed me. Shit, I didn't see anything of what she went through. I also didn't see that I was being manipulated with this meat thing. Are we completely deluding ourselves with this new species project? 'Confirmation bias', psychologists would say. Maybe. Partly, but not completely. I don't think it's all a mirage: the Fairies' Glade is real, my experiences with the aya are real, our reasoning about a new human species is sound. And then this feeling of being guided at all the important stages, as if the decisions had already been made on another level, lurking in a recess of the mind, and all we had to do was let it happen without disrupting the process. A mirage perhaps, but just as this entire universe is a mirage. That's what makes 'magic' work, a word Sofia likes. Why isn't she with me? Maybe because I have to face this situation all by myself. I know we haven't fooled ourselves. We are only a little blind: we haven't

glimpsed all the consequences, too vast to fit into our limited minds.

Changing species isn't like changing clothes. It's not just changing appearance. Everything changes, not just flesh, not just perceptions or capabilities for action. The most important thing is not visible, it's the worldview, the meaning given to this physical world and to our embodied presence as humans. Yes, that's it, so obvious. Since events are projections of our thoughts, everything changes: men and women relationships, pregnancy and birth, education, death, diet, relationships with all-that-lives. This argument has a meaning: to open our eyes to these consequences, to open my eyes to my limits. Mom and Sofia are right: I'm too impatient. No doubt I won't see the birth of the first *Homo consciens* in this lifetime. Not in 100 years, not in 1000 years, not even 10,000 years, were I to live that long. Many talents must be brought together for all these facets to mature, for the meaning of *Homo consciens*' presence in the world to become clearer, until it becomes so internalized that its incarnation follows naturally. An atom, a plant, or an animal does not ask itself the question of the meaning of its relationships to others and to the world: it goes without saying, it is life, it makes this world. A cell in our body does not ask itself the question either: it is, it makes the body at the same time as the body makes it. *Homo consciens*, for its part, cannot avoid the question. This new species is not defined only by its qualia, its actions, or its relationships, but first and foremost by meaning.

What meaning to serve as a guide? Freedom is paramount, non-negotiable, mother of creation. Without limits? No, you need some when you interact with other entities, human or not. Ideally, a limit without limits. Something like ... like what? ... Beauty? Yes, that's it, Beauty, mother of cooperation, coevolution, ecstasy. The path of Freedom and Beauty: sounds good, we should give it a try. Maybe it has already been followed? Yes I recall, Sofia told me about it, the Navajo have this law: 'walk in beauty'. It says something like:

With beauty before me may I walk.  
With beauty behind me may I walk.  
With beauty above me may I walk.  
With beauty beneath me may I walk.  
With beauty all around me, may I walk.  
Go ahead like someone who has long life.  
Go forward like someone who is happy.  
Go with happiness and long life.

Yeah, that's fine, that's why I remember it. But sorry for the Navajos, it wasn't so successful when you see their fate. Beauty isn't enough. Without Freedom, the path gets bogged down. Too many prohibitions affect the Navajos for Beauty to flourish <sup>1</sup>. In any case, circumstances are not the same, humans are not the same, in each era words are redefined. Whatever, I like this idea of Beauty as a limitless limit to Freedom. Yes, we can try, we must try. It will take the time it takes for this path to fill our minds to the point where the words themselves, Freedom and Beauty, will no longer be evoked, will even be forgotten, but the meaning will persist to pervade all decisions, both individual and collective.

In the meantime, what do we do? And what do I do to extricate myself from this manipulation? What would I do if I were a *Homo consciens* following the path of Freedom and Beauty? I wouldn't have gotten myself into such a situation in the first place! Our thoughts, put into words or not, attract the events we experience. These events say what we are better than words. So what does this situation I find myself in say about my thoughts that still escape my words? An image comes to my mind of a couple who can't stand being together anymore but barely dare to think it, let alone say it. How then do they make the decision to part? A dispute can fulfill this role of enacting the separation. Any pretext is seized upon to serve as a trigger. There are cases where anger is good, it gives energy and anesthetizes suffering. We just have to be careful that it doesn't degenerate into violence.

---

1 See in particular the complex marriage rules related to the clan system.



***clash***

“Lucy, can we talk?”

“Here we go again.”

“So, you have thought about it.”

“There’s nothing to think about, do what you want, but don’t drag me into your stories. I’m not interested in these bickerings.”

“You think you’re so superior to call this bickering! You’re not serious. We’re talking about not killing animals.”

“Are you sure that’s all it is about, not killing animals?”

“What do you mean?”

“Nothing. Like I said, do what you want, but don’t get me involved in this.”

“Whether we like it or not, we are all in this together: we live together, we eat what we produce together, we form couples, we have children, in short, we are a community.”

“A community? That’s what I thought we were until today, all pursuing the same goal.”

“Yes, and we’re not questioning this goal. We just have to acknowledge that it is long-term, and in the meantime, there are day to day decisions to be made. So what do we do?”

“Yeah, how do we do it? We can organize committees to delve into important issues and present proposals. On what basis? Volunteering or drawing lots? We can also vote: yes, no, maybe yes, maybe no. But who votes, by anonymous ballot or by show of hands, and how do we define a majority? We can bring everyone together – even those who don’t want to? – and talk for days until a consensus is reached. Or even appoint a leader who decides everything: quite relaxing. And above all, how do we choose how we’re going to make decisions? By vote, by consensus, or... Got it: we just have to organize a competition of... whatever, and the winning team wins the decision.”

“You are exaggerating.”

“Hardly. Actually, I’m fed up, tired of all this, I’m leaving.”

**NEW BEGINNING****A FEW WEEKS LATER**

**Clara**

“Lucy, your mother just fell.”

“Again!”

“Mom, what’s wrong with you? You fell. Did you faint again?”

“Not long.”

“And how do you feel now?”

“Old! Otherwise, I’m okay, you see, I’m still in my right mind. A little tired though, a good opportunity to stay lying down. Before you sit down, would you mind go fetch Sofia?”

“Mom, you’re worrying me more and more.”

“Tell Sofia to come please.”

“I am happy to have you both by my side. I am happy to know that you are still sisters in spirit, just as in my heart you are both my daughters. I hope that nothing will ever alter your friendship. Come closer so I can embrace you.”

“Mom, we’re not kids anymore, we’re over 50.”

“And I’m 80, and you’ll always be my children. Come here, Lucy, and give me that pleasure without me having to beg. Come here too, Sofia.”

“I want to take advantage of this moment of lucidity to tell you some important things. My testament, so to speak.”

“Mom! Don’t talk like that.”

“I know my body doesn’t have much longer. Malfunctions go worsening. Soon my mind will have to abandon it for good. I’m sure you already know, Sofia.”

“Yes, I’ve suspected that for a while.”

“What? So it’s not just hypoglycemia? And they don’t tell me anything!”

“I didn’t want you to worry more. Clara, don’t worry, I can help you if you need.”

“No need, Luke showed me the way a long time ago. I am the one who is worried about you, Lucy. It is your sister who will need your help, Sofia.”

“Mom, I don’t know what to say.”

“So don’t say anything and listen to me, who knows when the next crisis will occur that might take me away.”

“It has not escaped you that the situation at Fairies’ Glade is no longer what it used to be.”

“Yeah, and not for the better. All these power games are beyond me.”

“Understand they are only a symptom: the community is no longer in phase with the initial intention. I may be old, but I see what’s going on. The initial enthusiasm has faded, so gradually that we are only noticing now. You know that fertility has dropped again. And just by looking at your faces it is obvious you are tired. That’s not normal.”

“You are right, our project drains our energy whereas before it filled us.”

“Yes, Sofia and I have to expend a crazy amount of energy to keep the project alive. It’s as if we were working hard to lift others up, only to see them fall back at the slightest slackening, and then we have to start it all over again. Exhausting.”

“Don’t blame yourself and don’t blame them. Few people are capable of thinking beyond themselves. At best, they expand their

thoughts to the scale of their family. Even fewer people are capable of thinking beyond a year punctuated by the seasons. And we want them to think and act on a species-wide scale for the next 100,000 years! No surprise they don't meet our level of standards. Most have found a comfortable balance here given what's happening elsewhere. You have to understand them."

"You mean we end up disturbing them with our ideas."

"Sort of. But since they are intelligent and still respect you, they know how to play along when you bring them to your topics. Except that over time, that respect wanes. As you noticed, Lucy, as soon as you release your attention, everything falls back."

"So all we've done here all this time is for nothing?"

"Always so impulsive, Lucy, switching from one extreme to the other in a flash! It's the flaw in your qualities: overflowing with profound ideas and daring syntheses with infectious enthusiasm."

"Obviously not very effective at the moment. Luckily, your equanimity and intuitions, Sofia, are there to balance out my excesses."

"Enough with the compliments, let me finish. These few years don't represent much compared to the 100,000 to come, but they are not nothing. This is a first step and there will be many more. What has been accomplished here was necessary, at least for the two of you."

"And a few others too let's hope."

"First, you fed your imaginations with good food. Don't forget that before the current deviations, you met with experts in many fields. Second, this time was also one of digestion. Your project is no longer just an idea. Sofia, you can certainly express it better than me."

"Our intention has spread to the depths of our cells so that it guides all our perceptions, our thoughts, our actions. It is not just in us, it is us, it is who we are."

"Okay, but what do we actually do now? Because this energy that's supposed to irrigate my cells seems blocked and can no

longer find a satisfactory way of expression. Even more blocked by these political quarrels that I don't understand and don't want to take part in."

"It will become clear when you hear my final thought. Our community has evolved from a grandiose idea to a humdrum routine. But elsewhere?"

"Elsewhere? What do you mean?"

"I see where you're going with this, Clara: others may have taken the opposite path, from surviving in a crumbling world to the invigorating idea of a possible new future."

"So you know what you two have to do now."

"Leave, leave the community, find and join these people."

"If they exist, Sofia! How do you think we're going to find them? And what do you expect us to do with them that we can't do here?"

"Lucy, it's obvious: the development of our project is unbalanced, too many heads here and not enough bodies."

"I see, it's urgent to restore the balance with a more earthly vital energy, otherwise our ideas will never be embodied. They will disappear, as we are already witnessing here. But back to my question: where to find these people? Besides, we can't abandon you, Mom."

"You are not abandoning me, I am abandoning you. By the time you prepare, I will have awakened from this earthly dream as Clara. Luke showed me the way long ago. Please, when my spirit leaves this body, scatter the ashes on the mountains, let them mingle with Luke's. And above all, make it a joyous occasion. I have every confidence in you to take care of each other and fulfill yourselves in this life and many others."

"Mom, stop, I'm going to cry."

"Don't start Lucy or I'll cry too."

"You both make me laugh, playing your roles as children with such perfection."

"Mom!!!"

“Wouldn’t it be wonderful to die laughing? Luke would appreciate. He’s not far away, I can sense him in this air movement and this faint sound from a flute. Can you hear? And now this smell of wet grass. A mist descends, blurring the colors and outlines.”

“Come on Lucy, leave her.”

“Mom?”

“Come, she can’t hear us anymore, she’s passing into the in-between worlds. You’re too sensitive to bear what comes next. Keep the memory of her last laugh, so frank and fresh, and which lit her up. Come, I’ll accompany you to your room and I’ll come back to take care of her.”

### ***on the road again***

“I can’t believe we’re both here camping like we were at the beginning of the Fairies’ Glade adventure over thirty years ago. I can’t believe after all we’ve done, no one wanted to come with us. Not even your son, Sofia, who chose to stay in the community with his father. Do you miss him? I miss my mother.”

“This might sound weird to you, but I don’t really miss him. You know, he is over twenty now, fully capable of making his own decisions. And he has always been closer to his father. My shaman side probably puts them off.”

“Alex didn’t want to come either. Maybe they’re the ones who are right and we’ve been fooling ourselves all along. Look at us: we’ve been walking for days, all to get where? Nowhere!”

“We won’t actually get anywhere as long as you’re in this state of mind.”

“Now it’s my fault.”

"You seem to have forgotten how the magic of the universe works: your intention is unclear, so we receive no clear signs to guide us."

"How could it be otherwise, the two of us lost here, the only survivors of a disaster."

"That's your point of view, not mine."

"Ah!"

"Do you know the Chinese tale of the farmer and the horse?"

"Never heard."

"So this is the story of a farmer who owns a beautiful horse. One day, the horse jumps the fence of his enclosure and escapes. The neighbors run up and commiserate: 'How unlucky that your horse has run away!' He replies, full of Taoist wisdom: 'Good luck, bad luck, who knows?' A few days later, the horse comes back bringing along a wild stallion. The same neighbors rush up again to congratulate him on his good luck. To which he replies once more: 'Good luck, bad luck, who knows?' Admiring this magnificent stallion, his son wishes to ride him. But he is unseated and breaks his leg. Everyone thinks it's a terrible stroke of bad luck, except for the farmer, who once again simply replies: 'Good luck, bad luck, who knows?' Some time later, soldiers travel the countryside to conscript the young men into the army. Because of his broken leg, the farmer's son is not taken. Good luck, bad luck, etc."

"Nice story, but what does it have to do with us?"

"The past doesn't exist, there is no point in clinging to it. Only the present exists, and this makes every moment a starting point. We are not survivors of a disaster, we are at the beginning of what is to come."

"Here you are again, midwife of souls."

"Better than arguing because we're tired of walking without knowing where to go, don't you think?"

"Sure. So what do you want me to do? I still have faith in you, in your talents as a shaman-midwife. I'm ready to do as you tell me."



Anyway, I have no alternatives, I don't have the slightest sprout of an idea."

"First we find a nice place to settle down and we stay there until you are convinced that here and now is a starting point and not an end point. Does that sound good to you?"

"That's a good start, but how do I do that? With aya maybe?"

"No, you'll never need aya again, it fulfilled its role thirty years ago and now you're finishing digesting your experiences. You are just going to recall. Review your life and observe closely those turning points where each time you felt cornered in a dead end, something happened that made you start again, filled with a new energy. By gradually erasing your past, you will empty yourself to welcome new opportunities."

"It might take a while, fifty years to clean up!"

"It will take as long as it takes."

### ***We-Rasta***

"Amazing, all these snakes that for the past three days have been crossing our path every time we hesitate over which direction to take. We don't usually see them, and now they miraculously appear at just the right moment."

"Normal Lucy, it's your power animal, the one who accesses deep knowledge."

"Why does the universe prefer mine to yours?"

"Because if I am a midwife of souls, you are the guide of the species on the path to the future. And also because around here it is easier to play at making snakes appear than tigers."

"Yet your animal is a beautiful symbol of quiet strength and freedom."

"After all, there might well be such an animal here: look at that fellow over there approaching. What feline grace! Impressive!"

“Very handsome indeed. He inhabits his body in a way unknown to us, to me at least. I feel awkward in comparison. Just watching him walk gives the impression that he draws his energy from the Earth and is ready to leap to dizzying heights.”

“He should have enough for both of us, hoping that tired fifty-somethings ladies don’t put him off.”

“He’ll definitely have enough energy for you, you know that’s not really my thing anymore. Do you think he belongs to the group we’re looking for?”

“Likely.”

“We-Rasta greet two sisters, We-Rasta touches two hearts.”

“Hello.”

“Uh... hi.”

“Sisters arrive late but we know they come, Grandma dream snake here so wait here, long time.”

“Sorry for the delay, we got a bit lost.”

“But we found our way again thanks to the snakes that guided us to you.”

“Tonight, celebrate, brothers and sisters, all. Tomorrow, ready to leave.”

“What do you mean, we’ve barely arrived?”

“Next winters here bad, elsewhere better.”

“Where?”

“We-Rasta don’t know. Tonight’s party. Sisters enter We-Rasta heart and We-Rasta heart enter sisters heart. So We-Rasta know where next.”

“I don’t understand anything. Are you sure we’re in the right place, Sofia?”

“Certain. Did you notice his look and his smile? You wished for more fantasy into our project, you’re going to be served.”

“Yeah.”

79

“tam boom tam boom tam boom...”  
“Rahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh”  
“...”  
“tam boom tam boom tam boom...”  
“Stahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh”  
“...”  
“tam boom tam boom tam boom...”  
“Rahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh”  
“LAKE!”

***new beginning***

“Lucy wake up.”  
“What? Sofia? Can’t open my eyes, feel dizzy because of their thing.”  
“Sister-snake and sister-tiger now We-Rasta.”  
“Huh, what is he talking about?”  
“We all form a unit.”  
“We Rasta leave there lake.”  
“When? Right away?”  
“Twenty-five days trip prepare.”  
“I don’t understand, where are we going?”  
“Lucy, have you forgotten? The decision was made collectively during the party, or the ceremony if you prefer.”  
“Ah.”  
“Several people took turns exclaiming to give directions to the future location: to the south, twenty-five days’ walk away. And then it was you who, after a very very very long wait, finally indicated the exact location: a lake. It’s strange, no one seems to know it, but everyone is sure it’s there and waiting for us. Everyone trusts your intuition.”  
“Did I do that?”  
“Yes when you shouted LAKE!”

“Oh yes, I recall, all of a sudden I saw the image of a lake and there was like an irresistible force that pushed me to shout the word very loudly.”

“The energy of the We-Rasta holobiont<sup>1</sup>.”

“Lucy, I have something else to tell you.”

“Go ahead, I’m fully awake now and at this point, not much can surprise me anymore.”

“Guess how they came to think like us that participating in the emergence of a new human species is the most sensible thing to do right now?”

“By smoking their special blend?”

“Not at all. They found a book almost a century old.”

“Wait, let me guess the title ... something like *making homo consciens?*”

“Almost: *Homo sapiens disappears, co-create Homo consciens*. In it all the ideas we have found without ever having read it. Magical, isn’t it?”

“I get chills. And what did they do?”

“Most were immediately convinced that this was the path to follow, except that the momentum quickly stalled. But that didn’t worry them. With their special method of exploring future paths which we experienced last night, they understood that they had to wait a little longer before getting moving. That’s what they did, they just waited, watching for signs.”

“And we are the sign?”

“Only the first one.”

“Because there are others?”

“A tiny little thing but one that will grow: I’m pregnant.”

“What? This is not possible! When? Who?”

“Since last night.”

“I don’t understand. I thought you were menopausal like me.”

---

1 From the Greek holo = all and bios = life.

“Almost. I think it was one of the last chances.”

“But how can you know all that?”

“I just know. Plus, their smoking mixture amplified my bodily sensations. I know an egg was ready, that it was fertilized, and that it will be a girl.”

“The next midwife of souls who will take over from you. I still found it odd that you never had a daughter after all you told me about your maternal lineage of shamans.”

“I didn’t understand either. Now we know why: I had to be in the right place at the right moment to meet the right father.”

“The powerful animal you had a crush on when we arrived, I presume. And what are we going to call this unexpected gift?”

“Amba.”

“Amba Amba Amba, sounds good, it’s pretty.”

“I didn’t chose it, he did, it means ‘sister’ in his native tongue.”

“I already love your daughter.”

“Our daughter.”

“We-Rasta’s sister.”

## **INTERLUDE**

### **THE LIFE OF A LAKE**

#### **THE KINGFISHER**

Perched since morning in the tall tree, the kingfisher scans the surface of the lake. Unfortunately, nothing good to be expected, this day will be like the previous ones. Several suns that it has found no substantial food to put in his throat, just a few crispy insects wandering on the bank by way of appetizers. Not funny at all, in fact, because so unappealing and unnutritious.

Blame it on the wind, who brought masses of black clouds from the sea. Thunder rumbled, lightnings lit up the night, warm waters poured down on the surrounding hills and mountains beyond, furious torrents tore up trunks and earth, which ended up in the lake. Water became turbid. No way to spot the slightest fish. Moreover, the floating trunks create such eddies as they stir that it's just as impossible to spot them by their wakes. Even if the water today seems a little clearer than yesterday, nothing good can be expected from this day. Unless...

Movement over there on the bank. Although quite far away, it doesn't escape the kingfisher's scrutinizing gaze. A young human takes up position with his fishing rod. Slow and measured gestures, a patient kind of human. The kingfisher is too. Remaining motionless on his tree perch, his head barely turns a little to observe better. Nothing else to do anyway, and more distracting than looking for insects on the branches or the bank. Watch and wait, and maybe... He knows the human is unaware of his presence. He knows how to hide so that the bright colors of his plumage, so

contrasting with those of the tree, don't reveal him. Watch and wait, just like the human does. From time to time, he pulls in his line and casts it a little further to the right or a little further to the left, probably hoping that the eddies created by the splashes will attract some fish.

The day slips away, monotonous, punctuated by the splashes and the wanderings of a few noisy insects that the kingfisher prefers to ignore. Suddenly a smile lights up the boy's face. The bird dives before he has even brought in his line. At the precise moment the fish emerges from the water, the kingfisher is upon him and catches it in its beak, squeezing hard. A twist of the body, a few beats of the wings, and, with the momentum gained by the fall from his perch, the force is enough to tear it from the line. Back on the perch, a small movement of the head to launch the fish into the air, turn it the right way around to swallow it head first.

The fish is already in the bird's stomach when the boy is only just beginning to realize what happened. He felt something at the end of his line, he pulled, a shadow passed, and then nothing. Shock! Awareness returns, and the scene his eyes unwittingly captured replays in his mind: a bird, a kingfisher judging by its size and colors, snatched the fish from the line and carried it off, up there in that big tree where it is now hiding to revel in its catch. The boy bursts into a loud laugh that carries all the way to the tree. With a gesture, he greets the bird and shouts as loud as he can:

"Well done, friend!"

And he casts his line again after attaching a new bait: plop.



## **INTERLUDE**

### **COLLECTIVE BUILDING**

#### **ROUND SQUARE**

Earth and pebbles, the land overlooking the lake above the northern shore has been cleared and leveled. Soon the community center will rise here, where the decision-making circles will take place. A beautiful place bathed in sun and water. The torrent that tumbles down from the mountains passes close enough for its song to be heard. Apart from storms, a pleasant murmur which puts the mind in a state of receptivity. Singing water, pure air, light, the primary ingredients that must nourish important community decisions.

Although it is still early, someone is already present on the site, sitting in the center, meditating, facing east, the exact direction the sun will rise in a few moments on this spring equinox. Nothing will hinder the passage of its rays: the sky is clear, swept by a fresh north wind. The first light illuminates the old man's serene face. At this cue, he gets up and begins to survey the land like a master builder.

With stakes and ropes, guided by the axis of the rising sun, he delineates the square of the building. First, a stake in the center where a hole will be dug for the Door of Earth. Above, vertically, will be the Door of Heaven, just a circular hole in the roof. Five steps east, a stake for the Door of Light. Back to the center, five steps west toward the torrent, and a stake for the Door of Change. To the north toward the mountains, the Door of the Immutable. Finally, to the south, the Door of Life which opens onto the lake. Barely have

the six directions been marked and the demarcation of the square been completed when a small silhouette joins him.

“Grandpa! You left without telling me, you know I wanted to come with you.”

“I had to come before sunrise to get a feel for the place. You were sleeping so well that I didn’t want to disturb you.”

“But still, you know I wanted to come.”

“Now you’re here, let’s pursue the work together, okay?”

“Yes. What did you feel here all alone?”

“This is an excellent location for decision circles.”

“But?”

“But I feel a slight imbalance that I can’t quite identify. I must be getting old, some details escape me.”

“Don’t say that, Grandpa. I feel like you. Something’s wrong.”

“What do you think it is?”

“It comes from that big rock over there.”

“I see. What’s so special about this rock?”

“There are dead people from a long time ago, not peaceful deaths, their traces still floating. I see them.”

“It’s true that you inherited this talent from your mother and grandmother.”

“We have to talk to them. And bury crystals in the earth around the rock. That’s what we have to do.”

“Say Grandpa, why did you draw a square if it’s to make a circle?”

“A circle in a square is like a mandala: the circle to symbolize the energy of the feminine celestial deity, the square for the energy of the masculine earthly deity. And when the two meet, it makes”

“a wonderful girl like me! Blah blah blah, no kidding.”

“I’m just teasing you, I knew you’d react that way. You don’t like these stories, unlike most children and adults who prefer them to the raw truth. It makes them feel like they understand without having to make any effort.”

“So tell me for real why you put the circle in the square.”

“A decision-making meeting can take place only on a circle because all points are equal: no hierarchy.”

“And the square?”

“It’s just the easiest shape to build with the materials available. I’ve come up with a simple post-and-beam structure. We can use the trunks that the storm washed up on the bank.”

“Not killing trees is good. And the walls?”

“No walls. It must remain an open space for the circulation of all information.”

“And the roof?”

“Reeds, the ones that grow in abundance down there.”

“When do we start?”

“Soon. While we were chatting, people began to gather on the bank where the logs will be collected. All we’re waiting for now are the musicians.”

“What? Don’t tell me we’re going to have some kind of ceremony to honor the sacred earth, the masculine and feminine energies, and blah blah blah because people like that kind of thing!”

“You’re ruthless! And you’re completely wrong. The musicians are here to help us transmute a collective agitation into a co-created masterpiece. Their frequencies and rhythms will synchronize our minds and align our intentions.”

“And what else?”

“They will give us such energy that, you will see, the structure will be completed by this evening.”

“I guess they are the ones coming over there?”

“Yes. I have to join the others to coordinate their actions.”

“And what do I do?”

“You know: you’re in charge of rebalancing the energy of the big rock.”

“Grandpa grandpa!”

“Oh your finger is bleeding!”

“Cut it digging up a rock to put a crystal in its place.”

“Go see grandma.”

“Where is she?”

“Down there. She came with a first aid kit to treat injuries, she’ll put ointment on your finger and bandage it up.

**Book 2:**  
**FORTIETH MILLENNIUM**



**IN-ARA****40,000 YEARS AND SOME*****the hot spring***

What a delight this warm bath! Just staying there and not going anywhere anymore. Never suffering from the cold again, never being hungry again, never being in pain again. My whole body aches since my belly's so big. Walking has become difficult. Even more so since I tripped and a branch pierced my calf. The others laughed when they saw me fall because with my big belly I can't see where I'm putting my feet. Bang against a stone and boom on the ground. I managed to deflect my fall so as not to fall on my belly and risk damaging its precious contents. That's how I got hurt: when I fell sideways, a branch pierced my calf. The others laughed again when they saw me do the pirouette, but they stopped laughing when they saw the blood flowing. Everyone knows that the child in my belly is precious, so they quickly called Mo-Ara.

Mo-Ara – old woman – is the oldest of the group. She hasn't been Mo-Ara for long, not more than two moons. The one before her died when we crossed the field of ruins, attacked by a furious flock of giant rats, unable to flee because too old to run. The ruins are one of their playing ground. They don't like to be disturbed. We don't like to go there either, but we have to from time to time to replace our broken, lost, or worn tools. We find many wonderful things by digging under the stones. That's where Ky-Or found the beautiful knife he gave me. A still-shining blade larger than my hand. He sharpened it, remade the handle, engraved a Sun on it, and gave it

to me. He showed me how to use it to protect myself. He said never to part with it because I am the one who carries the future of the band.

Everyone knew that I would one day carry a baby because a Mo-Ara from before and even before gave me at birth the name In-Ara – child-woman. For a long time no one had had this name and no one had carried a child. In-Ara is my name and I am carrying a child. Ky-Or is the father.

Ky-Or – left-spear – is a great hunter. He tracks game like no one else and wields the spear like no one else with his powerful left arm. That's why he leads the band. He gave me the precious knife to protect the child I am carrying, who is even more precious. There are fewer and fewer big bellies, and too often the child comes stillborn. Or he does not survive the ritual of the cold bath in the river on the third day of his birth. Everyone knows that if we let all the children live without subjecting them to this ordeal, they would soon die a more atrocious death and would be a burden that would endanger the band. So we subject him to the cold bath ritual, and if he survives, he will become strong. Ky-Or says that the child will live because I am In-Ara. The band needs this new life because we are less than the fingers of two hands.

Mo-Ara says the child is a boy. Ky-Or is happy because he will become a great hunter like him. The ancestors revealed his name to him, that's how he knows he will be a hunter. But he must not pronounce it until he has passed the test of the ritual bath. Mo-Ara is less happy that it's a boy because it means one less woman to bear children.

Ky-Or was the one who took me to this hot spring. That's because Mo-Ara says it relieves pain. She knows a lot, Mo-Ara, she's the oldest of us all. She also says that giving birth will be difficult because I am young and small. True, I am the youngest and shortest of all the women in the group. When Mo-Ara, the one from before, told Ky-Or I was ready, he didn't wait and took me right



away. When my belly started to grow, no one made fun of my short size anymore.

Ky-Or is giving me time off work so I don't get tired. He brought me here today to ease my pain. It is true that in the warm water I can hardly feel my body anymore. Except for my leg, which still hurts. I keep it out of the water because it stings and burns. Mo-Ara put some moss on the wound, but it itched so much underneath that I tore it off.

Apart from this sore leg, I've never felt better in my life than here, splashing around in the warm water. This is the pool where the child will be born. Mo-Ara says it will hurt less and he'll come into the world more easily. So the whole band will stay around here until he is born. The camp is temporary for now, but everyone has started to look for a better place where to settle for a while, until the child and I can stand the long journeys. A big cave would be nice.

My skin feels all weird. Lost in my thoughts, I stayed in the water too long. The sun is setting. Ky-Or should have come for me, or sent someone to help me. I won't wait any longer, I'm going back by myself. I have my boots, my coat, my knife, and my walking stick. I'll show them how strong I am. And my son will be strong too.

### ***the lioux'***

Horror! The camp is empty and devastated. They all left in a hurry. They left me behind. No, it can't be. Something terrible made them flee.

Smell of blood. Over there, a spear on the ground with blood on the blade. Not far away, the mutilated corpse of a lioux. Wounded by Ky-Or's spear, I recognize it. Wounded but not killed. Thrown in

---

<sup>1</sup> The *lioux* is a species between dog and wolf with a mane like that of a lion. It appeared around the thirtieth millennium AD. Like their ancestors, the lioux hunt in well-organized packs.

haste, the blade didn't sink in far enough. It struck a rib without breaking it, and the weapon fell to the ground. The lioux took a few more steps, I see his bloody tracks, before being finished off and devoured by his kin, I see their tracks. His remains are still warm. Why didn't I hear anything of the battle? The sound of water, no doubt.

The scavengers haven't spotted the carcass yet. I must quickly retrieve the head, the brain is still good to eat. No one knows why the lioux never eat the heads of their kin. Yet they have jaws powerful enough to crack skulls. I know how to do it too, with a stone. Tonight we will eat, my baby and I. But first, find shelter, quickly, away from the cold wind and the lioux should they return, and from the scavengers who sniff blood from afar. I hope I don't have to walk far because my leg hurts a lot from climbing the hill unaided from the spring below. Here, between these two large rocks, it will be fine. Piling stones into the opening, my knife in one hand, Ky-Or's spear in the other, with a full stomach, I will get through the night. Tomorrow I'll wait for Ky-Or, he'll come back for me, the whole band will be together again, and life will go back to normal.

Night, stars, everything so peaceful, forgetful of the fight that took place just a few steps away. What are stars? Even Mo-Ara doesn't know. Yet of all of us, she knows the most.

Distant screams. I open my eyes. The spear is no longer in my hand. I must have fallen asleep without realizing it and dropped it. The wind has shifted, now coming from the south and amplifying the screams: these are the terrible howls that announce the death dance of the lioux. Our band took advantage of the fact that they were devouring their fellow to flee, but not fast enough, not far enough. Their brother's corpse didn't satisfy their hunger, so they hunted down the fleeing band. And now they've caught up with them. Ky-Or is brave, but he no longer has his spear. Mo-Ara is old. The others are easily frightened. When the chanting stops, the band will be massacred and devoured.

Clouds are coming, no more stars in the sky, the night is peaceful again, tomorrow Ky-Or will not come for me.

***in the morning, alone***

Daylight. I feel like I haven't slept, but the spear and knife are on the ground. My back hurts from leaning against the rock for too long. And still that bulky belly and that wound on my leg. The lioux's shattered skull is right where I left it. The tongue is still good to eat.

I have to leave, quickly. The lioux won't come back, they must be satisfied. During the night, without my hearing them, scavengers carried off the carcass of the lioux killed yesterday. If they come back, attracted by the smell of the open skull, or by mine – my scent has changed since I became pregnant – I won't be able to face them.

Leave, quickly, but it's difficult, alone with a child in my womb and a damaged leg. The child will live, said Ky-Or. Ky-Or is dead now, and the child will soon be dead too if I don't manage to join another band quickly. With this child as a gift, they will welcome us.

Leave, quickly, but where to go? Not south where the lioux decimated the band. Not north, where we came from and risk crossing again the large and dangerous field of ruins, this time alone. Not east where the terrain is too difficult for my condition. West is the easiest. There is a lake, maybe fish, maybe humans. Why did Ky-Or never take us there? I remember him warning us: don't get too close, it's a land of demons, they are even more dangerous than the lioux and the giant rats. He said, what did he say?, it was a long time ago, oh yes, he said that from a distance you might think they are human but you shouldn't meet them because they are not humans, they are demons. Up close you can easily see it: they are ugly, naked, and they run on the ice. That's what Ky-Or said he saw. It sounds much like the stories Mo-Ara likes to tell.

### ***the origin of demons and humans***

“It was a long, long time ago, so long ago that even the oldest Mo-Ara did not know this time. In that time you cannot imagine, the Earth was different from today in ways you cannot imagine. It was not cold like now, and there were people everywhere. They could have become real humans like us, but no, they were prevented from doing so. Because there were so many of them, they did not have the space to live directly on the soil of the nourishing earth, they lived crowded together in enormous stone tents. The large fields of ruins that you know are the crumbling remains of these, eaten away by the wind, the rain, the frost, devoured by plants. You cannot imagine the height of these stone tents. The oldest of the ancients believe they reached up to the sky, right up to the clouds. You cannot imagine how many they were, crammed in there. But you can imagine that by covering the earth with these stone tents, they eventually ran out of food. So they did a terrible thing that real humans would never do: they devoured each other. They became demons. Not all of them died during this Great Terror. A few survived, and their descendants, still hungry for blood, wander today looking for humans to devour.”

“And we, real humans, where do we come from?”

“Imagine a lake so big that when you stand at its edge you can’t see the other side. Imagine that even if you climb to the top of a high mountain, you still can’t see the other side. You can travel for several days in a canoe and still not reach the other side. Yet this immense lake called O-Kea has an end where other lands begin. This is where our ancestors, the real humans, came from.”

“So how did they come if not by canoe?”

“On the backs of enormous fish like you will never see. Look at that rock more than fifty paces away, well, those fish were even bigger than the distance from here to there. And they had flat backs

on which many people could sit because they were very friendly. Real humans considered them as brothers, brothers of the water who knew how to speak and who were so big because the water gave them strength. But when our ancestors arrived on this land riding on their brothers from the O-Kea, the demons took advantage of their kindness and immediately rushed to massacre and devour the giants. The real humans who were not massacred at the same time fled and lived in fear, hiding in remote mountains. When the demons had devoured each other so much that there were almost none left, the real humans came out of their hiding places and were able to resume a decent life. But we must remain vigilant and avoid crossing paths with demons.”

“Why did our ancestors, the real humans, come to the land of the demons?”

“Our ancestors lived in a land of sweetness and abundance. Climate was mild, and, to eat, all they had to do was reach out and pick magnificent fruit. They were happy. And so kind that they wanted to share this happiness. They sent emissaries all over O-Kea on the backs of the giant fish to meet other humans, learn how they lived, and tell them that they themselves lived in a land of sweetness and abundance. But as soon as they arrived, the great fish were devoured and themselves hunted down. They wished they could return to their blessed lands, but it was impossible without the help of the giant fish – only they knew the way back and were capable of crossing O-kea. So, real humans were condemned to wander these hostile lands, until this day when we must fight against the cold, the giant rats, the lioux, and avoid the demons.”

### ***In-Ara, second day of wandering***

I’ve seen rats, I’ve seen lioux, I’ve never seen demons. Ky-Or says he saw them, but I think he just wants to scare us to show he’s the

leader. Ky-Or died eaten by lioux, not demons. Mo-Ara died eaten by lioux, not demons. Older Mo-Ara died eaten by rats, not demons. And me? Will it be the rats or the lioux who get my meat and my child's?

The lake is very close, I smell it but I can't move forward anymore. I am going to rest and then I'll get back on the move. I have to rest, all these aches and pains. I'm hungry, my leg is swollen and aching, the baby is stirring and will soon ask to come out. I'm cold and yet I'm burning. I'm hungry. Since this morning I've been sucking on a stone. The small reserve of dried meat saved from the lioux was quickly exhausted. I'm in no condition to hunt. Soon it will be me who becomes the prey of a hunter. We're going to die, my baby and I. Ky-Or says the child will live. But what does Ky-Or know, he abandoned us. I'm so tired. Resting, that will be good, lying down to relieve my back and my leg. Afterwards I'll catch a fish in the lake. We'll feel good with a full stomach. But first rest. Sleep.

### ***in the demons' lair***

Where am I? I fall asleep by a lake and wake up in this strange place. Am I dead? No, in the other world Ky-Or and the others will come to greet me. My coat, my boots, and my spear, Ky-Or's, are here on the ground. I'm not cold, but what is this blanket? it's not animal skin. And this place smells strange, not like human ones.

There's talking outside. It's not human, just noises to imitate human words but they don't mean anything. Silence now, then footsteps. Two people barefoot with light steps. No time to run away, they're already there. How horrible! They're not humans. But they're not animals either. Two degenerate females: small and thin, smaller than me, one older than the other, naked, brown-skinned, almost no breasts nor buttocks. Not animals but not humans. So ugly. And they have a strange smell, not animal, not human, almost

like moss or mushrooms. Surely dangerous. The older one has her body covered in evil signs. It's not normal, how can they walk around naked in this cold without even hair to protect them? It doesn't bother them. Their bodies are even so warm that I can feel it from several steps away, like when you are by a fire.

Neither animal nor human, that's for sure, they're the demons Ky-Or and Mo-Ara were talking about. And demons eat humans! My baby? Where is he? My belly is flat! The demons took him out to eat. How horrible! That's why they captured me while I was sleeping. They're keeping me prisoner because, after the child, it will be my turn to be eaten! I have to run away, fast and far. I'll have no trouble getting rid of these two demons. Now that my belly is flat, I leap up and grab my spear, put on my boots and my coat, which I hope still contains my knife, and run away as fast as I can. And if the demons come after me, I have my spear.

I jump. And I collapse. Horror, I no longer have my leg! The demons cut it off. To eat it! It's like Mo-Ara said: demons devour humans. Now the two of them throw themselves at me, pick me up, and force me to lie down again.

"I know what you're going to do, demons, cut off my limbs one by one and devour them. I won't let you do. Grrr! Back off."

They don't understand, they look at each other and say false words in their demonic language.

"Back off, I tell you."

I punch in the face the young one closest to me. Her lip starts bleeding. The other one picks her up, and they both back away.

"In-Ara! Grrr!"

I crawl back to my things. I put on a boot, my coat – ah the knife is still there – and I get up, leaning on the spear. It's a solid spear, it was Ky-Or's, a formidable hunter.

"Grrr! Don't move."

Facing my spear, they stand still. I must leave, quickly, far away. My belly is no longer swollen, my leg doesn't hurt, by leaning on the spear I can walk. Not very quickly, but I'm moving forward. The

demons aren't chasing me, too scared. I must reach some humans, tell them that demons exist, but that they can be scared. Then we won't fear them anymore. I must move forward, get away from them. I continue some more, and then I'll stop to cover my tracks. I know how to do this, Ky-Or taught me. I'll find something to eat, I'll find a band of humans. But first, get away. Walk and avoid the lioux. Walk, walk...



**AMBA AND DJAN****SAME DAY*****mother and daughter***

“Djan, my daughter, come, let’s take advantage of this quiet moment to chat.”

“You are right, it’s unusually quiet, everyone seems busy elsewhere. What do you want to talk to me about, Mamma?”

“Don’t you think it’s nice here, sitting in this spring sunshine? You can feel how the air is a little milder and more humid.”

“Yes, the wind has shifted to the south. Good news: if this weather continues, the south shore of the lake will begin to thaw and we’ll soon have the opportunity to swim.”

“Do you remember that dream you and I shared this fall?”

“Of course, Mamma. We dreamed the same night that we were standing on the edge of a completely thawed lake and that a flock of birds such as we hadn’t seen for generations came to land there. It was truly wonderful to feel so much in tune, both with each other and with the world.”

“Well, what we dreamed about is happening. It’s the sign I’ve been waiting for to give you some important news: there’s no longer any doubt, you are going to be next Amba. You will succeed me one day. I know you were expecting this, but there it is, it is acknowledged.”

“Thank you, Mamma.”

“Don’t get too excited, my daughter, because a huge responsibility awaits you. Events are taking shape that we, Amba

from mother to daughter, have been sensing and preparing for for millennia.”

“What are you talking about? You’re worrying me.”

“About the true task for which we incarnate as Amba, about our *raison d’être*. The weather changing means that for a few centuries we will benefit from a slightly milder climate <sup>1</sup>. Weather changing also means that times are changing. Ampa, your father, sensed another sign: he felt a star explode high up there. We cannot see it yet. According to him, its light and its blast will only reach us in about forty years <sup>2</sup>. This means that everything is falling into place on Earth as in Heaven so that events projected for millennia can come to fruition. And your place is to be Amba. When this blast passes through us, you will lead the first Mutation Ceremony.”

“Do you actually mean that in forty years, I’ll have to initiate participants and organize this ceremony? I don’t see how!”

“Temper your enthusiasm!”

“Mamma, no irony please.”

“I understand your reluctance: you are young, you imagine a daunting task for which you don’t feel prepared. From a certain point of view, you are right: it is actually completely crazy to imagine yourself in forty years leading a ceremony such as this never done before, from which a new human species will emerge. But as Amba, that’s not how we should view things.”

“I know, but still...”

“I still feel fear in your body and in your voice. So rest assured, you have forty years to get ready to accomplish what you came here for. And if you were hoping to see me disappear soon to take my

---

1 A Dansgaard-Oeschger event, which can occur several times during an ice age for reasons that are not yet understood, is characterized by a rapid rise in temperature, several degrees in just a few decades, followed by a gradual decrease over several centuries.

2 Let’s say it’s a nova and not a supernova: the former corresponds to an increase in brightness of the order of 100,000 times that of the Sun, while the latter becomes billions of times brighter than the Sun, producing radiation dangerous for life if the explosion is too close to Earth.

place more quickly, don't count on it, I'm here for a few more decades."

"Mamma! You always make fun of everything!"

"You are too serious, my daughter. So here is the lesson of the day: if you take things too seriously, energy will turn against you and your work will be shaky, or even impossible to complete. Seriousness generates tension, tension clouds intention, imprecise and weak intention forces one to use will, will leads astray by compelling one to use force. Let things happen, that's the secret, just make sure your intention is clear. And be aware also that this intention does not belong to you, it emanates from the consciousness-energy of all-that-lives. Contemplate the Great Game with detachment and see how everything happens without your having to act. Or barely, only when necessary, just to give a little prick, in the same way the acupuncturist does to heal: a needle here and there is all that is needed to help the energy of the body circulate well."

"Yes, but it is all a matter of choosing the right point and the right moment to insert the needle."

"You will know the time and you will know the place because you are Amba. You will know it as we now know that something is beginning. From this day on, you are no longer my daughter, you are Amba, who will officiate at the Mutation Ceremony. I am here to help you, not to transform you nor tell you what you will have to do. Amba, you are already who you will be. I am content to help you fully realize it. I am showing you that you have nothing else to do but be yourself."

"Which, according to you, implies abandoning my seriousness."

"It's a condition for not creating an obstruction. Detached from the result of your actions, you will see them accomplished as if by themselves. Then you will realize the greatest secret of the universe: it's enjoyable! This is the Game of Creation: projecting your intentions, living them as an embodied creature in this physical universe, enjoying the experience, and enjoying even more the

overall process of creation. This is how you will witness the birth of *Homo consciens*, of which our current species is only a rough draft. It will be born out of a cosmic orgasm. Guess what the star felt when it exploded? Guess how Ampa learned of this explosion?”

“Mamma, I’ve always had a feeling about all this. But knowing it doesn’t stop me from feeling inadequate. I know that the star is exploding because all-that-is is what it is and I am what I am here and now. I know that the mutation will begin with the arrival of its blast. I know that all these events are one and the same: simultaneity between the explosion of the star now and the arrival of its blast in forty years; simultaneity of being here young and not confident, and being the one who, without doubt nor hesitation, will deliver *Homo consciens*. I know all this, but it doesn’t stop me from feeling overwhelmed, from being here right now only my Mamma’s little girl.”

“You are my daughter and you are Amba. I have my arms and my heart to welcome you as my daughter whenever you feel like playing at being my daughter. I have my knowledge, my intuitions, and my connection with all the Ambas of the past to help you realize yourself as Amba. I will make sure that you do nothing but be yourself, without deviating.”

“How?”

“Ha ha ha! By doing nothing, of course. Besides, it is starting right now. Look at these two approaching, they are bringing us a treasure we didn’t have to ask for.”

“And I assume that to benefit from it, we will at most have to insert a needle here or there?”

“That’s the general idea, even if in this specific case I sense some complications. Speaking of needles, you’ll have to schedule your tattoo session now that you have been chosen to succeed me. You know that for us, Amba, tattoos cover the entire body, so start thinking about the symbols you want to see represented. It’s your destiny that will be engraved in your flesh. But here they are, we’ll talk about that later.”

"Hello Amba, hello Djan. Sorry to interrupt, we have something important to tell you, Amba."

"You're not disturbing us, we were chatting pleasantly, enjoying this sweet sunny spring."

"We found a sapiens passed out near the southeast shore of the lake. She's in bad shape."

"Very bad: she is pregnant with a nasty leg injury."

"Take her to my place. Come, my daughter, let us examine this treasure."

### ***In-Ara***

"So Mamma she is a sapiens. First time I see one."

"First time I see one so close. In my life I must have seen three or four, no more, and always at a distance. I think they often watch us but remain well hidden, and they run away as soon as they realize we're noticing them. Once, when I was young, maybe your age or a little older, I remember someone wanting to try an experiment to make contact. He hung some food from a branch visible from a well-marked path, but still inaccessible to the animals."

"I guess the food was left there to rot."

"Right. Either they didn't come back this way, or they didn't want the gift. As for us, we are going to accept their gift."

"Mamma, she is moaning, she must be in pain."

"Let's see what she has. Let's start by undressing her."

"Naked, sapiens look even more different from us."

"Don't be fooled by their appearance, inside, we are the same. We'll take care of her and the baby like any of us."

"She looks both young and old."

"She's taller than you, but I'd say you're about the same age, 13 or 14. Her life must be tough, and she doesn't get enough food every day."

“Still, she’s heavier than me. And she’s already pregnant and about to give birth while I haven’t even had my period yet.”

“Her belly is huge. Too young for pregnancy. They should have waited until she grew a little bigger.”

“She probably was not given a choice.”

“In any case, what’s done is done, we’ll have to help the child get out.”

“How are we going to do this? Besides, she’s burning with fever.”

“Her wound is infected. See how swollen her leg is.”

“Bad color and bad smell. In fact, her whole body stinks.”

“I don’t think we can save her leg. We’ll have to amputate it. And not wait too long, or the infection could kill both mother and child.”

“What if we have to choose between the life of the mother and that of the child?”

“No hesitation: I choose to save the child. He is the precious gift that Life sends us.”

“What do you mean, Mamma?”

“Mixtures are rich in new possibilities. We still have many cycles to go through, and we will not get through them by remaining isolated and withdrawn into ourselves.”

“Do you think this child will play a role in the genesis of *Homo consciens*?”

“Probably.”

“Aren’t we wasting time chatting like this? Her situation seems critical.”

“I’m thinking about what we should do while we talk.”

“And if the infection spreads, isn’t it dangerous for the child?”

“Probably if we wait too long. But who knows, that too could be rich in new possibilities<sup>1</sup>. In any case, I agree with you, we must

---

<sup>1</sup> Nearly 8% of our genome is of viral origin. Following infections of our ancestors by microbes, sequences of their DNA ended up in ours. Some of these sequences are still active and even essential, such as the one that codes for *syncytin*, a protein that allows the development of the placenta.

not wait any longer. First thing to do is to deliver the baby and second take care of her leg.”

“Given the size of the belly and the size of the woman, it will not come out naturally.”

“Right, it wouldn’t do any good to give her a potion to trigger contractions. We’ll have to cut her belly open, take the baby out, and sew it up again. An operation we haven’t performed for generations.”

“What to do then if this practice is lost?”

“We forgot it but it is not lost. I must be able to retrieve the information we need to perform this... ‘cesarean’, the ancestors just whispered the name to me <sup>1</sup>. While I go looking for information you will fetch the acupuncturist. He will have to anesthetize the patient because we cannot use hypnosis or give her opium, too dangerous for the baby. Then you find two people capable of taking care of the baby. You and I will proceed with the operations. Do you think you are ready?”

“Yes.”

“All right, my daughter. Now go, I’ll gather the information and prepare the instruments.”

### ***cesarean***

“Thank you all for coming so quickly, the situation is urgent. I’ll explain what we are going to do and we’ll do it right away. The young woman has passed out from fever and hypoglycemia. Djan and Hebahe, get her to swallow this drink I just prepared, it will

---

1 I witnessed something like this. With two friends we were visiting a Tibetan monk to ask him about a very technical topic. He said he didn’t have the answer but could look it up. He entered a state that, from the outside, I would describe as a trance. He emerged from it a few moments later and gave us the answer. An additional detail: his entire body was giving off a very strong heat, as if we were near a radiator.

rehydrate her and give her energy. You, Master Acupuncturist, you anesthetize her so we can open her belly without her suffering or making any sudden movements.”

“Her body is not so different from ours, I will find the points that cause anesthesia and then help alleviate post-operative pain.”

“Perfect. As soon as she is anesthetized, my daughter and I proceed with the cesarean section: you disinfect the abdomen, I cut the belly along this horizontal line I already drew above her pubis, you blot the blood, I pursue by cutting the uterus. As soon as you see the child, one of you takes it while the other cuts the cord. You take it away and do what needs to be done.”

“Don’t worry Amba, my daughter and I know what to do.”

“On our side, we pursue the operation: you take out the placenta, I sew up the uterus and then the belly. Without a break, we move on to her leg. Djan, you make her drink this opium while you, the acupuncturist, continue with your needles.”

“I will be able to limit bleeding and reduce pain during and after the operation.”

“Good. Djan, you disinfect a large area around the knee. I will cut the skin so that we can then fold it over the wound. I will not cut the bone. I will simply cut the tendons around the knee to separate the lower leg from the femur: it will be easier, faster, and less dangerous. The tricky part will be tying off the blood vessels. Then we will fold the skin over the wound, bandage it, and give her this drink to lower the fever, fight any residual infection, calm the pain, and nourish her. Any questions?”

“No.”

“All right. Disinfect your hands with this and let’s go.”

### ***wake up and escape***

“Mamma, you hear, she’s moving.”



"She slept well, let's go see how she is."

"Don't you think she is looking at us strangely?"

"She looks scared. I think she doesn't understand where she is or what's happening to her."

"How can we help her understand?"

"I don't know."

"Oh no! She wants to get up!"

"I hope she didn't fall on her stump."

"No, she would have screamed."

"Help me pick her up and put her back on the bed."

"Ouch! She hit me!"

"In-Ara, grrr!"

"Let's back off. She could easily pierce us with her spear. Let her go, she probably wants to rejoin her tribe."

"Mamma, did you see how she left without even seeming to look for her child?"

"I confess I don't understand. It seems we don't understand them any more than they understand us."

"And you saw that look she gave when she threatened us. It was as if she'd seen demons she was ready to slaughter."

"This time I understand her."

"Explain yourself, Mamma."

"If you saw yourself, my daughter! Your mouth is all covered in blood as if you had torn apart a living animal with your teeth. You really look like a scary demon!"

"Mamma! You are never serious."

"Come on, let me clean this up. It's not serious, just a slightly split lip. Press this tampon down on it, it'll stop the bleeding."

"Mamma, why did she hit me when we treated her and saved her child?"

“That’s what you think we did. But do you know what she thinks was done to her?”

“So that’s what this blow I took means: do not believe you know what others think.”

“A priceless lesson when you are to manage an important collective project.”

## INTERLUDE

### THE LIFE OF A LAKE

#### ICE BLOOD

The solar system shivers, and the Earth shivers in turn. With a slight rise in water temperature, the alga on the mud at the bottom of the lake comes out of dormancy. Another similar alga wakes up, followed by many others who have been waiting for this event for countless years. Time has come to accomplish the mission.

Slowly, unstoppable, their physiology reactivates. Things must be done in a precise order. First, draw on reserves to synthesize some gas that will inflate the vesicle in order to rise to the surface. Many find themselves trapped under the ice that covers the whole lake, prevented from rising further. Fortunately, a few take advantage of the currents and eddies caused by the ice's movements to enter tiny cracks until they reach the surface. Rediscovering the benevolent Sun pouring its white light through an atmosphere devoid of moisture. A cold light that the ice reflects almost entirely back to the sky. It doesn't warm. The algae are there to change that.

Light and water are all they need to multiply. The ice on the lake turns red <sup>1</sup>. The same light that a few days earlier was not warming is now absorbed by the ice instead of being reflected, enough to begin to melt it, faster and faster <sup>2</sup>. Soon it will be completely gone.

---

1 Idea inspired by algae *Sanguina nivaloides*, commonly known as *glacier blood* because when conditions are favorable, it proliferates on the ice giving it a pinkish-red tint.

2 It is the same phenomenon that we've all noticed: a dark car in the Sun is always hotter than a light-colored one.

Then the algae will deflate their bladders and let themselves fall back to the bottom. They will once again go dormant, waiting for the next call of life.

Along the shore of the lake, walks a human woman. Naked, tattooed from head to toe, she rejoices in the sight of this ice now covered with a red blanket. She rejoices even more in what it portends: soon she will be able to bathe and swim in the lake again. A little later, the energies of the Cosmos, the Sun, the Earth, and human intentions will converge to accomplish a great design, say a destiny.<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> After reading it, Corinne found that this interlude lacked characters. She suggested I introduce a dragonfly, wearing an anorak because it was still very cold, preferably blue. I decided not to follow up on her idea.

**THE LIOUX****SAME DAYS*****manhunt***

Our pair of messenger crows returns from their watch of the surrounding area. We understand that preys have been spotted. A scout must be sent to organize the hunt. The group chooses a young adult lioux because its brown fur blends perfectly into this coniferous landscape devoid of snow and ice. This will be its first mission of the kind. We hope he doesn't show too much recklessness, only to risk alerting the preys. We must not let them escape us. For some time now, we've had only rats to eat. Not so tasty, although nourishing. We're hungry for better meat. My little ones need to learn other tastes.

As the scout stealthily slips between the trees in the direction indicated by the crows, the rest of the group begins to get excited at the prospect of this hunt. With head butts, nibbles, growls, and the bristling of their manes, they build up the desire that will make the hunt a pleasure. It is with regret that I do not let their excitement overwhelm me. Above all is the safety of my two little ones. We move a little further away for fear they could be jostled or even injured by an unfortunate gesture.

The scout returns quickly, mission accomplished: a group of humans is camped nearby. They all freeze instantly. After a moment of pondering during which roles are assigned, they silently set off. The last tail disappears behind the trees, but I can still hear them:

they turn north to approach the preys from upwind. And then, all that remains of them is their individual and familiar scents, overcome by the scent of shared excitement.

The crows leave in turn. They follow them at a distance so as not to arouse the suspicions of the humans. We have long known that many of them are very good hunters, capable, like us, of seizing the most subtle signs. If the hunt is successful, the crows will get their share for their role in the discovery of the preys. My little ones and I will also get ours: we will be brought back the best pieces, heart and liver.

They play, indifferent to what's going on down there. They climb onto my back, cling to my mane, and nibble at the back of my neck. I gently push them away with a nod, but each time they come back. Licking them calms them down a little before they start again. They'll soon calm down on their own when they come back to eat. We'll go into the den where they'll fall asleep while suckling.

I hear the fight has already begun over there. It's not going as well as hoped. What I feared has happened. Too reckless, our young scout has been seriously injured, I recognize his howl. Overexcited, the group has lost control of the situation. The attack failed, the humans fled. The lioux won't make the same mistake twice. I hear from the sudden silence that they are wise enough not to immediately start the pursuit in order to let the excitement die down. Surprise has worn off, but it doesn't matter, hunting down is also a pleasure for a patient and enduring lioux.

### ***the giant rats den***

The young ones suckle peacefully in the damp warmth of the den. What expert builders these rats! A vital art because of the visceral fear humans inspire in them. An art perfected by their long proximity: the two species are linked by a very ancient enmity that neither can forget. Humans fear rats and rats fear humans, but

both have learned to overcome their fears to engage in fierce battles. Even alone, a rat will not hesitate to attack them mercilessly and without regard for its own life. It is a matter of survival for the species. But if the rat is ferocious and cunning, the human is even more so. The outcome of battles is often to the detriment of the rats because of traps and throwing weapons. That's why, unless they attack in numbers, they strive to avoid direct confrontations. They have learned to protect themselves by building dens like impregnable fortresses: labyrinthine corridors where one can only find his way by subtle smells, countless exits perfectly hidden from human view, trapped entrances designed to collapse on unwanted visitors, tunnels that can be flooded...

These dens are designed for large families. They provide safe and comfortable shelter for a mother lioux and her cubs. The other lioux always stay outside, indifferent to the cold, the snow, or to other animals.

Taking over a giant rat den isn't easy. Humans can't do it. For us, the lioux, it is possible because our sense of smell allows us to locate all the entrances and exits they use, distinguishing them from those that are trapped. Humans have tried to use lioux to guide them, without success, as our species is so reluctant to submit. Taking over a den is a dangerous game that can only be accomplished by a well-organized gang. A lone lioux would quickly be massacred by rats attacking from all sides. It takes several lioux to monitor the various passages. By waiting patiently – the lioux is infinitely patient when not carried away by a collective frenzy – the rats eventually succumb to our fangs. A few swipes of claws to widen an entrance tunnel, and a mother like me can make a cozy nest for herself in the first large room of the den. Still, one must be wary of surprise attacks from rats that may have remained hidden in some corners of the labyrinth. They are very intelligent, we learned this the hard way. When my mother had a new litter after the one that saw me born, two of the three babies were killed. We learned to protect ourselves from these sneaky attacks by carefully

sealing with stones and branches all the other tunnels leading from the room.

This is where my children were born. Once weaned, the whole gang will set off again to explore the world. We appreciate nothing more than novelty: new landscapes to discover, new climates that stimulate our bodies, new prey to play with. But what gives us the most joy outside of hunting is simply trotting, alone or in a group, intoxicating ourselves with bodily sensations as a reason for being in the world and thus making the world exist. We are tireless discoverers of paths that reveal a telluric alphabet. We are tireless tracers of paths that echo cosmic events. All these paths change a landscape and change all the beings who inhabit it, offering them opportunities to transform themselves in order to transform the world in return. Never stop setting out again, so are we the lioux, such is our place in the Game of Earthly Life.

Soon. Before that my little ones still have to grow up. Until then, we'll stay around this shelter. It's comfortable, no doubt. But always with rats a discomfort remains. It's not the smell because, having eaten them, they became us, and now we are a little bit like them. It's more subtle, like the whiff of their thoughts that permeate the places they occupied. Simple thoughts dominated by this obsession: hatred of humans.

### *dreams*

Suckle my little ones, feed on this milk that I make from the flesh of the rats. It is good for you because I do not hate them. Remember this: never hate the preys you kill to devour them.

Suckle my little ones, it is my pleasure to feel your little mouths sucking my teats and your little paws kneading my belly, my pleasure to hear your moans of satisfaction, to lick you, filling you with my scent and filling me with yours. Soothing pleasure.



Rats. Small and white. Lots of rats in as many wire cages. Sometimes humans pass among the cages. Human giants, also covered in white, who throw us tasteless food, take us and handle us roughly, drop us into boxes with no exits, demanding incomprehensible actions from us.

Forced to run down a narrow, odorless, labyrinthine corridor. Buzz! Ouch! What is this terrible shock shaking my whole body? Buzz! Ouch! What should I do? Run? Buzz! Turn around. Here, a new path. Buzz! Turn around. I run, it hurts, I can't breathe, my heart races. Buzz! There, a tantalizing smell, towards that other path. Over there, a piece of cheese. I run. Alas, just as I'm about to reach it, a hand grabs me, lifts me up, and throws me into a tiny cage with transparent walls. How horrible: there behind the glass, a brother lies on his back, legs spread, belly open, organs spread out. The human giant in white comes back to throw something at me. A liquid that gives off a terrible odor. My head spins. The world fades away.

A nibble wakes me. The memory of the rats disappears instantly. I turn my head: everything is fine, the babies are still suckling while they sleep, I can doze off again.

"Rudy, Rudy!"

I run to him wagging when he calls me in that cheerful tone. He gently moves his hand forward, places it on my forehead, and gently strokes me between the eyes. I like it. But I like even more when he does it there, under the chin. It's the sign we agreed upon: he is now going to put on his big shoes, the ones that smell of animals and make noise, he is going to take his stick that clatters on the ground, and we are going to go walking in the mountains.

But today is different. I wait behind the window, looking far down the alley he usually comes from, attentive to the slightest sound. I do as I always do, only knowing he won't come. I pretend to calm myself down because I know he'll never call again:

“Rudy, Rudy!”

He will never pet me again, he will not wear his big shoes that smell of animals, we will never go for walks again.

Someone is coming. I know it's not him. She's been here before. We don't like each other much. She is here only to throw food on my plate and let me out for a short time before locking me in again. She'll leave without having shown the slightest affection. As expected, she throws the food. I look at it without touching it. She makes sounds I don't understand, to which I respond with barks. She opens the door, this is the opportunity, I dash forward, push her aside, and run, run, run. Without knowing how, I find myself in this place of aligned flat stones that smells of death. I run down the paths without looking at anything. Suddenly I feel compelled to stop, like before when I was held by the leash that connected us. His face is on the stone, I recognize him, but it's not the real him. I lick him anyway, knowing he won't return the caress. I crash against the stone as if I could sink into it and disappear. Yes, that's the thing to do: stay here until I disappear, until I become less than a memory.

When I wake up, night covers the sky. I love the night, it awakens a buried force within me, the one that now drives me to howl like my ancestors did. And now, in the distance, a similar howl answers me. There is still life for me out there. So I run, I run, I run towards it.

### ***woman hunting***

A tiny twitch in my muzzle pressed to the ground wakes me up. It repeats itself, like a small, regular shock, almost in time with my heartbeat. Getting closer. Not a natural sound, not an animal, definitely human.

Wake up my little ones and follow me. Stay behind and hush. Let's settle down here to wait for her. Breathe silently and do not move. Today I am going to teach you how to kill a human without

inflicting pain. You must watch her breathing and attack on her inhalation, that's when she is most vulnerable: less alert, less reactive, and no pain if you surprise her by sinking your fangs deep into her throat. I'll show you how to open the body to access the good parts, the heart and the liver. And then I will teach you how to show respect to humans when they offer us their bodies: we mark our respect by leaving their faces intact. It is the way to behave because they are our equals. When the gift of their flesh is made, even if you don't feel full, you will not touch the face. Dig a hole or search for a crevice in the rock, bite the neck even deeper until the head is detached, place it in the hole and cover it with stones. The rest of the body will be left to the scavengers.

Listen: her limp is intensifying, she's very close now. Sniff gently. Do you smell? The unmistakable scent of a woman. She's coming straight toward us to give herself to a life larger than herself.



**AMBA-DJAN'S APPRENTICESHIP****A FEW MONTHS LATER*****two dragons***

"Mamma, I know what my tattoo looks like, I saw it in a dream last night."

"Tell me."

"In the dream, I see myself from the outside. On my body, two intertwined dragons<sup>1</sup> that come to life from my movements. Each tail starts at the instep of a foot and rises, winding around the legs. Their serpentine bodies cross at the pubis and then wind around the abdomen and torso. Their necks start at the back and each passes forward over a shoulder so that their heads are outlined on the breasts."

"Splendid! A single dragon is already a symbol of power and life, but when two unite, their power is multiplied. Moreover, thus intertwined, they represent the molecule of terrestrial life. During the Mutation Ceremony you are destined to lead, it is precisely that molecule that will be rearranged in our species. A perfect projection onto your body of your life plan. Have you told your father about it? What does he say?"

"Same as you. He also gave me these stones that are to become the dragons' eyes."

---

<sup>1</sup> These are not Western-inspired, evil, fire-breathing dragons, but Chinese-inspired, beneficial ones.

“Two small garnet beads and two amethyst beads: excellent choices. They shouldn’t be implanted too deeply under your skin for their colors to show through.”

“That’s what he said too.”

“You are aware that the completion of such a work will take weeks and will be painful.”

“I guess so, Mamma.”

“So prepare yourself by practicing self-hypnosis exercises thoroughly. This will help you endure the long sessions and the pain.”

“Yes, Mamma.”

“Consider yourself lucky, our acupuncturist is also a talented tattooist. Unlike his predecessor, who decorated my body with those shapeless spots. And since you are young and still growing, if you start now, he’ll make sure your benevolent dragons grow with you.”

### ***the secret ingredient***

“Djan, my daughter, you now know well how to prepare the aya.”

“Yes, Mamma. I know how to choose the right plants, prepare them, mix them in the right proportions, and cook them for the right amount of time. I know which ingredients to add depending on whether it is for healing, stimulating collective decision-making, exploring territories, or having a glimpse of the future. And I also know how, if in doubt, to contact Aya’s spirit directly for information.”

“That’s good, my daughter, you learned very quickly. You also learned to travel with the aya without getting lost in the various planes of the spirit world. You now know that this physical world in which we live is only a projection of these psychic dimensions.”

“Yes, Mamma, I know, but it took me a while because it contradicts so much our naive experience of objects, space, and time. But after all these trips, and also after discussing with you and Pappa, my point of view has reversed: it is for me evident now that our world is nothing but a collective hallucination, a co-creation of a multitude of spirits.”

“I admire you, my daughter. I acknowledge that at your age I was not that mature and I was far from understanding all that. Let’s say I was more of a dilettante. My mother wasn’t worried about it. The slow pace of my apprenticeship matched the slow pace of hers as a teacher. With you, it is the opposite, I have to adapt to the speed of your progress. Anyway, let’s get back to the preparation of aya. You’ve tried it several times with success, but?”

“But no matter how scrupulously I follow your recipes, my preparations are never as powerful as yours. Something’s missing.”

“That, I’ll teach you today.”

“Take a cup, dry it well and pour some water into it.”

“There.”

“Taste it and put the cup down. Don’t keep it in your mouth for long, just stick to the first impression.”

“Just ordinary water, no particular taste.”

“Now take the cup back and taste it again.”

“Mamma! What have you done? The taste has changed!”

“Taste it again.”

“That’s weird, it is kind of salty now. Did you do something to change my perception or did you actually change the water?”

“I didn’t do anything to you, my daughter, but it’s good that you ask.”

“So what did you do?”

“Simply project an intention into the water.”

---

<sup>1</sup> While visiting a wine cellar with some friends and relatives, one of them performed a similar transformation on some wine.

“‘Simply’ you say, but it can’t be that simple, otherwise everyone would do it.”

“Good point. In fact everyone does it all the time, except that they do it completely unaware, hence this disorder in human experiences.”

“While you do it consciously?”

“Yes, or at least I try most of the time. And I assure you it is very simple. You yourself agreed a moment ago that this world is only a projection of psychic dimensions so...”

“so the mind must be able to change the taste of water just by intention. But Mamma, believing it is possible is one thing, making it happen is another.”

“When you decided to taste the water, your arm stretched out, your hand took the cup and brought it to your lips, all as an immediate response to your intention. Because it was clear, because you had no doubts, it happened without you paying the slightest attention to how it was going to be done.”

“So it’s the same for changing the taste of water: have a perfectly clear intention, and then witness its materialization without any other intervention.”

“It is the same indeed. And the same goes for everything that happens in this world, which you must now consider an extension of your own body. There are, of course, some limitations, but we’ll talk about them another time. In any case, you, as Amba, must perfect your mastery of this Game of Creation. See how easily plants and insects coevolve to the point of materializing extravagant forms. We humans don’t have the same ease as those kingdoms, so entangled we are in our doubts, our prejudices, our contradictory beliefs, our futile concerns, and other poisons of the mind. I persist in telling you it is simple. But simple does not mean easy. Your father had an excellent idea in giving you these garnet and amethyst stones: they will help you gain confidence and concentration.”



“Now I understand how you potentiate your aya preparations. You use a secret ingredient you hadn’t revealed to me before: intention.”

“You’ll soon learn how to use it, and better than me. I have no doubt. But first you have to practice with water like I just showed you. At first you’ll probably achieve nothing or just anything. Don’t worry, persevere, and then one day something will click and you’ll know how to do it as naturally as stretching out your arm.”

“And then I can apply the same process to the aya?”

“Yes, provided you choose your intentions carefully, all the more so when your preparation is intended for others than yourself.”

“I’ll make sure of that, Mamma.”

“I’m sure of it. One last warning. I know you well, my daughter, you are going to take this as a job and devote yourself to it with all the seriousness and determination you can muster. That’s not how it shall be done. Make it a game, not an exercise. That’s the essence of my mother’s teaching that I’m passing on to you. Play with the circumstances that present themselves. Are you thirsty? Then play at making the water sweeter or more acidic, depending on your mood at the time. Whether it works or not, don’t insist. Sprinkle these little games into your daily life, let it become a habit. Couldn’t be simpler, don’t you think?”

### ***aya trip without aya***

“Mamma, I have one more question.”

“Tell me.”

“If the intention is so effective, then one should be able to obtain effects similar to the aya without using aya.”

“We have been using aya for millennia, you can imagine that many of us asked themselves the question.”

“And?”

“Your father is proof that you are right.”

“I didn’t know he had this talent.”

“It is a little more complicated. Let me tell you. It was several months before you were born, even before you were conceived. I was the one who oversaw his first session with aya. It was precisely to prepare him for the ceremony of our union during which you were to be conceived.”

“You don’t say!”

“I’ll explain to you another time how Amba and Ampa plan the next Amba. In short, I followed the usual procedure: I told your father not to eat anything since the day before, to drink plenty of water but to stop taking it a few hours before the session. You know your father, he followed my instructions scrupulously. So there he was with an empty stomach. With confidence he drank in one gulp the cup of aya I offered him. This immediately caused such nausea that he vomited all he had just swallowed. Since he still had the cup in his hand, he had the reflex to put it under his mouth and it filled with all the aya he had just drunk. I took it back and gave him another, which he refused. An awkward silence fell. Just to do something, I started beating the drum. And here’s your father leaving for the spirit world as if he had really taken the aya! ”

“Amazing! So he had a typical aya experience without aya.”

“It was such a beautiful experience that he was in awe and wore a bright smile I had never seen before. I was lucky enough to see that smile again when you were born. But enough of this sentimentality.”

“And then?”

“Well, the experience never repeated itself. After that, he always needed to take aya to travel to other dimensions. Like yours, like mine, his body got used to it.”

---

1 This is exactly what happened to me when I took ayahuasca and had the extraordinary water-body experience that I describe in Chapter 4, attributing it to Lucy. Since then, I’ve been wondering: what caused the experience?

“I’m sure you must have wondered a lot about what happened that day.”

“Of course, and we still don’t understand. The only valid conclusion is that it is indeed possible to experience aya without aya. But for mysterious reasons, we can’t master it. The game of intention seems sometimes to show limits!”

“I suspect you must have tried to overcome them. In any case, it means that our bodies already know how to produce their own psychotropic drugs equivalent to aya.”

“Yes, but we haven’t found a way to control this production, just as we don’t directly control our heartbeat, only indirectly through breathing, for example. Another sign of the immaturity of our species.”

“We can therefore imagine that a future species will have this capacity to modulate the production of endogenous psychotropic molecules.”

“What are you thinking about, my daughter?”

“I begin to see how I am going to contribute to the Mutation Ceremony.”

“So you understand that you won’t just be the organizer, you will be the mastermind behind it. Your most important contribution won’t be visible.”

“I know: imagine the outlines of a new humanity and project the intention into the aya that the participants will absorb to perform a union ceremony during which they themselves will have to project this intention to fertilize not just a new embryo but a new species. Phew! I’m feeling dizzy. Saying it isn’t easy enough, let alone doing it... As for convincing myself that it’s going to be up to me...”

“Being aware of your role is crucial, but once again, don’t try to force things, don’t get obsessed over it. You have several decades ahead of you for all this to mature. One day you will realize that the intention is there in your mind, so clear and obvious that it will surprise you because it will happen all of a sudden when you no

longer think about it. Like a fruit falling from the tree at full maturity. And always remember that you are not alone. It is not Djan's project, my daughter, that needs be accomplished. It is Amba's, mother of us all, countless sisters who have worked unfailingly for 40,000 years."

"Makes me feel more overwhelmed than reassured!"

"You will change your mind once you have experienced the meeting with Amba."

### ***the choir of sisters***

"Mamma, why do you hold your pipe?"

"For today's meeting, you need to stay clear-headed. Aya would be too strong. The smoke is enough to help you take some distance."

"What are we going to do?"

"Lie there on your back, close your eyes. I blow the smoke into your heart and into your head. Listen carefully to the words of my song, I will repeat them several times, absorb their meaning, and let them carry you away.

Amba Amba  
mother and daughter are sisters  
Amba Amba  
sisters are mother and daughter  
Amba Amba  
creates from sister to sister  
Amba Amba  
is created from mother to daughter  
Amba Djan  
your form seeks her heart  
Amba Djan  
your heart finds her form  
Amba Amba  
choir of sisters  
Amba Amba

Amba Amba  
Amba Amba

“Mamma, I’m crying, it’s so moving to feel united with such a soul. I know now that I am never alone. I am, we are each, a singular unfolding of the sublime entity Amba who creates us at the same time as we create her.”

“So you met our sisters.”

“I was as if multiplied, simultaneously facing each one. So many sisters that the details fade as soon as they are glimpsed. Traces remain of only two encounters, more striking than the others or more significant. First, a simple name projected forcefully into my mind: Amba-Rasta.”

“First of the line.”

“And then my grandmother, that I have never met but immediately recognized.”

“My mother. She sadly left this world too soon, barely after my training. Amba-Djan, it is from her you got your name. But you are very different: you serious and thoughtful, she intuitive and mischievous. Perhaps you will learn from her to let yourself be more fanciful? I am sure she played with you.”

“She let me see her tattoo, but she was manipulating the image, which changed very quickly: a flower opening, the petals becoming the lips of a sex, from this sex a body came out that was a replica of herself, which sports another replica, and so on ad infinitum. Faced with my perplexity, she burst into thunderous laughter, echoed by all the replicas.”

“Playful but profound at the same time. Let’s leave it there for this first lucid connection with Amba. You’ll see that with practice, the contacts will be much more direct and spontaneous. When you have a request, the answer will come to you immediately, like an intuition.”

“I guess that’s how you learned how to save the sapiens’ baby.”

“Exactly. Sometimes you won’t even realize when a thought comes to you whether it is from Djan or Amba. You will be simultaneously I-Djan, we-sisters, I-Amba. When that day comes, you will no longer be Djan, only Amba.”

“But for now I am still Djan, your daughter and humble apprentice who thanks you for everything you give me in addition to having given me birth.”

“In my arms, my wonderful sister Amba-Djan. Your training is almost complete. All that's left for you to do is have a stay in the cocoon when you feel ready. You will enter it as a child of the species and you will leave it as a mother of the species.”

## INTERLUDE

### COLLECTIVE BUILDING

#### COCOON

“Come, children, let’s sit under this master-tree, so that I can tell you how I participated here in the building of a cocoon for Amba.”

“You mean our Amba grandpa<sup>1</sup>?”

“Yes, our Amba. It was a long time ago, but I remember well. I was a little late, and when I arrived at the foot of that tree, I saw the branches and leaves moving strangely up there. A grimacing face emerged, and we all burst out laughing. Another branch moved, and this time we saw a body taking strange positions. It seemed so dangerous that we all gasped in apprehension. The acrobat did everything effortlessly. With a graceful movement, he stood upright on a large branch. He saluted, and we applauded. Their little show over, the two athletes got to work. They pulled up thick ropes with thin cables and then attached the ropes halfway up the trunk. Difficult job that left them puffing and panting.”

“Grandpa, what is it pufi and panti?”

“Puf-Fing and Pan-Ting, that means breathing hard because it is difficult. They tied twelve ropes, which those below, including me, fixed as they went along to as many sturdy stakes regularly spaced around the trunk in a circle six paces in radius. You can still perceive it by the color of the grass slightly lighter inside.”

“Grandpa, why do you call this tree master-tree?”

---

<sup>1</sup> At that time in this society, anyone old enough is considered the grandfather or grandmother of all the children, blood ties not counting for much, with some exceptions.

“It goes back many generations. How many? no one knows. As you can see, this tree is not the tallest or the largest. However, he is probably the oldest. Legend has it that he was planted by one of the first Amba and that all the others in this forest descend from him. In any case, he has the curious peculiarity of being a little apart. Receiving no shade from the others, its shape is perfectly balanced with branches extending equally in all directions. This is why he is the master-tree and why he was made the support for the cocoons. The one I built with the community is not the first and will not be the last: each generation must redo the work, and one day it will be your turn.”

“Is that why you tell us this story?”

“Yes, so that you understand that everyone has a role in the saga of the species. Back to my story. Once the twelve large cables were attached, the hardest part was done, but the work was far from over. We had to weave a secondary network of thinner ropes to this weft. Two ropes started diagonally from each stake, one to the right, the other to the left. They wound in a helix to the top and were attached to the main ropes.”

“I don’t understand nothing.”

“It doesn’t matter. Just understand that it formed a kind of large conical net, strong enough to climb on and work on securely. The two athletes put on another show, as much for the pleasure of those who had worked on the construction as to test its solidity with daring acrobatics.”

“What’s dazing?”

“Da-Ring. Let’s say it was dangerous.”

“Me too will do da-zing things when I grow up.”

“Waiting for you to give us a demonstration of your acrobatic skills.”

“Don’t believe me? I can stand on my head and hold it for a long time. Want to see?”

“I’ve already seen, thank you. I continue. After building this structure, we all moved on to another task, except for the acrobats



who had earned a little rest. Some chatting, some singing, some in silence, we went to another glade to pick armfuls of tall grass. Woven between the meshes of the net, the cocoon took its final form. But it wasn't finished."

"It's long!"

"Don't worry, I won't be long. And I'll finish faster if you stop interrupting me. So, once the grasses were woven, we split into three groups. The first dug a short tunnel to access the inside of the cocoon. The second prepared a nutrient solution made from clay and water in which plants had macerated, and they sprayed it onto the grasses. The last went to collect a particular species of lichen from the surrounding stones and trees to delicately place it on the grasses."

"Like the ones we see there?"

"Exactly. When well fed, they settle very quickly and multiply. In a few months, the cocoon is covered with a thin iridescent membrane, with a superb blue cast."

"And where were you?"

"I was part of the digging group. I was lucky enough to dig up a huge mushroom<sup>1</sup>. A most auspicious sign. We enjoyed it that same evening in the cocoon where the community gathered for an inauguration party. We were a little cramped, but it was good: we shared the large mushroom and other delicacies, we smoked more than was reasonable this mixture of herbs for which Amba has the secret and which makes you euphoric. It made us say stupid things that made us laugh a lot until our bellies hurt. Afterwards, some stayed to sleep in the cocoon, curious to know the dreams it inspires. The others preferred to go out, take advantage of the cool air to clear their heads, or find themselves in loving embraces between partners whose identities were made uncertain by the night and the effects of the smoke."

"And you, what did you do?"

---

1 Truffles weighing more than a kilo have been reported several times.

“Uh, I don’t remember very well. Anyway, in the morning we all left, and the cocoon was left to itself so as to enter into symbiosis with the master-tree and everything else living around.”

“So what is this cocoon for?”

“I’m getting to it. This cocoon was built for Amba. She alone returned there regularly until she felt it was ready to welcome her. Staying in a cocoon is the final stage in the formation of Amba. She becomes a chrysalis there, dreaming of the next incarnation of the species. I admit that most of us, myself included, don’t really know what that means, but we trust her. The story goes that some Amba stayed there only one night, while others stayed for a full year. There are no rules because each one is unique and each circumstance in which she incarnates is particular. In any case, each one knows when the time comes to leave the cocoon. It is said that Amba, who enters it as a child of the species, is reborn upon leaving as the mother of the species.”

“And how long did our Amba stay there?”

“She is a quick one, only two or three days as far as I remember.”

“Where is this cocoon you keep talking about?”

“Once Amba is reborn, the cocoon has no more use, so everyone comes back to dismantle it. But first, we party to celebrate her rebirth. Any excuse is good, isn’t it, to smoke, laugh, eat, loose oneself in loving embraces. After the party, when everyone had regained their senses, back to work. First, we delicately detached the lichen in patches and deposited them on rocks and trunks. The rest of the structure was dismantled and burned, the tunnel filled in. Everything will start again when the time comes to complete the formation of the next Amba. But nothing will be the same.”

“Grandpa, grandpa!”

“Oh your finger is bleeding!”

“I cut myself trying to climb the tree. I wanted to do like the acrobats in your story.”

“Too small for such a daring activity.”

“I’m not small, it’s the tree that’s too big.”

“Okay. Let’s take care of this cut. Children, do you know the song that heals wounds?”

“Yes!”

“Good. You lie down here and hold your hand up. The rest of us we sit around him and sing the healing song for the finger, it will stop the bleeding and help heal the wound.”



**PREPARATORY COURSE****37 YEARS LATER*****Amba***

“I have gathered you to give you the details of the training program you are called to follow. The moment of the mutation is drawing near, time has come to give you an overview of the project. You probably suspect what it is about, I have already discussed at length with each of you. I have chosen you because I know you well and I know the project. I consider you are all capable of participating, or better carrying out this project developed over millennia. I have no doubt you will wish to take part. However, at the end of this presentation you will be completely free to commit or not. If you choose to withdraw, there will be no consequences. But if you choose to commit, let it be clear that I will not tolerate half-measures. Be well aware that it is not your only existence that is at stake and will radically change, it is that of the species. Look around you: you can see that you are between 17 to 30 years old, which means you have the maturity to make informed decisions. Pay attention please: it is going to be a long and busy day.

“You see by my side Hebahe, she is master of cosmic sexuality, and Voupachen, he is master of meditation. They will speak later to explain the content and the goal of their teachings. As for me, my role is in some way to make the link between different planes and different times. Among other things, I will initiate you to aya.

“Some of you knew me as Djan before I was Amba. Understand that I am no longer that person, I am only Amba. Before me, my

mother was Amba. She recently faded from the earthly plane to let me accomplish this project which is the *raison d'être* of my present incarnation. But she still accompanies me from another plane. And with her, all the Ambas who came before, an unbroken lineage spanning over forty millennia. All their knowledge converges on me. The project they imagined converges on all of us gathered here today. These forty millennia of preparation are now squeezed between this moment when your initiation begins and the day of the first Mutation Ceremony to be held in six months.

"I have chosen six women and six men. You will lose your little self in the process like I did during my initiation . You will no longer be Luma or Stelli. You will all be Chi, you will all be Cho, symbols respectively of Energy and Consciousness, whose Union-Identity gives rise to all creation. Derived from the Cosmic Principle, your unions between men and women will give birth to our future, *Homo consciens*.

"All this is probably difficult to understand, seems even unreachable, so don't let yourself be overwhelmed by the feeling of your incompetence. As an ancient master said: 'A long journey begins with a single step.' Each day you will take a step, and without even realizing it, you will suddenly see that you have arrived. Also, be careful not to harbor a feeling of superiority. Everyone in the community plays their part in fulfilling the plan. Yours is to train for six months to perform the Mutation Ceremony. During this time, you will not participate in any of the usual community tasks. So be grateful to those who will ensure that you have nothing to worry about other than your training and the ceremony.

"This day is precisely the autumnal equinox. In six months, at the spring equinox, the first ceremony will be held, and six months later, again at the autumnal equinox, the second ceremony. For the first, I will select three men and three women from among you. The month before, each woman will prepare her cocoon where, as Chi, she will welcome the Cho. The ceremony will take place over one day. The three Cho will unite in turn with each of the three Chi. The

three men and three women who will not officiate will act as assistants and provide for the needs of the Chi and the Cho. The roles will be reversed during the second ceremony six months later.

“You can imagine that all this is only the surface. If it were simply a matter of practicing the sexual union of three women with three men to make babies, no training would be necessary. The particularity of the ceremony is that each union will take place in a state of consciousness modified by the aya. This is the difficulty and this is the reason for this training.

“But before going into these details, a practical consideration. For these six months, you will live isolated from the rest of the community. You will live precisely where we are now, in this secluded place prepared for the occasion. Men and women will sleep in separate dormitories that you see over there behind me. Listen carefully, this is very important: it is required that you women spend as much time together as possible in order to synchronize your fertility cycles. With the help of a few plants, we will ensure that you are all fertile on the day of the ceremony. And remember that you are Chi whenever petty and narrow-minded thoughts come to you, which will inevitably happen, as you will easily realize when you meditate. The same goes for you, future Cho. You will live in dormitories separate from the women and you must under no circumstances seek sexual encounters outside of those scheduled by Master Hebahe. I add that some teachings will bring everyone together, others will be specific to each gender.

“Your training includes three main topics, each developed over six months:

- mind control with Master Voupachen
- cosmic sexuality with Master Hebahe
- exploring the confines of your mind with myself

I’ll start, then it’ll be Master Voupachen’s turn, and finally Master Hebahe’s. Any questions before I continue?”

“Why now?”

“A convergence of terrestrial, cosmic, and human factors. You know that the climate has warmed somewhat in recent years. This should last a few centuries before the ice regains the upper hand. We must take advantage of this easing of the survival constraints. If these conditions persist long enough as predicted, the ceremony will be repeated in a generation with the children born to the previous one, and so on. Moreover, the blast of a star that exploded years ago is beginning to pass through us precisely at this moment. As for the human factor, I simply feel that we are ready, that you are ready. Let’s take a short break and I’ll tell you about aya.”

### ***Amba’s aya***

“What you will have to experience at the moment of union is similar to what Amba and Ampa experience when they conceive the next generation of Amba. It is therefore a proven practice. Here is roughly how it goes. Each takes the appropriate dose determined by numerous experiences with the aya. When the bodies unite, the minds also unite and, thanks to the aya, jump into different dimensions of identity and perception. Their extensive experience of these states allows them to orient themselves without getting lost. They are able to identify with the sperm, the egg, the DNA molecule, to feel at the same time the presence of the soul, while enjoying this sublime manifestation of creative energy. This is how the sex of the embryo is selected so that the power of Amba is transmitted from mother to daughter.

Although derived from this practice, what you will experience during the Mutation Ceremony will be different. You must avoid identifying with the sperm, the egg, or the DNA. Until you have experienced the aya, I cannot tell you in which direction you should direct your attention, you would not understand. Just know that the spirit of the aya is very powerful. It can easily pull you in all



sorts of directions. This is why you will need to have many experiences to become capable of orienting yourself in these unusual dimensions. Your experiences at the recesses of the mind will sometimes be pleasant, sometimes much less so, sometimes incomprehensible, but whatever the case, at the end of your training, you will no longer be surprised by what you encounter. The multiplication of experiences will also allow to define precisely the correct dose for each one, strong enough to arouse the required state, weak enough so that attention retains its ability to orient itself. From the first experience, you will realize that this is very difficult. Not getting lost in these trips requires a great deal of concentration. This is precisely the goal of the training provided by Master Voupachen to teach you how to control your thoughts.”

### ***Master Voupachen's meditation***

“I won't make a long speech. Instead, I suggest a little experiment. Close your eyes and breathe quietly through your nose. Inhale, exhale, and on the exhale, count 1 internally, inhale, exhale while counting 2, and so on up to 12. When you reach 12, you simply start again at 1, etc. I brought this incense stick, a span long, whose complete combustion is used to measure the duration of a meditation session. I cut off a tiny piece, as long as a finger. The exercise begins when I light it and ends when it goes out. I will clap my hands to signal the beginning and the end. Very simple indeed, no further explanation needed.”

“clap”

...

“clap”

“Just by looking at your bodies and faces, I know that none of you managed to keep count of your breaths for the entire duration of the incense burning. I don't think anyone will say otherwise? ...

To reassure you, know that with regular practice you will achieve this.”

“What does ‘regular’ means?”

“Two incense sticks in the morning upon waking, two sticks in the evening before going to sleep. And to balance these long periods of bodily immobility, because your mind will be extremely active most of the time, you will also practice intense physical activities: swimming in the lake and long walks. I would like to point out that these activities are deliberately chosen because they can be practiced as moving meditations. You will gradually come to make your days one of uninterrupted meditation.”

“Thank you, Master Voupachen. I forgot to underline the importance of physical exercise. To return to your teaching, I think you all understand now how important it is. If you are already unable to control the torrent of your thoughts in a normal state of consciousness, you can imagine that under the influence of the aya you will be even less able to maintain a clear and firm focus on your goal.”

### ***Master Hebahe's cosmic sexuality***

“Of the three topics of your training, this one is undeniably the most enjoyable: sexuality. But make no mistake: you think you know, but with Master Hebahe, you're about to discover the extent of your ignorance.”

“This initiation has two main objectives. One is for each of you to acquire full knowledge of your own sexuality so as to achieve extreme pleasure during the ceremony. I remind you that this will take place under aya, which will require special training to be able to experience sexual arousal and unite physically. The other objective is for you to know each of your partners intimately, and vice versa. For example, you shall not be surprised during the

ceremony by an inappropriate gesture. No surprise should disturb your concentration.

“Here’s how your training will unfold. The first phase will be individual. You will all have to explore your body on your own until you know it intimately: the erogenous zones, the practices that increase arousal, those, on the contrary, that make it fall back. Everyone is different, and you won’t be able to unite satisfactorily with anyone if you don’t know what suits you. It’s not up to the other person to guess, even if it’s sometimes possible, it’s up to you to show them.

“In a second phase, armed with this knowledge, each man-woman couple will experiment until they know what works best for them. There are two objectives to keep in mind during this phase. A practical objective: to become capable in the altered state of consciousness brought about by the aya to practice sexual union with sufficient desire and aptitude to achieve pleasure. A spiritual objective: to understand that before achieving union with another one, it is first necessary that each of you achieves the union between bodily sensations and the state of meditation, and for this you have to learn to go slowly in a relaxed state, plus to be detached from the result.

“During the third phase of the training, we will return to individual practices but this time under aya. Initially, it will involve the practice of masturbation to familiarize yourself with the amplification of sensations that the aya provides. Secondly, thanks to visualization exercises that Master Voupachen will teach you, you will train yourself to achieve ecstasy independently of sexuality. You can guess how all this will converge on the day of the ceremony towards a cosmic ecstasy that will accompany the conception of *Homo consciens*.”

“Excuse me for interrupting, Hebahe, but I just want to clarify something, especially for the younger ones. You’re not here to establish romantic relationships that would sooner or later degenerate into harmful feelings like jealousy. If that were to

happen, don't hesitate to talk with us. We all work in trust here, nothing is taboo, but let's try to avoid anything that would deviate us from our goal."

"You are right, Amba. I also wish to add that it is not forbidden to have feelings. We're not all the same, it's natural for us to have a greater inclination towards this or that person. But this shouldn't deviate into the search for an exclusive relationship. The whole point of the ceremony is to be a collective effort, never forget that. I suspect that the older among you will be more immune than the younger ones, but you never know, so be vigilant. Master Voupachen wants to add something."

"If disturbing thoughts arise in you, whatever they may be, you will not be able to ignore them because they will impose on you insistently during the daily meditations. You will learn to be fully aware of them, then you will know how to watch them pass as simply as clouds pass."

"Before you ask me any questions, I have one for you: who is a virgin? ... Come on, no hiding anything please, we trust each other and it's not an illness!"

"Me."

"And me."

"You young man?"

"Stellis."

"Stellis, it will be simple, I will do your initiation. As for you, young lady?"

"Luma."

"Luma, you will come see me and I will tell you everything there is to know. Now go ahead, ask your questions."

"I assume it is not a good idea to get pregnant before the ceremony."

"Indeed, it will have to be avoided, in several ways. As Amba said, women's cycles will synchronize by living together. But it won't happen immediately. So in the meantime, no man-woman intercourse. This will coincide with the first phase of the training I

mentioned, during which everyone will explore their sexuality alone. Then, when group play takes place, it will necessarily be at times I choose to eliminate any risk of fertilization. Other questions?”

“Sometimes when I come a lot of liquid squirts from my vagina, it bothers me and my partners.”

“Don’t worry, nothing abnormal. It is neither urine nor vaginal lubricant, but a specific secretion that some women produce in abundance during orgasm.”

“I’ve never had any.”

“Me neither! Everyone is different, and those who don’t experience this ejaculation aren’t abnormal either. This example shows the importance of knowing yourself well, and that your partners know you well too.”

“As a man with some experience, I know the complexity of female sexuality compared to male sexuality, so I don’t really see what we can work on alone, apart from masturbating while dreaming of real breasts, real buttocks, and a real vagina.”

“Who among you men knows that it is possible to orgasm without ejaculating? ... No one? ... Who knows how to hold back your ejaculation while keeping your member hard to bring a partner who needs time to orgasm? ... No one? So you see that you still have things to learn.”

“What about oral sex?”

“Anything that increases pleasure is good. However, I won’t be telling you anything new by saying that this isn’t how babies are made. Pleasure is paramount, but don’t forget the goal. The only use it could have in our context would be for the woman to awaken a languid virile member. But even that, I don’t recommend. Know that when you unite under the influence of the aya, it won’t be easy to juggle positions.”

“What about anal sex?”

“Again, this is not the natural way to have children. However, anal stimulation is not to be avoided, especially since it has the

advantage of being easy to perform without having to change position. For some men, digital stimulation of the prostate”

“in other words, a finger in the ass!”

“Thank you for this reformulation which is more understandable for everyone. So, for some men, sticking a finger into the anus increases the intensity of orgasm. And for some women, the anus is a great erogenous zone, the stimulation of which considerably increases pleasure. During sexual intercourse, this stimulation can be provided by oneself or by the partner, depending on the position adopted. The important thing, as I always come back to, is that you know yourself well and let your partners know what suits you. Again, there should be no surprises or embarrassment during the ceremony.”

“And hygiene?”

“Very important: never let a finger or any object that has penetrated an anus then enter a vagina. Don’t stupidly catch diseases.”

### ***Amba, closing of the day***

“Thank you, Hebahe. We are not going to exhaust the subject today, you’ll have the opportunity to delve deeper into it and ask her all the questions you want over the next six months of training. I’ll just note in passing that this subject fascinated you more than counting your breaths. This is a good indication of what you’ll need to focus on. Master Voupachen is certainly looking forward to all the time you’ll spend together until you can count to twelve. This humorous note concludes this day of presentations. I have only one thing to add: go home, sleep on all this, and make your decision tomorrow. Those who accept the challenge can come tomorrow whenever they want, the day will be devoted to settling in and exploring the place. I don’t think I’ve forgotten anything.”

“Yes, you forgot one thing. You will live outside the community and be exempt from the usual chores, but you will be expected to perform a minimum of tasks here, including meal preparation and maintenance.”

“I hope this clarification won’t put anyone off. I hope we’ll see you all here tomorrow.”





## LUMA

## GLIMPSES OF HER INITIATION

*first meditation*

“clap”

Incense too strong; stings the eyes and tickles the nose; not pleasant; not really unpleasant either; smells good behind the irritating smoke; next time I sit further away, if possible.

If there is a next time.

What am I doing here sitting cross-legged on the floor trying to count my breaths? Impossible to concentrate with everyone else nearby making noises while breathing. And what's the point of counting your breaths? That's not how we're going to create a new species. I don't understand what Amba wants, I shouldn't have come, I'm going to get up and leave. But I can't, I agreed, so...

1 ... 2 ... ouch! Already hurts, in my left buttock, sitting on something that pricks, lift myself up a little without making a noise and remove it ... a twig ... there, I start again

1 ... 2 ... 3 ... need to pee, even though I did just before but it comes back, urgent, don't get up, wait, breathe, breathe, don't think about it, breathe, in a moment I go see Hebahe

1 ... 2 ... no more urge to pee ... 3 ... ouch! stiff legs, how is it for others?

1 ... and the master, how does he do that every day for hours for years? And why does he do that? And why do I do that?

1 ... ouch! tingling in my legs, and my shoulders all tense, and these damn breaths impossible to count, never get to 12, anyway it's

no use, I'm useless, I shouldn't have come but Amba said..., why did she do this to me?

"clap"

***defloration***

"Come in, Luma. How are you feeling?"

"..."

"You're right, there's nothing to say, my question is stupid. You're tense and I assume the first meditation session with Voupachen didn't help."

"It's difficult."

"How old are you?"

"16. I'll be 17 in the spring."

"Most girls your age already have plenty of lovers, does that bother you?"

"No. Some say I'm not like the others, but that doesn't bother me. Not interested anyway."

"Do you feel at home here in the group?"

"Don't know. Amba says it's important that I'm here, but I don't know why."

"She must know something we don't. Anyway, you're here with me today to do something very special, remember?"

"Yes."

"I am going to ask you some very intimate questions, does that bother you?"

"..."

"Let me put it another way: if you don't feel like dealing with this today, we can postpone it to another day."

"No, it's fine. Today is good."

"Okay. Have you ever masturbated? Do you know what the word means?"

"Yes, I know. Yes, I did, sometimes."

"And?"

"It's nice, but I don't understand those girls who say it makes them rise to heaven. It's just a little pleasant, like stroking the fur of a friendly animal."

"Do you know what the hymen is?"

"Mamma told me. All girls have that, not boys."

"Have you ever looked at it? Touched it?"

"Touched, yes. Could almost put a finger through the hole but I didn't dare."

"It's good that you've started exploring your body. And it's also good that your hymen is relatively open, it means it won't hurt. I have three important things to tell you. The first is to forget everything other people have told you about that. Most of them don't know anything about it and only make things more difficult. The second important thing is that most of the time it doesn't hurt and it hardly bleeds if you do it right. Finally, the third important thing is not to entrust this to a boy, almost all of them are ignorant and incompetent. It is your body, it is up to you to take the initiative to open your hymen. Do you agree?"

"Yes."

"Good. Here's what I propose. See these two objects?"

"Looks like..."

"Yes, this bigger one is made to look like an erect male penis, and this smaller one is sort of a scale model."

"They shine?"

"I coated them with a special oil. I'll explain the procedure to you. You'll start by masturbating until you feel that your vagina is well lubricated, that is to say wet, which is what will prevent it from hurting. Then you take the smaller of the two objects and insert it into your sex until you feel it hit the hymen. There you have the choice for tearing the membrane: either very gradually or by pushing suddenly. It's up to you."

"Suddenly I want."

“Good. Then you move the object back and forth in your sex several times. It won’t necessarily be very pleasant, but in any case it won’t be painful, nor irritating with what I put on it. If everything goes well and you feel like it, you do the same thing with the other object. That way, when you go for the first time with a boy, it won’t hurt and you’ll already have an idea of the sensations his sex will give you in yours. Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

“Do you want to do it?”

“Yes.”

“Then I’ll leave you. Take your time. I’ll come back later and answer any questions you have.”

“Yes.”

### ***meditation***

“clap”

1 ... 2 ... 3 ... 4 ... Patahe has shied away again; she hasn’t done her part of cleaning up; we don’t know if we should tell Amba; we haven’t told her

1 ... 2 ... still have knee pain

1 ... 2 ... 3 ... Master Hebahe chose the oldest and most experienced man for my first experience of union: Tataga; he is gentle, he is kind, he smells good, she chose well; he did everything well and my body let it happen without resisting; it’s strange, I hardly felt anything but my body took a lot of pleasure because my sex was wide open and the water of ecstasy spurted out; I realized it when Tataga’s laughter brought me out of my reverie; a kind laugh; he said that we should taste this precious liquid<sup>1</sup>: it was good; he

---

1 Taoist and tantric practices discussed in Stephanie Haerdel’s book, *Fontaines* (Lux publisher 2021).

said that we should not waste it, that next time he would collect it in a cup and we would drink it; I smile remembering we had a good laugh;

1 ... where was I while my body was enjoying itself? as if my spirit was soaring far above, like a bird carried by the wind up into the clouds; I was so well up there in the light, as if I were returning home, my true home...

1 ... 2 ... I won't be surprised anymore the next time I unite with a boy, I will be completely present, I will feel everything and it will be

“clap”

### ***prelude to the first aya trip***

“I'll explain to you how the experiences with the aya will unfold. Be attentive because the aya's spirit is very powerful, and as long as you don't master your own, it can take you on journeys where you might feel lost.

“To begin, you will form pairs. Man-woman, man-man, woman-woman, it's up to you, the important thing is that you trust your partner. Luma and Tataga, you pair up, and I will also stand by your side during the session. Is that done? Then I continue. One member of the pair will take the aya and the other will assist. Assisting means being attentive to the slightest need, such as drinking, holding out a bowl if the person feels like vomiting, helping them get out if they feel the need, letting me know if they have an anxiety attack. Don't worry if you feel like vomiting, it's the usual reaction to aya at the beginning. If you have any doubts about what to do, don't hesitate to call me.

“The assistant has another important role, which is to beat the drum. Simply follow the rhythm I set. And if you hear me stop playing to attend to someone, don't interrupt, continue to the same rhythm.

“Last important thing: show up to the session on an empty stomach.”

“Does this also apply to assistants?”

“No, of course, only those who are going to experience the aya. You must not eat anything since the previous evening, but don’t hesitate to drink plenty of water. However, stop drinking a few hours before the session, otherwise you will constantly need to pee. Those who are having their first experience tomorrow must not eat anything starting tonight. The day after tomorrow, roles will be reversed. Decide who will have the experience tomorrow and who will have it the day after tomorrow. For you, Luma, it will be tomorrow. Any other questions?”

“Should we keep our eyes open or closed?”

“Closed to immerse yourself deeper into the inner experience. A blindfold is even recommended.”

### ***aya, Luma’s first trip***

A pale blue bubble that pulsates and stretches into a thin horizontal line.

The line doubles to the rhythm of the drum, 2 4 8 parallel gray lines on a black background which turn as a block.

The lines stop horizontally and begin to undulate. They widen, become bright white, merge to form squares that become circles that become squares again...

Each form fragments into a multitude of swirling colored elements, colors more vivid than anything seen in this world.

Focusing on a colored form into which I sink. Each fragment in turn fragments into a myriad of new colored forms into which I immerse myself with delight.

The movement stops. Why? The vividness and depth of the colors fade and then disappear. Why? Only ordinary colors in ordinary

shapes now. The squares become rectangles and arrange themselves in a staircase. Gray steps on a black background. The circles become chubby little men who go up and down the steps and then hop in place. They hop, hop, hop, and hop without me being able to stop them, until that becomes annoying.

### ***meditation***

“clap”

1 ... it burns in my chest, right there in the middle; can't breathe anymore; I want to cry; force myself to breathe slowly, deeply, belly breathing like Voupachen showed us; and count the exhalations to 12

1 ... 2 ... Dad! Why isn't he like the others? Taller than the others, not the same hair, not the same skin, even his temperature isn't like the others'

1 ... why am I not like the others who do everything well as they are told? why is my mind not always with my body? why am I here?

1 ... 3 ... 5 ... Amba says that even if I don't understand I have to be here; don't understand, DON'T UNDERSTAND, DON'T UNDERSTAND! can't breathe anymore

“clap”

### ***aya***

Don't stop, keep walking, leaning on my stick. No, not a stick, a spear. Strange, I only have one leg. My heart is beating fast, I am breathing fast, the skin on my belly is burning, I am sweating under this thick fur coat. Strange, I've never worn a coat. I am

scared. I managed to run away for my life. Demons wanted to devour me. They took my son.

I would like to run, but I have to walk because of my leg. I've already fallen once. I'm alone, I'm hungry, I'm tired. Night will soon fall, and I have no shelter.

Two small red lights up ahead. They move slowly and stop. Two eyes staring at me. A lioux. Her mane isn't bristling, a sign that she's calm, but she's no less dangerous.

"In-Ara! Grrr!"

A lioux. Through the eyes of this magnificent body, I stare at this frail human walking towards me. I've been waiting for her for a long time. She makes so much noise with her staff that I heard her coming from afar. Now wedged against a rock, she points her spear at me. She's afraid, I can feel it, but she'll fight, she's brave. I wait. Not too long, I hear scavengers grunting in the distance. They heard her too. But she'll be me.

What a marvel this lioux body! Four legs that I know are capable of prodigious leaps, capable of trotting for entire days without getting tired. And this world of smells superimposed on a world of sounds superimposed on a world of shapes. Two baby lioux behind me, the smell of milk in my teats, the smell of fear in this human female whose desire to live is beginning to fade. Soon she will welcome me. I am a patient lioux. I teach this art to my babies.

"Human, you won't be able to hold out for long pointing your spear at me. Make up your mind, the scavengers won't have as much regard for you as I do, they'll make you suffer."

"In-Ara! Grrr!"

Grandmamma!!! My grandmother!!! Her son, my father!!!  
Saved, not kidnapped or eaten. Saved by Amba, the one before!!!  
Raised with love, my Pappa!!!



Quiet before me, the lioux and her two puppies, who also stare at me with their small red eyes. She waits for me to make up my mind. Her calm soothes me. Fear fades. I want to unite with her in death. I release my spear. The moment it touches the ground, my body becomes lioux while my spirit joins Ky-Or far up above the clouds, in those mountains where the weather is always fine and hunger and cold do not exist.

### ***meditation***

“clap”

1 ... 2 ... 3 ... 4 ... 5 ... 6 ... 7 ... 8 ... 9 ... 10 ... 11 ... 12...

burning hands

tingling running down my right arm, a line going down, a line going up, inflaming my cheek and around my right eye

it goes up to the top of my head, it itches, it pulls upwards, it opens and light comes in, bright yellow

1 ... 2 ... 3 ... 4 ... 5 ... 6 ... 7 ... 8 ... 9 ... 10 ... 11 ... 12...

“clap”

### ***before the ceremony***

“Only one more moon before the ceremony. You have all mastered your thoughts, your sexuality, and the aya. I have chosen for this first ceremony the three women who will be Chi and the three men who will be Cho. Luma, are you listening to me? ... You will now work on the intention... Luma, are you dreaming? ... No Tataga, leave her, let's leave her alone, she is perhaps the most advanced of us all, she no longer needs my words, she is receiving teachings from other dimensions.”

“Tataga, please take good care of Luma.”

“I know, Amba, she’s precious. But you don’t need to tell me, I always take care of her. I like her even if she’s a little, say different. She often gets lost in dreams and rarely sees me. But when she does see me, I make jokes and a beautiful smile lights up her face. I think she trusts me. So you see, you don’t have to worry.”

### *meditation*

...

### *aya*

My name is Lu. I love music. Especially the sounds that come out of a silver pipe. I don’t have the name for it, but I hear the music. I am the music, each note separately and all the notes together. I am the belly that blows the air, I am the fingers that plug and unplug the holes, I am the mouth and lips that sculpt the sounds. I become the air that vibrates. I am the spirit that hears the beauty of the world and makes it manifest to all. I am the primordial sound from which this universe is born. I am the ecstasy of creation that sets my body ablaze.

Another ecstasy, that of falling when, clinging to a rock face, my foot slips: death, what a delight!

I land on the shore of a lake. It’s warm. Flowers and grasses: I see the water and the light that make them. Colorful, fluttering insects: I see the air and the light that make them, I hear the information they exchange. Transparent humans look at me, smile at me, come

to me and embrace me. Our waters merge. Here I am, back in my next home. I cry, giving back the water of happiness to the life that makes us, exuding it from the eyes and spurting it from the lips below.



## LUMA

## MUTATION CEREMONY

*first round*

"Amba, it's terrible, nothing happened! The whole time I saw nothing but a tiny blue dot with nothing but black around it. Couldn't do anything. Couldn't even make it move."

"Maybe the dose of aya I gave you was too low."

"I don't know. I don't understand."

"Wait, let me think. Your experience is quite strange. Usually, when alone and with a dose like that, you travel easily far away to other planes. There must be another reason. What did you sense from your partner?"

"Nothing. I saw nothing but this tiny blue dot. As if I wasn't there."

"Or as if he wasn't there. I think I took the problem the wrong way. It wasn't your dose that was too low, it was your partner's that must have been too high. Besides, where is he? And where are your assistants?"

"He fell asleep right after. The assistants took him I don't know where."

"Yes, that's it, he couldn't concentrate during the act. His mind drifted into a kind of void, and you, out of empathy, you let yourself be drawn into it."

"I don't understand. What do I do now?"

"You, nothing special. You will complete the second round with your usual dose of aya. Just make sure you stay focused on your

objective. However, I will reduce your partner's dose a little. He will be Tataga. He has good concentration skills. I will tell him to remain as neutral as possible to give you the greatest room to maneuver."

"I like Tataga. I sometimes laugh with him."

"I'll explain everything to him and you'll see, all will be fine this time."

"Where is Tataga?"

"Don't worry, he'll come soon. We have time before the second round begins. For now, he's eating and resting. You should do the same. Eat a little, meditate, walk, or even sleep. Ask your assistants what you want as soon as they return. I'll come later with Tataga and assist you. Does that suit you?"

"Yes, fine. You know, it was a pretty blue I saw. When I close my eyes, I can still see it. So small and so devoid of life. Amba, I want to go swimming, can I?"

"You're right, the water will help you get out of this state. And there's still plenty of time before the second round. I can't come with you, I have to take care of the others too. I'll tell Voupachen to go with you."

"Voupachen swims well. I saw how he glides, like a fish, without disturbing the water."

"It's true that he swims very well. I saw him one day crossing the lake and back. Enjoy swimming with him, I'll be back in a moment with Tataga."

### ***second round***

"boo-oo-oom ... boo-oo-oom ... boo-oo-oom ..."

I am the sound, I am the skin of the drum that vibrates, I am the skin of the hand that strikes it, I am the intention that commands it.

“boo-oom ... boo-oom ... boo-oom ...”

I am inside the sound, I am this air molecule set in motion by the vibration of the skin, I am these other molecules linked to it which quiver in turn, and then others linked to these others which...

“boom ... boom ... boom ...”

I am the air that life makes and that makes life that makes the air that makes life...

“boom ... boom ... boom ...”

I am the air that my body breathes in and which gives it life, I am the air that my body breathes out and which makes life: this tree, this grass, this flower, I make them.

“boom... boom... boom...”

I am the air that comes and goes, the lung that receives it and gives it back to the Earth.

“boomboom ... boomboom ... boomboom ...”

In the silence and the darkness, whispers rise from souls hoping for a new body.

“boomboom ... boomboom ... boomboom ...”

My chest and belly open under the pressure of a desire. They fill with a myriad of stars that do not twinkle, filaments of incandescent gas, residues of exploded stars and seeds of stars to come. An entire universe that reveals itself to the inner gaze in its totality<sup>1</sup>. The invention of time to unfold space.

“boomboom ... boomboom ... boomboom ...”

Here, familiar thoughts emanate from this familiar star. Drawn to it, I plunge with no hesitation into this ball of light that grows, grows faster and faster, so much so that I pass through it from one side to the other to contemplate the true source of these thoughts: Earth.

“boomboomboom ... boomboomboom ... boomboomboom ...”

---

<sup>1</sup> A phenomenon related to 360° vision reported by people who have had near-death experiences.

Irresistibly attractive thoughts of all this teeming life: a lioux devouring a prey, a field mouse escaping a giant rat, an insect copulating with a flower, a leaf watered by the sun, a seed waiting for the rain... Sublime creatures that create and create themselves by playing together.

“boomboomboom ... boomboomboom ... boomboomboom ...”

Hubbub of human thoughts: fear, courage, hope, joy, sadness, suffering, beauty, power, knowledge... Too much confusion. Too much in pursuit of strong emotions in order to feel oneself alive. Imbalances that distance one from the revelation of the Game of Creation. There, a foreign thought, very close, Amba's, she believes I am lost again. No, I am not lost: I concentrate in this moment in a single thought-bubble the intention to project.

“boomboomboomboomboomboomboomboomboomboom ...”

Back in a multiplied body, the bodies of before, the body of now that Tataga caresses, the bodies of after. And before the body to come, the idea of a new body, a design and a destiny rather than a drawing: ideas to manifest, potentials to explore, games to invent, sensations to experience, beauties to create. Create to reveal oneself and enjoy creating.

“boomboomboomboomboomboomboomboomboomboom ...”

Light mind, liquid body. It no longer perceives sounds: it is the sound through the shaking of each of its molecules. Their movements harmonize, through resonance they amplify, becoming waves, which illuminate like waves of pleasure.

“boomboomboomboomboomboomboomboomboomboom ...”

Another body weighs down my liquid bubble. Still heavy, but lightening as Tataga's mind attunes to mine. Focused on his sensations, detached from the outcome, calm and serene. As his body liquefies above mine, as the luminous waves of pleasure spreads back and forth from one to the other, my mind settles in calm and serenity. The thought-energy emanating from all-that-lives, glittering sequins, gather in a point. The creative energy propels it like a luminous tiny bubble from his body into mine. My



body accepts it, makes it its own, and compensates for the gift to the species by expelling huge quantities of the water of ecstasy that floods the universe and fertilizes all-that-lives.

Impassive, my mind resting within itself, I contemplate the wave of ecstasy that carries the news into the universe. I contemplate a new life, a tiny point of light deep in my belly. I hear the whispers that admire the precious creation.

I keep my eyes closed to better contemplate a blissful Tataga. I let myself be overcome by this bliss in which I float as if in a warm bath, nourished by my own water of ecstasy that Tataga delicately gives me to drink. I know that they are waiting for me to reopen my eyes and speak to them, but I still want to enjoy this rare state. Later I will open them. Tataga will stand before me. He will utter one of those silly jokes of which he has the secret that I will pretend to understand and to which I will respond with a smile. He will smile in turn. Then I will smile a real smile knowing that he is happy.

### *follow up*

“Come in Hebahe, you must have sensed something was going on here.”

“Yes, even if I can’t put into words what I felt. Were you able to follow Luma’s journey?”

“With difficulty because it was going in all directions, to the point where I wondered if she was not going to lose the thread again. But everything went well in the end. She was wonderful. Her mastery allowed for a sublime transmutation. These words come to me: star, life, water, soul, energy, lightness, fluidity, light, water. Sitting there in the darkness beside her, I sometimes felt like I could see her body liquefy and light up, a light that radiated right into Tataga’s body.”

“And you Tataga, what did you feel on your side?”

“Mostly energy, a huge wave of vital energy. I felt like doors were opening in my body, like a channel was digging from here near my sex to there at the top of my skull <sup>1</sup>. Through these doors, Luma’s energy poured into me. It filled me, but hers didn’t weaken, as if an inexhaustible source was feeding her. I had an orgasm like never before. And so did she. I had the impression that her pulsations would never stop, and her water of ecstasy spurted out without stopping.”

“Now you’re firmly anchored back to the earth. But she seems to be still hovering very far from here. What do you think, Amba? Will she come back?”

“I feel her mind peaceful and happy. She’s doing well considering what she’s been through. Her body is overflowing with energy, still experiencing jolts of pleasure that are diminishing as the aya’s effect wears off. This energy is already nourishing a new life.”

“Or even two! I could see her giving birth to twins.”

“You might be right, Hebahe. Why not a girl and a boy?”

“It shouldn’t be a problem for her, she takes after her father a strong body.”

“In these circumstances, it would not be appropriate for her to take part in the third round of the ceremony. And you, Tataga, do you wish to continue?”

“Yes, I want to. I feel so full of energy that I have to share it.”

“So get ready. You have too much energy to rest, but a little swimming will do you good.”

“Amba, thank you and your mother for having the intuition that the sapiens child we saved decades ago was important.”

“Precious, she said.”

“Yes, I remember, and she was the one who saved him. I confess I didn’t believe it. You came looking for my mother to take care of

---

<sup>1</sup> Experience related to the awakening of the Kundalini through the Shiva-Shakti union according to the tantric tradition.

the baby and I went with her to help. I didn't believe he would be saved and I didn't believe Amba when she said he was important, no, precious."

"Me neither! For a long time I didn't believe this boy was precious. We were both so young. It was the first time we'd seen a sapiens up close. Curiosity and novelty prevented us from seeing what my mother saw. We just followed her instructions without believing."

"Yes. We took care of the baby for a few days and then we entrusted him to a mother who raised him as her own."

"You know, that sapiens really impressed me. She possessed a power I had never seen before. Like the brute life power of a lioux. I was truly afraid for our lives when she hit me and threatened us with her spear. And my mother took it with amused detachment! She was truly incredible. She would have been much better than me to lead this ceremony. 'Too serious, too reasonable,' she used to say of me."

"Rightly so, don't you think? But the fact remains that you did well, the evidence is right in front of us. How did you end up convincing yourself that her intuitions about the boy were correct?"

"A long time later, 20 years to be exact, when Luma was born. From the moment I saw her, I felt that she was the real precious gift. Her grandmother and father were only intermediaries. I was certain that she had to participate in the first Mutation Ceremony. I hoped she would be the right age when that day came. My mother and I often discussed it. We estimated she would be around 20 years old at that time. But events have accelerated recently and converged on this day. As a result, she is only 17."

"It remains a suitable age to have a first child."

"On the other hand, she lacks a little intellectual maturity."

"It's not necessarily a disadvantage. I even think it's better. At least she doesn't worry about what is possible and what is not. She just does it, with courage and by following her intuitions. In this case, it's a form of maturity more important than the development

of the intellect. What she has just achieved is proof of this. She has transmuted her union with Tataga into... I don't have the words for it."

"Neither do I. I don't know exactly what she did nor how she did it, and I don't think she herself could explain it. It doesn't matter. Even if it doesn't necessarily go in the direction I expected, I am sure it goes in the direction of the destiny of the species. By the way, I've been so focused on Luma that I haven't asked you how the other Chi-Cho unions went."

"Very well. Not as spectacular as with Luma and Tataga, obviously, but everyone performed well. We'll have the results in nine months, with no doubt a few surprises. Besides, it's time to start preparing for the third round."

"Yes. I'll follow you. I'll first tell Luma's assistants who have gone to rest to come back and watch over her. Soon the third round will take place, in six months the second ceremony, in twenty years those who come after us will organize a ceremony of their own. And so on until..."

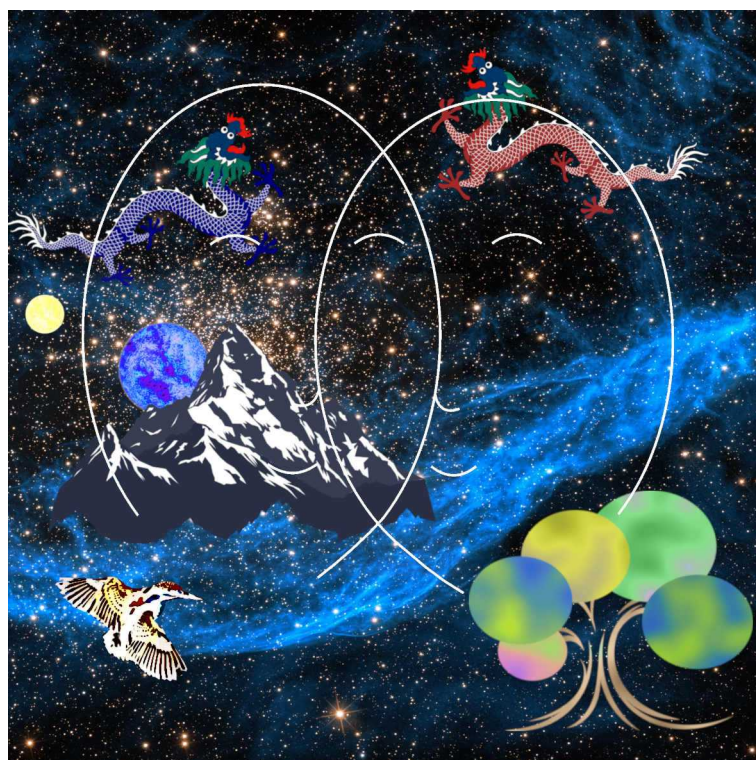
"Please, Amba, refocus, there will be none of these if we don't accomplish now what is to be done."

## **MANDALA**

Next page: painting made for the ceremony of presenting Luma's twins to the community and naming them.

Note: image created by the author by assembling and transforming with Inkscape and Gimp several images from various sources:

- background sky, open cluster NGC1850, Hubble/ESA photo, public domain;
- tree and mountain images from freepik.com, free license;
- dragon by Sodacan inspired by the Qing Dynasty flag, Creative Commons license;
- photo of kingfisher by Joefrei, Creative Commons license;
- the two intertwined faces are a creation of Vahé Zartarian.







**BOOK 3**  
**HUNDREDTH MILLENNIUM**



**REBORN****1000 YEARS AFTER THE GLACIATION*****dead-alive***

Dead I am! For long? Not long? Question arises. Impossible question: no time here, nothing passing, nothing happening, only (vague) awareness of (vague) thoughts (vaguely) changing, change not in time.

Strange: dead body and 'I' still saying 'I' in lots of thoughts.

Strange: still conscious so dead and not dead.

Before thinking dead not dead in time not passing, glimpse of Great Immaculate Immeasurable Grandeur: unconditional love welcome in inaccessible intelligence. Impossible light that burns without heat. Impossible brilliance to sustain. Flee. Carried by two vaporous forms emanating from the light. Understanding they and I fragments great grandeur of light. Soulguides they are for me, who soothe burning. Soulguides lead me here in non-place of non-desire.

Mind floats, vague. Happy? No. Unhappy? No. Satisfied? No. A little alive, a little dead. Not alive like before in lots of bodies: no touching, no feeling, no moving, no crying, no laughing, no enjoying. Just a little alive with elusive thoughts.

Surprise, thoughts almost comprehensible: there with other real living beings to eat, run, hunt, talk, sing, kiss. Alas, thoughts of lost friends, thoughts of life in lost bodies, in so many lived existences, all fade away. But pleasure in the return of the thoughts

themselves. Nostalgia calls them back again and again, often, more often. What is 'often' if no time?

Soulguides back, show a path. Down there on Earth, changed by the thaw, where plenty life back everywhere. Humans too, small numbers, changed by their crossing the eons. Crystallized desire: a new body for me in this new world among these new humans. Smiles Soulguides to say: 'good desire.' With nascent desire, final preparation in the non-place of non-desire, time for action of incarnation.

*Note: The dialogues in this chapter and the next are word-based versions of direct exchanges between minds, let's say by telepathy.*

### ***first contacts***

"Oh! Beautiful the lake, the trees, the mountains. Where?"

"In a setting my imagination shapes for you to feel good. A kind of dream, if you will, with which you can also interact. The image of my body that you contemplate is also a projection while my physical body is comfortably lying on Earth."

"Who you? Not Soulguide. Not know you. Yet ... yet, like knowing you without knowing you. Like recognizing you without remembering you. So strong feeling I long for you in my arms to hold you tightly to my heart. But no arms, no chest, no heart. No body yet. Yet ... yet, want to cry with joy at this reunion without remembering you."

"You may not remember that we ever met, but this feeling of familiarity says we are connected. Your guides know this, having led you to me. I see that you project a masculine image of yourself, even though you were a woman like me when our souls formed a family bond. You were then called In-Ara."

"Forget name, forget woman, forget beautiful place you recreate for me, forget you. Yet ... yet, something like a scent persists that

bring you and me together. Since last death I float motionless in an intermediate space, not physical as I knew, not pure spirit like great grandeur of light glimpsed without being able to remain in there. Transitory state soon over. Nascent aspiration to recreate myself anew. Soulguides understand-accept, so here me with you in this dream: these trees, this blue sky, this white sun that illuminates the water of the lake and the snow-capped mountains. Beautiful landscape, familiar, but known from where? when? And you: known from where? when?"

"In this life when you were In-Ara, I was Luma, your granddaughter, the daughter of a son you never had time to know. I am also many other existences at various times. I am currently incarnate on an Earth that is beginning to thaw. I reveal to you my secret name: Lu. When you want to contact me, just think 'Lu', my mind will open to your presence."

"Lu?"

"Why are you coming to me?"

"I know you know."

"I know that indeed, but you need to clarify your thoughts."

"Floating in sterile bliss. Need for ... for what? Still too vague to think. Why cloudy the lake water?"

"It only reflects your state of mind. You and I love water, which is the reason of its presence in this landscape. Dive into the lake and let yourself float, it will do you good."

"Ah! So nice!"

"Glad you like it, even if it's all just a figment of our imaginations. Why are you putting your hand on your calf?"

"Don't know. Maybe I want a real body. Need to touch, to smell, to move, to kiss. Need a life."

"But not only that."

"No, not only that. Other fragments of my soul have shown me new possibilities for evolution. Ah! Thoughts come clearer and

easier. These fragments, they are me but so much greater, they my Soulguides.”

“The two vaporous silhouettes that led you to me are appearing right behind you.”

“Ah! That’s their scent.”

“They fade into a smile. You are well accompanied, but the rest must take place between you and me. I can guess your life plan, but express it as you imagine it now.”

“Scents and smiles that Soulguides leave behind sketch an idea: to make life a game, not a path of suffering.”

“So?”

“Need a new body. Of all the bonds woven in other existences, the one with you attracts me most without knowing why.”

“I have participated so many times and with so many others in designing this new species that I have had the know-how to inhabit this body from the very beginning. It is to perfect this know-how and to benefit others that I have once again incarnated as *Homo consciens*. You will benefit directly since I will give birth to your body.”

“Different from those I’ve ever known?”

“Indeed. It’s more than a new body, it’s a new world. There are so few of us humans on Earth right now that it is a great privilege for you to have this opportunity to incarnate again.”

“This luck still not clear. Ah, delicious warm water and lights splashed like from a precious stone.”

“My dream setting dissolves into beauty and pleasure. My way of expressing all the love I will put into giving birth to the son you will soon be.”

### ***first incarnation***

“I am pregnant.”

“As simple as that?”

“For us, yes. When I agreed to be the mother of your next body, my own body heard the request, understood it, accepted it, and immediately put itself in the appropriate condition. Our human community also heard and accepted, as did the Earth. And there you have it!”

“Your body is changing, not just because your belly is growing.”

“I show you an image of myself that is closer to my physical body so you can gradually get used to it.”

“Why not show as it is now?”

“You are not ready.”

“Don’t understand. Oh, these sudden gusts and these clouds that darken the sky!”

“You are upset. Don’t be, I’ll give you all the explanations next time. You must now regain your serenity. It is essential for what we have to accomplish today: your first incarnation in the fetus I am carrying. Dive into the water, warm your body, warm your heart, bring back the Sun. Let me know when you are ready.”

“Lu, we go.”

“I will guide you to move from this intermediate world to the physical world. Close your eyes, feel the boundaries of your body fading. You are once again a pure spirit free of prejudice. Think very hard ‘Lu’ and send out the intention to raise my arm. Bravo, we both feel my arm rise. We share my physical body. Don’t linger. I place my hand on my belly, the fetus feels the caress, feel it as yours. There you are in its body.”

sweetness / pleasure / life / expansion / fusion / totality / unity /  
ecstasy

“Think of the lake to leave the fetus, leave my body, and find your dream body in our dream setting. Move your limbs, gently, get out of the water, there you go, regain consistency thanks to the fresh wind that I blow on your skin to redefine your contours.”

“Lu, thank you for this guidance towards my next body. Thank you for allowing this fusional ecstasy with the fetus. So pleasant that I wanted to prolong it indefinitely.”

“I felt that, that’s why I helped you come back.”

“I know, but still, what a temptation! You gently brought me back to myself.”

“If I hadn’t done it, you would have come back anyway. The flow of creation never stops. Nothing is frozen: union calls for separation, separation calls for union. But it was better not to prolong this first experience of incarnation. You must understand one important thing. Every cell of your physical body is conscious, and the body itself in its entirety is conscious. It is the cooperation of all these consciousnesses that governs its evolution and functioning. Hence the arrangement of the organs, the regulation of countless functions, even the orientation of thoughts. If you are not careful, you risk becoming only what the body suggests. You must, of course, accept what it is. It is part of the game of incarnation to understand the powers and limitations of a body. But you must also guide it, beginning by guiding the growth of the fetus. It must become the image of your soul and the instrument of your life plan. It is not so difficult when you understand that physical life is nothing but a dream of the soul.”

“So my attraction to the male form.”

“Even though for our species there are few differences between men and women, it will indeed be better for you to take a male body for your first incarnation as *Homo consciens*. At least you won’t have to worry about your fertility.”

“Next time?”

“Not so fast, one life at a time.”

“Lu, you didn’t say anything about the father and I didn’t feel anything from him.”

“He showed up without me having to look for him as soon as I announced my acceptance to the universe. He is a very vigorous



person who enjoys intense physical activity. Your body takes after him. You'll quickly learn to control it and do what you want with it."

"Can I meet my father before I am born like I meet you now?"

"No, don't try, you'd find yourself up against a wall. He heard my request, we fertilized the egg that was ready, and then he left because he has an important project to accomplish, so demanding that he even closed his mind. We didn't invite you to the fertilization ceremony, it was pointless under these circumstances. But don't worry, you'll see each other again soon. I am bringing you into the world, but afterward, it is mainly with him that you'll learn everything you need to know to fulfill yourself in this life. I am just the intermediary between him and you, so to speak. Why this perplexity that chills the air?"

"This mixture of distance and involvement is surprising."

"Only lucidity. But make no mistake, it is a great joy for me to participate in this common artwork: your first incarnation as *Homo consciens*. Have no doubt about it. Besides, look at my joy which makes the colors of the sky burst forth, lifts this breeze which makes the water in the pond lapping and the leaves of the trees rustle."

"Want to sing."

"The universe will sing for you and you will dance for it."

### ***second incarnation***

"Lu, your body has changed again, not just because your belly is even bigger."

"The image I am showing you now is consistent with that of my physical body."

"Strange: I recognize you and at the same time I feel a kind of discomfort that I didn't feel the previous times. Is that what my body will also look like?"

"Roughly."

"So why this discomfort? Don't understand."

"I'll tell you. Not to revive memories that have rightly faded. Without you realizing it, certain events you experienced left traces deep within you, like a block of undifferentiated fears. It resides there at the edge of your consciousness and guides your thoughts."

"Why do you see that while I don't?"

"There is no reason for this to manifest in your intermediate existence. But now that you are on your way to a new incarnation, it is reactivated by new circumstances, such as the vision of my body. This is what is causing your discomfort and this is what you must dispel if you want to enjoy a future incarnation as a *Homo consciens*."

"Otherwise?"

"You will quickly understand when you return to the fetus."

Bones growing. Calcification that isn't a promise of free  
movement but a fossilization of suffering.

Prisoner of my fears, I try to escape. I want to run, my legs  
flailing in vain. Why does only one move?  
My throat burns, I am suffocating.

"Gently, come back into the lake, surrender yourself to the healing water, find here the sensation of oceanic fusion. Soothe yourself while I soothe the fetus."

"Everything is fine, but what a kick you gave to my belly!"

"Excuse me, Lu, I panicked. Why the panic now and not last time?"

"Your rekindled fears have turned your attention to the fetal pain. Bone growth for him is a bit like teething for a child, less painful, certainly, but still. I often have to calm him down, and to do that, I have to stay calm myself. You did the opposite. He picked up on your reaction, which amplified the pain and caused such panic in both of you that you both expelled each other. This body will only accept you, and you will only accept it, if you tune."

"I understand, I have to change, but change what and how?"

"In other lives you experienced hunger, cold, wild beasts, mutilations. Whether you remember them or not, all of that left traces that handicap you now. What your vision of my body revived was the pain of a mutilation perpetrated on In-Ara by a group of humans I resemble. Your group called them demons, but they were not demons. They were kind humans who saved your life by amputating your injured leg and who saved your child, whom you couldn't give birth to alone. He was your son, I was his daughter."

"I don't know what to think. This still doesn't mean anything."

"Never mind, just see how you react to the shape of my body. This *Homo consciens* body resembles more that of those demons who frightened In-Ara than hers, that is, yours, a form in which you incarnated many times."

"So this fear is nothing more than a misinterpretation?"

"For the most part."

"So humans inflict their suffering on themselves?"

"For the most part, too. It is the story of *Homo sapiens* that you just summarized."

"I'm wavering."

"And branches break, stones fall from the peaks. See, your guides have returned to your side. They will help you digest these revelations. Soon you will be ready."

### **birth**

Lihou, your secret name that we chose together: power and grace.

Lihou, tonight I bring you into my world.

Lihou, you are not a child, you are the expression of a soul that is created through you.

Lihou, you are not MY child because you are older than me: you carry in your body, in addition to your own qualities, mine and

those of your father and those of our predecessors, going back to the first cell, to the first star, to the first atom, to the first grain of light.

This night belongs to us. We are alone on this beach, I sent the others away. Listen: even the nocturnal animals have gone silent, even the wind has stopped. A silence that allows us to experience our separation with full awareness. Listen: only the wavelets sing faintly. Let's sing with them:

Lihou, power and grace  
Lihou, tireless surveyor of the beauty of the world  
Lihou, tireless dispenser of his beauty to the world  
In beauty you live  
Your movements are dance  
Dance is your ecstasy  
Your dance is our ecstasy  
Lihou, power and grace

The waves also fall silent to let the stars assist us. The sand is still warm. Can you feel it through my back? Can you feel the caresses I give you through my belly? Yes, you feel all that, you let me know by dancing in my belly. You're in a hurry to get out. Let's go into the water. It's pleasantly warm, isn't it, just the way we like it. What bliss to float like this, you in the water of my belly, me in the water of the Earth.

Ah, we're almost there, the passage is opening slightly. Wait a little longer. I blow hard, the passage opens wide. I take three deep breaths and push. There you are! You're already laughing and swimming! Stop fidgeting for a moment so I can cut the cord, tie it off, and expel the placenta, which will make a few fish happy. Now let's swim together to the beach.

Can you feel how the sand has cooled? But we'll be fine, me half buried in the still-warm sand deep down to regenerate, you on my warm belly. But first, open your mouth wide so that with this kiss I give you the water of life from my stomach.

We are tired. Let's sleep. Do you hear? Behind the dune, a friend lulls us to the sound of his flute. Let's sleep, let's go to this place where we dream of this world to recover.

### ***rebirth***

Soon I will come back to life. So many lives lived in a body and so many forgettings of that magical moment of physical birth. This time I will not forget, I have prepared myself for it, my awareness no longer wavers.

Together we chose my secret name: Lihou, power and grace. You pronounce this name like a caress to my soul while your fingers caress my skin across your belly. We are almost there. Flashes in my eyes, new sounds, my body tossed by an irresistible force. Let go. Feel the push without suffering. From one lukewarm water I pass into another, a little less lukewarm and with a different but equally pleasant taste. Freed, I swim. I exult. Together we laugh, together we swim.

Your water of life nourishes me. Belly to belly, our skins merge. Rocked by the slow back and forth of your breathing, my attention turns away. Enough for today. My body demands that I step away, it must digest the impulse of life I've given it. Leave it to its own power while my attention returns to the soul dreaming of this new life.

In the same movement, I am playing the dance of atoms, the dance of stars, the dance of water and air, the dance of fire, the dance of cells, those of the flower and the insect, the dance of death of the hunting lioux, the dance of life of Lu who engenders Lihou, that of Lihou traveling the Earth from his birth to his death, that of the soul in its multiple incarnations.

The dance of all-that-is stops, my body is calling me back...



## **INTERLUDE**

### **THE LIFE OF A LAKE**

#### **THE FIBI**

The fibi observes the human sitting on the bank. Invisible, his small eyes barely protrude from the water.

The fibi is an inveterate artist-player-performer. He had to be to invent himself as such. How to describe him? A chimera of a fish and a bird? In fact, he was first a bird, a fanciful kind of bird that one day decided to be a fish too. Not like one of those penguins who have clipped their wings and can no longer fly. No, the fibi never wanted to give up the pleasure of flying in the air. Only that wasn't enough for him. As a fishing bird who had discovered the pleasure of swimming underwater, an irresistible urge took hold of him to fly in the water as he flies in the air. Not like other fishing birds who simply dive to quickly rise to the surface, holding a fish in their beak, or not. No, he wanted to explore the water, the sensations of water, as he explores the air, the sensations of air, according to his fancy, with the pleasure of the perfect gesture and the even greater pleasure of the new gesture that his imagination improvises. So he projected the transformations that were necessary to become the fibi.

First, the respiratory system, vital for staying underwater for a long time to great depths (the dolphins gave him the recipe). Then he chose to stay small (he fits comfortably in the palm of a human hand) in order to develop the liveliness of his flight and perform all sorts of acrobatics: on the spot, backwards, on his back, in a spiral, he can do everything, in the air as in the water. He is also capable of

lightning accelerations. Fortunately, he has also acquired a flamboyant plumage – blue red yellow – that contrasts with any background, otherwise his twirls would remain invisible to most animal eyes. He loves nothing more than to put on a show, rather alone than in a group, as much to impress his fellow creatures as to be noticed by other species<sup>1</sup>. All it takes is a lingering look to trigger his desire to dance.

Wouldn't this human sitting there on the bank make a good spectator? And a good spectator makes a good show. What is he watching so intently while the fibi watches him from the water at a distance, unseen? He contemplates the reflections that arise from the interplay of sunlight, the movements of the water, and his human gaze. This attention pleases the fibi. So his decision is made, he will dance for him.

He dives and flies straight towards the bank, so fast and so close below the surface that his wake attracts inevitably the attention of the human. About to hit the bottom, only a few feathers deep under the surface, he makes a sudden turn and in a few wingbeats flies straight towards the sky. Surprise! Knowing he has caught his full attention galvanizes the fibi. The cue for the show to really begin. Up, down, forward, backward, on his back, on his belly, in a helix, in a spiral, in the air, in the water, always close to the surface to remain visible, it is a maddening whirlwind of colored lines. His movements are so fast that only retinal persistence allows the human to follow his trajectories, which look like the work of a whole flock of birds.

Is it a dance for the pleasure of movement? Not only that. Is it an ephemeral painting for the pleasure of shapes and colors? Not only that. Signs of a new language? Perhaps. The human reaches out and with his index finger draws in the air what he recovers in his

---

<sup>1</sup> Many birds exhibit amazing behaviors, like bowerbirds who build incredible gardens, or scaly babblers who perform group dances.



memory of the movements of the fibi. What does this say? About the fibi, about the human, or even about Tui?

Happy that his show was appreciated, the fibi dives back down, this time deeper, to rest at the bottom of the lake, where the cold water refreshes his overheated body, where the silence and the shade allow his mind to dream of other shows, even to dream of new talents.

The human eyes follow this last dive as long as they can. He refrains from diving after him. Still amazed by the show, he draws in the sand the last shape that the fibi has drawn: could this be? ... a galaxy?



**LIHOU, KRK, TUI****30 YEARS LATER*****Lihou's journey***

Rain. Only a light shower that won't last. No point in exhausting myself looking for shelter. The air smells of the north wind, it will soon clear the sky. The last drops crash into puddles that quickly form and will soon disappear. Their crackling song, which usually delights me, today leaves me indifferent. Since yesterday, I've been in no mood to revel in the beauty of the world. My body is crying out for good drinking water, but I can't find any. How ironic: dying of thirst in the midst of such abundance! Ouch! Laughing makes my stomach ache. The lack of water is disrupting my microbiota, and it will eventually poison me. Yet there is water everywhere, whether falling from the sky or flowing in torrents from melting glaciers. Alas, neither is good enough for me. Most animals and plants are satisfied with it, but it's poisonous to the particular physiology of *Homo consciens*. A weakness of our species. We need water that has been transformed by passing through the earth, water filled with telluric energies.

It has been almost a year since I set out alone to explore the world, and this is the first time I have come close to death from lack of water. I have always found beautiful, nourishing springs. Yesterday I drank the last drop from my bottle. Since then, I have been looking for a spring, in vain. I tried to taste rainwater and meltwater, but I immediately felt nauseous. An unpleasant odor is

starting to rise from my stomach, a sign that my microbiota is disrupted. Still faint, it can only get stronger. I made the mistake of venturing too far north. The air is warming, the ice is melting, but the still-frozen ground blocks the rise of groundwater. There's no point in persisting in looking for a spring as with fatigue my sensitivity is dulling. Besides, I no longer feel like moving.

Overconfidence? These icy expanses are so attractive, sparkling as much by day under the light of the Sun as by night under the brightness of the stars and the Moon. Yes, overconfidence. Things had gone so well until then. Of course, several times I came close to an accident because I like putting myself in danger. I even fell and injured my leg on a sharp branch, to the point of having to stay at the same place for a few days to let it heal. But never until now had I felt in danger. If I were to die tomorrow, it would be without regrets, so much have I enjoyed this body and contemplated wonders.

Ah, how beautiful that big red rock was. So pleasant to caress because he seemed to emit its own heat. And so smooth that I had difficulty climbing on him to contemplate the world from up there, as perhaps he himself contemplates it and enjoys this beauty. Sitting up there, I had the impression that he was at the convergence of celestial and telluric energies. I also had the impression that he re-emitted this energy all around to nourish life. Moreover, many animals stopped by for a few moments as if to drink in this energy. Most of them were strangers to me, and no doubt the reverse was true. I was certainly the first human they had ever encountered. Some looked at me with a perplexed expression, perhaps wondering how such an outgrowth of the rock could have appeared in the night. Possible confusion because I had managed to give my skin almost the same color as that of the rock. A mimetic practice that I master better and better.

As the sun moved along, flowers opened and closed in uninterrupted succession. I had difficulty distinguishing them

from my height, but their unique scent reached me in wafts. Insects seemed to visit them in numbers, which I had just as much difficulty distinguishing, but whose buzzing and whirring I could hear. Until night fell and with it, silence, punctuated by muffled footsteps and the discreet rustling of wings. I stayed there all night, contemplating the Moon as she illuminated scattered high-altitude clouds.

At dawn, back down from my rock, I witnessed a most unusual sight. It began with an intermittent buzzing sound. I had no trouble locating it: a large insect perched on a flower hidden among thorny bushes. As I approached, the sound abruptly stopped. Up close, I realized it wasn't an insect on a flower but a flower imitating the sound of an insect by vibrating two of her petals. An otherwise ordinary flower with no particular color or scent. I had the idea to imitate this buzzing sound in turn, and, hurrah, she responded. Curious to know what insect she had designed this device for, I stepped back, far enough for the intermittent buzzing to resume, yet close enough to see her clearly. I waited, not for very long. The sun was beginning to warm the plain when a large black insect making a similar buzz appeared. He flew straight toward her. She must have sensed his presence because her own buzzing went from intermittent to continuous. When the insect landed on her, all sound ceased. He didn't stay for long and, after a few contortions, he buzzed off again. The flower, for its part, remained silent for a moment, then resumed her calls. This is how she attracts these insects, which pollinate her as they fly from flower to flower.

While recalling these memories, I didn't notice night has fallen. As I had sensed, a north wind has completely cleared the sky. The stars shine in an atmosphere so well washed that they barely twinkle. They remind me of that strange stone I found in a stream bed. Its singular brilliance had caught my eye. I couldn't resist, I picked it up. Smaller than I expected once out of the water, it fits in the palm

of my hand. Not only is it smooth, but it is also transparent and full of bubbles and tiny inclusions, so that when I hold it up to my eye, a whole starry sky is revealed. I will give it to Lu as a gift. She's old now, we won't see each other much anymore.

Perhaps we will never see each other again if I don't leave this place. Stay here and wait for death? Why not, I am surrounded by so much beauty. Ah, now the sense of beauty returns, it is the magic of this world. Isn't it marvelous? My body is marvelous and I will make sure that it does not suffer when I leave it. Even this water that would poison me if I drank it is marvelous. This simple drop that flows from my fingers, a whole universe in itself.

### ***Lihou and Krk***

The sun warms my face. Dawn already. The night went by fast while recalling my journey.

"Krk krk!"

"Wow! What are you doing here, crow? Are you waiting for me to die to delight in my flesh? I will gladly offer it to you if you have the patience to wait for my mind and body to separate in harmony. Let me enjoy the wonders of this world to the fullest. Besides, you are very beautiful yourself, the sun creates magnificent iridescence on your plumage."

"Krk krk!"

"Krk, do you mind if I call you that?"

"Krk krk!"

"Krk, I like your gaze. It's frank and friendly, even deep, like the gaze of a wise old man. I am sure now that you are not here to watch me die."

"Krk krk!"

“How do you know my time on Earth won’t come to an end soon?  
Are you even real, or am I just hallucinating from thirst?”

“Krk krk!”

“Ah, you are already flying away, my friend. But I see you are not really leaving, just circling above me.”

“Krk krk!”

“Ah, you are pointing me in a direction you want me to follow.  
Coming, but go slowly, I don’t have much energy left.”

“Krk krk!”

“Ah, there you are, landing and waiting for me.”

“Krk krk!”

“What a magician! You made water spring forth!

### ***the return of Lihou***

“Lihou, finally back! We were so worried when your mind shut down for several days in a row. It’s a good thing you’ve reestablished contact to let us know a few days ago that you were soon to be back home after more than a year away. And now here you are. You see, everyone has come to welcome you. Everyone is impressed by your journey. No one before had dared to go alone so far for so long. Only you could attempt this adventure, and soon others will follow.”

“Krk krk!”

“Are you accompanied?”

“My brother Krk the crow. He saved my life. We’ve been traveling together ever since.”

“Was it so bad? You almost died?”

“I was very close to dying of thirst. So close I withdrew into myself and closed my mind.”

“Yet there must have been water.”

“A lot, in fact: rain, ice melt water, and even sea water when I was walking along the ocean. Unfortunately, as we now know, none of these waters are suitable for our microbiota.”

“Animals and plants seem to be satisfied.”

“Yes, and that’s why life is moving further and further north. I wanted to follow and ended up running out of drinking water while being surrounded by water. Krk guided me to a spring. A weak flow, just enough for the two of us. A special water, probably very old, which had traveled a long time in the depths of the Earth, perhaps thousands of years or more. Despite its unusual taste, it cured me.”

“It must have risen through a fault opened by the changes in mass weighing on the Earth’s crust due to the melting of glaciers.”

“Perhaps. In any case, Krk recognized my need and guided me to this spring.”

“And despite your weakness, you were lucid enough to trust your intuition and follow it. Rightly so. The presence of this bird so far north proves indeed that life is returning.”

“Not as abundant as here, but definitely present. In fact, my journey lasted long enough for me to notice changes between the outward and return journeys in the places I passed: more greenery, insects, birds, and even some larger animals that we don’t know here.”

“Lihou, you certainly have plenty of anecdotes to tell, but what you have just revealed to us already answers this question we have been asking ourselves for some time: we are organized into a small number of small human communities scattered over a limited territory, should we grow and/or spread? Well, you bring us the answer: the time is not right.”

“Probably, but it will come sooner or later. We know that temperatures will continue to rise, that the melting of the ice will accelerate, and therefore that many places will become suitable for life again. We are also witnessing a change in the water cycles: heat increases evaporation, rainfall increases in turn, absorbed by the



land, the waters eventually return to the ocean. After a few cycles, there will be everywhere good water for us.”

“Not to mention that we can also try to evolve our microbiota to make it more resilient.”

“In any case, in a short time we will be able to settle wherever we want and the question will then arise again: grow and/or spread? We might as well decide it now.”

“The question is important, but behind it lies another one, much more fundamental: that of the relationship to be established between our species and Tui<sup>1</sup>, the planetary entity. It has not been asked until now because our species is young. We are few in number and still too busy exploring our bodies potential. This time is coming to an end. We can no longer limit ourselves to the role of discreet guests who come and go, leaving barely a trace. Above all, these are the questions we must answer: what new roles should we assume? what new relationships should we establish with Tui?”

“You are right, this is the fundamental question from which everything else ensues. So I solemnly call for a Consensus Ceremony.

### ***Consensus Ceremony, Part One***

“The question is: what relationship between *Homo consciens* and Tui? First, let us tune our minds by chanting the aphorisms of WuShen.”

Everything is Consciousness, Consciousness is Everything.  
From Consciousness this happens.

---

1 Tui is the name of the planetary entity, without gender connotations: neither feminine like the Greek *Gaia* or the Andean *Pachamama*, nor masculine like the Egyptian *Geb*, nor a mixture of the two. To avoid these anthropomorphic projections, it is good to remember that the first and most abundant form of life on Earth are bacteria.

In Consciousness this is known.  
Without beginning, without end, inexhaustible, inextinguishable, it  
creates.  
That which creates unfolds in that which is created:  
Enjoy.  
That which is created reveals that which creates:  
Laugh.

From Consciousness to consciounesses.  
Many to dream of a world like a mirror.  
The I's dive into the world as embodied I's.  
Games that reveal.  
Objects and events as words from I, words from we.  
Erased the body, the thoughts, the beliefs:  
Creative consciousness revealed.

Tui, soul of the living Earth:  
Mountains and waters, clouds and rains,  
Movements that form moving forms.  
All-That-Lives in symbiosis.  
Colors, touch, smells and sounds,  
Joy and beauty,  
Enjoy and laugh.

Tui gives body to human souls.  
Back to Tui full of new dreams.  
Gift of life received from Soul and Tui.  
Given back by love-beauty-joy-knowledge:  
Love for All-That-Lives,  
Beauty of glances exchanged,  
Joy of shared presences,  
Creative Principle revealed.  
Ecstasy-Enstasy.  
Everything is Consciousness, Consciousness is Everything.

### **Consensus Ceremony, Part Two**

“Question: what relationships between *Homo consciens* and Tui?  
The alternatives?”

“Tui child”

“*Homo consciens* guide, protect”

“Tui old”

“*Homo consciens* must care”

“Tui adult”

“*Homo consciens* play with”

“Tui’s life stage?”

“ ... ”

“No answer because Tui doesn’t know or because Tui doesn’t tell?”

“Tui don’t know. Multiple mind. Distributed intelligence, not synthetic, not planning.”

“No memory in Tui’s mind, fragmented memories in multiple bodies.”

“Tui no history, no age, always in the now, seizing every opportunity to fulfill itself and reveal itself by making the Earth more alive.”

“So let Tui choose the opportunity now: protect or care or play.  
Who speaks for Tui?”

“Krk krk!”

“Protect?”

“ ... ”

“Care?”

“ ... ”

“Play?”

“Krk krk!”

“Play then.”

---

1 To realize what a childlike planetary mind can be, consider that the greatest ‘pollution’ that has affected living beings dates back nearly two billion years and was due to oxygen produced by photosynthetic bacteria. Oxygen was of course a poison for the first bacteria, which were necessarily anaerobic.

“Coevolve.”

“Co-create”

“Krk krk!”

## **INTERLUDE**

### **COLLECTIVE BUILDING**

### **COCREATION**

Three times the same dream, it surely means something. The first time was a few days after the discovery of the blueboos. A curious variety of bamboo, not blue at all, green like the others, but which lights up at night with a bluish hue.

A few of us had set out to explore the eastern side of the lake. The shores there are so steep that they can be reached only by canoe. We arrived at a superb cove: amethyst-colored water, a waterfall tumbling down a cliff, lush vegetation. A fine place for a break. As I approached the shore, a fibi suddenly shot out in front of me. My arm made a sudden movement, my paddle hit a rock and broke. The break turned into a bivouac to allow time for repair. We didn't regret it.

With dusk, strange opalescent spots appeared at the top of the cliff. When night fell, a marvelous spectacle was offered to us: all the surrounding heights lit up with a pale blue hue. Curious to know its origin, we set out the next day to climb the cliff. It took us all morning as the slope was so steep. Once there, surprise!, we found ourselves in quite an ordinary bamboo forest. Our curiosity not satisfied, we waited for night, hoping that the phenomenon would occur again. It did: to our great delight, the bamboo lit up again, more precisely their leaves. When we left, we took some shoots with us, taking care to collect them with a clod of earth.

Once replanted, the blueboos grew rapidly. After a few days their leaves began to emit light. One of us, more familiar with these phenomena, immediately understood its origin: a luminescent bacteria that lives in symbiosis in the leaves <sup>1</sup>. It took him a little longer to understand the reasons for this association: the leaves produce a sweet substance which, before being used to feed the bacteria, is appreciated by many insects; the bacteria protect the blueboo leaves from their voracity by secreting a sticky substance which traps them. However, the luminescence remains a mystery. One hypothesis is that it is just an experiment for Tui which will lead somewhere, or not. A more fanciful and more fascinating hypothesis is that this light would be intended to attract us, humans, in order to ... who knows?

As a matter of fact, I had my first dream shortly after the discovery of the blueboos. It came back twice, the same, only a little more precise each time. All three begin the same way, at the end: night falls on a large plain where, here and there, domes light up with that characteristic bluish glow. The image fades to move on to the construction of one of these domes. There are a dozen of us on a roughly flat piece of land. Without any further preparation, a circle is drawn on the ground with a radius of six paces. Around the circumference, we dig 36 small holes, about one pace apart. In each hole we plant a young blueboo shoot. Next, we sit in a circle outside or inside this circular line of plants, depending on the dream, and we meditate to encourage them to grow tall and straight. In a few weeks they reach a good size, to the point that two blueboos located opposite each other on the circle touch if we bend them. We gather again inside the structure, this time facing the center. The idea is to ask the blueboos to bend by themselves until they touch each other. To help, we imagine a depression inside that would force the stems to bend. After a few sessions, their ends actually meet and stick together thanks to the glue secreted by the bacteria. Once this is

---

<sup>1</sup> For example, the squid *Euprymna scolopes* becomes luminescent thanks to the *Vibrio fischeri* bacteria that it harbors and feeds on in a special pouch.

done, we return to meditate with a new objective: to ask them to stop growing upwards and spread out laterally. Branches grow and their leaves stick together until a continuous, if somewhat shaggy, membrane covers the dome. The dreams end as they began: night falls, and the domes dotting the plain light up.

“What do you think? The dreams never go further, what goes on inside is never revealed.”

“I feel that ever since we discovered them, the blueboos have something to tell us. What? I’m like you, I can’t see beyond that.”

“For my part, I had a dream in which the blueboos did not appear, but which seems to me to be related to yours. I was standing outside a large dome from which indistinct sounds were coming. Or more precisely, it seemed to be a mixture of human and animal sounds, as if they were talking to each other. Nothing more, alas.”

“I don’t have any of your visions, which seem very interesting but leave me perplexed. Perhaps there is no meaning to seek other than that of a work of art that embellishes the landscape.”

“That increases the landscape.”

“That transforms it and in turn transforms those who inhabit it.”

“What if we built such a dome instead of wasting time in hypotheses?”

“Children, I see you have already taken possession of the dome. What are you doing?”

“We play at talking to Tui.”

“And Tui hears you?”

“Of course, that’s what a blueboo dome is made for!”

“Oh your finger is bleeding!”

“I cut myself on a blueboo leaf. I touched it to see if my finger would glow tonight. Not a good idea.”

“Lie down, hold your hand up in the air, close your eyes, and visualize your finger as it normally is. Imagine using it as if it weren’t injured. You’ll do the same tonight, whether your finger is glowing or not.”

“Like an antenna?”



## **BLUEBOOS**

Next pages: images of the discovery of the blueboos, on the left day view, on the right night view.<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Images created with Gimp from a photo taken by Corinne Leforestier during a walk in our countryside.







**LATE HOMO SAPIENS VS. HOMO CONSCIENS****A COMPARATIVE STUDY****5000 YEARS AFTER THE THAW*****foreword***

We are a small group of researchers interested in studying the last representatives of *Homo sapiens*. Our curiosity is motivated by the fact that our own species shares common ancestors with them. Who were they? How did they live? How can we explain their presence on Earth millennia after the divergence of our two species? How can we explain their disappearance? Our research has recently been enriched by the discovery of three bodies of late sapiens. Here is a summary.

***the circumstances of the discovery***

It is generally accepted that the last ice age ended about 5000 years ago. The ice is now melting at an accelerated rate, and, as it melts, it is releasing a wealth of objects preserved almost intact for millennia. Artifacts for example: some easily identifiable as spears or knives; others of uncertain use and meaning, such as these hand-sized plates, made of unknown materials and covered with thin metallic lines, found in large numbers piled on top of each other. Also released by the melting ice are the remains of various beings that were once alive: trees, grasses, animals of all sizes, and,

more rarely, humans. Regarding the latter, the most recent discovery concerns a group of three people perfectly preserved for nearly 20,000 years in a thick layer of very cold ice. To be more precise, the age of the corpses is estimated at between –20,000 and –19,000 years. Their excellent preservation is due to the fact that they were very quickly seized by intense cold and buried under a thick layer of snow that then transformed into ice. We believe that a blizzard surprised them while they were crossing a plain offering no shelter. Moreover, not far from this group, the ice also released small animals precisely dated to the same period.

The morphology of these three individuals leaves no doubt: they are late sapiens, probably among the last that lived on Earth. What supports this idea is that the layer of ice in which they were trapped was covered with a layer of volcanic ashes and that no bodies have ever been found above it. The enormous eruption which released these ashes, dated precisely –18,200 years, also resulted in a volcanic winter that lasted several years and affected the entire planet. Difficult times for our own species which could have disappeared. Probably even more difficult for these sapiens whose physiology is more fragile than ours.

We know that the two species *Homo sapiens* and *Homo consciens* diverged nearly 50,000 years ago. Consequently, we do not have direct access to the memories of this group. To gain knowledge about these late sapiens, we had to proceed as with artifacts or extinct animals with objective analysis instead of direct recovery of memories. We had lost the habit of using such a long and uncertain process for humans. But the know-how quickly returned, and we achieved good results regarding the anatomy, the physiology, and various aspects of the lives of these late sapiens. We thought it would be interesting to present them by comparing them with the characteristics of our own species. The preservation of the bodies gave us a good idea of their health, diet, technical skills, and various other topics that will be covered in this comparative study.

### *first findings*

Three elderly, related people: a woman of about 45, a man of about 40 who could be a cousin, and a man in his twenties, their son.

The first thing that struck us when we discovered the bodies was that they were wearing thick fur garments: coats, boots, and trousers. The skins were those of small animals, cut and sewn quite crudely. One initial conclusion is clear: if they needed to cover themselves in furs, it was because they couldn't resist the cold through their physiology alone, by generating strong internal heat like we do.

Our physiology allows us to feel comfortable over a very wide range of temperatures, with some limitations: to withstand high temperatures we must drink large quantities of water, and in all circumstances we need a minimum of sunlight.

### *food*

Air, light, and water are our main sources of food. Through symbiotic relationships with algae, yeast, and bacteria, our species has managed to become self-sufficient and needs no more substantial foods like plants or animals. Part of the skin on our abdomen has evolved to become translucent<sup>1</sup>. Through this large abdominal eye, light reaches the stomach where the majority of our symbionts live. Illuminated by the Sun and regularly supplied with

---

<sup>1</sup> When coating the skin of a mouse's abdomen with a common dye, tartrazine, researchers have succeeded in making it transparent. See Zihao Ou, Yi-Shiou Duh, Nicholas J Rommelfanger, Carl HC Keck, Guosong Hong, *Achieving optical transparency in live animals with absorbing molecules*, Science 6 Sep 2024, Vol 385 Issue 6713

water rich in minerals and various organic compounds, they synthesize everything our bodies need.<sup>1</sup>

This way of feeding has many advantages but also some disadvantages. The main advantage is that eating is no longer an obsession as it was for our ancestors, who were forced to devote enormous amounts of time and energy to it. For our part, we have time for other activities because we just need to drink enough and let the Sun shine on our abdomen (even a veiled Sun is fine). As for the disadvantages, one concerns the translucency of the abdominal membrane, which is sometimes lost with age or some diseases. The other concerns imbalances within the stomach microbiota, generally related to emotional disturbances. They remain relatively rare because individuals of our species have much better control over their thoughts and emotions than their ancestors.

What can be said, in comparison, about the digestive system of sapiens? It is undeniably more primitive and related to that of carnivorous animals. We have found remains of partially digested meat in their stomachs, and they carried stores of smoked meat in skin bags. Judging by their build (they are taller and more massive than we are), the condition of their skin, muscles, bones, and teeth (of which only stumps remain in our species, brightening our smiles), they seemed rather well-fed and in good health. Excellent hunters, without a doubt. Moreover, they carried formidable weapons: very well-constructed crossbows. The use of materials requiring complicated manufacturing processes suggests that they found them rather than built them. The two that the men carried are still in working order after the strings have been replaced. A few tests allowed us to check their effectiveness: powerful and accurate shots at more than a hundred paces. It was therefore neither disease nor malnutrition that led to their death, but rather the unpredictable jolts of a freezing climate.

---

1 Inspired by the sea slug *Elysia chlorotica*, see reference 1.



And it was not disease, malnutrition, or even war that led to the end of the species, but rather a natural extinction due to a drop in fertility, with the volcanic winter merely delivering the final blow. Let us emphasize that this drop in fertility has no exogenous causes: we know that long ago, limited by its beliefs, the species chose a kind of slow suicide, first by proliferating excessively and then by poisoning itself with its waste until the population collapsed and finally disappeared. Our species seems to have learned the lesson since we are careful to remain few in number and to minimize our footprint on Earth.

### ***sexes and sex***

What is striking once the bodies are undressed are the great morphological differences between men and women: men are more robust, have significant facial hair, a large penis that hangs between the legs, while women are smaller with protruding breasts. These are the same trends that we have already observed in older sapiens also freed by the melting ice.

This large sexual dimorphism is reminiscent of that of many animal species. Probably with the same consequences, particularly social ones. In most species of this type, there is a clear domination of males over females. The small size of the group examined here (only three individuals) and the absence of additional clues (were they members of a larger group or were they only three to wander because there was no one else?), do not allow us to say more about their social organization. We do know, however, from having been able to directly access older memories belonging to our common ancestors from more than 50,000 years ago, that the social order was most often patriarchal, even if more egalitarian or even matriarchal societies also existed. In comparison, we are without hierarchy, without leaders or governments of any kind.

We also know that sexuality held an important, almost obsessive place among them: on the one hand for the needs of reproduction in a context of declining fertility; on the other hand because it was their only means of using the body to reach orgasm, at least to our knowledge.

To say the least we are very different. In *Homo consciens*, unlike *Homo sapiens*, there is no noticeable external difference between males and females. Males have a retractable penis that only comes out for the purposes of reproductive mating. Females do not have protruding breasts because they do not need breasts to feed the newborns. They are fed by regurgitating a little of the contents of the stomach, which can be accomplished by any member of the community. It is still a common practice among adults to exchange symbionts this way in order to strengthen their vitality.

There are other important differences between *Homo consciens* and *Homo sapiens* regarding sexuality. In us, sexual mating is not a great source of pleasure, it only causes a satisfaction similar to that of, say, emptying an overfull stomach. On the other hand, our body can be used in many ways to lead us to orgasm. In fact, we have the ability to make the entire body erogenous by putting ourselves in the appropriate state of mind. In other words, if the desire arises, we can command our body to put itself in a state of receptivity to all kinds of stimuli that lead us to ecstasy. Complex interplay between consciousness, desires, sensations and imaginations gives rise to experiences of cosmic pleasure, both alone and in groups, with sensory stimuli ranging from touch to the most tenuous acoustic waves.

Three major evolutions were necessary to develop this ability. The most important one is on the spiritual level: each individual is complete so that the roles of male and female are no longer to be experienced as complementary polarities. In other words, there is no longer any need for duality-complementarity-opposition to realize oneself as 'I' and consciously play with creative energy.

Another evolution is that we have a much greater ability to focus our attention and intentions. This is how we are able to awaken the sensitivity of our body to ensure that subtle sensations become sources of aesthetic and/or orgasmic pleasure. It should be noted that our brain does not make these experiences addictive. The pleasure is prolonged by a state of well-being and satiety that does not require incessant repetition.

The third evolution is bodily, a consequence of the two previous ones: the skin of *Homo consciens* has been enriched with a host of sensory receptors that *Homo sapiens* does not possess. Let's look at these in more detail.

### ***perceptions***

We know that there were several intermediate states between *Homo sapiens* and *Homo consciens* that hybridized to a greater or lesser extent, and from which the current *Homo consciens* ultimately emerged. We know that our sapiens ancestors had temperature and pressure sensors on their skin. We know that we have sensory cells that they did not have. We are therefore inclined to think that several evolutionary leaps allowed us to acquire new perceptual abilities.

The most numerous of these new sensory cells are about sound. The ear remains a major organ for transforming acoustic waves into sound sensations. But in addition, almost all of our skin is covered with sensory cells that are also sensitive to acoustic waves, which, as a reminder, are nothing other than pressure waves. This makes the sound experience truly three-dimensional and broadens the audible spectrum, in particular towards the low frequencies. It should be noted that their operation differs from that of the ear. In the latter, it is the geometric conformation of the basilar membrane in the cochlea that separates the frequencies. Whereas in the skin, there are different uniformly distributed sensory cells, each

sensitive to a small frequency band, similar to the cones of the retina tuned to the different red-green-blue colors, but with a much larger typology to cover the entire audible spectrum. On the other hand, since the brain is not extensible, in order for the information coming from these numerous new sensory cells to be processed without encroaching on other brain functions, nerve ganglia appeared to act as intermediaries between these cells and the brain. They pre-process the information and only the syntheses they produce are sent to the brain. There, they are combined with the syntheses carried out on the signals coming from the ears, and all this shapes a unified sound experience. In return, the brain also sends information to the ganglia which relay it to the sensory cells so that attention can guide listening.

Among other consequences, these richer and more subtle perceptions lead in music to the end of the preeminence of the note. It is the sound itself that becomes a musical object in its own right, being perceived with nuances of great richness. By playing with attention, it is possible to walk, so to say, within the sound itself. This is how the listener becomes co-creator of his music from the sound material provided by the musicians.

In the same way that some pressure receptors evolved into acoustic waves receptors, temperature receptors sensible to infrared electromagnetic waves evolved into light receptors. Again with specialization in different frequency bands, and again with intermediate ganglia that process information in both up and down directions. But behind these similarities lies a profound difference. While information from the skin's sound sensory cells is combined with that from the ears, the light signals captured by the skin remain independent of those from the eyes. In fact, the ganglia that process this information also control the arrangement of colored pigments in the skin<sup>1</sup>. The original function of this system was to

---

<sup>1</sup> Like the chromatophores of octopuses and squids.

make us stealthy so that we could escape predators by blending into the landscape. Our species is reluctant to kill, but we are not willing to get killed. Hunting in all its forms has been practiced extensively by many species, including *Homo sapiens*, and therefore our souls no longer find any satisfaction in it. So to avoid being killed without having to kill in turn, our species has chosen to develop this strategy of stealth.

In a second phase, another function was added to this, which of course remains active and can be mobilized very quickly in case of danger: intentional control of pigmentation allows us to communicate our internal states, or even for the most gifted of us to create real works of art taking the form of body paintings.

### ***communication***

This communication through body paintings, however, remains secondary compared to the main tools which are telepathy and speech. We know that among sapiens the main tool of communication was speech, supplemented by gestures and other bodily movements. We also know that direct mind-to-mind communication was possible, but that it remained subliminal for most. Whereas between us, it is through this telepathic channel that most of our exchanges take place. Language comes in addition to transmit more specific information, for example technical, or to serve as a support for scientific or mathematical reasoning. It also gives the ability to sing songs.

### ***raison d'être***

The differences noted between *Homo sapiens* and *Homo consciens* suggest more fundamental differences: our worldview is very different from theirs, as is our way of being present in the world. It

is difficult to be more precise about the late sapiens who are the subject of this study since they are probably among the last of their kind and died 20,000 years ago.

Our two species diverged nearly 50,000 years ago. This means that they coexisted for at least 30,000 years. Quite a long time. Hence the question: Did members of the two species have had contacts long enough to be culturally fruitful? Or did they live in isolation and ignored each other? We tend to favor the second hypothesis, a lack of contacts.

Another question with much deeper implications: What reasons would a soul have had for incarnating at that time as *sapiens* rather than *consciens*? This has long puzzled us. After intense debates within our team, we have agreed on the two most likely motives.

One is that the two species are sufficiently distant morphologically and physiologically that the transition from the old body to the new body requires radical changes in habits. It is possible that some souls did not want to take part in these changes. No longer having to eat, no longer having sex, no longer maintaining relationships of domination/submission, no longer needing strong emotions to feel alive, etc. must have seemed too great a sacrifice to choose to incarnate as something other than a sapiens.

Another possible reason: we know that among many of our ancestors there was often a clear separation between the plane of the soul, considered unreal, and the physical plane, considered the only reality. It sometimes followed that in the event of sudden death, they did not understand their death and immediately found themselves projected into a new incarnation, without hindsight on the past existence or awareness of new possibilities.

In any case, these attempts to perpetuate the sapiens species failed. Fertility plummeted to the point of complete extinction, so that today *Homo consciens* is the sole representative of the genus *Homo*. What does this mean? If this has any meaning at all.

Taking the reflection further, should we not also consider the extinction of the genus *Homo* itself and its surpassing by a radically new form? There is little doubt that the species will one day be called upon to dream of its descendant. But this day remains distant as there is still so much to explore in the body of *Homo consciens*. So let us experiment with everything that our imaginations are capable of projecting into it, and thus participate in creating the soul that creates us that we create that creates us...





**OKOKYO, THE SCRIBE****A FEW YEARS LATER**

*My friends,*

I still feel disturbed by a series of strange events I have just experienced. As you know, I went to the Mountain of Mist to collect crystals. A well chosen name since it is shrouded in clouds most of the time. Let me reassure you, I am fine. My trouble is not due to any accident, illness, or storm, nor to any bad encounters. I have been confronted with a succession of surprising events that I struggle to account for, let alone explain.

The first strange thing is that, upon arriving in my search area, the mists had completely dissipated. Crystals were so easy to spot I quickly filled a bag. Crystals are my passion, and I have been at the Mountain of Mist many times to collect them, but never have I experienced a weather like this. Even stranger, it lasted three days straight with pristine skies day and night.

When evening came, the low humidity and the clarity of the sky invited me to lie down on the ground and contemplate the stars. It was a spectacle like nothing I had ever seen, even though I am familiar with observing the night sky: stars everywhere, so numerous that the shapes drawn by the brightest, the only ones usually visible, were no longer evident; I saw clouds and incandescent filaments with the naked eye; I even thought I could make out one of the satellites of the large planet. You know my fascination with the cosmos to the point that I have long wished I

could travel among the stars. An impossible dream, I know, everyone knows. So I am happy to contemplate the wonders of the sky from the ground of our planet.

The fatigue of the day, the rarefied atmosphere of the altitude, and the dazzling spectacle, conspired, so to say, to put me in a floating state of mind, as if I was in a space between two worlds: my consciousness gained clarity at the same time as things around me lost their substantiality. Lying there, staring straight above at this star, I wondered if there was not a planet circling around it similar to ours, on this planet a being like me who, looking at our star in his sky, would also wonder if there was not someone looking at him... I began to think about all the life that must be teeming in the galaxy.

I cannot say how long I remained meditating like this when I was suddenly pulled out of it by a most strange apparition. A luminous ball a little larger than me suddenly came out of nowhere, hovering just above, oscillating slightly. Its surface was colored in changing shades of red, green, and yellow, and it was also pulsating. These changes followed a regular rhythm. Reality or product of my imagination? No time to ponder, the ball suddenly descended and engulfed me. I did not even have time to be afraid, so captivated was I by the spectacle I discovered: I had changed worlds! One moment I was lying on the ground of our planet contemplating a familiar sky, the next I was elsewhere, it was daytime, the sky was different, the sun was different, the landscape reminded me nothing of our planet, and above all I was in the presence of sentient beings with completely unknown bodies and thoughts. It was disconcerting but I didn't feel in danger, rather curious to know more. The sentient beings gave me the opportunity because without wanting to and without effort I perceived and understood the mind-to-mind exchanges they had with each other. Did they sense my presence? Nothing suggested that except for an event that occurred during my third trip to this world. But I'm anticipating. What I experienced that first evening happened again

the following two evenings, at about the same time and in the same way: me lying on our cloudless Mountain of Mist contemplating the starry sky, the emergence of the luminous ball out of nothing, the engulfing, and my seamless passage into this other world. Each time the situations experienced were different, but it was indeed the same world. And each time the ball disappeared as suddenly as it had appeared. I found myself back in our world exactly as I had left it. The sky had not rotated, or barely, as if no time had passed here while I had witnessed long adventures on the other world.

You can imagine my perplexity after the first experience and the host of questions that came to mind:

Was I the only one to experience this, or had it happened to others? If so, was it under similar circumstances, and had they visited this same world?

This planet and these beings seemed real, as real as our planet and as real as you, my friends, but were they, really? If they were real, how had I traveled through space and time to join them on their world? Or was it just a mind trip, something I did not know I was capable of? And if they were unreal, how had these visions and thoughts arisen in my mind, considering I don't have a fertile imagination?

Why did it happen at this precise moment? Does it have anything to do with the disappearance of the clouds? And did the crystals I had in large numbers near me play a role? Or should we rather look at stellar configurations and galactic currents? Or a mixture of all of these?

I spent the next day writing down this adventure before it slipped out of my memory. I also wanted to share it with you, my friends, so that you could help me answer these questions.

When evening came, I felt in a strange mood, anticipating the pleasure of the ball's return and fearing that it would not return. Because if it did return and the adventure continued, it would reinforce my conviction about the reality of the phenomenon. My wish was granted, the ball returned, and I found myself on the

same planet, in the company of beings similar to those of the day before, living another extraordinary adventure. And it started again on the third evening following the same scenario. On the fourth day, clouds returned to envelop the mountain, and that evening the ball did not appear, nor on the following evenings.

This is the context of the stories you are about to read. My friends, you know me, I am not the kind to follow fanciful beliefs or take mind-altering drugs. Therefore, I ask you to take these stories as real. But before I let you form your own opinion, I would like to provide a few more clarifications.

These experiences were long and profound, enough for me to gain an understanding of how these beings live and think. I must admit that the comparison is not to our advantage. In many respects, I consider them more advanced than us, to the point that we could draw inspiration from them to bring about changes in our own society.

Putting into words the telepathic exchanges was not easy as their worldview is so far removed from ours. I'm not sure I managed it without making some misinterpretations. If others have had similar experiences, it will be interesting to compare our wording. In the meantime, to facilitate understanding, I have created this short glossary:

### ***OmCians***

This is the name they give themselves collectively. It is rarely spoken since most of their exchanges are direct from mind to mind.

A few clarifications on this subject. Although their communications are primarily telepathic, they also possess a spoken language based on articulated words, and perhaps a written version of this language, although I am not certain of this.

Another clarification: an information exchanged by telepathy is not a succession of words but presents itself to the mind as a bubble of meaning grasped immediately and containing the totality of what is signified. In a way, a signified without a signifier. This is how I perceived their exchanges, without taking part in them, at least that is the impression I had. It goes without saying that, by moving to writing, I was obliged to render the telepathic dialogues in words.

A curious consequence of this way of communicating is that each OmCian, while highly individualized, does not have a personal name. At least that's what it seemed to me. This in no way prevented the recognition of each individual. It was self-evident, a sort of subtle inner touch that was equivalent to a signature: 'it is so-and-so.' It's like when I think of myself: when I say to myself 'I', I don't need to specify 'OkoKyo,' it is self-evident. So no need for names. This is of course impossible to render in writing. That's why, in order for the dialogues to be understandable, I sometimes allowed myself to use plausible names of my own invention.

### ***PaMa, BeiGi, PeiMei***

OmCians are divided into two genders. However, in the vast majority of situations, this difference is not acknowledged. For them, distinguishing between male and female is no more fundamental than distinguishing between right and left. Their sex is not a characteristic that establishes their identity. They identify with something deeper and more immaterial, which they call Sool, for which we have no equivalent.

The male-female distinction is only relevant in situations concerning reproduction. Thus, Pa is the male progenitor, Ma the female progenitor, and PaMa refers indifferently to one of the two.

In the same way, BeiGi refers to a child regardless of gender. And if it is necessary to clarify, Bei is male, Gi is female. Our word 'child'

is also independent of gender, but I choose to keep their word BeiGi to avoid misinterpretations because they are not childish at all. They are very mature, to be considered more like prepubescent adults than children.

PeiMei refers to any other member of the group to which the BeiGi belongs. Pei is supposed to be the male and Mei the female, even though I've never heard them used. I could have used our word 'adult' instead of PeiMei, but I wanted to avoid misinterpretations because there is an almost filial bond between a BeiGi and all the PeiMei. It is difficult for us to understand, but a BeiGi who is born into a community is, in a way, everyone's child.

### ***Zic and Danz***

These are activities that we would be tempted to call artistic. This would once again be risking misinterpretation because their conception of art has no equivalent among us. Among the OmCians, the purpose of art is to achieve ecstasy. I was able to approach this state through them, without being certain that what I experienced resembles in the least what they experience. In our own words, I would say that it is a state of unification of the different planes of existence, physical and non-physical, accompanied by intense pleasure. It could also be a way of uniting with Sool, considered as the source of existence, or perhaps even of the physical universe.

The main form of art is based on sounds and is called Zic. This may sound familiar to us, but among the OmCians it becomes much more subtle. A Zician is not just a person who produces and organizes acoustic waves. The listener is also a Zician because he is able to internally create his Zic from the sounds he hears, or even from nothing. He does this by directing his attention within the sound itself, literally walking through it as he would walk through a landscape. When a whole group gathers to make Zic, the exchanges

between their minds unify their creative experiences, and this give rise to a collective ecstasy, a state of unity and supreme pleasure.

The other important form of art is Danz. It involves body movements and body paintings, either separately or together, either born from silence or from Zic. The movements and paintings are not arbitrary. They activate in their bodies and between bodies the circulation of a kind of vital energy they call ChiCho and that we also have no equivalent. As it circulates, the energy amplifies, and as it amplifies, it reaches a threshold where forms materialize. These are not only perceptions with the inner gaze but real material forms visible to any being or device sensitive to light. In hindsight, it seems now to me that the luminous balls that appeared to me and led me to these beings must have been of this nature. But how did they cross space-time? Why did they reach me? Was I somehow targeted, or was it chance that led the ball to me? More questions that haunt me...

My friends, I hope you will help me understand. I hope you won't think I'm a hallucinating lunatic and that, after reading this, you will be convinced, as I am, of the existence of the OmCians. Your friendship is precious to me. Please share your comments with me in all sincerity.

*Okoko Kyo*





**BEIGI, PAMA, PEIMEI****BEIGI'S INITIATION*****on the way***

"BeiGi, you will soon become PeiMei, do you understand?"

"Yes. The three of us are going to the mountains to do I don't know what, and when we are back, I'll be PeiMei. I know you know what we're going to do there, but I don't read it in your minds."

"Ha ha ha! You're wrong: you don't see anything because there's nothing to see. Isn't that right, PaMa?"

"Nothing to see indeed because we don't have the least clue. We only know we are going to the Dead Lake to sow seeds."

"I already know that. That's the other part of the plan I'd like to know, the one which will make me become PeiMei."

"As PaMa told you, we don't know, we'll find out along the way."

"How did the lake die?"

"You'll understand when you see it."

"In short, you don't know anything or you don't want to explain anything to me."

"Everything in its time. You are creating unnecessary worries for yourself. For now, we're here, and we have to prepare the seed balls before we leave. Look, it's very simple, all the ingredients are already gathered: you take a small handful of this seed mixture, a handful of soil, some clay, you wet it, you knead it, you shape it into a ball, and you put it in the sun to dry."

"While you do that, I'll fill the water bottles."

"PaMa, how far is Dead Lake?"

"A few days of walking north."

*the stone game*

"The climb is getting harder and harder, is this lake still far away?"

"We will get there tomorrow."

"Let's stop here for a while to rest and enjoy the view."

"I propose a little game for you BeiGi. Do you see those three big rocks down there? The first one about thirty paces away, the other a little further, and the third at least sixty paces away?"

"Yes. What's your game, PeiMei?"

"You take a stone like this one, neither too big nor too small, rounded or angular, as you like, you throw it at the first rock, and it must hit the third after ricocheting off the second. Simple, isn't it? And easy too, look."

"ploc ploc ploc"

"There you go! Your turn."

"No, it's not possible, just a stroke of luck, I'll never get there."

"PeiMei has a knack for inventing funny games."

"Funny! You're kidding me, aren't you PaMa? It's not funny at all, it's Im-Pos-Si-Ble."

"Yet you saw me do it, BeiGi."

"Just luck."

"You've already said that, but it doesn't help you. PaMa, show how easy it is."

"See this angular stone, I'm sure it will do the trick."

"ploc ploc ploc"

"Funny, isn't it?"

"You are crazy! This game is useless."

"At least you are gifted at illuminating your body with flamboyant colors."

"Frustration or anger?"

"I'll never get there."

"Frustration!"

"It's certain that if you don't throw it, the stone won't move."

"Yet it could, but that's another game."

"Okay, take this stone and throw it."

"ploc"

"Failed."

"Thanks, I know. It's because you didn't give me a good stone."

"You don't say! Choose one that suits you."

"ploc"

"Can't do it. How do you do it?"

"And you, how do you do it?"

"I aim for the flat side of the first rock so that the stone bounces towards the second, and then I hope for luck so that it ricochets towards the third."

"You'll never get there like that, don't you think, PaMa?"

"Right PeiMei."

"Instead of making fun of me, you'd better explain to me what to do."

"Tell him PeiMei, after all you're the one who just invented this game."

"Simple: you put your mind into the third rock and you attract the stone."

"Nonsense! It's impossible!"

"Stop with your im-pos-si-bles, that's what's prevents you from succeeding. You saw us do it on the first try, so it's definitely possible and you're going to do it too. Go on, PaMa, you'll explain better."

"You empty your mind, put it in the target, and let the stone go by itself. Try it."

"ploc ploc"

"You didn't fully identify with the rock. You still had thoughts of success and failure. You need to empty yourself of that too. Do it again."

"ploc ploc"

"Almost. Take your time, breathe deeply, empty yourself, feel the rock attracting your arm and let the stone go as if of its own will. One more time."

"ploc ploc ploc "

"Funny!"

### ***sowing seeds***

"This lake is magnificent! What a color, what transparency! It makes you want to dive in."

"Don't you dare, BeiGi, water is poisoned."

"It would burn your skin, and if you were to drink it, it would kill all your symbionts, and you at the same time. The water is so clear because poison in it destroys all life."

"What poison?"

"Our very distant ancestors did things they shouldn't have. They made radioactive products that continue to rot here and in many other places."

"So we're trying to restore balance by helping life to reestablish. We're going to scatter the seed balls all around the lake. What happens next is out of our hands. The next rains will soften the clay, and perhaps a few seeds will germinate. We hope they'll grow in the little soil we give them until they reseed themselves."

"Above all, we hope that the return of life around the lake will help life return in the lake."

---

1 Something of the kind happened to me, except it involved shooting 3 arrows with the bow (see reference 1).

***the water game***

“Ready to go again?”

“My water bottle is empty.”

“Mine too. And yours, PeiMei?”

“Mine almost. To be on par with you and because I have a new idea for a game, I’m dumping the rest on the ground.”

“What’s the game?”

“Again for you, BeiGi: it is up to you to find us water. I know, all that water in the lake is tempting, but don’t think about it. We’ll all die one day, but let it be for a good reason.”

“What do I do then?”

“As you did with the stone game: you identify with the water and let yourself be attracted.”

“It’s not possible!”

“Possible, impossible, your mind is still too full of these drosses inherited from other lives. They are poisons as dangerous as those that prohibit life in the lake. If you keep them inside you, they will prevent you from living. Empty your mind, project a clear intention, and go ahead. PaMa and I will follow you.”

“We’ve been walking all day and I haven’t gotten anywhere. I’m thirsty, I’m tired, I’m giving up. It’s up to you to take over or we’ll die.”

“Maybe we will die indeed.”

“So you’re going to help me?”

“No BeiGi.”

“I confirm: no. You can no longer behave like a little BeiGi dependent on the PaMa and the PeiMei. Time has come when you must take responsibility for your presence in the world, know yourself and make yourself known as a whole individual aware of the game you play on Earth in this body. Otherwise...”

“Otherwise I will die and you will die too.”

“Correct.”

“More precisely, we will leave this body, but we will not leave the great Game of Creation.”

“Because our role today is to help you get through this, we are prepared to accept all the consequences of entrusting you with this responsibility, even if it means dying. We entrust our lives to you knowingly, and if you fail to find us water, we will die with you without the slightest reproach against you. Right, PaMa?”

“Be sure, BeiGi, that it is an expression of our greatest love for you to help you achieve your potential as a free individual.”

“Is this how you love me? Is this how you help me, by making us all die? How can you be so detached from life?”

“We are not detached from life, we are not attached to our bodies, however wonderful they may be. I am sure you have memories of many incarnations and disincarnations, so you know deep down that: ‘dying is easy, being born is difficult’<sup>1</sup>.”

“We are all still and always being born.”

“All of this is part of the Game of Creation.”

“Except it’s not a game anymore!”

“On the contrary, it is a game, that’s what you need to understand, BeiGi, if you want to find water. It’s no different from the stone game.”

“We weren’t risking our lives when throwing stones at rocks.”

“There are no more or less dangers now than yesterday when we played with stones. Who knows how many lives we destroyed by throwing our stones? Who can judge whether one life is more or less important than another?”

“So you won’t help me?”

“We help you find water but we don’t go and get it for you.”

“So what do I do?”

---

1   Aphorism No. 31 from reference 2.

“PeiMei explained it to you, it’s no different from the stone game, except that instead of identifying with the rock you identify with the water.”

“Yes, you must first feel the water in your body, and then feel how it is attracted to the water of a spring somewhere.”

“But with all this water in the lake so close, I will never be able to tune to the water of a tiny spring.”

“So use your imagination. Instead of looking for water, look for the tiny lives that inhabit it. Let the tiny lives in the water of your stomach be attracted to those living in the water of a spring.”

“Tired of walking, can’t keep standing, I’m stopping.”

“clap clap clap”

“Why are you clapping? What else?”

“Your body has succeeded where your head confuses you. Don’t you hear the little song of the water flowing behind the rock you just landed on?”

“May your successes in the games of these last few days give you the confidence to complete your transformation from BeiGi to PeiMei.”

### ***Tui’s brain*<sup>1</sup>**

“PeiMei, now that I reflect on it and am no longer distracted by your games, I remember noticing something during the trip that intrigues me. The living beings we encountered seemed strange to me, unfamiliar. I have fleeting visions of large animals and vast forests and we saw nothing of the like<sup>2</sup>.”

---

1 As a reminder, Tui is the name of the spirit of the Earth, neither masculine nor feminine.

2 On the possibility that children keep memories of other lives, see the work of Ian Stevenson, like in *Children Who Remember Previous Lives* (various formats and editions).

“Just as SaPians reinvented themselves as OmCians, Tui is reinventing itself by developing a global brain. This is why certain species are favored, especially insects, and others are declining, like large animals. Your other PaMa can explain this better.”

“Ah, insects! They seem to love our skin, we’ve all been bitten all over.”

“Perhaps Tui still finds us too imperfect and seeks to improve us.”

“...”

“I’m joking, of course. We shouldn’t waste our time looking for a hidden meaning in everything that happens.”

“PaMa, what is a brain? And what is Tui’s brain?”

“Why are you interested?”

“Because I want to understand why Earth is so different from the memories I have of it. I want to understand what it will change for Tui and for us.”

“I assume you want the short answer and not to spend the whole year dissecting all aspects of a brain?”

“Short first, then we’ll see.”

“Let me quickly explain our brain. It fulfills several tasks. One is to control our physiological functions such as body temperature. The other, which interests us more here, is to be the intermediary between our consciousness and physical experience. In the upward direction, the brain formats the signals coming from the sensory cells, from the eyes for example, and the mind takes hold of its syntheses to make conscious experiences, like this yellow circle you see painted on my chest. When you perceive *yellow*, your brain does not have the conscious experience of yellow. It only formats the signals coming from the sensory cells of your eyes activated by light, and this becomes for your conscious mind a yellow circle. In the downward direction, the brain receives intentions and transforms them into actions. This is how I now change the yellow circle on my chest into a red square. Are you following me?”



“Yes, go on.”

“Our brain is made up of a very large number of specialized cells connected to each other. Each receives signals from many cells, evaluates them, and sends a new signal to many other cells. When this entire process reaches a certain global state, consciousness arises. Are you still with me?”

“Yes.”

“So let’s move on to Tui. Here’s what makes us suspect that it is developing a global brain. Over the generations, we have noticed that more and more living beings are capable of emitting and receiving electromagnetic waves at frequencies around ten megahertz. These are frequencies five hundred million times weaker than those of visible light, and none of our sensory cells can perceive them. The advantage they have over light waves is that they can propagate very far in the atmosphere, even circle the Earth. Insects were the first to develop organs for transmitting and receiving these waves. We also suspect that, through symbiotic associations, this ability is beginning to spread to plants, notably a species of grass that grows in isolation at great heights, a kind of bamboo. Nothing like this has yet been observed in animals like mammals. It is assumed that the next species to evolve such organs will be birds. In short, each individual living on Earth could eventually become in some way the equivalent of a ganglion. They would exchange with each other via these electromagnetic waves in a manner analogous to the exchanges that occur between our nerve cells via electrochemical signals <sup>1</sup>. It is assumed that in this way Tui

---

<sup>1</sup> A few facts to realize the plausibility of this hypothesis: in our brain, the transmission of a signal between two neurons across a synaptic cleft takes place in 0.5 to 1 millisecond, while the conduction speed in the nerves is of the order of a few tens of meters per second; for comparison, an electromagnetic wave travels 300km in one millisecond, complete circling the Earth (about 40,000km) in 0.13 seconds, and what are called short waves in radio have frequencies between 3 and 30 megahertz, which allows them to travel far on the planet without requiring great power by reflecting on the ionosphere.

will gain access to more synthetic thoughts and new qualia. It is also assumed that it will gain the ability to project coherent actions on the scale of the entire planet. In a way, Tui would pass from childhood to adulthood as you yourself have just accomplished. But it is not there yet, this is only the very beginning of this evolution.”

“And us?”

“We are not directly involved in this at the moment.”

“Perhaps the next species who succeeds us?”

“Perhaps. In any case, we are following these developments with interest. But the fact that these new organs are not present in our bodies does not prevent us from interacting with Tui. The exchanges are made directly from mind to mind, like those you and I are having right now. But you feel the difference: we exchange thoughts, but my intention to change the color of MY skin does not produce a change in the color of YOUR skin, and my awareness of the world comes from MY eyes and EARS, not from YOUR eyes and EARS. In other words, these exchanges do not directly participate in our experiences of the physical world, and it is these physical experiences that are ultimately the reason for an incarnation. This does not prevent these exchanges from being fruitful. There is little doubt that it was our species that inspired Tui to evolve a global brain. If you remember that Tui contributed to the genesis of our species from SaPians, we are indeed in a game of coevolution. Who knows what use Tui will make of its brain? And who knows what we will do when it has completed this transformation?”

**Zic&Danz****WITH YAZ AND ZENE*****one moon from the summer solstice***

“Yaz, solstice is drawing near, I have an idea to renew the festival.”

“Ah! Zene, my friend, each year you hope for something different, and each year we end up with the same Zic&Danz festival. Admit it, that’s what they all want. They’re so transported into sublime ecstasies that they want no change.”

“This time is different.”

“If you think so.”

“We’ve all noticed that this year the Sun is not as usual, and the summer solstice is a true solar festival. Its activity is exceptionally strong: sunspots so numerous that they can be seen with the naked eye under the right conditions, plus all these aurora borealis visible from our latitudes. As a result, the climate is milder.”

“I agree, these are exceptional circumstances.”

“And that’s not all: I feel a tremor coming from the depths of the solar system. You must feel it too, Yaz, you’re even more sensitive than I am to these subtle energies.”

“I do indeed perceive a sort of tremor, but I sense it comes from much further away, our entire galaxy seems affected.”

“What do you think it is?”

“I don’t know. A gravitational disturbance perhaps. But due to what? Or something else?”

“Anyway, Yaz, you admit that this year is different from the others. The perfect opportunity to try something new.”

“Do you already have a clear idea?”

“An idea, yes, clear, no. Let’s say I have the beginnings of an idea that I’m submitting to your sagacity. It may seem daring to you, but I think the time is right to try to contact other sentient beings in the galaxy.”

“The idea doesn’t shock me. But why do you want to try this now?”

“Everything is consciousness, isn’t it? Then all forms are manifestations of consciousness, then life is necessarily everywhere in our universe, then I will not be satisfied for long with sowing seeds in the deserts of our planet. Drawing inspiration on our dreams, Tui is right now equipping itself with a global brain. To me, it means an evolutionary leap has been accomplished and that time has come to jump to the next one.”

“How lyrical! But I’m with you. Problem is I have no idea how to do that.”

“Consider these two ideas together: 1. On several occasions we have collectively succeeded under your guidance in materializing and opening something like an eye in various places on the planet; 2. This excess energy circulating in the cosmos could help to materialize this form elsewhere in the galaxy.”

“As an expert in ChiCho, I can already tell you that’s not how it works.”

“So what do you suggest?”

“I believe it is possible to materialize and open such an eye elsewhere than on Earth, that is not the problem.”

“So what is it?”

“The probability that it will open up to a sentient being sufficiently similar to us for the experience to make sense is almost zero!”

“Then it’s doomed to failure because you and I have no way of finding how to reach such a target.”

“Don't be defeatist, Zene. Let's be confident. And first of all, let's remember that on the day of the celebration, there won't be just the two of us. There will be many of us, and it will be the group that will probe and journey through the different spiritual planes of this universe. You yourself pointed out that everything is consciousness, so...”

“In other words, as in Zic&Danz, let's leave room for improvisation, for imagination, let's the energy flow like water which always ends up finding a way.”

“Provided the proper intention is projected.”

“This is how our cosmic eye will be drawn towards its target.”

***one week before the festival, Zic rehearsal with Zene***

“About twenty of you responded to our call, some came from far away, be thanked. As a reminder, what we're about to do this year will be somewhat different from the previous festivals. It follows that more rehearsals are required, which is why we asked you to come a little earlier. We're a week away from the solstice, that should be enough. You'll work on Zic with me, and you'll work on Danz with Yaz. The two will be combined only during the festival so as not to lose our energies.”

“Counting Yaz and me we are exactly 20. I'm going to form 5 groups of 4. To do this, I'll first listen how you sing. Don't worry, you won't be judged on the quality of your voice or the precision of your intonation. All voices are suitable. I just want to get an idea of their range. Each in turn, you will simply sing the lowest note you can, then the highest note, while remaining relaxed, without pushing hard or grimacing.”

“I now have all your voices in mind. I will form five coherent groups, the four members of each group having roughly the same range will sing the same thing.”

“Taking into account that few of you are singers, the music I’m planning for the festival is very simple. What each of you will have to sing will be very simple indeed, but the layering of all the voices will produce a sonic texture of great complexity that will allow you to immerse yourself in the sound. There will be three parts, each beginning with three drum beats.

“First part: the first group begins a slow continuous rise from low to high on a single exhalation; once you reach the top you take a quick breath and start again. At my signal given by ringing a bell, the second group starts and does the same thing as the first but in its own range, and so on...

“I have before me three bells that ring different tones, each to indicate the vowel to be sung: dang-Ahhh dong-Ohhh ding-Ihhh. On the day of the festival, Yaz will ring them, you will soon understand why.

“Three drum beats and we move on to the second part. Since you’re not experienced singers, it won’t be any more complicated than the first one. In fact, it will be an extension of it, since you’ll repeat what you’ve just sung only increasing the speed and intensity. The goal of these first two parts is to prepare for collective improvisation in harmony with Danz’s movements to materialize a cosmic eye. By the end of the second part, everyone’s hearing has refined and minds have synchronized. The only instructions for the final part are to direct all your attention inward and let out whatever spontaneously presents itself, whether sound, gesture, or body painting.”

***one week before the festival, Danz rehearsal with Yaz***

“What Zene asks of you is simple. What I’m going to ask of you is just as simple, so you’ll have no trouble combining the two. The only difficulty will be for you to be able to sing and do the movements I’m going to teach you without having to think about what you’ll have to sing or how to move your body. That’s precisely what rehearsals are for. In a week, you’ll be ready. What you will have to perform will then be as easy and natural as walking. You’ll even be able to do it while smiling.”

“Let’s start with the body paintings, very simple as I said. The same bells that Zene uses to indicate the vowel to sing will indicate the color to display: dang-ah-green, dong-oh-red, ding-ih-yellow. No complicated shapes, no subtle color nuances, just monochromes that mark the coherence between Zic and Danz in order to amplify the circulation of energy.”

“The Danz movement will later be synchronized with the Zic but for now we will just work in silence while concentrating on bodily sensations. Stand up straight, feet shoulder-width apart, arms hanging down by your sides with their own weight, everything is very relaxed. Bend your knees very slightly and tilt your pelvis back a little. The posture should be comfortable and you should be able to hold it for a long time. As a test, we will stay like this for a while. If you feel tingling, trembling, or even jerking in your arms, shoulders, or legs, this is normal, let it be, don’t block, it’s the tensions being released, it’s the body searching on its own for its natural position. With practice, you will find it instantly.

“Now we add the arm movements. They start out alongside the body, we slowly raise them with palms facing the ground. When we reach shoulder height, we turn our palms towards the sky, and we slowly lower them. Then we start all over again, inhaling on the way up and exhaling on the way down. Breathe with your belly. The

important thing is to use no force, the movements should happen by themselves. Imagine that you are bathing and that your arms are floating on the water. Imagine that waves are passing through you, making them rise and fall. This is precisely what you should feel: it is not you who raise and lower your arms, it is the waves.”

“At the signal of Zene’s drum which marks the end of the second part, you will change positions. The extreme attention that must be paid internally to sounds and bodily sensations requires a passive posture. In other words, you will lie down. But not haphazardly: you will form a circle, lying on your backs, heads toward the center, legs slightly apart, your hands touching those of your neighbors. Zene and I will be in the center of the circle with our drums.”

“The festival will take place at dusk near the water. We’ll need to prepare a flat, clean area on the beach about ten paces in diameter. Two important things. One is that everyone must know their exact spot, position themselves there from the start, stay there, and simply lie down where they are. There’s no question of witnessing any jostling that will break the concentration. The other important point is that this space must not be ordinary, it must contribute to putting you in an appropriate state of mind. By appropriate I mean: evoking Tui, evoking our species, evoking our souls, evoking the stars and everything that lives in the total expanse of this space-time. It is by thinking in this way that you will design this space as a mandala. Think of what unites all these and project this into the circle in colored shapes in harmony with your body paintings. Doing so will anticipate the opening of the eye to the cosmos.”



***the festival, a little before dusk***

“Have you seen that dark sky? A storm is brewing nearby, it will be soon upon us. We can’t cancel the festival. Is there anything you can do, Yaz?”

“Anyone with a drum go get it, the others will clap their hands. All of you sit in a line by the water’s edge and follow my rhythm. Above all, imagine the sky behind the clouds and the stars that will soon shine.”

“boom boom boom boom boom boom boom...”

“The sky has opened. Take a little rest in the mandala and we’ll start in a little while.”

***brief encounter***

“boum boum boum”

“dang”

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh A hhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...”

“dong”

“ O hhh...”

“ding”

“ I hhh...”

...

“boum boum boum”

“dang”

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...”

“dong”

“ O hhh...”

“ding”

“ I\_h\_h\_h\_h\_h\_h\_h\_h I\_h\_h\_h\_h\_h\_h\_h\_h...”

...

“boum boum boum”

...

I stop the drum, I stop singing, I let Yaz lead: contemplation.

The bubble of light materializes above us. Dang dong ding, red green yellow, the colors follow one another according to the rhythm she sets.

The surface of the bubble undulates with the songs. It breathes: I inhale it swells, I exhale it contracts. Inhale exhale inhale exhale... I am the bubble, an eye that contemplates Zene my body, Yaz beside me who beats the drum ‘boom boom boom’, and shakes the bells ‘dang dong ding’, and the others lying in a circle who look at me and whom I look at, lighting them up. And above, the vast starry sky.

Split attention: focused in my body, contemplating the bubble; focused in the bubble, contemplating my body. One, the other, both simultaneously, one, the other, both, one: the bubble as body.

Everything around fades. The night erases the silhouettes, the sounds diminish and disappear. Only the Breath remains, coming and going: inhale exhale inhale exhale...

I know I’m elsewhere without having felt any move. Below, an anthropomorphic figure lies alone and looks at me in amazement. A multicolored object shines near its head . In a reflex of curiosity, I reach out to grab it. But I have no arms! So it’s the whole bubble that descends and envelops them, the figure and the object, and bounces off them once, twice.

Memories of my initiation from BeiGi to PeiMei come flooding back: throwing stones against rocks, sowing seeds, searching for water, discovering Tui’s brain. Why these memories precisely now?

And then ... I perceive the wave that crosses the galaxy, vibrates our Sun and shakes the water in my body. A cosmic resonance from which the idea for this ceremony sprang within me.

And then ... like a sudden explosion that overwhelms my mind, like billions of simultaneous conversations captured in an instant that form a gigantic incomprehensible thought, like billions of views on billions of worlds that compose an incomprehensible image.

Too much, TOO MUCH, TOO MUCH!

Becoming Zene again. A move without movement through the sole effect of desire. I open my eyes. I want to move my hand and I see it moving. Zene in Zene's body. Beside me, Yaz looks at me with her wonderful smile. The others too, sitting in a circle around me, look at me smiling. Clear gazes of ecstasy through which the world projects itself from the inside out. Unifying gazes of unconditional love through which I vaguely regain consistency. In harmony, their body paintings pulse with vibrant colors. I look at mine, already knowing what it shows: nothing.

"Ding..."

Yaz sends thoughts I don't understand, speaks words I don't understand. I am nothing but an empty gaze, not even that of a child opening his eyes on the world."

"Ding..."

I know that I have approached, or rather that I have been approached, by something beyond me and into which I could have dissolved. For the first time I am cold.

"Ding..."

There are four of them carrying me into the water, gently bathing me. I let myself go like a child. Yaz says the water will help the energy flow through my body again. She tells me not to worry, I'll recover quickly. But I'm not worried, I've just been overwhelmed by something bigger than me. I'm cold.

"Ding..."

I'm helped back to lie down in the center of the mandala. So many hands on my body, warming me. So many beautiful faces. And Yaz, so sublime. I imagine us making a BeiGi. She laughs, she knows. I'm back. But a small part of me is still out there, far away in the galaxy. My body knows it and shows it by drawing a starry sky. I cry, overwhelmed by so much grandeur and beauty. Forgetting the nostalgia for a cosmic future, I laugh out loud, and everyone laughs in unison to acknowledge I'm back.

***the day after***

"Zene, together we propelled you into another dimension of consciousness, but you went so far so fast that I couldn't keep up with you."

"We have succeeded, Yaz, we have established contact with a sentient being similar to us elsewhere."

"Where else? In space? In time?"

"I don't know."

"You saw it, but did it see you?"

"I don't know. For me, all this happened barely in the blink of an eye. I only perceived it for a short moment and then my experience completely changed. That it saw the bubble of light, that's certain. But whether it perceived a conscious presence, I can't say. And you, Yaz, what did you sense? What do you think happened? How could this encounter have happened?"

"So many questions!"

"More questions than answers indeed."

"I didn't have a direct vision of this anthropomorphic being like you did. Nor did I pick up any clear thoughts from elsewhere. On the other hand, I had plenty of strange impressions. I felt like a presence enveloping you, an unknown spirit, so far away from us that nothing else made sense but this sensation of presence. But the strangest thing was the intuition that suddenly came over me

that this had something to do with the cosmic shiver we've been feeling these past few days."

"Like a distortion of space-time that would have opened a path?"

"I don't know, I don't always manage to understand the paths your thoughts take, Zene. What I do know is that at one point, the intentions of each person opened up several paths, that my intuition designated one of them as the most favorable, and that I directed the group's energy to propel the bubble of light and consciousness there."

"Yaz, a new idea has come to me. I have the impression that all the weirdness comes from the fact that we are confusing two things: the anthropomorphic entity is not this presence you felt, nor is it what flooded my mind with a heap of incomprehensible thoughts."

"You are right. The impressions this presence left don't match those of an entity like us living on a planet like ours. It was vast and full yet empty, it's difficult to express, a colossal energy but without a clear direction. It reminds me of the spirits of certain animals, simple, inactive presences, on a completely different scale of course, given the connection it has with the cosmic shiver."

"Like an embryonic brain."

"A new intuition comes to me: galactic entity."

"That's plausible. It would have been her who generated a sort of carrier wave through which I reached the anthropomorphic being. I suddenly think of something even crazier."

"Me too! Go first, Zene."

"You know that Tui is equipping itself with a global brain by interconnecting living beings via electromagnetic waves. Well, like a resonance between different planes, I think the galactic entity seeks to do the same by connecting, through light, entities like us capable of rich perceptions and complex actions, and also ready to imagine a leap beyond their planet."

“That’s it, a global galactic brain<sup>1</sup> that would give it unprecedented perceptions and unparalleled possibilities for action. It’s so obvious now. And at the same time, it’s impossible! Such a brain can’t operate because light takes years to cross interstellar distances, whereas it takes only fractions of a second to circle the Earth.”

“Proof that it is possible: we have established contact.”

“Yes, but we don’t know with whom, where, or when.”

“I maintain that such a galactic brain can operate. I’m sure, Yaz, what you say makes sense. To understand how it is possible, we just have to change our perspective on time. It is true that according to our concept of time, light takes years to travel through the galaxy. But a photon, which is an elementary particle of light, has a completely different experience of time: from its perspective, no time passes at all <sup>2</sup>.”

“In other words, it is simultaneously at the beginning and the end of its trajectory regardless of the apparent distance between the two.”

“Exactly. Therefore, for entities like us who live in a certain temporality, a galactic brain seems an impossibility.”

“And our participation in this brain gives us incoherent experiences.”

“But for a being existing in a different temporality and directly experiencing the timelessness of photons, all these relationships are instantaneous. You will note that certain aspects of my experience had this instantaneous character.”

---

1 Although different but interesting to stimulate our imagination, a study carried out by an astrophysicist and a neurosurgeon shows morphological similarities between the cosmic network of galaxies and the network of neuronal cells in the brain: F. Vazza and A. Feletti, *The Quantitative Comparison Between the Neuronal Network and the Cosmic Web*, Front. Phys., 16 November 2020, <https://doi.org/103389/fphy.2020.525731>

2 As for time from the point of view of a photon, see 3 p140.

“It’s dizzying. And even plausible, considering that a galactic soul is playing with forces other than those that shape our bodies on a terrestrial scale.”

“Yes, gravitational waves, for example. If you take the graviton, the elementary particle complementary to the gravitational wave, it behaves the same way as the photon does with respect to time.”

“So it could also serve as an instant link, between stellar entities for example.”

“What qualia form in a galactic consciousness? What intentions does such an entity wish to project? My imagination is reaching its limits, Yaz.”

“And what games of co-creation does it involve us in? By focusing too much on sounds, light, and all the wonders that physical experience provides us, by seeking too much physical explanations, we almost forgot that this universe is nothing more than a vast collective hallucination, a sublime co-creation of playful souls. It is our playground where we play while pretending to believe it is real.”

“So what do you think these developments that affect both Tui and the galaxy mean? Is it just the game that’s getting more complex? Or is this the beginning of a change in the playground itself?”

“My imagination also reaches its limits.”

“So there’s only one thing left to do, Yaz: play at co-creating...”

“A BeiGi?”





## **GALACTIC AWAKENING**

### **10 YEARS LATER EARTH TIME**

Here, on a sandy beach by the sea, a human figure twirls and leaps into the night, her naked body radiating flamboyant colors that pulse according to her whims. Sitting around, other humans watch, mesmerized. With voices and taps they generate the sounds from which are born the movements from which are born the colors from which are born the sounds...

Thoughts converge to cause beads of colored light to burst forth from the dancer's chakras. Their gaze turns upward, and the beads follow the movement: they rise straight up to the sky until they merge with the stars.

Here, anthropomorphic beings lying down side by side on a mountainside silently contemplate their starry sky. An equal number of crystals glow faintly, vaguely red, vaguely blue, vaguely yellow. Each crystal belongs to a body, or each body belongs to a crystal. Either placed on the forehead, or on the chest, or on the stomach, or in an open palm.

Eyes close, silence deepens, breaths harmonize, thoughts align in emptiness, then...

Then the crystals begin to sing, first a faint melody, which amplifies and joyfully comes alive to the rhythm of the twirling of the human dancer, elsewhere in space-time, so present now in the minds of these bodies lying on this mountainside, silent, and happy to hear the crystals sing this cosmic melody.

Here, on the ocean-planet, a spindle-shaped body takes off from the depths and springs up vertically, without splashing, to rise straight up above the clouds where a vast world and infinite questions unveil.

The body falls back, without splashing reenters the ocean, and returns to the depths to regain momentum, while another spindle-shaped body springs up and rises until it surpasses the clouds, then another, and another... Dozens and dozens of times the dance is repeated, until the movements coordinate, and then...

And then, they rise together by the hundreds.

And now their gazes converge on this star where humans, through their Zic&Danz, create a thrill of ecstasy that crosses the galaxy. Bodies tremble in unison, minds are carried away to the confines of the sublime, then fall back into the oceanic depths, rich with new sensations, new dreams, and new questions.

And here is the marvel: by this cosmic thrill, the galactic body awakens to its own splendor. A soul incarnates there, watching fascinated the birth of sensations: billions of colors, enough to get lost in, shaped from electromagnetic waves across the entire spectrum, and gravitational waves that become for the mind sounds and shivers. Attention to the colors within colors gives birth to shapes and movements. Attention to the sounds within sounds gives birth to songs and meanings. The wonder of awakening gives rise to a burst of laughter.

Here are stars exploding, fertilizing clouds that recreate the stars. Here are the spiral arms drawn by the shock waves of the exploded stars<sup>1</sup>. Here is the heart, nourished by light, that makes the galaxy sing and dance and laugh. Here is a small star, here is a small planet, here is the sea, and on a beach that borders it a human body also nourished by light that leaps and twirls and makes a string of multicolored stars spring forth.

---

1 On the metabolism of spiral galaxies, see 3 p91.

The singing and dancing never stop, the universe is made for that.

The perfection of the Game of Creation brings the soul to the heart of herself.

In the mirror of her hallucinatory creations, without beginning or end, she discovers herself in a burst of laughter:

Through Play It is done.

This reveals I,

I will be-is-was This:

Consciousness.



## EPILOGUE

“Hey Corinne, do you know how a galaxy laughs? I have no more inspiration, no more ideas.”

“But Vahe, it’s obvious, by waving her arms of course.”

“Of course! And how do the arms of a laughing galaxy wave?”

“Upwards obviously, that’s the best way to make stars splash.”

“Obviously! And how do you know that?”

“Everyone knows that. Have you forgotten? You must be tired.”

“Or distracted. Look how this sparrow carries the entire weight of the Earth on its tiny legs.”

“Very tired indeed! Or maybe you have nothing more to say, you’ve gone as far as you could. I still think that many other topics could have been addressed. I would have liked to follow the migration of the We-Rasta, the birth and education of Luma’s children, the organization of *Homo consciens* society. We could also imagine bifurcations: for example, in the 21st century, follow what happens in other communities; or a few millennia later, on another continent, the birth of a new species parallel to *Homo consciens*, a well-known phenomenon in evolutionary biology called convergent evolution.”

“You are right, I have nothing more to say. And you are right, the book is far from finished, but it is up to others to continue it to make *Homo Consciens* a collective masterpiece...”



## REFERENCES

All books by Vahé Zartarian.

All books in french, published in France by JMG éditions  
([www.jmgéditions.fr](http://www.jmgéditions.fr))

1. *Homo sapiens disparaîtra ... et après ?* (JMG éditions 2023)
2. *Ensemencer la spiritualité de demain, les aphorismes de Maître Sans-Poussière commentés par Vahé Zartarian* (JMG éditions 2023)
3. *Kosmogonie, la conscience créatrice* (JMG éditions 2017)

Other books and articles on the author's website:

**[www.co-creation.net](http://www.co-creation.net)**

