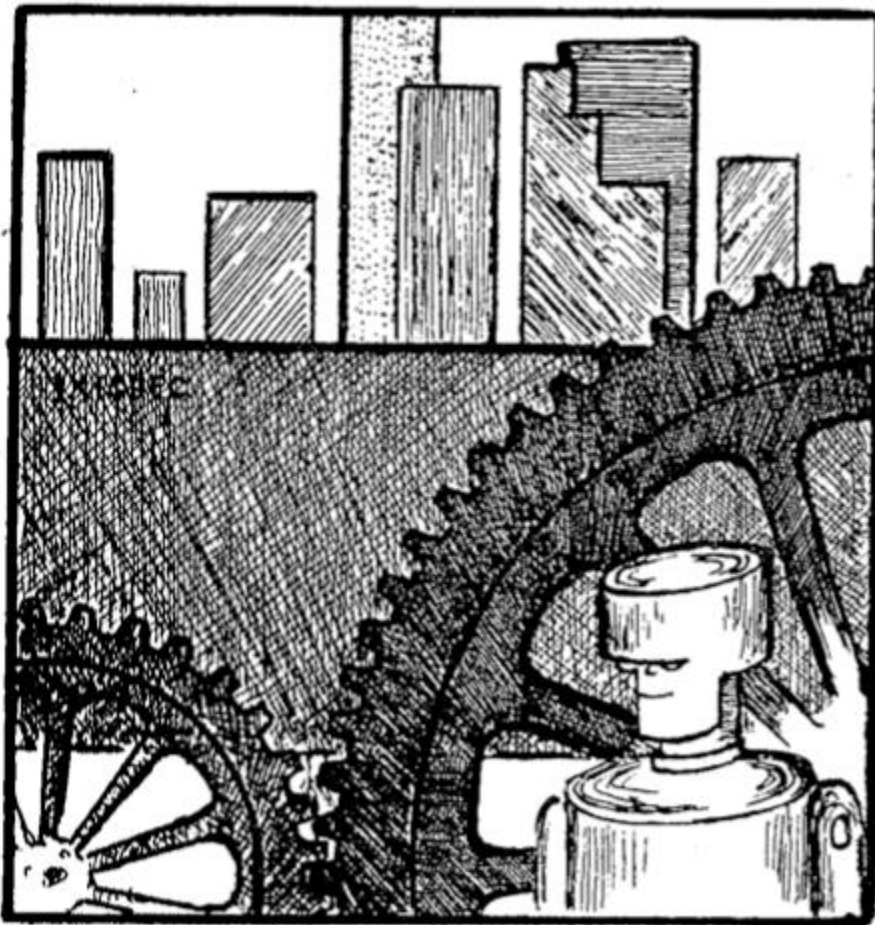


**IXIGREC**

# **Panurge au Pays des Machines**

**Panurge in the Country of the Machines**



# *A Satire of Totalitarianism*

Translated from the original French by Shawn P. Wilbur, independent scholar,  
translator and archivist. <https://www.libertarian-labyrinth.org>

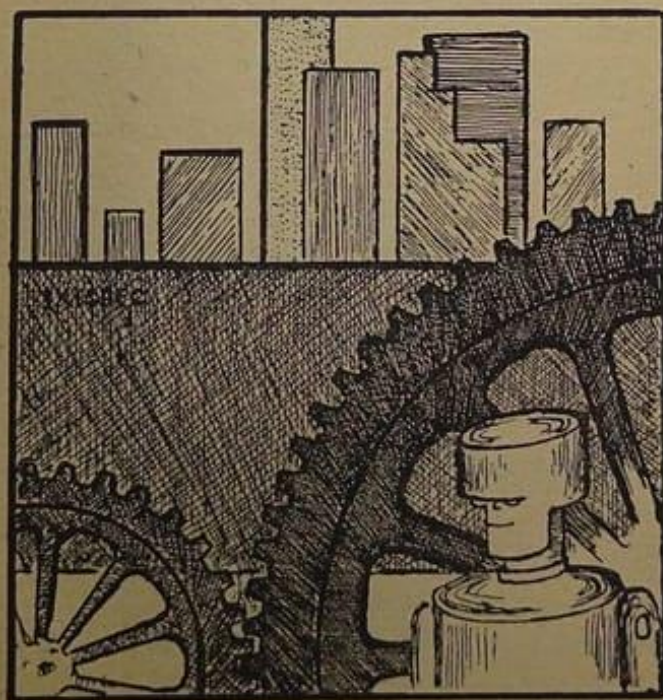
IXIGREC

Pamurze  
au  
Pays des Machines

Illustrations de l'auteur

IXIGREC

# Panurge au Pays des Machines





Portrait of Ixigec by Jean Lébedeff

Ixigrec was the pen name of Robert Collino. Collino was born on 3 May 1886 in Marseille, and died on 30 September 1975 in Tournettes.

After attending a number of talks in Marseille in the early 1900s held by the Jean Marestan Collino, who was the son of a pharmacist, became an anarchist and reader of the newspaper *L'Anarchie de Libertad*.

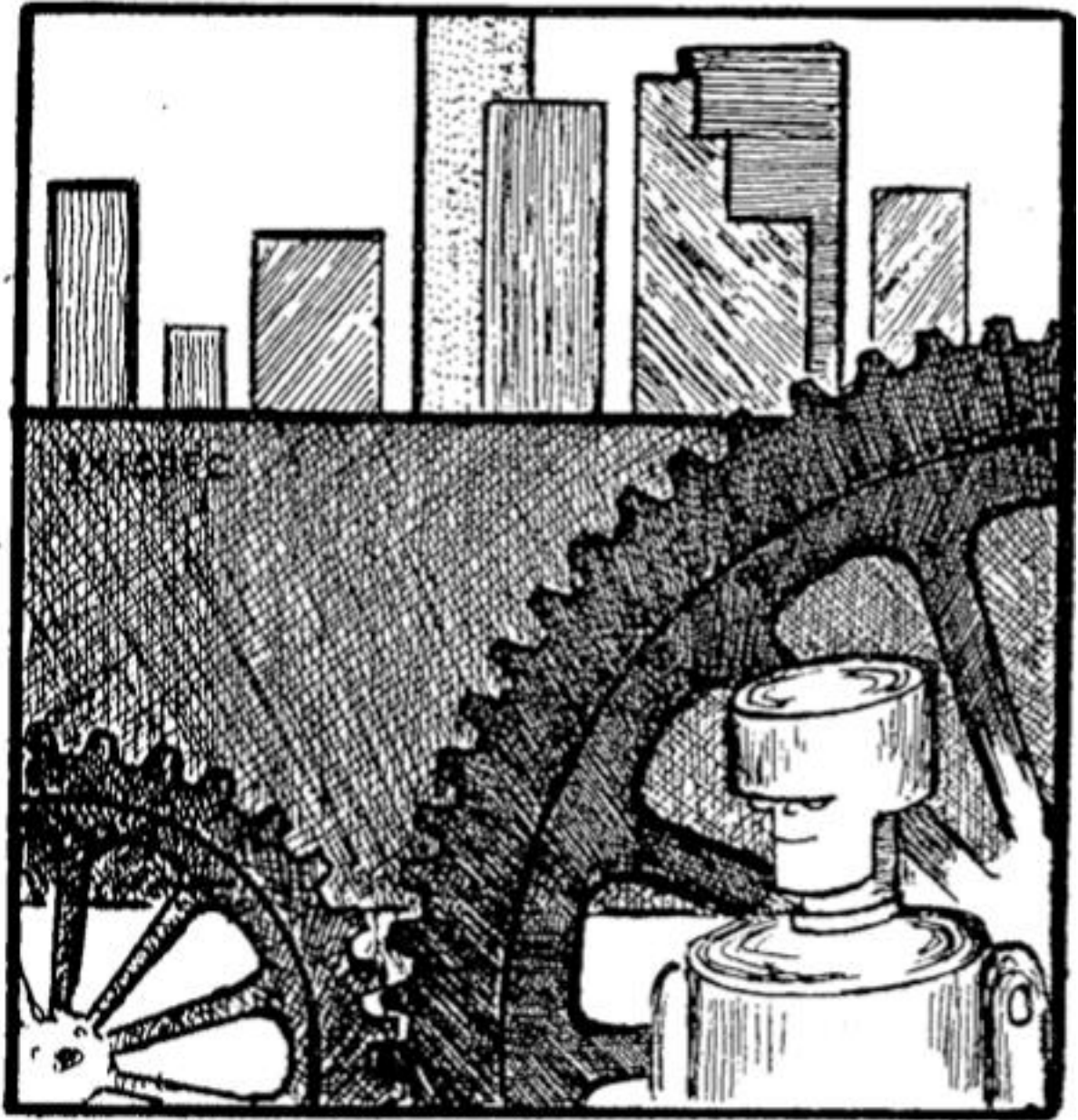
In Paris, after the First World War, he worked as a decorator and contributed to many libertarian papers including: *L'Anarchie*, *L'En-dehors*, *La Revue anarchiste*, and *Le Libertaire*, an organ of the Anarchist Union. He wrote for Sébastien Faure's *Anarchist Encyclopédie* articles on death and reason, which he later published in the form of pamphlets (*What is death?* and *What is reason?*).

In 1940, he published the book *Panurge au pays des machines*, a work influenced by the work of Rabelais, and a satire of totalitarianism.

After the Second World War ended, he resumed his work with the libertarian press, including the new series of *L'Unique*, *L'homme et la vie*, *Défense de l'Homme*, *Contre Courant*, *Ego*, and *Le Monde libertaire*, organ of the Anarchist Federation.

Robert Collino, who was married and father of two children, died in the Var in September 1975. An amateur painter, he was also the painter of many still lifes.

## Panurge in the Country of the Machines



## **HOW THE THELEMITES REGULATED THEIR WAY OF LIFE**

All their life was lived, not according to the law or rules, but according to their desires and free will. They rose from bed whenever they pleased, drank, ate, worked, slept when the desire came to them. No one awakened them, no one forced them to drink, eat, or to do anything else, for this is how Gargantua had established it. In their rule there was only this clause :

**DO WHAT THOU WILT**

**RABELAIS – The Very Horrific  
Life of the Great Gargantua**



## IN WHICH IT IS NOTED THAT PANURGE GREW BORED

Now, at the Abbey of Thélème, all was, or appeared to be, for the best. The famous “do what thou wilt,” engraved on the pediment of a portico, was practiced widely and fraternally. No one compelled another to do, or to not do, any particular thing. Each, according to their own whims, charmed the hours according to their own free impulses, worked for their own creative delight, busied themselves or dawdled according to their productive or contemplative humours. To some, the gentle pleasures of hazy or sunlit mornings, delicately shaded dawns, the renewal of nature, brought enchantment and intoxication to life. To others, the mysterious twilights, sombre or silvery nights, the fragrances of the earth at rest, dispensed reveries, reflections and serenity. All harmonizing their will with the demands of the weather and seasons, each loved to create abundance in enchanting gestures, the abundance that fortified the body and freed the mind, rendering individuals divine by giving them “leisure,” source of profound and infinite pleasures.

Each day, each hour was a new joy, a different pleasure, a varied or renewed emotion. Some poet tuned his lyre to the rhythm of the seasons and sang the exhilaration of happy days, the enchantment of feminine grace, and chasing his work, added a sonorous quatrain to a delicate sonnet. Some sculptor or painter idealized in matter the splendour of the forms, enthralled with the colourful play of shadows and light. Some philosopher delved deep into the origins, searched the ancient wisdom, and pushed back the ignorance of the self, meditated on the sources of reason, struggled against illusion and error, and enlightened their friends with their lucid, ordered remarks. Some scientists studied the enigmatic heavens, discovered some friendly forces, liberated humanity from fear and

ignorance, increased its productive power tenfold, freeing it from tiresome, thankless tasks.

And all employed these hours of intense life in tasting the joy of being, of loving, of feeling and understanding, the great joy of living. Panurge and his friends were happy! And the friends of his friends were equally happy. And everyone—friends, male and female, men, women and children, dreamers and creators—were happy!

Sisgine, the dear friend of Panurge, a blond girl with pearly white skin, with beautiful blue-green eyes, and mouth shining with freshness, charmed his days with her grace, her gaiety, her musical laugh, her intuitive reflections, her tireless activity.

Panurge had everything. He should have been happy. But man is sometimes driven by the inheritance of an adventurous past. And this perfect good fortune was not entirely to Panurge's taste. And Sisgine sometimes detected in her friend a certain melancholy, an inexplicable lassitude, a surprising lack of appetite in the midst of so many delights. She redoubled her caresses in vain. In vain she sang to him her tenderest and most melodious songs. In vain she led him beneath the flowery shade, to taste forgetfulness of time in the murmur of a brook. In vain she offered up her ardent youth, her smiling serenity. Nothing brought back his perfect quietude, his total joy, his complete contentment.

Panurge was too happy! Panurge was bored!

## WHAT “ORGANISUS” WAS AND WHAT HE WANTED

Now, as Panurge was growing bored, a stranger came to knock at the Abbey of Thélème. “I am Organisus,” he shouted. “I bring order and progress. I bear the salvation of men. I am the creator of the future!”

Let us introduce this extraordinary being. He was tall, thin and ascetic, and he spoke with authority.

The children surrounded him, leaping with joy, the young women welcomed him, laughing, and the men examined this strange, enthusiastic speaker. “Where is your chief,” he demanded, “and why are these children neglected? And you women, are you in confinement? And what are these idlers up to, worthless and unoccupied, who wait for discipline and labour?”

A friendly, dancing circle surrounded the vehement orator. Faced with such an attitude, he turned threatening. “Back!” he shouted “Back, you stupid animals! Back, you milling cattle! Like swine, you live without method and organization and the last decline threatens you with the basest degradation! Only obedience elevates and improves man! Only discipline makes societies strong! Nothing but force creates pleasures! Only sacrifice places man above the beasts! Obedience! Labour! Sacrifice! That is the true social trinity, the creator of organization, force and civilization! That is what I bring. I, Organises, founder of Machinopolis!”

An immense burst of laughter greeted that severe and formidable apostrophe and the children, believing it a friendly game, threw flowers at him. The women invited him to rest and the eldest of Thélèmes questioned him cordially: “Stranger, your words appear senseless and your animation unhealthy. Perhaps fatigue has exhausted the resources of your energy and your mind is floating like a ship lost at sea. Rest here a few days; taste the sweet tranquillity of our

customs; enjoy the comforts of our Abbey. Repair your forces in our rich abundance. Relax your mind in a restorative leisure. Learn what we know; tell us all that you know, and let us celebrate your coming as brothers!”

Organisus roared. “Leisure! Knowledge! The goals of degenerate races! In the Orient and the Occident, to the North and the South, everywhere the nations organize feverishly, everywhere progress gives rise to giant cities, everywhere man conquers the heavens and the earth and orders the flora and fauna in his brilliant machinations! And you, O ignorant brutes, O backward savages! You stagnate in the mire of well-being, in the infamy of a despicable pleasure, in the decrepitude of a near and inevitable extinction! Stand up, corrupt slaves! Stand up, sterile females! Rise up all of you, for the work of renovation, of civilization and progress! We will found the city of iron and steel, the most colossal of cities, where millions of Thélèmites will overwhelm all the other millions of citizens from neighbouring cities vomited up by the gulfs of fecundity! To work, for the great disciplinary creation! To work, for the triumph of Labour, Obedience and Sacrifice! I am Organisus! The founder of Machinopolis! I am the creator of the true civilization!”

— And what more would we have than we have now? responded Sisine. We eat when we are hungry, drink when we are thirsty, love according to our hearts, think according to our consciences no one stands in our way. Liberty appears to us the greatest of goods and constraint the greatest of evils. What can you bring us that is better than happiness?

— Woman! shouted Organisus, pleasure is the ruin of humanity; happiness its annihilation! Your role is to create, to give birth to children and not to enjoy life! Your sons must learn the sacred duty of production; to produce, still and always

to produce! Your daughters must prepare themselves for a prodigious fertility. The individual passes, but the race remains. Labour and fecundity! That is the true social wealth! That is real civilization! That is where we find progress and the future of the strong races!

— “And what does the race matter? What does civilization matter? Or progress?” said the young girls, laughing, “if the only reality, the individual, is destroyed by these chimeras? What’s the use of discipline, obedience, duty, fecundity or sacrifice if they serve no purpose but to destroy life, to create suffering? For millennia, men such as you have devastated the world, massacring, pillaging, setting it ablaze, heaping ruins on ruins, destroying civilizations often superior to their own! Have you estimated the enormity of the evils they have caused? Can you reckon the terrifying sum of suffering endured by the unfortunate human beings tortured through the centuries by the “Founders of Civilizations”? And what remains of all that? Nothing! You must seek the traces of these savage and proud conquerors in the dust! Your conquests, established by force, are only held by force and are destroyed by other forces! Obligated to kill in order to impose yourselves, you remain criminals, brutes, cruel and harmful beasts, living only for evil!”

Sisgine, despite the deadly glances of Organismus, continued: “We are neither stupid ants, nor busy bees. The finest example to give to a child is love and reasons, peace of heart and of mind. It is the example of happiness. We make of each of our days a work of beauty and we teach beauty by realizing it in ourselves. Apart from the conscience and reason, apart from joy and love, there is nothing. And a single happy man is worth more than a thousand hard-working slaves. If each creates their own joy, the world will truly know joy. But you who sacrifice each thing living today to the lives of tomorrow, and each life tomorrow

to those of the following day, you sacrifice in this way thousands of generations for nothing, for the last of these generations, sacrificed by your folly, could live no better than we do ourselves, rendering all the sacrifices sterile and all the efforts useless. There is nothing in your heart by the worship of suffering and death! You are the man of ghosts! The man of nothingness!”

Panurge, however, approached the stranger and, taking him aside, questioned him: “Your words, O Organismus, trouble me deeply. The truth, sometimes, strikes us, but sometimes it develops silently and suddenly enlightens us and transforms our life. This life of abundance and liberty weighs on me and bores me, and these prodigious worlds, these monstrous activities attract me and fill me with wonder. I want, fierce stranger, to know your unknown city, your fantastic creation of new worlds. I want to become a citizen of the future. Will you lead me to these unforgettable lands?”

“You are just a lost man,” responded Organismus. “At Machinopolis you will learn your social duty and, by iron and by fire, we will return to civilize these fallen beings.”

## WHAT PANURGE SAW OUTSIDE MACHINOPOLIS

It was a long, hard road to reach the gigantic city, but long before they reached it Panurge had seen, towering into the sky, enormous tubes, tremendous domes with dazzling reflections, immense cubes, each larger than the last, forests of metallic spires rising up toward the clouds, sombre and mysterious cyclopean walls. And throughout these exhausting days they had walked in the midst of strange vegetation, a sort of low forest, formed of unknown vegetables, like giant soybean plants four or five meters in height. And, dominating that immense and uniform plain of verdure, some vertiginous pylons, supporting metallic bowls of colossal proportions, formed in their turn another strange and frightening forest.

They crossed paths with a large troop of citizens, marching with a mechanical step and a surprising precision. They were dressed in a brilliant red and sang a march that they took up again interminably:

A

Obey! Obey!

We have a duty to the City,

By labour we will gain

Joy, strength and health.

B

Let us all work zealously

Labour is everything; it is life!

And let us reject with horror

The vile pleasures that degrade.

C

Oh, pitiless discipline!  
Oh, ennobling sacrifice!  
Make us hard pioneers  
Working ceaselessly with zeal.

D

Forest that gives us life!  
Forest that holds our fate!  
Forest, give us energy  
To work until we die!

E

Just wrath of taboo chiefs  
Punishes revolt with death.  
And blesses the fate, so sweet,  
Of those crushed in the mortar.

“It is the hymn of labour,” said Organismus with pride, “and those are the laborers of the forest. We have eliminated all the cultivated lands and replaced them all with that giant plant, which we trim regularly and which grows back constantly. From it we draw 220 sorts of fruit, 300 vegetables and a thousand different dishes between them. We obtain these novelties from the Dietary Chemistry Bloc. But this is only suitable for the elite. For the workers, whom we have grouped in twenty-five categories, there are only twenty-five foodstuffs chosen and carefully designed through chemistry for each labour. And each category



only eats and takes pleasure in its unique nutrient. Creativity is the moral enemy of all discipline, and thus of all authority and every society.

— I would be careful not to risk an objection, said Panurge, and I have come to learn and not to criticize, but tell me, Great Organismus, why these men are dressed in such a striking red, if there is not there a sort of creativity?

— Ignorant man, responded his companion, that brilliant colour allows us to see immediately if each man, each corporation is in their proper place, for there is no labour really organized except by corporation or category. We have found a different colour for each of them, appearing sharp against the usual background of the corporation. As, for the laborers of the forest, this background is green, we dress them in red. In the foundries the upper body is red and the lower is white; in chemistry, where everything is clear and luminous, they are dressed in black. Our soldiers are exclusively covered in a canary yellow cloth. And so on. Some have the whole right side in one colour and the left side in another that stands forcefully against the first. In this way we can oversee all the infractions and disobediences, all the culpable impulses.

## AND WHAT HE SAW INSIDE

Conversing in this way, they finally entered through one of the colossal gates of the city. On each side, and for more than a hundred meters, a triple rank of canary soldiers—completely immobile, gaze fixed, standing erect, without a quiver—guarded the entrance to the city. For a long time, Panurge had detected a sort of frightening rumble, a steady throbbing, while the ground trembled in a constant trepidation. Inside the wall these deafening noises grew still louder. Grinding and hooting sounds, muffled blows, des undefinable squeals, the gasps of giants filled the air with a frightful humming in a bleak, grey atmosphere.

Organisus towered up, beaming: Here is the city of the future! Here is the triumph of man over beast! Here is Machinopolis! the city of human genius!

In a large square two tall, polished metal statues shone. One represented a very old woman, her sides distended and pathetic; at mid-leg a multitude of arms, bodies and heads, all from young children, confusedly entwined. The other represented a completely decrepit old man, surrounded by heaps of pierced sheet-metal.

Glory to fecundity! cried Organisus. That sublime heroine died giving birth to her sixty-first child, after having had thirty twins. Glory to labour! For that heroic worker collapsed drilling his two-billionth hole. Fecundity and labour—that is the supreme law of the city.”

A

The race is all and the One is nothing!

The race alone has made us!

The race alone is our good!  
We are the distinguished race!

B

We are the pure, the purebred!  
We depersonalize ourselves!  
And rooted in the race  
Our fancies uproot!

C

O race, we owe you everything!  
We sacrifice ourselves to save you,  
From father to son, let us die, die,  
Let us pass away to the last man!

D

And let us kill the felon  
Who denies the race and its benefits;  
Let him be crushed beneath the pestle  
To atone for his black crime.

E

O just mill! O gentle mortar!  
Punish all the treasons!  
No quarter for the unbeliever!  
For the race is always right!

They entered between strangely shaped buildings, without doors or windows, whose invisible summits were lost in the fog that floated permanently across the noisy city. “We have organized everything,” said Organismus, “nothing has been left to caprice, to the imagination or to the good will of the individuals. That is why our population exceeds fifteen billion and we hope to reach double that number before very long. Then we will be able to impose our organization on all the cities of the continent because we will be the strongest.”

Panurge was wide-eyed in astonishment. “Thirty billion! But where can all these citizens be? How can they be nourished, and how can such a colossal population have been achieved so quickly?” he asked. “You will understand,” said Organismus, “we are coming to the ‘Testiculus’ and the ‘Lapinorium,’ and you will be immersed in our extraordinary organization. “

**PANURGE IS FLABBERGASTED BEFORE THE “TESTICULUS,” THE  
“LAPINORIUM,” THE “VATICINUS” AND THE “GAVORUS”**

A large rectangular opening in the endless wall allowed the two visitors to enter the strange building. Elevators, moving walkways, escalators, and powerful blowers brought them, in a few minutes, into the various rooms forming as many individual factories. “We are here at the ‘Testiculus,” says Organismus, “and here is the breeding room. We have selected the 25 categories of workers and each of these groups forms a particular type that we will constantly improve. There are a thousand breeders there, well cared for and well fed. Their seed enables each of them to fertilize three hundred thousand women annually. The operation is done scientifically and without fail. The semen is carefully examined after being collected by methods avoiding all waste and all unforeseen events. That makes us three hundred million workers possible for us. The other rooms are nothing special; they are similar to this, but they are specialized for the creation of soldiers. We expect to take from these rooms, taken together, nearly three billion nascent citizens per month. Let us now turn to fertilization proper. Let us enter the “Lapinorium.”

Panurge and Organismus entered then into a really extraordinary room. Along a wide corridor, on the right and on the left, were other narrower corridors, parallel to each other and separated from each other by a distance of barely six meters. Walls limited these secondary corridors. These walls were pierced with innumerable small openings arranged next to each other in the longitudinal direction and also arranged one above the other. Metal staircases led to walkways running along these walls and could serve these openings. “In this room,” says Organismus, “there are two hundred and fifty thousand niches. In each of them there is a woman lying in a special device coming in and out

automatically. Fertilization is done in a few seconds by the introduction of a fertilizing egg. The food of these women is mechanically ensured by special pipes, as well as all hygienic care. Every two hours they perform exercises appropriate to their condition on their respective gangways; then they sing in heart, read recreational books in their niches and wait for their delivery. These carefully selected women are all creators of twins, but they deliver babies at seven months. This saves us two months and one month later we fertilize them again. Those who turn out to be inadequate or irregular in their function are replaced by others whom we have in reserve, because we have a huge stock of citizens ready to replace them. We have five hundred rooms like this one per floor and more than twenty floors sunk into the ground. And that ensures the normal increase of our population.

“Your science confounds me,” stammered Panurge. “How many citizens does that give you in all?”

“Oh, not enough for the moment” — responded Organismus — “hardly five billion per year, but with the waste, the losses, the hopeless, there remain to us not even four million. That is too few. We know from our spies that Buropolis, the closest of the competing cities, has more than forty billion citizens and Réglopolis, its rival, nearly sixty billion. But we have just developed the procreatrix with six twins. In six months we will have replaced all the existing procreatrices with new ones who will regularly give us six citizens every six months, for we have eliminated the stop between the two gestations; so that’s twelve citizens per year; thirty billion purebred citizens per year, or three hundred billion in ten years, and that will definitively insure our supremacy over all our rivals, whom we will crush without pity.”

— “My poor head...,” Panurge stuttered, “but what do you do with these children of six months?”

— “Oh, that is very simple,” explained the organizer. We give them all sorts of trivial pursuits. They sing, make music, do painting, fiddle with all the tools or instruments, speak several languages, debate everything and are absolutely undisciplined. They are sad rejects, completely incapable of education and progress despite more than fifteen years of effort, whom we will probably throw in the ‘Moulinar’ one of these days.”

## **WHAT THE “MOULINAR,” THE FINEST INVENTION OF ORGANISUS, WAS**

“By the way,” said Panurge, I keep hearing about the “Moulinar.” What is this Moulinar. It must be something truly extraordinary, in a city where everything is so surprising.”

“It is my finest invention,” responded Organisus. The city could not be burdened with puppet justifiers, solicitors, advocates, police, judges, prison guards, executioners and other useless, unproductive sorts. So we have brought up the children so that each can only perform the function for which they have been created and for which they have been authorized to live. And each of them has such a love of sacrifice that, as soon as they diverge from the social line that has been traced for them, as soon as they disobey their bosses, the doctors of the city, they are overcome with such self-loathing that they rush to the “Moulinar” [“Grinder.”] This avoids the quibbles, the pleas, the loss of time and the clutter of prisons, courts and penal colonies, which solves nothing. While with my “Moulinar” order is restored in an instant.”

The two visitors followed a wide passageway, also metallic, traversed by a kind of conveyor belt on which long carts advanced rapidly. In these carts were piled, willy-nilly, the entirely naked bodies of men, women, children and new-borns, still living, gesticulating and uttering confused cries. It was the social waste, the failures of organization.

“Here was are at the Moulinar,” said Organisus. And Panurge, emerging from that sinister passage, saw an immense circle forming a deep funnel. Around this funnel were sorts of terraces, arranged one above the other, allowing a vast crowd, formed particularly of children, young girls and young workers, to see into the bottom of the metallic cone. The conveyor belt carried the carts above



the funnel and they automatically discharged their contents of living flesh into the depths of the apparatus. In addition, numbers of faulty workers appeared suddenly on the gleaming edges of the gulf and cast themselves in, shouting in ecstasy: “Divine Moulinar, here I am! — Just Moulinar, crush my faults! — Long live the justice-bringing Moulinar! — Long live organization! — Moulinar, save the city!”

As for the young spectators, they sang and applauded frantically at each wagon-load of victims. In the bottom of the funnel enormous gears ground the flesh non-stop, gobbling up in a few seconds all the frightfully shredded bodies in a horribly confused and prolonged howl, which the terrible suffering wrenched from the unfortunates.

Panurge, horrified, saw that pink and white flesh, made for the joy of kisses and embraces, from the exhilaration of creative effort, twist and crack in a hideous mixture of viscera, bone and blood. He almost shouted his disgust, but his own safety recalled him to more diplomacy.

“Great Organismus,” he asked, “what do you do with all that extraordinary mincemeat, since your nourishment is vegetable and chemical?”

— Chemical products, explained the founder. Nothing is lost in the city. Everything is recovered. Everything is organized. An hour after their passage through the Moulinar, there is nothing more, in the place of the rejects and bad citizens, than some carboys of acids, a few of nitrogen-rich fertilizer, some casks of fat and a few other more or less necessary products. There is no absolute refuse.

— I am speechless with admiration, stammered Panurge, but I hope that this selection does not deplete too greatly your reserves of citizens and that the cases of your two abnormal [types] are not too frequent?

— Such stupid cases are almost non-existent, hardly one in a billion, responded Organismus.

— What fine science! cried Panurge, but how has the city resolved the sexual question for these billions of citizens and soldiers and what becomes of them?

— Oh! said Organismus, sexuality is chemically suppressed in all the young citizens. It is useless for the functioning of the city and would dangerously complicate order and good organization. As for the multitude of citizens, laborers and soldiers, we train them until the age necessary for their complete formation, then we hold them in reserve for the needs of the city. Here, as it happens, is one of those reserves and you will be able to evaluate our inimitable organization.

## THE “TINNING” OF THE CITIZENS

A vacuum tube carried Organismus and his disciple in a vertiginous descent. Panurge saw the floors succeed one another in impressive numbers as they descended. Finally they stopped on the sixtieth floor. Huge vaults were lost in the depths of some sort of dimly lit crypts. High vertical walls, served by a multitude of vacuum tubes, presented hundreds of metal doors opening onto walkways giving access to the transport tubes. “Here is an empty storehouse which we are going to fill with soldiers,” said Organismus. “It contains ten compartments, one on top of the other, which can each contain forty thousand standing and fully equipped soldiers. That is four hundred thousand on one side and as much on the other. And here is the filling manoeuvre.

Panurge heard metallic clicks and from the transport tubes an endless flood of soldiers gushed out, flanked by officers who arranged them in good order in each compartment. All of them advanced, marking their steps automatically, and arranged themselves in rows one before the other, singing a detailed march:

We are the preserved ones!

Citizens of sweet leisure!

The thoroughbreds of the reserves!

Reserved for the future!

If the city calls upon us,

We will spring forth, preserved fresh,

To preserve the fine part

That the city reserves for us!

The officers placed themselves at the head and ordered a really impressive attention. Then, with a single voice, these good citizens shouted: “Long live Organization! Long live the City! Long live Civilization!”

The doors were shut and everything fell back into a silence like that of the necropolis. Organismus went on: “In a few seconds specific gases will numb them and stiffen them for as long as we want, from a few hours to a few centuries. When we have need of them we will open the compartment that we wish to use, after expelling the stabilizing and conserving gas and injecting another gas that instantly recalls to normal life the citizens, male or female, that it contains. In this way we have stores of soldiers, of laborers, of sub-commanders, of procreatrixes fully formed and ready to use. There are no more hospitals, no more hospices for the old, no more sick, no more abnormal, no more disabled, no more failures. As soon as production drops, as soon as a citizen becomes sick, as soon as they pass the age of good productivity, as soon as citizens no longer conform to the standard created by the organization we send them to the “Moulinar” and replace them straightaway with appropriate reserves. It is much more advantageous and the race constantly improves. So we have several hundred underground levels and we constantly increase our reserves in order to conserve citizens there.”

— “That’s all beyond my imagination,” said Panurge, “and your scientists must have long since penetrated all the secrets of matter, all the mysteries of life, all the enigmas of the stellar worlds. What a magnificent civilization! What a prodigious city! And what profit for my feeble intelligence!”

— “Our scholars,” replied Organismus, “have long ceased to concern themselves with this nonsense called disinterested science. Pure science is an absurdity;

intellectualism a crime against the city. What does it matter to us whether we know what nebulae or atoms are? The near or distant end of planets, animals or men only interests us insofar as the city can triumph over other rival cities, crush them, drown them under torrents of destructive and deadly materials. This is the real science and this is what all our great scientists are looking for. We are the most advanced in this direction. In our underground tubes everything is ready for a lightning attack. A single gesture and lightning bursts on the neighbouring cities, pulverizes their pride, annihilates their false civilization. We are the strongest, therefore the best, and our race must enslave the others. Pity, sentimentality, respect for life, the rights of the individual are all criminal inventions that weaken the race and degenerate it. But we will crush all larvae lingering in contemplation, in decadent intellectualism, in the ignoble enjoyment of the degrading arts. We will be the strong race, the organizing race of the world. We will dominate the neighbouring brutes, the half-Negroes and the mixed races.”

While declaiming his intentions Organismus had led Panurge along endless galleries. “This way we’ll reach one of the attack tubes, one of the command posts,” resumed the Master of the city. They entered a circular room of great height. Countless dials, rows of levers rose up in the centre of the strange tower. “From here I command all the battle tubes,” Organismus explained; “all of these levers trigger different means of attack. These dials give me double information on the losses in man and material of our city and on the same losses of the other nearest rival cities mainly Buropolis and Réglopolis. Thus informed, we can manage our reserves of materials and citizens and only use them wisely, without unnecessary waste. However, our reserves of destructive materials are immense, all our gases under pressure, all our fluids ready for action, all our machines in full operation. The city contains a hundred similar command posts

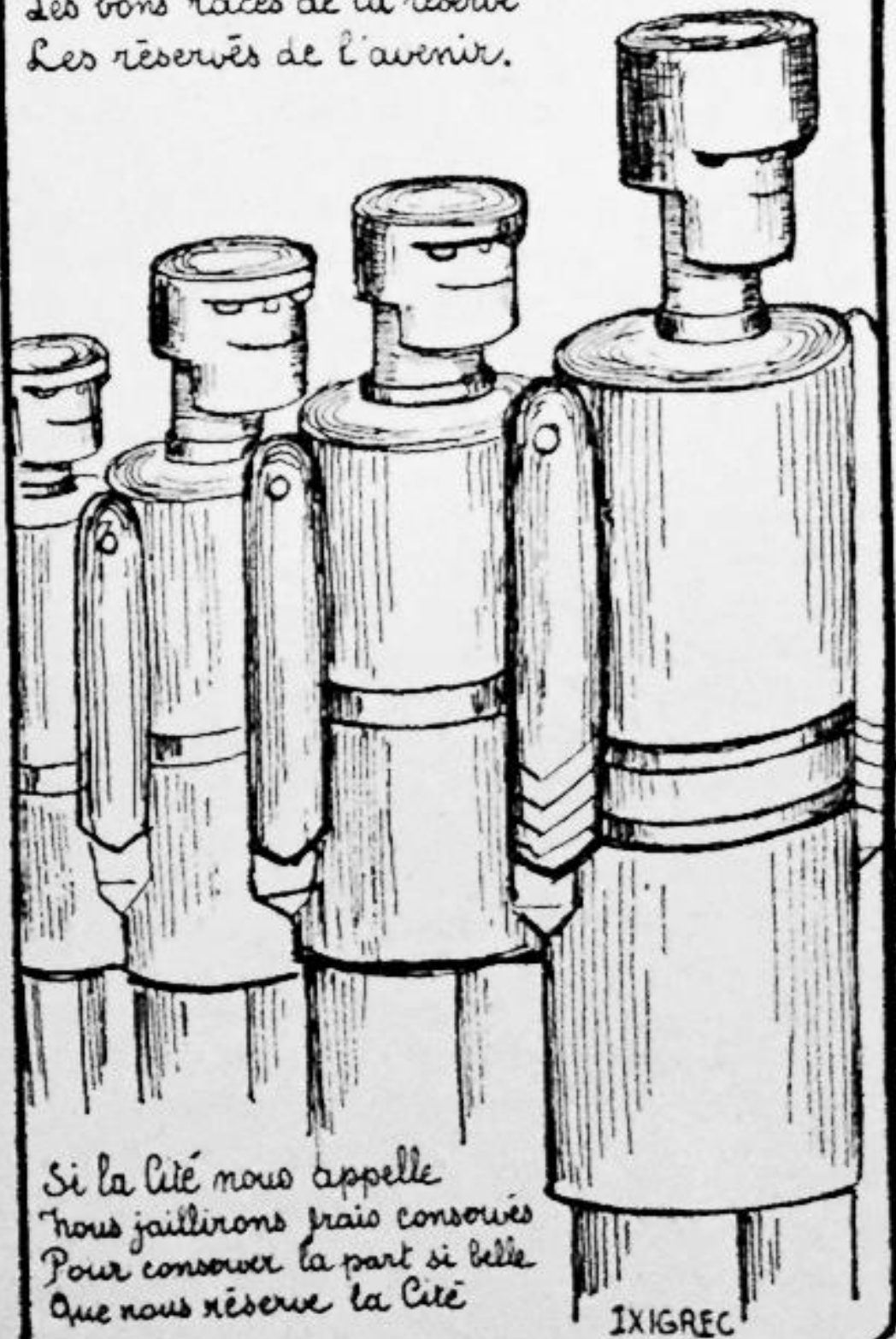
guarded by scientists always ready to retaliate as soon as the attack begins. And from the central tower, absolutely unassailable, I can direct the action and we will see, from up there, the other posts and the importance of the city. We have everything, absolutely everything planned, nothing can surprise us and we will infallibly be victorious.”

Arrived at the top of the Panurge tower saw a hallucinating spectacle. Huge blocks of metal stood at all heights; cubes, truncated pyramids, giant cylinders, bows, arrows, globes struggled with strangeness and audacity to get lost in the clouds. In the distance, a line of greenery surrounded these metallic constructions, while the greyish fog, permanently in the city, drowned the bases where the hundreds of millions of workers were swarming, working under the orders of the leaders. Finally, in the distance, beyond this sea of greenery, two dark masses towered fantastically over the plain: one to the north of Machinopolis, the other to the south. And even further away, lost in an uncertain horizon, other enigmatic masses could be guessed, other cities, other rivals.

“It is unheard of!” exclaimed Panurge. “It’s superhuman! You are the indisputable masters of the continent! You will be its gods for the greatest good of men and the triumph of your race. Everything I see and everything I hear is beyond me and confuses me and I ask you for a little rest because my head cannot resist it.”

—“ Yes,” agreed Organismus, “for the first time that is enough. Tomorrow we will continue your instruction and then we shall see about the civilization of the Thelemites.”

Nous sommes ceux de la conserve  
Les Citoyens du doux loisir  
Les bons racés de la réserve  
Les réservés de l'avenir.



Si la Cité nous appelle  
Nous jaillirons frais conservés  
Pour conserver la part si belle  
Que nous réserve la Cité

IXIGREC

## **EDUCATION AT MACHINOPOLIS OR THE WONDERS OF “BOUROCRANUS” AND “TESSTUS”**

Panurge slept very badly because dreadful nightmares led him to the edge of the fatal funnel from which Organismus precipitated him into the dreadful mill. These terrifying dreams woke him and the morning found him in rather bad shape. He took all the same some food, which seemed comforting to him, and followed Organismus, who was waiting for him. They first walked along a large avenue, inevitably lined on both sides with the famous moralizing statues of Fertility and Work, and met many multi-coloured groups, marching in quick step, accompanied by songs familiar to each of these categories, but with a kind of common prelude to all these singing citizens.

Panurge was able to grasp these few words: “Let’s sing and sing again! Singing creates happiness! Let’s not talk; let’s sing, singing delights our hearts! Without ceasing to sing let us articulate these sounds! Strength through joy! Joy through song!”

They arrived at a reddish construction, still metallic, and went inside, all compartmentalized with rooms that followed one another in every direction. Each was laid out like a small theatre, with tiers rising quite high. All these seats were occupied by thousands of children huddled together and a kind of narrow stage, placed in the centre, carried several loudspeakers which a doctor monitored from time to time. The machine mumbled phrases that the children repeated admirably. The Founder turned to Panurge and explained, “As soon as the children can hear we subject them to this chosen education. From the age of one, babies are hung by the thousands on the walls of a vast cylinder in the centre of which operates a talking machine repeating tirelessly: Obedience,



work ! Obedience, work! or: Let's listen to our leaders! Let's listen to our leaders!  
; or again: The leaders are always right! The leaders are always right!

Around the age of three we submit them to the "Tesstus". This "Tesstus" is an infallible and prodigious device that detects in three seconds the qualities, aptitudes or faults of young citizens. At the same time a dial indicates the exact classification for each of them and they are immediately grouped according to the twenty-five corporate categories. As for the waste, marked with the zero which indicates the bad citizens to us, we immediately send them to the "Moulinar".

Organisus continued: "The standard sentences are lengthened with the age of the young citizens and they are enriched with advice concerning social life; they are embellished with orders and maxims calculated to shape the hearts and minds of future workers. At the same time a gymnastics, studied according to the age and the classification of the schoolchildren, develops the qualities particular to each corporation, because it is useless to facilitate aptitudes that will not serve the city. Later they have corporate games and readings, also corporate, which complete their education. Finally, competitions strengthen them in their respective trades and at ten they are perfect workers."

Panurge observed that these children, like all the citizens already met, had strange tattoos on their faces, mainly on their foreheads. He asked his guide for an explanation. "This," Organisus told him, "is the identity of every citizen. We have removed the names. Each child is marked with letters and numbers which immediately indicate the year of birth, its corporation and the series to which it belongs. We tattoo this number on the forehead and on the chest of schoolchildren as soon as the 'Tesstus' has given us the definitive classification

of young citizens. We are here at 'Bourocranus' continued Organismus and the yield of our methods is truly astounding."

While chatting, Panurge and his companion crossed a circular courtyard where hundreds of children, turning in circles, marched automatically, singing a sort of litany which they began again and again:

A

We are little children  
Well-behaved and well-disciplined  
Always submissive and well-meaning  
Very flexible and well-indoctrinated.

B

We never, ever think!  
We don't ask questions!  
We are never distracted  
By bad suggestions.

C

For the City we become  
Standardized citizens!  
And for its glory we will be  
Perfectly mechanized!

D

By the grace of the City  
Of which we are the flowering  
We learn to repeat:  
Yes, our leaders are always right!

E

We, the organized little ones  
Organize our feelings,  
And from our fanatic hearts  
Chase away harmful doubt.

F

For our galvanized souls  
Nothing beats organization.  
We would die disorganized  
If our leaders were not right!

Radiant Organismus continued his explanations: “Hundreds of songs are thus established for all the citizens, because everything is organized, while from very early childhood the definitive colour of each corporation is assigned to each child. This colour and the corporate shape of the garment remains with them throughout their life. This education is so well understood and shape the understanding of each citizen so well that external coercion is non-existent in the city. Each of them knows by heart everything that is allowed to them and what is not, and as soon as a fault is committed, they run to confess to their boss and the latter decide whether the punishment should be limited to repetition. of the working day or if the culprit has to rush to the “Moulinar”. And there is

never disobedience. But there's a lot of fun. In the hours of leisure choirs with music are formed for each category of workers and all are happy to sing together, or walk in step, to the sound of a sonorous instrument while a collective rhythm makes their eyes shine with pleasure. . Common reading unites them all in the same thought and their hearts vibrate with collective satisfaction when, finishing such a magnificent schedule, the leader says to them: 'Citizens! your devotion to the city makes you the first citizens of the world and the humblest among you is greater, more worthy and nobler than the proudest scholar of the other cities. Go and rest from your wonderful work!'"

"Then, a huge cheer greets the leader, an irresistible hymn once again lifts the collective soul of the citizens and everyone falls asleep a few minutes later, the most magnificent of sleeps! This is indeed the ideal city. Besides, as you can see, no one is unhappy. There are also many corporate celebrations: Mothers in the spotlight! The Feast of the Laborers! The Feast of Labour! That of the City, that of the Organization, that of Fertility! This very today we are going to have the Feast of the Mothers, which ends with an unforgettable meal before the well-deserved apotheosis by these valiant and brave citizens."

## THE MOTHERS OF HONOR AND THE “NARCOTICUS”

The two companions arrived in an enclosure surrounded by thousands of balconies where crowded a compact mass of young citizens, the future young mothers, who had come to see fertility glorified and were imbued with the desire to equal these admirable Mothers. On a high platform several hundred of these old women awaited, with shining eyes, the grandiose ceremony. It was the Mothers of Honour!

Songs, dances, choirs, rhythmic compliments accompanied by a large number of musicians, then honoured these blessed ones dressed in bright colours, surrounded by flowers, whom nice little girls kissed while delivering comforting little quatrains. Panurge appreciated one that pleased him very much. It went something like this:

O you white-haired ancestresses!  
You who are so dear to us!  
Teach us, noble grandmothers!  
The art of making many children!

Then a little girl, almost a teenager, her arms full of flowers, also recited a few verses!

Little girl with blond hair!  
I want to be a grandmother soon!  
Make the City prosperous!  
And give birth to a hundred fat babies!

Finally, graceful groups of young girls were singing while dancing:

We are pure and dedicated!  
We will be good citizens!  
And all our tormented bellies  
Will earn sacred rest!

After these delicious and relaxing manifestations of the childlike soul of the City, the “Mothers of Honour” were invited to a glorious meal while awaiting their entry to the “Sacred Rest”, an imaginary paradise promised as a reward to all good, old citizens, men and women, deserving of it. “All the workers,” says Organismus, “aspire to this glorious apotheosis and work all their lives to obtain this magical retirement as a reward for an exemplary life, for their devotion to the city. Everyone imagines a place of delight, of blissful rest, of infinite sweetness: tables garnished with rare and tasty dishes, fabulous drinks, among flowers and music in an endless party lulling them with dreams and enchantments.”

At these words the heart of Panurge dilated with joy. “Well,” he thought, there is still something good in this surprising city,” and he exclaimed: “Bravo! Bravo! These little girls are charming, this feast truly delicious, and your social conception of popular happiness magnificently humanitarian!”

The Founder paused for a moment and then continued, “Yes! our city is very humanitarian and we avoid all unnecessary suffering. However, at that age you no longer realize anything and you no longer have great pleasure in living. Prolonging the life of these old people is a monstrous cruelty. At the end of this meal, we put them to sleep deeply by putting them through the “Narcoticus” which gives them marvellous dreams, and immersed in their last sleep, we send

them to the “Moulinar”. We thus shorten their suffering and deliver the city from useless citizens.”

“What provident goodness! exclaimed Panurge, trembling for his skin. And how I envy your wisdom! To spare old age decay and infirmity is truly admirable. Organismus you are the greatest benefactor mankind has ever known! And what art to gladden the souls of your good citizens.”

“Yes,” agreed the Master, “we have some charming little celebrations like that, full of leniency for the workers, of cordiality for the good citizens and this celebration is particularly successful.”

Organismus, with blazing eyes, contemplated the reward of the Mothers of Honour, and this bewildering feast seemed to Panurge a macabre farce.

“Great Organismus,” he said to him, “could we see the two degenerates you have kept? It seems to me that after so many marvels, I would better understand the abjection of my unfortunate Thelemites by seeing these two backward characters who resemble them so much.

“We’re not very far from their cage,” answered the visionary; follow this white line and we will be there in a few moments.”

## **HOW PANURGE CAME TO KNOW “HENA” AND “NAGOR” AND HOW THE GREAT “ORGANISUS” DIED**

“The white line,” Organisus went on, “is that of the Masters. It leads to all command posts and to the main underground exits. The colour plots are suitable for other citizens and match the colour of their clothing. They must never follow other paths than those we have traced for them; they must remain in the line and never leave it under pain of immediate dispatch to the ‘Moulinar’. It is an absolute principle, a matter of life or death for the city! But here we are.”

They were then in a huge hall in the middle of which stood a large, very high and very extensive cage, closed by an enormous metal door locked on the outside. Inside Panurge could distinguish flowers, trees and shrubs with varied foliage; supple, climbing lianas were lost in these foliage; a jet of water fell into a long granite basin with a restful swish. Soft guitar chords enchanted this miniature landscape and a fresh female voice accentuated the mystery of this little paradise. This sweet spectacle softened the soul of poor Panurge, reminding him of his dear Abbey and he almost cried with joy.

“Hold on! Brutes!” cried Organisus. “Rather sing a funeral march because soon you will be sent to the mill! Your stupid morals no longer interest the city and we have decided to stop this negative experiment!”

Panurge then saw a graceful young girl advancing, entirely naked, her magnificent black hair falling on her shoulders, her eyes very gentle, her face revealing a justified fear. It was “Héna.” Behind her, and looming above her, came “Nagor,” also naked, a handsome, solidly muscled boy, with an intelligent gaze, a willful and determined chin. Understanding the gravity of their situation,



he looked alternately at Organisus and Panurge trying to guess the danger that threatened them.

Organisus approached and addressing the young man said to him: “You don’t know what the ‘Moulinar’ is? It’s my best invention! Listen to what it is:”

And the founder explained to the horrified young couple what this “Moulinar” was to which he had destined them. Nagor had turned horribly pale on learning this and approaching the gate pretended to pick a flower, then suddenly, with a fantastic leap, seized the inventor through the bars and threw his formidable fist at the head of his enemy who collapsed under this blow of a club. Panurge, little reassured, was careful not to approach, but Héna, seeing that he was not intervening, asked him: “And you? what do you want from us? Why do you want to kill us?”

“I don’t want to kill. I’m a friend,” replied the visitor. “I am a foreigner and this horrible city disgusts me deeply. I know your story and was looking for a way to see you and save you, but this quick drama solved everything. Now we have to flee as soon as possible or the three of us will be thrown into the ‘Moulinar’ and I don’t really care for that idea.”

Nagor said to him, “I believe your words, but open the door and show us the way out of here.”

Panurge opened the cage and Nagor gazed at the groaning founder on the floor. He thought for a few moments, then suddenly made up his mind and, while Héna was going to get dressed, he put on Organisus’ clothes himself, wrapped the latter in canvas and easily loaded him onto his back. “I’m going to throw him in the Moulinar,” he said to Panurge. “Show us the route leading there and tell

us, as you walk, what you know about the city and the country from which you come.”

The Thelemite explained to his new friends what the city was, what the Abbey of Thélème was and expressed his regrets at having left it. These long explanations led them to the outskirts of the bloody machinery. The “Moulinar” was in full swing and no one paid attention to them. Organismus, regaining consciousness, was unwrapped and pushed to the edge of the abyss. The reversal of the situation and the awareness of his horrible end terrified the founder, turning him into a hunted beast with terrified eyes, no longer a conquering and destructive organizer. He looked like any animal sensing death.

Nagor said to him: “You wanted to destroy us, Héna and me, as you did billions of other unfortunates; well, I am going to make you taste this supreme joy; I’m going to throw you into the “Moulinar” and you, in your turn, will benefit from your marvellous invention!

An indefinable terror disfigured the organizer and he savagely shouted: “To me! Help! I am Organismus! To me! I’m the master! Help! I am Organismus! Help, I am being killed!”

Unfortunately, for his safety and the fate of the city, this event did not fall within the course of all those provided for by the standardized education invented by Organismus and his disciples in the Burocranus. The young spectators of this scene were there only to see punishments and sacrifices and not to save an unfortunate from a death similar to the thousands of others they contemplated. Their songs drowned out the Master’s cries of terror:

This is the song of the “Moulinar”  
This is the song of the crushed!  
This is the joyous song of departure!  
This is the song of the moralized!  
This is the Mill of the Song!  
From the song of the lost!  
The Mill will make a sausage!  
Deliver us from these useless freaks!

A final push threw Organismus down the metal slope. He uttered a terrible cry and, writhing like a worm, tried to cling to the edge, then slid screaming to the bottom of the horrible machine. He jumped for a few seconds on the shapeless debris of his last victims, stumbled on sticky guts, felt his foot caught in the terrible gears and, suddenly, saw himself caught by the terrible mechanism, which gradually crushed him in a terrible suffering. His bulging-eyed head was crushed in turn and his brilliant brains popped out like the juicy seeds of a crushed watermelon.

So ended Organismus, the brilliant founder of Machinopolis

“And now,” cried Nagor, to the central tower. These criminal cities must mutually destroy each other! Created for destruction, let them destroy themselves!”

## HOW PANURGE UNLEASHED THE MOST HORRIBLE CATAclySM THE UNIVERSE HAS EVER SEEN

When they were at the top of the vertiginous tower they looked with fear at these enigmatic levers, masters of the destinies of the city and perhaps of all cities.

“A single wave of my hand,” Organisus had said, “and lightning strikes the rival cities.”

Nagor, calmed by the death of the fanatic, hesitated before the fatal gesture. Holding Héna by the hand he looked at these terrible levers. On his decision depended the existence of billions of beings and his sensitive nature was repelled by this sinister destruction. Héna in her soft voice said to him: “Let’s leave these unfortunates to their fate and flee to our friend’s Abbey, where everything is so marvellous.

At these words, Panurge saw again Sisgine, his good and affectionate friends, the enchanted leisures of the Abbey, the great mysterious shades, the dazzling and fragrant flowers, the ever-fresh stream and the flight of doves in the morning light. He saw all this and also saw this happiness, which he had not known how to appreciate, compromised, threatened by these monstrous and inhuman cities. “No,” he cried, “these cities must be destroyed one by the other. And since such are their reasons for being, let us make them function in accordance with their foundation.”

So, putting his hand on Lever No. 1, he pushed it all the way, without hesitation, and rushed to see the result.

Instantly a prodigious swarming of citizens, chiefs and soldiers filled the city. Thousands of sonic devices vibrated in a frightening din. Tremendous lever arms came out of the ground; gigantic tubes rose towards the clouds; prodigious syringes aimed at the rival cities; incomprehensible crucibles opened for the vomiting of infernal matter; a forest of metallic arrows bristled around the city for unknown ends. Buildings disappeared underground; domes sank into the ground. Huge pestles sprang up next to huge dazzling reflectors. Black, smoking cubes slowly emerged from incandescent cylinders, rising skyward. An ominous tremor shook the city and Panurge, trembling with fear, contemplated his work and saw the rival cities organizing for the fight as quickly as Machinopolis. Fantastic howls, shrill cries, maddening roars came from Buropolis and Réglopolis, dominating the din of the city, while black smoke, blinding flashes, strange rays, terrifying vibrations, hallucinating machinery shook the two cities.

It was Machinopolis that opened the fight against Buropolis with a jet of gas, rendering the fighters mad killers. Immediately, the Buropolitists planted their knives in one another's bellies, cut off their arms and legs, and made several hundred pyramids of four or five hundred thousand heads each.

First machinopolis victory. Dial B, indicating the losses of Buropolis, showed 15 million dead.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Panurge, "It works well! The killers kill each other! Long live the Abbey of Thélème! Long live Sisgine! Long Live Love! Peace!"

Suddenly dial A quickly registered several million victims among the machinopolists. Buropolis, by formidable jets of steam and air, had just sent back the deadly gas, reinforced with another gas which caused each soldier to

destroy himself; and it was a gigantic hara-kiri eliminating several waves of fighters in quick succession.

Héna and Nagor pressed against each other, sad and anxious, wanting to flee. Radiant Panurge cried out to them: "A few more moments! It's working too well to quit the show! Look at panel A: 27 million machinopolists have just gutted themselves! Everything is fine! Hurrah!"

But Machinopolis, cutting off its gases, responded with a torrent of viscous matter, rendering the devices of Buropolis useless; then on this viscous matter they launched a thick rain of corrosive and asphyxiating ashes. Beneath this corroding mass the gnawed apparatus partly collapsed, engulfing millions of combatants, who, stuck, suffocated, burned, were transformed into a swollen, crusty and blackish paste.

Dial B went up to 90 million. "That's a lot of work," exclaimed Panurge. But at that very moment arose from the neighbouring city a monstrous wave of reddish liquid which, rising to a dizzying height, fell in a torrential rain on Machinopolis. The Tower resisted for some time under its action, but in the city the machines melted like butter on the fire, in a foaming seething mass more than a hundred meters high, into which constantly poured the waves of soldiers that the blind machines pulled from the depths of the city. These mountains of throbbing bodies, gnawed to the bone, left of their poor existence only a smoking viscous mass, itself rapidly annihilated.

Panurge, frightened this time, understood that things were going wrong. Dial A recorded more than 100 million lost.

“We are finished!” he said. “The Tower is going to fall any moment now. O my sweet homeland! O my dear friends! O beautiful Sisgine! How right you were!” he lamented. And how to get out of there if everything is destroyed! O Thelema! O Telemites! Will I see you again one day!”

A trigger startled him. On another dial an order had just appeared: Deploy Gas R-4. Immediately, a deafening hiss tore the air; immense rays of fire set the sky ablaze and, directed at Buropolis, set that colossal city ablaze in a gigantic brazier where the machines twisted and the metallic monsters disappeared. For a quarter of an hour dial B indicated terrifying ravages and the apparatus signalled successively 100, 200, 300 millions charred. The Buropolitists, releasing their “canned” soldiers, prepared their response and tried to neutralize the fire with this sacrificed mass, which burned horribly without noticeably stopping the progress of the disaster. The needle continued to mark the extent of the losses, which now exceeded 600 million.

Meanwhile Machinopolis was repairing its ruins; new mechanisms replaced those destroyed; the debris disappeared into the depths of the basement where billions of citizens laboured to save their Masters.

It was then that Panurge saw a horrible black cloud coming from Reglopolis, heading towards them and ominously enveloping the city in impenetrable darkness. Quickly, the outside temperature dropped by more than two hundred degrees, transforming each fighter into a block of ice and stopping the emission of R-4 gas by freezing the citizens directing it. The machines automatically continued to take out the immediately frozen soldiers. Dial A indicated 200, 400 then 800, then finally a billion Machinopolists destroyed.

This deadly cloud gave respite to Buropolis. The rubble sank into the ground; new machines sprang up out of the ground and the response quickened. But Machinopolis, strongly prepared, reacted against Réglopolis by radiating on this city the MM-87 waves, which pass through all bodies and kill all living cells up to five hundred meters underground.

The needle of dial C began to spin at breakneck speed; in a few minutes it indicated more than three billion victims. And the needle was still turning.

Panurge was sweating with fear and the young couple hugged each other in shared anguish. Going out was as dangerous as staying in this hell. On the other hand, the metal of the Tower, seriously attacked by the reddish liquid, no longer offered reassuring resistance.

Finally, they saw shining in Buropolis thousands of luminous points from which escaped, longer and longer, dazzling sparks directed against Machinopolis.

“It is the end!” shouted Panurge. Then all three jumped into the vacuum tube and descended into the depths of the city.

They walked for a long time, looking for the southern passage that was to lead them out of the storm. The hallway continued to climb and eventually led them into a room similar to the one they had just left.

Panurge rushed to the dials and saw hand C stopped at 32 billion. “Oh! Oh!” he exclaimed, “the MM-87 waves have given their all! That’s great work! Dial B showed only 3 billion losses while dial A, continuing to record, already exceeded 6 billion. The electric shocks sent by Buropolis struck down the Machinopolists to great depths. But the hand slowed down above 9, while that of dial B started to move again. The scientists of Machinopolis had just returned the electric



shocks to Buropolis and, aggravating the terrible effects of these shocks, launched every two seconds, one hundred thousand ton explosive fireballs that pulverized the city.

“It’s time to get out,” panted Panurge. “Their scholars are going to destroy each other and bury us under the rubble. Let’s go!”

Instantly, a prolonged jolt made them stagger and they clung to the walls of the room. In front of them nothing moved: the dials, the signals, the communications apparatus had just been partially destroyed by this explosion. On recovering, they rushed outside and finally greeted the light of day with a cry of joy and kissed each other frantically. Panurge then noticed that his new friend had large, unsettling eyes and a mouth soft like a ripe fruit. He prolonged his enthusiasm on the lips of his beautiful friend and then our three escapees fled into the countryside ravaged by the practical, ingenious and organizing science of the great scholars and masters of the bustling civilized cities.

They ran away but Héna suddenly exclaimed: “Oh! see up there, in the clouds!” The two men turned and saw flaming letters standing out against dark clouds. During a sort of truce and lull each city, preparing for the final assault, raised its cries of victory and defiance to the sky.

“We defend Civilization, Order and Progress!” inscribed in letters of the late Buropolis. “We will crush reaction and disorder!”

In no less dazzling letters, Machinopolis retorted: “We are the best organized! We will overcome because we are the new world! Long live the machinopulist organization!”

Above Réglopolis, incandescent letters also announced conquering principles: “Réglopolis is the only revolutionary, racial and progressive city! Réglopolis will be mistress of the world!”

Finally, in the distance, other lost cities with hazy horizons also launched their challenges to still other cities. And one could vaguely guess, in these gigantic letters, the words: *Humanity! Race! Progress! Future! Reason! Millennial peace! Continent! Victory! Civilization! Strong state! Revolution!*

“It is indeed the triumph of practical and governmental science!” exclaimed Panurge; “it is the triumph of brute force over the joy of living, over kindness, over wisdom, over love, over reason! Run away from these dangerous lunatics! Save our precious lives!”

They resumed their rapid course, but suddenly a formidable shaking of the elements threw them brutally to the ground; a horrifying night enveloped them; a roar a thousand times more deafening than thunder accompanied the convulsions and tremors of the convulsed earth; shocks of incredible violence followed one another, shaking the planet in all directions, in an unprecedented cataclysm.

“We are dying” stammered Panurge rolling over masses of crushed plants. “Goodbye my friends!” And he closed his eyes, awaiting death, but finding under his hand the warm body of Héna, fainting with fear, he took her in his arms and, neglecting his own terror, sought to forget his last hour and the imminence of its rapid end in the honeyed lips of his brunette companion. She came to herself under this desperate medication and called out to Nagor as an ominous growing glow quickly illuminated the vastness of heaven and earth. They perceived him standing, not far from them, looking at the blazing horizon.

“Look,” he said to them, “the end of the conquering and practical organization of fanatically organized scholars! I saw these inhuman cities leap over a thousand meters high! Contemplate this bonfire!”

All the diabolical products locked up in the cities, having exploded under the reciprocal reactions of the assailants, were now burning with such intensity that a wall of flames rose like a gigantic punch several thousand meters into the blackish sky, emitting such heat that everything around them charred. Our three friends felt enveloped in a furnace wind. They hastily covered themselves with vegetation to protect themselves against the dreadful heat and hurried away from this equalizing inferno.

## **IN WHICH PANURGE, HAVING BECOME WISE, COMPLETES THE CLAUSE OF THE GOOD GARGANTUA**

At the Abbey of Thélème, Sisgine was waiting for her naughty friend. As far as she could see him, she ran to meet him, happy for his return, happy to find and console the villain. She saw his defeated face, his suffering features, his piteous mien. She was charmed by Héna's youth, knew how to appreciate the willful beauty of Nagor and, welcoming, opened her arms to the fugitive. Panurge, weeping with joy, threw himself into it, stammering with emotion: "O Sisgine, my sweet companion! My faithful dove! My dear friend! How right you were! Here I am, near you for the rest of my days or for as long as you want your fleeing companion! O sweet friend, I now know the treasures of Thélème and I will never leave them again!"

His friends surrounded him affectionately, embracing him, comforting him, congratulating him on his exploits which he recounted, chopping them with exclamations of happiness and gratitude: "O Thélème! Place of happiness and bliss! O happy abbey! You alone know pure joy and tenderness, love and reason! You alone could teach wisdom and prudence advises me to abstain from it because madness transforms kindness into ferocity, knowledge into ignorance, light into darkness and joy into terrible suffering. Fools baptize their bloody follies as wisdom, and their bestiality as civilization! They call organization, order and progress their assemblies of automatons, of the dead and of phantoms! Let's live, my friends, my dear and tender friends! Let's love! Let's sing! Let's laugh! Let's enjoy the passing hour and make each of these hours a joy chained to other hours of joy by the desire to live well! May the memory of all our past happiness illuminate our present happiness and enchant our happiness tomorrow!"

The Thelemites agreed with him. The women embraced him, the children laughed and danced around him. Sisgine contemplated him with a smile.

Héna and Nagor were celebrated, and surrounded by their new friends, taught them the details of these fantastic events and of their deliverance by Panurge

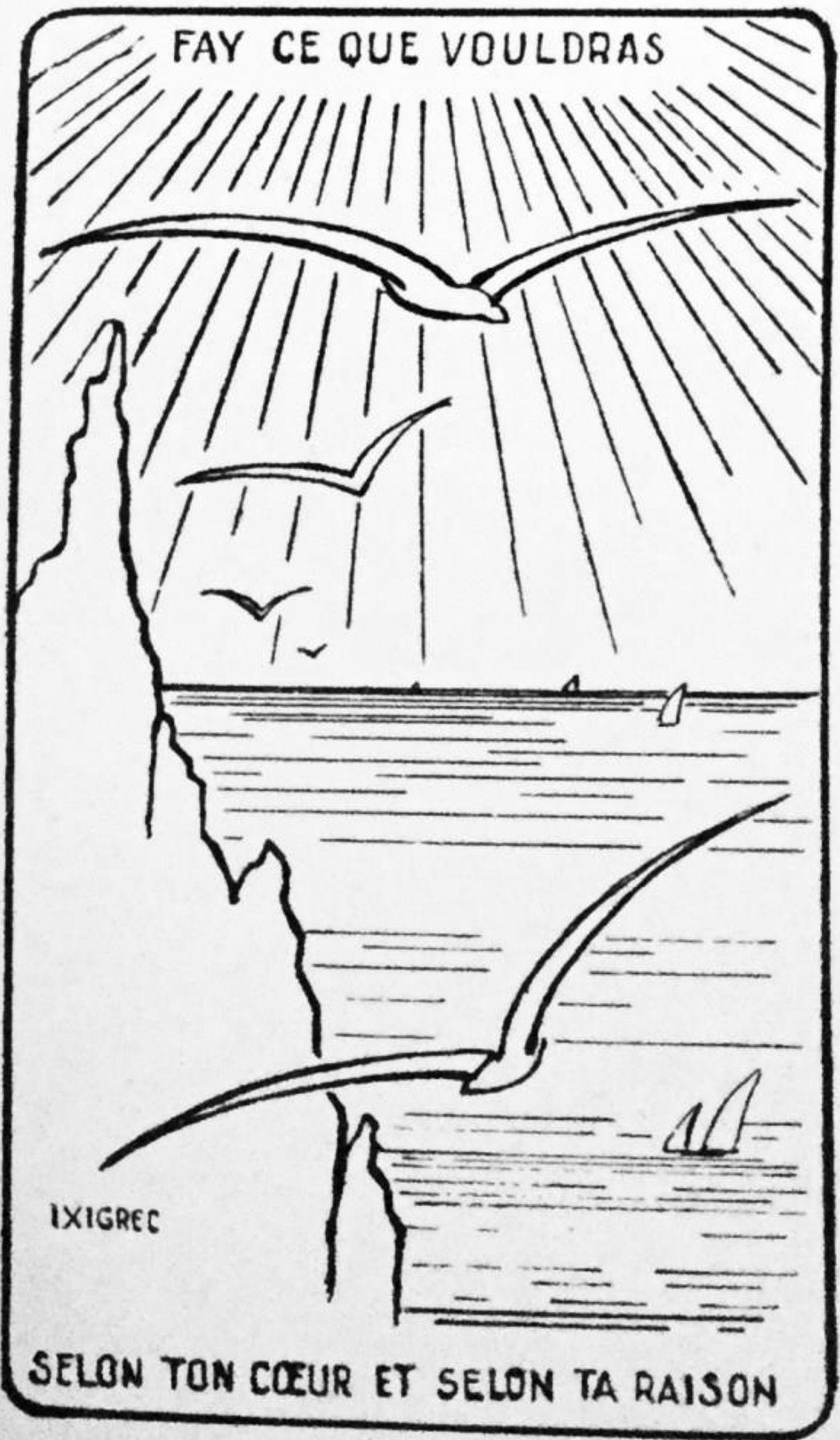
Héna approached Sisgine, took her hand affectionately and kissed her new friend. Nagor, sensitive to the radiant charm of Sisgine, contemplated the young woman and Panurge, happy in this atmosphere of joy, walked dreamily, thinking of past horrors, trying to retain these incredible events in his memory as one tries to recapture a fleeting nightmare.

And the happy days were added to the equally happy days. Panurge, aided by Nagor, Héna and his tender Sisgine, wrote the implausible and fabulous history of Machinopolis and, having finished it, went to the pediment where was written the famous:

“DO WHAT THOU WILT”

He pondered for a long time and, finding that clause much too inadequate, wrote beneath it, in letters of gold:

“IN ACCORDANCE WITH YOUR HEART AND YOUR REASON”

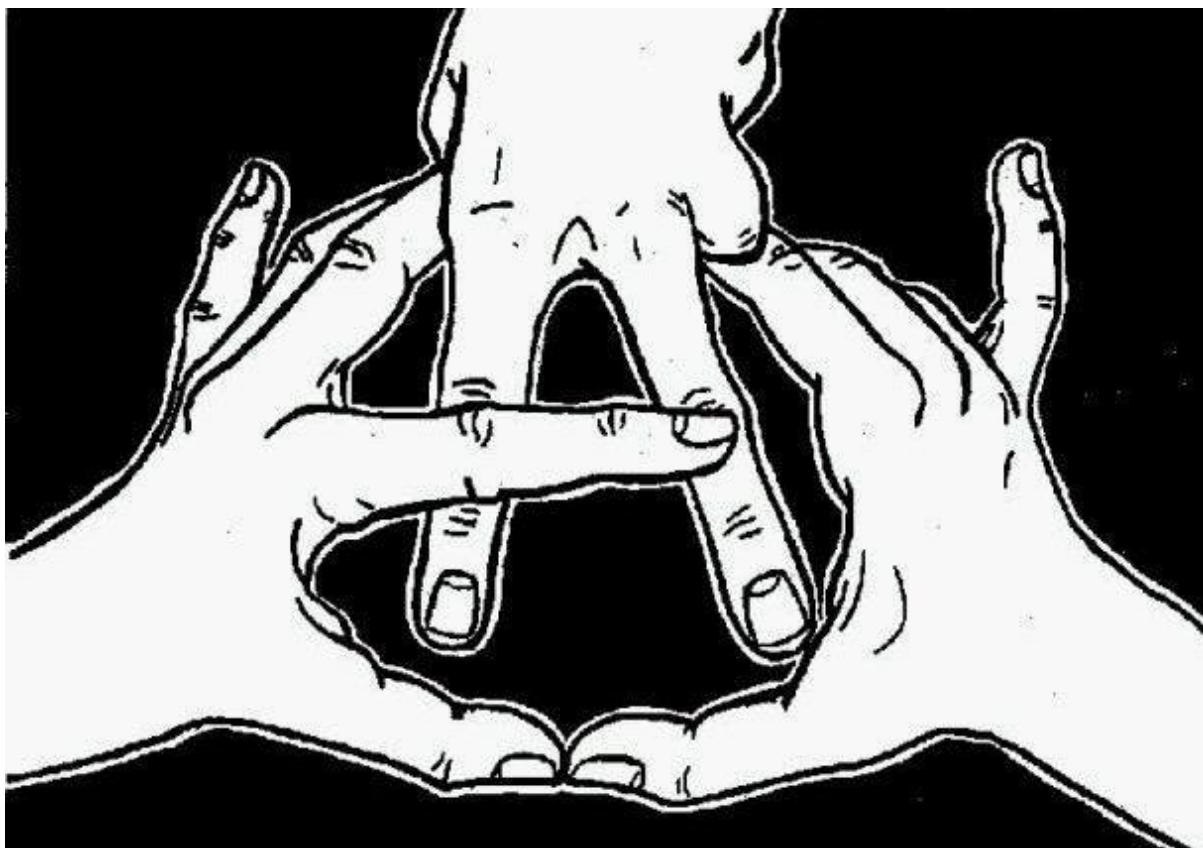


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