Usoni
Scenario of a Future
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Act 1 : passage from hell to hell
Acknowledgments
Centre Hobson, Béziers,
and in particular Jacqueline Bressoux
and Catherine Deschamps.
The legend of the Elmolo

a long, long time ago...
a woman was walking through the desert...
she was very thirsty...
she was going to die...
before dying, she gathered her strength ...
and standing upright...
she lifted her face to the sky...
she remained still for a long time …
she received a message from the sky...
she looked around her...
there was a black stone...
she took it in her open hand...
she spat on it...
she threw it up in the air
the stone fell back to earth ...
water began to flow …
Lake Turkana was born …
Europe is covered with a black cloud. The sun has disappeared.

One by one, catastrophes have destroyed the sky in the northern hemisphere.

First, the climate change, then the ever more torrential rains flooding the plains, the ocean waters rising, destroying whole cities, gigantic tsunamis washing away whole regions and their peoples for ever...

Since the start of the 21st century, the signs of the coming disaster had become clearer and clearer...
“Here, drink, drink... It’s water, real water ... water like it used to be”.

The woman raises herself on one elbow. Her dark eyes seem to light up, incredulous; her face is bloodless, the cheeks hollow, the skin as grey as ashes. She’s clutching a thin coverlet to her body. She’s shivering, her teeth are chattering.

“Water ? Where did you find it ?”

The man bends over her, offers her a dented flask. His hair is matted with filth, long trickles of dirty water are running down his face. His jacket, torn in places, is stained with black mud. He helps the woman drink a few mouthfuls but she gently pushes the flask back to him:

“Here, you too, drink, drink ...”

“No, no... It’s for you... for later...”

The man smiles faintly and puts his hand on the woman’s belly.

“... For the baby, our baby...”

She smiles in turn and pulls him towards her to clasp him in her arms. They stay enlaced, as though clinging to each other so as not to sink beneath the waters, like two shipwreck survivors who try to remain on the surface.

Suddenly, a call from outside the tent, only a murmur but it’s loud in the silence.

“Get a move on in there ... We’ve no more time ...”

The man gets up hurriedly and stands very close to the opening in the canvas, on the defensive. The woman rises in turn and comes to press herself against the man’s back as he cautiously lifts the tent flap. Immediately a man slips through the opening. He’s
dressed in faded camouflage with a beret which must once have been bottle-green but is now only greenish.

“Here are the papers… Come on, we’re leaving … Not a second to spare!”

The woman takes a pace forward to look the soldier in the face:

“We’ve given everything we own for these passes. Are they at least valid? Will they let us get through the checkpoints once we’re there?”

She stands firmly in front of the soldier, looking him up and down, trying to be threatening. Her black skin betrays her African origins. Her position, standing slightly with her weight on one hip, pelvis forward, reveals her condition. Her companion takes her by the shoulders to show his support. He’s white and looks older than her. His face is marked by deprivation, his deeply-shadowed eyes betray his extreme weariness:

“Ophelia, we’ve no choice, we must risk everything on one throw of the dice. “Anything rather than dying in darkness … Everything so that the baby’s born in the sun and not in a black hole”.

The woman turns to face the man, who’s still holding her by the shoulders. She looks him straight in the eyes:

“I know, Ulysse… I know… our child will be born in the sun or… won’t be born at all!”

The couple fall into each other’s arms. The soldier becomes impatient:

“What’s certain is that if you carry on like this, you’ll never see it, that African sun. This boat is your last chance. The Forces are clamping down more and more … Soon there won’t be any way of getting through.”
The couple look at the soldier and, without consulting each other, gather some things together before following him out of the tent.
The exodus which for many years had been from the South to the North had reversed itself. Now people fled the North to get to the South and its Sun of Life.

The start of the 21st century had seen unspeakable tragedies. Lampedusa had become the cross planted in an immense cemetery, the Mediterranean Sea. Tens, even hundreds of thousands of people had ended their dream of life at the bottom of that ravening sea which regularly swallowed clusters of people, chaplets of men, women and children thrown to the mercy of the waves, the waves of that sea once pleasant and loved but now transformed into a bloodthirsty witch greedy for innocent bodies... The real criminals were, of course, the traffickers in human flesh - those unscrupulous, soulless merchants of misery who unhesitatingly sent men and women to an almost certain death on the overcrowded old tubs. The criminals who didn’t hesitate to shut those martyrs into holds from which they would never climb out.

How many dramas of this kind have there been, where the fugitives from war, dictatorship, terrorism or quite simply the misery that reigned in their country, indebted themselves to the hilt, sacrificed everything, all the family’s meagre savings, their dignity, their life, in order to reach what they saw as a paradise, their El Dorado, the place where they would find life, sunshine?

Their own sun might burn their skin, it might dry their lips and kill their flocks, but that sun didn’t shine for them; that sun, even when it was at the zenith, no longer lit up their lives. That blazing sun left their existence in darkness, in a deep obscurity that led inexorably to the most fearful despair, despair so great that they would take every risk to escape it.
The irony of it, the terrible irony of it, is that Mother Nature, indomitable and imperious, decided after too much abuse, disrespect and, in a sense, lèse-majesté, to show who was really the Master of the World… No, it wasn’t that contemptible little scrap of a man who built towers ever and ever higher. And why did he do it? To compete with the celestial forces and reach the sky. To replace the cathedrals that early on, men built to glorify almighty God - those cathedrals that imposed humility, poured the divine power down on everyone. Is that why the lobbies of those towers seem to resemble marble cathedrals? Is that why the reception desk is approached just as men used to approach the altar, but with the logo of the company or corporation raised above in place of the Cross? Has the God of goodness and justice been exchanged for a God of profit and speculation?

No, the Master of the World was not that little worm of a man who had the effrontery to manipulate Nature that had created him, who had disrespectfully taken the liberty of maltreating her, even raping and massacring her. For what reasons, on what pretext? To push on with so-called progress, to play at being God, the Creator, the Creator who can create anything that he wants, the all-powerful Creator. Man can become dangerous when he takes himself for God. Man is a master of destruction when he decides to abandon life’s real values, when he decides to change his gods into deities of profit, rapaciousness, inhumanity and irresponsibility.

During the first ten years of the 21st century, the natural catastrophes linked to climate change have been on a scale never before seen. Higher and higher sea
levels, floods that are ever more frequent, ever more violent. The water has begun to invade the land, before the incredulous eyes of man, that superman who is now totally powerless faced with the supreme power of water... We cannot fight water. Man may be capable, maybe, of flying in the air, of connecting with planets thousands of light years away from Earth, of studying the stars in the universe, but he cannot stop the rain, prevent the sea from rising or even a modest stream from overflowing and devastating the landscape.
Blackened by the filth that falls from the sky, the tents look like a herd of motionless and menacing animals. Here and there, faint gleams prick the darkness. Grunts and moans filter from the huddled forms.

The man and the woman do their best to follow the guard, who seems anxious to get away from the maze of tents as fast as possible. In fact mobs have begun to form and, threateningly, to approach the trio who quicken their pace. Without turning, the guard says softly to them, “It’s your bags that are attracting them. They’ve understood that you’re leaving, and they’ll never leave…”

Ophelia has difficulty keeping up the pace and Ulysse, taking her by the hand, tries to pull her forward. At last they arrive at the fringe of the last tents. Before them, across a wasteland, there rises a high stone wall covered with barbed wire which separates the camp from the coast. You can distinctly hear the surf on the sea. There is an immense metal gate and just beside it, a little iron door that opens a crack to show a soldier dressed in the same camouflage as the guard. He makes a sign to them to hurry and shouts to them to look behind them. A group of ragged men and women is now dangerously close to them. They look ghastly, like zombies who have just come out of the tomb. Ophelia presses against Ulysse, looking anxiously at the pack which has now started to run to catch them before they reach the gate. She looks hunted, like a doe in the forest trying to escape from the baying hounds. Her eyes shine in the night and reflect fear, even panic, but also a fighting spirit, hope, wild hope - the hope of last resort.
From the still-open door the soldier shouts to them to get rid of their belongings:

“Throw them your bags!”

Ulysse cries in turn:

“Why? It’s all we have...”

“You can’t get on the boat with them anyway... Throw the bags away or you don’t come in!”

Ophelia stops, pulls a cloth bag and the flask of water out of her pocket. Without hesitating she turns towards the still-advancing group and throws the bag as far as possible towards them. Ulysse watches her and then in his turn flings his bag, which twists in the air towards the claw-like hands that grasp it immediately. Most of the group have stopped to argue about the bags and the things scattered around. But some of them start afresh towards the fleeing group. Ulysse seizes Ophelia’s hand and hurls himself through the gate, which the guard at once slams behind them.

For a few seconds no-one speaks.

Ulysse is still holding Ophelia’s hand. Both are breathing hard, like after a long race. They look at the soldier, who has sat down at a tiny desk strewn with papers. You can hear muffled blows on the heavy iron gate. The soldier looks up at the couple,

“They always give up eventually, but they still keep trying. It’s hard to accept that you’re condemned to die here, like a mangy dog. You’ve got your passes...”

Ulysse interrupts him:

“We haven’t even looked at them yet. Are they...”

The soldier suddenly gets impatient:

“If you don’t leave this minute, you’ll never leave... They’re just waiting for you to get on the boat. In five
minutes it’ll be too late, the IMF will start their patrol. You must go... now!"

Ulysse and Ophelia look at each other, then he advances towards the desk:

“How do we know if they’re valid...”

“In a minute, you won’t need papers any more, valid or not. In less than a minute you can forget your dream of Africa, your dream of sunshine... You’ll never see the sun again!”

With a determined gesture, Ophelia takes Ulysse’s arm and pulls him towards the other door, the one that opens on to the beach, the sea, and hope.

They run across the beach in the wake of the guard who leads them into the dark. The sound of the surf gets louder and the air is ever more damp and cold. The wet sand sticks to their soles. After several minutes running in the dark, a weak glimmer, a lantern, brandished at arm’s length by a man who seems very agitated. Without a word, he urges them to climb aboard, signalling to them to be quiet. Ulysse manages to step over the gunwale of what seems to be a big wooden boat. He then helps Ophelia to climb aboard. They find themselves on the brink of a black hole, absolutely black, into which the man with the lantern, who has climbed up behind them, signals them to descend, with the help of his lantern. In the brief beam of light, they can see bodies huddled against each other.
They have just the time to huddle right at the end, between two indistinct forms. The lantern has been put out and darkness has again become total. They cannot distinguish anyone else, they can only feel their presence. What they can also feel is fear, anguish. That anguish is palpable: it is in the sky as black as ink, the sky that plunges into the equally black sea. That anguish is in the wind that freezes your bones to the marrow. That anguish is in the creaking of the boat, the only sound audible over the backwash of the waves. Otherwise the silence is overwhelming. The silence of death.

Like prison escapees, everyone wants to escape from the vigilance of the immigration forces, those wardens of Prison Europe. Europe, a prestigious destination for many centuries, has become an immense prison whose black ceiling weighs down on its prisoners... the prison of hell.
The first years of the 21st century saw the climate deteriorate dramatically. The effects of global warming became more and more conspicuous. And that was in places that up until then were unaccustomed to that kind of catastrophe. The Europeans were more or less used to catastrophes a long way away from them. What happened in Bangladesh, in Malaysia, in the Philippines or in Japan was, of course, tragic and excited much compassion, but it seemed so far away... in another world, so to speak. But when suddenly, in a place like the South of France, for example, gigantic floods, never seen before, became regular events - when people died in their cars, carried away by the waters of a river that had always been calm and peaceful - when catastrophes happened in the places where they used to go to sunbathe, they started to say to each other that it didn’t just happen to other people after all. When the great cities had to be shut to traffic to try to fend off the ever-more real threat of criminal pollution. When they barricaded Paris, the City of Light, to try to save it from disaster, they said that that didn’t just happen in far-off China... it was now happening in beautiful France too!

They started to realise the extent of the danger, which eventually became daily. They had seen again and again the documentaries showing and proving that the ice floes and the great glaciers were inexorably melting, they had listened to the scientists repeating over and over that the sea level would rise and lead to disaster. But like a whiplash, like a slap across the face, they were confronted with the evidence: it was one and the same world after all!
Earthquakes became more and more frequent and above all ever more violent, provoking giant tsunamis that destroyed nuclear power stations, creating no man’s lands, entire regions that were uninhabitable. The destruction of the planet had started! And man had contributed to this: man had largely contributed to his own destruction.

The events set each other off like a set of dominos, each one causing the fall of the next.

The final firework display, the grand finale, the last bouquet, arrived in the year 2037. Like an explosion of discontent from a scorned and abused Earth; like a warning shot from the gods of nature; like a mocking gesture at this pretentious dwarf who pretended that he could control, command and manipulate Mother Nature, she dealt a master-stroke. One by one, in a huge deflagration, there was an infernal series of volcanic eruptions. All that part of the world was ablaze, the North was a mass of flames and destruction. Just like that, in one fell swoop, like a stroke from a bad fairy’s magic wand!

Volcanos dormant since time immemorial suddenly woke in a gigantic explosion. Like a time bomb, a bomb forgotten, buried in the sand of a beach, peaceful and harmless until then. A beach where once people basked in the sun and which, from one minute to the next, suddenly changed into a minefield, an immense minefield...

France had been cruelly affected by the explosion and the meltdown of its nuclear reactors, but the climax came with the eruption of the volcanos. The centre of the country was transformed into a battlefield where
stone giants fought to outdo each other, where enormous dragons breathed fire all around.

In an apocalyptic vision, Earth covered itself with a thick mantle of lava that flowed majestically and invincibly, annihilating all forms of life; a tide of disaster, advancing inexorably, catching everyone who tried to flee before it. And the volcanos that unceasingly spat out their reddish and smoking pus, as if the Earth’s entrails had decided to empty themselves out and spread across its surface.

Multitudes of human lives were lost, entire regions devastated, whole populations displaced. Powerless, mankind could do nothing but watch his Earth disappear and, raising his eyes to the sky, see it filling with a black cloud, thicker and thicker, until the screen was complete... The sun disappeared...

When that impenetrable cloud formed between him and the sun, at first, Man couldn’t believe that it would last. The sun would return - the sun that had always been present, day after day, always there to preserve life, to warm the earth and to sustain the living. Man had taken that for granted, just as if it were his due. The same man who had pillaged the resources that he called natural, who had abused, overexploited and raped that Nature. That man who had taken from Nature the four elements that constituted life - from the nature that had given him life, just as a mother gives life to her child - that man suddenly found himself face to face with nothingness. No more earth to cultivate, no more air to breathe, no more water to drink, no more fire from the sun to create life. The four vital elements had been taken from him at a stroke together with that precious
life, that diamond more precious than anything else, that pearl, that magic and mysterious life.

For Man… the sun was dead!
Straight after they embark, the rhythmic plash of oars dipping in the water can be heard, but is almost lost in the sound of the surf. The boat pitches for a few minutes over the coastal waves, then stabilises and begins to slip across the sea. Ophelia feels Ulysse’s arm tighten around her shoulders as if to say, “There, we’re off!” Ophelia snuggles even closer against Ulysse who tries to protect her as well as he can from the cold which is ever more penetrating. The dark is still complete and the silence still as oppressive.

After a seemingly interminable time, they hear the noise of an engine that someone’s trying to start. From the noise, it’s a small engine and after some fruitless attempts, it starts to splutter and the boat sets off again. They know that they’re now far enough away from the coast to use the engine without being spotted by the military immigration forces; now it’s a question of getting out to sea as fast as possible so as not to be caught by one of the patrols that wouldn’t be slow to make a move.

In the almost complete darkness, Ophelia all at once feels that she’s being looked at and indeed, a few centimetres from her own face, she can make out a little face with big eyes that are staring intensely at her. Without knowing why, she suddenly feels heartened, as if a warm breath of humanity has risen from the depths of her body… after so long. Those unsmiling eyes remind her that there is still life, that not everything is dead.

They cry out to her, even, that there is life in her and that that is why she’s fighting and will fight to the very end. She smiles at the little girl, who smiles in turn.
The overladen craft advances with difficulty, sometimes rolling dangerously. A heavy swell has risen and makes the boat even more ridiculously tiny. A wall of water rises on both sides. Sea and sky merge into one, and in this gloomy atmosphere, the boat seems rocked in a dance of death. A wisp of straw floating at the whim of the waves.

Unable to bear it any more, Ophelia sits up and half rises, putting her head through the opening of the hold. Immediately the captain, who is at the bar, higher than the hold, gestures violently to her to sit down again. At once she lets herself slip back to the bottom of the boat with the rest of the passengers, still motionless and silent. She looks around her and can make out several shapes more distinctly. The black night appears to be dissolving and now everything seems enveloped in a thick fog, almost as if they are floating through the clouds of a great storm. All suspended in air, time, silence... No-one dares to speak or move. Just like when you hold your breath, when danger is everywhere and you'll get through safely... or not! Everybody has risked everything on one throw of the dice. Everyone has staked all they have on this crossing. They have all escaped from the catastrophe and are playing their last card.

The first to flee from the catastrophe in Europe were those who had in some way contributed to catastrophe - the rulers of the world. Not the presidents, not the prime ministers, not even the politicians, nor those who were in the forefront of the international scene, nor those who were behind the scenes - but those who held the reins of the world, those who had, on the pretext of profit at all cost, led all-out industrialisation and
overexploited natural and human resources - those who had created this world in their image. A world of stupid and pointless greed, of power, of inequality and injustice.

The same who had created those incredible and indecent symbols of wealth - the wealth that, praiseworthy when decently earned, became obscene when obtained with contempt for people - those very same who had transformed magnificent cities into veritable fortresses protecting the interests of a handful of individuals against the whole of humanity.

And so the cities were rapidly deserted by their big companies and corporations, who had not the least intention of living without sun. The ship is sinking, let’s abandon the ship, the captain first and too bad for those who stay behind... Rats, too, are the first to leave a sinking ship. The rats leave the sewers when there’s going to be a big earthquake. Those animals have, in fact, an innate sense of survival in all circumstances.

The worst, the most execrable aspect of such actions, the most sickening thing about these types of individual, is that, once safe and protected, ensconced in the comfort they have recreated, they close the door on others. And that is exactly what happened after the catastrophe. Once all the resources and what they had need of had been saved from the flames of Europe... once they had recovered all that was recoverable, they had quite simply closed the borders between Europe and Africa. In short, the circumstances were the same as in the years of migration from the South to the North at the beginning of the century, when the populations
of the African countries tried to reach Europe at peril of their lives or, at best, of their dignity.

The walls between the two continents were still there, still as high - higher, even - except that now it was for the Europeans, in misery and dying, to please stay at home... even if there was no longer an “at home”. The tables had been turned but the players were the same, the masters of the game were the same, the stakes were the same... and it was the same who paid.
Even crouched at the bottom of the boat’s hold, its occupants can feel they are far out to sea and this makes their anguish even greater. The anguish of not knowing exactly where you are - of not knowing exactly where you’re going - the anguish of feeling the immense power of the sea all around, the anguish of feeling your own helplessness. The occupants are still not talking. In fact, even if they had not been ordered to keep quiet, they would still not have talked. It seems as if they all want the nightmare to end and that speaking might set something off - what, they don’t know and they don’t want to know. Maybe also rather like an explorer of unknown lands who doesn’t know what he will discover behind that forest or on the other side of the hill or on the far bank of the river…

However, the sky seems to be lightening, little by little. It seems to be changing from charcoal to lighter hues of grey. Ophelia can’t resist the temptation and sits up again to try to look overboard. She sees a horizon like a yellow line. She turns to Ulysse, who’s also risen. He too is looking at the horizon. A faint smile appears on his lips and he turns to Ophelia, who smiles too.

“You’ll get us spotted, they have drones that detect movements and even sounds”.

The murmur comes from the bottom of the hold. Both slip back into their place and Ophelia forages in the canvas bag to get out the water bottle. That water… She didn’t even dare to ask him how he had got it, for it had become as rare as the gold and diamonds of former days.
The signs that, sooner or later, the world was going to be short of water had been accumulating for decades. Once again, Man had contributed to the desertification of the planet. The systematic felling of the forests, linked to the warming of the atmosphere by greenhouse gas emissions, had for many years dried out the land, which had become an arid crust. But after the repeated nuclear accidents, the pollution and the eruption of the volcanos, drinking water became almost impossible to find. The rain that fell from that leaden sky was acid, polluted, undrinkable. The drinking water that had for a long time been the most precious thing in the world had now practically disappeared. Water in the form that the world had always known it, water that men in the northern hemisphere had always drunk without really realising how precious it was, was no longer there - at least, not like before, in the tap, for example... The time when all you had to do was turn on the tap to brush your teeth... There again, the reversal had been brutally sudden. From one day to the next, those men, used to an environment where water flowed in torrents, everywhere, suddenly found they were in the position of countries that were deserts, or at least had little rainfall, where women had to walk miles to fetch the water to nourish their family.

Those men of the north were all at once plunged into the universe of drought - that universe of whole regions where you died of thirst, next to the skeletons of the cattle. Those men who had been spectators of famines and other human disasters, found themselves actors in the dramas that they had seen in pictures... pictures of another world. Actors in a tragedy, a human tragedy re-written by a Shakespeare gone mad,
possessed by devils... and all-powerful, an excellent playwright manipulating his characters as he wished. Creating them either pathetic and dying, or Machiavellian and prosperous. For, of course, the villains are there - the villains who have always dominated the global stage - the same who have always used the planet’s natural resources for their own mercenary and selfish purposes, the same who have not hesitated to sacrifice their fellow men, their brothers, in masses, the same whose sole religion is profit. They had certainly foreseen the drying-up of the water. They had prepared for that eventuality far in advance and had profited from it to create monopolies over the groundwater worldwide. They had started by selling water in plastic bottles when water was still coming out of the tap - bottles that for some were already inaccessible - bottles that, when the tap was turned off, became gold bars.

Water became more than a currency to barter, more than a currency used to survive - it became the currency of life.

Under the implacable law of, “Pay and you can drink… If you don’t pay, you die”.
Ophelia holds out the precious bottle to Ulysse who gestures to say that she herself should drink, that he’s all right. She insists because she can see the signs of dehydration and exhaustion in his face. Exhaustion after months and months of being deprived of everything - starting with water, hard to find and practically unfit to drink, filtered, boiled and re-boiled to give the impression of transforming the polluted water into something drinkable. Food had rapidly been reduced to what could survive in that devastated land, mainly insects and small animals, roots and some meagre vegetables that could grow without sun. In short, a whole population was dying of hunger and of thirst.

Of course, every extreme situation generates traffic of all kinds, the exploitation of man by man, the trade in misery and despair. Very soon the European currencies disappeared in favour of African money. Very soon a sort of exchange appeared. Smuggling flourished in the Mediterranean where essential products coming from Africa were exchanged for anything that still had value in Europe. Treasures thus went off down the trade route to the great African cities, strangely recalling the era, several centuries before, of the colonisation of Africa by Europe which had seen the masterpieces of many a civilisation go to fill the museums of cities like London and Paris. The wheel had turned and in so doing, the revolution in the proper sense of the word had taken place… The world had turned completely and everything had been turned upside down.
“Drink, Ulysse, drink... You need to be strong to protect me... to protect us”.

A faint smile tries to sketch itself on his lips and Ulysse lets Ophelia put the bottle to his mouth - but after several mouthfuls he gently pushes her hand away: “It’s you who must drink. Only a while to bear up, and we’ll be able to drink as much as we want, eat fruit and vegetables. We have to get through the eye of the storm. You’ve seen the horizon... The sun’s there, it’s waiting for us...”

Smiling, Ophelia is getting ready to put the bottle back in the bag when she meets the eyes of the little girl. She says nothing and asks nothing, but her eyes speak for her, eyes that go slowly from Ophelia to the bottle, eyes that, in the half-light, shine like emeralds.

Without thinking Ophelia holds out the flask to the girl, whose face lights up in the bat of an eyelid. When she removes the lip of the bottle gently from her mouth, the girl smiles at her.

“May God bless you, lady, may God bless you... She’s called Ava...”

Ophelia nods towards the shadows where she can faintly make out the contours of the woman’s face, then she draws up her legs and puts her chin on her knees.

She reflects that this passage from hell to heaven makes her think of the tunnel between life and death. A temporary death - at the end of the black hole, light... life... the sun.

The return to life. Escape from death. Man has inexhaustible resources when it comes to clinging on to life. Ophelia is carrying life within her. In the midst of this gigantic chaos, against all expectations, despite the
worst conditions of survival, beyond all the obstacles that at first seemed insuperable, life has begun in her. She must overcome everything, fight against everything that could bar the road leading to her ultimate goal - the birth of this child in a place where it has a chance of living!

With her maternal instinct, Ophelia can see no other outcome for her story, but she still doesn’t realise exactly what mission she’s received from Destiny. What she does know, however, what she already feels, is that she no longer has the right to give up. She feels in her very heart that she must save this life, but she doesn’t yet know that, besides this child that she’s begun to feel in her belly, she will have to save the life of a world that’s started to disappear, to sink into darkness, to commence its descent into Hell.

Ophelia was born in 2035 in an African family living in the Paris suburbs. The City of Light had begun to fade since the beginning of the 21st century. The global warming that had been forecast by scientists for years had finally intensified during the first twenty years of the century.

Pollution warnings multiplied on a daily basis. The air pollution in many regions was so severe that people were forbidden to go out. Lung and skin infections became common, frequently leading to death among children and elderly people. Paris was not spared and, despite measures both draconian and desperate, ended by becoming a city where it was dangerous to live. As
panic grew, stricter and stricter restrictions were imposed. Only electric cars could be used - all the factories around were closed, all fires whatsoever were forbidden, even at home in your own chimney. But it was too late and the abuses that had been common all through the 20th century had created a situation of no return. And once again men were stunned by the disaster that they saw before them.

A child holding its favourite toy, broken in pieces.

Ophelia’s family lived in one of those small suburban houses that had been built a little less than a century earlier. There, communities coming from all corners of the world found themselves living side by side. You could hear a huge variety of languages. English was spoken as a language of communication more than French. Otherwise there was a whole panoply of languages from Africa, Asia, Southern Europe, the East, the North...

Ophelia spoke English with the neighbours and Swahili at home. In the first ten years of the 21st century, her grandfather had had to go into exile from the Horn of Africa and take refuge in France. At least, that was what Ophelia had understood about that African grandfather whom she had never known and about whom she knew little.

From her early childhood she had only vague memories of a sky that was clear and blue, and of a brilliant sun. The memories were confused, because she no longer knew if they really came from her early
childhood or from the images she saw on the screens - when there were still screens - or from books, relics of a time past, of a world that no longer existed and was gone for ever.

Ophelia was only two when the Paris sky darkened, then grew black just like every evening, as usual, at dusk - except that dawn no longer came!

For as long as she could remember, Ophelia could only recall an impenetrable, charcoal grey sky, as if curtains had been pulled over the world’s windows, curtains that the sun could never shine through. At most it changed the density of the blackness, but that was all. It was soon very hard to distinguish day from night.

The planes were the first to be grounded but very soon everything stopped. People felt caught in a vice, a freezing vice, between a sky that was ever darker and more opaque and a land that had become hostile and bare, flayed, scoured... a land that was now only watered by dirty and toxic rains, a land that, since it no longer saw the sun, gradually perished... and died in its turn.

The boat suddenly leaps sideways, thrust by the powerful surge of a huge wave. Some faint cries are heard from the darkness in the hold. Ophelia feels a small hand clutch hers and Ulysse puts his own on her shoulder to reassure her. Just after that, another and even more violent jolt, more frightening inasmuch as, until now, the rolling of the boat has been steady. From one minute to the next, the elements seem to have gone
wild, making the passengers abandon the shadow and their total silence. The danger of being spotted by the immigration forces is for the moment replaced by fear of the tempest. The sky has lightened, still very grey but you can feel the presence of light behind the thick curtain of cloud.

“It’s the passage... the zone that separates us from the sun ... the two worlds are confronting each other... It’s a depression that unleashes the...” Ulysse’s voice is covered by a deafening detonation, a thunderclap that sets off a movement of panic among the occupants of the boat, who can now be clearly seen. In fact the scene is perfectly lit by the lightning flashes that streak the sky, intermittently showing the faces and the bodies of Ophelia and Ulysse’s companions in misfortune. Torrents of water beat down on them and the hold starts to fill - everyone rushes on to the deck which is itself submerged. Gusts sweep the boat’s deck. Bodies are projected to each side of the boat, which seems ready to sink. Ulysse sees the captain who is trying to hold his course. The boat is heeling dangerously. Ulysse desperately grasps a rope with one hand, holding Ophelia firmly with the other. When he turns to her, he sees that she herself is holding the little girl by the hand. The mother has disappeared.

Without thinking any more, he starts to pass the rope around Ophelia’s waist and faced with her mute appeal, he manages also to attach the little girl who is clinging to her. The boat is no more than a nutshell tossed around by the waves. The black sky is gashed by threatening lightning flashes. Ophelia, holding against her the little girl who’s trembling in every tiny limb, remembers her mother who used always to sing the
same song to reassure her, a song with strange and unknown words, a long litany full of mystery that had a soothing effect, that seemed to ward off bad luck. Like an elixir against misfortune. Ophelia remembers occasions when the song came to save her... when she was dying in her mother’s arms, her mama’s beautiful voice rose in the night like a fairy bird. Ophelia had felt as though there was a beating of wings that chased death away.

As soon as she was old enough to understand, her mother had taught her the words of the song - they were sacred words, the words of the Mother of men, the Mother of the World.

She had to learn those words and never forget them, keep them forever, treasured deep in her heart. She would have to sing the song when there was nothing else left to do, when all hope was lost... that song which gave or saved life...

Ophelia clearly saw her mother again, her black skin that shone like bronze in the half-light; she saw her soft black eyes, velvety eyes that looked deep into hers to reassure her; she felt her warm lips pressed to her forehead as if to draw out the fever.

Terror-stricken, Ophelia sees the boat rear up to stand vertical. In the lightning flashes, she can distinguish tangled bodies gripping each other. Cries come from every side, overlaid by the howling of the tempest.

Ophelia lifts her eyes to the sky. Ulysse’s arms hold her even more tightly... her lips open and the song of life rises up in the middle of hell.
The boat stands violently on end, like a rearing horse. Ulysse turns towards the stern. The man is no longer there and the bar is floating free, swinging swiftly from one side to the other. Gripping the rail with one hand, he starts to move towards the bar. Ophelia tries to hold him back, she cries to him not to go. The whistling of the wind, the roar of the waves crashing on the deck muffle her voice. Suddenly a rumbling noise covers all the other sounds, the deafening thunder-roll of a coming earthquake. Ophelia turns towards the enormous noise. A great wall of water is rolling towards them, as high as a building. She closes her eyes, clasping the little girl in her arms...
The beginning of the 21st century had seen thousands of Africans perish in the Mediterranean. That sea called the Big Blue, the sea more often associated with holidays, sun and beach, which every day became the cemetery for thousands of migrants who risked everything on one throw of the dice, with women and children, rather than stay in their countries with war, dictatorship, sometimes torture, always poverty and in all events without a future, without hope of a life worthy of the name. Most of the time these unfortunates launched themselves on the sea in makeshift boats, old tubs doomed to be wrecked, with the despair of those condemned to death. The pope at the time, Francis, had even denounced this human tragedy on numerous occasions. In the first days of his calling, with the eyes of the whole world on him, he had gone to throw flowers on the water off the coast of Lampedusa, to bless the immense common grave that the sea had become. Lampedusa, that small Italian island, standing between the South of Italy and Libya, was then the gateway to Europe. Lampedusa had been the island of hope, the dream of hundreds of thousands of African refugees.

At that time, most of the migrants came from Syria and the neighbouring countries, afflicted by war or by blind and cruel terrorism. Thousand-year-old cultures, whole regions with their populations had been decimated.

The southern countries provided their share of migrants. Somalia, Eritrea, South Sudan, afflicted by dictatorship or civil war, set thousands of individuals off on the road to liberty. Niger, and in particular the
city of Agadez, became the hub for the migrant traffic. From all corners of Africa men, women and children arrived in waves in this town at the gateway of the Sahara desert, perfect prey for the traffickers who took all their savings and more besides, to cram them into pick-ups for a desert crossing of three or four days to Libya, which far too many would never see.

Libya, after several wars and coups d'état, was a veritable sieve, a no-go zone where everything was possible, above all terrible atrocities, serial executions, rapes, the worst abuses. And all that in order to embark on a patched-up boat, with so many other poor people clinging together, like themselves, to put themselves at the mercy of the waves or worse, of those traffickers without any respect for human life. Those traffickers who didn't hesitate to leave unfortunate people adrift or even, if it was in their interests, to sink the ship with women and children locked into the hold...

Half a century later, the same drama was being played out, in reverse. Whole populations had had to flee from the devastated land, the unbreathable air, survive the lack of water and real food, save themselves from predators - especially human predators, always there where misery reigns, always ready to exploit it. Those migrants too had crossed the desert, even if it was a cold, dark desert - they too had seen suffering and death so many times, they too had only survived in the hope of arriving... They had expended all their strength, spent themselves entirely, just to be able to embark, embark on a journey towards life - not to a new life, no, not even that, but just life...
They too found themselves in the middle of a hostile sea, a sea in which they would sink and be engulfed for ever.
At first it’s like a caress on her face. Through her still-closed eyelids she can see a reddish light, growing brighter and brighter. As conscience returns, she starts to hear voices, far away, indefinable noises, shifting, thumps... she feels hands touching her... her face, her head, her belly... All at once she opens her eyes and puts her hands to her belly... “My baby... my baby...”. She blinks her eyes in that dazzling light, that immense blue. Someone is bending over her. She can’t easily make out their features for she’s looking into the light. She stays pinned to the ground by the extreme fatigue that she feels all through her but also by this clarity coming from the sky, an overpowering clarity, quite new to her. She turns her head slightly to one side and her eyes are pierced by fiery rays... the sun. The sun that she’s only dreamt of is making her eyes close with its power, its unbearable violence. The sun that she’s never really known except in films and videos, when everything still went well, before everything ground to a halt... That sun is burning her eyes, her skin... Ophelia sits up suddenly and looks around her. She’s on a big, flat-bottomed boat. There are many bodies stretched out, some moving, some not. Men are moving between the bodies. They’re all wearing the same uniform.

“Do you speak English?” It’s a woman’s voice and Ophelia turns sharply towards her. A dark-haired woman, also in uniform, is crouching down next to her.

“What’s happened? Where am I?” Ophelia realises that she’s spoken in French but the woman replies immediately, also in French but with a strong foreign accent: “You were unconscious at the bottom of a partly-capsized boat... It’s a miracle that you’re still alive...”
Ophelia shuts her eyes again and remembers. The wall of water submerging everything. The little arms clinging on to her with all their strength. The awful cries, her head which seems about to be wrenched from her head, an enormous pain and then no more. She puts her hand to her neck and sees her fingers stained with blood.

“Yes, you were knocked out by a piece of the frame but that’s what saved your life, perhaps. You didn’t go overboard like the others”.

Ophelia moves restlessly, her head turns in all directions, her eyes implore: “Ulysse... the little girl...”

Sobs strangle her voice and she tries to get up, but the woman holds her by the arm:

“You must keep still, you’re too weak.” Ophelia lies slowly down again but her eyes, fixed on the woman’s, are still questioning. The woman sighs and lowers her eyes:

“A lot are dead... Most are at the bottom of the sea...”

Gripping the woman soldier’s sleeve, Ophelia cries out:

“No... Ulysse isn’t dead... it’s not true... Ulysse... we were meant to be in the sun together... we were meant to see the baby in the sunshine... see him grow up... see him run in the sunshine...” She dissolves into tears. The woman goes on, almost unemotionally: “Every day or nearly, we pick up fugitives... Every day, we see these migrants dying; they’re mad, they know that there’s every chance of dying...” She looks at Ophelia who is crying, unable to stop, her head bent forward, her shoulders heaving convulsively. She goes on: “…of dying or being caught by the IMF... They’ve picked up
men floating on pieces of wood... Some were still alive. We work alongside the IMF and in any case, we have to hand over everyone we find... Just as well, you’ll find your Ulysse again... in the camp...” Still sobbing but trying to hold back her tears, Ophelia slowly raises her eyes to the woman. The woman resumes : “You’re pregnant...” Ophelia looks back down at her belly. “…I must hand you over to the IM. They’ll check you out and put you in a camp, a refugee camp. After that they’ll decide what to do with you”. The woman looks away and seems to be gazing into the distance, as though lost in her thoughts. “Well... in any case, what can I do ? We can’t change anything. The barriers are closed for ever. It’s a long time since we haven’t been able to get to Africa... but you still try to come to Lampedusa ! You believe that Lampedusa’s the end of your misery, but it’s only the beginning...”

She murmurs these last words and looks Ophelia in the eyes for a few seconds, and a faint smile curls her lips :
“... but at least you’ll have seen the sun!”
The frontiers between Europe and Africa were quickly closed or rather, had remained closed... except that now the door opened the other way. Lampedusa was still the Gateway, but from being the Gateway to Europe it had become the Gateway to Africa. In fact Lampedusa served as an enclave before Africa, a sort of compartment that only opened for the few who were privileged, lucky, or reckless.

At the beginning of the century, Lampedusa was Italian and was the destination for tens of thousands of migrants. They landed on the island, most of the time, saved from the water by coastguards who were Italian but also international, for the whole of Europe had had to mobilise faced with the extent of the tragedy. Thousands were saved at their last gasp, but thousands of others were not so lucky and ended up drowned without even having seen the land they dreamed of, the land of liberation and safety. Safety from everything that had made them flee their homeland, whether it was dictatorship, civil war, brutality, famine or simply economic misery.

With the technological advances in communication, the whole planet found itself in front of a shop window that contained all that the world offered but which they couldn’t reach. A window that showed the most delicious cakes to children who could only look but not touch and even more importantly, not taste.

A time came when it was not possible to propose to the masses of people, the vast majority of whom were young, that they should stay where they were born, without giving them the possibility of working, developing, creating a life or building their future. When
living is no longer possible, then you can only leave. Better to die on the road, taking action, than to do nothing but wait for death.

The peoples tore each other apart on religious pretexts as well. Some imposed a law that they claimed to have received from their god. They terrorised entire populations to make them follow laws that they had decided were divine.

How to explain that injustice that forces men to leave their country to go elsewhere to find a reason to live? Had Nature decided to put order back into all that injustice? In one stroke, Nature had reversed the order of things. In one fell swoop, she had turned everything upside down. People now had only one hope: to get to the South, to leave the shadow, the cold and the despair, to escape from a slow, but not distant, death. Their haven of safety, places like Lampedusa, was just a castle in the air. In the early part of the century, the migrants thought that arriving on the island meant they had won, but often it was only the start of their hardships and frustrations, far from the fresh start of a life that they dreamed of, a life worthy of the name. But anything rather than return to their country which had become their prison, their hell… their tomb.

Just like the African migrants before them, the European migrants were ready to do anything to find the sun again, not realising that Africa was now
forbidden to them and that they were condemned to remain in their misery.

Misery can stay at home – that’s final!
Ophelia is still lying on her back, her eyes wide open and looking at this blue sky, blue like hope. The hope that has deserted her heart, the hope that she had with Ulysse, the hope that made them take all those risks. Where’s that hope now? Ulysse... where is he? Is he dead at the bottom of the sea? Has he been saved, like her? Is he asking himself the same question? Does he think she’s dead?

Ulysse, that man from the North of Europe who arrived in Ophelia’s life when she was at the end of her tether.

Her mother had just died after months of suffering and deprivation. The lack of real food, drinkable water, sun, all the elements that made up life and were missing from life. So life was fading.

Ophelia had watched her mother slip away little by little. The woman who had always made sacrifices for her - the woman who had always been a model of how to live, had ended by giving in and letting herself die. She had gone but had left a message, or rather a mission, for Ophelia.

Since Ophelia’s earliest childhood, she had told her about that lake in Africa, a lake that in the course of history had taken on a magic dimension. The lake from which her grandfather had had to flee to protect his family against some very powerful people who wanted to silence him. The lake that he wanted to save at all costs and in despite of the interests of the great powers. The lake that had been the cradle of the Mother of the World. Lake Turkana. On her deathbed, Ophelia’s mother had made her swear that she would go back to find the land of her ancestors, the Elmolo. She had
murmured all these words between gasps for air, when she could hardly breathe:

“I’m leaving, my daughter… I’m going to our Sacred Lake… that lake full of purity… far from this bad, dark world. When I’m gone, I want you to come and join me in that blessed land. You must find your people again - you must save your people…”

Ulysse appeared in Ophelia’s life while her mother’s mysterious words were still echoing in her head. She found herself alone in the world, desperate and ready to die too.

The community that welcomed Ophelia was mostly made up of Northern Europeans. These men and women knew better how to confront the extreme conditions and had survived the collapse better.

Ulysse was greeted like a soldier returning from the front. Apparently, in addition to fleeing the disaster like thousands of his fellow countrymen, he gave the impression of fleeing something else as well, something that must be kept secret to protect him and those close to him. At least, that was what Ophelia had understood when he said to her that he couldn’t explain, but that she must understand that it was necessary that she shouldn’t know. Ulysse was different and she had accepted that difference. She didn’t know exactly how he was different, or why his reactions and attitudes were sometimes strange, but that didn’t worry her. In any case, in the era in which they lived, there wasn’t much place for questions. What had to be found was an answer, solutions, solutions for survival from day to day, solutions for the future, the future that was obscured, like the black sky above their heads.
So when two beings had the chance to find one another, to share each other’s feelings, to love each other, they didn’t really look for the why or the how - they accepted it as it was and that was all.

The two became close quite naturally, in a sort of spontaneous magnetism. As if that was part of the things that had to happen. It was immediately clear that Ulysse had come to Paris to find Ophelia. It was written in the stars. He had come to Paris to save Ophelia from the world of darkness to take her away to the light, towards the sun.

When Ophelia fell pregnant, it was even more evident. They decided mutually that the baby could not be born in the darkness, that he must not see the day where the day no longer existed. Ophelia said it plainly and simply:

“This child will be born in the sun, or not at all…”

Does Ulysse think she’s dead ... with his baby inside her?

Ophelia puts her hand on her belly and a shiver goes through her body. Will this baby see the day? Will this baby see the sun… one day? Tears start to run slowly down her cheeks. All the dreams that helped her to continue, to walk, to go forward, not to give up, not to relinquish hope… Were all those dreams senseless, too wild, too ambitious? Should they have accepted their doom and waited to finish their existence like the others? To accept... To accept... Can you really change what is written for you? To accept fate - to forget the pretentiousness of wanting to write your own life, to
write the life of a child whom you want to be born in the sun - was it so crazy?

“Lampedusa!”

The woman in uniform, still crouching at her side, makes a sign towards the bows of the boat. She helps her to rise so that she can see, in the distance, a yellow line of dwellings:

“Lampedusa... Lampedusa...”
to be continued
L’ABSENCE
Roman
Dominique Baillet
L’auteur, sous le mode d’un roman-confession, restitue à la première personne le long cheminement d’un jeune homme français qui, grâce aux femmes qui ont jalonné sa vie intime, recherche sans relâche son père qu’il n’a jamais rencontré, un Italien du Nord, dont il ne connaît que peu de chose par sa mère. Il commence sa quête dès l’âge adulte en Italie sous le mode d’une quasi-enquête policière, mobilise toutes les personnes de son entourage, mais rencontrera de nombreux obstacles pour atteindre son but.
(Coll. Rue des écoles, 19 euros, 200 p., décembre 2014)
EAN : 9782343049298 EAN PDF : 9782336363271

L’ACCIDENT
Roman
Elsa Dauphin
En fin de journée, dans la pénombre de sa chambre, Sophie se réveille. Âgée d’une trentaine d’années, Sophie est handicapée suite à un accident survenu dans son enfance ; elle en conserve de graves séquelles qui la rendent entièrement dépendante de ses parents, Sylvie et Hector, avec qui elle vit. Au fil de la nuit, chacun des trois protagonistes tisse la trame de ses souvenirs pour revenir à l’origine de l’accident et de ses conséquences... Un huis clos familial où les sentiments exacerbés se partagent entre affection, rancœur et résignation.
(Coll. Écritures, 19,5 euros, 214 p., décembre 2014)
EAN : 9782343043678 EAN PDF : 9782336363080

LES CHRONIQUES DROLATIQUES D’UNE INTÉRIMAIRE
Roman
Michèle Madar
Sur un ton léger et drôle, les chroniques de «l’Intérimaire», une anonyme parmi tant d’autres, dépeignent ses missions autant rocambolesques que burlesques. À travers ce nouveau roman, Michèle Madar décrit avec amusement et tendresse, mais sans complaisance, le sort qui est fait à ses semblables dans un monde en mutation.
(18 euros, 194 p., novembre 2014)
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LA CITÉ DES HAUTEURS
Roman
Hubert de l’Estourbeillon
L’auteur nous invite à suivre le personnage de Blaise l’Albigois, marchand d’objets d’art, qui découvre avec ses amis une communauté réfugiée dans la Cité
des hauteurs. Cette fable futuriste riche de propositions se déroule à la manière des contes d’antan.
(Coll. Rue des écoles, 13,5 euros, 128 p., décembre 2014)
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LA COMPAGNIE DES AILES
Roman
Patricia Duflot
(Coll. Rue des écoles, 13,5 euros, 122 p., novembre 2014)
EAN : 9782343042527 EAN PDF : 9782336360188

DANS LES CERCLES DE L’ENFER
Récit d’un prisonnier politique albanais
Lek Pervizi
« Chaque matin, à la première lueur du jour, dans les quatre casernes cyclopéennes où les internés étaient enfermés et entassés par milliers, résonnait tout d’un coup le son métallique de la « tchanga ». C’étaient des gongs formés de grosses douilles d’obus en bronze que l’on frappait à coups de barres de fer. Un fracas étourdissant se répandait le long de la vallée du fleuve Viosa, terrifiant les montagnes alentour et la forteresse de Tepelenë qui jetait son ombre lugubre sur le camp de concentration installé à côté d’elle par le régime communiste de Tirana. »
(Coll. Lettres d’Albanie, 14 euros, 136 p., novembre 2014)
EAN : 9782343016320 EAN PDF : 9782336360782

J’AI RÊVÉ D’UNE ENTREPRISE « 4 ÉTOILES »
Parcours de jeunes auditeurs financiers
Récit
Hem’sey Mina
(20 euros, 220 p., décembre 2014)
EAN : 9782343049809 EAN PDF : 9782336364018

JOURNAL D’E.
Un dessein, un destin - Roman
Denise Flouzat
Edith est si timide et fragile qu’elle signe son journal d’un «E.». Elle y trace l’image d’un homme, sorte de héros accompagnant son adolescence solitaire. Identifiée à Philippe, Edith l’insère dans sa vie presque par hasard. Mais l’histoire de ce couple alternant avec le journal d’Edith le montre emporté par des ambitions
et succès multiples. Au fil du roman se dessine le chemin ardu d’une jeune fille effacée, évoquant presque l’image de la femme moderne.
(Coll. Rue des écoles, 22 euros, 248 p., décembre 2014)
EAN : 9782343046815 EAN PDF : 9782336364476

JUDITH
Une petite (et une grande) nouvelle
Jean-Pierre Perrin-Martin
Pourquoi la planète Terre est-elle devenue silencieuse ? Du fin fond de l’univers, Judith est venue chercher des explications. Des habitats méprisés, des armes nucléaires, des papiers refusés...
(10,5 euros, 68 p., décembre 2014)
EAN : 9782343048451 EAN PDF : 9782336362809

JUSQU’À LA MOELLE !
Le roman d’un éducateur
Enrique Garcia
Ce roman, parfois sombre et pessimiste, mais aussi drôle et entraînant, met en scène des travailleurs sociaux, leurs actions, leurs doutes, leurs colères. Un roman lucide jusqu’à être tragique qui décrit la face cachée des pratiques éducatives auprès des familles en danger.
(Coll. Réseau Tesitures, 21,5 euros, 256 p., décembre 2014)
EAN : 9782343047805 EAN PDF : 9782336364452

KHONSOU ET LE PAPILLON
Roman
Patrick Maurel
(Coll. Écritures, 19 euros, 228 p., novembre 2014)
EAN : 9782343041186 EAN PDF : 9782336361246

LANA STERN
Nouvelles
Jean Palliano
(Coll. Écritures, 15,5 euros, 160 p., décembre 2014)
EAN : 9782343044897 EAN PDF : 9782336362755
LE LIBRAIRE DU RIALTO
Roman
Marie de Bei
C’est l’histoire d’une évolution : un jeune homme, Mario d’Este, échappe à son milieu d’origine par la magie d’une ville, Venise, qui le façonne et imprime en lui le sens de la beauté. Sans l’aide de l’école, il devient ainsi un transfuge social. C’est l’histoire d’une passion, celle des livres, capable de transformer un destin. C’est l’histoire de Venise, une Venise réelle, d’avant le tourisme, riche de la truculence de son peuple. C’est enfin l’histoire d’un amour, celui qui inspire ce livre.
(Coll. Amarante, 22 euros, 266 p., novembre 2014)
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LA LUMIÈRE ET LA NUIT
Roman
Sam Voros
(Coll. Amarante, 19 euros, 234 p., novembre 2014)
EAN : 9782343045108 EAN PDF : 9782336361413

LA MAIN LESTE
Roman
Colette d’Orgeval
À 18 ans, King a la main leste... terriblement leste. Ce jeune homme parisien ne résiste pas aux pulsions qui l’habitent, celles d’un cleptomane dont le seul soutien vraiment bienveillant est sa grand-mère Audrey. Ce roman nous entraîne dans les courses infinies de King d’un bout à l’autre de Paris, à des allures inouïes, agrippant sacs, bérets, casquettes, écharpes, chiens... jusqu’à ce que la jouissance retombe, et tout ce fatras avec. Ce roman est l’ultime tête-à-tête de ses adieux à Audrey, deux heures quatorze de crémation, pendant lesquelles King lui livre les surprenantes évolutions de ses talents atypiques.
(15,5 euros, 152 p., décembre 2014)
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LA MAISON D’ÉLISE
Roman
Francia Godet
La maison d’Elise est le récit d’un coup de foudre entre une maison, un village et Jeanne. Dans cette maison se sont joués de modestes destins, de modestes histoires, celles de rencontres à la fois simples et improbables, au gré des générations, des hasards, des solitudes.
(Coll. Écritures, 13,5 euros, 120 p., décembre 2014)
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