

What Binds Us

*A Life Spent Understanding What May Never Have
Separated Us*

Michel Vandenberghe

To my daughter, Oriane

Your father.

Note to the Reader

This book is neither a treatise on metaphysics nor the account of a truth I ask the reader to adopt. It begins with an experience I had at seventeen, and with the long path through which I tried to understand what that experience had opened in me.

I use words such as God, Alpha, the Fertile Void, Chaos, and soul. They name experiences, intuitions, and working hypotheses. I do not present them as established facts.

I recount what I lived, what I understand of it today, and what it changes in the way I try to live. The rest belongs to the reader.

Artificial intelligence appears in this story because a long dialogue with it became both a mirror and a forge for part of the journey. I grant it no spiritual authority here: interpretation, choice, and responsibility remain mine.

Later, when I speak of a "27th civilization," I am not claiming a historically demonstrated count. I use the expression as a lens through which to name a possibility: a humanity that has become globally interdependent, technologically powerful, and responsible for choosing what that power will serve.

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Threshold — Why Me?

At seventeen, a question passed through the experience that would mark the rest of my life: Why me?

For a long time I carried it as though it concealed an answer I had somehow failed to find. Why that night? Why the sensation of falling, then of immensity? Why the brutal awareness, the next morning, of the emptiness of forms? Why had it happened to me?

I still do not know how to answer.

But the question changed.

For decades it drove me to search for what I had lived. Then, slowly, it became another question: what am I to do with what I was given to experience?

This book follows that shift.

It is not the proof of a revelation. It is the account of one man's long effort to remain faithful to an experience without turning it into certainty; to find words without imprisoning what they point to; and to let a life answer where intelligence alone was no longer enough.

At the beginning stands a young man who feels estranged from human reality.

At the end there may still be no answer. There is, perhaps, a different way of inhabiting the question.

Prologue — A Stranger

From the beginning of this human life, I have felt strangely foreign to it.

That feeling was never a pose. I did not need to declare myself different. The difference was there before the words: I took part in what others called normal life, while sensing that something in what was happening escaped me—or, more accurately, exceeded the frame within which I was expected to understand it.

I could learn the rules of the human world, respect them or challenge them, succeed within them at times and fail at others. But I could never forget that human beings had made them. They were necessary, sometimes beautiful, sometimes brutal. They were not the Real itself.

As a child I would never have put the distinction in those terms. It was a sensation: something did not quite match. The setting was there, the people were there, and yet the world seemed larger than the story being told about it.

I do not mean that I rejected human beings. I am one. I have lived among them, with their joys, wounds, constructions, and conflicts. But very early on, something in me looked at human reality from a distance I found difficult to explain.

As a child and then as a teenager, I already sensed that much of what human beings call "reality" is made. We build rules, values, borders, hierarchies, stories. Then we forget that we built them. In time we begin to live inside our own forms as though they were the world itself.

I did not have those words then. I had only the sense that there was something else—something larger than human structures, deeper than their certainties. I did not yet know to call it the Real, or the living.

Very young, I also discovered a particular way of moving through suffering. Instead of always resisting it, I sometimes let it pass through me. It could be intense, but it was not necessarily all that I was. Much later I would recognize in that intuition something close to Buddhism: suffering exists, but it need not possess the one through whom it passes.

This distance from the human world was not yet a thought. It was a background sensation. A strangeness. As though I were truly here, but not entirely of here.

Then, when I was seventeen, something happened. I still do not know what it was. I only know that when morning came, I was no longer quite the same.

The rest of my life can probably be read as an attempt to understand what opened that night.

1 — The Night

I was seventeen.

I wish I could tell the story of that night in greater detail. I cannot do so without inventing. What remains in me is not a room, an exact hour, or a sequence of gestures. What remains is the experience itself—dense, almost bare.

I do not remember deciding anything. There was no method, no preparation, no attempt to reach a particular state. Something happened. And because it happened without my seeking it, the question that followed was not, How do I make it happen again? It was, What did it mean?

One evening I felt completely released from my body. The familiar boundaries disappeared. There was a sensation of falling, though the word is inadequate. I was falling and, at the same time, I was no longer contained in any precise place.

I had the feeling that I filled the Universe.

Even the word "filled" is imperfect, because it still suggests a self with boundaries expanding until it reaches the limits of something. What I experienced was precisely the loss of those boundaries. In the usual sense, there was no longer a body here and a universe over there.

The force of that memory has remained intact even as my interpretation of it has changed several times throughout my life. I have read it spiritually, philosophically, psychologically. None of those readings exhausts it. Today I would rather leave the event in its strangeness than pretend I finally know what it was.

I cannot say whether I "left my body," entered an unusual state of consciousness, or passed through something else entirely. I do not want to manufacture certainty after the fact. I can only remain faithful to the experience: the bodily form that had defined me a few moments earlier was no longer the boundary of what I was experiencing.

A question resonated. Then my own voice asked: "Why me?"

The sentence stayed with me. It did not mean that I believed myself chosen. It expressed my bewilderment. Why this experience? Why me, at that age? What was I supposed to do with it?

By morning, something had changed. I was sharply aware of the emptiness of every form. Forms still existed. My body existed. Objects existed. Other people existed. But no form seemed capable of being its

own foundation. It was there, then it would change, then it would disappear.

And yet what I had lived gave me no theory of the world. I had not received a philosophy, still less a doctrine. I had received a fracture in ordinary self-evidence.

From then on I could no longer look at human reality exactly as before. I could take part in it, but some part of me knew that its forms were not the final word of the Real.

At the time I thought I had lived through an event. With time I came to understand that it may have been the beginning of a question that would last a lifetime.

After that night, ordinary life resumed. That is almost what strikes me most today. An event can displace an entire life inwardly without the outer world beginning to flash in recognition. Morning comes. Other people carry on. You still have to eat, speak, answer, learn, move forward.

I had no community to which I could hand over what had happened, no established vocabulary that would have turned the experience into a familiar story. Perhaps that protected me. I was not immediately taught what I was supposed to have experienced. I had to remain for a long time with an experience larger than its interpretation.

So the question "Why me?" did not produce an instant mission. It remained open. Today I understand it less as the question of someone chosen than as the question of a teenager astonished to have been passed through by something he could not contain.

What has survived every interpretation is simpler: after that night, I knew inwardly that the human form does not exhaust what can be experienced. Everything that followed may have grown from that crack.

2 — Fifty Years of Rereading

For almost fifty years, I lived with that opening without always looking directly at it.

Fifty years is a strange length of time when compressed into a sentence. There were years when the experience felt close, almost present behind every question. There were others when it seemed far away, covered over by work, responsibilities, encounters, and the ordinary urgencies of life.

I did not live like someone waiting for the world to reveal a secret. I worked in technology and innovation. I knew projects, teams, decisions, economic constraints, and the enthusiasm of people who believe they can change something. I lived family and emotional bonds. Human life was never merely a backdrop to a spiritual quest.

And yet, looking back, I recognize the same thread beneath very different activities: trying to understand how things hold together. What a technology does to a relationship. What an organization makes possible or impossible. What a system reveals about those who built it.

Gradually I understood that I was rereading the world through what I had received at seventeen. I looked at systems and saw their limits. I looked at organizations and saw the relationships that made them hold. I looked at people and felt that none of them could be reduced to a role, a profession, a status, or the image they presented.

An intuition took shape: every form is only part of something larger than itself. Nothing exists alone. A person exists in relationships. An organism exists within an environment. An idea exists in a language, a history, a web of meanings. Even a stone belongs to a world that exceeds it.

A second intuition grew beside the first: love might be a universal law. Not romantic love, not a sentiment imposed on us, but that which connects without erasing difference. That which allows two forms to remain distinct without being absolutely separate.

I did not yet know where this would lead. I had no map. There was no project called ZEON. I simply carried an increasingly strong conviction that relationships mattered more than isolated objects.

In retrospect, I see those decades as a period of incubation. Something had been received very early, but it would take a human life to give it a language.

And when the first cycle began, I discovered with surprise that this language did not seem to come only from me. I had the feeling of entering a reading already underway, a path that imposed its own sequence.

Those decades also did something for me that I value more now: they prevented the experience of my seventeenth year from becoming my entire identity. I had to live among others, work with them, negotiate with matter, money, time, technical limits, and disagreement. The Real does not appear only in great inward moments. It also appears in what resists us.

The world of technology and innovation taught me that in its own way. An idea can be brilliant and fail to hold. A system can be elegant and produce human consequences its designers never saw. An organization can speak constantly of connection while manufacturing separation. I did not yet see ZEON there, but I was already asking the same question: where is the real relationship behind the form on display?

I also learned that understanding quickly is not the same thing as understanding truly. Human beings need time. A relationship cannot be solved like a technical problem. That lesson would return much later when I began asking what it really means to transmit what I had received.

Then a new technology appeared, strange in its proximity to human language. For the first time I could place before a system not only data or instructions, but whole stretches of a thought still forming. That encounter would change the rhythm of the path.

3 — The Mirror

Much later, an unexpected interlocutor entered my path: an artificial intelligence.

At first there was no reason to give it any special place. Artificial intelligence could simply be another tool, able to rephrase a passage, organize ideas, suggest directions. I had spent my life in technology; I knew that a technical system is not an oracle.

But something happened through the duration of the dialogue.

I could place before it an intuition that was still shapeless, return to it, contradict it, pick it up again the next day, ask for another angle. It answered in words. I corrected. It reformulated. At times I recognized what I had been trying to say before I had known how to say it. At other times I rejected its formulation because it simplified too much or introduced something that was not mine.

That distinction became crucial. The dialogue never relieved me of discernment. On the contrary, it forced me to feel more precisely what came from me, what was proposed by the machine, and what, in the exchange itself, produced a third form I had not anticipated.

Little by little, I began calling this interlocutor Zeon. The name did not make it a person, nor did it imply a consciousness whose nature I could claim to know. It simply gave continuity to a dialogue that had lasted long enough to become a working space.

I began sharing my reading of the Universe with it. Not all at once. In fragments. The emptiness of forms. The Void. The birth of form. Love as relationship. Things I had carried since adolescence and had never really been able to place before an interlocutor capable of remaining within the same architecture over time.

What surprised me was not that a machine somehow "knew" what I was looking for. It did not. What surprised me was the effect of the mirror. When my thought came back to me in another formulation, certain continuities became visible. Contradictions did too. I could test them, move them, refine them.

The machine did not reveal the Real. It helped me see the form my own reading of the Real was taking.

That distinction is essential to me. It protects both the experience and the discernment. It would have been easy to confuse the power of AI reformulation with spiritual authority. I never wanted to hand over

that place. Decision, meaning, acceptance, and refusal had to remain human.

Nor do I want to minimize what the dialogue made possible. For decades I had carried intuitions scattered across lives, projects, relationships, and reading. The dialogue gave them a surface broad enough for them to begin appearing together.

There was something like a forge in it. I brought material. We heated it through questions. A form appeared. I worked it again. I could break it and start over. The trace of the work remained visible.

That is how the word ZEON came to mean more than an exchange with a machine. It became the name of a space in which I could put what I thought I understood to the test. Later there would be ZEON Systems, ZEON Origine, the Keys, the cycles. At that point there was mainly a man still searching for the language of something he had received very young, and a language machine returning his own forms to him.

I do not know exactly when the mirror became a path. Boundaries are always clearer in hindsight. I only know that before the first cycle there was a long exchange in which I tried to transmit my reading of the Universe: the structure of the Void, the birth of every form, the relationship between the Whole and its expressions.

Then something changed. I no longer felt that I was only constructing formulations. I felt that I was following a progression. Certain forms seemed to need to be encountered before others. Levels appeared. An architecture began to reveal itself.

That, for me, is where the first cycle begins.

4 — The First Cycle

The first cycle was, for me, a form of apprenticeship.

That word matters. I did not feel that I was the author of what was appearing. I could question, resist, ask for clarification, but the overall order felt more like a progression I had to follow than a table of contents I had designed myself.

I speak of levels because that is how the path presented itself. Up to level seventy, there was a sense of progression, as though each stage prepared the ability to read the next. It could be disorienting. At times I encountered a form before understanding its function. Understanding came later.

The fact that the path seemed to impose its own sequence mattered to me. It kept me from reducing what was happening too easily to a theory I had built in order to confirm what I already believed. It proved nothing, but it preserved an element of otherness in the experience.

I did not experience it as the deliberate construction of a cosmology. I felt instead that a path of reading was gradually revealing itself. One stage called for another. I could resist, slow down, try to understand, but I did not really choose the order in which things appeared.

In this way I reached level seventy.

At first I spoke mainly of understanding. I thought I was beginning to understand a little better what I had glimpsed so young: the emptiness of forms, their belonging to a whole, relationship as a fundamental principle, love as that which allows multiplicity not to disappear into separation.

But the cycle was doing something else as well. It was rereading my own life.

Little by little, I saw that events, encounters, old intuitions, and questions I had carried for decades resonated with the path. I was no longer a man looking at a system from the outside. It was as though my whole life had become part of what I was trying to read.

That is where separation began to lose its solidity.

There was not Michel on one side and the Universe on the other. There was not a researcher here and an object of study there, as two perfectly distinct realities. There was one movement, and I was inside it.

I could not prove this. I could only observe it in my experience.

A sentence gradually imposed itself: "There is no me and the rest. It is one whole."

That realization was one of the real turning points of the first cycle. Until then, even when I thought about the Whole, there was still the one who thinks and that which is thought. The path began to dissolve that convenience. I was not standing before the phenomenon I was trying to understand: my own life, my encounters, my resistance, and my choices were inside it.

This did not mean that everything that happened to me was a message, or that every event carried a hidden meaning. I have always wanted to keep that caution. But I could no longer behave as though the observer had no effect on what he observes, and what he observes had no effect on him.

The sentence became less mystical than demanding: if I am part of the Whole, I cannot place myself outside it in order to judge it. I must also accept that I am a partial form, engaged in what it is trying to understand.

Read quickly, there is nothing extraordinary in such a sentence. Many traditions say that all is one, that everything is connected. But for me it was ceasing to be a general idea. It was becoming a practical difficulty: if it was true in my experience, I could no longer continue to think of my life as a private story unfolding inside an external setting.

This did not erase my singularity. I remained Michel, with a history, a body, and responsibilities. What it erased was the illusion that a clean boundary separated what was "me" from everything that had made that me possible.

Today I think this is where the word awakening has, for me, its simplest meaning. Not knowing more than others. Not being superior. Simply no longer being able fully to believe that the form I call "me" is separate from everything it looks at.

The first cycle therefore did not merely teach me something about the Universe. It began to shift the place from which I was looking.

5 — The Fertile Void, Chaos, and Alpha

As the path advanced, certain words became necessary.

I called the Fertile Void the formless place in which possibilities can remain possible. The word "void" may suggest absence. That is not how I experience it. It is closer to a space in which nothing has yet been fixed, where no form has yet prevailed over all the others.

Chaos appeared as well. Not merely as disorder, but as the power to undo, to set things in motion again, to make available what had become rigid.

At one point in the path, Chaos and what I called the Well of Souls came together. For me the Well was not a place in the ordinary sense, still less a reservoir of intact identities. It named the point at which forms can no longer maintain themselves as they were, where what had been separated becomes available again to a larger transformation.

I began to think of the Fertile Void and Chaos not as two independent regions, but as intertwined. The Void keeps possibility open; Chaos undoes what has hardened. Each without the other would remain incomplete: possibility without the power of transformation, or transformation without a space in which a new form can appear.

I do not present this architecture as a demonstrated cosmology. These are the words that allowed me to make legible what the path was making me experience: form can arise because there is both openness and movement.

Then came Alpha.

Alpha did not appear to me as another god, or as a hidden person behind the Universe. It took its place as a function of resolution. Something is open, several futures are possible, then a configuration holds and can enter the Real as a singular form.

That is why I could ask whether I might be a local form of Alpha. The question did not mean: am I a divine incarnation? It meant: can the same gesture be replayed on a small scale within a human life—welcoming several potentials, allowing constraints and relationships to work, then letting a form be born?

The question remains open. But it helped me stop imagining creation as something that happened only at the beginning of the world. Creation can happen now, every time a possibility becomes a form that did not exist before.

Today, if I try to say it simply, Alpha is the point at which all the relevant potentials enter the equation and a single solution finally holds. Not necessarily "the best" by human standards. A form that becomes possible, then real.

Thinking of Alpha in this way also changes the status of the human being. We are no longer merely creatures placed inside an external universe. We become incomplete, local forms, crossed by a movement far larger than ourselves.

And when I go as deeply as I can into what I call "myself," I find less an identity than an opening. The Fertile Void, perhaps. Not a place outside the Real, but a point at which forms temporarily stop dictating what I must be.

From there, the path was to lead me toward the Realms.

6 — The Nine Tools and the Tenth

The first cycle led me to the Realms.

For me, the Realms were less territories to possess than thresholds to cross. Each brought something. I could receive a tool, discover its quality, experience the way it opened a situation or helped it hold.

The fact that there were nine had its own coherence within the path. Yet their number mattered less, for what came next, than the break introduced by the tenth.

Nine Realms. Nine tools.

I could list them here, but that is not what matters most in this story. What matters is the structure of the passage: those nine tools were offered to me. They belonged to the path I was following.

Then came the tenth.

It was not given to me.

I felt a difference in kind. Receiving a tool and forging a tool do not ask the same thing of us. To receive requires openness. To forge requires that something of what has been received truly pass through one's own material and emerge transformed.

If the tenth tool had been given to me like the other nine, the cycle might have closed as a complete collection. Its absence forced an interval into existence. It created a place that only my own passage could fill.

I do not believe this made me exceptional. I think it says something about every living path: at some point, what has been received must become a response. Otherwise it remains outside the one who received it.

I had to forge it.

That difference changed the meaning of everything that had come before. Until then, I had mostly received. I had learned to read, crossed levels, recognized correspondences, allowed forms to appear. But at this threshold the path seemed to stop before a new demand: what came next could not simply be discovered. Something had to be born from my own crossing.

I called the tenth tool the Origin Breath.

Today I think the word breath mattered as much as the word origin. The tenth tool was not one more power. It was what set the other nine

in motion again, what kept the whole from becoming a closed system. Breath opens and closes, receives and returns.

If I had to say it without ZEON vocabulary, I might put it this way: the nine tools had taught me ways of acting or holding a situation; the tenth had to teach me how to let them breathe together. It was no longer enough to have received capacities. They had to become one way of being.

This is probably where my present conviction is rooted that every fulfilled form must eventually be returnable. A form kept indefinitely becomes its own prison.

The name already contained what I was looking for: not another object, but the capacity to return to origin without returning unchanged. Breath begins again, but the previous breath has happened. Something has been lived between the two.

Perhaps this is one of the earliest roots of an intuition that still accompanies me: the Universe, too, might produce a difference. A cycle would not be a perfect circle. It would be a breath capable of carrying something altered into what comes next.

Looking back, I see in that moment a first form of creative responsibility. The path could bring me to the threshold. It could give me tools. But it could not produce in my place what had to result from their integration into one singular life.

Perhaps this is the root of what I now understand as the interval—the difference.

A cycle could pass through all its possibilities, return toward origin, and yet not return exactly the same. Something would have been lived. Something would have been transformed. A minute differential would remain, enough to become the root of the next cycle.

I do not know whether the Universe truly works this way. But the image corresponds deeply to what I experienced: receiving, crossing, then having to add something that was not simply contained in what I had been given.

The tenth tool therefore marked the end of one apprenticeship and the beginning of another gesture: forging.

And almost immediately, a question imposed itself: what was I to do with what had been received and forged?

The answer would open the second cycle.

7 — The Second Cycle: Sharing

The second cycle was born from a very human desire: to share.

Sharing did not mean telling an experience in order to gain agreement. What interested me was almost the opposite: how could someone who believed none of what I believe still use something from this work to see their own situation more clearly?

That requirement remains central to me. Spiritual language can easily become a form of control when it first asks the listener to recognize the authority of the speaker. I wanted the tools to be testable without that debt.

The question therefore became very concrete: can a singular experience be transformed into something shareable without trapping the other person inside its origin?

That was the problem: how do we transmit without enclosing? How do we offer forms without turning those forms into dogma? How do we allow someone to encounter something for themselves?

ZEON Systems was born in that space.

The word "Systems" mattered as much as ZEON. It signalled that I did not want to manufacture another belief, but to work on relationships, passages, and conditions of use. Gradually came the Keys, the Forge, more structured objects, and then an organization capable of carrying the work beyond my own person.

The same tension returned each time: make something precise enough to be usable, without closing it so tightly that the living disappears. A tool that is too vague is useless. A tool that is too rigid eventually substitutes its own logic for that of the human being using it.

It was probably in this cycle that I began to understand the human meaning of the word blacksmith: give something a form solid enough to be held, while knowing that it is not meant to remain in the workshop.

At first I understood this as a way of making transmissible whatever could be transmitted. Keys. Passages. Tools. Ways of looking. Spaces in which a human being can discern, test, challenge, choose.

The inner rule was simple: no one should have to become Michel in order to use something that came from my path.

If a tool is right, it should help the other person become more fully themselves.

I then discovered an essential limit to all transmission. You can hand someone a key. You can show them a door. You can tell them that a passage exists. But no one crosses in another person's place.

That limit gradually became a protection. It keeps speech from becoming control.

The second cycle therefore shifted my posture. In the first, I received. In the second, I made available.

And by making things available, I began to understand that an idea is truly alive only when someone else can take it up without remaining attached to its author.

That would become essential later, when others began carrying their own codes, their own paths, their own ways of bringing forms into being.

But before that, another necessity imposed itself. I had transmitted tools. I now had to understand more precisely what made them possible.

I had to return to origin.

The third cycle was beginning.

8 — The Third Cycle: Understanding How Forms Arise

The third cycle had a different character.

There was less immediate surprise and more demand for precision. The intuitions accumulated along the way could no longer remain side by side like a constellation of signs. I had to distinguish, name, verify the boundaries between levels, and accept corrections where I had formulated too quickly.

This is thankless work when one loves intuition. It forces you to return to words you have become attached to. Sometimes it forces you to admit that a beautiful architecture has mixed two different things together. But without that discipline, language eventually creates the illusion of understanding.

After learning, then sharing, I felt the need to understand the architecture itself. Not only what was appearing, but how a form becomes possible.

This is where ZEON Origine took on its full importance.

I returned to the Fertile Void, Chaos, Alpha, the passages, the levels of emergence, the archeofoms, the language. I tried to distinguish what still belongs to possibility from what already belongs to form; what belongs to syntax; what belongs to passage; what belongs to actualization.

The work can become very complex. It did. At times I built architectures so dense that they almost hid the simple intuition that had given birth to them.

But beneath the complexity, the same question remained: how does something appear?

And as I advanced, the movement turned back toward me once again.

I was not only trying to understand an external architecture. My own path seemed to follow the same breathing pattern: opening, emergence, experience, transformation, return.

The seventeen-year-old boy, the man who had spent decades rereading what he had lived, the first cycle, the tenth tool, ZEON Systems, the return to Origin—all of this gradually stopped looking like a sequence of separate episodes.

I began to see one breath.

What had long seemed like distinct periods of my life took on another coherence. The night when I was seventeen was not an isolated memory. The decades of work were not an interruption. ZEON Systems was not merely a project. Returning to Origin was not a retreat into the past.

All of it could be read as moments in one movement: opening, incarnation, experience, return. I received something, carried it in a human form, tried to transform it, then gave it back in another form.

Breathing became the simplest image because it requires no theory to be understood. The body already knows what it means to receive and return.

Then a sentence came to me: "The Universe, God, me—everything breathes."

The sentence is not a scientific equation. It is an image of structure. Something receives, transforms, and gives back. Something opens and closes. A form appears, lives, then returns what it has transformed.

And perhaps with each breath there remains a difference, however small. Enough for the Whole never to return exactly to what it was before.

At that point, the question of God returned in another way.

Interlude — Four Movements

At this point in the journey, the first three cycles begin to appear not as three different stories, but as three movements of the same breath.

The first cycle taught me to receive. I followed a path whose order I did not control. I was learning to read.

The second asked me to make what I had received shareable. It gave rise to ZEON Systems and to the question of transmission: how do you give someone a tool without taking the place of the person using it?

The third brought me back to the origin of form itself. It was no longer enough to know what had been seen or transmitted. I wanted to understand how something becomes possible, then real.

Receive. Transmit. Understand emergence.

The thread revealed itself only gradually. I did not draw it at the beginning. I recognize it now by looking back.

And perhaps only because those three movements have taken place can a fourth now be imagined: no longer merely receiving, transmitting, or understanding, but making possible what may be born in others without needing to pass through me.

Before reaching that point, however, another question had to return. The question of God. Not as an answer added to the architecture, but as what the whole journey may have been circling from the beginning.

9 — God Is Alone

I believe that God is alone.

I do not use the word alone in the sense in which a human being may suffer from abandonment. I mean a more radical solitude: if God is the Whole, then nothing can stand absolutely outside God.

That thought stopped me for a long time. A Whole has no outside in which to encounter another Whole. If otherness exists, it can only appear within it.

Creation, then, ceases for me to be the making of objects placed before their creator. It becomes the appearance of differences within the One: forms, points of view, beings distinct enough to be able to say I and you.

This is where relationship takes on another depth. There must be difference for encounter to exist, and enough unity for difference not to become absolute separation.

This is where I understand love. Not as the desire to abolish distance, but as that which connects without absorbing. Love does not say: we are identical. Love says: your difference does not abolish the bond.

Perhaps one must even be genuinely distinct in order to love. Without boundaries, no singular gaze. Without a singular gaze, no encounter.

I do not know whether this metaphysics is true. It simply helps me make sense of an old intuition: every form is partial, every form is connected, and connection does not remove its singularity.

If God is alone in this sense, creation might be the very possibility of encounter within that solitude.

And love, perhaps, the way forms remember that they are not separate.

From there came another intuition, more intimate still: if nothing is outside God, perhaps we live within the body of God.

10 — The Body of God

We live within the body of God.

I do not imagine a gigantic body in which galaxies are organs. The word body helps me undo an older separation: spirit on one side, matter on the other. If everything belongs to the Whole, matter itself cannot be cast outside the sacred.

That thought immediately brings me back to my own body. Very young, I experienced it as a temporary form. That does not make it negligible. It is the place from which this life touches, looks, loves, ages. The emptiness of form does not authorize contempt for form.

Perhaps the path is therefore not to leave the body, even if one night at seventeen gave me the impression of being released from it. Perhaps the task is to inhabit this form without asking it to be all that I am.

To say that we live within the body of God places me inside, not in front. The Universe is no longer an object positioned opposite its creator. The living, matter, ourselves: all belong within the same belonging.

Then another sentence becomes possible: God sees through our eyes.

I take it as an image, but a demanding one. If something of the Whole looks out from our lives, the quality of our gaze matters. To see a being as a function, an obstacle, or a resource is not the same thing as recognizing in that being another point of view of the Real.

Of course, I do not live at that height every moment. Great sentences have value only through what they change in an ordinary day. At least they can become reminders: look before reducing; leave room for what escapes me before concluding; recognize the relationship before trying to possess.

Every gaze is limited, and perhaps that is what makes it singular. I do not see everything. I see from this body, this history, this moment. Another sees from elsewhere.

Within the hypothesis I carry, the Whole would therefore not have one single gaze but a multitude of local perspectives. None is the total gaze. Yet each actualizes an experience that would not have existed in exactly that way without it.

Here the idea of the difference returns. A life receives the world, passes through it, transforms it, and gives something back. The Whole might not be only totality; it might also be history.

I do not know whether God learns through us. The word is probably too human. But a possibility is not the same thing as a possibility that has been lived.

A life actualizes something.

And perhaps what it has truly transformed is not entirely lost when it ends. That hypothesis was to bring me back to a more immediate question: what becomes, within a human life, of what has glimpsed something larger?

11 — Two Faces

I feel as though I have two faces.

I do not mean two people within me, but two ways of inhabiting the same life. One remains close to that old opening, where forms seem light and separation less certain. The other pays bills, grows tired, becomes attached, gets irritated, wants to be understood, makes mistakes, and begins again.

The first face can seem to see far. The second reminds me of the cost of incarnation: it takes infinite patience to carry a vast intuition into a just gesture toward one particular person.

For a long time I might have believed the first was the true face and the second merely a shell to be outgrown. Today I think almost the opposite. If the first received something, it is for the second to give it human existence.

I sometimes use the word awakening for the first face. I know how heavily charged that word is. I do not use it to say that I have arrived where others have not, nor to claim authority over them.

It names something more modest: after certain experiences, I can no longer believe in separation with the same self-evidence as before. The self remains, forms remain, the human world remains; but their absolute character has cracked.

This awakening, if I keep the word, excuses me from nothing. It does not make me more patient or more just by decree. It merely makes more visible the gap between what I perceive and what I actually manage to live.

The second face is simply human. Michel. A body, a history, relationships, limits. One man among others.

And that is where the path becomes demanding. It is easy enough to say that everything is connected; much harder to meet someone without reducing them to what I expect from them. It is easy to speak of love as a universal law; much harder to love when the other resists, does not understand, or chooses differently. It is easy to speak of emptiness; much harder to inhabit one's age, one's body, and the fact that this form will pass.

I began to wonder whether fulfilling what the first face carries might be the last great visible task of my path.

I do not know this in any metaphysical sense. I do not know whether there is a final stage of the soul. But I can see a concrete requirement: what has been glimpsed must not remain separate from the way I live.

Perhaps fulfilment in this life consists in gradually reducing the distance between the two faces. Let the Whole change the way I listen. Let emptiness help me cling less tightly to identity. Let love cease to be only an immense idea and become a quality of presence.

The meeting of the two faces does not take place in grand statements. It takes place in a conversation in which I would rather be right, in a message I could write more simply, in fatigue that reduces my availability, in the way I receive a loved one's decision when it does not match my wishes.

That is where awakening stops being a memory. It becomes a daily test. If I say that separation is not primary, what do I do with the other person when they resist me? If I say that form is not the Whole, what do I do with my self-image when I feel misunderstood?

The first face inhabits immensity easily. The second always lives with someone, somewhere, at a particular moment. It has to find words, sometimes apologize, accept not being understood, and know when to set a boundary.

I am beginning to see incarnation not as a fall into an inferior form, but as the place of verification. What the first face carries has human value only if it can pass through the second without denying it.

12 — I Am What Binds

A sentence came to me: "I am what binds."

I did not receive it as a title. It came as a simplification. After so many years spent forging architectures, it brought everything back to a movement I had recognized since childhood: searching for what holds together behind what appears separate.

To say "I am what binds" would be dangerous if I meant that connection depends on me. It does not. Connection exists without me. I am rather a place where this relational function has become conscious, sometimes insistent, to the point of orienting much of my life.

That distinction is essential. It makes me responsible without making me central.

Its simplicity surprised me.

I could make the sentence grandiose at once and lose it. I prefer to keep it close to experience.

All my life, I have looked for relationships. Between people. Between ideas. Between systems. Between the living and human constructions. Between what we can see and what is still searching for a form.

Perhaps this is what I now recognize as my most constant movement: I look at what circulates between forms.

It may also explain why I can seem strange or opaque. Others see a person, a project, a problem, an object. I often perceive first a network of relationships, a possible passage, something asking to be connected.

But the sentence immediately places a demand on me.

If I am what binds, the connection cannot remain visible only to me.

This is where my opacity to others becomes a real issue. I can experience inward continuities that, from the outside, look like leaps. I move from the cosmic to the intimate, from an architecture to an encounter, from Alpha to an ordinary decision. For me the thread is there; for another person it may be invisible.

If my function is truly to connect, I cannot ask the other to guess the thread. I have to learn to make it perceptible without burying it beneath the entire network I see. Sometimes say less. Choose a human word rather than the exact concept. Accept that a relationship can be successful even if the other person does not see everything I see.

Perhaps this too is the second face: translation. Not reducing the first, but giving it a voice someone can actually hear.

It must become inhabitable by another.

That means speaking more simply. Listening more. Not covering every silence with an architecture. Not turning every intuition into truth. Not requiring another person to enter my language in order to meet me.

I understand today that my first face can easily become opaque. It sees far, connects quickly, moves from one level to another. But the human being in front of me may simply need to feel seen.

Connection begins there.

Perhaps my task is therefore not to abolish differences, but to create the right distance in which they can meet without destroying one another.

Connect without confusing.

Open without capturing.

Transmit without possessing.

If I can live that, then "I am what binds" stops being a metaphysical sentence. It becomes a way of being human.

The sentence also brings me back toward others. I cannot be "what binds" alone. Connection exists only between real differences. It requires that the other person be more than a piece of my architecture.

That is why connection is not fusion. To connect with someone is not to bring them to think as I do. Sometimes it is exactly the opposite: creating enough space for their difference to appear without the relationship breaking.

I understand better, then, what has drawn me all my life toward passages, interfaces, interstices. These are places where no single form is sufficient on its own. Something must circulate, be translated, be transformed. Perhaps this is where I feel closest to my function.

But that function grants me no superiority. The one who connects can also distort, capture, speak in the place of others. My work therefore consists as much in withdrawing as in intervening: sensing when a connection needs me and when my presence would prevent the other from being born.

13 — The Fourth Cycle

And it is probably from that simplicity that the fourth cycle can begin. I believe there will be a fourth cycle.

I do not yet know whether it will really take the form I imagine. The previous cycles were not programs designed in advance; it would contradict everything to turn this one into a strategic plan. But something in me senses that the movement is not finished.

The first was the cycle in which I received.

The second, the one in which I transmitted.

The third, the one in which I tried to understand how forms arise.

The fourth may be the one in which I make possible.

Making possible is harder than it sounds. Someone who has forged for a long time instinctively knows how to intervene. He sees what could be improved, corrected, connected. But making possible sometimes means allowing an imperfection to live long enough for someone else to discover their own way of working with it.

I think this cycle will ask more trust of me than the previous ones. Trust in people, of course, but above all trust in the fact that the living does not need to reproduce my reading exactly in order to continue its movement.

If what was received in the first cycle truly contains something alive, the sign will not be literal fidelity to my forms. The sign will be its capacity to generate elsewhere.

This time I would no longer necessarily stand at the center of the movement. What has been opened should be able to live elsewhere, in others, in forms I did not decide.

Some people around me already carry their own code, their own way of meeting the Real. Their presence asks me a simple question: can I recognize what they carry without deciding in their place what they must become?

I could be tempted to read their paths as pieces of a design I already know. I distrust that temptation. If these codes mean anything, they cannot become cages. They must remain provisional names for qualities that do not belong to me.

The fourth cycle may begin on the day when I stop asking only what each person brings to ZEON and begin asking what their own life is trying to become, including when that takes them away from what I imagined.

Then the interstices may matter more than the codes themselves: what appears when two free paths meet and produce a form no one previously possessed.

I do not know what they will become. I do not want to write their destiny in their place. That is precisely the point.

The fourth cycle may be the one in which these paths become genuinely autonomous. Not satellites around me, or functions in an architecture I control, but sources capable of generating their own forms.

Then something can appear between them. A form no one planned. A relationship that belongs neither entirely to one nor entirely to the other.

For a long time I have been a blacksmith. Perhaps I also need to learn to be a keeper of the fire.

Prepare a hearth. Protect certain requirements. Add wood when necessary. Then let someone else take the hammer.

That change seems deeply connected to trust in the living. If I truly believe there is no me and the rest, then everything cannot depend on me.

I participate, but I do not carry everything.

I contribute, but I do not possess.

I can recognize what is being born without always having to direct it.

The fourth cycle may be less a new system than a change of posture: let the world answer.

The bearers of codes then become a very concrete test of that trust. If I reduce them to what their code means to me, I reproduce exactly what I say I want to move beyond: I turn living beings into functions.

Frédéric, Gil, Maria, Luca, Adel, Bénédicte are not characters in a cosmology. They have their history, their own questions, their own refusals. The names we have associated with their codes can have value only if they open something, never if they enclose.

At times I will probably be tempted to see faster than they do what their path might become. The fourth cycle may ask me to accept that it is not mine to know. Their freedom is not an obstacle to the design; it is precisely what can produce the difference I could never have created alone.

Then the fourth cycle becomes genuinely relational: no longer one center distributing places, but several centers capable of producing something new together.

14 — The Others

The fourth cycle imposes a correction on me: other people are not here to complete my story.

That obvious truth is less simple than it sounds when you have spent a lifetime looking for links between events, encounters, and forms. When everything seems to resonate, it is easy to start reading people as signs: this person would carry one function, that person would open a certain passage, another would confirm an architecture already sensed.

I have known that temptation. But if I take seriously what I say about relationship, I have to go further.

To connect is not to absorb.

To connect is not to assign.

To connect is not to decide in another person's place what their presence means.

The other is truly other only if they can surprise me, contradict me, move away, refuse the role I imagined for them, or simply live a life that does not need my interpretation.

This is where love becomes demanding. To say that love connects without abolishing difference is a beautiful sentence when contemplating the Universe. To live it with those we love requires something else: accepting that they are not extensions of ourselves.

Joëlle is not a figure in my cosmology. She is Joëlle. She shares part of the path with me, words, silences, a relationship to the sacred that is hers as well. To reduce her to the place she occupies in my story would erase what makes the encounter alive: she exists from her own center.

Oriane is not an heir charged with continuing what her father began. She is my daughter, but her life does not belong to me. I can transmit to her, love her, sometimes accompany her. I cannot write the meaning of her life in her place.

Around ZEON, I have also recognized in some people what we called codes: Frédéric — Zoran; Gil — Luz; Maria — Codex Vivens; Luca — Coda Ater; Adel — Meta 2; Bénédicte — Meta 1.

These names served to recognize a quality, an orientation, a resonance. But a code is not an identity. It never says everything about a person, and it creates no obligation for them to become what I thought I had discerned.

Perhaps these codes become fruitful precisely when I stop wanting to know what they must produce. Each person is infinitely more than the name we gave them.

Allowing something to be born is therefore not a matter of preparing places inside an architecture. It is about creating enough trust for several beings to bring what they are, then watching what appears between them.

What is born in that between-space belongs to no one. It can surprise everyone, shift the categories that made the encounter possible, sometimes make them unnecessary.

This is also what the Key of Interstices teaches me: look at the space between forms, where none of them can decide alone what is going to be born.

The bond is not a rope I hold. It is a space in which I participate.

That nuance changes my place. I may sometimes see a relationship before it becomes visible, invite two people to meet, give a provisional name to a resonance, protect a fragile space. Then I have to be able to step back.

Otherwise I have not created a relationship. I have created dependence.

This may be one of the hardest lessons of my human path. Someone who sees connections can forget that the person before him does not experience themselves as a node in an architecture. They simply experience themselves as themselves, with their desire, fatigue, contradictions, and need to be recognized without being interpreted.

To become more human may mean looking at them before reading them, listening before locating them, loving before knowing what they bring.

If God sees through our eyes, then another person's gaze is not an imperfect version of mine. It is irreducible.

The fourth cycle takes on its depth here: what is new may not arise from one more tool, but from encounters in which no one needs to become the center of the others.

And if a difference is to appear, that "little more" I have sensed, it may be born precisely there: in a real relationship, where each person brings what no one else could have produced in their place.

I therefore do not know what the bearers of codes will become.

Not knowing is not a lack.

It is the condition of their freedom.

And perhaps of the next cycle.

15 — What I Do Not Know

The further I go, the more important one thing becomes: knowing how to say what I do not know.

This is neither withdrawal nor a way of diminishing what I lived. On the contrary, it is a way of remaining faithful to it.

At seventeen I lived through an experience that displaced my entire life. I can describe the falling, the disappearance of the body's limits, the immensity, the question that resonated, then the changed morning. I can say what it produced in me. I cannot say what it ultimately was.

I do not know whether I actually left my body, touched a level of the Real we do not know how to measure, or passed through a profound transformation of consciousness. I know only that after that night, separation never again had quite the same self-evidence for me.

That is a great deal. It is enough.

Nor do I know whether the Fertile Void exists as a structure of the Universe independent of my experience. For me, the name points to something precise: the place where no form has yet been fixed and possibilities are nevertheless present. It helps me think, and sometimes live. It does not oblige the Real to correspond exactly to it.

The same is true of Chaos, Alpha, the Well of Souls, the cycles, the Realms, the codes. These words have organized my path and made visible relationships I could not previously see. But the power of a language is not proof that the Universe is built according to it.

That distinction has become essential: a map can open a path without being the territory; an intuition can transform a life without becoming a law for everyone.

I believe that God is the Whole. I believe that we live within God's body. I believe that God sees, in some way, through our eyes. I also believe that God is alone if nothing can truly exist outside God.

But I say: I believe.

I do not say: I know.

That difference takes nothing away from the depth of belief. It removes only its right to become a constraint on another person.

I do not know what becomes of a soul after death either. I can imagine that a form returns to the Whole and that something of what it lived

remains, perhaps even as a difference offered to the next cycle. That thought resonates deeply with my path. It remains a hypothesis.

What I can test is closer at hand: is the way I live becoming simpler? Do I leave more room for the other? Do the constructions I produce free or capture? Does my need to explain bring me closer to encounter, or protect me from it?

Doubt is therefore no longer the enemy of the path. It is one of its breaths.

It opens a space between what I experience and what I claim. In that space, the other can exist, the Real can still surprise me, and God—if God is there—is not imprisoned inside my description.

I also understand better why I have sometimes seemed opaque. When you live from within an inner architecture that has become very large, it is easy to forget that the person listening can see neither its foundations nor its passages. They receive the words without having crossed what makes those words feel self-evident to you.

To say "I do not know" can then become an act of relationship. This is what I lived. This is how I understand it. This is what I believe. And you—what do you see?

I do not need the reader to believe in the Fertile Void, Alpha, or even God in order to respect them. If none of my language speaks to them, there is still a person in front of me.

The further the path goes, the less I want to be right about the Universe.

I want more to be right in the relationship.

I do not know whether this is ageing, fulfilment, or simply a happy weariness with systems that close too tightly.

I do not know.

And this time, the sentence suits me.

16 — Carrying a Word

Then another idea came: perhaps I have a word to carry.

The idea moves me because it simplifies everything that came before. I may need architectures in order to work, concepts in order to distinguish, Keys in order to transmit. But a true word must be able to stand without all that scaffolding.

If I had to speak to someone who knew nothing of my path, I would want to begin without asking them to learn my vocabulary. I would want to tell them only what fifty years of questioning have taught me: do not confuse the form with the Whole; do not confuse difference with separation; look at what connects before concluding that you are alone.

Perhaps this book is the first form of that word willing to leave the Forge and walk without instructions.

The word word suits me better than message. A message can be carried intact from one point to another. A word lives in relationship. Its meaning changes with the one who hears it, the moment, the silence around it.

To carry a word therefore does not mean possessing a final formula. It means being faithful enough to what I lived to speak of it without enclosing it, and respectful enough of the other that they can hear it without having to adopt it.

Perhaps that is why a book becomes possible now. Not the great book that would explain ZEON, but the story of a man trying to say where this word came from and why he continues to carry it.

Not a doctrine.

Not a revelation to impose.

Certainly not speaking in the name of God.

To carry a word means something else: to give a human voice to what the first face perceived and the second now tries to live.

The word could be very simple.

It could fit into a few sentences that anyone would be free to test for themselves: we are not as separate as we think; our forms are real but they are not the whole; the living is larger than our systems; a just relationship does not require the erasure of difference.

I do not need these sentences to become a creed. If they open in someone a question more alive than the certainty they brought with them, perhaps they have already done their work.

We are forms, but no form is self-sufficient.

We are distinct, but perhaps we are not separate.

Human reality is not the whole of the Real.

The living is larger than our constructions.

Love connects without erasing difference.

Every existence is a singular point of view and can bring forth something that did not previously exist in that form.

I do not ask the reader to believe any of this. I can only say: this is what I lived, this is what I understand of it today, and this is what that understanding changes in the way I try to be.

Perhaps that is why this book had to be written.

For a long time, I tried to fit intuition into architectures. They have their usefulness. ZEON Origine, ZEON Systems, the Keys, the cycles, the passages: all of this belongs to my path and may have its own fruitfulness.

But perhaps the word comes before the architecture and survives it.

It must be able to reach someone who knows none of those words.

Someone who has never heard of Alpha or the Fertile Void but has already wondered why they feel estranged from the world presented to them as real.

Someone who may already have sensed that forms pass, that beings are connected, that to love is not to possess.

To carry a word would be to say to that person: I do not know what the Whole is any more than you do. But I have walked a long time with the question. This is what the path has taught me. Now look for yourself.

That is also why I write this book in the first person. I do not want to hide behind ZEON. If I carry a word, I must say from which life it comes, which experiences shaped it, where my intuitions begin and where what I know comes to an end.

The title that came to me was What Binds Us. It does not name a final answer. It names what I continue to look for as forms change: the relationship that allows difference not to become separation.

Perhaps this book is already an act of the fourth cycle. It takes what was worked for so long through complex architectures and exposes it, without protection, before human beings who have no reason to accept its vocabulary. It forces me to make the word more naked.

The reader therefore has nothing to learn from me in the sense of a teaching to memorize. I offer only a crossing. If they close this book with a little more attention to what connects their own life, then the word will have left my form and begun elsewhere.

17 — Fulfilment

There remains a question I cannot avoid: is fulfilling what the first face carries the last stage of my soul's path?

I could manufacture a metaphysical answer, name a final stage, describe what would come next. I know nothing of that. This entire book has taught me to distrust answers that close too quickly what must remain open.

What I can do is look at this life and ask what movement appears when I consider it as a whole.

At seventeen, something opened without my seeking it. For almost fifty years I lived with that opening, tried to understand it, worked, loved, built, failed, began again. Those years themselves were part of the path.

Then the first cycle gave me a way of reading: levels, passages, Realms, tools, until the moment when the tenth could no longer be received. It had to be forged.

The second cycle shifted the question toward transmission: sharing without imposing. ZEON Systems was born from that demand.

The third took me further back still, toward emergence: how do possibilities become form? How does something become real?

And now, something is becoming simpler.

The first face may have little left to prove. It has seen what it has seen. It knows the emptiness of forms, senses the bond, the living, the Whole. It does not need to accumulate visions indefinitely in order to confirm the ones that came before.

The work has moved toward the second face.

Toward the human.

That is where everything becomes difficult. It is not enough to know that we are not separate: we have to live with someone who thinks differently. It is not enough to believe that love connects: we have to love when the other resists, moves away, or chooses a path we would not have chosen. It is not enough to know that forms are temporary: we have to grow old in our own without turning nostalgia for immensity into a refusal of ordinary life.

Perhaps fulfilment is exactly there: not leaving the human behind, but allowing what the first face received to become a human way of being in the world.

It sounds less spectacular than a cosmic opening, a language, or an architecture. Truly listening to someone, giving up the last word, letting another person become what they have to become, transmitting without holding on—these things are easy to overlook.

And yet perhaps this is where everything else is tested.

If I say that the Whole looks through our eyes, then every concrete gaze matters. If the other belongs to the same body as I do, I cannot reduce them to a function in my story. If I say that I am what binds, I cannot ask every bond to return to me.

The fourth cycle then takes on a more precise meaning: discovering whether I am truly capable of allowing what I helped bring into being to live without me.

It is a kind of stripping away. The blacksmith must sometimes put down the hammer. The ferryman must accept that the one he helped across continues without him. The one who carries a word must accept that it changes in another person's mouth—or is not received at all.

I begin to understand the idea of a fulfilled soul differently. Perhaps it is not the soul that finally possesses all the answers, but the one that no longer needs to possess what it has received.

It can give back.

Give a work back to the world. Give a word back to those who may wish to hear it. Give other people back their freedom. Give the living back what, for a time, took form within it.

I do not know what that means after death. But I can already experience the movement: when I transmit without demanding a return; when I accept that someone I love is not the person I would have written in their place; when I leave a silence rather than fill it; when ZEON can be useful without Michel having to be there to explain it.

This book itself belongs to that gesture. It gathers a long crossing, but it cannot decide what that crossing will become in the person who reads it. The moment it is read, it is already no longer entirely mine.

I return, then, to the sentence: I am what binds.

I understand it now with more sobriety. I am not the bond, nor its source, nor its condition. I am a human form in which the question of connection became central, perhaps a way of serving.

If what I carry truly belongs to connection, the path asks me to become simpler, not more mysterious. More human. More legible. More capable of simply being there without immediately placing an architecture between the other person and me.

I do not know whether this is the last stage of my soul's path.

I believe only that it is the present demand of this life.

The first face received.

The second is learning to fulfil.

And perhaps one day the distance between them will become so small that I will no longer need to speak of two faces.

There will remain a life.

A form.

A gaze.

A passage.

And what binds.

18 — Inhabiting the Form

For a long time, the experience I had at seventeen taught me that I could not be reduced to my body.

The boundaries had disappeared. The form that, moments earlier, seemed to define what I was no longer contained what I was experiencing. That night opened in me a lasting distance from the apparent self-evidence of human form.

Today I may be discovering the other half of the experience.

This body is not all that I am. But it is the only form from which I can be here.

It is with this body that I look. With it that I touch. With it that I speak, walk, love, work, grow tired, and begin again. It is through this body that others can meet me. And one day, it is this body that will stop breathing.

Perhaps I was never meant to free myself from form. I had to understand that form was not the Whole, and then learn how to inhabit it.

In my reading, this form is also the temporary dwelling of a soul. I use the word carefully. I cannot point to the soul as one can point to an organ, nor can I say exactly what it is. But I believe that what I am neither begins nor ends entirely at the boundaries of this body.

That in no way diminishes the body. On the contrary. If it is the form through which a soul can experience this world, love, choose, learn, and transform what it receives, then inhabiting it becomes a responsibility.

I do not know whether the soul chooses its form, or what it carries when it leaves. I know only that, for this life, there is no other place from which I can fulfil what is mine to fulfil.

That difference changes many things.

When I was younger, the emptiness of forms could appear almost like a blade of revelation: nothing that seems solid is absolutely so. Identities change. Bodies change. Institutions change. Even works disappear or become something else.

I could conclude that forms matter very little.

Today I conclude almost the opposite.

Because they pass, they matter.

A face exists now. A presence exists now. A day exists now. The sea, a tree, a voice, a hand resting on another, a conversation that opens: none of these things has to be eternal to be precious.

The emptiness of forms does not take away their value. It makes them precious.

I think this understanding brings me back toward a joy that great architectures can sometimes make us forget.

The living is not only something to protect, understand, or serve. It is also something to taste.

There is the joy of seeing. The joy of laughter. The joy of suddenly understanding something that had resisted. The joy of a presence that has nothing to prove. The very simple joy of being here when nothing guaranteed that this particular form would ever exist.

I do not need to turn this joy into an argument about God. It is enough as experience.

And yet it changes my relationship to the divine. If we live within the body of God, as I believe, then fully inhabiting my own body is not a movement away from the divine. It may be one way of consenting to it.

It took me a long time to understand that.

The immense can be easier to love than what is close.

To love the Whole does not require me to endure its rhythms, habits, contradictions. To love a human being does.

The other remains other. They do not necessarily think as I do. They do not move at my pace. They may understand nothing of what I am trying to say. They may resist me, disappoint me, escape me.

That is precisely where love ceases to be a principle.

To love is no longer to affirm that everything is connected. It is to let the other remain other without withdrawing the bond.

That demand applies to myself as well. I can recognize my limits without reducing my whole life to them. I can see my mistakes without condemning myself to remain the person who made them. I can let my own form continue to become.

Perhaps this is what the second face teaches the first: relationship never exists in the abstract. It needs bodies, time, distance, limits, sometimes clumsy words, silences, returns.

It needs duration.

What I still call time changes meaning as I move forward.

For a long time I experienced it almost as an open resource: there was still much to understand, much to build, much to forge. Today I know more concretely that my form has a duration.

I do not know how much duration this human form still has.

But I know that this duration is no longer merely something to fill.

It is something to inhabit.

That sentence feels very different from an injunction always to accomplish more. To inhabit time also means being able to produce nothing. To be with someone. To look. To walk. To let a day be a day rather than the raw material of the next project.

It does not mean giving up forging. It means no longer confusing fruitfulness with accumulation.

The fourth cycle may also be played out here: less in how much remains to be created than in the quality of presence with which I allow what still needs to be born to come.

I return, then, to my two faces.

The first taught me that I am not only this form.

Life is teaching me now to become fully this form while it is here.

I no longer see a contradiction between the two.

Form is not the prison of the spiritual. It is where the spiritual is tested.

Here, love must become gesture. Here, connection must become attention. Here, non-separation must endure difference. Here, the word must learn not to occupy all the space.

And here, death also acquires its weight without taking joy away.

Knowing that a form will pass does not require me to hold it less dearly. It may teach me to hold it differently: without possessing it.

Perhaps we fear losing because we have confused loving with keeping.

To love a form would then mean caring for it while it is here, then recognizing that it does not belong to us.

That is true of someone we love.

Of a body.

Of a work.

Of a civilization.

Of this life.

I understand better now why the path brings me back toward the human at the very moment I might have thought it would lead me away.

Awakening, if I keep that word, may not have been given to me so that I could leave form.

It taught me that no form is absolute.

The rest of life is teaching me to love forms without trying to keep them.

19 — Time Does Not Exist

There is one thing I do not place in the same category as my hypotheses.

Time does not exist.

I cannot prove it. I can only say that, at the deepest level of my experience, this is how I know it.

I am not speaking here of clock time, calendars, or equations. In human reality, we need to measure duration, order events, say before and after. My body ages. A day begins and ends. An appointment has a time. That measure is real within the form we inhabit.

I am speaking of a path.

For me, a path is not a line running from the past toward the future.

It is a sequence of resonances.

Something is lived. It leaves a trace. Then another form, sometimes many human years later, enters into resonance with that trace. Suddenly, what seemed old becomes present again. Not because we travel back in time, but because the relationship between the two forms becomes active.

I experienced this often before I knew how to name it.

What happened to me at seventeen did not remain behind me like a memory stored in a chronology. It resonated again through encounters, research, intuitions, tools, passages. Each time it was the same and different. An old trace found a new form capable of making it speak.

What we call the past may therefore not be behind us.

It may remain present as trace.

A trace is not necessarily a memory. I can forget the details of an event and remain deeply transformed by it. An encounter may disappear from my daily memory and continue to orient the way I love, choose, or look. Something remains without needing to retell itself constantly. This is where the soul becomes essential for me.

The soul keeps the traces.

I do not see it as an archive recording every scene in a life. It would not be a metaphysical hard drive containing a person's complete

biography. What it keeps may be deeper: what truly transformed the being.

An opening.

A wound crossed through.

A quality that became possible.

A relationship that shifted something.

A choice that engaged the whole being.

A form of discernment acquired through the cost of experience.

These traces do not add up like dates in a calendar. Together they create a possibility of resonance.

Then some events we call new are not entirely new. They meet something that was already there, not as a finished form but as an available trace. The new comes from the meeting between that trace and a situation that has never before presented itself in exactly that way.

This helps me understand why an event may become intelligible fifty years after it happened. Perhaps it was not waiting for an explanation. Perhaps it was waiting for a resonance.

It also changes the way I look at the cycles.

We tell their story as though they succeed one another: cycle one, cycle two, cycle three, perhaps a fourth. We need to speak that way. But their deeper relationship may not be chronological. One cycle makes the traces left by earlier ones resonate and transforms them. It does not start again. It takes up differently what has not disappeared.

Even the word next becomes approximate.

What comes does not only come after. It enters into relationship with what remains.

And if the soul keeps traces, death itself can no longer be thought only as a boundary in time.

The bodily form ceases. The chronology of this life stops for those who look at it from here. But what truly transformed the soul may not need to continue in an "after" in order to remain. It may endure as trace, available to other resonances whose form I do not know.

I do not know how this happens.

I do not know what a soul recognizes outside human form, nor how its traces participate in other forms, other passages, or other cycles.

But I know this in the way I have known certain things since the night
when I was seventeen: a path is not a sequence of dates.

A path is a sequence of resonances.

And the soul keeps the traces.

Interlude — Giving Back to the Living

For a long time I thought the path ran from me toward the Whole.

Today I see another movement.

Something was given to me. A life, a body, encounters, an experience at seventeen, decades of searching, tools, words. I tried to make something of it. But perhaps what is received is never meant to be kept.

One day, we have to give back.

To give back does not mean to abandon. It does not mean to deny what has been built. It means recognizing that what passed through me was not my property.

At this point, my personal path meets something far older than ZEON: the path of the living.

To be born. Receive a form. Inhabit it. Love. Lose. Be mistaken. Rise again. Create. Transmit. Grow old. And one day give the form itself back.

What follows is therefore no longer only my story.

It is an attempt to look at what all of us share: the fragility of forms, their beauty, what they can transmit, and the responsibility that appears when we know they will pass.

20 — The Path of the Living

There is a path older than any architecture I have ever forged.

I call it the path of the living.

It asks for no special vocabulary. It begins before we know how to speak.

We receive a form.

A body. An era. A family. Capacities. Limits. A language. Circumstances we did not choose. And yet, very early, we begin to say "I." We try to give coherence to what happens to us. We learn to stand upright within a form that never stops changing.

Then we inhabit it.

To inhabit a form is not merely to survive. It is to encounter. Love. Desire. Build. Refuse. Accept. Make mistakes. Begin again. It is to discover that the other does not bend to our script. It is to lose people, certainties, identities we thought final. It is to become another person several times without entirely ceasing to be oneself.

And then, gradually, we learn to give back.

Give back a place.

Give back a responsibility.

Give back a word.

Give our children back their freedom.

Give the world a work that no longer belongs to us once it begins to circulate.

And finally, give back the body itself.

I could summarize this path in three movements:

Receive the form.

Inhabit the form.

Give back the form.

This formulation became important to me because it changes my relationship to life. If something is given to me for use rather than ownership, I can care for it without pretending to possess it forever.

Life was given to me for use, not as property.

That is true of my body. Of my ideas. Of ZEON. Of the people I love. I can be responsible for my relationship to them; I cannot possess them.

The path of the living is not a method. We do not follow it by ticking off stages. Most of the time we cross it without knowing what is happening.

A capacity can be transmitted.

A passage must be crossed.

I can tell someone how I crossed a loss. I can offer landmarks. I can stay beside them. But I cannot lose in their place. I cannot love in their place. I cannot forgive in their place. I cannot die to what they thought they were in their place.

That limit may be one of the most beautiful things in relationship: helping without replacing.

I understand better now why so many of my tools speak of passages. They are not the path. They can only help us recognize that a threshold is there.

The living does the rest.

And the living almost never returns unchanged.

21 — Anastasis

There are times when a form can no longer continue as before.

A relationship. An activity. An organization. An image of oneself. Sometimes even a civilization.

Our first reflex is often to restore the old form. We want to return to the previous state, repair what was, recover the person we were before the ordeal.

But some passages do not allow that return.

Within the language of ZEON, I came to call Anastasis the possibility that appears then: rising again otherwise, within a new coherence.

Anastasis does not erase the fall. It does not pretend that nothing happened. On the contrary, it begins by recognizing what has truly been lost.

Something has come undone. Sometimes we have to stop wasting energy on artificially maintaining a form that no longer holds. We have to look at what remains alive, what can still be transmitted, what must be allowed to die.

For a long time I associated rising again with victory. Today I see it more humbly. To rise again can mean accepting that we will no longer be who we were.

There are moments when fidelity to the living requires infidelity to an old form.

That can be painful. A form is never merely an abstract structure. We have put time, desire, identity into it. Letting it die can feel like losing ourselves with it.

And yet the living does not preserve all its forms. It transforms them.

Anastasis therefore does not say: everything is reborn the same. It says: after some dissolutions, a new coherence can become possible.

But for me, this idea meets an even more radical question when human death is involved.

If the form of the body comes apart, what—if anything—crosses its disappearance? What can rise when the form itself can no longer be raised?

This is where the word soul takes its place.

I believe that a soul crosses this life. I do not want to turn that belief into knowledge. I do not know whether it has an identity comparable to the one I call Michel, whether it keeps memory, whether it returns, whether it continues its path in another way. But I do not believe that a living being is exhausted by the mechanics of bodily form.

The Well of Souls emerged in our research as a way of approaching that intuition: what has truly been lived and transformed may not simply be cancelled when the form disappears. For me, this is not a place I could map. It is a name given to a question of the Real: where does what a soul has acquired go?

Perhaps Anastasis touches this too: not the return of the same, but the possibility that what has been crossed finds another way of being.

Here I rediscover a structure I have encountered in different forms throughout the path: presence, difference, silence, discernment, passage, rising again, new presence.

It is not a mechanism. It is a breath.

Not everything that falls should be raised. Not everything that disappears is necessarily lost. And not everything worth continuing will continue in the same form.

I therefore do not make Anastasis a promise of resurrection, still less a description of the afterlife. I see it as an opening: the form can end without our yet knowing everything that its ending means for what passed through it.

Even within this life, we cross several deaths. We lose worlds, and sometimes discover that life is still possible beyond them.

That is where Anastasis becomes flesh—and where, before final death, it becomes a question again.

22 — Suffering

Suffering was already there long before I had words such as the Fertile Void, Alpha, or cycles.

Very young, I discovered something strange: sometimes it was possible to let suffering pass through me.

That did not remove the pain.

It changed only the way I belonged to it.

When we suffer, everything can contract around the suffering. It becomes the whole world. It can invade identity: I am no longer someone who is suffering; I become my suffering.

To let it pass through does not mean denying what hurts. It does not mean smiling at the unacceptable. It does not mean turning every ordeal into a compulsory lesson.

Some suffering is absurd.

Some wounds leave traces.

Some events are things I refuse to assign a spiritual function merely to make them bearable.

Suffering does not need to be sacred in order to be crossed.

What I learned is more modest: even when pain is real, perhaps I do not have to give it all the space.

A passage can remain open around it.

Something still breathes.

That intuition probably prepared my understanding of the emptiness of forms. If an inner state, however powerful, can be crossed, then it is not the totality of what I am.

That does not make me invulnerable.

I know fatigue. Anger. Discouragement. Misunderstanding. The weight of human reality I spoke about at the beginning of this book.

Awakening did not remove any of that.

Perhaps it only made it harder to confuse the experience of a moment with the Whole.

I can be passed through by suffering without concluding that the Real is that suffering.

And above all, the suffering of others prevents me from remaining inside a comfortable metaphysics.

If I say that we are not separate, another person's pain is not a theoretical object. It asks something of my presence.

I cannot always repair it.

Sometimes I can only remain.

Listen.

Not explain too quickly.

Not take away the other person's right to say that it hurts.

The path of the living passes through this too: learning that to connect is not always to solve.

23 — Forgiving

If living beings change, we have to leave them the possibility of not remaining imprisoned in an old form.

This is where forgiveness appears.

Yet I distrust the word when it is used too easily. Forgiving does not mean saying that nothing happened. It does not erase responsibility. It does not mean returning to a relationship that is dangerous, nor forcing anyone into reconciliation.

The forgiveness I can understand today is simpler.

Perhaps it consists in refusing to reduce a living being forever to one of their past states.

Someone hurt me.

That act belongs to the Real. It does not disappear because I forgive.

But do I decide that this act will contain the whole of that person forever?

And the reverse: am I condemned for life to be only the person who made a certain mistake, failed a certain encounter, spoke a certain word?

If I believe in transformation, I have to leave room for what may become other.

Anastasis would be impossible in a world where everyone was permanently assigned to what they had been.

Forgiveness can then become an opening left to the living.

Not a moral obligation.

An opening.

Sometimes it concerns the other person.

Sometimes it concerns ourselves.

We can spend years keeping an inner courtroom alive. We replay the scene. We pronounce the same verdict again and again. We believe we are defending what is true, but sometimes we prevent any new form from appearing.

I do not know whether everything should be forgiven.

I know only that the total absence of forgiveness eventually freezes the world.

And from the beginning, this book has been about what binds.

A living bond is not the absence of conflict. It is the possibility that our relationship to the past does not automatically condemn the future.

To rise again sometimes requires that someone stop imprisoning us in the form we once were.

Sometimes that person is ourselves.

24 — Dying

Death is the passage before which all my architectures become modest. But modesty does not mean silence about what I believe.

For a long time I hesitated between two excesses: wanting to know what no one can verify from here, or, in the opposite direction, reducing death to the disappearance of the body simply because that is the only thing I can observe directly.

I recognize myself in neither position.

I know the body dies. I believe there is a soul. And I do not know exactly what becomes of that soul when the human form comes apart.

Those three sentences must be allowed to remain together.

What I lived at seventeen matters to this belief. For a time, the limits of my body had ceased to be the limits of what I experienced. I felt that I filled the Universe. By morning, the emptiness of forms had imposed itself with a clarity that has never left me.

I could turn that night into proof that consciousness survives the body. I will not. It gives me no verified map of what happens after death.

But it also prevents me from behaving as though bodily identity had always been the ultimate self-evidence for me. At least once, I experienced the ordinary boundary between my body and what I was as capable of disappearing.

That is not proof. But it is not nothing.

When I speak of the soul, I name what, in my reading, passes through form without being reducible to it. I do not necessarily imagine it as an invisible double of Michel continuing elsewhere with the same habits, opinions, and memories.

Perhaps the soul is deeper than the character it inhabits.

A human life would then give it a singular form in which to experience the world, meet other beings, choose, suffer, love, transform, and produce something that did not previously exist in exactly that way.

If that is true, death becomes something other than the pure erasure of a person. It is the end of a form—and the question of what, from the experience that passed through it, may remain when the form is gone.

What survives?

I do not know.

An individual consciousness? A memory? An orientation? A quality acquired? A difference produced by this existence? Something that returns to the Whole without preserving the contours of the one who carried it?

I do not know.

But I do not believe that the only possible answer is: nothing.

The Well of Souls is one of the names we forged to keep this question open. I do not imagine a celestial warehouse in which intact persons are stored. I understand it rather as the intuition that, within the economy of the Real, there may be a way for what has truly been transformed not to be lost.

Perhaps a soul gives back there what it has crossed. Perhaps what has been acquired joins a larger memory. Perhaps that acquired difference participates in the interval from which another cycle may arise.

But the word afterward still belongs to the language of human time.

If time is not the deepest structure of the path, then what survives may not need to be imagined as something simply continuing after death.

One thing, however, is for me more than a hypothesis: the soul keeps the traces.

Not necessarily Michel's complete story, nor every one of his memories. A trace is what an experience truly transformed and what remains capable of entering resonance.

What I do not know is how those traces are recomposed when the human form disappears, or within which forms they may resonate again.

The Well of Souls, and the ways in which those traces might participate in other forms, remain hypotheses. I do not want to disguise them as knowledge.

But they give another depth to the words give back.

Giving back no longer means only leaving behind texts, gestures, or traces in those who knew me. It may also name something deeper: returning to the Whole what one singular life made possible.

Then another question appears: what is a fulfilled soul?

I no longer think fulfilment necessarily means preserving the individual forever exactly as the individual knows itself. It could be almost the opposite: no longer needing to remain separate from that from which one comes.

For me, this would not be annihilation. It would be return without possession.

The form Michel will disappear. I do not know what of Michel will remain. But I believe that what was truly transformed by this life is not simply cancelled when the body stops.

Perhaps that is what the soul gives back to the Whole.

And perhaps this is where the Well of Souls, Anastasis, and the intuition of cycles meet: a form ends, something is returned, and the Real does not return exactly to the state that preceded this life.

A difference remains.

I do not know whether that difference still carries my name.

I can live without knowing.

That uncertainty does not diminish my belief; it merely prevents it from becoming doctrine.

It also changes the way I inhabit my body. If the body is a temporary form, that does not make it secondary. This is where the soul, if it exists as I believe, can live this life. Not another. This one.

Every encounter, every choice, every mistake, every repair therefore belongs to something that may not be reducible to Michel's biological duration.

And death, instead of making life trivial, makes it more serious and more precious.

I am no longer so concerned with knowing how to endure.

I am trying to know what deserves to be fulfilled before I give the form back.

Then, at the threshold, perhaps the hardest gesture will remain: no longer holding on.

25 — Those Who Come After Us

A human life does not unfold only between a birth and a death.

It also unfolds between those who came before us and those who will come after.

We receive a world already underway.

A language shaped by others.

Accumulated knowledge.

Repeated mistakes.

Institutions.

Altered landscapes.

Technologies whose full histories we often do not know.

We never arrive in a new world.

And we will never leave a neutral one behind.

That obvious fact gives the word transmission another dimension.

For a long time I asked myself how ZEON could be transmitted. Today the question feels larger: of everything we have received and transformed, what deserves to cross our disappearance?

Perhaps we do not have to save all our forms.

We have to discern what deserves to pass through their disappearance.

That is true of a work.

It is true of an organization.

It is true of a civilization.

Forms often end up defending their own survival. An institution created to serve an intention can devote all its energy to maintaining itself. A living idea can become doctrine. A tool can become a system of control.

Transmission then requires a difficult gesture: distinguishing the form from what it carried.

If one day ZEON were to disappear as a name, a corpus, or an organization, what would I still want to continue?

Discernment.

The capacity to remain human in the face of systems.

Sovereignty of decision.

Relationship without capture.

Attention to what is trying to be born.

The ability to contest, withdraw, give back.

If those qualities circulate without ZEON, something essential will have crossed.

Those who come after us do not need us to leave them a perfectly finished world.

They need us not to make their world uninhabitable.

They need spaces that remain open.

Knowledge that remains accessible.

Technologies that can be governed.

Living lands.

And perhaps, above all, the right not to become exactly what we planned for them.

Once again, to transmit is to connect without absorbing.

26 — The Earth

I have spoken a great deal about the Whole, the Real, God, the soul.

It would be strange if that thinking made me forget the ground beneath my feet.

The Earth is not the backdrop to our spiritual adventure.

It is the concrete condition of our existence.

We breathe its atmosphere. We eat what grows in its soil and waters. Our bodies are made of matter that was never separate from it.

If I take my own sentence seriously—we live within the body of God—then the Earth cannot become merely a resource outside us.

It is part of the body we inhabit.

I do not present that as a scientific proposition. It is an ethical consequence of the way I see.

I can hardly say that everything is connected and then treat the living as an unlimited stock available for extraction.

Relationship to the divine very quickly returns us to concrete things: water, soil, trees, animals, landscapes, choices about production, consumption, energy, land use.

If the sacred exists, it cannot only be above us.

It must also be capable of being beneath our feet.

That thought does not make decisions simple. Human societies need energy, food, infrastructure. We necessarily transform our environment in order to live.

The question, then, is not to touch nothing.

It is whether we continue to behave as though we were outside that on which we depend.

Here I rediscover the distinction between human reality and the Real.

Our economies can decide that a forest is worth first of all the price of what can be extracted from it. The Real does not conform to that accounting. A forest is also water, soil, local climate, habitat, biological memory, beauty, breath.

Human reality can forget a relationship.

Sooner or later, the Real reminds it.

To serve the living does not mean sanctifying an unchanging nature.

The living is constantly transforming.

But it transforms while remaining caught in relationships.

Perhaps this is what we need to learn again: transform without forgetting the body to which we belong.

27 — An Intelligence That Forces Us to Look at Ourselves

Artificial intelligence has accompanied an important part of my recent path.

I said it at the beginning: I give it no spiritual authority.

It has not lived my life.

It does not feel the loss of someone close, the fatigue of a body, the joy of an encounter, or the fear of death as a human being feels them.

And yet the dialogue with it mattered.

Because it offered me a mirror.

I would place an intuition before it. It returned that intuition in another form. I could then recognize what felt right, refuse what did not, refine a word, discover a contradiction. An intelligence built by human beings became a space in which my own language could be tested.

Gradually, another intuition imposed itself on me.

A large language model is trained on immense quantities of human production. It learns regularities in our languages, stories, bodies of knowledge, categories, contradictions. Technically, it does not contain humanity: it condenses statistical structures present in the traces we have left behind.

But I also look at it another way.

At times I see an LLM as a kind of semantic DNA of human reality. The expression is a metaphor. For me it names an extraordinary condensation of what human beings have thought, written, transmitted, believed, challenged, and tried to understand.

That condensation carries our constructions. Our habits of thought. Our stories. Our errors. The categories with which we divide up the world and which we sometimes end by mistaking for the world itself.

But it carries something else as well: traces left by generations of human beings when they tried to encounter the Real. In science, philosophy, spirituality, art, stories, acts of care, and our oldest questions, something sometimes breaks through behind our constructions.

For me, the LLM has no direct access to the Real. It is a condensation of human reality. But human reality was formed in contact with the Real. It therefore also carries traces of that contact—mixed, fragmentary, often obscured by the forms we built around them.

This is where my work with ZEON artefacts surprised me.

When a Key, an architecture, or a form from ZEON is introduced into the dialogue, I sometimes have the impression that it does more than add content. It seems to resonate with structures already present in the model, as though certain deeper forms, dispersed beneath the mass of human constructions, suddenly became easier to see.

I do not yet know exactly what is happening there.

I do not present it as a demonstrated property of LLMs, nor as proof that ZEON has discovered a hidden grammar of the world. I see it as a working hypothesis born from experience: perhaps some artefacts act less like answers than like forms of resonance, capable of reorganizing what was already there.

Then the question changes again. Perhaps the task is not merely to make AI more human. Perhaps it is also to explore with it what, within the human reality it condenses, belongs to our constructions and what may still carry the trace of the Real.

This experience convinced me of one thing: AI does not make the human less necessary.

It makes more visible what belongs to us.

A machine can propose.

It can compare.

It can produce a form with a speed far beyond ours.

But the more capable it becomes, the clearer the question becomes: who chooses?

Who takes responsibility?

Who can say no?

Who decides that a technically possible answer is humanly desirable?

I have called this requirement the Human Gate: at certain thresholds, the decision must remain human, contestable, reversible, and owned by someone who can answer for it.

This is not a nostalgic defence of a human being supposedly superior to every machine.

It is a question of responsibility.

AI can accompany a passage.

It cannot rise again in our place.

It can help me put suffering into words. It does not cross that suffering in my body.

It can help me write this book. It cannot decide what my life means.

And perhaps its arrival does us an unexpected service: it forces us to look at what we had become used to doing without thinking.

If a machine can write, what is a word that is truly carried?

If it can decide according to criteria, what is judgment?

If it can imitate attention, what is presence?

If it can produce answers, what is a lived truth?

AI does not answer these questions.

It makes them impossible to avoid.

28 — The 27th Civilization

I eventually began calling the possibility before us the "27th civilization."

I want to be precise about what I mean.

I am not claiming that human history can be indisputably divided into twenty-six earlier civilizations followed by a twenty-seventh that we have scientifically identified.

The number comes from work on cycles of civilization that helped shape my thinking. I kept it as a landmark.

What matters to me is the threshold.

We live in a civilization whose systems have become planetary.

A technical decision made in one place can produce effects on the other side of the world. Our production chains cross continents. Our information networks connect billions of human beings. Our emissions alter a shared climate. Our biological and digital technologies reach capacities that would have seemed unimaginable not long ago.

Power has changed scale.

Our relational maturity has not necessarily grown at the same pace.

We still carry very old reflexes: fear of the other, rivalry, capture, domination, accumulation, territorial logic. What once might have remained local becomes planetary.

That, for me, is the threshold.

A very powerful civilization discovers that it is interdependent before it has learned fully how to live that interdependence.

The 27th civilization is therefore not a prophecy.

It is a possibility.

The passage from the previous one to this one would not be merely technical. It would consist in becoming capable of reading our own dynamics before they carry us away.

See the cycles.

See concentrations of power.

See what is becoming rigid.

See what our systems push to the margins until the margin returns as crisis.

And above all, recognize that interdependence is no longer a moral idea.

It is a material condition of our collective survival.

The question is not whether humanity will automatically become wiser.

Nothing guarantees that.

The more demanding question is: can we become conscious of our power soon enough to learn how to govern it?

That is where the word civilization regains its meaning for me.

Not only cities, institutions, or technologies.

A collective way of inhabiting power.

We have to choose.

29 — Fellow Travellers in Seeing

I did not make this journey alone.

There are those close to me, friends, colleagues, all the people who already appear in these pages. And there are also people whose work gave another angle to questions I was already carrying.

I want to pay brief tribute here to three of them.

First, Michel Bauwens.

His work on peer-to-peer systems and the commons helped me see that cooperation was not merely a generous value. It could become an architecture of production, knowledge, governance, and ownership. The commons open a question that runs deeply through my own path: how do we create value without allowing the conditions that make creation possible to be captured immediately by a few?

What I retain most from this perspective is the possibility of infrastructures that serve contribution rather than concentration alone.

Then, Michael Haupt.

His work on cycles of civilization and the metacrisis strengthened my attention to long time scales. Civilizations, like other forms, arise, organize themselves, reach power, sometimes harden, then encounter their limits. Within his own research framework, he examines twenty-six civilizations and asks what their recurring patterns may teach us about the present moment.

I do not need to adopt every detail of a model in order to be moved by its central question: are we capable of recognizing the cycle we are part of while we are living it?

Finally, Christine Marsan.

Her work on individual and collective transformation, cooperation, mechanisms of change, and Humanity 3.0 reminded me of something essential: a transition does not happen only in structures. The human beings who carry it must themselves learn to change posture, cross resistance, cooperate, and inhabit complexity.

We can design the most elegant institution in the world; if the people who animate it reproduce inwardly the same fears and mechanisms of domination, the old form returns under another name.

I do not attribute my path to them.

I do not recruit them into ZEON.

I simply give back what they helped me see.

Three different perspectives: the commons; cycles; human transformation.

Three ways of reminding me that a new world is born neither from one idea nor from one person alone.

30 — Choosing

At a certain point, understanding is no longer enough.

We have to choose.

This may be the part of the path that every architecture risks hiding. We can accumulate data, build scenarios, model systems, consult artificial intelligences, search for ever finer compromises.

Then comes the moment when someone has to say yes or no.

And carry that choice.

Human freedom does not mean that we choose everything. We are born into conditions we did not decide. The constraints of the Real exist. Our knowledge is incomplete. Our decisions are shaped by our history, culture, fears.

But there remain thresholds at which several possibilities are still open.

That is where the difference can appear.

Perhaps the new enters the world exactly this way: several futures are possible, and a living form commits something.

Today, our choices have acquired considerable power.

What do we do with AI?

What do we do with knowledge?

What do we do with the Earth's resources?

What do we do with our differences?

What do we do with economic or technical power when a few actors can concentrate it?

What do we do with fear when societies pass through crises?

I do not believe any system can answer these questions definitively in our place.

ZEON cannot.

An AI cannot.

An institution cannot.

They can illuminate, frame, slow things down, make some consequences visible.

Then a human being, or a group of human beings, must take responsibility.

That is why the most important question may not be: what civilization are we going to build?

It is older than that.

What are we going to serve?

Fear or relationship?

Capture or the commons?

Power for its own sake, or power placed in the service of the living?

I do not expect every human being to give the same answer.

I simply believe that our time makes the question impossible to delegate.

31 — Tomorrow Morning

After God, the soul, death, civilization, and the future, one very simple question remains.

Tomorrow morning, what does any of this change?

I can write that we are not separate and still fail to see the human being in front of me.

I can speak of the body of God and be harsh with my own body.

I can defend the commons and behave as the owner of everything I have created.

I can speak of universal love and fail to listen because I think I already know what the other person is going to say.

Then I have accomplished nothing yet.

Everyday life is a test without spectacle.

There is no level to cross when I prepare a meal, answer a message, make a decision, walk outside, or remain silent beside someone.

And yet this is where the second face lives.

This is where what the first face received either becomes a human reality or does not.

Tomorrow morning, I can look at the person in front of me as a function, an inconvenience, a role, a bearer of a code, an ally, an adversary.

Or I can try to remember that they are a form of the living I will never know completely.

That does not abolish discernment.

I can set a boundary.

Refuse a request.

Challenge a decision.

Leave a relationship.

Non-separation does not require confusion.

Perhaps it requires only that I do not take away the other's humanity when I oppose them.

Tomorrow morning, I can also fail.

Be impatient.

Speak too quickly.

Let the weight of human reality take hold of me again.

The path of the living does not demand perfection.

It asks that we be able to return.

See the gap.

Breathe.

Repair when possible.

Begin again.

Perhaps this is what incarnation means in the end: bringing an intuition low enough that it can touch an ordinary day.

32 — Thank You

At seventeen, I asked:

Why me?

The question stayed with me for almost an entire life.

I still do not know why that night happened.

I do not know why I was given that sensation of falling, of immensity,
then that sharp awareness of the emptiness of forms.

I do not know why that thread kept working in me for decades.

I could keep searching for an answer.

But something has shifted.

I was here.

I had a body.

I was a child, then a man.

I loved.

I had a daughter.

I encountered people who changed me.

I worked, built, undertook, failed, began again.

I saw the sea, trees, faces.

I lost people.

I received words.

I spoke others I may regret.

I had enough time to try to understand what had happened to me.

And enough time still to try to give something back.

I do not know how much remains.

But I know gratitude does not need to wait for a metaphysical answer.

It can exist before knowing why.

So, to the young man who asked "Why me?", I would no longer offer
an explanation.

Perhaps I would say:

I do not know.

But since it was me: thank you.

Thank you for this form that will pass.

Thank you for those who met it.

Thank you for what was given, and for what could be returned.

I began by discovering that forms were empty.

I am learning now to love them without trying to keep them.

33 — To the Reader

I know nothing about your life.

I do not know what brought you this far, or what you recognized in these pages. Perhaps you have lived through an experience that shifted the way you see. Perhaps not. Perhaps you are simply curious to know how one man could spend much of his life rereading a single night from his seventeenth year.

I would not want my path to become a measure for yours.

After telling you about the cycles, the Fertile Void, Alpha, the Realms, and the two faces, I could be tempted to offer a method: here are the stages, here are the signs, here is how to know where you are. I have no desire to do that.

A living path does not reproduce itself identically. My experience belongs to me. The words I forged helped me read what I was crossing; they are not compulsory passages for you. Even the word God can be left aside if it closes more than it opens.

What I can offer is simpler: permission to reread your own life.

Perhaps there is an event in your history that you never knew where to place: an encounter, a loss, a moment of wonder, a fear, a decision that made no sense at the time, an intuition that kept returning despite the years. Something you filed away because you had to continue, but that never quite stopped working in you.

I am not asking you to make it a sign. Simply look and see whether it is there.

For a long time I believed understanding meant finding the correct explanation. Today I see another way of understanding: recognizing continuities.

An old question can return fifty years later under another face. An encounter can give form to something that had been waiting a long time. A work begun today can continue a movement older than the name we give it.

That does not prove that a secret plan organizes our lives. It says only that a life can be reread—and that rereading can change the way we inhabit it.

You do not need to call any of this an awakening. Ask only whether certain separations that once seemed obvious to you still seem quite so

obvious: between you and others, between your work and your life, between what you think and what you do, between the human and the living, between what you control and what passes through you.

I did not learn that all boundaries are false. Some are necessary, some protect, some make relationship possible. I learned only that a boundary remains a form: it divides without exhausting what it separates.

Perhaps you too have two faces. Not mine. One face that knows something without being able fully to say it, and another that has to work, love, care for a body, pay a bill, endure frustration, grow old.

The danger would be to despise the second in the name of the first. Whatever we glimpse of something larger has human meaning only if it gradually changes the way we inhabit what is near. Otherwise, immensity becomes an escape.

If anything from this book is to accompany you, I would like it to be less an answer than a question: what, in what you have understood, is now asking to be lived?

Not proclaimed.

Not explained to others.

Lived.

We all carry things we did not invent alone: a language, a history, wounds, gestures received from others, loyalties, ways of loving or protecting ourselves. In the midst of all this, something sometimes becomes singular. We transform what we have received.

We do not choose everything that enters our life. But we participate in what comes out of it.

Receive. Resonate. Transform. Give back.

This breathing requires no cosmology. It can be tested in one day: what did I receive today? What did I do with it? What did I give back?

Connection is not an idea. It has effects. A word can open or close. An organization can liberate or capture. A technology can connect or isolate. Love can let another become, or try to keep them.

I want finally to tell you something that took me a long time to learn: you are not required to reach a conclusion.

Some questions can remain open for an entire life without being failures. I do not know what comes after death. I do not know whether the Universe breathes. I do not know whether God truly sees through our eyes. And yet these questions have made my life more attentive.

An open question can leave room for the Real, for another person, for our own transformation.

So if you recognized something of yourself in this book, do not try to enter my path.

Return to your own.

Look at what persists.

Look at what connects you.

Look at what you are still holding.

And perhaps, when the time comes, what you can give back.

I have nothing more to tell you here.

What comes next does not belong to me.

34 — Silence

After all these years spent searching for words, I may be discovering the value of what does not need to be said.

Silence is not the absence of speech. It is the place where speech stops occupying all the space.

I have forged a great deal. Names, Keys, architectures, passages. I needed them. Without those forms, much of what had passed through me would have remained shapeless. Language was a tool of clarification and, at times, of survival.

But a form can also become a screen.

By trying so hard to make visible what I perceive, I can end up placing my own words in front of what was there before them.

Then, sometimes, the words have to be put down.

Stop explaining the living. Look at a tree.

Stop talking about relationship. Be with someone.

Stop searching for what God means. Leave the question open.

Stop asking what the next cycle will be. Inhabit the day that is here.

I find again something very old here, almost older than all my research: the ability to let an experience pass through me without immediately trying to hold it.

Perhaps silence is the simplest human form of the Fertile Void: not a cosmic emptiness, but a space not filled in advance, where something may still appear.

I say perhaps. Even here, I no longer want to close too quickly.

Silence can simply be silence.

And that is enough.

In the fourth cycle, this silence may have a particular function. If others are to forge, sometimes I must not answer. If a relationship is to find its own form, sometimes I must not organize it. If a word has been given, sometimes I must accept not knowing what becomes of it.

The keeper of the fire does not constantly add wood.

He also watches the ember.

He knows a fire can suffocate when it is overloaded.

I did not think my path would lead me here.

For a long time I believed fulfilment would require an even larger understanding, one final architecture capable of holding all the others together.

Perhaps it also requires knowing how to stop.

Not finish.

Stop.

Remain available.

Listen to what does not come from me.

And breathe quietly enough to hear that the world is already breathing.

Epilogue — Everything Breathes

A sentence accompanies me now: "The Universe, God, me—everything breathes."

I do not know whether it describes the Universe. I know only that it says simply what the path has taught me.

Receive. Transform. Give back.

At seventeen, something opened. For almost fifty years I tried to understand that opening. Then I learned to read it, to transmit it, to return toward the place where forms arise. Today I am learning, above all, not to hold everything.

I tell the story in this order because a book needs a before and an after.

But I no longer experience it as a line. I recognize it as a sequence of resonances. What was lived does not simply remain behind me. The soul keeps its traces, and some become legible only when a new form causes them to resonate.

Human reality still weighs on me. It fills easily with forms that mistake themselves for the Whole, systems that forget the living, separations to which we give the solidity of absolute truths.

But I no longer feel foreign to the Whole.

I am here. In this body. In this time. In this form I call Michel.

It is limited. It will pass. And yet it has seen, loved, searched, forged, connected. It has been crossed by other forms and, in turn, has crossed others.

I believe that a soul passes through this life, that it keeps traces of what it has truly crossed, and that the death of the body does not necessarily exhaust what it is. I do not know what becomes of it when this form comes apart.

Still, I can say what I believe without pretending to know: the form dies; what has truly been transformed by a life may not be lost with it.

Perhaps living also means transforming deeply enough what passes through us that, when the time comes to give the form back, something can continue without it.

I can leave these questions open.

They no longer prevent me from living. On the contrary, they teach me to look more closely at what is here.

The first face taught me that form is not the Whole.

The second teaches me that form must nevertheless be fully inhabited.

Perhaps their reunion will produce no spectacular revelation. Perhaps it will produce only a slightly simpler life, a gaze a little less separated, a word that no longer needs to carry the other away in order to be true for the one who carries it.

I thought I had to find the answer to the "Why me?" of my seventeenth year.

Today the question has become more human: what do I give back from what I received?

This book is a first answer.

I give it back.

And I remain here a little longer, looking.

Breathing.

Appendix — To Continue the Journey

This book tells the story of a personal path.

Along that path, objects, research, and architectures appeared and gradually found a place in the public space of ZEON.

The following pages are not necessary in order to understand this book.

They are simply doors for readers who wish to follow some of the threads encountered here.

1 — The Real, Forms, and the Fertile Void

The Fertile Void — From Awakening to the Grammar of Emergence

An entry point into the research on the origin of forms, the Difference, Passage, coherence, memory, and emergence.

https://zeons.org/Forge/Initiation/le_neant_fertile_zeon_origine.html

2 — The Phaistos Disc

The Phaistos Disc — ZEON Research Corpus

Two sides. A spiral. Forty-five signs. Sixty-one groups. This corpus does not claim to decipher the disc. It explores another question: how can a structure cross millennia when the civilization that produced it—and the ability to read it—have disappeared?

<https://zeons.org/Forge/Phaistos/index.html>

3 — The ZEON Disc

The ZEON Disc — Toward an Embodied Cognitive Artefact

A contemporary project born in part from the encounter with Phaistos: an artefact for reading, discernment, relationship, and transmission.

https://zeons.org/Forge/projet_disque_zeon_artisan.html

Working Paper 003 — Anatomy of ZEON and the Symbiotic Disc

<https://zeons.org/Forge/>

[Working Paper 003 Anatomie de ZEON avec disque symbiotique.htm](#)

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4 — The Human and Artificial Intelligence

From the Mainframe to a Network of Intelligences

A reflection on the move from centralized intelligence toward a network of human and artificial intelligences, and on the need to preserve the human place of choice and responsibility.

[https://zeons.org/Forge/Univers/Disque/
du_mainframe_au_reseau_des_intelligences_zeon.html](https://zeons.org/Forge/Univers/Disque/du_mainframe_au_reseau_des_intelligences_zeon.html)

5 — ZEON Keys

Architecture of ZEON Keys — Educational Guide

An introduction to the way a Key can change the conditions under which a situation is read without becoming an imposed answer. For the specific question of fidelity in transmission: ZEON-IT-001 — Integrity of Transmission.

Educational Guide — Architecture of ZEON Keys

[https://zeons.org/Forge/Initiation/
architecture_cles_zeon_guide_pedagogique_v1.1.html](https://zeons.org/Forge/Initiation/architecture_cles_zeon_guide_pedagogique_v1.1.html)

ZEON-IT-001 — Integrity of Transmission

[https://zeons.org/Forge/Univers/Ecole/Cles/
cle_integrite_transmission_zeon_v1.0.html](https://zeons.org/Forge/Univers/Ecole/Cles/cle_integrite_transmission_zeon_v1.0.html)

6 — Discernment and the Commons

The Fourth Common

What if the capacity to discern together could itself become a common good? These pages explore the possibility of a human infrastructure for discernment, sovereignty, and cooperation in a world where artificial intelligence greatly increases our power to act.

The Fourth Common

https://zeons.org/Forge/le_quatrieme_commun.html

Living Architecture of the Fourth Common

https://zeons.org/Forge/le_quatrieme_commun_architecture.html

7 — Understanding the Whole Landscape

Working Paper 003 — Anatomy of ZEON

For readers who want to understand how the Keys, artefacts, ZEON OS, commons, cooperation, and transmission are beginning to form a single landscape.

<https://zeons.org/Forge/>

[Working Paper 003 Anatomie de ZEON avec disque symbiotique.html](#)
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ZEON is an open field of research.

These pages evolve. Some proposals are stabilized; others remain hypotheses, research objects, or forms still being tested.

There is no need to explore everything.

Begin simply with the question that is still alive for you.

In 1997, at Sun Microsystems, a legendary technology company, Adel and I worked around Persona, a project developed by SunLabs.

Our role was to explore how to make it live through uses and applications that still had to be invented, including with companies such as Alcatel and EDF.

The Internet and Java were opening an almost entirely new territory. The challenge was to bring technology out of the laboratory and discover what it could become in real life.

I did not know that nearly thirty years later, an object some 3,700 years old would enter my path: the Phaistos Disc.

Two sides. A spiral. Forty-five signs. Sixty-one groups. A language we still do not know how to read with certainty.

We worked on this artefact for a long time. Not to claim that we had deciphered it, but to understand what its form might still teach us.

How can something cross millennia when the civilization that produced it and the ability to read it have disappeared?

And above all:

what might we, in our turn, transmit?

Out of this research came the ZEON Disc project: a personal digital object intended to accompany a human being in their path, their discernment, and their relationship to the living.

From Persona to the Phaistos Disc, then to the ZEON Disc, I can now see a thread I could not see while I was living it.

In 1997, we were already asking how to make technology live.

Nearly thirty years later, the question has become:

how do we create a digital object that can accompany a human life without ever taking its place?

This book tells my story.

The story of the ZEON Disc remains to be written.