

THE STEALTHY FORFICULA

Campus of Tours

Monthly gazette appearing every 1st Thursday of the month

GrandMont Site

ARE TERMITES THE INTERFACE BETWEEN THE DIVINE AND THE EARTHLY ?

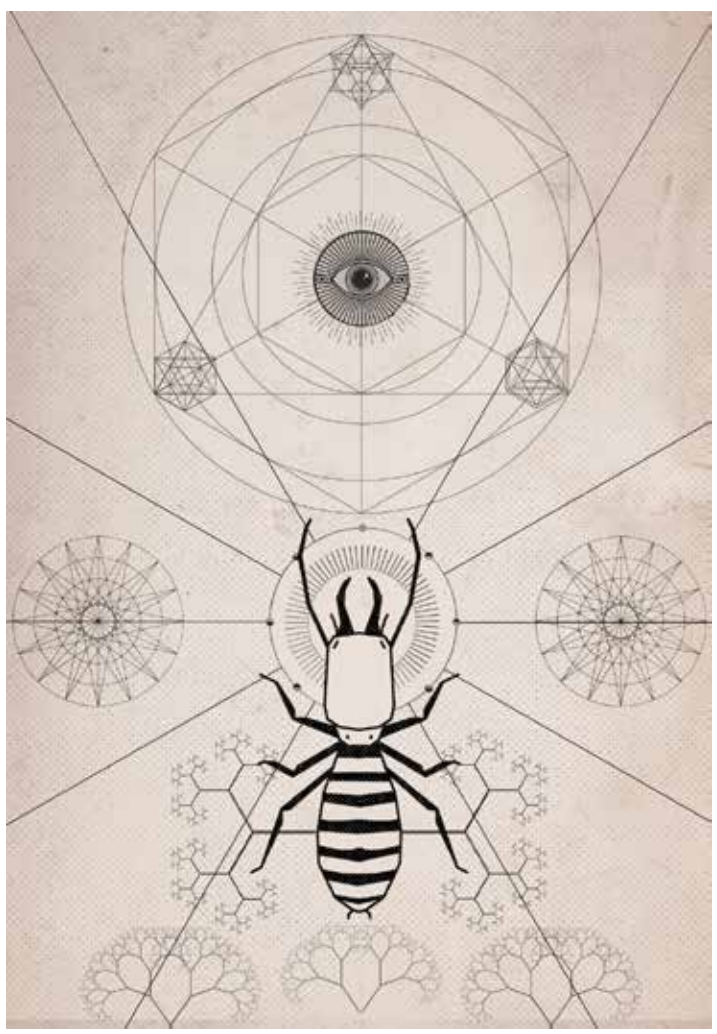
THE ORIGINS OF SHAMANISM

«The main function of the shaman is to travel in spirit beyond this world to meet the father or mother of all things. [...] fundamentally, structurally, the different shamanic sciences have the same pattern : **through a dance, the shaman goes into a trance, then falls as if dead. During this sacred sleep, his soul abandons his body and flies into the afterlife. Then it returns and brings the shaman's body shell back to life.** »

“According to a first hypothesis, the word comes from sam, an Altaic root meaning “to stir while moving the hind limbs”. Saman is indeed a word in the Evenki language which means "to dance, to leap, to stir, to stir". [...]

There is another animal that mysteriously agitates and "dances": the termite. More precisely, it vibrates. Termites sometimes, without warning, start to vibrate frantically, before going back to their underground lives, and it's not quite clear why.

(1) *The sacred in Java and Bali, Shamanism, witchcraft and trance* by Merry Ottin and Alban Bensa
(2) Wikipedia



It turns out that to achieve their trance, shamans use the vibrations of their voices as well as those of their drums. And when you start to look at **what binds shamans and termites, there are a lot of troubling elements.**

THE TERMITES AND THE 'BIG EVERYTHING'

In the symbolism first: Termites live mostly underground, or in wood. Two strong symbols: the earth, of course, but above all the wood: **the Cosmic Tree, a central mystical symbol, is essential to the shaman.** Cosmic wood, therefore, which is both the sacred food of termites, but also, with the earth, the cradle of their existence.

When you type "termites" on google, the first link that appears is simply called "Fighting termites". Unfortunately but not surprisingly, **termites are persecuted.**

The shamans were persecuted too: **at all times those who communicated with other worlds were considered mad.** Discredited in the best of cases they have been hunted down, especially by Western civilizations who have qualified them as "primitive beliefs" and who saw in them a **threat in the face of their desire to impose religions opposing nature and culture.** There are disturbing connections between shamanic trance, and this somewhat disparaged species. Because if the subject of termites is sometimes brought up, it is often to denounce the nuisance and other damage they cause through their somewhat unpopular practice of feeding and living in the woods. It should be noted that there is a practice among termites which has succeeded in arousing an interest which is not a desire for extermination from our species, the **monumental termite mounds** that they design, mainly in African countries.(Africa being the cradle of humanity, which will no longer surprise us at this stage of the analysis.) They provoke **(continued on page 2)**

(continued from page 1) the admiration of those who visit them, allowing them, among other things, to produce quality selfies, highlighting the “backpacker” and adventurous spirit of the one who poses in front of them. But what is truly fascinating is the symbolic charge once again present behind these monuments: in the same way that the use of wood refers us to the cosmic tree, the African termite mound rises and rises towards the sun, like a sacred altar, a symbol so obvious that one cannot ignore its meaning. Finally, a disturbing element adds to this already baffling list: According to some knowledgeable sources, some termite mounds may have been standing for more than 1,000 years. But then, faced with so much evidence, what conclusions can be drawn?



This influencer, while increasing her number of "followers", is she posing without knowing it in front of a thousand-year-old cosmic temple?



Even today, humans who have practised this connection between the earthly and the divine keep their mysteries. Few in the West have succeeded in unravelling their secrets, and we may never have the keys to understanding their practices. Unsurprisingly, the practice of shamanism among termites is an even deeper mystery. These discoveries only raise new questions: Are termites a separate species, practising spirituality in a vacuum, or are they the shamans of other anthropods? What connections do they have with human shamans? It is hoped that the scientific community as a whole will find answers to these questions which seem fundamental to finally understanding the origins of life.

Call for testimonials

Call for testimonials
We are actively looking for people who have had supernatural experiences or revelations near a termite mound, termite dreams or visions.

Contact us:
forficulefurtif@protonmail.com

INSECT HOTEL OR INSECT ALTAR?

We have all seen them before, these harmless little structures, insect hotels, miniature huts containing a collection of pieces of wood accumulated, stored and sorted. At first glance one could say to oneself that it is the result of a weekend of «permaculture for young and old» or the personal collection of a madman who has collected pieces of bark since one afternoon school trip back in 1996 which went wrong, leaving him with deep psychological after-effects. They actually act as a refuge for many species of insects, which by dint of seeing trees, shrubs, flowers and concrete lawns are not welcome anywhere. In the absence of noble natural spaces such as hundred-year-old oaks, silky undergrowth or flowery glades, they are crammed into what seem to be low-rent buildings built by a second year primary school class. But as sad as the comparison between a primary forest and a small pile of wood may be, these structures are really useful and beneficial, which is why they are starting to appear all around us, in gardens, on company roofs, on buildings, co-working spaces, and even universities. We see them appearing in the woods of GrandMont, and according to a source, there is one being prepared which is intended to be installed within the IRBI itself. Yes but here we are, in these times when the true nature of environmentalists is being revealed, and their treacherous secrets revealed in broad daylight, can we not seriously doubt the innocence of such a project? Is it a real coincidence that the term 'hotel' is so close to an altar? Who else uses altars? Another striking coincidence is that within the IRBI, a large part of the individuals are dressed in long white tunics, all identical, which reminds us of the most famous mass immolations that history has known. Should we really continue this list, which already points to the obvious? The IRBI is a dangerous cult, the proof is in it, and it is beginning to attempt to extend its grip through these satanist and dangerous altars. Should we also remember that these structures are often erected during workshops with children?

Will there be a collective suicide in the woods of GrandMont for these ayatollas of entomological Satanism who should be finally denounced?



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NEWS IN BRIEF

THE MYSTERY OF THE GROUND FLOOR DOOR

Thursday 17 September, around 7:00 p.m., the door to the ground floor was found open by a certain Gregor *, who at the time assumed that it was not intentional. A few minutes later the account is publicly supported by a certain Borris *, who confirms he also witnessed it. We thought that this case would end there, but there was a turnaround that no one could have foreseen the next morning around 8:13 a.m., when Edgar * publicly confessed that yes, it was indeed him, because of a biological health risk, or even a radioactive leak according to some sources, who allegedly left this door open. We thought the case was closed at the time, but barely two minutes later, it was Erwin * 's turn to come forward publicly regarding the opened door, which gave us at that time a total of two culprits for one and the same door. At this stage of the case, the entire IRBI community was left in suspense: how could two people leave the same door open at the same time? The mystery, at 08:15, remained unsolved. But it was at 09:18 that everything became clear: Ingrid *, a new protagonist, came forward and added yet a new version: she allegedly closed the door behind Erwin *, thus clearing him of any suspicion. But then we are entitled to ask the question, who would be interested in leaving the door open? Worse, who would be interested in shutting it? Was this an attempt to dissolve the radioactive leak or an innocent attempt at airing? The mystery remains unsolved.

*All first names have been changed to preserve the anonymity of the protagonists and protect them from possible legal action.

DISPATCHES

Towards new anti-covid measures in breeding rooms?

According to reports, further precautionary measures will be taken to ensure that insects housed within the IRBI do not contribute to the spread of the virus. Single-use masks will be distributed to researchers, who will have to ensure that all insects wear them at all times, and a quarantine period must be strictly observed after they are handled each time.

72% of French people believe that IRBI researchers are secretly training flying insects to install 5G antennas

In any case, this is what a majority of the population we interviewed thinks. So, in response to the question : Do you think it would be wise to use insects to discreetly install 5G antennas ? 72% of those asked answered yes. We should therefore be entitled to question the neutrality of this body.

SURVEY

Would you be in favor of opening an experimental restaurant serving insect dishes on the GrandMont site?

Send us your answer at : forficulefurtif@protonmail.com

FETE DE LA SCIENCE

SATURDAY 10 OCTOBER
FROM 10AM TIL 5h30PM

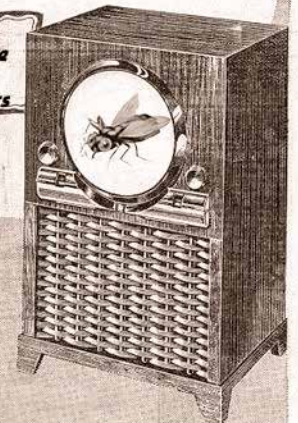
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MORE D'INFOS :

fetedelascience.univ-tours.fr

FOR THE KIDS

The fabulous story of the parasitoid wasp

The Campoplex wasp, hereinafter referred to as **Popo the Wasp**, has a unique way of ensuring that its young never run out of warmth or food in this ruthless natural world.

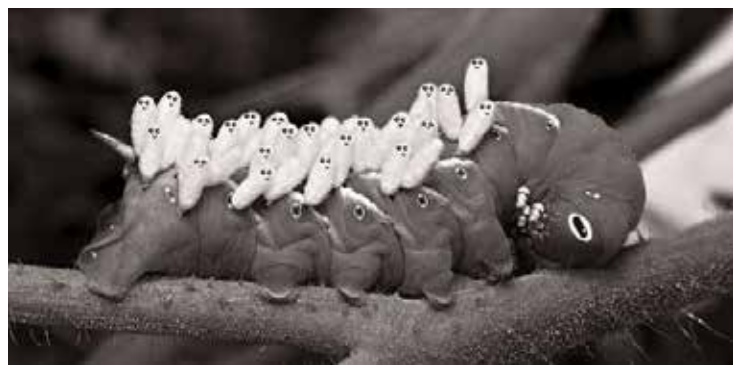
Popo the Wasp, enjoying one of her daily walks, will come across the Tobacco Sphinx, which will be called **Phiphi the Caterpillar**. **Phiphi** is super plump, spending her day doing nothing but gorging on leaves. Quietly, **Popo** will come and rest on **Phiphi's** fleshy back, who doesn't notice a thing, because she saw a leaf that looks really succulent on that branch over there.

Popo then goes quietly to lay her eggs in **Phiphi's** soft body, before flying off to continue her thrilling adventures as an independent wasp and modern single mother.



The rest of our story takes place **inside Phiphi**. **Popo's** little eggs, finding the interior of **Phiphi** quite welcoming, will decide to **hatch to begin their great conquest of life**. But before embarking on such projects, you need strength.

And indeed, it turns out that **Phiphi**, not content with having the **physique of a large morteau sausage**, is truly a snack on legs. The little **Popotins** do not need much help and then begin a real feast, feasting on **Phiphi**, while the latter continues to go about her gastronomic occupations. By the way, to make sure the snack never ends, a **mischievous little Booty has taken root in Phiphi's brain**, and this little rascal has turned everything upside down so that **PhiPhi** eats more!



After a while, the little rascals want to see the world, so they decide to **poke tiny holes in PhiPhi to get out**. And seeing the world by being practically attached to **Phiphi's** back is still too cool, so the rascals settle in and take the opportunity to **transform into little cocoons ...**

It is soon the time to become adults, and from these soft little cocoons will **emerge new little wasps**, which will soon fly away and thus, in turn, travel the world sowing despair and desolation, like demons straight out of the flames of hell.

The End

Editor's Note

You are probably wondering why anyone spent time and energy writing this journal, and especially for what purpose. This gazette is the cornerstone of my residency at the IRBI. If you don't understand everything, that's completely normal, because this is an artistic project, and it's an environment in which it is important to produce objects that people do not understand in order to be taken seriously.

Reader's mail

From the month of October, you will be able to submit anonymously (or not) your reactions, remarks, classified ads, statements, positions, information and other intellectual jokes that you would like to share with the entire community while maintaining a vaporous, elusive identity worthy of Reddit's early days. Do you want to repent for a door left open or a Leroy Merlin purchase made on a whim while maintaining your integrity and professionalism?

No problem, you can sign with a nickname and discreetly drop in your message during lunch break.

Box available from mid October in the community room *

* We must remember here that there must not be more than two people at the same time in this room, that they must wear a mask at all times, do not touch the coffee maker in the same half hour and do not have discussions that are not necessary for the advancement of their respective projects.