

Melody of the Angel

3 Electric Tales
in Color

Joëlle
Barron



Préface by Étienne Klein

With a wink from Ms Brigitte Bardot
from La Madrague

Thanks to :

- Mr. Etienne Klein for his short preface to the tale “Fantasies in Space-Time”.
- Madame Brigitte Bardot for her wink from La Madrague
- Vé Atmane for his drawing “The Dogs” page 92
- Inès for her drawing “Squinting Cat” page 94
- Sarah Wheldon and Claire Culliford for the translation of “Fantasies in Space-Time”

Presentation

Joëlle Barron is a French cartoonist who has written illustrated books, children's tales and fantasy novels, sometimes published under pseudonyms. She has made thousands of drawings mainly for various European publishers of greeting cards and others. The many strange metaphysical manifestations that she has experienced, have led her to study the teaching of the Master

Author's website : www.joelle-b.fr

Melody of the Angel



The Singing Angel is the one who announces the coming of an ideal new World.

Texts and illustrations : Joëlle Barron

FANTASiES in SPACE-TiME

A Tale of a Populated Microcosm

3 Electric Tales

- **Fantasies in Space-Time**

The theory of Intratomes (2008) in its version 2 (2023).
Version 1 is more of a collection of notes.

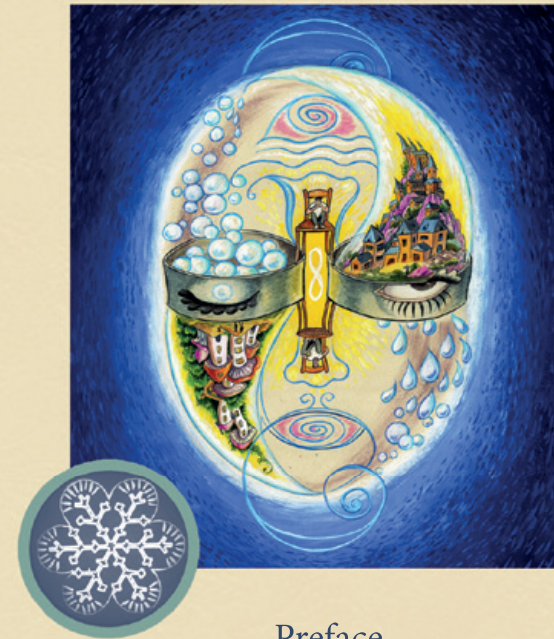
- **Bad time for the Schrödinger's Cat**

French version, legal deposit (2019)

- **The Cat's Parenthesis**

A novelty of a few pages (2023)

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Preface

*In the world of the infinitively small,
strange things start to happen, the likes
of which we do not see elsewhere.*

Étienne Klein

Text and illustrations
Joëlle Barron



When you look at the world from an unusual angle, you'll sometimes find huge surprises. That's what happened to me the other night while I was standing on my head.

It happened up in the attic when I was with the cat, trying to find Mousey.

The plan was to look under every last piece of furniture.

But then my gaze shifted to the roof window. It was winter.





And suddenly nothing existed except for this huge snowflake stuck to the window. Within it, a thousand ice crystals glistened with light, their fractal patterns stretching from the microcosm out into the macrocosm.



Inter-galactic beings?
No! Intra-atomic ones!



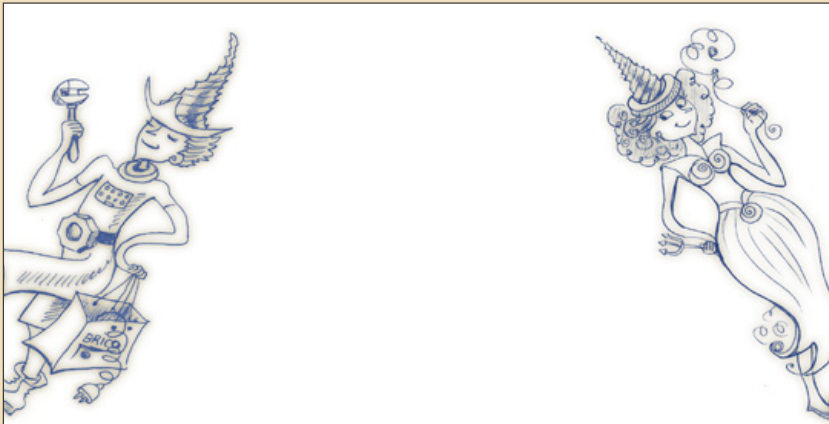
I had entered into another dimension, suddenly realising that this world in miniature I was looking at was an atom. It may have been microscopic, but to me it looked as vast as the solar system.

Looking at this inhabited world, I was starting to see how it all worked, and was doing my best to memorise everything when a voice suddenly called from below:

“Theo! Dinner’s ready!”

CRASH!





Later I went back up to the attic. We still hadn't found Mousey, but this luminous world had me fascinated.

Its system was like a shining sun with a central point, around which gravitated not planets, but seven Moebius strips.

A world with no beginning and no end, floating in weightlessness.

As for intra-atoms, I saw eight of them!



1 Vegiforce



Some combinations might seem a bit odd, but we can work with it!

2 Fruity



Even a perfect being has off-days sometimes...

3 Nutrition



Those who appear the most sane are often,
in fact, the least.

4 Flourish



Only inner beauty creates radiance.

5 Concave



Even a saint like Concave can be deceived by an illusion.

6 Convex



Charming voices are never what they seem.

7 Screw

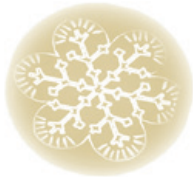


Used wisely, pragmatism is a powerful force

8 Helix



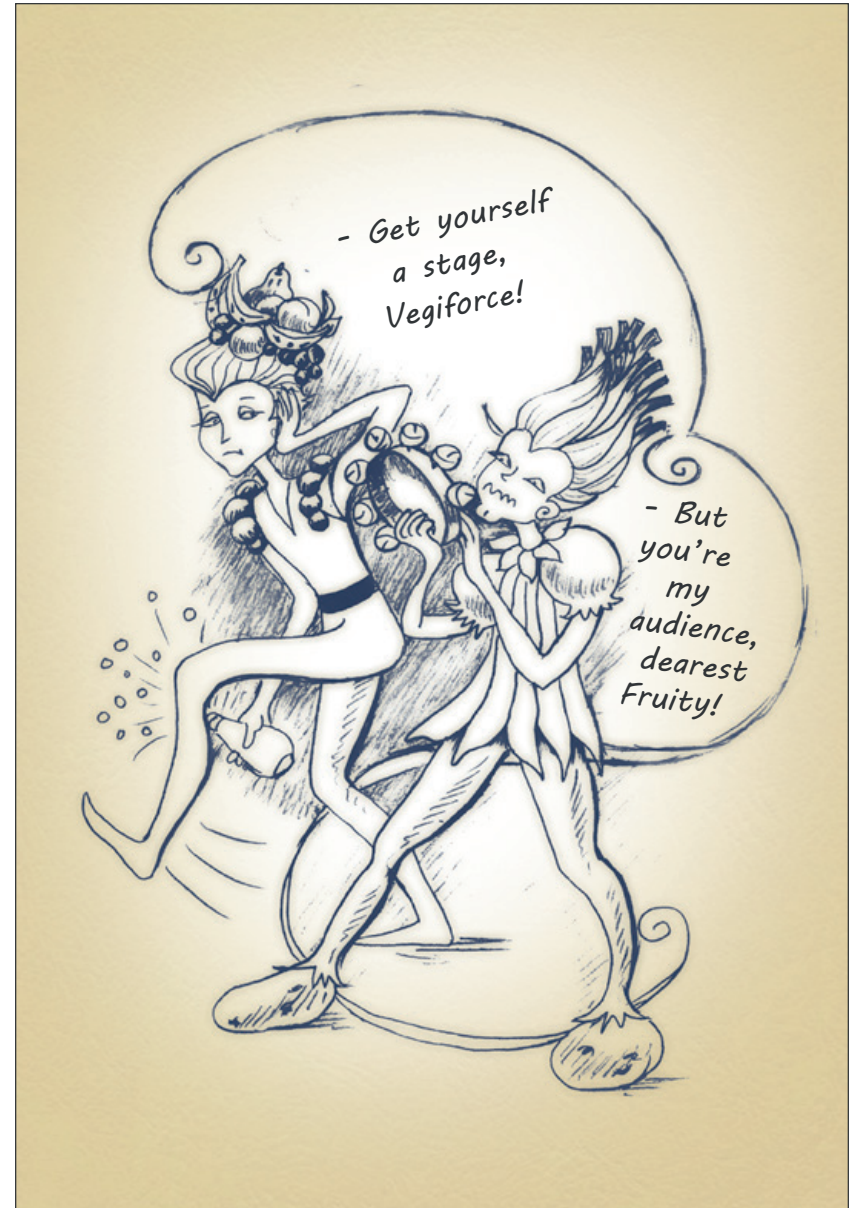
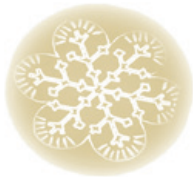
Only seeing things from one point of view is sad, not to mention damaging.



These intra-atoms as they called themselves told me their names telepathically:

Nutrion, Concave, Convex, Fruity, Flourish, Vegiforce, Screw and Helix.

The first - the strangest looking of all with his mirrors - acts as an interspatial telescope. Concave is a transceiver, just as able to make contact with their god Angel Creator, as Gaïaelle, the queen of the worlds, and Gromulus, the human sorcerer.





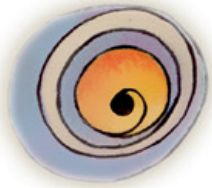
Fruity is a provider of energy. Flourish creates beauty. Vegiforce - the bard who sings out of tune - is also an unreliable sorcerer's apprentice. Screw, the chief engineer, is also head of defences. Helix, a highly-skilled diplomatic agent, also specialises in devious tricks.

Convex is the speaker who, more or less accurately, transmits all information.



- My voices tell me
that the queen of
the world is going
to assist us.

- His voices tell him
that the queen of curls
is going to resist us.



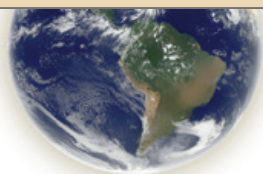
In the human world, these beings would be referred to as energy particles or units of force... But what was that dark mass being reflected in Nutrion's mirrors?

Once Concave was in receiver mode, the strange shape began to edge forward, giving off a smell of sulphur and a shouted message:

"Gromulus is planning to destroy the world with his bomb. He's sending his troops, the dark army..."



- Oh! That's no ordinary fog! Quick, Concave, call Gaïaelle!
- Whatever will our queen do with this Gromulus? S.O.S, Gaïaelle...



The dark mass had not yet reached our friends but let me -Theo - tell you the fear I felt in the pit of my stomach at seeing an army of lunapitrics appear - hideous monsters straight from the depths of hell itself!

The queen of the worlds could do nothing to fend them off and all the while Gromulus was sneering in his corner.



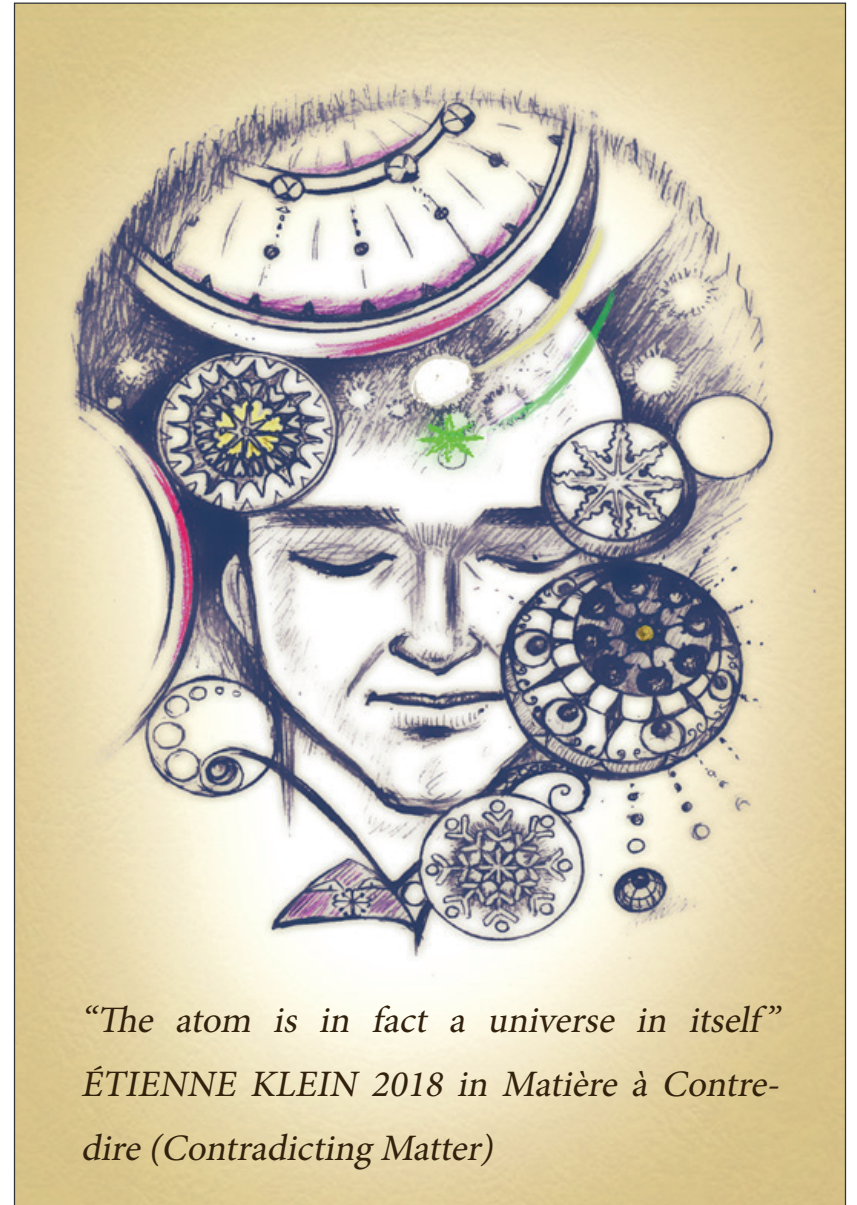
- Queen Gaïaelle, ready for the grand finale?



We should note that this astonishing world (or atom) is positioned just under the human skull. When one darkens, so does the other. Gromulus ordered the monsters to snarl, which produced an awful sound in the human brain known as acute tinnitus.

- so unbearable it was capable of driving all of humanity to self-destruction. On an uninhabited Earth, the sorcerer would let his hideous lemurs run riot.

The worlds would be covered in darkness.



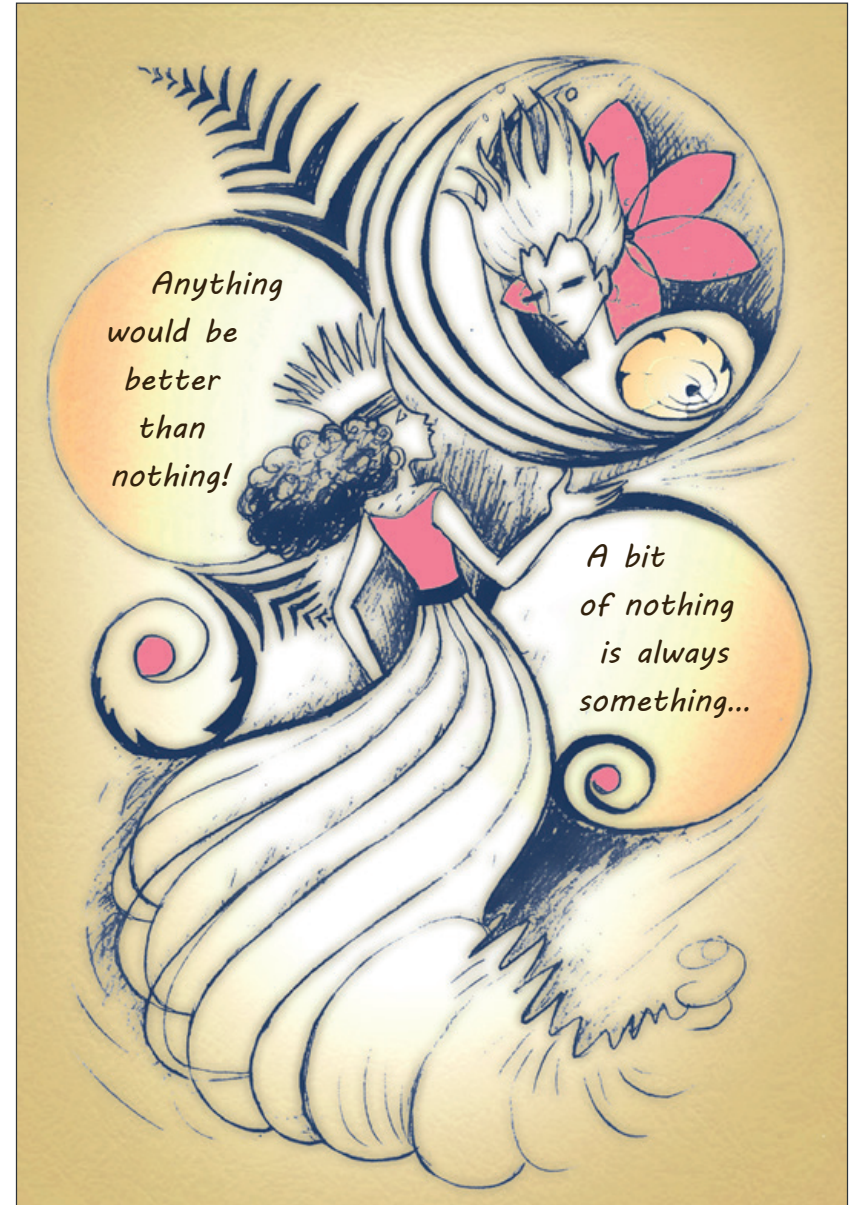
*“The atom is in fact a universe in itself”
ÉTIENNE KLEIN 2018 in Matière à Contre-
dire (Contradicting Matter)*

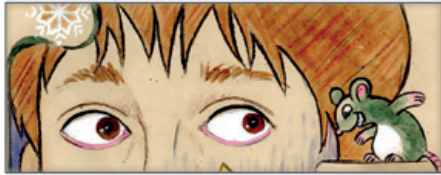


Distraught, the queen of the worlds raced across the multidimensions, arriving at the front door of her superior, Angel Creator.

“We’re losing our world!” she cried. “Will you come and help us?”

But the god was not very forthcoming: “Assemble enough of your own troops and I’ll send backup. Otherwise, it’s a no!”





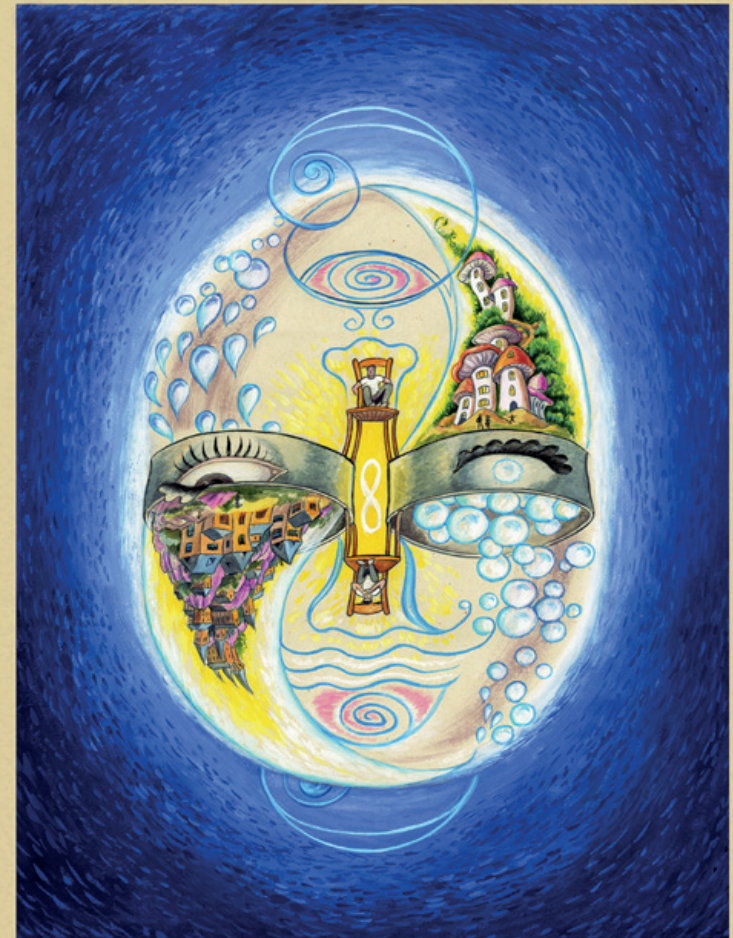
Like Gaïaelle, I would also like to soar across the sky to land on the doorstep of some of this world's greatest scholars.

People who, dead or still living, invented String Theory, Relativity, Quantum Mechanics, Schrödinger's Cat...

And I'd ask them: is it really so inconceivable that within an atom, an astonishing world just like our own could exist?



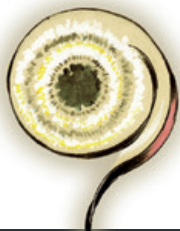
Another perspective



One perspective



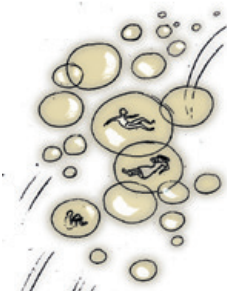
As the atom's light faded, human beings lost all common sense. Decadence roamed the planet. The barbarians ran circles around their neighbours. The breakers broke whatever they could find, including themselves. The looters looted everything, from the valuable to the useless. Some raving mad, others misled or naive, they thought they had a grasp of reality, but it was an illusion slipping through their fingers. They went round in circles to the point of exhaustion.





In the City of Sciences, eminent technologists looking to improve things wanted to insert shiny new chips into the human brain.

Several of the most self-serving turned on one other, as the media spread false information across the airwaves. The planet was quick becoming nothing more than a sour cherry drowning in a glass of toxic cider.

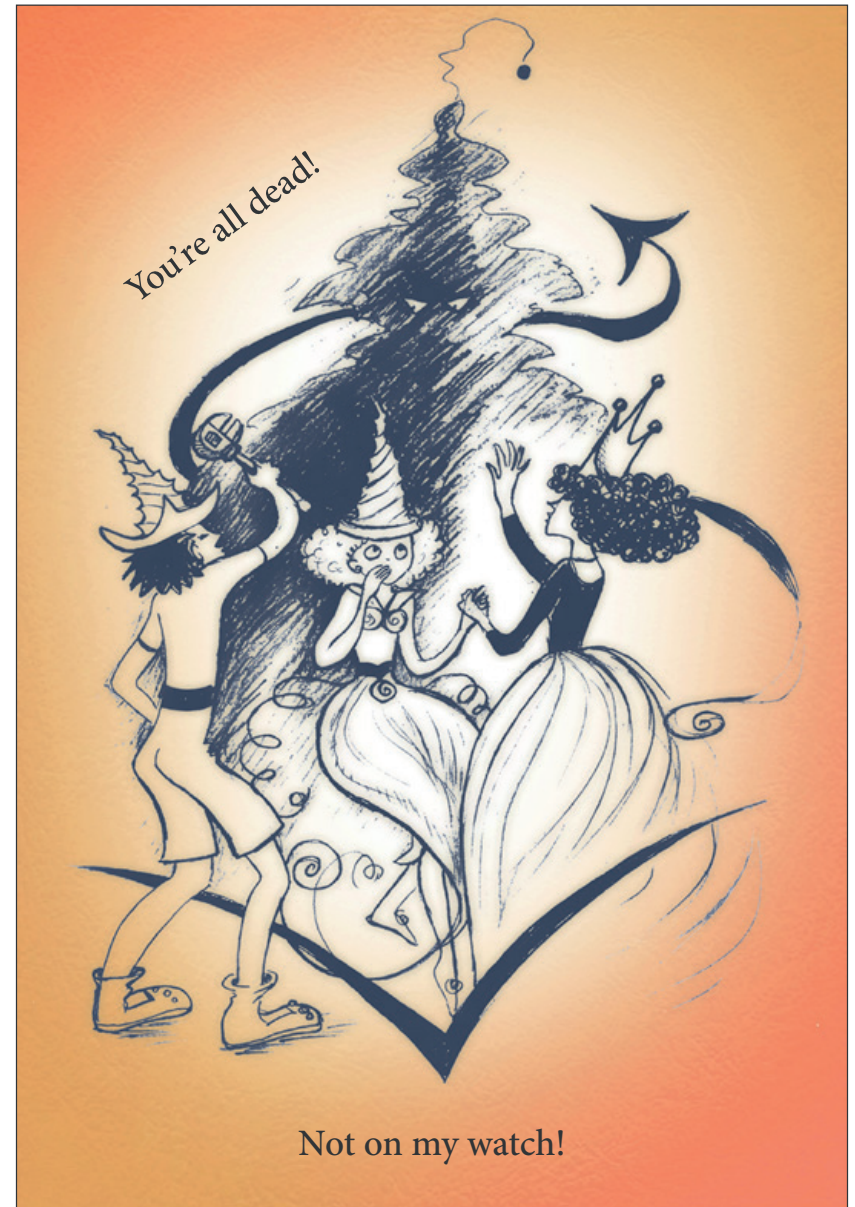
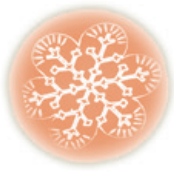




Close to exhaustion, the intra-atoms put up the best fight they could as they waited for backup. Surely Angel Creator wasn't going to leave them to fall like sorry troops!

In this battle, Gromulus displayed an unbearable level of confidence. But it was this certainty to win that would be his downfall.

At Gaïaelle's request, Helix was tasked with distracting the sorcerer.





While Gromulus was looking the other way, Helix made a click sound and entered the villain's thoughts. There she projected all kinds of hallucinations that were as twisted as they were effective: green moons, red planets, circling stars.

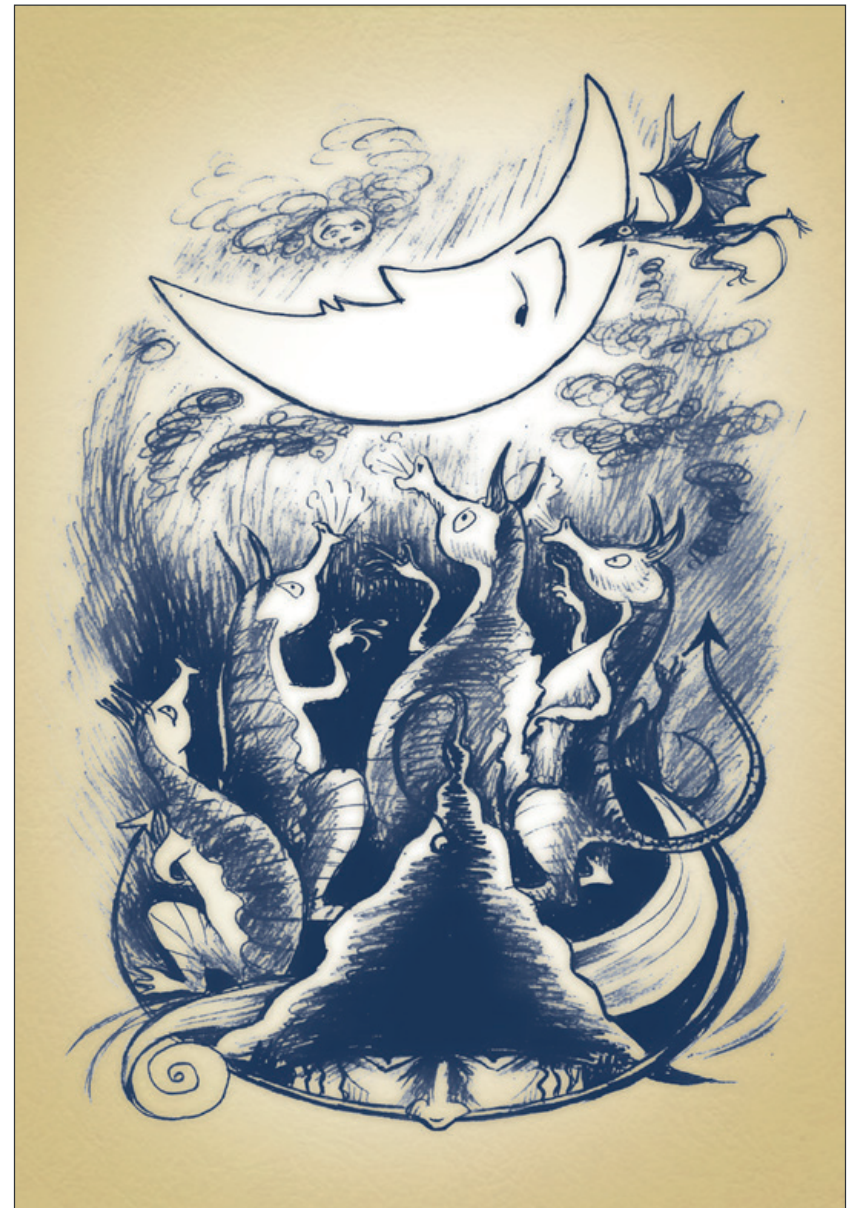
"So tall, so dark, and so handsome," she flattered him. "Don't you think the earth is a little unworthy? You and I could conquer Mars and the moon! I'd be Irma of the worlds and you, my great king!"



- You are full of ideas, my beauty!
- All to serve you, my handsome!

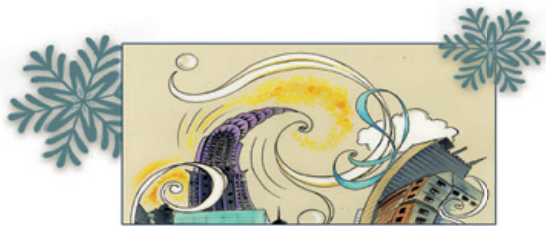


This second of distraction made him lower his guard. A fatal moment that saw the lunapitrics, following their master's example, raise their muzzles towards the moon. Their ferociousness faltered and, stupefied and paralysed, they ceased their snarling. Gromulus, too, froze rooted to the spot next to Helix, and in this impossible silence, a little something, the whisper of doubt, crept in. Evil's momentum was broken.





After this moment of stillness, the earth began to shake vigorously, which affected not only the ground but the ethers too. An unknown force caused skyscrapers the world over to bend their whole, as if humbly bowing before some indescribable superiority. Finally, the temperature dropped and a thick frost covered the world-down to the very last twig.





The earth remained frozen for just a few seconds before a spark from the heavens came to light up the crystals.

They melted, melted faster than they could form, as a wonderful sound made itself heard across the worlds.

Angel Singing, an envoy of god, whistled his melody loud and clear, the first sign of radical change.





The intra-atoms savoured their revenge.

The monsters vanished into nothing when they weren't chopped into bits by Screw and his troops, that is.

After the war and the clearing up it felt good to rebuild.

Harmonious life was set to return to the worlds.





The sorcerer, having lost his battle, trailed ragged and miserable along a deserted road. Nobody was going to feel sorry for that sad individual.

At the end of his road, he found a cliff edge!

He fell into a red hell and luckily for him, died of a chill.

I wouldn't have wanted to be in his place!

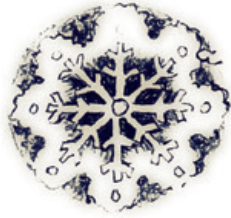




Where the divine spirit breathed, beauty flourished. For the human brain, Flourish knitted the most perfect fractal patterns.

On planet Earth this would appear in the form of perhaps a Romanesco cabbage, the centre of a sunflower, or an alien crop circle - that was for Vegiforce to say!





At the end of this story the intra-atoms held a feast in honour of Angel Creator, Gaïaelle, and all the inhabitants of the Microcosm. Vegiforce did his best to belt out a few interesting tunes, but the audience covered their ears.

Luckily Angel Singing worked wonders with a melody worthy of Johann Sebastian Bach. The joy!

I think I can hear the melody of Singing Angel



When the snowflake melted, the Microcosm disappeared and Mousey came back to us. So Mittens and I wasted no time getting back to business.

“I’ll catch you, Mousey! I’ll catch you!”



Bad time for Schrödinger's Cat



*Such a lovely little tale... and at the end,
such a charming and genuine surprise*

Brigitte Bardot



Hey there! Do you recognize me? It's me,
Schrödinger's cat, Schrödy for those
in the know, and if you see me,
it means I exist, right?



A short while ago, as I wandered near a flimsy
cardboard box, uncertain of myself, two rather
dissimilar pairs of eyes caught my gaze.



The cat of Schrödinger



Those eyes belonged to two creatures with whom
I was about to experience a breathtaking adventure.

Before me, a cow suffering from spongiform
encephalitis, also known as mad cow disease,
and barely able to stand on its twisted legs,
trembled like a leaf



Perched on his back, a nearly naked hen,
with only a single feather left on her rump and
a few meager downy feathers, cackled like
a cracked rattle while flapping
her wing stumps.



This is not a life, this life!



“I’m Belle-Normande,” said the cow, and this is Jolie-Crêlée. We want to leave this earth! You, cat, could you be the gatekeeper of the other world? “Who knows? Here, everything is random. I’m Schrödy. But what happened to you?”



“They made me eat a corpse in a dung sauce,” Belle-Normande asserted. “Just look at the result!” And things aren’t any better for Jolie-Crêlée.



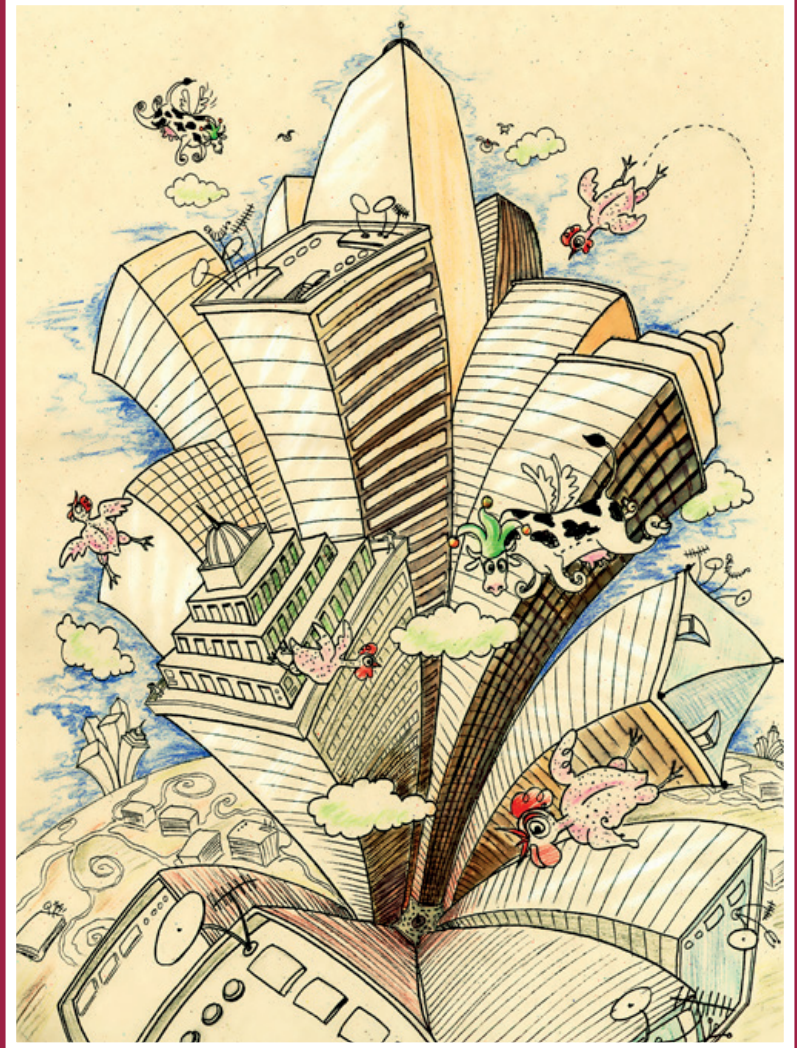
Plumage is no longer worth ramage et vice



To me and my sisters, said the hen,
we fiddled with the genes
to eat ourselves faster.
But now that our feathers have
turned into ghosts, we freeze.
Both of us escaped from our pens,
now we are seeking paradise.
Schrödy the cat, let us in!
Go ahead, I say politely,
but I warn you, paradise is not there.



We've left dry land. Any less ugly place will do.



Impatience is a bad adviser



I wanted to spare them their suffering,
however, a question nagged at me :
If I let them do as they pleased,
would any good come from this evil?
There were three of us entering the first
of the other worlds, the world of nightmares
and illusions, worse than on Earth,
without air, without vegetation!
There, we saw cities with soft buildings
that twisted their long masses
toward sulfurous clouds.
Cows and chickens floated in the void.



A profound anguish drove us to flee upwards
towards a cloudy region that revealed a passage.



In this whirling passage, beware of the staircase, It
has landings without light and the elevator is tangent.



We were quite giddy as we rushed into the elevator.
And in her dismay, Pretty-Created stumbled
upon a friendly red button.

The cabin squeaked ominously before descending
at full speed. It plummeted down like that for a
long time and finally came to a stop with
a clattering like pots and pans.

“Oh dear!” I cried in dismay,
“We’re on the 49th basement level!
This floor borders on nothingness.”
“Are we doomed then?”



Without answering, I had the idea to press
a large yellow button displaying S.O.S.
Too late, because our bodies, suddenly transformed
into a thousand sparks, disappeared as if by magic.



- Where are you, my pretty crested one?
- Near you, beautiful Norman woman, invisible but present.



The rattling elevator jolted us relentlessly,
 throwing us here into nothingness,
 there into worlds of bizarre construction.
 We had become a broth of elementary
 particles held together by a breath of spirit.



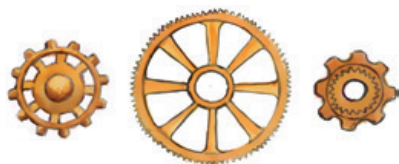
My thoughts drifted to my master,
 the brilliant Schrödinger,
 and the strange friend who sometimes
 visited him : John Worrel Keely.
 I sent them a fervent telepathic message,
 and I received a reply.



S.O.S received 5 out of 5.
 I'm sending you Keely with his machine.



John Worrel Keely is a current inhabitant of the Higher Worlds. During his time on Earth in America, from 1837 to 1898, he built extraordinary machines that produced energy simply by having his hand touch them. Now living in the subtle body of his soul, he continues his research to help humanity by inspiring other researchers, for example.



I was deeply relieved, and also moved at the thought of meeting him. Already, close to us, his radiant form was beginning to appear...



But how was he going to proceed to the reorganization of our atoms?

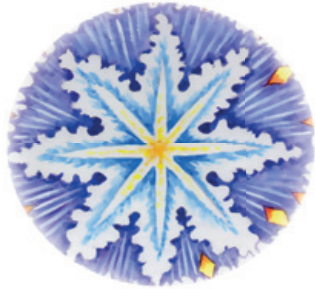


At the same time, while I was hoping
for EVERYTHING, Belle-Normande
in her mind was seized with a doubt.
“What if our three particle packs mixed?”

In the end, Jolie-crestée could have
a tail and cat’s paws, you Schrödy
you would have ears and cow hooves
and I, will I find myself with
hen’s feet like a chimera?



A chimera would not be welcome.



Keely's incredible presence illuminated this space-time. He swiftly stuffed our three bubbles into his strange machine.



"Rest assured," he told us, "the atoms of a being do not scatter inappropriately.

They are bound together by sympathy, as in the case of perfume. Why then does the perfume not escape from the bottle when its molecular state, relative to the glass, would allow it? It remains in the bottle by sympathy."



To date, science has not explained what this strange Keely force was.



However, inside the machine,
we weren't exactly at ease,
if I may say so. Outside, Keely was lightly
touching the controls, shapes were
taking shape... Our shapes!



"Wow!" exclaimed Pretty-crested and Beau-
tiful-Norman. As for me, I touched my ears
to make sure that yes, they were indeed mine.
Then I observed with delight these two crea-
tures now completely normal again: Plump hen
and cow with strong hocks.



There were three of us dancing with joy.



We had barely had time to thank Keely before he disappeared with his machine, leaving us in the elevator some floor below ground.



Windows still opened onto those senseless worlds where no one would have wanted to live. My friends, happy with their restored health, sought to be tired of the adventure, so we left the elevator and took the stairs.



Farewell to the underworld?



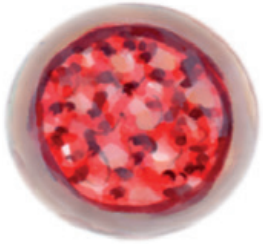
The landing was dark, yet I had warned of this danger. Instead of continuing up, my impatient friends rushed towards the very first exit, which was marked “Windy Door”... What a mistake! It was here that a nasty gray tornado snatched us up and threw us a short distance away onto an earthen mound. On top of it, decorative objects as tall as trees were planted upright.



It could have been mistaken for contemporary art on Earth. At the bottom of the hill, a herd of prehistoric-looking men could be seen, all bowing their heads and backs as if in adoration before these so-called works of art.



If you looked closely, you understood the nature of things.



These things in this place were bloody flesh,
from animals cut into rounds, slices of flesh
and bone fixed with resin.

The people of this country were passionately
devoted to hunting.

They killed animals to feed themselves,
of course,



A way to perhaps elevate the killer instinct.
But then, a movement stirred the flock,
heads turned toward us, clubs
and saws were raised.



They've seen us! Run for your lives!



Horror! A little more and we would have ended up as slices of meat, material for bloody works of art! Luckily, Belle-Normande had found her good legs, which made our escape much easier. So the winding door was quickly found and closed behind us. We resumed the winding passage, leaving the elevator behind. The stairs were bounded four at a time in record time, and soon we found ourselves back in that space-time where we had first met.



“Phew! But what do we do now?” The answer came from heaven through Keely’s beautiful voice



“Go back to Earth, I’m sending you a vehicle.”



It was a white cloud that brought us back to earth. Spring offered its flowers in green meadows and a sweet perfume rose towards us.

“Schrödy! You’re not even arandom cat anymore!”

“And yet it is true,” I exclaimed.
Chicken and cat astride their backs from Belle-Normande, we set off over hill and dale.



After three days of this incredible cavalcade
We arrived at the entrance of
a beautiful estate : La Madrague.



Was the paradise of animals offered to us?



In La Madrague lived Saint-Nico-la-Hulotte and Sainte-Brigitte-Bardot, des dieux au paradis animals. Brigitte and Bernard welcomed them warmly and from that day on, surrounded by many friends, it is here that We live in perfect happiness.ur.

END



You, humans, who call yourselves our masters, Don't ship to us so fast in space-time long before our age decides it. Do not abandon us on the road to your Or else we shouldn't be adopted.



For so long that together we have shared joys and sorrows, what would we do without each other?

*If I squint it's
to see you better.*



*You see it well then, that friendship
It's not random at all!*



In the light of the great Whole, the animal kingdom
is just as important as humanity.

THE CAT'S PARENTHESIS



*It is the same with cats as
with certain humans; they are
sensitive beings capable of
sparking off.*

Our pets possess a soul, often called an “animal soul.” Through it, they emit subtle, barely formulated thoughts that we perceive quite well. Over the course of evolution, this is a power that animals develop, and at the same time, they become capable of astonishing feats.

Human religions have their saints, history has its heroes, beings who, through their qualities, have risen above ordinary mortals. In a more measured way, the same is true for the animal kingdom. The following story, a brief interlude in a life, is that of a cat who accomplished this feat.

The cat in question, as agile as he was intelligent, lived in perfect happiness with his owners. A happy family in their home.



His fate as a cat was terrible, for one unfortunate day, while he was out chasing a mouse, a dreadful fire ravaged their home, reducing the house and its inhabitants to ashes. The cat was filled with immense and incurable grief. Traumatized, he fled as far away as he could. Wandering the world, he had to endure endless adventures.



And to survive, he was forced to develop the qualities mentioned above. Later, as time passed, the world became very dangerous; everything was poisoned. Diseases, viruses, and wars sowed death and desolation. An atomic bomb, accidentally dropped on a few regions, spread its harmful radioactivity. Ignoring the horror, the Cat rebelled. Instead of trying in vain to escape the radiation, he had the brilliant idea of becoming one with it, integrating it into his very nature, and surpassing it by becoming superatomic himself. Incredibly, he succeeded! It was then that he witnessed his Transformation into a burst of sparks.



This new ability allowed him, in an instant, to propel himself to the opposite side of the world in any direction. Then, resuming his cat form, he could appear and disappear at will.

This transformation had attracted the curiosity and interest of those around him, but it hadn't changed his little cat heart.

During his stays in high places, he retained his simplicity, sometimes dreaming of playing with a ball of yarn or munching on a sardine. The gods, taking his qualities into account, granted all his wishes.

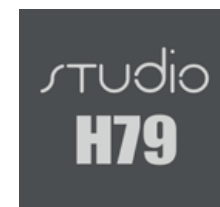
With his new way of traveling, he could visit their Home and live there as much as in the homes of humans on Earth, and he discovered a thousand wonders. It is for this very reason that he was rarely seen on Earth again.



The Superatomic Cat had found his beloved human masters and his ideal Home elsewhere.



There is life everywhere in the cosmos, you know!
There are apples, beasts, humanoids,
and a multitude of angels.



Legal deposit - January 2026



Will an angel's melody help us save the planet? We must believe so.

The Singing Angel is the one who heralds the advent of a new, ideal world. Through these three tales, he emerges and begins his song. First, among the Intratomes, a land to which Theo, the boy who discovered him simply by walking on his head, takes us in "Fantasies in Space-Time."

He appears in the form of a cloud in the multidimensional adventure of our friends "The Beasts" with Schrödinger's Cat.

He is omnipresent in "The cat's parenthesis," enabling the cat to achieve the feat of becoming a cosmic cat whose current known address is "A House in the Stars"...

*"There is life everywhere in the cosmos, you know!
And not just imprisoned in your dense matter..."*

