

*On us storms of steel
On earth were unleashed
So that under a low, black sky
All hopes dies forever*
— *Ceux du Liban*, french military song

If you think you have understood the wars in Lebanon, you can certainly say that you have not understood anything. Recalling that the territory is smaller than the Ile-de-France will give a framework, a space wedged between Israel and Syria. Abandoned by the French to the Christians with the injunction to tolerate the Muslim communities, in exchange for which the country will experience an economic golden age. Then comes the geopolitical stratum, the Palestinian camps in Jordan, a real state within a state, which after Black September will cause an influx of 400 000 refugees on Lebanese soil. The support for the cause of the fedayeen by communist and socialist organisations, which saw a mixture of community, clan, religious and ideological conflicts. To this we must add the numerous foreign hands, even countless, the Cold War and decolonization, more than elsewhere the interests are complex. Then, above all, there are the people and the worst kind of war, the fraternal one, which knows no limits, the civil war. Revenge becomes the systematic *modus operandi*, one-upmanship the rule, pride and dignity the basis of a moral code. Whoever claims to be strong enough to propose peace is murdered. By whom? By whom? Everything becomes blurred. Everything is subdivided. The factional war. The wars in Lebanon.

Yan Morvan is still a pipsqueak at the Sipa agency in 1982, he's a broom wagon, Gökşin Sipahioğlu doesn't like his job. He is no match for the big shots in the business, the aristocracy. Even what he brought back from the

Irish conflict others do better, at least they are better students, more experienced. Trained in the Vietnamese jungle, they are the popes of modernity, the gods of the image. But here is Morvan, the brat who is interested in black jackets, the small-time thug, the ultra-left reflecting the decomposition of the left, with the rigour of the insoumis and the radicality pegged to the body and the zygomatic. With his cynicism slung over his shoulder, he is postmodern, he is youth, his sensitivity embodies a stage in the reading of the world, in its very decay. Whether he draws it from his experience or from ideology is of little importance, the fact remains that he is capable of seeing everything and everyone split up and that the time is no longer ripe for union. The West is losing its colonial glory every day and the future will never be bright in Algeria or elsewhere. All of them are assholes, all of them are human, with a single certainty: the assurance of a minority future, for all of them of course. Not that the author of these lines is arguing that Morvan was aware of this. No theory on his part, but a theoretical anchoring as a constant of his existence. A praxis of hard work that forms a sieve and a taste for playing the fool, flattering his interlocutor, knowing how to play the dominated, thinking no less, having fun.

These unpublished clichés, without chronological coherence, give us another reading. Who can say without looking at the weapons whether they are Phalangists, members of the PFLP, Tsahal, the PLO or Syrians, Sunnis or Shiites? They are all Semites. Lebanon is a powder keg. According to the alliances and invasions, massacres follow one another, the law of Talion has replaced any form of state. American popular culture seems to be the common denominator of all these fighters dressed as Rambo who has just arrived on the screens. At the same time, a new organisation brooded by the Iranian regime and promised to have a great future was born, the Hezbollah.

Liban1 '82-84

ARCHIVE N°3

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300 ex. 2021