

JFMA

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Moreau

IntGence



JFMA.IntGence has been founded on the 25th of May, 2009. Why?

I belong to that

kind of person who wants to keep going in creative working until death. This maintains even improves the health of the body and the soul. I've got retired on the 1st of September 2006. I was 67 years old. To-day I'm pensioned by the French government since I validated the full 37.5 years of active professorship at the University of Paris V. By the way I was entering the third-aging world then. I don't want to be a green vegetable gathering a flavourless soup cooling off in an old tureen.

For many people who were involved in rewarding jobs leading to early and prolonged achievements, retirement often looks like a kind of desert land since

Docminet Scope

JFMA is a crazy species who believes the world is filled with distressful humans whose hope and survival rely onto him only. He adopted me when I was 6-week-old. Until now he has been able to feed me with good food. He understood quickly I want varied and gustative dishes served in the early morning on pretty and clean plates. He lives with his wife in an old studio furnished with quite comfortable sofas where I can sleep safely. There are large windows through which I can observe the traffic in the street. I communicate with plenty of varied birds flying in the sky all over the year when the weather is warm enough and the windows are open. My best company is made of a few exclusive visitors and neighbours able to climb up to six floors. The only animal with which I've special relationship is Nadine's dog, a bastard species who likes to eat my crackers. JFMA is obsessively snapshotting me with his Nikon digital camera and I hate the flashlights. He states his wife is my Mistress! He's wrong by the way. Contrary to the dog who is his mistress guest, I host the couple of humans who daily take care of me. I've five spurs per foot toward them if they don't understand such a hierarchy.

Le Connard décapitalisé

they are losing their high standards of life. This may be true at a financial viewpoint. So do me. My pension has been fixed at two-thirds of my previous income. Thus I had to restrict my budgets drastically. The first two years were hardly tough. **In the past I was the poorest of the richest. Nowadays I'm the richest of the poor.** I'm surviving physically since I'm not starving yet. Combining the modest incomes from both my wife and I, we can buy foods, pay the unavoidable expenditures such as taxes and reimburse some recent loans. We travel much less around the world, buy super apex tickets, and lodge in **hotels. We use city transportations instead of our car and its tank is fed with cheaper gasoline sold in supermarkets. **Gifts have become more symbolic than valuable since love is wealthier than gold.** Fortunately my chronic diseases are taken in charge by the national social security. My banker doesn't help me anyway but the bailiff did not distraint my goods on me yet. **I'm demonstrating the French proverb stating that "Money wound is not mortal" is right.**

For individuals like me who were earnestly active and whose achievements were recognized internationally by peers, **le deepest risk of disastrous retirement is intellectual.** I have in mind too many patients, colleagues, friends, relatives who have got severely sick when they listened to the astounding noise of the silence, the omnipresence of their conjoint and their neighbours, the scary voice of their

useless organs now unfed by the adult people's opium that work and staff provide far from home, sweet home. **Plenty of these have become sadly depressed, alcoholic, suicidal.** For sure I didn't prepare my financial asset safely enough but, I early took care of my brain survival by an early turn into innovative activities withdrawing me from a medical work I didn't want to practice on the patient caring anymore. **Ten years ago, during the last days of the XXth Century of the IInd Millenium, I decided to learn how to be a digital editor and a publisher of new audiovisual media.** Less than ten years later, I'm successful in that way. I've caught the goal. I was able to create books first, recently websites. But, since I wanted to make that at a high standard of quality, I had to afford the purchase of expansive tools. I invested thousands of euros in Apple computers, Adobe softwares, Japanese cameras and so forth... **My wife always threats on my eventual dramatic impulses "to burn my furniture" such as Bernard Palissy, the inventor of enamels.** How to avoid to ruin my family whereas, just a few days before le last Xmas Eve, I had to buy a new Apple monster because of a viral crash of the previous one occurring?

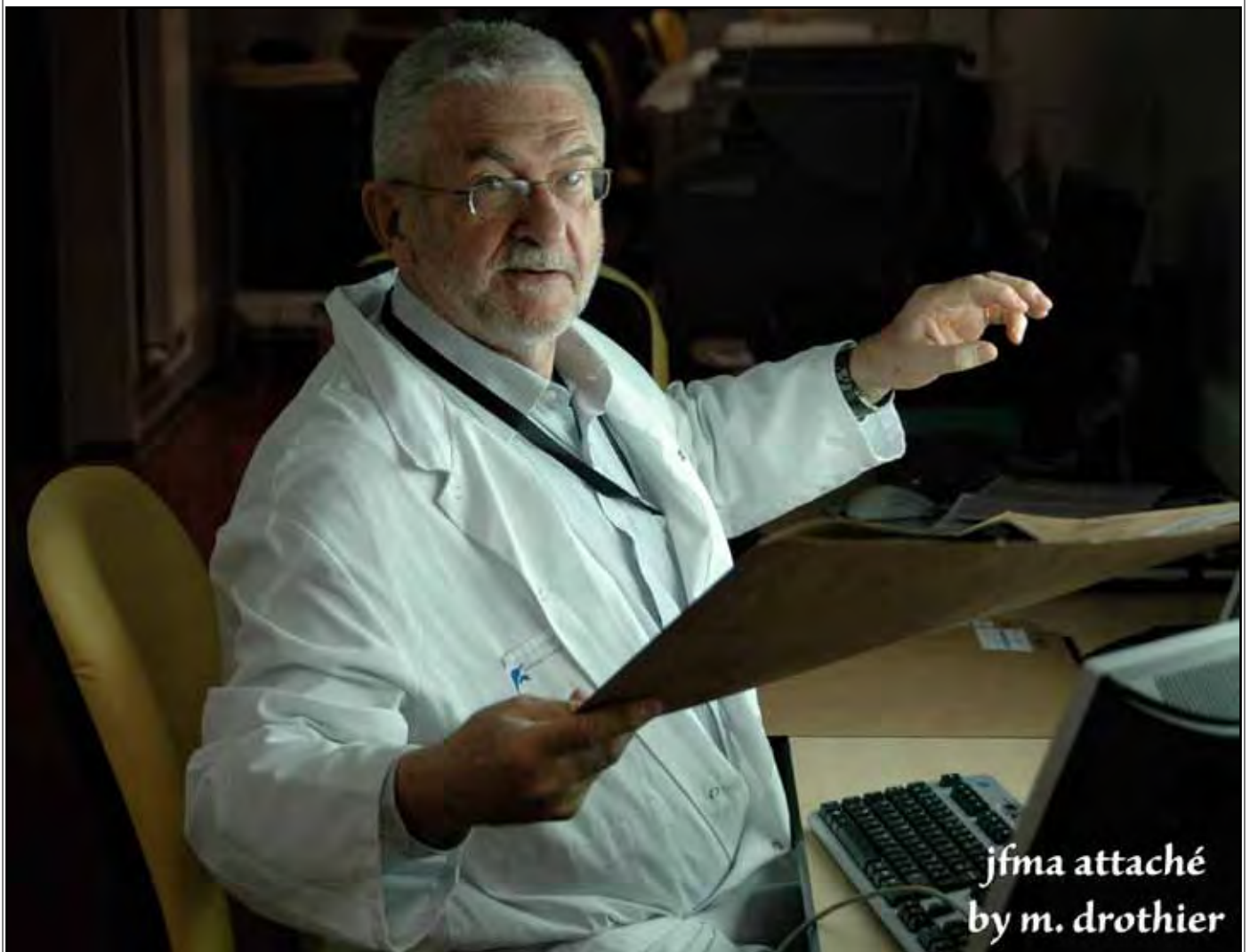
A new smart French law is changing the life of an active retired academic official subsided by his/her pension only. Until a recent past, to open a lucrative job was prohibited unless that individual accepts to withdraw the pension from his/her new income. Nowadays this is possible to draw

pension and salary (*cumul emploi-retraite*). **This is possible to create an entrepreneurial company without any asset starter (autoentreprise).** Moreover the government incitates the retired populations to get into it The procedure is the fasted one can imagine: starting at 8:30 a.m., it took me ten minutes to fill the file in the Internet website. At 8:40 a.m., a lady validated the procedure at the official desk. **JFMA. INTGENCE was open.** A few days later, I got the receipt from the administration with the sesame numbers. **Glory, glory alleluiah!** Grateful to Emperor Sarkozy I am since he gave me the tool for doing business without doing a PhD at the Harvard Business School. There is no cash in the machine but it is up to me to find the adequate business plant to feed it.

JFMA? J e a n - F r a n - ç o i s M a r i e A r t h u r M o r e a u . **IntGence ?** Is this arrogant to state my business is related with the ability of my brain to conceive bankable business only? **Intelligence** etymology is from a Latin word dealing with understanding, with varied shades according to its use by a French or an Anglo-Saxon. It is too long for a logo or a trade mark. **Int** may also abbreviate the word **international** as well. **Gence** means nothing in my mind. **IntGence aims to express something intellectual, intelligent, and international.**

What shall I offer? Liberal services indeed. First of all, editing and publishing digital books,

journals, newspapers, pamphlets, brochures, posters... all of these to be lookable at a computed screen as well as to be printable on paper. Four examples of journals are being published in June on www.jfma.fr that has become the official website of the enterprise JFMA.IntGence. The oldest is **“Le Connard décapitalisé”** which was conceived when the worldwide **“crisis”** had become hectic in Paris; it is supposed to screen the decisional staffs humoristically. **«DocMinet Gazette»** is a fold dedicated to Grominet, my cat compagnon of my daily life. **«Moreau-AIHP»** is a journal covering health topics. The three of them are published in French. **«IntGence»** is the English-speaking newspaper. **My personal concept of modern press is to offer all kinds of population a genuine support for their own publications.** Then the Internet would truly be the virtual intellectual blood of the **«World village»** its genitors aim to build almost half-a-century ago. **Mo-reanglish is the current language I use when I write or speak!** I invented it from the multiple kinds of idioms I used and listened to during my international life. Purists, please forgive me if you feel I’m insulting you. This is not my will. **All over the world, my interlocutors have said: “Your English amazes us but, we understand you!”.** This has been my major earnest desire. ■



JFMA Ancestors: Tharreau & Mathieu

Children Moreau have an ancestor from my father's branch, General Tharreau, whose name is printed on the marble of the Eastern pillar of the Arc-de-Triomphe de l'Etoile in Paris; he served during the Revolution in the Republican then the Imperial armies; he was killed at the battle of Moskova, when Emperor Napoleon I retreated from Russia during the terrible winter of 1813; his army was entrapped and flooded into the iced Berezina River broken by the Russian bullets. My grandmother's roots, Marie-Marguerite Mathieu, are from Alsace and Lorraine, both eastern provinces lost to Germany after the 1870 war; they went back to France at the end of World War I. She originates from Baron Mathieu de Mauvières who was nominated tutor of the first official bastard of Emperor Napoleon I, so-called Comte Léon who couldn't have a prestigious destiny after Waterloo and his father's destitution: to giving Léon a good education, my ancestor bought Cyrano de Bergerac's castle built in the Chevreuse Valley close to South West Paris. Her father, Médecin-Général Edouard Mathieu, was a military surgeon who died in 1913, after a very adventurous life ended as the Director of Val-de-Grâce, the prestigious military hospital of Paris; he started his career in Algeria - in Orléansville, now El-asna, the main city twice destroyed by earthquakes I visited when I was in Kherba; then he participated in the battles leading to the Independence of Italy by Garibaldi; he served as the surgeon of the Vatican's Zouave, the French Corps protecting the Pope; he headed the infirmary during the battle of Rheischoffen in 1870, the only heroic French episode of the disastrous Franco Prussian war won by Chancellor Bismarck who admired the bravery of the troop so much he rendered the territory of Belfort to the French as an homage; back to Paris, he directed the infirmary of the Val-de-Grâce during the first socialist revolution in the world, so-called "Commune de Paris" which inspired Karl Marx and Lenin; thereafter he went back to Algeria then in Tunisia where he featured the first modern medical administration of the Bey of Tunis. The latter work which prepared Nobel Prize Charles Nicolle's discovery of the typhus microbe was so successful that my ancestor was awarded Nikham Niftikar and the seven generations of children he engendered had been supposed to be protected against bad luck by gracious "baraka"; until now this is true! I belong to the third generation and whatever the severity of the troubles I was submitted for I've been able to overcome. As far as I can be aware of their destinies the other grandchildren sound to having been saved by such baraka heritage. I heard recently famous modist Yves Saint-Laurent is a "cousin" of mine born in Algeria when the Alsacian branch emigrated in 1870.

That page is extracted from the unpublished book «**I, Citizen of the World**», by Jean-François Moreau. reviewed by Prof GT Benness and Mrs Sie Ljungwe. The first ten pages are available in PDF at <http://www.jfma.fr/index.php?p=1->



10 juin 2009 - 10:00 a.m. - 16.5°C -

