Amédy's wife, spoke fervently about this when she arrived in Syria after her husband had taken her to Madrid, a few days before the Hyper Cacher killings. She had taken a plane to Turkey with the help of a dozen or so people making the same trip. In a telephone conversation intercepted by French intelligence, she offered her first impressions of the journey:

> Oh, the people I'm with.... They're treasures! I don't know how to explain it to you.... You really get the sense here that people aren't humiliated. Muslims here aren't humiliated. They live with their honor. They live with our religion. ... There's war, I won't deny it. ... No, where I am ... no, there's no war.... Where I am, it's secure.... Actually, the landscape is a bit like Algeria. There are no shopping centers or any of that.... The houses here are nothing like the houses in the *bled*.* ... The houses are really, really big here.... They're a lot more advanced here than in the *bled*. For example, there's Internet at home! There's a telephone! There's water every day![27]

Hayat's exhilaration evokes a new-found feeling of hospitality and recognition. For the children of immigrants, one shouldn't forget the physical pleasure of discovering new smells, colors, an evocative heat and light, without the discomfort of quasi-affiliation with the country of their parents. Hayat didn't go to Syria the same way she would go to Algeria – on vacation or out of family obligation. She was joining a cause, in a place that was something like a "super-*bled*," but without the accusatory glances of the *blédards*.† In short, she seems to feel "a lot more advanced." In the initial months after arrival, displays of rebirth proliferated on social media, at a time when those who went to Syria were still online. Such displays project the desire for Syria with tangible flesh, exemplary embodiment. And Hayat's travel to Syria, where she seemed to drop off the radar after a few months, was used to spur on the commitment of others. One can imagine that, for a time, she must have enjoyed her status as an international female martyr. Daesh didn't fail to capitalize on it, via an interview she gave to *Dar Al-Islam*, its official online French-language publication. Throughout her comments, the same obstacles that hamper reconversion and encourage departures for Syria could be seen: the prevalence of the comfort of de-intellectualization over critical re-intellectualization. ("Of course, we do need science in general but,

* The family village in Algeria.
† Inhabitants of the *bled*, or family village.

praise be to God, Allah generally made the Koran and the Sunnah clear and easy to understand."[28])

Together: the spectacle of morality and its stronghold

One of the strengths of jihadism is that it is a "star machine," in David Thomson's phrase, with untouchable icons (Bin Laden, the "old-timer"), generational heroes (Anwar Al-Awlaki, the son of Yemeni diplomats who lived in the lap of luxury in the United States), controversial figures (Omar Omsen, a native of Nice), and "guy next door" celebrities. These different status grades combine to form a field of passions that sets agendas and defines practices for a whole audience. In the imaginary of rebellion, the contrast between the star's power of visibility and the media coverage of the faceless jihadi rioter is striking.[29]

Islamist propaganda notwithstanding, jihadists aren't pure martyrs. The glorification of their deaths in battle has more to do with the current zeitgeist than with the Prophet. Zygmunt Bauman notes that conceptions of injustice have evolved through a succession of four figures: the martyr, the hero, the victim, and the celebrity. Although the martyr acts out of loyalty to the group, he undertakes a solitary sacrifice. He seeks moral redemption: it is a selfish act. Heroes, by contrast, are servants of a higher cause. The hero is prepared to die usefully: it is an altruistic act on behalf of a community. The victim, in turn, finds suffering intolerable: he seeks compensation by singling out a guilty party. The celebrity, finally, cultivates notoriety because that is what is valued; the particular nature of his actions doesn't really matter. Celebrities are competitive without being in competition. The glory of one doesn't negate that of others. According to Bauman, "liquid modernity" scrambles these traditional distinctions, so that "the most despairing and desperate among the besieged [...] are execrably distorted mutants [of these categories]."[30] The jihadist fighter seems to fit this description: a combination of the selfish pursuit of salvation, altruistic sacrifice, restitution for collective suffering, and a desire for fame.

This "mutant" combination serves as a reminder that departures for Syria cannot be reduced to a mere generational attraction to nihilistic glorification of death. Though death in battle is an integral part of the path taken by those who go, it nevertheless remains a means, not an end in itself. Promises of rewards in the afterlife – sometimes quite materialistic, such as the "72 virgins" in paradise for boys – demonstrate this to the point of absurdity. The attitude toward death