

who wanted to do an attack but he didn't do anything. The guy was in the cell below me. He kept yelling "Allah whatever" to his buddy above him, for hours! Fucking attack on my eardrums, it drove me crazy. I caught up with him later. I couldn't take it anymore with his goddam screaming! Those guys haven't done anything, they haven't seen life, they've never gone on vacation, they've never worked. There's this little idiot who wanted to go: he got five years and you can tell he's devastated, poor guy. He's still here but he's not holding up. Being surrounded by nutcases isn't helping! In 10 years, things are gonna blow, that's for sure. When you're working, you don't notice this mass of sadsacks, 'cause they're all scattered, but here there's a mass of them. I'm telling you, it's Guantánamo! When they talk to each other, they find out that one of them knows somebody who knows so-and-so, but they didn't realize it before they got to prison! And then there's the ones who come back, a lot of them are determined. Those guys have nothing to lose. Nobody wants to be with them. They're silent. They've seen things that the clowns from the hood haven't. In here, they're not tempted: they don't see girls, they're not drinking alcohol, there's no sinful stuff, so they're all snug in their beliefs ...

FT: What about you, why won't you get hooked in?

Marley: They're idiots. I like life too much, even if it's shit. But really it's for my mother. If she dies, I'm sure I could do some crazy shit. What I know is that I'm just so tempted to get back into *le business*: there's a guy in my old cell who's in contact with a cartel in Africa, which means we can bring in whatever we want. When I changed buildings, I met another guy who has an in with a customs agent. So I've got two pieces of the puzzle, I just need to get back into the scene. There are guys who'll offer you 800,000-euro scores. That makes you think.... If the piece of shit who put me in jail pays me 50,000 euros when I get out, I'll go off to the country and live my life. If not, I don't know what I'll do to him, but he'll disappear from the face of the earth: I've got too much hate, I think about it every day. That's all I care about.

FT: You still think it's the neighborhood that made you like this?

Marley: It's worse than that. The neighborhood screwed me.

The second zone is a confluence. The "terro" crews ape those of *le business*: exclusivity, mutual acquaintance, clandestinity, determination, plans. Prison seems to activate what was already there in embryo ("they didn't realize it before they got to prison"; "there's a mass"; "they're all snug in their beliefs"). While different loyalties seem to separate the "terros" from the "bangers" (the buddy of "Allah whatever" versus Monique, who, incidentally, doesn't visit Marley, on his orders), they aren't the only obstacle between Marley and

the "nutcases." He remains too attached to material life (the desire for money, plans with Manda, his girlfriend, *le business*, etc.) to be captured by the power of the Muslim floating political imaginary. His sociological reflexivity also seems to protect him, despite his greater pessimism ("The neighborhood screwed me"). For example, it allows him to distinguish between the candidates for departure, whom he identifies by their inexperience ("they haven't seen life, they've never gone on vacation"), and those who've fought for real. The former he sees as more ridiculous than dangerous. While he doesn't hesitate to confront the self-proclaimed "terro," to pay him back for "attack[ing his] eardrums," he avoids the ones who are "determined." Still, time in prison risks doing its work, he says ("[it] isn't helping"; "In 10 years, things are gonna blow").

It's this particular test of time that changes the returned, who come back with the imprint of prolonged combat experience. Their new aspirations remain jumbled and they're not all equally engaged by the authorities. The returnees are no longer the people they were when they left.³⁵ By the time they got to the Bataclan, Foued Mohamed-Aggad, Ismaël Omar Mostefai, and Samy Amimour were no longer merely idealistic moralists, "cats" seeking to become "lions" or "clowns from the hood." They had survived more than two years in Syria. These were soldiers. They had learned how to plan, to execute, to go all the way. Such dispositions weren't foreign to Amédy. While few "lions" leave for Syria, Bülent, the friend of Amédy and Adama, was an exception. An established crew leader and tower of muscles, he is said to have arranged his flight toward death in advance, entrusting his savings and equipment to a neighborhood friend who would later rejoin him in Syria. He is also said to have discussed his desires with Amédy. Is there something like a "network," then? Why did Bülent leave while Amédy stayed? And what does it mean to be *at war, over here?*

"I am Amédy": at war, over here

Whatever might be said in jihadist encomiums to the grand battle, carrying out an attack in France is an act that differs significantly from leaving for Syria. So far, it has been carried out by a small number of individuals, all with identical profiles: boys from the *cité* with immigrant backgrounds, in their twenties and thirties, trapped in the second zone.³⁶ That includes Amédy, the first person to have claimed an attack in France in the name of Daesh. The media afterlife