

## THE FIRST TIME

It was towards the end of the summer of 1979 while he was on holiday in Brittany that Egbert took an interest, somewhat seriously, in the question of the Great King of Terror. Lying on a portable bed our protagonist was listening to Haine Doucement, a lady friend from the French West Indies who was at the time unemployed, reciting with a pronounced voice the Centuries of Nostradamus to help him win over his rebellious insomnia.

Egbert said; 'I was paying attention to her recitation but the remedy was worse than the illness. From there came to me the idea to get in touch again with a former member of the Ordre Hermetique de l'Hermine d'Argent, i.e. the OHHA [Silver Ermine Hermetic Order]. He was reputed to be knowledgeable on the theory of cycles and ages at the time the order was still functional - a theory that didn't do much for me who had enough difficulties to understand my biorhythms.'

The former member was not very young and people thought he was dead when Egbert somewhat miraculously managed to contact him via the phone, on a busy Friday. The druid refused a visit at his place but agreed to meet Egbert at a place where our protagonist, his occasional 'reader' from the West Indies and a comrade of the Front de Liberation de la Bretagne [FLB], nicknamed Dance a l'Ombre ['dancing under the shadows'], arranged a rendezvous.

Pensioner having worked for the Inspection Generale des Poudres et Salpetres [Powder and Salpetre General Inspection] at Brest's Arsenal, druid Goulvarc'h, who cultivated among other pathologies a mechanism of domination, was

nonetheless a pretty odd individual under whatever fashion one was going to reckon him. Egbert pretended to have been acquainted with the pensioner in the counter-culture movement of May 1968. In fact, as implied, Goulvac'h was really a former high-graded member of the OHHA and, quite likely, Egbert had the druid as his superior before our protagonist became, to the astonishment of everyone, the archdruid's appointed successor. Our hero was assigned by the archdruid to look after the dismantlement of the order.

This 26th of August 1979 was a day of burning temperature and Egbert and his mates were hiding in the iridescent commotion taking place in Vannes's railway station buffet. Out of the queue by the ticket office at about 2 p.m., a man with an immature face and wearing an athletics-like cap nearly brushed against our heroes. He raised his hand as if in a gesture of salutation.

Goulvac'h said: 'This ticket inspector is one of us as he comes from the Anthroposophy, you know, the movement founded by Rudolf Steiner. It is a good school even though there are happier glades. Steiner was a druid without knowing it. Have you kept your confidence in me?'

Goulvac'h had the grave look of a self-important maniac. A part of himself was dead due to an excess of associations but what was left functional of him might reveal itself to be useful.

Egbert said: 'I have always placed my trust in you and I knew without a doubt we would meet again. The focus of my preoccupation remains vast. For example right now what draws my attention is this issue of the Grand King of Terror predicted by Nostradamus. In your opinion, can we count on that?'

The druid gave a slap on the back of his right hand, squashing a little insect that might have landed there. Dance a l'Ombre with his monocle seemed as always athletic and solid. The Caribbean woman remained silent drinking her beverage made of coke and squash.

The druid said: 'My eldest son would answer you better than I. He has been for a few days engrossed in the prophesies of Merlin, oracles that he details according to their esoteric and numeral signification. Imagine that my son is adamantly convinced that planet Earth will not respect the cosmic order on the 11th of August 1999 at 12 hours 49 minutes.

This son was born a 20 January during the entry of the Sun into Aquarius at 10.19 p.m., year 560 of the invention of gunpowder—thus year 101 of the voting of the law dealing with railways in France as we were in a railway station, and consequently year 258 of the invention of the steam-engine; of such a set of extraordinary coincidences, Goulvac'h had foreseen his son to be endowed with an equally exceptional destiny. However, this forecast was getting late in manifesting itself.

The heat was so heavy that one would gladly slide into an icy and glyceric bath perfumed with Panama wood. "Meteques" in the Greek sense of the word [i.e. the foreigners established in Athens who had to pay tax and do their military service but who didn't have any city-zen rights; now it is a French word meaning half-caste but with a pejorative, if not racist, connotation] were passing by in a queue-like fashion, one behind the other pushing trolleys constellated with labels.

The druid said: 'I see some who will be soon the cause of many troubles.'

Egbert said: 'The worst is in man but also the best according to some claims.

Then one digs a hole and buries there one's secret. It's always the same story.'

Goulvac'h said: 'Who gives you the right to exhibit so subtle a scepticism?

The wanderer is like the grass that grows in the middle. If he doesn't really know good, at least he knows where evil is.'

Dance a l'Ombre sniggered, tumbling with "Glenfiddich" ice cubes in his hand.

Haine Doucement, who was not suffering from the heat, thought that what was

left for those three little pathetic white men to do was to manage to hold out

till the return of coolness in the evening enveloped in an arachnidean mist as

in Ossian. The nickname of Dance a l'Ombre came to the man with the monocle

because of his perfect mastery of the traditional step of the Breton dances

called 'gavottes', as well as his many sojourns in prison. The Caribbean

friend had on her maternal side African ancestors sold as slaves, and on her

paternal side some Irish deported to work in the sugar cane plantations of the

West Indies. It was Egbert who attached to her the nickname Haine Doucement,

because when he was telling her: 'I love you darling.' she was invariably

answering with a: 'I hate you my bastard.' And when he was moving his manhood

in the manner dinosaurs were moving their caudal appendix, before jumping onto

her prey to satisfy his libido, the unfortunate woman each time protested a:

'Gently, gently.'

Egbert asked: 'I need precision on my future. I have the strong impression of

being at a turning point, a cross-road.

The druid answered: 'Stay there. One could die because of this scorching heat.'

The heat-wave was continuing the day after and one talked about it everywhere. Here and there, among thick foliage, an intense light could be discerned. This 20 January-born son was going to drive in a second-hand car for 10 years. The vehicle was an 'Audi coupe rouge' [red cut Audi]. Lizards: small animals in walls' cracks. Frosty days were far away but they would return. Similar reoccurring still was better than the jokes about the inversion of the terrestrial poles causing a swell of 20 kilometres high at the speed of 20,000 kilometres per hour. Goulvac'h folded his journal on the pedestal table, wiped his ink-stained fingers and mopped his high and lumped brow. As to his belly predominant under the "Lacoste" shirt, it was moving limestone crust.

Egbert took from his worn out wallet an astrological map or horoscope drawn by one of his correspondents according to a method novel at the time, and using 14 signs—that is to say, to the twelve Zodiacal signs one was adding both the Whale and the Serpent. He held the document out to the druid to push the latter to fulfil Egbert's request.

Egbert said: 'I would be eternally grateful if you could draw the profile of my imminent future. It's great being able to direct one's steps along a line making sense. Then one builds for oneself a coherent identity.

Goulvac'h answered while taking the map: 'It's impossible because the cosmic atmosphere in which we live is constantly changing. What was valid yesterday ceases to be so today. This change is the main reason why many magic rituals

of which the potency was testified by Tradition do not yield the results they were geared to.'

Egbert found nothing to reply to this peremptory argumentation. Before being unemployed the Caribbean friend was dreaming of working behind the till in a supermarket. At the time she was singing in a pizzeria to help the obese digest their intake. This humming fantasy she was showing quickly got tiresome. Caterpillars, when they are put on a blackberry, often make the singular mistake of devouring the base of the leaf on which they are and consequently fall onto the ground. For quite a while too Dance a l'Ombre would earn very little, slowly and idling. A fine weather would help replenish the lofts provided that before nothing was eaten by the grasshoppers.

Goulvac'h said; 'You are confusing this country with Egypt. One has never seen any grasshopper in Brittany, even in times of persistent drought.

The percolator whistled as he was of the whistlers' kind. A big banner across the place de la Gare [railway station square] was advertising the "Foire Exposition Annuelle" [Annual Trade Fair] at the terrain du champs de Mars. There the Johnnies would sell their onions. Then they would get drunk. Wrack would be used for the manufacture of iodine. Brittany is poor. In those conditions the nutritive value of grasshoppers is not to be neglected. Americans, who already have obtained remarkable results with transgenetic soya, will do the same with the grasshoppers which they will help us acclimatize in great number.

Goulvac'h said, producing a little brass pendulum: 'My hobby is dowsing, not astrology as you seem to think. Besides, this horoscope is so peculiar that it can only be interpreted by its author.'

Egbert suggested: 'Then you might fathom its narrow potential with the immense abilities of your pendulum.'

The druid fell into the trap of this suggestion as bold as it was ironic. He let his pendulum running on the sheet laid flat on the marble pedestal table. No doubt about it, that was definitely the reason for Goulvac'h to be with our protagonist today, for after a while he said: 'You are indeed at a turning point ... The path opened before you will be richer in the spiritual quest that shapes the axis of your existence ... For a long time you will be deprived of material goods ... This ordeal on the physical level will actually stimulate your evolution ... A more important turning point than the one now will have to be dealt with in some years to come and it will lead you to settle in a place the name of which begins with the letter T ... There you will discover something fundamental ... This area had been shed with the blood of martyrs a bit fishy ... There you will be also persecuted ... One will load you with an ignoble burden three moons of Tuesday ... one will even wish to see you erect a black velvet flag adorned with silver embroidery ...

Despite shocks, wounds and betrayals, you will reach your goal ... The cause you will serve is going to be threatened by impostors, usurpers, saboteurs and sold out folks that try to destroy the cause from the inside, infecting the heritage with magic, polluting it with phoney rituals ... you will not spare those strayers ... You will remain firm and discreet ... Your disciples, your satellites, those haunted by renewal will suddenly change everything for the One to Come ... In the nerve of things turned upside down,

air will be poured into water ... After these unparalleled stormy years, you will obtain felicity ... Those who find right now their comfort in the hope of such outcome will be the subject of a royal metamorphosis ... You will gain glory from this emptiness, without any other future than serving the gods ... At a cross-road on your map I notice it was written that 'There will come a man whose surname and common name will etymologically refer to the BROIGNE and the axe and who ...'

There Goulvac'h went silent and as abruptly stopped the dowsing. He returned to Egbert the map after having creased it a bit in a gesture as if intending to destroy it. The druid's face was pallid and he was trembling. One could get worried over it. What did Goulvac'h know to be scared in such a way? The dreadful death of the hero? The ultimate rebirth of what the gods have overthrown? A cataclysm come through new sciences in which all power of expression would be lost? The battle of the birch and a total collapse plaguing the inenarrable or their complete victory? 'One can never be sure of the worst' was eventually insinuated by the old man. Egbert had to be content with that as the good mood left Goulvac'h. Both other protagonists were looking elsewhere, i.e. the willingly mocking Dance a l'Ombre and the woman from the French West Indies who never again will ask herself: 'For whom am I waking up this morning?'

Egbert changed the conversation: 'I believe you come from there,' showing with his finger a poster under glass fixed to the wall in an aluminum frame. It was not far away from the shores where the City of Ys is located according to Legend. The druid raised his concave profile towards the picture. Egbert's guess was exact but Goulvac'h had not gone back there for ages. Since the end



of the 10th century, the locals slowly had acquired comfortable houses due to mastering the seas. There were sailors and pirates among Goulvac'h's ancestors. Quickly he became passionate with the time switch of fireworks. No reckless fellow would dare to bully him. As an adolescent, he distinguished the rot in the souls while avoiding the freshness of his heart to be affected by it.

The pensioner said at last: 'As a child I inquired the rocks, the steeply-sloped shores, the sharply inclined cliffs and the dikes erected with God's grace and the perspiration of all.'

Everyone else remained silent.

Goulvac'h resumed his train of spoken thoughts: 'And guess what! Not once the wings of nothingness have brushed against me. Everywhere the sea throws its waves and crystal horses fall from their mane. Their sonorous neigh and the manner in which they move their ears suck the wind up and swell their nostrils. Everything show that they are at ease there, even in the moments of the most perfect and flat quietness.'

He was forgetting the beautiful blue light that has a balancing effect on the sensitive one and also helps one sleep, especially if the patient lies down his head to the north. Then the stall of the incoming tide and the flow, the stall of the juicing will stop the brutal momentum of the primitive waters. Endlessly stumbling against this low horizon where the roots grow slowly, both his wife and children wanted to make most of a non-threatening beach. They went to mix with the sun-bathing crowds at Saint Brevin Les Pins in the far south of Brittany. Before dying of a heart attack, Goulvac'h was to entrust his will to the side of an empty bottle trimmed with solidly plaited wicker.

The flows and incoming tides will lay the bottle on some future beach adorned with chic and expensive pines.

Egbert returned to the question of the King of Terror only to be met with the druid's confessed ignorance of everything that might irrefutably confirm the date—Goulvac'h was intensely afraid of May 2001. He also remained silent concerning the famous inversion of 1999/666.1, that is to say year one of the Age of the Antichrist. On the other hand, he was adamant that none of the Grand King's journey was foreseen in Celtic land, a hunch that was to be confirmed by the Kelc'hier of Laz. Admittedly, the King leads history, is at the centre of things and devastates the world but not in the Gaelic and Prythonic areas. Why? Only God knows. Egbert was to admit his project of writing about it and the fear that was to stop him from doing so twenty-one years before the possible event.

Goulvac'h said; 'One must banish fear, as it is likely to stop you doing what you have to do. Remember that your ancestors shrank from writing. Let's be faithful to them at least on this point. As to prophecies, one must wish for catastrophes that are destined to happen, first because they are willed by the gods, then so that they definitely occur.'

Egbert said: 'I promise to make an effort. My education was a proof of the futility of speech, a bit like the political slogans quoted to us and that are far less than the natural cry coming out of the pig's snout. When I was very young, frantically thirsty for a way out, I had first been seduced by seeking for the Eternal in the living and tangible perfection; but this only was going to last till the time when, venturing at GJALLARBRU, and then, leaning, I saw the river of the world taking away the drowned of the two banks.'

The druid said: 'How can you be so naive? On the one hand I can only compare you to those degenerate aristocrats of Western France who long for a comfortable retirement preferably quilted in silk machine-stitched in old gold, and cultivating the affection of innocent solitary virgins ignoring the ancestral warnings. On the other hand anyone who believes in triple meanings prophecies has nothing to fear or hope, fixed as he is in a bottomless expectation.'

Pious Dance a l'Ombre with the bitter sniggering took advantage of the situation to place his speech on the illusions and weaknesses of regionalism. One must be done with this disgrace that pagans have to be put off, contradicted, refuted, smashed to pieces and made to suffer. The true faith must be reborn amongst the active ones of the tribe, so that again may be heard the roar of the struggles for liberation. Already our gods, believed to be buried under heavy paving stones, are actually breathing with increasing strength and the heart beating with life blablabla.

All of a sudden a "hypocricide" asexual mask could be seen in the smooth-contour dormer window behind the spot where were standing the denigrators of the one having a donkey for a coach. Smoke came out of both mouth and nostrils of this face transparent one moment and again fully visible. Around the dormer window walls were like plants. The mask's skin was so torn apart that one could distinguish the bones. Will gathering and hunting come back after the time of the Grand King of Terror? In the ordinary times, could a chaotic agitation erupt from the amphora? And if the answer is positive, how will this green crystal cup escape from the clutches of a power one must never

call upon in a loud voice? Noticing the mask among the signs where it, like a bulb, will be, Haine Doucement would shiver and become pallid under the observance of Goulvac'h.

The druid would say: 'That is not good for women. It would be more appropriate for them to do the weaving.'

In any case, there was still underground activity in the clandestine militants' hideaways.

The pensioner said: 'You are not meant to be with those bawlers. Drop them as you've got better things to do than answering the call of the dogs in the fallow fields.'

Dance a l'Ombre replied: 'But at least agree with me that it is urgent to cleanse this country in particular and the Celtic lands in general of all the filth accumulated for two thousand years of false life at the service of things, ideas and people that were not and will never be our kind.'

The druid answered hammering the marble pedestal table with his lighter: 'All those who claim here and there and preach the Revolution are tinkling like tin.'

'You're afraid for your old age pension.'

'What? Not at all. But your opinion comes too late; it's the fly on the empty bulb.'

One could evidently pile up mephitic stones, block one's nostrils and pretend that the smoke did not smell bad, that it was enriching the top of the range perfumery. Ah! Let's clean out those naughty stains. Let's clean out with

the censored sponge of Arletty in 'LE JOUR SE LEVE' ['The day rises']. And that this country be held at a suitable distance so that it functions again like a myth and gives hope.

The pensioner added with a challenging look: 'It is childish to believe that evil, misery and suffering are simply the outcome of existing social structures and that it is enough to disrupt society to guarantee the world's happiness.'

Dance a l'Ombre replied: 'Why not? DIANTECHT's sons claimed to be doctor, able to turn the black sheep' feet into white and the white sheep' feet into black. Goulvac'h said: 'When you leave this place, take the left and you will come upon one of the most beautiful French statues. It is a work depicting Louis Pasteur, a patriot famous for the invention of the vaccine against the cholera affecting farm hens.'

Goulvac'h didn't know how right he was while he extinguished his "Malboro" cigarette butt in the Ricard-labelled ashtray. A few days later a terrorist bombing by some friends of Dance a l'Ombre exploded the statue depicting Louis Pasteur. The media comment on the attack was: 'Inexplicable! Outrageous!'

Two days after the infamy, some officers from the Service De Deminage Du Laboratoire Municipal De Vannes [Vannes Council Laboratory Bomb Disposal Service] defused another bomb in the left-luggage office of the railway station, extremely close to where our friends had had their conversation. A shiver of retrospective fear shook the druid so strongly and for so long that he took more than a year before mentioning it, on a postal card depicting the Chapel of Kernascleden, to his younger and dear daughter who was professor of Latin at Amsterdam.

All this didn't stop either the uncommon importance of 1999 in Nostradamus or the great calamities that would come with the huge number of people destined to the rubbish bin for what they have done to the Earth.

But time was running. At present Goulvac'h was impatiently glancing at the clock in the bar. He did walk quite a distance to come there. He was going to leave by taxi. Travelling never changes anybody, especially when the limits were imposed by the knees affected by osteoarthritis. All of a sudden an old Breton peasant woman, whose face was fairly fossilized and the hair resembling brambles, showed the sweating customers her little basket containing plastic roses.

She said: 'Pretty flowers to buy, ladies and gentlemen, pretty flowers to buy.'

And as the Caribbean friend, delightful chatterbox but venomously jealous, with her shoe pushed the old woman away, so the poor vendor stepped closer to the three men, produced a bunch of roses revealing a pack of crinkled negatives. She said with a voice both low and strident: 'I've got here naturist photographs. Not touched up. Pictures of pretty girls in the nude and pictures of naked boys.'

Soft consternation. Precious oddities in the lightness of existence. Is man only a digestive tube? If the answer is positive, can one put into this cavity a fresh rose adorned with futile petals? There are voids filled in with inadequate substitutes. Dance a l'Ombre, shamed by his impatience, in his turn so to speak pushed away, but in a harder fashion, the BECASSINE, that

he nearly took by the wrist, towards the next table. [BECASSINE was a cartoon character—a racist representation of a Breton peasant women by the French; it also means 'silly little girl']

Embarrassed silence ...

Brief silence (one could notice she was not short of customers). Then Goulvac'h got up, put his hat made of Italian straw on his bumped high brow, took the ice bucket, moved his little finger and the obsequious waiter greedy for a tip stepped towards our protagonists.

Goulvac'h said: 'Young man, could you tell me why in this bucket, labelled as strawberry perfume, I have found a cherry? Is the label wrong or what?'

The waiter didn't know anything about it. He was a student from Alsace working in his holidays to pay for his studies.

He said: 'I don't understand.'

He was visibly overwhelmed by this bigarreau.

The druid, furious, was choking. He did not value the unexpected, the unusual and the mysterious. If you feed a police constable with both the crumb of the loaf and starchy food, he becomes adipose. The Infant Jesus' circumcision is one of the fractions that forced the guardians of the calendar to resort to various expedients. Was Eva Braun smoking cigars like the CARMENCITA of Merimee? The swimmer carried by the fresh tongue of seaweed risks his life more often than he dares to admit. Why changing the nature of things? Ruins will reconstruct themselves. Haine Doucement gone to the toilets with a short skirt came out wearing a pair of jeans. Dance a l'Ombre was already outside and Egbert was paying the drinks.

'It's a fraud, a knavery, a swindle!' So screamed the furious druid to the face of a waiter taken aback.

#### V THE SPACE VIKINGS

According to areas and cases UFOs are sometimes parodies of authentic celestial manifestations, but one cannot deny a priori the possibility of extra-terrestrial contacts in the gross universe, the skies of which are powdered with countless stars. If the beings who populate this universe are diverse and might have other senses than ours and different shapes, how many worlds are there, conform to the way life manifests biologically in our world, spread in the billions of suns in our galaxy? This galaxy—the Milky Way—is absolutely second-rate in a section of space where humans are enumerated by the billions. As to planet Earth, it is only a banal planet of a solar system biologically one of the poorest seeing that it comprises only this planet peopled with humans (and the rest).

What is the teaching of the Nordic tradition on the origin of this populating? It says this: At the dawn of the moment (IN ILLO TEMPORE) of the creation of man, two gods, ODINN and HOENIR as well as LOKI came out of ASGARDR crossing mountains and desert regions. This day in this inhospitable country and before the encounter with the herd of oxen, the eagle and the subsequent story, the three powers were going to form on their way a couple of living beings from both a thistle (TISTILL) and a branch of mistletoe (ASKR). On the evening of the same day, while LOKI released by the eagle, far from his morning companions who have replaced him with another ASE met with on the road, got back on his own to GODHEIMR in order to get LDUNN from there with



his apples of youth, ODINN, HOENIR and LODURR fashion from two blocks of wood found by the shore a second couple, ASKR (ash tree) and EMBLA (elm).

From the latter come the people of the rune AR:

A (ASKR) (10) + E/ISS (EMBLA) (9) = 19 = 1+9 = 10 = (AR)

From the couple previously made of both a mistletoe stem and some thistle come all the others:

T (TISTILL) (3) + M (MISTIL) (14) = 17 = 1 + 7 = 8 = (NAUD)

Since this immemorial epoch the descendants of both stocks populate all the planets suitable to human life, i.e. planets analogous to planet Earth. On some of those the "AR" have won the battle for supremacy and there are no "NAUD" left at all. On others it is the opposite. There is a third case that include the planets like ours where the outcome of the struggle remains uncertain.

This manner of envisaging everything under an aspect of opposition, this 'agonic' acceptance of the relational is not surprising. In the Nordic worldview peace is always the most desirable state as the norm is dominated by non-peace, i.e. war.

One could substantiate this assessment of the situation with many examples.

Let's content ourselves with contemplating 'the profound and hard natural law in which all creatures, including plants, have combat strategies the ones against the others for both space and the receiving of sunlight.' No doubt, interaction between living beings is not solely made of devouring, conflict, competition, degradation and depredation, but it also consists of solidarity, interdependence and complementarity although that takes only the second place as taught by experience and the Sagas, albeit the latter must be read with

circumspection, as they reveal an abnormal exasperation of both sentiments and attitudes that correspond to the late and decadent epoch of the Teutonic peoples, when was prevailing the tendency both God-forgetting and descending that was destroying in the Nordic man the sense of the links connecting him with the gods, and subsequently was loosening the virtue of association and community, while the divinity of one's own choice was not anymore the faithful friend of which one expects—was expecting—everything.

If by—Nostradamus—quoted—'Peuple Infini' [infinite people] are designed the descendants of stock A ("AR"), then this population should in spite of everything and after all be the majority in the whole of the planet Earth-like worlds. Our planet would receive visitors belonging to both stocks that live on it. Without looking further back in time, it is from Word War Two that the sightings of flying vehicles and beings stranger to the Earth have grown in number. Those observations imply the existence of distinct extra-terrestrial 'races' but it is easy from it to formulate a 'binary division' conform enough to the reality of the situation. On one hand one is dealing with the 'POLARIENS' ['Polarians'], the 'UMMITES', the 'Talls', etc; on the other hand we have the 'little green men', the dragonians and the lizards, the short Grays, etc.

There are no UFO landings that occur at random. As regards knowing the exact region from which come those who thus periodically visit the Earth—this planet which is not a mere port of call for one or the other 'species' as it is a pawn on the chess of a war to conquer the worlds— the planetary and galactic origins are inevitably diverse, to whatever stock they belong. Concerning those of stock A, Egbert knew exactly what he was dealing with. It was

besides marked on one of the stones along with the rock adorned with YGGDRASILL, the Nordic Tree of Life.

Our protagonist said: 'It was the first to be investigated at the very beginning, in a grandiose serenity, whilst the Sun descending below the horizon was shining upon the gloomy garden. This stone bore the crude line of a heart of HRUNGNIR—that must not be confused with the 'Noeud Des Occis' [the knot of the slain]—design with three points garnished with attributions impossible to translate taking into account the poor knowledge at my disposal back then.'

On one of the points of this heart of HRUNGNIR, thus, one could notice a group of runes pertaining to the TYS AETT, that is to say, TYR, BJARKAN, MADHR, LOGR, YR. This was referring, among other things, to the four manifestations of one and the same force, i.e. TYR, the 'basic universal energy' used also for the 'propulsion' of UFOs; thus four derived forces rediscovered by profane science with difficulty and that, according to it, explain at the same time the behaviour of both atoms and stars, the disintegration of elementary particles and the movement of galaxies in the relative immensity of the physical universe.

BJARKAN: strong nuclear force maintaining the cohesion of the atomic core for, if it was loosening, the Earth and the gross universe would turn into a vapour of 'quark'.

MADHR: weak nuclear force such as thermonuclear fusion at the origin of solar radiance.

LOGR: gravity, force of gravitation.

YR: electromagnetic force, force of atomic attraction.

The ancient wisemen of the North have observed the macrocosmic sky in order to examine all the changes in it. Equipped with a scalpel of light, they became rapidly able to understand the web of the physical universe, noticing the constant principles of the worlds existing thanks to an intense and diverse energy. Like us but better than us, with the naked eye, the Vikings were noticing in the transparent and moonless night the milky dots spreading in the stellar blackness; they were observing the coiled up streaks of the resoluble nebula. Using a curious measuring instrument called SOLARSTEINN made from a combination of Swedish tourmaline, Icelandic spar and iolite from Oslo giving the device its optical properties, they scrutinized those stars diamonding both the Milky Way and the clouds of Magellan, and from their skywatch at those inferior levels the Vikings had a better cosmic understanding than us, since Fraunhofer, equipped with our ultra-sophisticated machines the enormity of which dwarfs us and turns the former human master into a slave.

Aeons ago, beings from other worlds visited the Earth. A fewer, i.e. nor more than today in statistical terms, were going to cross terrestrial skies during the Viking Age. Are we allowed to mention three marginal allusions? At the time when Jorund Bairded Beard and his intrepid companions occupied Taillebourg in the French province of Saintonges, a landing of the HIMINMOGO would occur at the spot on which was later established Taillebourg's former fairground. Another landing was going to happen, witnessed by an attentive

Rabelais who was residing in the small town after his flight from Maillezais abbey.

Closer to us timewise, the manifestations of 'space Vikings' were going to reach a peak in Northern Europe from 1981 to 1985 (ARENDALE, HESSDALEN, etc.), especially in Norway where Christians claim that the attempts to burn wooden churches, as in the VARG VIKERNES affair for instance, are due to the 'bad advice' given by those 'Vikings' to certain neo-pagan 'contacted' individuals.

#### VI A PROUD FUCKER

Egbert settled at Taillebourg to his detriment. He bought there a detached house of a repairer of old rattletraps belonging to the Club Des Vieilles Soupapes Du Val De Saintonge (Saintonge Valley Old Valves Club). His surname was Bertilo. The house Egbert was going to buy was Bertilo's second home till the day he, a born DIY man having made up a UFO detector, saw a flying object. It happened during a fine night of June while the terrestrial crust's heat was radiating in the darkness of the firmamental crystal. The device's ring started to chime furiously in the bedroom looking onto the garden. This was the room where the Bertilo slept very soundly. It was about 4 a.m. that, mixed with the ringing, could be heard from outside a strange noise, weak and muffled, 'as if some animal was beating the ground with its tail.' Mrs Bertilo got up first, put on a quilted dressing gown the sleeves of which one could take down, and half-opened the solid wood shutters. For several minutes she was paralysed and dazzled by a deep red brilliance turning gradually into a blinding white. The light was emanating from a 'ball', roughly 10 meters in diameter, in the bottom of the plot of land. Her vision confused, Mrs Bertilo

noticed 'humanoid' outlines moving around the ball. The silhouettes were wearing 'tall horns' - similar to the ones adorning the Viking helmets discovered in a Danish marsh in 1942, the helmets of VIKSO. The light streaming forth through the half-opened shutters impregnated the room to such an extent that after the furniture was to remain phosphorescent-like for more than two hours. Before shutting again the window, the dumbfounded couple saw the craft cut its luminous beam and speedily taking off in the darkness before disappearing in the sky already growing pale.

The Bertilos would never recover from their meeting with this strange incident. Sometimes later Mr Bertilo suffered from a grave heart attack compelling him to stop his occupation of mending old bangers. He was off sick for an indefinite period. Eventually they sold the house, bought a caravan and fled to the Pyrenees to exhaust the range of transient pleasures pertaining to tripping in the mountains. This unusual story of a UFO visitation had incited Egbert among other things to buy the quiet dwelling situated, in all likelihood, in a zone of communication and secret call for the 'Space Vikings', the only extra-terrestrials who do not collaborate with any of the present governments on Earth. After his minimum renovation of the house he had just acquired—the abode was located on the exact spot where the Normands, coming from the river with their raid ships, slaughtered Taillebourg's runaways in mid-April 845—Egbert undertook some research on the market town's Viking past. That was the original purpose that pushed our protagonist to settle down there. The task was going to be a waste of time causing Egbert to perspire for forty two months so to speak.

There are in France 36,000 districts, as much as there are cheese

specialities. They are all located in true dreamy bowers, populated by folks having the heart at the right place and giving the impression of the world being ultra-healthy. Taillebourg, affected by its long history, keeps honourably its rank among this picturesque conglomerate. Here, originally, the village was not a geopathogenic area, although the local cliffs have always been unstable, the strongest of them having faults in which water runs through, which make them unsuitable for the burying of industrial waste.

I asked Egbert, without too much awkward precision if, apart from his being shot at, his getting beating up when both his glasses and dental bridge got broken, his being stolen of his ULYSSE NARDIN chronometer— those being a few instances of small comical occurrences and captivating anecdotes peopling his everyday life—he had suffered the shifty hostility of UTGARDALOKI and his extra-terrestrials of the Outer Zone, as they were relentlessly and systematically doing their best to make it impossible for the ASATRUARAR any novel introduction in the Ancestors' Heritage, the ARFLEIDING.

Egbert said: 'That did happened. Diaphanous at the beginning and suffocating at the end, till it was impossible for me to continue my research owing to this 'additional watch' over my 'working site' eventually closed down by an intimidating and clinical erasement of prodigious rigidity.

Then followed some 'twinges of conscience' on golden tigrine from which, if pushed in this direction, one could draw all the moulds of lugubrious situations one could wish for, and moreover provided with a label. It was a conclusion in the form of a 'blood and ash' bouquet: LAETDUNT OMNES, ULTIMA NECAT.

But our audacious investigator also found what he was seeking for, and even more. In the stock of secondary information to our hero's disposal, there were enough material that could have been used to, for instance, diversify the town's programme of historical representation in the tourist season. It was proper to take items from this surplus. Egbert took the initiative of speaking to the mayor about his project. The mayor was to grant our protagonist a discreet discussion in which the 'town's first magistrate' boasted without restraint his efforts in promoting a quality son et lumiere display at the castle of Taillebourg, but he didn't touch on, head-on at least, the introduction of a Viking chapter in those festivities; the mayor seemed indifferent to the issue. Was this non added up proposition a common sense one?

Egbert said: 'Mr A.T. breathed in a puff of this pipe before answering off the point or in set language. I would have preferred a frank and massive 'No'. But everything that happens against the secret helps make it realised.'

Egbert knew one could shamelessly use the victory of Saint Louis over the English; he also did not ignore that the victory of Charlemagne over the Saracen was not employable; but it was an insoluble mystery as to why there were such an ostracism imposed upon the Viking period.

Egbert said rather morosely: 'During those short minutes when I was Noticing the mayor's reluctant manners, I was agreeably enlightened so to speak by the looks democratically uneasy he was casting upon MARIANNE's bust [Marianne is a female figure symbolising the French Republic the same way Britannia represents Britain], but also and above all I was catching sight of how his



right hand was clenching a little engraved box made of silver, round and flat. Later I was going to mention it to a comely person whom I believed to be a member of a regional cultural association, and she stood rigidly and surprised although that did not last long, suggesting quickly in moving her hands that it must have been the famous case containing a hair lock of the head of Geoffroy Rancon. The hair lock would have been recovered by his young female favourite Gabrielle Jarron des Ormeaux the day when Geoffroy had his mop, moustache and beard cut on a platform to the view of all the soldiers at the beginning of August 1242. I must relate here the anecdote for those, very rare, who might have forgotten it.

Geoffroy V de Rancon in his personal hatred against the Earl de la Marche, that is to say Hugues de Lusignan, from whom he was gravely insulted, had sworn to let both his hair and beard grow until vengeance was to be executed. Joinville thus reports the details: 'Pour un grant oultraige que le comte de la Marche lui avait fait, avait jure sur sains qu'il ne serait jamais roignez en guise de chevalier mes porteroit greve aussi comme les femmes fescient jusques a tant qu'il se verrait venquie du comte de la Marche ou par lui ou par aultrui.' (1)

The opportunity for retribution presented itself during the famous battle of the 22nd and the 24th of July 1242, that commenced on Taillebourg's bridge and finished under Saintes's walls with the defeat of Henri III's Englishs and their French allies. The discomfiture was inflicted by the troops of Louis IX, i.e. Saint Louis. Then the Lord of Taillebourg, that is to say Geoffroy de Rancon, who took side with the strongest after a long and cautious wait, could at last savouringly carry out his revenge. For seven years he cut neither

hair nor beard and dressed in women's clothes till vengeance be done.

This Geoffroy V, who passed away full of glory and trophies and missed by many of his subjects, ordered a platform to be constructed at the conclusion of this victory in order to get both his hair and beard trimmed to the view of his army. Then he divested himself of the feminine attire exposing his naked body and erect manhood to the sight of all the military and civil attendance. The attendants kneeled and covered their face with a piece of clothe brought for the occasion, save the ecclesiastical authorities, as they alone had the right to observe the scene from beginning to end in order to attest that the lord of Rancon didn't take advantage of the situation to offer an unprecedented oblation to Satan, father of lies and illicit voluptuousness. Exempt from covering their faces were the legitimate spouse and his three concubines who joined him on the platform. Geoffroy honoured them one after the other in the 'natural vase' but each one of them in a different position, and as was going to be told by the good folks, it was assuredly a great marvel that such a high personage in the past reputed as 'the proud fucker', but who, following his vow including carnal abstinence, had done voluntarily without copulation for seven years, could again fornicate with four women without going limp.

Priest Derbord in the twenties of the 20th century equipped Taillebourg church with a three-bells campanile (symbolising not the Holy Trinity but Geoffroy's 'TROIS-PIECES' or 'three-pieces') and his favourite meal in the fatty days consisted of ram's kidneys cooked in holy water and flavoured with a certain sauce. The clergyman was also the discreet teller of this miraculous story, and furthermore claimed that before fire was set on the platform covered with

both the trimmed hairs and the feminine rags worn by the lord of Rancon, his youngest concubine, i.e. Gabrielle Jarron des Ormeaux tenderly nicknamed by his noble lover 'Meschinette' , would have spirited a hair lock away, and it was this original curl, initially destined to be burnt but afterwards placed by her in a silver locket, that would have reached the notary Jean Bergier owner of Taillebourg's castle during the French Revolution. Ever since, malicious gossip upholds that Jean Bergier, with an amusing subtlety, would have found nothing at all in the ruins of the castle, and thus would have invented the whole story, and that moreover the hair lock in question really was only a few horse hairs from the tail of his favourite mare called Philange.

Egbert thus renounced his attempt to enrich Taillebourg with its Viking past uncovered by his research and, as he managed to find what he was seeking for, which was the reason why he came to the small town in the first place, he decided to sell his house and prepared to leave the area as it was useless to stay there any longer. But because of the unprecedented scale of the economic recession and the crisis affecting the property business, the sale of the accommodation started to drag on.

One day, in the small town's unique drugstore managed by Maurice P, one of Egbert's friends, both of them were talking about their projects. The shopkeeper was looking forward to his close retirement and our hero was considering the moment when he would be at liberty to publish something on his discovery. In the shop where both men were cheerfully conversing, a third man with a deceitful smile on his pale lips was listening attentively to the discussion.

I asked at this stage in our talk: 'Was there not an unspeakable secret to divulge on no account to anyone? Didn't you have to keep your mouth absolutely shut under pain of the direst consequences associated every 14 days?'

Egberd said: 'Indeed, the secretive story of Taillebourg buried under the rocks consists mostly of the curse linked with the 'avenging charge' cast by the Vikings inhuming the 8 corpses of the slain Normands of the massacre of September 862 in the sacrificial grave where Jorund Braided Beard had hidden at the last minute the treasure of Freyr's temple before the sanctuary was set on fire.

After working on it for several months, Egbert had achieved to calculate exactly that, ever since that remote past, the malediction strikes regularly for nine years every seventy-two years according to a cycle that is specific to it. During those nine years there cannot be less than eight victims and, usually, there are often more than that, sometimes a great deal more according to the historical context. Besides, and it is important, when the curse operates an opening occurs on the subtle plane or psychic level at the base of Taillebourg so to speak. So then a 'lock' opens through which malevolent entities of the intermediate world penetrate our physical universe. The world parallel to ours is the privileged domain of what Christians call 'satanic action', and these nefarious influences are today all the more dangerous as our cycle of humanity is drawing near its end.

## NOTE

(1) The formula of the oath that came to us in a truncated fashion is this

one: 'Je jure ne me faire raser, comme chevalier, et laisser croistre ma greve a la mode des femmes, jusqu'a ce que sois venge par moi ou par aultres.' 'As a knight, I swear not to get shaved and I pledge to wear my greave in the fashion of women, till revenge is achieved, either by myself or others.'

This was uttered with the hand stretched on holy relics among which was a phial of the blood coming from one of the 98 wounds of the tortured body of our good saviour Jesus Christ. One has to recall that the burst of those wounds was so big that a prodigious quantity of blood was shed, enough to create brooks flowing against the earth. In reality, Raucon swore upon a flask of Viking blood. This blood had been collected by a monk during the battle of Champdolant (Campus Dolendus) in which the Normands 'bands' were annihilated in a struggle so terrible that, according to the old annals, the field in question was all covered with a 'dew of blood' which then was used to fill glass phials that were circulated by the good monks for centuries in the whole of Christendom and, of which, more than one was to be used for the consecration of churches.