

XVIII THE KELC'HIER DE LAZ

It is not only at Taillebourg but also throughout France and in Western Europe that police searches occurred. Sometimes, confiscation, seizure and interpellation took place in the Summer of 1993. Those police raids followed the dictates of an official order aiming for the search of fire crackers not conforming to regulations (due to their size higher than the diameter of 0.5 centimeters and the length of 6 centimeters), of 'revisionist' books and brochures which sale was not authorized any more. But the real goal was something else, i.e. the uncovering of serious clues leading to the trail of global network secretly preparing the coming of the Great King of Terror. It seems that the operation didn't succeed in any notable seizure. Thus the security forces' interest in a certain death's head in the 'Durer' fashion, in July of the same year, had more to do than calming the fears of the petty earners of a council in rapid demographic decline.

In 1990 Egbert had to sort out some muddling up in a small group of disciples and their confusion started to get on his nerves. He decided to kill two birds with one stone as he also wanted to see the Kelc'hier de Laz and obtain his opinion on the emblem that might be displayed by the King of Terror, and there were two possible symbols; one was the halo of the unnamed black fire and the other was the 'king of rats', that is to say a very rare natural assembling of six young rats concatenated with the tail.

A little after 1999 Imbolc festival, the fellow who wasn't yet considered by the police as a harmful lunatic risking to get caught red-handed, climbed in a fast train from Bordeaux to Quimper that took him where he had to go first, then when he had sorted out the difference

with his charisma's luminous inrush, he prepared to go to Laz with a broadened chest and a dilated soul.

There were, through a countryside covered with sheets of snow, forty minutes of coach and five bus stops to reach the Kelc'hier de Laz's retreat. The Kelc'hier was regarded as a non constant genius in the field of interior polishing, but he had a genuine gift in interpreting exactly certain marks, signs and symbols, a talent arisen in him since his settling down in a place in which rational certainties are quickly burnt in the crucible of life, and then one celebrate those charred certitudes as friends escaped from an earthquake.

Laz is to be classified, of course, in the guide of the gossipy and nasty small towns found everywhere. Its particularity within the Armorican landscape allows the town to be a refuge for the VAUTOURS-MOINES, a species of vultures that has disappeared elsewhere in the environment. Laz's Summer festival occurs in July and August in the Augustinian's abbey's room. According to the tourist office's prospectus 'since the beginning we try to have a varied programme. In planning concerts of both jazz and Classical music, we reach a larger public. Last year, around a thousand persons were present in the different events of the festival. Our aim always remains to satisfy a public in a rural environment, but also a residential population of music lovers.'

Beside this festival, the votive feast in the spring attracts people in the town. This beautiful custom annual as well as ancient, nowadays endangered, doesn't happen around the church but close to the local pub, the landowners of which have multiplied by ten the surface of its terrace under the planes trees on which hang the speakers.

Coming along the road bad since ancient times, Laz is recognizable with its smells of cattle, mushrooms, humid soil, white trees and hazel trees, and we know how much Egbert can be sensitive to certain scents.

Located a bit out-of-the-way, the Kelc'hier's dwelling has perhaps a length of three meters and a breadth of two meters fifty centimeters. When one enters the building, on the wall can be seen straight away a parchment with, in four places, the French imperial stamp as this document, written in an official style, acknowledges the discharge from military service and is a certificate of good conduct. Before a non-squared stone, that is also a desk, covered with an oriental rug, the sole piece of luxury in this hermit-like abode, there is a teenage girl that manipulates, with her parents' permission, the cassettes in which are recorded the master's dictation. Also she sometimes answers the mail on sheets withered on the margins.

The Kelc'hier is usually sat on a nail-less plank, like a weaver of legends. The plank is used as a seat during the day and as a bed in the night-time. According to what is known, the Kelc'hier came from a family of travelling acrobats originating from Runell-sur-Marvor, a town that has many dead ends and that summarizes them all. This family was performing outdoors by the seaside where sunburns arrange an appointment, or the act was executed in arena and the travelling was done by carriage. The mother was a circus rider and the father a trapeze artist. He passed away in the ring in Saint-Nazaire. Life in the circus was hard as, everyday, one had to set off again, dismantle, reassemble, look after the animals, repair, solder and do odd jobs. One was a worker as much as an artist.

The Kelc'hier was proud to say: 'I've never been to school. We were training a lot in the winter and that takes times. I wanted to become a lion tamer but the premature death of my father changed everything as my mother couldn't cope with it, she was becoming depressed.

So he disappeared in the constellated night on his acrobat bicycle, carting around his poor effects in a cardboard suitcase. After a few months of precarious survival in the City of Rennes as 'brook-jumper' so to speak, he came to Laz where he started to rent a disused pigsty that became his retreat till the final agony. This unpolished whitewashed lodging was built on the side of a rock and, from afar, could be taken for a tiny Provencal farm. The cold air freely penetrated the windowless building through all the possible cracks. There was a swing in the courtyard. Settled there, the former circus artist spent his time to be not an oracle for gullible fellows in the manner of Goulvarc'h but a healer of stomach upset. Wearing a pair of enormous spectacles, his sight weirdly goes down in a single blow as soon as he steps in the territory of Laz's council even though it is classified as a national zone of ecological, wildlife and floral interests. The Kelc'hier kept a copy of the Nabelkos Leurstur that he read backwards to impress visitors. He always gave the advice to drink some water containing some salt of Guerande and mixed with Challans chicken guts dried up and reduced to powder, so to speak, and to swallow at the same time a small bit of paper on which was written the 'Great Incantation':

Lug, You who set in motion the wheels of the sky

You who grant freedom and Strength

Victory and Peace, Science and the Work

May your Name be sanctified in all your names.

May your kingdom arrive once again!

May your will be done once again

On Earth as everywhere in heaven.

And so be it always till the end of times.

By the aspiring virtue of this prayer that the Abrahamian claim to be addressed to Lucifer, the customers came quickly as well as gifts in money and kind. This prosperity reached its apex when Egbert paid the visit in February 1990. Sitting by the writing case, Nanou a girl with a lovely face embellished with freckle, as happy as possible and with the fingernails nibbled at by some furtive hamster.

Egbert said: 'But really I was fascinated above all by the Kelc'hier with his long white beard at least 12 months-old, his sunken eyes, his face with the nostrils of a fervent thinness, his look of focused attention. His bareness, total in appearance, took on indeed a spiritual dignity. His soul nonetheless must have been filled with passionate meditations. On his chest at the end of a silver chain was hanging a Lukaschovsky-labelled quartz watch. When Nanou told him my name, he got up with this moving Celtic courtesy at once simple, primitive and eurhythmical.

As I have said, the Kelc'hier wasn't worth much apart from his just penetration of some fundamental symbols. Before admitting the reason of his visit, Egbert had to cajole him with some words about atavistic topics having a sedative effect or susceptible to put in mind some thoughts useful for true and necessary answers.

Egbert said: 'Kelc'hier meur, on the road coming to see you my steps have raised some smiling dust between the sheets of snow; does the earth give figure to man? Does she give him foundation. Is she always identical to herself, immutable, motionless?

The Kelc'hier said: 'You will certainly find here everything that gives joy to a rooted soul; things like the evenings spent around a fire, the chanting and the songs with a good voice, or even a loud voice, the strolls, the fights, the loves, the farewells, the departures and the returns. The earth doesn't lie. She doesn't deceive. She may be the mother of all the gods. She certainly is nourishing all men.

Egbert begged: 'Perennial Wisdom, I've been obsessed with another question for several months now. In the pagan Celtic baptism, in which liquid must the child be immersed, and how old must the infant be?

The Kelc'hier answered: 'The young one must be three years, three months and three days-old. the immersion must occur in a barrel, placed upon andirons, filled with red wine if the child is born under a fire sign; with beer if born under an air sign; with mineral water if born under a water sign and with milk if born under an earth sign.'

Egbert inquired: 'What happens if the child drowns in the tank due to an unfortunate clumsiness?'

The Kelc'hier answered: 'Another one must be immediately conceived.'

Egbert said: 'Venerable master, I seek my way in the light of Occident; me too I dream of drinking during the sunset the blood of the other initiates in the blue horn set with a pure gold circle.'

The Kelc'hier replied: 'This thirst for truth will be quenched one day.'

Egbert went on: 'But doesn't one run the risk of sad hazards in pursuing such a quest without any guide? The attraction to clay is still chaining up my moving actuality. How can I deliver myself without any aid?'

The Kelc'hier gave this advice: 'You have to follow solely one of the three paths that lead to the foundation to be grasped as unfounded, and attach yourself with all your perseverance to the Celtic disciplinary practices, especially the ones recommended in the Nabelkos.'

Egbert said: 'Forgive me, I insist, but to progress safely I need an initiation and a teacher here below. Allow me to be your disciple. I will listen to your advices, I will engrave them in my memory, I will sprinkle myself with those counsels as if I was dusting myself with countless electrons, I will use the precious hints to make the very material of my soul.'

The Kelc'hier answered: 'I am willing, before I put it back in its velvet-calf bag, to touch your lips with the fossil sea urchin coated with consecrated acacia honey. I am willing to take you afterward with those who, away from the countless excesses of moulding and overcasts, put themselves in the hands of my beneficial guidance, but you do know that beforehand you must be tried by the tricky question.'

Egbert (feigning to be) enthusiastic, said: 'Ask this question! Try me! I accept the ordeal right now, the most cruel even, the one to cause a flow of amber tears. In the winter, doesn't the grass take onto itself only the responsibility to grow?'

The Kelc'hier, satisfied, said: 'Perfect. In those conditions ...'

A silence, heavy as much as artificial, began to creep into the narrow lodging, a silence not even troubled by the sliding of the golden nib of the pen held by Nanou sitting by the writing case. In this emptiness the Kelc'hier let his glance wandering still through the glass door on the snowy splendour of the horizon sufficiently distant, dark and cold; he was always doing that whenever he was in some sort of embarrassment or clumsy position; this attitude was serving his reputation.

Finally, he said: 'This is the riddle of the test. What is Radio Andorre's interval signal?

Egbert was expecting to be set a mystical poser, but in this case, the dice being cast, it was a total surprise. And while he was rolling the cup on the floor, he didn't know what to answer with a voice that walks clumsily on too slippery a wooden floor.

Egbert, hesitantly, said: 'Ahem .. the singing of the lark ...'

The Kelc'hier rectified: 'No, that's the one of the Italian radio. My poor boy, you've lost. What is the interval signal of Radio-Andorre? It's the singing of the nightingale, the prince of the luminous evenings.'

Nanou re-adjusted her precious mitten and her anorak-type jacket as it was very cold; Nanou who seemed all novel to the doors of life, Nanou not least simple and of an incomparable gullibility laughed because of the visitor's failure; she shook with laughter and her large mocking eyes looked directly at him. Then the Kelc'hier turned towards her and leniently hit her head with a pole to recall her to the degree of attention appropriate to her position in his office, and also to remind her of the respect that was due to the passing guest.

The Kelc'hier remonstrated her: 'The girl who, while spending all the winter at my place, has on her face the reflection of solar beauty will never know anything of the terrible beauty of the Lion of Midnight.'

It was as if he was justifying his severe gesture, that of a failed lion tamer.

These words came at the right moment, and after that the serious side of the discussion could be tackled; it was about the Great King of Terror's recognition sign if ever him and his sectarians were going to sport one. That 'monarch' was to appear seven years later in August 1997, at Lalita's house, under the features of a gigantic carnivorous muzzle, hideous and smelly, parodic and indigestible.

Egbert emphasised that Nostradamus had lived 62 years, 6 months and 17 days. Our protagonist knew those pieces of information were bound to seduce the Kelc'hier, who, thus become glad, answered with a good grace and with all the desirable clarity that yes, the King of Terror would have an emblem; yes, that was going to be the 'black sun', as a head's halo, among other things, an aureole moved to the left of this skull. That's it, that was it, the mark incongruously called VEGDEG-TANTRA by the armanist Siegfried A. Kummer, just a death's head superimposed on the twelve-spoked wheel in the shape of the S-rune. As to the 'king of rats', i.e. rats with the tails entangled and knitted in a rosace-like fashion, the Kelc'hier didn't know anything about the badge, whether worn on the left or right sleeve or on the fuselage of the spaceships belonging to stock 'N'. But in this, as an interpreter of the traditions of the bagpipers' main branch, he thought that the rat was a beneficial animal because of its presence between the god Kernunnos' antlers. One could give credence to what had been said.

Egbert wasn't tempted to ask more. But, given that most of the historical events apparently fortuitous are prepared and staged; considering that the twenty-first century will be a crucial period and that prophecies are made to be either refuted or confirmed, what is the significance of 1999 in an enlarged perspective away from all calendars?

The Kelc'hier said: 'I cannot answer you according to your wishes. The King of Terror will avoid the Celtic countries but, elsewhere in the world, he will spend some moments in many places a little undulating, holding a torch in his left hand and in his right hand a two-edged sword with which he will cleave through hills and mountains, e.g. I see coming from those thus half-opened hillocks vortexes of flame, smoke, sulphur, lava flow that will engulf entire cities. No force will be able to resist against his strength.'

Egbert said: 'What you are telling me is not novel; but who will compose his retinue, and will he even have one? And what about the offensive weapons?'

The Kelc'hier answered: 'It seems to me we have to grant him the number 999; as to the rest, that is to say 1000, that is the number of his amazons constituting his assault guard.'

Egbert exclaimed: 'What? His amazons? How come? I refuse the cognitive seizure of it ...'

The Kelc'hier confirmed: 'Yes I'm afraid! And you have to know that they are getting ready at this very moment, those she-wolves of the steppes, somewhere in Mongolia, in the pride of their first youth. As to his weapon, it will be all the more paralysing since he will hold to us an implacable mirror ...'

Egbert was not unaware of this trail that consists in practising the anagram ANGOLMOIS = MONGOL - ASI(E), and that leads to a 'reincarnation' of Gengis-Khan aged of 666 months, but one has some difficulty in seeing him resurrecting the dead and executing the last judgement. In any case, anybody having thought of him of coming from another extraction had never provided him with a legion of 'she-wolves of the steppes' with either, branded on their little breast, the L-rune reversed in its angle or the black KUNDARUNE as seen on the Eurasian-Germanic flag, green with an orange disk, of the Thorland Alemannic Order. In short, that was original and interesting. Hey! It wasn't bad and, all in all, it was even rather good. On the 19th of July 1999, at 13 hours GMT, the King of Terror arrives in Mongolia, fills his flying vessels with 'amazons' and sets off on a tour. The tour will consist in a major cleaning of the terrestrial space, excessively fragile and marvellous for three quarters of humanity rightly described as suffering and that will pay a heavy tribute to the 14th Pseudonym of the Great Monarch.

'No, those things arranged in this manner and flowered with strange epithets are not of my liking and I really don't want to believe in it.' thought Egbert who straight away changed the conversation.

He said: 'There is a word of Lars Gustafsson that runs through my mind since the last few days I came across it, that is: 'Behind the dreams of each epoch are hidden the nightmares of the following epoch.' What brutal beast is in gestation in our own end of the century? And how to kill it before it starts its devastation?

The Kelc'hier answered: 'The opportunity to wake up people from their dreams in a time to be asleep on one's feet does escape me. As to

the beast, I leave to your rare sagacity the task to discover it, and it is going to be an easy one as the animal doesn't crouch down under an obscure thatch but struts about in a monumental basilica. Retain in all serenity that catastrophes can always be delayed or even cancelled so to speak but, in practice, those who hear the rumbling of the burning ruins of the future must not waste their time to support what is collapsing and to defend what is inevitably lost.'

Suddenly, like a huge spasm of lightning, a horn blow made jump the voluntary secretary with the varnished fingernails furiously bitten, and this vulgar noise broke outright Egbert's discussion with the old man.

'It's mister Ar Beajour who's coming to get his liver fixed.' said Nanou showing a large and cumbersome Toyota very close to come to a halt with a brutal brake in the swing-decorated yard.

The Kelc'hier stood up followed by Egbert. The former acrobat, who was going to be buried two years later in a Louis-Philippe 'homme-debout' [an old-fashioned cupboard in which a man could stand up] by way of coffin, shook the hand of his visitor of one hour, and wished him all the best in the crossing of the procession of expected and foreboded ordeals. 'Put yourself to the test with touchstone' was the ultimate recommendation whispered to Egbert's ear by the wise man, while, dressed in a Burberrys trench-coat entered mister Ar Beajour and his liver cancer.

XIX THE ONE WHO WHISPERED IN THE DARKNESS

In the spring of 1978, Miss Up. and her mother were going through agony as their Algerian gardener and handyman wasn't going to return, and there was no-one in the village to replace him. The thing was, the vegetation was abundantly growing in the most total anarchy. In order to resolve the dilemma, Mrs Up. suggested to put a classified advertisement in a newspaper, but they were spared this effort. The very evening when the decision was taken to insert the small ads in the daily La Charente Libre to attract a potential employee, a tall man rather young, appearing reserved, very white-skinned and very fair-haired turned up on the very evenly constructed porch. He could have been taken for a tramp with his clothes rumpled for having slept in the barns' straw for the whole duration of the winter, and his sole luggage was a beach bag. In a very approximate French, he said he was looking for a job of the 'nourri-logis-blanchi' kind, that is to say, to have his board and lodging and his laundry done in exchange for any jobs he may be asked to do. And, perhaps, a small fee might be added to the 'fed-lodged-laundered' option.

Miss Up. was both surprised and glad to hear this language of a different time to the extent her acute pulse beat as if it was dancing. She immediately went in quest of a pair of clean sheets, some blankets and she installed the miraculous passer-by in the chamber previously occupied by the Algerian. It was a tiny room furnished with a single bed, a wardrobe for hanging things up, a table, a chair, a wood-burning stove and a small sink surmounted by an electric water-heater. The man seemed satisfied with the decor, i.e. the previously-mentioned contents combined with an ochre and pearl-coloured container, and to penetrate in

this interior was self-evident. So he entered in it invited by Miss Up.'s gesture and, without even being asked. he told her his name was Kolbeinn.

She said: 'From now on we will call you Gaston. Put your bag on this chair and follow me. I'm going to show you the most urgent work to be done.'

On the way she told him all his duties in detail, and it was quite a lot, namely the maintenance of the park of more than three hectare, apart from the aviary, the vases, and some clumps of flowers sown during the waning Moon that were looked after by the two women. Added to the upkeeping of the grounds, Kolbeinn had to do all the mending necessary to the buildings and whenever needed, i.e. filling the cracks, repainting doors and shutters, changing a tile or two, etc. The man apparently found natural that the women entrusted to him alone the responsibility to look after so vast a domain. The vegetable garden on its own required an hour and half of daily work throughout the year. The tramp mumbled the promise to do his best.

Miss Up. was living single with her widowed mother. She had a brother and two sisters who lived in the Paris region. The family property was located near the forest of Jarnac in a small district that was neither Sigogne nor Mesnac and that, for this reason, we will call Sigognac.

'Gaston' immediately started working without questioning and complaining. Naturally he was working on the side and he was only allocated a tiny bit of money, but this meagre fee always seemed to fully please him. Satisfied with whatever food on offer, the man ate without leaving any scrap the meal he was served three times a day in

his lean-to. In the evening he didn't want to keep company to his lady employers in front of the television where they often invited him to come, and he went to bed more or less every time after he finished his supper. On Sunday, he borrowed the old RENAULT van that was willingly lent him by the women for this moment of afternoon leisure. The van was usually parked in the carts shed. The enigmatic pale-skinned man was cautiously driving without any licence, methodically travelling up and down a region in which the absolute takes cover. 'Gaston' didn't seem to know very well the area.

By night the opulent-looking small town of Sigognac goes to sleep under the curfew as it were. In its main street, long and rectilinear, a vegetation turns the cracked walls green and in order to circulate outside any catalysed vehicle in this corner of deep Europe, one must be as careful as if one was splashing about in the most venomous urban porridge across the Atlantic. It was during one of those horrid moonless nights, let's say in July around 3 am in the morning, that Miss Up., in the year following the one in which Gaston came to her employee, noiselessly crossed the portal under the very regularly constructed thick-wood porch, and on the sly came closer and closer to the room opening onto the big courtyard, room where 'Gaston' lived, room in which no light escape through either the thick-wood door or the window with the pulled curtains. Miss Up. came to a halt near very near this little opening and pricked up her ears. Soon, instead of hearing a regular snoring that would have reassured her on the sleep of a just man, she perceived a sort of litany, a kind of prayer murmured without any respite in the darkness thickened with clouds, by the man who should have been in bed, who surely was in bed but who didn't sleep. Miss Up.

wasn't afraid not even surprised. She thought straight away the whispering was sounding like one of those Buddhist mantra which she learned to recognize the monotonous and rhythmical tone during a trip in Asia, in a sabbatical year she treated herself to in the arms of a Madagascan engineer. But if 'Gaston' didn't watch the telly, didn't read, didn't practice any sport, didn't listen to any music and didn't view any film, he didn't seem to possess any ritual object, neither mandala nor little statue nor pious images that could have made one believe he was worshipping some sort of deity. Miss Up. nonetheless found herself aware of the first of the mysteries surrounding the albino, as he was nicknamed by her and her mother sometimes in private.

Then, from the winter joining 1980 to 1981, the man who was so effectively watching over any invasion of cochineal and greenflies started to dye his hair in a moderate chestnut brown shade; he also increased his face's sunburnt hue, due to outdoors work, with some sort of face cream. He even now and again worn a false beard each time he borrowed the van, as if to go unnoticed. Mrs Up. immediately suspected he was either a homosexual or a spy, but those extravagances weren't taken into account by her daughter. What did it matter whether he was this or that? Very quickly, he proved himself to be irreplaceable with this slow but regular work, his resourcefulness, his unbeatable sobriety, his extreme discretion, his presence reassuring for two women alone in a country area not so peaceful as it seems.

Either he realised on his own term that this beard suited him badly or one had told him so, the fact remains that this fancy didn't last long. But the fellow's unusual steps gave birth to a greater

perplexity yet when, from the Autumn of 1981, he started to collect halogen lamps of 500 W. One to start with then two, and so on till twelve, and so forth till twenty-one. His only room was totally cluttered with the lamps. On any dry Saturday evening, he carefully stuffed the devices and their generating set in the van, and then left heading for a destination diverging from the ordinary. He was now going only towards the South. The two women checked the milometer the covered distance in kilometers and, each time, the journey had been more than thirty leagues.

Miss Up. said with a great show of dignity: 'It's so disorderly I cannot find the words for it.'

Mrs Up. supposedly said: 'Perhaps he has got in mind to open a lighting shop, or he's selling the lamps in some car boot sales. This young man has more ambition than we suspected, and he wants to somehow succeed in his life.'

Miss Up. protested: 'He's always leaving on Saturday evening to come back the following afternoon on Sunday. Do you really believe that he is trading all those items on Saturday night and Sunday morning. What is more, he's always carting the same lamps around.'

Indeed, one could suspect anything from someone more handsome than Buffalo Bill painted by Rosa Bonheur. But at least he was always paying with his own money the petrol for the van. As to the use of the vehicle itself is it worth mentioning as it was already a scrap heap before Gaston's arrival? Otherwise, would the women have landed the van to the stranger?

Then, in 1982, Miss Up. got a shock that shook her mid-life crisis; moreover it was so painfully lived due to her meeting with the

issue a little late; indeed, the ideal of being wounded by the middle-life crisis would be around thirty-eight or thirty-nine, if one may say so. It happened that in rummaging about the handyman's wardrobe, she found in one of the pockets of the hanging clothes a photograph that seemed quite recent, depicting a young woman and a baby she was holding up in cushion-less wicker basket. A brick-made barbecue set and a fish tank supported by a piece of furniture constituted the background. On the back of this negative Miss Up. found written with green ink this sentence: 'Elodie and Svein. Your "crampon" [cramp] is one-year old.' This little boy definitely looked like Gaston, he was even the albino's 'spitting image' as said by the locals who also call 'crampon' the young child still dependent on his parents, clinging to them because he is too weak to stand up and walk alone.

What? Was it this the motivation behind the journeys to the South covered by Gaston every dry Saturday evening? Was he visiting this women, who might be his wife, and her kid? And to observe them better, to get a better picture of them, did he subject them to a bank of spotlights? Surely that couldn't be the case. However much one is trying to find out, this thesis was specious, at least for the moment. But this girl! Miss Up. thought she was completely average, a nobody girl, and frankly very common, a red-hair girl full of self-conceit, a twenty-years old bird and no more. All the same, Miss Up. felt suddenly sick around the stomach, a lump came to her throat, and her head was spinning under the attack of the repressed feelings, and the clouding of her mind, due to this feeling of general discomfort, destroyed the silence of the poor room to the benefit of demoniacal jabbering and Miss Up. blocked her ears with her palms. The same sensation of ill-being

turned the wardrobe into a den crammed with a vain and dead medley of disgusting rags, of pea jackets, of English caps, of jogging suit, of khaki combat uniforms, of overalls, of round-necks sweaters, of black vests with two pockets, of chine grey slipover, of trapper-style cotton shirts with a check, of long sleeves shirts, of parka made of hide, of flannel dressing gowns (braided shawl collar and chest pockets), of sucks (68% cotton, 13% polyester, 19% other fibres), all that and more, accumulation of cheaply sold items impregnated with a residue of Old Spice perfumes' scent, worse than a network of one-armed bandits, than a medley of Gerschwin's melodies played by a plectrum orchestra; the whole thing was a nightmare of garments for milky humanoids; and why this pallid guy didn't impregnate her with his seed for her to have a child when it was still the right time? Of course, besides the age difference, she wasn't very enticing, especially since breaking off with the Madagascan; since then she had given up love, she let herself go for fast food at lunch time and, consequently, she had broadened out to the point she couldn't stand looking at her reflection in a mirror, except a convex looking-glass; a shade of moustache even started to decorate her higher lip; but the hair can be removed and the stoutness can be dealt with, using diet among others, over there at HINTERZARTEN in the KOCH boarding house where she went once; seven days to get slimmer and to cleanse the system; package healthy diet, seven nights geared towards fasting; seven days of diet according to the BUCHINGER method, and one came out of the package as slender as a wire after one entered in it weighting 150 kilogrammes! Naturally, one had to sustain this outcome, which is impossible to do in Germany in the storm of Teutonic gastronomical perfumes and flavours, but nothing was more easy to escape

for whomever had the right tip: from the Black Forest one would take the direct flight to Lamentin to put the finishing touches to the diet care at the Ravine Chaude station and, after that, one should be OK for ten years. One would see what the red-haired Elodie would look like when she reaches Miss Up.'s age. Who was she? A perverse toy? The receptacle of transcendent pretty moments? A pussy, a sweetie-pie of which the albino was the prey? We, women, think about things that men don't think about. There is more to know in women than which our eyes' blindness insists on. And this child, he seemed to detain the prime of an outstanding destiny, that was felt in whichever way due to the troubling resemblance, i.e. the son was in the father for already twelve months. Could one be better allied, have a more noble kinship? There was no trace of Elodie in this likeness woven by the Norns under the meridian light. No, thought Miss Up., no, absolutely not, it would be a fall from rank, we are not a family that sleeps with the servants either by principle or due to elementary selfishness. Besides, can people like him cherish, kiss and embrace in a romantic fashion? Didn't the gynecologist certify to her that she wasn't meant to have children? Are we fashioned according to either free-will or destiny? Do we have a power upon our becoming? Do our social structures, our way of life allow women's existence to be fulfilled? Not at all, it is women who work more and earn less. When will women be really free and happy? Never. Doubtlessly, there are different sort of women. Well, what is our lot to us, superior women? In love, we've got some dicks in the arse and a lot of broken hearts. And Miss Up., who was staggering under the audacious coarseness of her thought, in realising the horror of this cruel lampoon was at last on the verge of fainting, was going to

collapse for good, was going to get a grievous bodily harm notwithstanding the position that was hers at the time, when suddenly Mrs Up. appeared, she was part of those people who generally come in unexpectedly, and instantaneously Miss Up. regained her composure, her rosy complexion, the heroic attitude that is appropriate in the face of pugnacious adversity, then she passed without speaking a word the litigious photograph to her mother.

Mrs Up.'s comment was summarised in her usual uttering, i.e. 'This is monstrous' after examining the picture for only a few seconds but without ousting anything that was essential. On the contrary, this photograph compelled her to quickly think about what she was obliged to carry out afterwards, that is to say, to prohibit any mood harmful to her and her daughter's temporal interests of now and even later; no involvement in Gaston's love if he had any, 'It is none of our business. Let's put back this photograph in the pocket it was found, after wiping any finger traces, let's act as if we knew nothing about it, and, moreover, there is no way to know whether or not she is Gaston's wife, or girlfriend, or sister; is he his young brother or his son?' What was mattering at the time was the sole realism appropriate for the circumstances, and that was to keep for as long as possible so cheap and effective a handyman, a gardener with the hand so green than in the middle of so cold a month as January, he succeeded to bring about the blossoming of mimosa thirty days before the opening out of this vegetal and scented surprise on the cornice of the ESTEREL.

Gaston was also tremendously skilled in driving a lawn tractor and he managed to create a proper environment, at the bottom of the park, appropriate for accommodating ducks, herons as well as many amphibians

and batrachian. The albino was so gifted a fellow that, after he had half-buried in the centre of the vegetable garden a bit of silicified wood and arranged the plants in a circle, the harvesting rate was more than the double of what it previously was. Mrs Up. reckoned they had to do nothing that could push him away; better was to do things to keep him further in the household, but how? What could be the lure that could fascinate him forever? What were the delicacies to add to the handles of the tools to which he would get attached without the possibility to detach himself from? For instance he seemed to really appreciate some kind of chocolate delicacy. Then not only would he have those chocolate sweet on Sunday as usual, but Mrs and Miss Up. could treat him with the confection on Tuesday and Thursday as well. They could do more. They did more. They installed an analogue clock-radio by his bedside and they also gave him an electric blanket to replace the old-fashioned hot-water bottle he had so far for the winter. If Gaston's room, so full of them, would have been freed of those halogen lamps, they could have put the translucent polypropylene wheel sideboard they didn't want anymore, or else the three rung step-ladder made of beech that was lately replaced by a more functional aluminum one.

Instead of seeing himself as lucky with the new additions, the albino didn't care at all about the latter and he continued his mysterious ploy of an incommensurable density in the web of appearances. It could have said of him that infinity was in his soul even his heart was also involved in his daily tasks.

One Sunday in May 1983, Miss Up. celebrated her 45th birthday, but Gaston who left the night before as usual didn't reappear, that was inexplicable. The good and pretty things the two women wanted to

gratify him with on this occasion, i.e. a small telescopic umbrella, a maple syrup bottle, a Carven 100% pure silk square, well, they weren't taken away from their packaging. The days following this excuse-celebration, as Gaston wasn't coming back, anxiety took over and tormented the women up to the third week of their employee's absence. That was a horrible worry that no anti-depressant could have decreased. It was going to the extent that Mrs Up. who, despite her respectable age, still believed in Father Christmas, wanted to lodge a complaint against Gaston at the gendarmerie for the 'stealing' of the rusty van. This perspective wasn't pleasant to Miss Up., who had good reasons to have misgivings about it as she didn't have a clue about driving despite her doing so and getting fined for it, and she did her best to put a brake on the realisation of her mother's intention with all her strength and arguments.

On the Saturday of the third week of Gaston's absence, an old Renault utility vehicle entered the Up.s' property through the very regularly constructed tall porch, it was followed by a more dashing car, a muddy rims Peugeot. The van had been found in the area of Aubeterre-sur-Dronne; a piece of sticker on the dashboard gave away in poor writing the name of the owners who were living in the town of Sicognac. The 'finders', i.e. the persons to whom the spot on which the vehicle was found belonged, personally came to return to Mrs Up. her possession, not without the following reckoning: given that the van couldn't be useful for long to them, in taking it back to its owner, they were bound to get for it a reward higher than a fee from the scrap heap, and they were also bound to get another payment for the restitution of the halogen lamps and their generating set, and Mrs Up. did indeed ask if

the lamps have been seen anywhere. One of the two peasants, very poorly-dressed, explained that the lights were arranged in a funny way in the field where the van was parked and, as the kitchen imposing table was cluttered with some empty jamjars that had just been washed and cleaned, the yokel without any embarrassment took them to form on the oak top of the table the figure in question, each jar being supposed to represent a halogen lamp.

Mrs Up. was a country person of independent means. She married, young and pretty, a wealthy farmer from the Charente who passed away in the right times as that was the fortunate rule in the past. That doesn't mean she didn't have the time to travel, she went to Dijon not forgetting to caress the owl on the northern side of the church of Our Lady. She was aware also what it meant to work for others as, for six months, she was sticking labels to bottles in a cider factory of Normandy her native province, but Mrs Up. was a born female master who knew how, with authority, to talk to and convince straight away the rustic bumpkins of limited outlook. Besides she would never have dreamed of hiring as farmers the two lads who just entered her property, for they were reminding her of the damaged mugs she was visiting when she was president of Association d'Encouragement a l'Abstinence, a society promoting sober drinking. So she briefly told them and with the appropriate tone that the whole incident had been caused by an employee who, for quite a while, had been a criminal and, not too long ago, had started to lose the plot and very recently he was thrown into jail in Angouleme. She also claimed she didn't have any cash with her and that her presently absent daughter had the chequebook. Of course the latter claim was false as they both had their own chequebooks. When her

daughter was back home, she would without delay send a cheque to the two peasants if they were willing to communicate to her their address. The chaps did so very willingly and the country mistress let them know the reward would be higher for the return of the halogen lamps.

Climbing back in the Peugeot, the property-returning fellows promised in the same tune to bring back all the lights without leaving out a single of them.

As was to be expected, Mrs Up. didn't grant any bonus to the task conditionally done by the gullible country bumpkins who kept the lamps in compensation. She still had the presence of mind to take down the strange disposition of the lights sketched out in jars on the table by the very poorly-dressed peasant. One would have expected a banal layout in circle, but not, the drawing, sort of third pillar of the visual identity of this extraordinary affair, could only shake and shock the initiate, seeing it, by the correspondence existing between the logic of the disposition of the lamps on the piece of land, and the logic of the distribution of the worlds on the Tree (WELTENBAUM). Mrs Up. was to show Egbert in early 1997 this layout during a consultation in which she freed herself from the weight of this story. But it was too late to conduct an investigation in a place probably chosen and signed.

What happened to Elodie and Svein? Must we as some do link GRIPNIR (cramp/crampon) to VIDGRIPR the King of Terror? According to the Californian medium, the one who detected in Earth's magnetic memory some werewolf policemen tamed to hunt the extra-terrestrials in a country corner bathed by the river Soloire, Elodie put around her then 7-year-old son's neck a medal on which was carved the symbol of water used by the Arawak tribe, that is the sigil was an anomalous line but

here it was bizarrely redoubled in the manner of Aquarius's wave. In this case, had Haine Doucement, who would have turned out pretty by night in Perigueux, something to do with it? Better still: would it have signified a relation with Nostradamus-written Quatrain 35 of Century III and quatrain 50 of Century I? Svein, it is likely that this name hides another one, today would be 16 or 17 years old. If he still must play a role according to God's wish, are there other dates than 1999 when the Pope will, united with God's Lamb, ring the bells at the time that the fire giants will arise to launch the purification assault against the misery of wobbly ruins spreading on this planet between two aeons?

Egbert, too centered on the question of Aquarius as shown by his weird text on the New Age Prophet, had perhaps neglected certain points that could be added here. Svein, if he is still among us on the outermost bounds of Perigord or elsewhere, can only be a studious teenager, partly ignorant of his origins, at ease with himself, with, in the bottom of his eyes, the massive and healthy optimism recommended by our rulers. If he is moreover promised to manifest himself in a few years, i.e. in 1999 and/or beyond, let's suppose by analogy with this funny innocuousness that the King of Terror, deceiving the expectation of 1999 and beyond, was to be terrifying not in his look and attitude, but in the outcome of his deeds. Indeed he might turn out to be endowed with an extremely seductive personality, an amazing youth and appearance, an ability for such an irresistible leadership that violence would be used against none in the accomplishment of his task. Instead of scaring and causing due to his repulsive look and his venomous fascination the masses to kill one another wherever he would come to sojourn, him and his henchmen from beyond Earth will plunge those people

in an uncontrollable feeling of collective love, similar to the one confusingly sensed in rave-parties, with finally the lethal communion of the participants in a kind of fantastic 'cosmic' orgasm. Love already kills externally millions of people through AIDS for instance, but one by one; in our optic, Love, or his shadow to be more exact, could poison by and with happiness, collectively kill from within under the blow of an unbelievable intoxication, in a submersion of emotional insanity, and this despite the constant prayers to the anti-plague saints and gods, the whole thing taking place before 2045, for after will prevail the direct violence option. Developing this thesis would take us too far. There is at the end of this digression the thought of a famous amateur of Ginger Candy: 'The god of the beginning of an era is the evil principle at the end of that era. For time still moves in cycle'.

What did happen to Kolbeinn, the HIMINMOGR who had in his misfortune more luck that his two colleagues of the UFO probably damaged in 1977 'due to an accumulation of unfortunate circumstances', of whom one of them died squashed and the other, grievously harmed and, once bumped off, became both a laboratory guinea-pig and the delicacy tasted by an old colonial officer? So did Kolbeinn, otherwise known as albino Gaston who must have been skilled in thwarting the huge hounds tracking them, re-embark towards the stars taking with him his son and the mother, or just his son? Did he set up the curious lay out of halogen lamps near Aubeterre-sur-Dronne in order to get spotted by other 'Space Vikings'? Are there between Alba-Terra and Castrum Bernarbi some places different from those already noticed by the Knights Templar or are those areas the same? Why, regardless of any caution, did he persist in staying at Sicognac in this specific area of Angoumois? At a time when

there were 21 millions of cattle in France, would he have only lost, in dying, his mortality? Elodie, in charming oriental slippers richly embroidered and finishing on their front with a curved toe, was capable, so it was said, to play with the pianoforte quadrilles and waltzes for half an hour. Will VIDGRIPR land at Aubeterre-sur-Dronne? It is like attempting to shed light with the same flame on various questions among many. Might I have had the answers given to those inquiries by the exercise of my own measure of virtuoso divination? The thing is, I haven't got the right to reveal too much. Nonetheless I will end with this greatly surprising remark.

In tidying up the small room where Kolbeinn was consigned to during his stay in the Charente area, Miss Up. had found a pad of a hundred lined sheets (the size being 148 by 210 millimeters) and on some of which Gaston clumsily tried to write some French. Miss Up., along with the sketch of the halogen lamps layout, brought to Egbert one of those sheets on which, among some scribble and hasty drawing, could be conjectured what she called a 'pictogram'. Asked to give his view on something that could be 'occult' and bring bad luck, Egbert told this woman that the 'thing' was pure non-sense, that there was nothing remarkable in it at the end of the day, and that this topic wasn't worth the racking of her brains; in short, this scribble among others was useless. Miss Up., annoyed by the whole thing and who, full of consensus sluggishness in politics, thought that riddles were tiresome, enigma absurd and conundrum puerile, was relieved with this answer. The thing was, this assertion was a white lie as the 'pictogram' was a runic ligature in which the Irminist recognized the glyph of the 'Light and Blood Spirit', a formula dear to Alfred Schuler (born 1865 and dead

1923) who wasn't the inventor of it, and who is counted as being one of the underground instigators of the 'Conservative Revolution' that shook Germany in the early 20th century, but was mostly an effective agent of the HIMINMOGO of whom I've already mentioned they were to knowingly abandon the Third Reich to its pathetic fate in the Winter joining 1936 to 1937, that is to say a land on which they were based since the nineties of the 19th century, in charge of an objective that couldn't be reached due to human defection.

This ligature might have given an idea on what effective speech was used by Kolbeinn for prayer, as Miss Up. found out that he applied himself to it in the practice of psalmodies muffled in the darkness of a provincial summer thunderstorm night.

This ligature also solved the problem behind the cause of Ramana Maharshi's silence to the request of one of his visitors at Tiruvannamalai at the end of the thirties of the 20th century.

The visitor asked: 'According to Swami Bharatananda's poem "The Black Sun", it seems that one has to become absorbed in one's contemplation to the point of totally disappearing in the state of Supreme Consciousness. Is this exact?'

Ramana Maharshi answered: 'Yes.'

The visitor requested: 'Must each one of us apply his will to enter in this state from which there is no return?'

To this question, the master remained silent.