



4 extracts from:
“Northwester wind upon
Neustria”...

- *A Norman saga* -

René Guillemier

I dedicate this book, which is meant to be wise...

to the friends of wisdom, mathematicians, gods-makers, and disciples of dialectical materialism; how outstanding and highly skilled they might be, or even characterized by impoverished abilities; and to whom I borrowed some famous concepts: Aristotle, Augustine, Boulgakov, Cardan, Confucius, Descartes, Epiktetos, Epicurus, Florensky, Heidegger, Hume, Kant, Khrushchev, Kierkegaard, Lao Tzu, Leibniz, Lenin, Machiavelli, Mao Tse Toung, Marlowe, Marx, Newton, Palamas, Plato, Pythagoras, Sartre, Shakyamuni, Stalin, Trotsky,

to Norman of yesterday and today, particularly to some of them who come from old origins: Norwegian, Danish, and Neustrian too, or even to others ones who can pride themselves on having any Anglo-Saxon lineage, in this third millennium dedicated to Goddess Europe,

to the whole load of Chal(l)ange, Cal(l)ange, Chal(l)enge, Cal(l)enge, Chal(l)onge, Chal(l)ongne, Cal(l)onge, Cal(l)ongne... popinjays; poor and fortune-people; persons under the jurisdiction of a court, or redressers of wrongs; women of faith and unskilled men as labourers; nevertheless raising or having carried... a “l”! as my grandfather said! or even two... not fixed in their behind like a wing, because French pronunciation of the word “aile” is the same as the “l” contained in the name which had a certain Mister Gllloq, and whose French spelling is “j’ai deux ailes au cul”... but being written in the real medium of their patronymic,

to Father Chalange, my maternal grandfather, today trespassed, who was, like many proletarians of his time, an heavy drinker of vine-products,

finally to my wife, who courageously assisted me in this long search of names.

Preamble

Are genealogic studies any vacuities?

These stories have been written formerly in French by the author, with the title “La Saga des Chalange de Normandie - Une sagesse de l'être et de l'étant”. Then, he exchanged his title for this new one: “Vent de Norois sur la Neustrie - Une saga normande”. But who would have been better than him to rewrite this saga in English? Of course nobody, because he adapted the French text, where his own thoughts and historical knowledge are expanded, according to English expressions which are fluently used. Therefore he gave up “The Challenges'saga in Normandy - How our beings can be any wisdom” for “Northwester wind upon Neustria - A Norman saga” as a new title. Good! But first of all, what means a wisdom, which lies in any name?

To name is to create! An Aristotelian philosopher said. For each name shows what makes up the own intelligibility of any human being, without taking his practical determinations into account. Lack of name conversely leads to destruction and

nothingness, because certain ability is generally contained in any name. “Nomen omen”! Latin affirmed: the name is an omen!

Men and women of any time have been named when they birthed, or even when they received the Christian baptism, and why not after a spiritual initiation, whether it was Pagan rites or Christian ones. Because, coming from Latin “initium”, beginning, founding and initiating are any processes by which each man puts his finger on the world-secrets, and reaches higher truths. From this point of view, initiation stands comparison with a soul-travel, and it strives for a new psychic and spiritual birth which makes, of that one who received it, a “renatus in novam infantiam”, that is to say a man reborn into a new childhood. And it appears that the soul of these men “reborn” would be bound to the great test linking to Light-origins, which is the main aim of all awakened people. Admittedly! But let us be vigilant! Because to want being purified, and to try involving humanity in a so-called bath of spiritual, ethical, philosophical, or political youth, one often ends up sending the offenders on a burning stake, even in a crematorium...

But let us return to our sheep and to their shepherds baptized specifically by name! From the 11th century, after the calamities which have been associated with the end of the first millennium: too rainy climate, permanent food shortages, poverty and epidemics, all causes whose accumulation had led to a degeneration of the farming community, Western Europe is characterized then by a strong demographic expansion due to a very favourable climate-change. The consequences of this demographic

resurgence are multifaceted. One of them consists in triggering off a great confusion among the hamlets-population, between many Warin, Hughes, William, and so on... who reside there. Consequently, each one is going to be saddled with a nickname which will supplement his first baptism-name. Then this anthroponomical mark will be handed on by heredity to the descendants of the one who received it. So-and-so, who is a craftsman by trade as a helmets-manufacturer, that is to say a "heaumier" in old French, will be described as "Guile heaumier" or "Guilheaumier", after having changed sponsor, because the old French word "Guile" means "someone who has changed party". Another one will find himself forced to be called by the place name of a stronghold which his suzerain will have entrusted to him as a reward for some war-acts, under his banner.

It was the case of a man-at-arms owning a stronghold, who had been in charge of its security, probably after being fallen under the bishop's control beyond the surroundings of Sees in the 10th century. For this lord was a prelate as much as a warrior, coming from the highest Norman aristocracy. And this stronghold became localized at a few miles of the aforesaid city. Afterwards, this august lord will be the origin of a very former Challenge family. Because several years after the beginning of the England conquest by William the Conqueror, two brothers coming from this line of descent will be called Guarinus and Hugo of "Calumniis", on a sale contract by which the Belleme provost was going to purchase a ground located in edge of the forest bearing the same name. And yet this famous forest of tall trees is still nowadays next to an old place of Celtic worship dedicated to Goddess

Bellisama, “the very bright one”, hence the name of Belleme, who was given to this market town. And the transaction-charter, where Guarinus and Hugo of Calumniis are quoted in witnesses, is written up in low Latin which was the official language used in the 11th and 12th centuries.

Before going forwards in this book-preamble, a short explanation concerning the Norman duchy-formation is obvious. The great plundering perpetrated by Vikings on the areas bordering the Seine were the immediate causes of the treaty ratified in the small town of Saint Clear upon Epte, during year 911, by Hrolfr, or Rollon, son of a Norwegian Jarl and 1st duke of Normandy. He accepted there from Charles the Simple one, king of west Frank folk, the city of Rouen and the coastal areas located at the mouth of the Seine where his brothers in arms were established. In 933, his successor, William Long Sword, obtained vaster concessions. But nevertheless, the setting up of the Norman duchy, which emerged in the middle of the 11th century, comes within the competence more of the dukes and Viking warriors, whose aggressive expansion never slowed down, that of simple donations.

The assassination of William Long Sword by the count of Flanders, on September 17th 942, put Normandy under the supervision of a council. His son, Richard the 1st, who came from Rollon as his grandson, was only one year old. Osmont, his legal guardian, made the child leave secretly his jailers and went to hide him in the manor house belonging to the count of Senlis, his maternal uncle. Furious to have been fooled, the king of Frank folk, Louis the 4th of Overseas, formed an alliance with Hughes, count of Paris, his enemy of yesterday,

and promised to him to divide Normandy into two equal parts which he would allocate to each of them. But, some time later, he heard the war-preparations which King Harold, the Danish one, made against him, at count's request and for the heir apparent. The two armies marched to meet one another. Lastly, on July 13th 945, they met close to the river Dives. Louis the 4th of Overseas was defeated and led towards Rouen to be jailed. He regained his freedom only after having agreed to several territorial arrangements in favour of the Norman ones.

Fifteen years later, the Hrolfr's descendants, confined in Upper Normandy, were harassed by Frank people, so that Scandinavians, native to Western countries, came to their aid during year 960. Richard the 1st, who married Gunnor peacefully, chief's girl of one of these bands, then allowed the warriors to settle and to convert if they wished it. So, one can see there the second creation of the Norman duchy. Then in 990, the structure of the diocese of Rouen was reorganized with its six suffragan bishoprics including that of Sees. Duke Richard made name there lord-bishops who put themselves out for him.

As for monasteries, when Duke William took power in 1035, ten religious houses had been already set up or rebuilt by the preceding dukes. Five of these abbeys were Jumieges, Saint Ouen of Rouen, Saint Wandrille, the Holy Mount Michel, and Fecamp. It is extremely probable that the abbey of Grestain, located on Southern bank of the Seine estuary, were among them, since Herleva or Arleta, whose loves with Robert the Devil, duke of Normandy, gave life to a small William named the Bastard one before becoming William the

Conqueror, was buried there, probably on the insistence of her husband Herlouin, count of Conteville and father-in-law of Duke William, because the small town of Conteville is located in Eastern neighbourhood of the aforesaid abbey.

This short explanation coming to an end, the principal heroes of this novel really existed, except the Vikings depicted in First Part. They are based on a patronymic analysis, being stretched over thirteen years of research carried out by the former collector and lover in genealogy who was the author, at the time of his Parisian leisure:

“During that searches-period, I was absolutely persuaded of the interest to find my ancestral roots, using, with my best intellectual abilities, toponymy, patronymic, onomastic, genealogy, heraldic, sigillography, calligraphy... in short, whole lots of logics suitable to the comprehension of studies whose investigation-fields could help me to go back in time. As a result, I consulted a small army of documents, namely a hundred of printed books and three hundreds of archives-papers. I patiently realized more than height hundreds of black and white photographs or colour ones, shooting a string of charters, wills, notarized acts... What a hugeness it was, almost an enormity! Also, after having copiously analyzed, then synthesized, in a thick book, all these good or bad old ancestors-ways through time, I preferred to stand back. Therefore I immersed myself in ideas-world with delight, thus mitigating the absence of historical facts, shortcomings peculiar to some of the oldest characters that I could discover”.

So, except Haraldr Olafsson the Norwegian one, three heralds in various wisdoms are thus handed over, in their environment, to the shrewdness of any reader who will see by himself famous events infolding and following the time-course, with, for origin, the very recent creation of the Norman duchy.

The romantic exploits of our Viking are a prelude to the intrigues of three “silhouettes” that lived in obscure centuries. And their group joyfully sprinkles the sequence of this Norman tetralogy. However, information concerning the “Challenge” trio being almost nonexistent, I mitigated this serious handicap by successively making “joust” each of the three leading lights of the aforesaid name against some notorious philosophers and theologians who compare, in the chapters-course, their favourite topics for thought. Because “philosophy is an ocean where the philosophers are only pilots whose shipwrecks make known to us the dangers to be avoided”!

This book begins with a 1st Part, where, in year 913, during the month of the goddess-mother, Haraldr Olafsson the Viking will leave his native and Norwegian surroundings of Ovre Lunden, to disembark, after having reached the Southern coast of the Seine estuary, in a small harbour of Neustria, which has been named Fylgfloedr by one of his Scandinavian predecessors.

Then, in a 2nd Part, the autumn 1054 will be favourable for discovering in the Perche, which is a county adjoining the Duchy of Normandy, the beginnings of descendants resulting

from “Guarinus and Hugo of Calumniis”, barons of Count Yves of Belleme, the bishop of Sees.

But it is in the 3rd Part, during the winter 1229, that Reginald of Challenge, canon of Sees, will see himself elevated to the status of Main Master Bretechier in the entrenched and fortified camp of Belleme.

Finally, the 4th and ultimate Part of this tetralogy will start in spring 1251, when Bill Chalange, monk of the abbey Saint Martin of Sees, will leave it to follow in Comrade Laynine’s footsteps.

Then, to begin this story, all of a sudden I went in the ruins of the ancient abbey located close to Grestain, facing the Seine estuary, looking towards the open sea and watching the faraway coasts with the aim of searching out proud and swift Nordic boats, as seas-horses ridden by the bold sailors of Scandinavia who piloted them at the fallen night, getting their bearings by looking for stars. Their undertakings were excessive ones, but they were always seen through to completion, and that is what characterized Viking adventurers!

Four extracts of “Northwester wind upon Neustria”

These extracts of my book are writing for yourself as some wink of an eye, because... once upon a time... there was a famous goddess-mother... She was surnamed Freyja by ancient Scandinavian, as well as “Wisdom of Novgorod” by old Russ, or Sophia by Christian Slavic, or again Morgan by people of old Brittany... and finally... “Communism” by the Russian soviets!

I

An old Russ named Bjorn Olafsson

Standing up on board his langskip, Haraldr Olafsson, a valiant Vikingr, turns his face towards the woman who smiles to him. Then, overcome by the radiant beauty of this Valkyrie bearing the name of the goddess-mother, he answers her very simply:

- Each New Year starts with the winter solstice. And everywhere in Scandinavia, one looks at the longest night winter as the night mother during which the world was created by the large goddess, whose radiant face radiates light and heat throughout the six-month period of summer. It is the great festival of Jol! In Northern territories of Norway,

we immolate an animal in sacrifice, because never seeing again the sun which reappears is a terror that causes great propitiatory rites. For this special occasion, we meet one another among our proper family to eat and drink all together.

- Don't you also do it before an expedition-departure in far lands, by drinking beer until the early morning? Haraldsfreyja asks, and who undoubtedly knows the answer.

- By famous Odinn the drunken god, it is obvious! How much we drank, there are already two nights ago! the Norwegian giant inveighs then against. My family celebrated the departure of its two sons: myself in Neustria, and Bjorn Olafsson, my younger brother, on the Baltic Sea. He chartered his knörr to sail there in the direction of Riga, from where he will sail on rivers and lakes until Holmgardr, called Novgorod by Slavic people. His goal is rightly to reach, some time later, the fort of Koenugardr, that autochthones name the Kremlin of Kiev.

Haraldsfreyja Gunnarrsdottir listens to the recital of the captain who was abruptly transported in foreign countries. She asks him:

- And you valiant Vikingr, did you make also some tour there?

- By Thorr! each one of us has his proper mission! Boiling Haraldr says. Bjorn Olafsson is now an authentic Vøringr, that Neustrian people name Varangue! He fights and trades in a country which is, regarding my knowledge, completely strange, where the natives are Slavic people. Bjorn is

surnamed Russ by all of them, like his crew, because of the redhead colour of their Scandinavian hair. From Koenugardr, he will go down the Dnieper again, with a large fleet of langskips, to reach Aldeigjuborg, which autochthones indicate under the name of Odessa, in the north of the Black Sea. Then he will cross this sea until Mikligardr, named Constantinople by the basileus of Byzantium. Because Holmgardr and Koenugardr have been organized in military principalities by Vøringar, considering Oleg, their chief, unified the two principalities before seizing Mikligardr, since already six winters. However, a little time before the winter which has just ended here, Igor, the grandson of Oleg, became in his turn large duke of Koenugardr. He prepares a warlike campaign against the basileus of Byzantium who reinvested his capital. For this reason Bjorn is turned over from here to yonder...

II

An archpriest, called Sergueï Boulga Khov

The trio of Norman men, that is composed of Yves of Belleme, Hughes of Challenge and Bertha with her tiny behind, turns over to their boat. It is because the journey becomes painful, for Odin the Proud one. Crossing the Bosphorus straight, the langskip will have to skirt the western coast of the Black Sea until Odessa. From there, it will be necessary for it to go up the Dnieper towards Kiev. And forwarding continues. Norman men borrow the route of

Varangues now. Yves of Belleme wants absolutely to admire the cathedral of Kiev!

Returned in the Kiev county capital, the Norman bishop notes with spite that the church dedicated to Sophia is not built completely. An archpriest of this place, called “Sergueï Boulga Khov”, excuses the slowness of that work. Nevertheless, he describes the future architecture of his sanctuary, by quoting this very orthodox declaration:

- The one who visited the temple of Holy Sophia in Constantinople and who perceived her revelation is enriched forever by a new knowledge of the world as God, the divine Wisdom. This celestial dome, which is inclined towards the ground to embrace it, figures, by its finished forms, the infinite one, the multiple unit of the whole, the immutable eternity in the image of Creation. There is here Plato who receives the Christianity baptism, in the heights where souls rise to contemplate ideas! Such will be Holy Sophia Basilica in Koenugaradr of Scandinavian people, a town which is now our Russian metropolis of Kiev!

- We prefer dark and small churches, where Christians shut themselves up, in their own interiority, by becoming aware of their human inferiority! Yves of Belleme answers. And then each one of these churches is dedicated to a saint of the area, with some of his relics, whoever he may have been, canonized or not! Because omnipotent God of Apocalypse makes himself fear! With due respect to the saying which affirms that it is better addressing to the Good Lord that to his saints, or, if you want, that it is better to go to God-headquarters at once! And Hell, therefore! So I have the responsibility of a building site, this one of a new cathedral

dedicated to holy Gervais and Protais, in the bishopric where inhabitants of Sees are living and which is mine!

- What a magnificence it is! the archpriest exclaims. But if you wish for admiring a Russian church dedicated to Wisdom! Khov father concludes, thus go in Novgorod, the old Holmgardr town of Varangues, where Holy Sophia Cathedral was set up by Prince Vladimir in 1045! then devoted in 1052! just three years ago!

- Faith of Latin bishop, I will go there! even if it I must walk on one foot!

- What a pig you would be by retracting some words of yours! Hughes of Chalenges concludes.

June is already proceeding far away on its run-time. As for the crew of the langskip, it only asks to continue its route through mounts and valleys. And indeed, it is what will occur! For first of all, it shall go up the course of the Dnieper as far as Gnezdovo. How does it do now to join then a river which runs towards north? It appears that an enough wide one, named the Lovat, leads its streams in the direction of north, within a certain distance from the place! One thus buries the treasure in a wood of the surroundings of Gnezdovo. Then Odin the Proud one makes dismounting the mast and the equipments of the boat. Yves of Belleme, assisted of his philosopher and the baron, keeps his ducats and deniers buried somewhere, while the complete crew reverses the hull of the seas-runner, and carries it upon the back of men. It will be necessary to spend ten days before Odin the Proud one can reach the banks of the Lovat with its sailors transporting their boat. The Norman adventurers moor the langskip without its mast there. Then, reconsidering their steps, they carry backward the chests of the bishop, as

well as the mast and equipments of their boat. The prelate brings up the rear.

One week is passed when the boat can navigate on the lower stream of the Lovat. The crew sails there wisely until the river flows in Ilmen Lake. The wideness of water is quickly crossed towards the south to reach the north, before following here the current of the Volkhov, which there lives on calm water, so that the sailor men reach quickly Novgorod, the old metropolis of Varangues, built at the edge of the river. One immobilizes the boat by mooring against a quay of logs, while the trio of passengers moves towards Holy Sophia Basilica which is located close to Kremlin Fort. The building is overhung by six cupolas. Penetrating in the sanctuary, Yves of Belleme feels a particular environment, identical to that one of Holy Sophia Basilica in Constantinople, but however more intimate. A pope approaches the trio. He speaks in a Latin language of good quality:

- No matter how I am named! he says them. What is important, it is to feel the presence of Wisdom here! Admittedly, divine Sophia is transcendental to any human being, since she is the life of God's Trinity!
- Which is then this Wisdom that is venerating by your people in these places? the Latin bishop asks.
- She is the first of the creatures! the pope continues. We name her Sophia of Creation. The old ones had a rightly foreboding of this world-hearth, whom we would name, us the Christian Slavic, Memory of God! Because Creation plunges by herself its roots in the divine life of Trinity! This is why you can admire six cupolas, which represent the six days of Creation!

- For us, concludes Yves of Belleme, the incarnated Wisdom is our Pope in Rome, because he has infused science by divine gift, also we must be all in agreement with the dogmas which are professing by him...

III

A famous oracle given by Fairy Morgan

A pond appears suddenly in the sight-scope of two men who are Reginald of Challenge and Mathusalem Dante Dilluvium. A building body, as a dark bulk bordering calm and black of marshes water, probably shelters some foresters, says to him Reginald, who has been told Bretechier. Remembering any sentence said by Venus the Aquifer one, he calls for the lady of the lake with his falsetto-voice: Morgan! Morgan! are you there? A small and paunchy man leaves precipitately the building. He moves forward to meet Reginald and tells him some speeches like these ones:

- Keep silent here, dear friend! Don't you know that our Lake Lady is named Viviane? and that she left forever water of the pond? As for Morgan, you will find her wandering in the brush-woods which cover the entire vale which is reputed not to allow any return! Go on this way and follow it until it disappears from the lower part of your feet! the monk whispers, and who presents finally himself, under the name of Brother Judikaël.

Darkness covers slowly the Other World, whereas the moon is shown in its full face over the summits of huge trees. Reginald, Mathusalem and their two mules glide themselves, one behind the other, between two lines of thorn-bushes thickets. They go silently during long hours searching for this famous vale where Morgan hides. The pale clearness of the night-star surrounds mysteriously the coppices of neighbourhoods with some haloes. Wavering shades seem to watch for the crew which walks on prudently by following an increasingly narrow path. Solid confused masses of luxuriant vegetation emerge suddenly in the depths of a small valley, whereas the narrow path disappears instantaneously. The twelve human and animal feet which trampled upon the way do not know any more where to advance. Reginald, overcoming the strange apprehension which invades him little by little, opens a way for himself by forcing the step through thick brush-woods. And the crew gradually descends in the depth of the small valley, before finally reaching the lower part of the basin. It is a mysterious place, where relief and vegetation are closely mixed. Mathusalem is amazed. No path penetrates in these places. The moon enlightens the slopes in funnel of this vale which is reputed not to allow any return, and which is said to be the junction-point between Other World and that one of Christians.

Reginald, out of breath, stops during a while in the moistness of the night, then using a weak voice not to disturb the woods-spirits, he calls for the fairy:

- Morgan! Morgan! are you there?

A female silhouette, entirely clothed with black dresses, leaves abruptly a bush. She slowly moves forward, step by step, counter against the canon. Her face is strange, it does not reflect any precise age, showing neither careless youth nor wise old age. Reginald is dying of fright and his body starts trembling of fear. Would she be a she-devil? Reginald the Bretechier says himself.

- Reassure yourself! the mysterious woman whispers, indeed, I am Morgan, the enchanting witch who lives in Other World! What do you and yours want, who came up here for a while, facing unconsciously the antediluvian monsters which populate my vale, called that one from which nobody is allowing any return?

- It is Venus the Aquifer one who sends me towards you! Reginald retorts. It appears that you know where a certain person, named Merlin, lives! Because I must ask him to explain me how it is possible to enchain for eternity Malignant of Christians in a lantern-tower, considering this crystal palace will crown soon the transept of our cathedral in Coutances!

- Venus the Aquifer one is not another goddess that this one which is named Melusine! the strange woman answers. We are both the faces of Goddess-Mother. As for Merlin the Magician, he is one of devil-sons which united itself, on a famous day, with a true Christian woman, therefore Merlin's capacities turned to Goodness!

- But where can I meet him? the canon asks impatiently.

- He lives there, being recluse in an air-bubble surrounding the woods of Brechelian! Morgan retorts. Thus Viviane, another face of Goddess-Mother, locked him, and the two lovers are eternally confined on all sides in their bubble!

Tomorrow, at daybreak, you will hear in woods the wind-breath in the branches of the trees. Do not believe anything about that, because it is the Merlin's laughter which will come next to your ears! The magician thus laughs every morning in the four corners of Brecheliant!

- But then, is he unable to help me? Reginald the Bretechier astonished himself.

- Listen to me with attention! Morgan concludes. Know that Merlin, before leaving us, registered some algebraically expressions on a black book held by the monks of the abbey of which you caught a glimpse yesterday evening! It appears that without these relations of good quality, it had been impossible to the prior rejecting certain Christian imps outside of the abbey! However you will have then to imitate the sneers of the enchanter! Hear them very attentively tomorrow morning...

IV

Searching for Comrade Laynine

Here is the duet of Norman men, called Bill Chalange and Small Peter the Cur, with their Mongolian squad, harnessed and put to barges and boats which descend or go up the current, between Stalin-Gorod and Astrakhan, because breaking up of the ices comes to an end, and navigation begins again on the river. The Volga is so broad that one has some difficulties to see the opposite bank which is however

distinguished on the gold and rosy tinted horizon when the sun rises. Spring is there; fauna and flora live briskly again.

The loggers began again to handle their felling axes, clearing of woods which extend, dense and green, until the accesses of the Volga. Floating rafts move down the river-channel, until Astrakhan. But they shall be guided, and Bill, helped by Small Peter the Cur and his attendants of Mongolian riders, grappling to the rafts with their hands, become experts in the art avoiding the aspirations created by the water holes. Once returned to the Volga estuary, they go up the current, hauling boats charged with large fishes which were caught in the Caspian Sea, such as sturgeons, after they came to lay their eggs in the arms of the delta. Because Comrade Stalin is fond of the delicacies of caviar!

At the unrestrained rhythm of this fluvial transports, summer arrives in a trice, when a good news comes to the ears of Bill the Norman one: Comrade Stalin fled definitively out of the large proletarian city which is hell on this earth, except that the former dictator does not direct any more, does not order any more, does not lock up any more, “does not liquidate” any more, since he passed from life to demise. The duet lets burst its joy, as well as the Mongolian attendants who divert themselves by laughing immoderately. They at once are released, because the “destalinization” makes vacuum in Politburo of Stalin-Gorod, which one hastens to name Volvox-Gorod, in consideration of a green alga which grows up in fresh water on the banks of the Volga, and in pledge of good faith towards Dame Nature, whose works were chopped fine by the communist dictator, during twenty or twenty-five years.

And it is a certain pastry-cook of trade, named Crust-chief, or Khrushchev, who studies and steadies the changing. He specialized himself as much in the making of ice-pastry “bombs” than in the use of fleshy fruits. Because these fruits contain so small pips that they are known as “atomic” ones, such the famous berry for the pigs, which Crust-chief surnamed “bay of the pigs”.

Bill Chalange and its band go up the current of the Volga once again. Because one has indicated to them that Comrade Laynine had ended his life in Nijni-Novgorod, since nearly a year. They penetrate in the “low new city”, whereas spring-flowers strew the meadows with a medley of colouring. Located at the lands-borders of Russian soul, the city is dominated by Kremlin Fort, which was built there about the year 1221. However this town is now a land of exile for the freedom-defenders, like Comrade Laynine. Fairs received there quantity of disparate people, which come from occidental countries and Asiatic steppes. The old city is built on the edges of the Oka, near the confluence of this river with the Volga. Further, on a flat bank, Nijni-Novgorod extends itself, whereas on the close heights draws up Kremlin Towers.

In one of the high rooms of the wooden fort, Bill and his accomplice, Small Peter the Cur, discover the room where Laynine lived his last days. Then they go in Kremlin Mausoleum where Laynine is exposed, lying on a bed, because, miraculously, the rot which death generates does not have any catching on his body. A former muzhik, called Bolshevik, an erudite peasant converted into Communism, presents to them the doctrine-greatness of the lying comrade,

who seems to drowse himself here while taking care for basis-purity of his philosophy that talks politics :

- What a good policy that “Layninism”! the muzhik cries. Because it is characterized by the importance attached to the directing part of the van guard of Communism, and particularly of its Party! Comrade Laynine was essentially even vitally interested in the alliance of the revolutionary and labouring classes with the agricultural heaps of peasantry! He predicted that Tsar’s imperialism would be regarded as ultimate stage of capitalism before the proletarian revolution! Thus our faction had to prepare the Bolshevik insurrection, and to organize the power-seizure in the dictatorship of proletarian people, as a long work got ready now in Laynine-Gorod! Unfortunately, this conquest has been confiscated by “Stalinism”!

- You prevail yourselves to be called a Bolshevik! Bill the Norman one says. Is really this surname a controlled appellation?

- Undoubtedly! the muzhik retorts. Bolsheviks constituted the majority of Russian peoples who disposed themselves in masses behind Laynine. We wanted to create a centralized party, made up of professional revolutionaries, refusing the adhesion of improved elements coming from middle-classes. Because we were facing, in fact, the minority of Mensheviks gathered behind a wrestler who practiced Scandinavian treading. He was called “Trotsky”, before he joined our rows!

- Certainly, dear muzhik! Bill says, as a postulating monk. But about what did the band formed by Trotsky think?

- About dreams which are called chimeras! the Bolshevik concludes, considering that in application of their ideas, pursuant to that ones of Comrade Carl Marks, Mensheviks

detested central authorities who keep the power on, only for themselves! They aspired to a proletariat-revolution which is fundamentally decentralized! This is rigorously impossible! note, indeed! without generating an anarchy which goes against a productivity of quality and against a production of goods in great quantity, collectivists axioms that are essential to the generation of the whole wages of our indigent class!

- What will occur about Socialism, Communism, Laynism, Stalinism, and Trotskyism? Will they have an international vocation? Bill Chalange is disturbed, for while penetrating in Nijni-Novgorod, a shaman, named Green Woodpecker Diatel, told me a quite strange history. Like the bird pricking the trees-trunks, this astonishing magician hammers with his charades the head of his adversaries until they subject to his understanding. Thus Diatel had predicted to Comrade Laynine that his ideas would be eternal, if supporters of Communism remained united, but that they would disappear forever if its followers would quarrel!

The muzhik does not know what to answer to this prophetic sentence, professed by a great mind claiming "Shamanism". Then Bill leaves the mausoleum, not without to have addressed a last good-bye to Comrade Laynine, who, if he had been appointed 1st Secretary of the Communist Party in Laynine-Gorod city, was also, but before this supreme distinction, the number nine of the lay-brothers' team of the Holy Andrew abbey in Gouffern, located since decades in the old duchy of Normandy! However, having become, without mortifications, a great communist saint of this congregation, since, alive, he had received the sacraments with the comrades of the Party, Laynine's body could not at all appear in a state of lamentable decomposition, without facing the

masterly prediction of Shaman Diatel. Because don't the Leninist ideas form an aggregate of dense matters, among the partisans of dialectical materialism?

And now, here is the beginning of the
First Part of my book:

Year 913, during the month of Goddess-
Mother Frigga, a famous Vikingr, named
Haraldr Olafsson, is disembarking at
Fylgfloedr* in Neustria.

*It is the present village of Fiquefleur on Southern bank of the Seine estuary

Chapter I

Storm at the North Sea

A flash spliced trough the sky from the Western depths, where the sunny aster is disappearing every evening, to the

Levant ones, and lightning fell down on a dwelling of Thyboren. Then the darkness hid again the whole waters-expanse. Haraldr Olafsson clang to the helm of his langskip, a long boat in wood-structure which sliced trough the waves by setting its prow facing the Southern route while sailing along the Danish coast with a few hundred yards away. The sailor man raised his right fist in direction of the heaven-vault and loudly proclaimed: Thorr, called the terrible thunder-god, are you so timorous that you hide behind this cluster of black clouds? By Odinn, thus go down a little to pit your strength against me! Would you be as cowardly as the monks of Neustria? For any answer, the robust Vikingr heard only the noise of a wind-gust making band the square sail of the boat. The canvas was lowered from only one yard which the crew had fixed at the single mast of the seas-runner. Quite woven in vadmal which is a canvas of frieze, it supported the tautness brutally generated by the wind-gust.

The long snake of the Vikingr sailor was built not to take the breakings head-on; it sticks close to them while preserving its course, because the keel, cut all in one piece, ensures the boat-elasticity. The planking wood-boards were judiciously riveted, overlapping partially each other, then waterproofed by using hemp which the carpenters have impregnated with tar. And the rigidity of this sea-runner is made by wooden bulkheads, which are transverse frames following the internal contours of the hull. They are hold together by cross beams on which the timbers ensure a strap in the longitudinal direction, so that under the effect of strong waves, the langskip can twist in inflection or rotation compared to the keel-axis, returning systematically after the effort in its most stable shape.

Haraldr is the very powerful stýrimadr of his ship, a captain who holds the helm. He made put the oars onboard to prevent their breaking in the raging billows. The forty sailors, who make up the crew, lie in wait, all waked up in complete symbiosis with the ship which sails while being warped on the crest-waves. It was not necessary for the captain to ring the action stations, because each sailor is a soeulfr, a toughened up sea-wolf enjoying spray and tingling with pleasure by struggling against the elements raged by any stormy weather. Their chief, a bondi, can count on them, because they were in good hands when they sailed under the Haraldr Olafsson's father, the previous captain of the long snake. Olafr Sigfrorsson, for such was his name, took them, before his son did it, onto the coasts of the North Sea, so that they well-versed in all operations aiming to make their boat sailing like the wind on the billows. Sometimes, the long snake does ten knots or even fifteen ones, especially when the storm is at its heights. Then Haraldr, motionless on the back platform of his langskip, forgets the stormy weather a while longer to remember his origins.

Haraldr Olafsson is a bondi, namely a free warrior, as much a country-man as a fishing-one, but also owner of his ship. For it is on this social status that he founded the antiquity of his descendants. He is the elder son of Olafr Sigfrorsson, himself son of Sigfror Bodvarrsson, and yet Bodvarr, his paternal great-grandfather, was only a simple motunautr, that is to say the meal-companion of another sailor onboard one of the first langskips that left Norway for searching some mooring broadside on the Seine estuary, around years 810. Since then, each one in his time, his ancestors had a good rowing-experience on the Seine, this long and calm river with broad

meanders which are lost nonchalantly by watering the hedged farmlands and the campaigns of Neustria. Sigfror Bodvarrsson, become bondi, had sought to besiege Paris, but his boat was pushed back beyond the city-borders, with several others. Then he had accompanied Voland, a Norwegian great war-leader whom one names Jarl, and whose true exploit was to sail up the Seine with two hundreds langskips. In this time, the king of Frank people, who was a bald man named Charles, had granted Voland, to drive him out of Paris where he had entered, five thousands pounds of money as well as cattle and corn-stocks.

Finally, Olaf Sigfrorsson had followed Gongu-Hrolfr, called Rollon by Neustrian people. His pseudonym comes from gongumaor, who is a vagrant, considering this warrior did not own any plot of land. Hrofr is the son of Rogvald, a powerful Jarl who made himself frightful against Haraldr Harfagri, king of Norway in 870. This fair-haired Haraldr had asked for the hand of beautiful Gyda. But the girl promised him her love provided that he become king of whole Norway. Haraldr accepted the imposed obligation and let himself grow his hair until he had finally fulfilled this hairy vow, from which the nickname of Harfagri has been given to him later. However, when beautiful-haired Haraldr had joined together in his hand all the small strongholds which made the Norwegian territory, he banished all the dispossessed lords so that they will go off to seek their fortune elsewhere.

A wind charged with spray comes to lash the soekonungr's face, and the sea-king deflects the route of his langskip more into the open sea, faraway off the coasts, because the storm is going to abate. The clouds disappear as quickly as they were

threatening. The heaven-vault gradually lights up with a myriad of stars, so that the drekar of poop and prow, these completely symmetrical dragon-heads, stand out against the horizon when the pitching of the long snake make them rear above the leaping waves. Haraldr has left the Oslo fjord for two nights, benefiting from the month of solmanadr, that of the goddess-mother, namely mid-June, period when the sun is mild and beneficial. One had assembled before his departure, in order to make the decisions jointly, particularly these which interested the whole family community, as a prelude impossible to circumvent, prelude to the temporary or definitive emigration of any courageous Vikingr who embarks for long journeys...

And so on...



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