



BOOMERANG EFFECT

CHAPTER 5

Was I adult ?

If I stopped at this time to address this new chapter, it was because it was at that moment it seems to me that I began to enter the adult phase.

Like everyone, I was more likely have to put up with my life than I was going to master it. I was going to leave behind all the potential acquired in childhood and adolescence, for implementation.

Was I an adult? Did I one day became? I was going however play the role and assume the responsibilities of it.

Although I had received a very good salary for several years, I arrived at the army like the majority arrived there then, namely broke.

I would have much liked to be in paratroops commandos, to walk a lot, to run, to finally live! Remember my insatiable need to live when I was a child, to the point that for me sleeping was equal to dying. Well no ! I had been assigned to a regiment of the "Train" at Monthéry, that is to say in troop or equipment transport, with puffing trucks. If they had been able to drive more than a hundred and fifty kilometers as I was able to do in the descent with my old Aronde ... If we had done long walks or useful things glorious ... But no! Nothing of the sort ! So as I could not give in the useful, I did in the harmful.

I got the pictures of some false permissions of Gilbert, my brother-in-law, some "exploits" of the same style of Jean-Claude, so I made worse than them. As soon as I arrived, I began anti-establishment. Oh! Not in front of the ranks, but by deceit I took pleasure in doing the opposite of the rules. I went thus over the wall several times a week, as well that I did me placed in repose in room by a friend of the infirmary. During these hours of "rest", right under sub-lieutenant's very nose who was not fooled, I went every day or almost, doing very long cross or bike training, which often led me to the edge of the auto racing circuit. At the time of the report, my distinguished sub-lieutenant was putting himself then in revolution and often promising me to have me, but I always escaped in extremis to his interventions. In view of my psycho-technical tests and the need for NCOs in my final assignment, he did not even have the pleasure of denying me access to that rank, although he made me know that he had noted to me at the lowest of what he was allowed to do.

My boastfulness had no limits and I was stupidly proud of it. I was even more so, after having been appointed to the rank of sergeant, I was transferred to the Reuilly barracks in Paris, in a military mail-post, as second in charge of the garage service. It was in this regiment that I lived, besides, my only whole weekend in the military quarters, for the whole duration of my service. It must be said that at the end of precedent week, I had suggested to my Marshal of army corps who refused me my permission that I will leave with or without his authorization. He had not really appreciated my promises, and even if he had not promised me anything in return, he had nevertheless given me ten days of simple stop for illegal absence one day of big maneuvers.

My insubordination and my boasting could take me to an extreme as in the other. It is thus that during my stay in this barracks, I prepared an ambush which I still consider to have been justified today, to my garage adjutant and his counterpart in the kitchens. One used the pieces of the army to maintain his personal vehicle and often those of his friends, just as the other was almost openly trading in food at the expense of troop food.

The ambush, that I had laid them then, aborted because of the notoriously unauthorized permission of which I have just spoken to you, and perhaps also because I had been too talkative about my intentions, whereas nobody had interest that the bargain becomes known in high places. I was therefore transferred

by "disciplinary" measure, in a NATO barracks in Fontainebleau. A palace, a dream, a castle life ... Without dwelling too much on details that are not very glorious, I celebrated the end of my military service, the same day and with all my American friends, who were celebrating the departure of France, February 28, 1967. Oh dear! Our head the next day!

I need to make clear however in order to not astray you, that behind this veil, this artifice of myself, there was in me the one whose an author that I much liked said: "One finds oneself alone" by Jacques Brel. I was often this one, even if I always had the opposite attitude. Alone, somewhere in my heart, I was it, even if I tried to prove to myself the opposite by this form of whirlwind that I lived to convince me that I existed.

With the end of my military service, this inner loneliness became only heavier, because I had to take back my work as a postman in the office where I had left it.

If I integrated a little better this second time, it was not however because of the improvement of the atmosphere, but more because of my regrettable adaptation to depravations of this world. This is often unfortunately the progression of many.

Since I began writing, I sometimes wondered why I had not told you yet about Michel, my best childhood friend. He was a few years younger than me, but he was often a reference for me, as have been able my brother. There was, however, a profound difference between these two types of references. I think I always choose to follow the bad images that Jean-Claude could leave me, even if he had many good, as anyone, as for Michel, I think he never represented a bad direction in his sincerity still childish. I think he lived a healthy faith in Christ, at least in the period when we knew each other the most, and in my opinion, this explains that. In the spring of 1967, while we meet already no more often, he was going to be without knowing it, at the origin of the turn that my life was going to take then.

He had an older cousin of about ten, who lived in Paris. In his adolescence, this cousin Guy had come several times to spend a few days vacation to his uncle and aunt, our neighbors butchers. He had then begun to make road rallies car on a 403 Peugeot convertible, then had become a professional pilot for NSU. He was also, certainly a little behind my passion for car racing, which had been growing for several years. If I look for a little in me, this passion had to be embryonic since 1960, the year when we had the opportunity to go for the first time at the 24 hours of Le Mans with dad. I had been to Guy's house a few times to meet him, but he was always up hill and down dale. His wife was informing him of my visit and we were not going further than this I did not dare to call too much for fear of appearing unwelcome, but running June 67, I phoned him again at random. What was not my surprise when he informed me from an advertisement that two of his friends had published in review "Echappement" (exhaust) claiming a racing driver and he offered me to go to see them to Rennes and introducing me from him. No sooner said than done, I did not go to work that day and immediately headed for Rennes, the heart full of glee.

I was very well welcomed by two professional coachbuilders, who had set up a small racing team. Formula 3 was then only in its first faltering steps. They had already raced the previous years and had built for each one a single-seater that year. They suggested me to put at my disposal their first realization and after receiving my license, to start on July 15 at Le Mans. Not completely ignorant of the body work, because of the repair of the Panhard, among other things, they was taking me as an apprentice with them, which allowed to consider a bound team.

I would certainly have seen myself better in a covered car, than in this small green cigar, but it was a deal! I was only three months of my majority, twenty-one years at the time, so it would be, I thought, a formality with my parents to obtain their necessary authorization to apply for a license.

I believe that the small Dauphine that I had well relooked few months earlier, with its 1093 cc engine, did not roll anymore, but it flew. As at my usual and to use the expression of a friend Lyonnais, it must to come back, the foot in the right headlight (In England I think that is the left headlight). I was convinced that everything would be fine, even if it seemed so unhoped-for. As if the thing was too good to be true.

So I immediately went back to Paris, gave my resignation to the post office and arrived quite late at night at my parents' house. As soon as I crossed the threshold of the house my enthusiasm fell: I had not thought how to present them the thing...

It must be said in advance, for those who did not live those years, or from too far to remember, that the seasons of Formula One sixty-six, but especially sixty-seven were marked by the disappearance of so many pilots, that public opinion began to be moved by that. I arrived at my parents' house, late at night unexpectedly, to announce to them that I had just left a stable situation in which I had engaged almost seven years before, to enter in the unknown and what is more, to risk my life every day: understand that I was not very proud at this moment! Probably at my usual, I had kept a casual and cheerful attitude, but I think I remember that my explanations did not go much further than a shabby stammer.

After a time of reflection, a very small time, having themselves too well made the connection between the direct channel formula 3, formula 1, they made me understand that they wanted everything for me, absolutely everything except to have my death on the conscience. Of course, they had very much

anticipated a career that might perhaps never have existed, but it was without remission: To get my license, I will wait to have reached my majority.

This was undoubtedly the second great disappointment of my life, after that of this small priest with the tapered nose. As the first time I remained without strength, not even that to inform my friends of one day of my defection. Owing to my too great haste, I had no more work, my enthusiasm of an instant had flown away and I remained faced with the harsh difficulties of life. It seem to me that had lived until this day I had lived as being waiting this unconscious and unhoped-for luck, but whereas I had let it pass, what remained to me as hope? Nothing!

In my village I fortunately had a girlfriend of whom the parents were restoring the straw-chair and cane chairs. I clung a little to them, who were very kind and I helped them in their tasks to pass the time. My parents did not drop me either, so I made masonry for them, mechanic for others, a little bike, few bike races, in short, nothing that can give a concrete motivation. I was quite looking for a job in the office, thinking of my useful experience, but I did not have a really adapted training.

It was at this time that I heard about professional training courses for adults, for which I passed tests during which I was offered an internship fitter mechanic. This single word "mechanic" sufficed to me on the moment to eclipse from my eyes, all the other peculiarities attached to this formation. Only one thing, however to my eyes wend crazy over the possibility of going from a stage of the first degree, to one of the second, then the third. To my question on this track I obtained a rather negative answer, but no real prohibition, if not that of an interval of less than one year between two internships. The level reached was then about equal to two years of higher education, if I managed to go all the way. I knew that to succeed, the engagement would be severe, but just as the biggest trip always starts with a first step, I accepted this first internship. From that moment, even though I had only a very pitiful secondary education, I had two hopes, two goals anchored in me, which were actually only one:

1) I will be a designer draughtsman.

2) Since I had not been able to do car races when I had the opportunity, I would pay them myself.

It was therefore for me as my project to accomplish the one hundred and eighty kilometers at bike, at just over fourteen years old. I had the hope, the faith. And God allowed it.

A surprise was waiting me, however, because when I realized what the profession of fitter mechanic was, I really felt as if I had fallen into an ambush. I had retained only the word mechanic, but I would have done better to retain that of fitter. It was certainly better than a simple fitter, because the vocational training was more complete with a lot of various machine tools, but as for me, mechanic meant auto mechanic, I was all wrong. The die was cast, it was too late to go back, so I did eight months at the vocational training center for adults Olivet Orleans for this training.

I was also improving in other areas, because at the wheel I drove faster and faster, in driving techniques that refined. Speed regulation was not yet in force, but was soon to become so. I was mistaking the road for a car-racing track, and therefore complied with all the safety rules, except of course the speed limits. I imagined, moreover, that everyone acted like me, and that obviously brought me some setbacks. Thank God, I never had such serious accidents that there were deaths.

I also went out more and more to the balls of Saturday evening, to look for the good "fortune". We did not still talk too much about nightclubs or dancing in my area. For my part, I was soon going to find it, the good fortune, but it was going to be the beginning of a long ordeal of seventeen years for me and for her, not to mention the most unfortunate, our two sons who were to be born of our Union.

She was employed in the same company as my parents, and I had seen her going to the station after work, shortly before our first meeting. She had certainly not left me indifferent, but nothing would have occurred between us if I had not found her a few days later at the ball of the Kings on the early of the year sixty-eight. We immediately sympathized, and even went a little farther as quickly, but until then nothing abnormal for what I lived at the time. In early April, I think, she told me she was pregnant. I do not say "Hallelujah", because at the time it did not touch my mind, but I was happy. I was going to have a child, and somewhere it was a very nice gift after the mumps problems I had a few years earlier. I was absolutely not disappointed to leave celibacy, and took this happy event with good-naturedly, convinced that I needed such circumstances to decide on one or the other of my conquests, that's all. The spell had fallen on "Annette", so the date of the marriage was therefore retained immediately or almost.

A few weeks passed in this serene atmosphere, during which I met my future in-laws and some of her friends, including one of my village, at the wedding of which we were invited. At the evening meal Annette was nauseous I had already seen my sister twice pregnant, and my sister-in-law once, so I was not alarmed by this unfortunate little detail, but tried to help her somehow. The hours passed and the atmosphere was warming up. As everyone Annette was in joy, when suddenly a frantic desire to jump took hold of her. I opposed it gently because of its condition; she did not take account of it. I wanted to reason with her, she continued ... The next day she was having a miscarriage.

It was a major shock to me, a return on myself. I immediately realized that I had been very much in love physically, but that I did not absolutely love her with a true and sincere love to live and build all life with her. We had in fact not any common point, no common aspiration, it was not possible: I had to break! I had always dreaded the suffering of others, and there, rather than meet face to face to inform her of my intentions, by cowardice to have to support her accusations, I then committed the blunder to write her my decision. A few days later, she arrived in the evening to my house in tears, visibly desperate. I was already very weak in the face of her distress, when my family interpreting my attitude towards her as a simple disillusionment, a simple lack of forgiveness, thinking well to do, joined her position.

This young girl, whose father was alcoholic at a very high-level, had elderly and almost destitute parents. She lived at their home, in a house that looked like a slum in relation to the immediate environment. I certainly had remorse for both of us, but because of her life of rejection, this daily misfortune that she had lived for so many years, I did not feel entitled to reject her further away. I have believed then that if I abandoned her, considering the image she had of men through her father, she would not recover. I could not then afford it, and in deep despair, as if by sacrifice, I let myself go, I said yes. We were to one month of June 22, 1968.

During the four weeks that separated us from the fateful date, I thought an upheaval would happen. It was not possible, it would eventually happen something? An earthquake, what do I know? The more time passed, the more I was trapped, the more my anguish grew, but nothing happened. Only that fatal day that was approaching inexorably ... And it happened!

It was for me "The longest day", as in the movie of the same name, a day that never stops to pass. A day without sun! A moonless night! Despite the smiles that I tried to do to each other so as not to spoil their joy, distress was in the depths of my heart, implacable, inexorable...

Then there was a following day, then two days after...

Helped by all these good "sixty-huitardes" ideas, (anti-establishment brought about by the students' revolt of 1968), I succeed in convincing myself that it will be enough for me to be conciliatory and full of good will to attain happiness. I certainly did not know the word of wisdom that the reading of the Holy Bible could have given me in (1 Corinthians 13-1): *If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass or a clanging cymbal.*

I was with my human good will, only this brass, this cymbal that is clanging. I put seventeen years before capitulating, seventeen years of suffering for one and the other. Seventeen years to see where the good will of man leads who confides in man, in himself. It is in his vanity as a man that he thinks himself evolved. Obviously, everything was not going to be as negative as the final observation of failure that I'm describing, because we put a lot of goodwill on both sides. Only here, when one made an effort in the sense that it thought good for the other, the other **never** receive this as being good for him.

No doubt Annette loved me? No doubt I made her extremely unhappy by my behavior, her misunderstanding of me and perhaps herself. In any case, I believe she often felt guilty, thinking that she was not up to it. Oh! At the height, just like me she was not likely to be to the height, I understand today much better than yesterday. I had not wanted to reject her, thinking that she would not recover, that she would definitively reject men, because of the image she had at the time of her father. It was true according to a human reasoning, because subjects of complex, she had, and she had still, but I can assure you that in her place I would certainly have had more than she. Only, as I said, she did not trust God. This was indeed our grossest mistake, perhaps even the only one.

May God bless her, because I believe that He wants to bless us all. What He does not want, so as to protect us from pride, is that we do it on our own. He is acting out of love for us because He is Love. For us, even love can become a trap, but we will come back to it together God willing.

Life continued inexorably with its good and bad sides. In the weeks that followed I finished my fitter mechanic course brilliantly and was hired on of that, as a toolmaker adjuster about thirty kilometers from my parents. We rented to lodge us, a small furnished in the village of Condé sur Huisne, located halfway to my work and that of Annette. We formed, it seems to me, the image of the young standard couple, even if all the mutual misunderstandings would emerge quickly. What young couple do not they bring out these misunderstandings?

My salary was not the most stupendous and our hobbies were not numerous. I still did some cycling races, but soon I realized that my training left something to be desired. It became less and less compatible with my other motivations, especially since Annette was pregnant again and was living with many difficulties this new pregnancy. At the beginning of the year sixty-nine, I did not renew my license and gave up this passion which had been ousted by others.

I was still only toolmaker adjuster, but proud to be, because it represented for me the first step of the podium that led me to success. I was maybe even a bit too proud, and that would play tricks on me. I was working with two colleagues who were much more experienced than me, but I did not hide from them the career plan that I had drawn at which I worked hard every evening and especially every night. The more

months passed, and the more I unconsciously perceived that the older of the two was like a danger to me, but with my naivety of the time, I was not careful. I had absolutely no intention of interfering in the hierarchy of this company, but he had probably perceived me as dangerous for his career, that is to say, the man to be slaughtered.

It was six months since I worked in this company, and even though I was not the most expert in my work, it seems to me that until then I was not too badly considered. This man, who held the position of team leader, undertook one day to do tidying up the workshop and found, by chance, panoply of hand screw taps that were no longer used, replaced for a long time by screw taps machine. He kindly offered them to me, and in my naivety I was almost flattered. I considered him as being part of the managers of the company, so I accepted them with many thanks, without realizing that this was done outside of all legality. A few days later, for a futility I no longer remember, I was thrown out like a messy, like a thief. I had been like a big fool accepting this "gift" poisoned, so I had more work.

A few days later, Annette was on sick leave and I dismissed, so we left our home become useless and expensive. We settled in the little house that had served as a workshop near my parents' home, and that in the meantime I had renovated well. This allowed Annette to benefit from my parents' closeness throughout the remaining of her very difficult pregnancy, as her mum did not have the health to help her and their home was too small to consider such a solution. My parents-in-law, however, was fortunate in these moments, that it was assigned to them by the municipal services, a beautiful little detached house in which the whole family happy, was busy to relocate them. They were both enjoying their beautiful little house in a beautiful little garden, when her mother's health worsened. Since I knew her, I surely realized that she did not walk normally, a bit like a drunken person, whereas she was not drinking. She suffered from atrocious headaches and was hospitalized because of an alarming hyper tension, twenty-eight, thirty. The doctor told us, however, that she was not so ill that she gave the impression, which she was playing comedy, that her loss of balance was only a simulation and that she had to be encouraged to walk more. We who were young and confident in medicine, we believed him, and with all the respect we owed to a mom, whenever we had the opportunity, we went of course in this direction, to "stimulate" her. One afternoon in June, sixty-nine, we visited her at the hospital, but, given her condition, we did not even dare to give her the kind of "encouragement" that we thought was right. The next morning when we returned, she had died of a brain tumor. She had expired alone, without the presence of a loved one at her bedside. We were one and other very distressed.

We both felt a deep resentment towards this man who knew the situation and who had hidden it from us. I do not know what motive led him to make us ruthless towards this woman, this mom whom we loved very much. The remorse of our mistake only increased our grief, especially that of Annette, but also of my father-in-law. I think he felt even more guilty of his state of complete dependence on the alcohol for which he was being treated, and thought himself fit to stay home alone. Eight to fifteen days later, this guilt having only led him to drink more, it was necessary to bow to the evidence. Annette was a few weeks away from giving birth, and since a long time incapable of self-sufficiency, a responsibility such as the supervision of her father was impossible and we decided to put him in a retirement home.

The time of pain and birth of the afterbirth had arrived for her. On the twenty-ninth of July 1969, a memorable day when the man first set foot on the moon, my first son was born. His mom wanted to call him Samuel, his dad Igor, a privilege was given to the mom. He was a beautiful big baby, with a good head of hair as brown as his parents, who would soon get him used to traveling. Fifteen days after his birth, he was already taking his first fresh marine air on the beach at Portivy, near Quiberon, where we used for the first time with my parents their new caravan, which they had bought empty and which we had equipped with my father.

Through my narrative, maybe you do not realize that my activities were becoming excessive. If there had been only the installation of this caravan in addition to all the events that we had just to live in a few months, moves, death, birth, it would have been conceivable. Since my dismissal of toolmaker adjuster, however, I worked sixty hours a week in a job of preparer in boiler making, and repaired damaged vehicles, in order to acquire new cars that I could not afford to buy in good condition. In a little over a year, I was in my second vehicle and somehow, I still continued correspondence courses. Needless to say, my days were already well filled.

A little more than a year had elapsed since the release of my first internship, and according to the schedule that I had set for myself, in September or October 1969 I entered an internship of draftsman, always in Orleans. So I found myself in a country of knowledge, one foot put this time on the second step of the podium. I worked assiduously again, but without producing however the amount of work that some provided, because the success was becoming familiar to me. I had always had a natural predisposition for technical drawing, which allowed me to emerge as brilliantly as the first and consequently, to find a job immediately after the end when I left. The work was still flowing at that time and although I did not have a great experience of study office, after a few months of interim work in Paris, I found myself promoted three

steps above my diploma, that is to say, study two. We had obviously moved and had come to live a small furnished two rooms, street of Bagnolet in the twentieth arrondissement. It was really small this two-room with kitchen, it was only twenty-one square meters of living space, but it overlooked a public garden, street of the Pyrenees and almost represented the countryside in Paris. It was made smaller by the fact that it took us, from this period, to house my father-in-law six months a year. We had tried to put him in a retirement home, but after a few weeks of peaceful life, the temptation of alcohol had been manifested again. He was very unhappy, but as for anyone who comes to these extremes, it was stronger than him. As long as he had drunk alone and returned to his room, we had not had too much trouble. The real problems had started when he had trained others to do the same, so from a retirement home to a nursing home, we had finally opted for the solution to take him each it's in turn.

It had always seemed to me that this would be the normal outcome. He thus stayed with us for six months a year, until his death in 1977. During this period, and despite his disability due to alcohol, he brought me a lot of masonry advice that I put into practice at my parent's house. He had indeed been a very good mason before falling into illness because of the drink. He was a very nice man, very peaceful, for whom the only subjects of conversation were the war where he had been taken prisoner, and the masonry. He had a Hebrew name, Lazarus. I do not know if it had anything to do with the suffering he seemed to have endured, because the human condition had not spared him. He was certainly drinking, but as a slogan said a few years ago: "The parents clink glasses, children will be the ones who suffer of it! (In French, play on words, because it's possible to use the same word to say clink glasses and suffer) He had been one of those children who had more particularly suffered than others. In his youth, he had often had to sleep with the knife under the pillow to protect his mother and himself from the excesses of his father's alcoholic angers. I will be careful not to judge him, I who had the chance to have much, much better.

In this small apartment two room, we had not many room, but our baby Samuel was grew well, and that was the main thing. As much as he had been brown at birth, he had become blond. One thing did not change, he was still cute! We could say that at that time we were almost a normal family. There were of course natural ups and downs, but nothing unusual!

Was I still a little according to God? Was I acting a little bit according to Him? I still believe a little, until this period. There were many years that I did not want to admit it, many years that I blasphemed, that I rejected God and all religions to which I assimilated Him. There was, however, still a small part, a very small part of me, still clinging to Him, still respecting His commandments, His precepts, though some of my actions already brought me to certain disorders.

I believe that at that moment, God was still holding out His hand to me before letting me go wherever I wanted. (*Hebrews 3-7/8*) tells us: *Wherefore, as the Holy Ghost saith, To day if ye will hear his voice, Harden not your hearts, as in the provocation, in the day of temptation in the wilderness.*//

I was already in the spiritual desert; I hardened my heart and began to live according to my precepts. But let me tell you again this verse which translates well what would happen to me later, precisely because of my refusal to follow the precepts of God. (*Deuteronomy 28-28*) *The LORD shall smite thee with madness, and blindness, and astonishment of heart: And thou shalt grope at noonday, as the blind gropeth in darkness.*//

Let's look together at how I then hardened my heart to the precepts of God, and then how I was going fall into blindness.

Being newly hired in this job as a technical draftsman, I had only a few vacations to take in that seventy year. My parents going themselves on holiday to Brittany in Portivy, so Annette went with them to give some outdoor time at Samuel. There was nothing more natural about it, but for me, who remained alone in Paris, it would unfortunately be my first opportunity of adultery. An opportunity to fall in addition to all the others, and I fell into it. I did not fall by chance, but because in the days before, I had expected in that to a great moment of freedom, for which I had quite provoked, and the departure of Annette, and the act itself.

I realize of course that things had switched to for me from this moment. By this act of too much, I had become in the eyes of God, this child who wanted to live according to his laws, his own precepts, in which he was going to let him sink. For my part, I did not want to respect anything of what I had hitherto received from Him and to be blinded I was going to be blinded. By what other means had could the Lord have brought me back to Him one day? If He had not let me sink enough, how could I ever have had enough of the adversity that would open my eyes to the utility of following His precepts? But let's not go too fast!

The first event that marked this blindness came between two temporary jobs. I leafed through the classifieds, when suddenly I let myself be challenged by this kind of proposal catches booby, "Quickly becomes a millionaire". That very afternoon, I jumped on the subway and went to the announced conference. Of the twenty or so new ones we were, very few had fallen for it hook the snowball system proposed, very well known and banned. For my part I was completely fooled and found even foolish contradictors not to know seize the opportunity of a prohibited system, which provided the opportunity to

become rich quickly in all legality. I plunged into head first! Unfortunately for me, there was no water in the pool. Ouch! Ouch! Ouch! I fell flat on me's face!

The same evening, I was already relieved of a thousand francs, when I was not to earn more than two or three thousand a month at the time. I had no fear, however, because in my stupidity: I "knew" that it was only a short-term investment that would be amortized very quickly after some announcements similar to that which I had replied to. What a heresy! It would have been necessary for me that I first have a few centimes in my pocket to pass this announcement, and secondly, that I can convince some pigeon even more naive than me to be plucked. An advantage was, however, acquit that I liked particularly, the meeting place was near the Sacré-Cœur, on the side of Pigalle.

I began to suck more and more unhealthy desires and I was looking forward to this location. In addition I drove a lot, that was not done to displease me either. For four months, I did indeed fifteen thousand kilometers in Paris and its suburbs for my few personal needs and going to do door to door, but on all these kilometers, there was a majority for the needs of the "leaders" who did not have a car and I had paid to join them. No! You'll say! It is not possible that the blindness was up to this point? But yes! But yes! So will you tell me again, where did you get the money? Well, I borrowed it! Eh yes! I got into debt so that those whom I then took for bigwigs go to eat every meal, at eight or ten at the pizzerias or other restaurants on the Boulevard de Clichy. During this time, if I had one or two francs in my pocket, I would buy a piece of bread or in the great days a cone of French fries.

It took me four months of this diet, before I understood my heresy. Ah! As snow in the sun, they had melted my projects of purchase a boat with tanning quarterdeck and two large inboard engines. I assure you that I smile of my nonsense by writing all this, because I really measure how far blindness can go, for the man who places his trust in man, in himself.

The thing was not going to stop there, because a much greater evil was watching out for me then, and I will not laugh of it by telling you. The first had obviously not helped the the conjugal harmony, the other would not only destroy it slowly, but would bring my shame to such a degree, that still today I will have, I know, a lot of trouble to report it to you. I believe, however, that the Lord is asking me to do it, so I will bow.

If by this next testimony I can indeed make even one person aware of the mistake in which she herself may have fallen, then I will know that it was not vain. I am not of a different nature from anyone; some will say they have done a hundred times worse and others not the hundredth... Provided that no one, however, deprives himself of the Grace of God in Jesus Christ, who shed His blood for every sinner who repents, whatever his fault. Let's look together at what stratagem, the enemy was going to draw me in his nets.

In the fall, I who had then completely rejected the possibility that God exists, that Jesus could have been someone other than an alien, I was going to fall into a trap in which unfortunately many others, one way or another have fallen, I checked it. For me there were consequences of a kind, for others it will have been of a different type, because the enemy of our souls always traps us where we are the weakest.

So I was landing up from this sweet folly of getting rich easily, and found two weeks of work in a petrochemical research department, near Place Pereire in the seventeenth arrondissement. During all this interim, I was remaining alone with two other designers who had in my opinion bizarre conversations. All day or so, they talked about the master's theory, the way out of their bodies, astral travel, and so on.

At that time I was absolutely not called out to the spiritual, except possibly to criticize what I did not know. I took them first of all for mystical madmen, but as I have always been naturally curious, refusing ignorance, I began every day to listen a little more. I think they made it a game. After a few days, no longer holding of it, I began to ask them a few questions. They spoke to me then of a Tibetan monk..., of the transfer of his soul into another, of the third eye..., one might as well say bluntly, that it was not only Tibetan for me, but quite of the Chinese. By itself the word "soul" which I had only heard about at the catechism, was enough to make me refuse all of a block. I kept in memory only these weird names, "Third Eye" and "Lobsang Rampa". Many of you do not yet see where I want come as stopping-off point, which is why I am still asking for a little patience. The net was tense, but it was going to be a long time to close it. In this the enemy is more patient than us.

Towards that same period, more or less tired of the instability provided by temporary agency work, I found a job in a fixed position in the provinces. We left Paris, and came to live at Loué, in the department of Sarthe, where good chickens are raised. For my part, I was rather from kind of pigeon.

Our small furnished Parisian two-room and kitchen with its twenty-one square meters of living space, suddenly turned into a large empty housing HLM of one hundred and twenty square meters. There is no need to tell you how this apartment could look like empty, with only an old wicker trunk. It would have been possible to confuse it with a dance floor, it was really very harmonious. However, we did not have to make reckless placements after all my bad investments and the shortfall of the previous months, if we wanted to go on vacation the following summer. We no longer had a penny in our pocket, and so we did with the little we had, without letting us down. I turned into a joiner and built a living room that was awarded a price to the paper System D, what paid off the initial investment.

After a few months of work, these vacations was arriving when I received a convocation to present myself in September at the Formation Professional for Adults center of Champs sur Marne, in order to follow an internship of draftsman of studies in general mechanics. Through my dispersal I had completely forgotten the entry request I had made a year earlier, and I must admit that God Himself had taken care of the faith with which I had undertaken this pass way. It only highlights His loyalty that makes rain on the good one and the bad one.

When summer came, the finances were somewhat bailed out, so we went heroically, one month to Motril in the south of Spain. Once again we had to limit the budget, and although it was then particularly forbidden in Spain, we went wilderness camping. Samuel was two years old and was beginning to know what he wanted. When we were playing petanque, he could only say one thing: "Moi, é é agné! Moi, é agné! ". (Translation: Me, I winner!) Before leaving we had made a small supply of French books, one of which was with a coverage garnet red from by Lobsang Rampa, The cavern of the ancients, for want of having found The third eye. It was going to be for me an unparalleled clarity, an incredible revelation. Except for a few "Tintin and Snowy" and now the Bible, it was the only book I read several times. The enemy's net was soon to close on me.

At the resumption of September, however, I remained there of my readings, and passed to other objectives by my entry in internship. I had worked very diligently during the first, a little less seriously the second, as for the third, I did not really take it seriously. I was already in positions at a higher level than the one announced by its title, so I thought I was safe from failure. In a cavalier way I often took the practical teaching offhandedly, bringing only a few efforts to the theoretical teachings.

In parallel to the lack of personal investment, I had become very teasing towards my comrades. I do not mean that I was not at all beforehand, but if my jokes had always been in the sense of jokes more or less funny, they then became in the true sense of the term "harassing slightly to annoy". If I allow myself to recall this definition of the word teasing, it is in order to discuss it again in the second part. There was indeed in this behavior, a trap from which the Lord had preserved me as long as I wanted to follow Him. As soon as I wanted to live by my precepts, I fell unconsciously into it. I also realize while writing, that while watching me do, I did not understand myself at that time. I was surprised to do so, but irresistibly I entered this morbid game. I was no longer the one I had known before. I was somewhat punished, because I finished only second of this one-year internship, despite all the presumptions that I had to finish once again first.

Along with these emerging deviations, I began each day more, falling into sexual delusions and regret the time of the lost opportunities. I gradually strove not to miss a single opportunity to satisfy my passions, but I was making progresses shyly, however, into the wrong. Without premeditating it in the least, I mistook this attitude for caution.

At the following vacation, a year had passed since I had abandoned my "intelligent and spiritual readings". Our resources did not allow us to truly recover, so we set out again with the intention of wilderness camping, but this time in Austria. Samuel was three years old! The mountain was splendid! We had managed to circumvent the interdict of wilderness camping, but soon we realized that because of the precariousness of our equipment and our three-year-old baby, many distractions were made impossible to us. So we continued to the Yugoslav coast, and as it seemed difficult to do wilderness camping for fear of reprisals, we finally returned to settle in the region of Trieste in Italy. I spend a mountain of small details of no importance such as the theft of my wallet and my identity papers to remember only one thing: We have been never so happy after a vacation, to finally arrive at home, so nothing had been satisfactory. Conclusion, that year I had not had time to read.

For the all duration of my last internship, in order not to move out, I had made the round trips each week Champs sur Marne, Loué. At the end of this one, I found work nearby, but a few months later, with very few salaries received, this company, whose honesty was not the main quality, was placed under arrest for fraud. I had to once more, put me looking for a job.

It was then that I thought I had finally discovered the ideal workplace in Brittany, in Quimper! This region represented for me a universe of dreams by my sailing constructions and my holidays stays, what motivated me straightaway to settle us there permanently. The first foot barely laid down on the Breton soil, moved by my natural impulsivities, and without waiting a few money receipts, I began therefore looking for a real estate opportunity miraculous. I thought I had spotted it through an immense terrain covered with more or less thorny brooms, situated at the top of one of those imposing hills of the hinterland. Annette had sometimes expressed the desire to ride a horse, so in my excesses, it seemed to me to have discovered the intelligent and incredible opportunity to build a ranch. It must be said that behind this idea of ranch, another revelation had come graft even more attractive to me. If the ranch worked, why not add a nightclub. As soon as imagined, as soon as executed. Without searching once again, to know what would be the reactions of my wife, I went head down. Just as I had come back from Rennes a few years earlier to teach

my parents the good news of my future Formula Three races, I went back to tell Annette pregnant of seven months, the good news of some of my ravings. She was certainly healthier than at her first pregnancy, but to share my enthusiasm, I trailed her on a day of deluge, to make the round trip Loué Quimper in the same day, nearly seven hundred kilometers of national uncomfortable road. From early in the morning until late at night, we trudged to make her discover in a lugubrious storm, in the pouring rain, the beauty of this wonderful site covered with prickly brooms... Incredible thing for me, she did not interpret it at all in my opinion??? Oh! I exaggerate nothing, believe me, but my incredulity was matched only by my blindness. In the understanding of what I called at that time the bad luck of the storm, I was often going to blame her for the mistake she made that day, deliberately refusing such an opportunity. However, I never enlarged on the bright idea of the nightclub, even if this motive had been the engine of much of my enthusiasm and then my reproaches.

In parallel to this context, I did not accept the segregation that prevailed in the design office of the company that got me a job, between the service staff and "Intellectual". I took my account three weeks later, because of this anomaly too unacceptable for me. As you can see, in both a good and a bad way, I always reacted excessively, and the bad sense too often outweighed the good.

A few days later, I found a job in a study office in Pithiviers in the department of Loiret. I arrived there in March of the seventy-three and lodged at the hotel the time to find an apartment. Annette had remained at Loué with Samuel and it was at this time that Igor decided to be born. I had dropped off the mom the maternity hospital in Le Mans on a Sunday evening in April and the next day at the end of the day, the delivery was unlikely. As soon as my work was finished, I could not take it anymore, but I came back to her and had only time to arrive to accompany her to the delivery room. I changed admittedly nothing, but this time I had the pleasure of seeing my second baby born. It was about twenty-two hours this Monday, April 16, 1973, when our little Igor uttered his first cry. One would have thought a Samuel number two so much he looked like him and was so cute.

Delighted that our family circle was widening by this happy event, we moved out some time later to Pithiviers. This nice city of the Gâtinais would unfortunately become for me a springboard for my moral decadence, even if the main incidents would not happen until sometime later. The neighbors women were not lacking, and under the pressure of my convictions, we was going both slip towards a form of free union, which never had free only the occasional faculty to have both mistress and lover. If I lived it for myself as an attempt at freedom, I do not believe that it was the same for Annette. I think that it was for her, more a self-defense, than a real search for freedom, and our disagreements already very marked grew because of her fits of jealousy, very understandable. So I began, because of this attitude, to search secretly, the "golden opportunities" of some complacent hitchhiker girls for example; every time I moved alone. I willingly provoked these solitary travels, but I was not going too far in the evil. However, I was going in the wrong direction, and there has been a lot of "opportunities".

If it was up to me, I would not go further in this testimony, because I feel much pain at the thought of what I will write in a few pages. Let me tell you in advance that I am not ashamed of this subject, but I feel suffering. Shame, I knew at the time and then tried to hide it. That's probably why I make the difference. The suffering I feel for the man I was, is the same that I perceive for humanity in general of which I am a part. The suffering of human misery that leads one to irrational acts in one direction, the other to irrational acts in another sense, a third in another sense and so on! That's why men kill each other instead of loving each other. One like me, does not know what led him to do what I did, the other, which led him to do what he did and so on. Be careful that no one deceives himself; everyone remains responsible for their actions before God and men. If I say that, it is because many human beings suffer silently from their own mistakes that they consider to be their own defects, and because of these errors, these flaws, some even go as far as suicide. They then lock themselves into excessive limits of tolerance or the opposite in the most total intolerance, as to better flog themselves or... No matter, the world suffers as long as it commits sin. But let's go back to our more down-to-earth chronology.

For the holidays we went that year, to join my parents in Torreilles in the Pyrenees Orientales. The beach was beautiful, Samuel took advantage of the presence of his grand-nieces to wade in the river mouth of the Agly, Igor chirped, my father-in-law took sunburns, we went up with family to Mount Canigou, finally brief, the mood was good. I had many other occupations for myself, because I would not have had the impression of living. I often started with morning jogging, followed by two or three hours of underwater hunting or bike ride in the Pyrenees. In the evening I was fishing with dad, but had to still fill a gap of the afternoon. So, I began again to read each time Annette and I went with the children to a naturist beach not far away. I had found in Perpignan all these famous books of Lobsang Rampa, except one which I read the following year. They seemed to me less attractive, less revealing than the first, having already long been in favor of this theory.

The enemy of our souls did not really have to rush the thing, patiently waiting for his hour, and reveling in advance of the destruction he was about to produce through the circumstances to come to which we arrive.

The small village where I grew up was quite far from my parents' workplace and their home too small to reunite the family. Several possibilities had been envisaged to remedy the situation, but their budget remained very low after their difficulties of the past years to consider a construction. The only conceivable alternative was to make construct the shell of building and make all the rest with the family. Driven by an impetus of solidarity, each one engaged in this way and the search for the ideal place began as soon as we returned from holiday.

We were just starting to pass the electrical ducts in the first floor at the beginning of 1974, when we were challenged by a swallowing problem that dad tried in vain to conceal. We insisted that he make an appointment with a doctor, and the diagnosis only confirmed what everyone feared without daring to admit, he had a very advanced cancer of the esophagus. On May 6, the day of his birthday, he was operated on Le Mans.

I would not say that the law of the series exists, but it is a fact that the same day, I undergo myself to Orleans, a removal of the tonsils. Fortunately for me, my operation had no common measure with his.

During my convalescence, we bought a used Peugeot J7 diesel that I went every evening of week to strive to convert into motor home. On weekends, we obviously reserved them for the construction of my parents, because there was a lot to do. Papa was so weakened that he could only guide us. They had both of them come to live near the construction in their caravan, so that dad could "take care" on weekdays. He was so anxious to die before the house was habitable, that he often tired himself out too much, although he considered doing very little.

In July he had jaundice, which was evidently a relapse of the disease. Once again, we believed what the doctors told us, although it was almost the same scenario as for my mother-in-law a few years ago: It was normal ... after such an intervention ..., it was not necessary to worry...

So we went on holiday to Portugal with our very new motor home that looked very fine for the time, without worrying about dad's illness. Igor, very brown at birth, had become as fair-haired as his brother and was four-legged in the sand. Samuel, meanwhile, released his first recording with "Ah! I saw, I saw! What have you seen? I saw a frog patrolling, and the sword at the side. Partner, you lie! ".

Through all my narrative, probably do not you really realize that in the couple an its relationship everything was deteriorating inexorably, because outwardly it is true that we could pass for a happy family. The disputes were, however, more and more frequent and more and more violent, and our children were already beginning to suffer enormously. For my part, but also I believe for Annette, we were spectators of it without knowing how to fix it, and our two little ones were living poorly their childhood. We then began blaming each other, and thus entered an infernal circle from which we never went out.

During the months before our departure in Portugal, tired of receiving a salary that I thought was insufficient, I had looked for a new job again. Upon our return, I therefore entered a position of draftsman designer, assistant to the head of the maintenance department and new works, within a bandage and absorbent cotton factory, located in Brionne in the department of Eure. This new stage was not going to be more glorious than the last, because in the hope of finding a new home, I unfortunately took advantage of my solitude to strengthen myself, not in this new function, but in everything that was bad. I was looking for the exits of my body by the astral projections, of which I had read the narratives in these famous books of Rampa, but also, by direct or indirect consequences, I gave in much more serious behaviors humanly, as in the voyeurism and exhibitionism. I thought then to show freedom... Do not believe, however, that I had become this libidinous and austere character, who always walks in large cloak at the exit of primary schools. No ! Absolutely not! I was the one who had such a double life, that everyone took me for someone very right at all levels. For many I was even an example ... but what example... This allows me to emphasize nevertheless that there is always a part that God sees in everyone's life. We are never so ignoble that the enemy of our souls would like us to believe it, but it is our sin that cuts us off from God, and in my case everything was already prepared to allow me to sink a little more.

Two young and charming secretaries of the company were working in an office next to mine, and one of them, the most attractive had also fallen into the same pitfalls spiritual and human that me. She was about my age, and I now believe that even in this life of debauchery the Lord preserved both of us from irreversible mistakes. Each time, in fact, that we planned closer contacts, or even closer together, circumstances prevented us from doing so. I was already deeply questioned at the time as the thing was repetitive, but I attributed it to bad luck.

At the end of seventy-four, dad's health, which had seemed to improve somewhat, began to deteriorate again very noticeably. They both lived in their new house, still somewhat in the work, but it's almost a joy to remember how happy they were. Despite dad's weakness, in early December, they managed to come to visit us. The journey was a hundred and ten kilometers long, so rather than to become aware of the reality about his state of weakness, we saw in this "feat" an encouragement to believe in his close and definitive recovery. Nothing seemed more natural to us after such an intervention. We wanted so much to believe what the doctors told us that we were once again completely blinded on the true course of the disease.

It was an uncle who opened our eyes at the beginning of January. We then measured all the immense atrocity of the situation and moved by the suffering of despair, we clung to what we believed just. I see in this a similarity with my grandmother who clung to what she thought to be good to protect his daughter. For us it was not occultism, but I obtained the treatment of Dr. Solomides and at the same time we found a nurse who agreed to inject the treatment.

I am obviously not qualified to attest to the value of this drug that was sold in the form of veterinary product. Nor am I qualified to judge the accuracy of the facts alleged against this man. I am no more able to discuss the real competence of this doctor, University Professor, proposed to the Nobel Peace Prize, which Georges Pompidou had publicly praised. I know on the other hand that some pharmaceutical companies were pursuing him at this time for illegal practice of medicine???. Still, that his product injected intravenously, seemed to do at my little dad the greatest good. It was certainly necessary, as before, to continue the injections of morphine to avoid the pain, but in spite of everything we still hoped a little. From day to day, however, the nurse had more and more difficulty finding his veins for the perfusion, as his weight loss was important in this terminal phase of cancer. On the first of February she had been trying for a long time already, when she capitulated. By the emotional shock of seeing her give up, he had a heart attack and his pain was shortened.

It was for me, and no doubt for all of us, a deep suffering to which was added a not less profound incomprehension towards those who, once again, because of the confidence we had given them, had succeeded in deceiving us. Who had to we believed in such a case? Those who, we knew from then, had been lying to us for months, pretending that we should not worry, that everything was normal in such a case; or this professor who seemed to have attacked richer than him. This professor whose even client file had been the only object of sabotage made one night by a "commando"... Some scandals were not necessarily communicated by the media at that time, as is the case today. It may have been good sometimes, but not necessarily for everyone. When money is the only basic value and by which any criterion is arbitrated by it, the Bible tells us in (1 Timothy 6 - 10): *For the love of money is the root of all evil.*//

How not to feel human injustice in such circumstances, and not to turn to what we believe to be good, even if it is the worst danger of all those who are lying in wait for us.

I had read in those red-colored, almost garnet-colored paperbacks, those Rampa books from which I had seemed to me, drawn so many good things, that it was easy to talk to the dead, so I did . This first night of mourning around this table in the kitchen, because of this deep suffering, this immense distress, I even invited each of mine to do the same. It was certainly without knowing what the word of God teaches about this in (Deuteronomy 18-10/12) *There shall not be found among you any one that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, Or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer. For all that do these things are an abomination unto the LORD: and because of these abominations the LORD thy God doth drive them out from before thee.*//

I can assure you that the effect did not wait many times to be! I do not mean for that, which I heard the sound of a voice or some supernatural manifestation as I imagined myself, but I came into the presence of these spirits by what I believed were my thoughts, my desires irresistible and my behavioral changes.

To want to come into contact with my father's soul, it was not it who had manifested itself, but I know it now, some demons. I told you that when I began to live by my precepts, I had been challenged myself how much I had become teasing. There, it was no longer surprising me, but rather a disgust of me, to make me feel sick from my own behavior. The very day after my father's death, I began to expose myself in such a way that I was frightened, disgusted, but I could not do anything against it. I knew immediately that it was not me! It was so much that I watched myself act without being able to control myself. I who boasted loud and clear to whoever wanted to hear me, that to overcome the forces of darkness or witchcraft or other things of this kind, it was enough to "want", that nothing could reach us if we were strong in character, Well, I was the plaything of these demons.

A few months later, I had so much multiplied my misdeeds to excess that I was arrested by the gendarmerie and placed in police custody. I recognized my mistakes and was declared civilly responsible for my actions by two psychiatrists. In closed session, I was sentenced to two years in prison suspended.

The thing certainly reached me deeply, but did not bring me the conviction that it was humanly impossible to overcome this kind of evil. So I continued to place my confidence in myself, because even if I saw myself acting as another, my trap was to believe it was "me". I confused the temptations that came to me from the tempter and my responsibility to put in practice those told temptations. We will talk about it again in the second part.

I must admit, however, that this flick of the enemy that I did not know in its true dimension, had strongly questioned me as to occultism and witchcraft. Given what had happened to my parents when they had

brought these "people" to find out if someone was acting on them, by witchcraft; because there had been the death of my father; because the borrowing made on the house had been settled by the insurance life and that certain attitudes of my grandmother, always the same brought us additional doubts; because at the death of dad, I thought it was she who had finally got the better of him; because myself, I saw myself going against my own will, even if I was cooperating; because of all this, I addressed to a woman who was manipulating the pendulum, as my grandmother did. [But what can white magic do against itself, or white magic, against black magic? All this remains as six of one and half a dozen of the other. It's again having its house guarded by the thief.](#)

This does not, of course, result in anything, because even though my grandmother was probably one of the gears of the curse on my family, for my part, these curses were drowned in my own responsibilities in relation to all my mistakes. Let's go thus no further in this direction that would only lead us to beat around the bush to better look the other way. God does not ask us to look at the mistakes of those who led us to error, but at our own sin of which He want to free us Himself for our happiness.

This happiness remained for me at that time, our motor home that I was going to redevelop in a more comfortable way, having realized some inconsistencies in the first year. On the thirteenth of July 1975 we all left for a month in Greece.

These holidays are among the best we never spent together. They were interspersed with so many unexpected encounters with so wonderful Greeks throughout our sojourn that we came back convinced of having missed out on the life that everyone should aspire to. Even Samuel and Igor have been so cute, that everything encourages us not to restart the relentless current of traditional life at the resumption of September.

We were still there on Sunday after our return, without know what to do so much the disorientation was important. The work of Mom's house must have been interrupted momentarily, and at the moment, even a walk appeared almost futile. As the hours passed, however, we decided to kill time, to go for a drive, and if the chance would, we would attend either a car stunt or a Auto-Cross race as we had seen on advertising posters. I, who had always been so fervent of car races or other such shows of this kind, that day I let myself go to the randomness of life, without even knowing in which direction we had to go.

We still knew little about the region, because since a year that we lived there, we had never gone out because of this famous construction. Thus, at about five pm o'clock, we passed before a kind of great country festival, at which I did not want to stop at first. We was just swallowed up a few thousand kilometers the previous weekend, so Annette and the exhausted children by so much road, they insisted that we stopped. Unlike the usual, it was even Annette who went to inquire at the same time the type of event, its duration, the price of places, finally all the traditional. It was a Auto-Cross race, it had started late, so far from ending. For want of anything better we entered!

After few races, I began to criticize! I think that day, I would have even found fault with a Formula One race, so much the motivation was lacking. From hour to hour, however, I began to take an interest in it little by little, then on my way, I listened when, beside me, I heard two wives of pilots talking to each other about their husbands. I did not venture to say a word on moment, but as the hours went by, banally, I hazarded a few words to their attention. With a smile, they answered me very simply. So I was more precise, the equipment, the license, the budget? I came out of the circuit that same evening with the almost certainty that I will let myself be tempted; Coming home I began to do projects, the next day, helped by a fervent supporter, I looked for my first vehicle.

This supporter, I had found him in my colleague and friend Jean-Mary who will was going immediately become the engine of the situation. We had already greatly weakened our budget during the holidays, so these new expenses had to be very limited to have a chance to succeed. He struggled to get me a free old car R8 belonging to one of his friends; another, an R10 engine to revise; for advertising on the vehicle, a fire extinguishers; for a few hundred francs, the tube to make a roll bar; and on February 15, 1976, I began my first drive.

It was certainly not a bomb this first car and I do not tell you, that when I found myself for the first time on a starting line, I really took myself seriously. I who had dreamed a hundred times and more, to do the twenty-four hours of Le Mans or even these Formula 3 races that I had been just about to participate, to find myself in a field to do "Zoom, Zoom", I must confess that it seemed quite childish to me at the time. As soon as the flag was lifted I forgot all the context, and for lack of anything better, the "Zoom, Zoom" was going remain my passion for ten years.

I did not realize at the time that the second of my goals had also found its accomplishment. I believe that I interpreted it as a simple step of an objective to come.

I built a vehicle carrier that I did ratified, and often at the weekend, we left here or there with the motor home at the whim of the races. The weeks as to them, were going to be all the more fulfilled as at each exit the restoration work did not miss. This allowed me perhaps to limit some of my bad actions, which although

more masked, did not cease for all that. This obviously brought more and more dissensions in the couple who was going progressively tearing up itself.

It was nevertheless around this time, it seems to me, that I began to really become aware of the injustices of our civilization facing the developing countries. This shows that the man is always torn between good and evil. At that time I had another colleague whose grandfather had patented various types of wind turbines, then, between that and the pumping stations in the desert, later the desalination of seawater or mini manufacturing units of medications, I began to gradually feel, which there would be many beautiful things to do, if they were financially devoid of speculation. I then judged others in their ingratitude, without even realizing that my own evil inclinations were even more selfish to my own family than those I accused of all the ills of the earth. We are much more inclined to judge others than to judge ourselves; it is one of our greatest shortcomings!

Shortly before the seventy-seven holidays, I left this company of absorbent cotton and dressing making and looked for another job. I found one not far away, in Evreux in a company specializing in the installation of food factories.

It was going to be an important shift for me, which would allow me to gradually leave the drawing board to become a man on the ground. I will, of course, pass you many details without much interest, so as to stop from time to time, only on the particular points which had the most incidences on my life.

The main lines of the marital misconduct were going unfortunately to persist, but I believe more and more in the unsuspected goal then, to find another companion. As I was looking for, however, the happiness of Annette as that of Samuel and Igor, I went around in circles, refusing to make them undergo a clear and brutal separation. I indeed longed for a happy family life in which no one had been left behind. I tried to manage extramarital excesses with family life, without forgetting the Auto-Cross and the professional investment necessary to succeed and be able to provide for all the desires of each.

That's how that year, in the offseason, I built my first car. It was entirely hand-made, my only tools being an electric drill and a soldering station, supplemented by a few files and a hacksaw. We lived in a residence, and in the small lock-up garage, I used as a workshop, I had very bit space, not even electricity. Every time I worked at the construction of the dune buggy, I had to use an extension cord through the window of the apartment. The neighbors often served me as spectators, and in particular a young couple, Gill and Catherine who did not know they will be a few years later, a key to my life.

Our arrival in Evreux was not going to be a good influence for Samuel. I suppose that, marked by the death of his grandfather, he began at that time to wonder about spiritual matters. The "What is there after death?", really challenges young and old. I, who considered myself "to be particularly well up on the topic", did not miss of course, any opportunity to talk to him about all my science relating to this theory, at which I always believed hard as iron.

I do not know if he really took it into account, but this period marked for him, a very difficult turning point to negotiate. From that moment, he experienced such difficulties of integration in his new school as well as in various other areas of life, that he never really recovered of it, from all his schooling. What a pity, he who was so well gone the previous years!

To what should this phenomenon be attributed? Being myself concerned only by the role of a father, I will be careful not to make a direct cause-and-effect relationship with what I taught him. It is clear, however, that his school difficulties began at that time.

Igor, he was in kindergarten, and happy to be there, even if it was only an appearance due to his youth. Like Samuel, he suffered greatly from our perpetual disagreements, which certainly grew in stages, but just as inexorably as the passage of time, and only a few intermediate dead quiet.

At the holidays seventy-eight, we returned to Greece, but did not find all the pleasant circumstances of 1975. It seemed to us that everything became terribly tourist and although satisfied when we returned, we seemed to have remained somewhat on our hunger.

It was then, that friends whom we had some time lent a hand in the works of enlargement of their residence, proposed to us a renting common to the winter sports. Having never been there before, I had a completely wrong idea of skiing. I was absolutely not tempted by what I thought were the constant shuttles, ascent, descent. We let ourselves nevertheless convinced by their enthusiasm to evoke the memories of their past adventures, and at Christmas we went to find them in the Vosges. It was indeed great! We were entirely won over each other, but also convinced that it would always be the right choice of mountain. It seemed to us, then, as absolutely useless and derisory to turn our gaze to the big and snobbish alpine resorts.

Like several other years, we spent our summer holidays to the Torreilles' beach in naturist side, near Perpignan. We then quickly got into the habit to program our winter holidays so early the summer holidays ended, and almost reciprocally. Thus the following year, we who thought to go back to the winter sports as previously, in a very small station of the Vosges, we found ourselves again to share a chalet with our same friends, but in Les Houches, in the Alps. We remained there for two consecutive weeks that year and

everyone's progress was so obvious that before the end of the stay, this station had already begun to look too small. This shows that it is wise as the proverb goes: "Never say never"!

The year nineteen-hundred-eighty was going to be a good vintage. At weekends, in auto-cross, we were privileged with the motor home, compared to other families of drivers. The children were ready, especially at that time. Annette, as for she, was rather happy at the comeback, when I had did a good place, but she was always a little anxious at the start. I inaugurated my fifth season and was beginning to have equipment equivalent to the best, and to know how to use it just as well. For budget reasons, in order to keep the winter and summer holidays, I never competed in the championship of France, according to my aspirations. It would have taken me too frequently to take days off and incur too much expense, the majority of the races of this championship taking place at that time, in the south of France. Out exception, so I was happy with the north of our beautiful country and, living in Normandy, my points in races, were counted in this regional championship.

At mid-season eighty, I was leading a point to it, in front of a very good friend driver who often competed in the championship of France, when my professional activities came to put an end to my Sunday rejoicings. Towards the end of June, beginning of July, a construction site which had been somewhat forgotten since two years, came out for its execution. Through of the departure of some technical managers, I found myself alone to know the whole file, so I was offered to ensure the follow-up of montage.

This represented for me the springboard for a major promotion, and opened me wide the doors of a technician function for which I had the qualifications, and to which I aspired deeply since my entry into this society. I did not even ask myself about my auto-cross season, I immediately said yes to my departure in Colombia.

I was going to supervise the installation of a fairly large unit of extraction and concentration of fruit juice. Despite the task before me, I made one last race, went for a weekend meet with Annette and the children at Cap d'Agde where they spent their holidays, then flew away me to Bogota. I thank my God whose existence I denied at that time, that He allowed me nevertheless to make this human experience. It indeed brought me a great deal and allowed me to realize the beauty that He has put Himself in the heart of the ordinary man, whatever his race or the color of his skin.

I had received a lot of instructions from my superiors for this mission and as contractually we did not sell the assembly of equipment, but only their assembly supervision, all the staff, tools and equipment, were at the expense the customer who had received a very long list since a long time. I had therefore been particularly warned about of the absolute necessity that no detail, absolutely none, should be missing. I had to confirm as soon as my arrival on the site, that everything was perfectly respected in every detail or return to France without delay in the opposite case. I had to be all the more cautious, as I was accompanied for the occasion by a chief fitter, "Fredo", who had a good reputation for drinking like a fish. Excuse me "Fredo" to tell the truth.

Upon our arrival in Bogota, we met our host group, a few hours after the scheduled appointment. First failure on my part, because at the airport I had not recognized my name pronounced to the Spanish. I had indeed for any practice of this language, only two years of personal work by Assimil Method. It was very little! We managed, however, to join our client, who was very warm towards us, almost too much. They offered us a hearty appetizer and then took us to one of the best French restaurants in Bogota. If I perceived a certain embarrassment in them, I did not attach too much importance to it and ignored voluntarily it.

In the afternoon we went to visit the Consulate of France, then they dragged us to the International exposure Fair in Bogota which, as unfortunately for me, was actually taking place at that time. It must be pointed out that our client was a very large liquor factory and that it exhibited all its production with tasting at will. It was going to be for Fredo, the most wonderful introduction he had ever met in the world ... I had made the resolution to follow him in order not to make me an enemy of him, so I followed him.

After a tasting more than abundant, we left this fair late at night and went to eight in a 4x4, towards Moniquira; a small town located one hundred fifty kilometers further north. In Tunja, a fairly big city, we had only traveled ninety kilometers, but we stopped. Our companions dropped off us at the largest hotel in the city, with an appointment the next morning at ten o'clock. I could not yet draw too hasty conclusions, but throughout this first evening my impatience had begun to rise a little, and my fears of discovering a lack of technical preparations were growing with the passing hours. The next day, the time of the appointment dragged on again more than reason, until I had to insist almost heavily to do the last sixty kilometers that separated us from the site. My telex of confirmation of compliance with their commitments should have already arrived in France for more than twenty-four hours, while we had not yet arrived on the site. About five-thirty pm, we finally entered in the enclosure of the site. The people in charge of the production unit joined us and took us to a superb villa, built in order to later become a function residence and which for the time was our home. They all had the firm intention of settling us in there the same evening, but I was much more impatient to control my requirements than to put my clothes on the coat rack. Reluctantly they

complied with my requirements and in desperation, they drove us before nightfall to the buildings built to receive our facilities.

The equipments sent by sea transport two years earlier, were stored at a hundred meters from their points of use, and not far from these wooden cases covered with dust and huge moths, about twenty handlers formed a chain to pass cartons of empty bottles. The building and all the civil engineering was certainly very beautiful, but no anchor point of the material figuring on the plans existed. In addition, there were absolutely no tools, nor any of the lifting and handling equipment which appeared on the very long list of the necessary requirements.

The totality of this list was the imperative condition to our arrival and especially to our collaboration on the spot. They had confirmed several times in writing that they had everything and as I just told you, I had the formal order to respect any comma or return immediately. The choice was so difficult that for many it would not even have been asked. It was not my case and I took the time to think twice about it: Or I trusted despite all the implausibility of the situation and I myself assumed all the responsibility, with the consequences that this implied for my career if we failed, or I was leaving, but I didn't want to. The mounting time itself was relatively short with all the necessary tools, then, all the more reason without any tools or almost. It was to engage in an untenable bet, at the risk of seeing, or the stay extend to the extreme, or be forced to leave the worksite half finished. Both of these issues represented for me the assurance of an immediate and certainly justified dismissal.

I was at this point of all my analysis, as we were going up toward the villa, Fredo and I with the group of people in charge, when we arrived again near the cases of equipments. The twenty-two handlers, who, a few minutes before, were passing themselves the boxes of empty bottles, were there, in a group, looking at me.

I see again in one of those looks, like that supplication he addressed to me then. This one was not pretended. He could not invent it. It came out of a heart that certainly did not feel the right to challenge me, but that heart was in need of this work. This man, if I had crossed him on a Parisian sidewalk, I would have taken him for Marlon Brando so much he looked like him, and probably the roles would have been reversed. But he was there, in those light color and threadbare clothes, yellowing with dust, looking at me with eyes that begged me to accept. I believe today that it is to him that I then trusted and he perceived it. His eyes caught mine and in an almost friendly voice, he said to me in Spanish: "Which one does one take in first?"

It's weird; this sentence still resonates in my head as if it were then addressed to me in French, although none of them spoke it. In order not to appear as caught off guard, I looked at one near him and said: Esta! From a same heart they uttered a cry of victory, and rushed towards the heavy cases. I had indicated a small who should not weigh more than two to three hundred pounds, to five or six; they caught it in less time than it takes to say it: It was gone! My decision was made; we tried the impossible, with mutual trust.

If I remember correctly, the famous telex so much awaited by my superiors, confirming the exact list of human potential, tools and existing equipment, the very one that then would have allowed them to order my return, never reached them? ? Due to the fact that it is not...

I don't give you the details of the festivities which followed on the site, with the local director who was a Fredo number two, and the responsible engineers who did not suck either only ice. We did not sleep more than an hour that first night, but at seven o'clock the next morning, on a Saturday, when the fourteen mechanics arrived; we were me and Fredo on the building site. To his great despair we discovered that only one of all these men knew how weld under an argon atmosphere, and again it was only a haphazard approach.

I will quote only a few details on this subject, because my goal is not to share my professional experience or to glorify myself. Nevertheless, I believe that in our industrialized countries, we would sometimes have a great need to live a readjustment of the opinion that we have about others as I experienced one, but judge by yourself. On Monday morning, upon the arrival of these same mechanics, one of them handed me a letter written in perfect French, while none of them spoke it. In the first sentence, I thought I had got stung. They asked me to kindly adjust their schedule, and told me their daily schedule of work. They had to get up every day at about four-thirty, get out of their house at five o'clock, and walk for one hour to join the regrouping point, where the driver of the little Renault 4L was willing to take them. They then took an hour to reach the yard, worked until noon, resumed work from two pm to six pm, an hour of return, but at this point their schedule jammed. Of the six who made the trip in this old little 4L car, morning and evening, there were four, who attended evening classes, from six pm to ten pm, every day of the week. The time to get back on foot, it was eleven pm, eat, wash, lie down... say eleven thirty pm at midnight every night.

I beg you to believe that there was no lie in that, for later I had the opportunity to verify it without their knowledge. The only thing I regret a little is to have reacted haughtily to these good people. With certainly more than a bit of anger, I told them first categorically: No! They insisted a little, trying to make me understand how important it was for them. I weakened myself a little, but warned them pitilessly in these

terms "here it will not be a site to the Colombian manner, but a site to the French manner, the first that will stagger will be irretrievably put out".

When, in the course of the days, I realized the enormity of what I had imposed on them, I was really ashamed to have diminished them in such a way. None of the three mechanical cutters that were specified never arrived. They kept a manual hacksaw for twelve mechanics during the two months that lasted the construction. The expression may not be elegant, but it made me a "stomach ache" to see these poor unfortunate strive to cut straight their tubes. They sweated profusely the last trace of moisture of their bodies, even though they did not even have the right to change the saw blade as long as there was a single tooth left on it. Never did any handling material arrive. They did, however, install a press weighing twelve tons and measuring ten meters long, more than one meter above the ground or a citrus grater four tons, more than two meters and of course many other similar equipments. The first real welding machine arrived more than a month after the opening of the construction site. No warehouseman ever had gloves or safety shoes and none of them ever found him to sink a nail into the feet.

As the site progressed, my admiration for their work was growing, and I was well realising the progress, when one morning around ten o'clock, at about fifteen days from the end of the work, to my surprise, I saw them all stopped working and grouped together. They told me with embarrassment that it had been promised to them travel expenses they had not yet received. They knew very well that if the yard ended before they had been paid, they could say goodbye to their due. I knew it too. I promised them to settle the different and in the minutes that followed, they were back to work, as if they had never experienced any resentment. They received their due and the site was fully completed, at the exact day, in due time.

On the day of my birthday, on September 13th, as their tradition with friends wants, they get trapped me near a wall, broke eggs on my head and covered me with flour singing wholeheartedly. So that I do not turn into pastry baked in the sun, they took me by the hands and feet, and swayed me in a large decanter which fortunately for me, was in water but not yet in its final function. I really keep an excellent memory of each of them.

Of course, to my annoying habit, I had not remained indifferent to the pretty Colombians women, including one in particular. I had lived these two months so marvelously, with all these men as with this woman for whom I had a profound passion, that my return to France would bring me a very painful split, especially towards this one. According to us, we were going to be certainly separated only for a while, since a new phase of work was normally planned a few months later, but in my unsuspected quest for a beloved partner, my heart was in a state of profound disarray at the moment.

In this plane that carried me away from her, I remembered all our difficulties in finding ourselves, the desire she had to go to France with me, when suddenly a disappointment of the most unexpected happened to me. I would do without to tell you about it, I assure you, if, so many years later, I did not realize how much spiritual importance it had. [My desires for this woman whom I left behind, the thought of leaving her, all began to appear to me atrocious, unbearable, more than reason. In a pernicious way, I let me go to think about her, to imagine her close to me, to remind me of all our promises, when suddenly, sitting in my armchair, in the midst of all, without moving, only by the thought, without anything to let me presage, to my surprise and my great shame, I was seized with an irresistible orgasm that paralyzed me. I took a quick glance left and right; no one luckily did not seem to have seen anything.](#)

I knew myself out of standards, but at this point ... I was really ashamed of myself.

In my confusion I rejected this in the depths of myself. I probably repeat myself a little, but I assure you that I would gladly have hushed up this detail of my life to you, if I were not convinced of the spiritual importance of this moment of misguidance. We will see why in the second part.

I went back to the France as the auto-cross season ended. Too many races had happened without me, so that I could claim an honorable place in any championship. It does not matter to me any more today, and even if at the time a good place would have been very pleasant, there was always the hope of the following season, without counting on the more immediate joys of skiing.

It was this winter, it seems to me, that we tasted for the first time the great alpine resorts at the Arc 1800. We were all so delighted that year after year, we sought our happiness only in this region searching for this type of resorts only and went therefore to the discover of new runs. This is how we went to the Deux Alpes, Toussuire, Val Thorens, Alpes d'Huez and Méribel.

At that time, there was already two years that I had left the residence where I had built my first buggy of auto-cross, to come live a detached house on the outskirts of Evreux. I had built this first model a little too narrow and I was "fed up" contusions on half of the right leg and both elbows, the day after each race. So I invest a little more this time and prepared a machine to the limits of the minimum weight allowed, with bodywork in epoxy resin. I prepared it with an adjustable braking dispatcher from the dashboard, a self-locking differential and a 1300 Gordini engine that blithely developed its 130 horsepower. I was going to be well armed at the beginning of the season.

Once again, work was going to be a priority. As with Colombia, the company that employed me had sold several years before, six installations of sterilization by direct steam injection to the Soviet Union. A process similar to that of UHT milk in its beginnings, and I was going to commission the six installations.

It was the time when people often said "we have no oil but we have ideas". I had come back from Colombia with the experience that I just told you by saying, "Beware the buddies, do not be fooled, in fifteen years Colombia will be very close to our equal". When I came back from Ukraine, I said "there you have nothing to fear, because if today they are thirty years behind us, in ten years they will have twenty more".

I was also convinced in 1981 that we would have war within less than two years, so much political intoxication was great. I do not say that pejoratively towards the Soviets themselves, on the contrary, because there as elsewhere, I met many charming people. I would even say, with a few rare exceptions: ONLY, charming people! There was, however, such a human waste, such moral depravity, that for all the gold of the world, even and especially at that time, I would never have gone to live there as a Soviet resident.

No doubt I would accept it now, if I perceived that the Lord asked me, because He is worth more than all the gold or all the money in the world, but at that time it would have been for me the acceptance of dying more than a little, worse than sleeping when I was still a child.

I will not elaborate on all the human depravities I witnessed in four months. So that they could have sickened me at the time, after what I told you about myself, you will certainly be able to imagine the dimension without imagining the details. The horror was unfortunately both physical and moral, but especially moral. I do not just talk to you at the sexual level, but at all levels, you have to have lived a minimum time, to understand the dimension.

Nevertheless, I came back much more disappointed from Russia than I had returned from Colombia, as to the one I left there. God had prepared for me, what I lived afterwards, I know now, and probably did not allow me to maintain a correspondence with her. I wrote her a long time, but to every letter I received from her, I realized that she was not receiving mine. That also was part of the brainwashing...

For my part, always without making myself perfectly aware, I was desperately looking for the beloved, the one with whom I could share a life of happiness, but I had to wait again.

Around 1982, there were always winter sports and summer holidays but not always so long. My work was beginning to overflow in such a way on my family life, that I did not realize or measure the importance of the problems that Samuel was experiencing at school. He happened to him sometimes ran away and invented incredible falsehoods to cover his faults before his teachers. I think he was already experiencing the same problems that I had met myself, and that he was unfortunately managing them the same way. The difference was certainly that at that time we did not pay enough attention, unlike mom for me. As for Igor, I saw him close again on himself, unlike his brother. I was sorry to see him exclude himself, and thus attract certain grievances that he could have avoided, but I did not know how to act. In reality, I was too attached to myself to help him, because I would have had to grant him a minimum of my time.

I remember, however, the personal condemnation that I addressed then, when I had to go down to town on Saturdays to go to do a shopping or the other, and I did not take with me Samuel or Igor, to be free to the case where, by chance, I meet an attractive woman to whom I could not court. I can assure you that my guilt was great, but I could not overcome that relentless fate, and continued to do so. We must have lived to know the galley, but each in our own error, no doubt we live it more or less in this way. I was in reality too much selfish, but could I act in a truly different way myself? Again, the man does not do the good he would like to do, but does the evil he does not want to do.

Otherwise, I was sleeping less and less, to "live" more and more. I often spent an impressive amount of time at work, especially when it came to commissioning. Sixty to eighty hours of work a week was not exceptional, and it was often necessary to add very long trips. But if it had only been that ...

There were racing vehicles to prepare, sometimes to spend the whole night there, to go to races, a little maintain the home, remake for our personal use vehicles that I always bought damaged. I also knew how to help one or the other, either to move him, to do the assistance of him in rally or to participate myself as a navigator or organizer, but if there had been only this...

There was actually much more to it than that. There were hours and hours spent looking for "good fortunes". My friends started to think of me as being tireless in my activities, but this last activity, they knew very little of it or thought it occasional. If they had known ... But I was proud of my activism, I thought that it was that to live. I said it to anyone who would listen to me, but boasted of course only the glorious part. I also said that I was not afraid of death and that was perfectly true. I was saying why I did not have that fear of dying, even at forty. Because I said, "I will have done much more than a lot at eighty." Again it was true, and I did not bluff absolutely.

I know now that in front of death, my assurance did not come from me, but from God. How could I had understood it, when I refused the very existence of Him, with the same conviction that for all that I was doing or undertaking?

God had become to me a pure invention of one who clings to the branches of life for fear of death. As for Jesus, let's not talk about Him. I repeat myself perhaps a little, but for me, He had been an extraterrestrial come before the hour, and had tricked of the poor wretches of the time because of their lack of education and their credulity. He had deceived them, deceived by turning water into wine. It was no more than my only biblical reference, the unique I remembered. I was then adding to my nonsense, my own explanation: "He had surreptitiously mixed a powder, a dehydrated wine." Where was the difficulty for an alien? These poor innocents had believed in the miracle, they had even of him made a god. As for prayers and meditations, they were only there to better communicate with our "Me", which then allowed us to multiply our own small earthly capacities by three, four, and even many more.

What heresy! In how many diabolical traps have I been able to fall, and what is more, to bring down many others. From the top of my knowledge, I explained to whoever wanted to hear me, what was the aura, the transmission of thoughts, this electrical energy that results from the fermentation of the body and which obviously produces a wave, visible or invisible. according to its length and the eye that picks up it. A wave which can be received as we all pick up television! Oh! I do not say now that this entire explanation is entirely untrue as to the indisputable physical phenomena, but I also know that all these theories attached to the spiritual, are only a decoy of Satan, to put the knowledge of man to the place of the very existence of God. To put our own personality above the living God, the God of heaven, who gave Jesus Christ His own Son, the one who shed His blood so that whoever believes in Him will not perish but that he has eternal life. Around those years eighty-one or three, Annette who had discovered my correspondence and from Colombia, then from Russia, lived it very badly. As I said above, these correspondences had finally disappeared. Colombia, because of Russia, Russia because of itself, but the evil remained. It had even become well anchored, because the violent disputes were increasingly disproportionate, and by their frequencies, and by their violence. Unable to bear it more and perhaps in order to be reassured about our future, Annette went to see once or twice to my knowledge, a famous fortune-teller of the city of Evreux. I remember that she then reported to me: "She told me that I had nothing to fear, that I will live old and alone for a very long time, but despite all the torment that you will make me live, I will never be divorced because you will be dead before.

There are indeed a lot of truths in this sentence, even if it is only a tissue of lies, but let's wait a little, we'll talk about it in due course.

In 1983, tired by the hierarchy a little petty of my company, I passed to the competition, still in the installation of food and pharmaceutical factories.

In this new company I was entrusted with the commercial and technical responsibility of the Paris branch of a Lyon company. Until that time I had drawn, then developed, then negotiated with suppliers, supervised the achievements, and often even did the whole on several contracts at once. From then on, I was going to do the same thing, with in addition the research and conception, both with the client and within my company, with the support of a team of technicians specialized in each profession. I was going to have human contacts at the most diverse levels. In order for an installation to deliver the expected services, it is obviously necessary for the management to know what he wants to produce, but it is also necessary that the user concerned, the one who will spend his days, sometimes his nights, sometimes his life to do function "the non-functional", is not sidelined. Can you imagine the senior management of the Renault cars, to do running Alain Prost at the wheel of a two horses, to win a Formula 1 World Championship? Do not you think he would be entitled to refuse?

I must admit that it was a very exciting job for me. Unfortunately, the passion is only good for itself, and the one who lives it, but those around it diminish each day a little more in his eyes. I had the passion of women and sexual excesses, I had the passion of motorsport, the passion of my own constructions of cars, the passion of my work, the ski, I did not live it too differently. Excuse me if I forget about it but I think you will easily understand where my relatives could pass, those who should had been able to put their trust in me.

Oh! I certainly had a good conscience because I was a partisan of the liberation of women, of reciprocal sexual freedom, but also of all freedom of action, of function, of salary and even fought all forms of authoritarianism of the man outside his home and at home. On the other hand, I was very indulgent to myself concerning the competition, for example: I only made small trips of a few hundred kilometers to go running, and what's more, in family please, let us say it as it is... I would have liked to do the French championship, as I you said it a few pages ago, even the one of Europe, but for the needs of my family, I worked hard to be able to take them to ski or in summer holidays where I was going to get bored of long weeks without having anything to do. This is often what I hinted and even what I was saying sometimes openly. In fact, especially at that time, it was true and yet completely false. It is true that I had happened to me to go on a family vacation to Torreilles as we have already mentioned, but if the first time I had taken my bike, since I was doing auto-cross, I was taking the dune-buggy that followed us everywhere. I then spent most of my time doing mechanics and always found too long the half hour I was going to spend with my family at the beach.

It is not completely wrong, however, that I sought to reconcile passions and family, family and work, work and encounters, but despite all my good will I could never find the balance.

In this year, eighty-three, we discovered a common family passion. Once is not custom, but one more for me: The hike! Imagined and guided by me, it could not be, small daily rambles of all rest. As with every new venture, I documented myself very well. I had already faced enough the harsh climatic difficulties, whether on foot, bike, moped, rally all terrain, mountain and so on, to know that with nature we do not joke, we never cheat.

So we went with the family to the camping caravanning show to buy equipment, and every Sunday we was training us. We had started with small stages, then bigger, then loaded, then loaded into the hills, and then loaded and two days long in the hills. Our training having been flawless, for the holidays, we left in the Pyrenees Orientales. I had in advance, traced the course on Geological Survey map, and all well established our progression. We made a brief reconnaissance of a few points of stage in the car, parked it at home friends in Perpignan, took the train to Villefranche-de-Conflent, drank a last drink on the terrace of a bar, and there: Direction the mountain!

Instead to base our progress on the weaker, as it should be in such a case, I had, for my part, established a walk calendar intermediate between my passion for great human achievements, and the size of my great "toddler" Igor. He was then only ten years old, but certainly already measured no less than one meter fifty, for a weight of forty or forty-five kilos. That had strongly misled me. The year before, we had climbed together to the Mount Canigou. So I had an idea of its strength, but there, over several weeks, I had still planned too great. At the rate of fifteen or seventeen kilometers a day, and in stages from three to four days with only one intermediate day of rest, we traveled in sixteen days, just over two hundred kilometers. Our daily course often reached a total of a thousand meters of rise, a thousand meters downhill. For experienced hikers and in full possession of their means, it would not have been extraordinary, but for the shipment we were constituting, it was almost a challenge. We kept ourselves to the program of the basic itinerary by obligation of the water points, but because of small errors of courses, we came close to touching twice the human limits of each one. It was, however, it seems to me, one of the best family memories of all our common life, which remains to each of us four.

The year 84, I practically did not racing. The maximum engine capacity was increased from 1300 to 1600 CM3. Also, in order to innovate while remaining in maximum category, I modified my old buggy and tried to make it four steered wheels, from a power train of Golf GTI. I had in mind a four steered wheels and drive the next year. In 1985, the settlement having changed again, the maximum engine capacity passed to two liters: Everything was therefore once again to redo! I capitulated this time in front of the entire rebuilding of a car, and engaged myself in this new work in collaboration with friends who did not follow me in the lanes of the four-wheel drive, so I made do with a two-wheelers drive that year.

My work had not diminished quite the contrary, and almost completely encumbered my private life. My weeks were beginning around half past four am on Monday morning to be at the TGV of twenty past six to Paris Station of Lyon, and two hours later in Lyon, to often ending only on Saturday evening. As I was always living in Evreux, weekdays, I had to leave very early in the morning to Paris to return only very late at night, to avoid traffic jams. I'm only talking about theoretically common weeks here, if I did not go out on business, but that was hardly ever happening. Generally we only glimpsed us with Annette. More exactly, I was seeing her when I was going to bed and got up, but she only rarely saw me. It's still a bit true, that there was a part of all that I did for them three, but what was it useful for them?

What I had never been able to limit before, of course, only worsened. My sexual excesses of all kinds had not improved, even if they had somewhat changed appearances. From TGV to hotel rooms, from hotel rooms to night trains... Of course I pass; it would not help us anything! So we bought a big enough plot but a few steps from the station. I negotiated the construction of a pavilion to a friend, and as my parents had done a few years earlier, I kept the responsibility for doing the sanitary, plumbing, heating, ventilation, electricity, the tiles floor, outdoor facilities, finally a trifle.

The whole family got down to work and we did all that during the year eighty-five, between two races however. Even mom came to join us in all our efforts. She anew disguised herself as an electrician and took Samuel as an apprentice. Annette and Igor accomplished laboriously a large part of the exteriors, and at the end of September, even if everything was not completely finished, our house was very properly habitable.

We would have thought then that everything was going to be calm, but that would have been without to take into account on the economic situation. In October 1985, my CEO told me that after analysis, he was about to close the Paris branch of the company. The structure was indeed hardly viable.

This was obviously a hard blow for me, but I remained, however, on very good terms with him. He suggested to me several alternatives, one of which attracted particularly important to me: I would take over the activity of the Paris office for small and medium contracts, by creating a company of which he would become a shareholder.

I was indeed very well introduced to our customers, but also very known in the suppliers' field. I surrounded myself with several other industrial friends, and constituted an incorporated company. Our capital was certainly minimum, but considering that I had several cases in active that were about to be processed in the pharmaceutical field, everything seemed playable. I rented offices in Mantes la Jolie, and officially started my activity on February 1st, 1986.

On the family side, I had put the cards on the table before engaging me on this path, about all the quarrels we had so frequently in the home. As always, each one being in good faith, Annette then promised me all her best goodwill. If the problem had come only from herself, perhaps she would have been able to do something, but to do the share two, how had could she? Then quickly, so much too quickly, our perpetual splits began again.

At the time, it had been a year and a half since I had known Chantal. I did not tell you about her in the right order, but what does it matter? I had thought once more to find the loved one. I could not stand this life anymore. Each time, I was sincere, but each time, I dive a little lower, when I was thus attaching to someone. This time it had been neither Colombia nor Russia that had separated us, but she who had only wanted to have fun for a few months. I was then on the verge of suicide and the only thing that had held me back then, remember that I had no fear of death, that had been in order not to guilt Samuel and Igor, but also Annette. I probably had never loved her as I should have, but I had always tried not to hurt her, though unfortunately I had always done so. I had found the solution, at least, I thought. I had written a letter to their attention, which I was always going to keep on me. I wanted them to know that my death had been accidental, due to the fact I was perpetually exceeding the speed limits for which anyone who knew me had foretold me of death, but absolutely not because of our endless discords. Somewhere, I honestly think that I also wanted to say them goodbye, because I loved them beyond what I knew to say and live it. Everything was going farther and farther, too far, far too far...