

VIII THE STARRY TRACK

In August 1996, Egbert was visited by Monique B, a friend who used to be the secretary of the late Eric H. of the distillers' aristocracy. Our protagonist looked at her with peace and contentment. To the faithful of IRMIN this visit revived the recollection of the good years of Egbert's sojourn in Cognac, the Salamander town, twin with KONIGSWINTER on the Rhine river, the Dragon city. This dragon was slain by Siegfried but suffers great symbolic, although negative, competition from the two souls bronze monument honouring the mounts formerly used to climb upon the DRACHENFELS, the highest of the seven hills surrounding the town.

Egbert said: 'I met Eric only four or five times, but not once without some profit as his conversation was enriching. A fine expert in Eastern Europe, he now and again stated some amazing assertion. Thus one day he was going to claim that the BAMBERGER REITER rides an Icelandic horse. What is the way to disagree on that?'

This man who saw far and deeply was going to pass away prematurely. Towards the end he was saying: 'Dying is not falling from high but, like the river Charente between its peaceful banks, is flowing from this world into eternal life.'

Departing this life in God is just as well. From the small fishing boat then a dive into the unlimited. Egbert was replying: 'Who ever drowned himself? From death nothing ever was or will ever be and there is neither birth to what is eternal, primordial, always itself.' Eric had the following strange certitude: he believed that the one whom Nostradamus predicted the arrival of from the sky in July 1999 was going to land on Chateaubernard aerodrome on the outskirts of Cognac.

Let's recall this famous quatrain 72 of Century X:

L'an mil neuf cent nonante neuf sept mois

Du ciel viendra un grand Roy d'effrayeur

Ressusciter le grand Roy d'Angoulmois

Avant apres Mars regner par bonheur

(Jean-Charles de Fontbrune interpretation)

In July 1999 a great, terrifying leader will come through the skies to revive (the memory of) the great conqueror of Angouleme. Before and after war will rule quickly.

The translator's rendition

In the year of 1999 and 7 months

From the sky will come a great King of Terror

To resuscitate the great King of Angoumois [province]/Angouleme [city]

Before and after Mars happily reigns

Egbert questioned Eric: 'How can you be so sure? That could occur somewhere else than here. After all, Cognac is indeed in the Charentes department according to the republican cutting, but according to the former provinces' contour this town is not located in Angoumois but in Saintonge the boundary of which lies near Jarnac. Such an outline's rigour couldn't be artificial. It is true that I am a bit down to earth...'

Eric answered sharply: 'It is going to take place at Chateaubernard. I can even tell you that this great King will stay there from the 28th to the 31st of July 1999.'

Why not? Even though the thing seemed to our friend difficulty

admissible, one could conceive if need be a purely local occurrence of the phenomenon. In the investigation's symmetries and parallels I learned that the locating of the place had been the object of UFO's important activity during the Autumn of 1977 in this region (UFO manifestations at Verrieres, Salles d'Angles, Barbezieux, Saint Fort sur le Ne, etc.). But as it started to be known that Taillebourg was the sole spot where 'contacts' and 'encounters of the third type' really took place before and after 1977, the sky of this backwater was afterwards going to become more than ever the training space for the pilots of Chateaubernard's air base, including some nights, in order to carry out at the same time a surveillance thus rationally legitimated and reinforced every Monday and Friday under the code name of 'Sicile' [Sicily].

This air base was spaciouly re-arranged during World War Two by the French section of the LUFTWAFFE commanded by GENERALFELDMARSCHALL Hugo Sperrle. Added to it were the 'hard' tracks apt to be landed by the bombers Condor and Dornier.

Here it is to be said that the Third Reich Germans constitute the fifth Teutonic wave that has swept aside the region after the Vandals, the Wisigots, the Franks and the Vikings. Chateaubernard or rather Chateau-Bernard (CASTRUM BERNARDI), constructed towards 1150 by Guillaume IV Taillefer Count of Angouleme when he returned from the Crusades, was a preceptory, i.e. 'a subordinate house or community of the Knights Templars'. Experts willingly qualify the church of this locality as 'an actual paragon of the buildings of the knights with the white cloak and the red cross'. A side of the lateral chapel of this church comprises exactly a cross-shaped stone of 1.36 meters breadth and

1.64 meters length. This cruciform stone supports a 1531-made inscription that describes the 15 signs that must announce, accompany and follow the end of the world.

'Everything that is contrary to Charente civilisation is enemy of mine.' So said Jacques Chardonne. Then he retracted. This 'high' civilisation is sustained by the Charente upper-middle-class that comes not exclusively but mostly from the brandy manufacturers. This elite of a culture sit on a rush armchair is very sensitive to prophecies, but it is not only proud of foreboding, it also acts. When Louis Ferdinand Celine had the vision of Chinese taking their horses to drink in the river Charente before the chateau des Valois et la Porte Saint-Jacques in Cognac, the cordial merchants were going to deduct from it the sign of a danger worse than the 'Phylloxera' [flea-type insects that endanger vineyards] crisis (from 1868 to 1961), and in a common agreement decided to inundate preventively Asia with all their products. So it was done, and with the wonderful drug intoxicating the throats of the potential invaders, the Yellow Peril was warded off forever. Exportations, in that respect, make up ever since 90 per cent of the turnover of the trading firms selling under the appellation 'Cognac', and China has become the first foreign outlet of the trade, but not Japan where this brown hooch is less appreciated.

Given that, according to Burgaud des Marets, Maurice Delamain, Roger Noel-Mayer and others behind them, the King of Terror, foreseen by Nostradamus, could be residing from the 28th to the 31st of July 1999 on this air base of Chateaubernard in order to direct, from there, the events that would signal the coming of THIS world's last hour, but not the end of THE world in general, Egbert meditated several times upon the

MONOMERES (single parts) of degrees VI, VII and VIII of star sign Leo's first decan.

6th degree—28 July: 'Man holding a plain two-edged sword in his right hand.' (Aggressive character. Taste for weapons)

7th degree—29 July: 'Man riding a lion.' (Willpower that will lead to fortune, domination and authority)

8th degree—30 & 31 July: 'A hearth from which rises a great flame.' (Acquisition of goods through professions requiring the use of fire. Idealism, burning faith)

Egbert thought that here is something that outlines the King of Terror as a great chief sure and firm in his manipulation of fire (in the astrological meaning of the term) and gaining benefits from it, i.e. he needs booty and carnage and wants to entertain himself in it, while in a precipitous fatality the skies open greatly sounding like brass.

According to other exegetes, the King of Angoumois would be Attila or his 'reincarnation'. Saint Augustin said that The Creator has used Attila to sweep away a corrupt society. At the time I am writing those lines, the spectacle of corruption is not less disgusting than the one produced by helpless societies of bygone days. But there is no Attila on the horizon. How today's men, devoid of myth and ideal but full of delusions, could beget an Attila-type person that would lead as a chief a purification crusade, and among the lugubrious witnesses of the dilapidated gloom of the present world, who could follow this leader? One senses he would have to come from a space inaccessible to the other mortals. An inconceivable barbaric flow would also accompany him.

In the Nordic tradition ATTILA translates as ATLI ('The Terrible') but ATLI is also one of the god Thor's names. The territory occupied by

the two provinces of Saintonge and Angoumois is peppered with Germanic archeological relics such as tomb-ranged sarcophagus cemeteries, pottery remains, sculpture fragments and so forth, dating mostly from the Frank colonisation that occurred in the 6th and 7th centuries. In such context one's attention should be fixed on the announcement of the passage of Thor, son of Odin and terror of the giants, in his chariot that, occasionally, flies pulled by two goats, i.e. TANNGRISNIR and TANNGNJOSTR. On the flying detail one should refer to Wilhelm Petersen's famous work 'THOR FAHRT UBER MIDGARD'. Egbert was to go to wait more than ten years before finding the key to solve this enigma. But what is this key?

Egbert said: 'You must know that before his deadly plunge into the Luso-African mirage, Dominique de Roux, who didn't miss a domestic opportunity to see the river Charente flowing, begged Abellio to give him the secret of the King of Terror's location in the general cycle towards its end. Roux also asked the expert to reveal to him, if possible, the King's cipher. Raymond Abellio, who must not be confused with the crowds making up petty science, answered in substance that in Vendee-Aunis and Saintonge-Angoumois, 111 communal play swimming pools were dug by the Germans (first it was their initiative during the Nazi occupation of France, then the Germans continued the digging as prisoners of war after the liberation of France), that one must reflect on this figure added to the number of the Beast (666) in order to obtain the digit of the King and at the same time understand why the number 777 was attributed to the KREISKOMMANDANTUR of Cognac.

In November 1986, in an auction room situated at Rue Des Pons in Cognac, Egbert met fortuitously an eccentric who was a rare enough

maniac in metal detection using the appropriate device. The odd enthusiast came to the salesroom in order to sell a handful of ancient trinkets found in some forgotten ruins somewhere local, and to our protagonist the knick-knack vendor certified to have noticed, at Taillebourg, a line of the World Tree, i.e. YGGDRASILL, on one of the chipped stones he discovered in a hole among the turned over soil, instead of the expected gold and silver. Those stones were likely to have come from the plundering and dismantlement of the castle of La Tremoille at the end of the 18th Century. Egbert took carefully note of the exact location but, cautious, did not leave the impression to be in pressing need.

Egbert said: 'As if blindfolded, I decided to establish myself in this small town, which was done in mid-November 1989 in a cold as sharp as in Poland. In the meantime I sold my house of Rue Brisson in Cognac and bought the Bertilo's dwelling at the locality named Les Champs Rouges, you know why.

I pointed out to him that for once he didn't exercise this elementary prudence that must be followed in the 'thing-ness' of the world. He did agree with me, being excused by having found this extraordinary rare opportunity in this chance-devoid area.

From 1990 to 1993 our protagonist undertook the research on the spot the plan of which, inspired by the original, was stars-delimited. The Tree (IRMINSUL) in its exact and epoch-certified design was discovered in accordance with Destiny's wish. Then Egbert directed his investigation towards the 'profound and enigmatic treasure' sleeping in the depths of the park of Taillebourg's castle, that is to say, he first studied in a thorough fashion everything narrated by the old chroniclers

concerning the period when, on this limestone elevation, there was once a Viking cantonment.

VIII THE THREE GRACES

Egbert told Haine Doucement: 'You sing better than a cow but you give less milk.' He was exasperated by her non-stop singing exercises.

This agricultural mocking remark was more than could stand the woman who was a false princess ARAWAK as she was a true flirtatious common girl. This very evening she stopped her cooing and left Egbert without giving him any address. Nobody knows what became of her. Why does a man stop loving a woman? 'One is still waiting for the man of genius who must answer this question.' So said Barbey d'Aurevilly. Profane science has attempted, on its own, to fill in the absence of genius. Scientists claim that a natural amphetamine overwhelms the brain during love at first sight, and leaves people for four years in this amorous state. Then the amphetamine is replaced by endormophines, a kind of natural tranquillizer, and love dies, often followed by split and divorce.

The verecund waiter from the south of Alsace (he had from there the stature but not the outspokenness), temporarily employed at the Vannes railway station buffet, returned to Alsace after the start of the new school year in September 1977. Following his obtaining of a diploma in pharmacological preparation, he married a woman who was a harvesting-viticulturist living in Ammerschwihr.

As to Nanou, the former unpaid secretary of Kelc'hier de Laz, she became a day-working firewoman in Pontivy and, by night, one can still

meet her in the up-market night-club owned by her husband appropriately elegant for the occasion.

Guess why those two conventional middle-class couples are not going to experience the endomorphines-caused split-up.

In the Autumn of 1996 THRIMA came back—as she is of the ones who return—in a flying craft shining with all its lights. This time she was accompanied by three other Valkyries endowed with a fascinating beauty. Egbert called them 'the Three Graces'. THRIMA had warned our friend of the ambush in which he fell so strangely in 1995, at least as far as the appearance is concerned. The Valkyrie came back to know what really happened. Then, once informed, she told Egbert: 'Your courage will remain the symbol of the human resistance against the symbolic and real violence exercised by both the institutions and the 'humanimals''.

Egbert thanked her by kissing her hand.

THRIMA and her three companions, dressed in a golden stitch garment, were the official representatives of the ASES's great headquarters staff, the chief of which was Odin. They were travelling to URTAURI, a solar system situated in this section of the Galaxy where we are too. This system was on the verge of falling into the hands of stock A. There were still pockets of resistance by some implacable and ferocious populations of stock N. Stock A crack troops were going to slay them till total extermination. The four 'daughters of Odin', and especially THRIMA, were going to choose for Valhalla, the ASES's paradise, the best of those slain in battle. MIST and RADGRID had to lend a hand if need be while REGINLEIFR had the mission to correct, in the phase of reconstruction, the doctrinal faults committed by the local

blue-clothed worshippers of Odin; the latter mission was not the easiest.

In short and clearly, the extra-terrestrials were passing by without taking any detour as the Earth was on the way, otherwise they would have abstained from any peripheral stop. Egbert nevertheless appreciated the none the less honour of them visiting him. He made an effort to let them know his gratitude in a short time, in a laborious fashion (by HONDSTODUR the runes-based sign language). He thought himself in danger as he reckoned they were here to 'choose' him, just in case. He asked them what was their wish before their departure 'to engrave the runes of HEL' on some relic of stock N, somewhere in the galactic depths. REGINLEIFR was part of the ones numbered and her knowledge appeared to be fruitful. Egbert racking his brains with two names couldn't help but ask her confirmation. She did so, making clear that from the VESTNICK (herald) the name that can be told (SKAVIDR) is not the one on which is performed the computation which is SKAFIDR. This computation under four angles gives 7 as the sum of the runes, 9 as the total of the numerical values. Their addition makes 16. The sum designates the sphere in which the formula acts. The total of the values refers to the goal that SKAVIDR seeks to obtain. The addition of the number of characters and the runic sum reveals the power (MEGIN) usable to the pursuit of the objective. Finally the multiplication of the goal by the mean to reach it yields a static result ($9 * 16 = 144$) that requires to be 'moved' in order to know whether there will be success or failure, which compels to carry out another operation from which one has to abstain as it is forbidden.

An interpretation such as this one is a fearsome thing to do and,

for the time being, must be accomplished under the light of Aquarius. Therefore Egbert gave the impression to take no particular precaution concerning those calculations, finally inquiring after what was thought, in high places, of the Earth in the Galaxy? MIST gave the reply, rather kitsch, that our planet was considered to be like a rotten apple swarming with maggots. Egbert the irminist was dumbfounded by the answer. But RADGRIDR said that her female friend exaggerated a lot and that her own plans left no indication of this kind, at least not yet.

Very well. All the same let's picture this. How could such a planet as ours soon give birth to the LICHTTRAGER SKAVIOR? How would it be possible for the Sacred Tree to be reborn on Earth? How could SLEIPNIR run here again in the green of the eternal summers? Was not this rotting planet already condemned to finish its course in some 'black hole' belonging to the sidereal zone of transmutation?

Then REGINLEIFR said: 'this ball in a ferment, support of billions of marionettes prisoner of their chaotic impulses and thoughts, will be at the key-moment hardened enough in its regrowth for IRMINSUL's stowage. And all the forests will bow before this world axis. As to you after the washing of the vain practices, you will have to enter in this Tree during its new adaptation. You must know this Tree that is within you the branches of which are praying. For why should it be always there? It is set up by both the gods and Irmin, meaning by Him through their hands. Remember that the Earth is an objectless matter without the living standard, that is to say YGGDRASILL.'

Because she has overall responsibility for the entire hierarchy, ROTA represents the Valkyries at the great headquarters staff of the ASES. Regarding the cycles, they are governed by two Valkyries.

SKALMOLD ('time of the sword') rules all the secondary cycles, including the one of 216000 years and SKEGGOLD ('time of the axe') rules all the higher cycles superior in numbers to 21600 years, including the one of 64800 years. Under which dependence is the end of the present era, given that 1997 corresponds to the year 17118 of the cycle of UTGARDG (the one of the 15th hour of the calendar of the RAGNAROK)?

Egbert didn't say a word, waiting to return to the matter another time. But one must be useful to the present time or disappear. At Brouage, if you urinate from the top of the ramparts into the swamp, the mixture of ammoniac and sea salt produces without fail a succession of detonations that justify one time in four the arrival of a car full of CRS (Compagnie Republicaine de Securite = state security police force in France).

There are in Santonie many wonders, unknown to anybody, that are worth the visit. Thus, deeply dug in Cognac's substratum exists a crypt in which can be found among a mass of fallen rocks the Gallic statue of the river-god CARANTONUS. This massive figure is made of grey stone, has prominent eyes and possesses a beard that symbolises the river Charente that starts in a meadow of the parish of Cheronnac, and enters the Charente department seven kilometers further away. This heavy face was stolen from the neighbouring town of Saintes and installed in the crypt converted during the reign of king Francois the first. The said king was born in Cognac in 1494 and, brought up the hard way, was going to make his debut in society as a torch bearer cherub on the occasion of the luxurious and popular parties organised by his parents Charles d' Orleans and Louise de Savoie.

Surmounting the statue is a English-written motto, traced in pre-

Raphaelite characters, golden on a maroon background and that reads thus: From the Heart of France the Spirit of the World. Behind the god is a lamp that is burning permanently and it has 365 wicks. Each wick represents a kilometer covered by the river from its source up down to the Atlantic Ocean. The crypt's walls are covered with shelves overloaded with samples of the diverse brands of 'Pineau' [dessert wine produced in the Charentes] and cognac such as Martell, Hennessy, Otard, Courvoisier, Remy Martin, Bisquit, Mhardy, etc. Tradition says that after ingurgitating down one of the samples in a oner, one has to throw, from a planned suitable distance, one of those bottles in the basin before the river-god statue while mentally formulating a question or a wish. If the bottle shatters, then the realization of the wish is certain and the answer positive. Indeed, the consultation of the Divine Bottle, as mocked by some, doesn't reply only to the great question such as 'what is the truth'. But it also answers intimate and trivial questions. The custom says that one must choose a bottle of Pineau—the brand of the beverage doesn't matter—for everything concerning love affairs, art, etc. Regarding money, work and politics, one must use a sample of cognac.

Accessing this grotto set up within the depths of the town can only be done using an underground passage, the opening of which has for hundreds of years remained remarkably concealed from both the eyes of the layman and the investigations of the French police. This unusual sanctuary is managed by the mysterious 'Loge Forestiere' [the Forest Lodge] founded by Francois the first when he returned from the Italian wars. Of the fellows who do not belong to the lodge but who are granted the special and extraordinary favour to consult the oracle, one doesn't

count more than five or six grotto-admitted persons per century. In 1984, this very rare privilege was granted to Egbert who hastened to take advantage of the situation, knowing that such an opportunity would never repeat itself.

In May 1984, Egbert asked the oracle the following question. Given that bringing a 'message of hope' to the modern world (that can last as long as its energy supplies) would have the same effect as letting some maize grains fall onto the nesting spots of Tchernobyl's white swallows. Seeing that there is, basically, no more important task than contributing on every plane to the growing swelling of the present terminal phase of the cycle until the explosion of this turgidity, so that the free blossoming of the new age can occur, is it true that of the three names, bases of formula chanted to obtain the obscuring of the Sun at each TIVAROK, the Germanic name is SKOLL?

Egbert had chosen a bottle of cognac that rebounded without breaking in the bottom of the black marble basin. However the 'three Graces' confirmed in a vehement unanimity that it was indeed SKOLL, the piece of information coming from SKALMOD herself. The reliability of the oracle of the Divine Bottle (that didn't undergo since its creation the hazards of the local history) for all that was not questioned as our protagonist should have chosen a bottle of PINEAU instead.

IX FLESH TASTER

While the UFO activity was occurring in the Autumn of 1977, the French air force allegedly was said to have recovered the debris of a flying craft, including one of the occupants. The spaceship would have been shot by the servicemen of base 709 in Chateaubernard. There is in

France as in other countries a commendable policy of high discretion applied with constancy concerning UFOs in order to avoid a wave of panic. That just shows that the shroud enveloping the secret has always been thin.

Egbert said: 'At the time I was receiving every two months a customer that was occasionally employed as part of the civilian staff on the base. She was complaining that there were many 'red alerts' as the security imperative compelled her, before leaving the camp, to open the car boot for the police. Later I learned that the unfortunate woman was irresistibly succumbing to the temptation of 'personal recovery', and that quite likely the 'security guards' had to invent this 'red alert' subterfuge in order to better check the car whether or not there was any stolen property. One day she added to her ritual complaint this comment: 'Perhaps they're also afraid to get their flying saucer stolen.' I asked to which saucer she was referring, and she told me that for a long time there was this rumour that a flying craft had crashed on the aerodrome, and that the wreck had been hidden in the BEFEHLSBUNKER dug by the Germans under the FLIEGERHORST COGNAC.

What Germans call BUNKER in their musical language here would be a kind of small-size 'cellar' that must have required the minimum effort of construction, compared to the cyclopean fortifications build along the near Atlantic coast by the TODT organisation. The French inheriting the 'cellar' were said to have enlarged it, but it was in a corner of the original underground building that they were to store the piece of wreckage coming from the spaceship recovered by the French military in the Autumn of 1977.

Egbert continued: 'At the time when my customer gave me this information, I didn't care at all whether or not there were some substance behind the existence of UFOs as concrete objects. I voiced my doubts concerning the truth behind her claims and we changed our conversation. Months later, a bunch of Iraqi military trainees came to base 709. It was around the end of the Iraqi war against Iran, and France was then the unconditional ally of Saddam Hussein's 'chauvinistic-populist' regime. One of these trainees became infatuated with a Cognac girl to the point of wanting to take her back with him in Iraq in order to marry her. At this juncture the aviator had to spend days in Metz. The young woman who seduced him due to the charm of her face was, let's say, of easy virtue and, while her Babylonian lover was away, she thought it groovy to add to her list of passing friends the three or four training mates of our Iraqi. When he came back from Metz and learned about the affair, he became violently angry and broke off his relations with her after giving her a good hiding, claiming he would have killed her in Iraq. The truth is that our young man was in search of a European woman who might have become a wife worthy of the name. While he was insisting on 'sexual purity', it was mostly faithfulness that he was looking for in a woman. Obviously, on both points, the young Cognac restaurant waitress let him down to say the least. Confused by this failure, intensely doubting on the value of his fancy, he came to consult me in order to know what the future had in stock for him in the grey area of relationships. As I had then a stock of forlorn female customers who were fresh enough, I gave him the address of one of them as I thought he would be pleased with it, and indeed he thanked me by paying me the triple of my consultation fee.'

After getting a little better thanks to the relationship he had with this new girl, the Mesopotamian returned on two occasions to consult Egbert on other matters. Our cunning protagonist was to take advantage of the situation, and he asked the Muslim pilot information about this flying saucer allegedly stored in the basement of air base 709.

Egbert said: 'He promised to let me know more about it. Towards the end of his training, he came to consult me a last time and I let him get on to the question. Skilled in getting information, he was not afraid and didn't recoil from the task. At the time of the choice, a French officer of both status and stature similar to our Iraqi had taken him on a visit to the sinister oozing pillbox on which was daubed in a grey paint: 'Secret Defence', and in which were said to be confined, in concrete-protected silence, the fragments resulting from the crash of the interplanetary vessel. According to the Moslem pilot, there are five pieces of debris apparently made of extremely light and thin metal that is also highly strong. The accompanying officer confirmed the Iraqi's observation and even made clear it was impossible to 'twist or cut' the fragments; neither was one capable of melting them 'using a blowlamp'.

I asked: 'Did your Arab touch them?'

Egbert answered: 'Yes, but just a bit as it was full of dust.'

I said: 'Did he feel anything touching the fragments?'

Egbert replied: 'Nothing special so it seems; he wasn't exactly moved and neither was he shocked. No disarray, no dizziness, just a kind of emptiness in motion so to speak. He came to the conclusion that his intrigue to be shown four or five pieces of dirty metal had been a waste

of time. I was also disappointed as I came to strongly believe in this fantastic story. Then the pilot stared at me, opened his mouth in a kind of yawn, his tongue started moving and he uttered in tone behind the words as it were: 'All the same I managed to uncover, under the thin and dry grime of the biggest fragment, a stencil-traced sign, half-faded but still distinct enough, in white on the black piece of wreck. Something like that...' Taking unhesitatingly my pen, he then drew on the notebook I use to write down my customers' queries the sign he was remembering. A moment came when I knew he invented nothing, that the fragments might indeed come from an alien spacecraft, but in the meantime I merely took the page off the notebook and carefully placed it in the filing cabinet where I was putting away my important documents.'

I asked: 'This mark, what was it?'

Egbert replied: 'At the time I didn't have a clue. Within the largest scale of possible questions, from seven or eight numbered questions, I chose the most rational. Perhaps these metal bits were from the Second World War. They could have been wreckage from German or Allies airplanes or whatever machine used by the belligerents. Following this lead, I decided to get information about the 'Insignologie' [modern 'heraldry' to do with the military insignia used on military vehicles] used in the Anglo-Saxon, Prusso-Saxon or Soviet armies to see if by chance I could find the logo of the Mesopotamian. Alas I came home empty-handed so to speak.'

I asked: 'And what about the UFO pilot?'

Egbert replied: 'That was easier to find out, you know. He was caught wounded, starving and wandering in the forest of Jarnac by some gendarmes on his tail with their big dogs.'

I queried: 'How did you know? What was the name of the huge hounds?'

Egbert answered: 'Allow me not to tell you more on this point.'

Later I learned our protagonist got the information from one of his customers, a person looking respectable and going grey, but being also an occasional police informer and a mobster of Angouleme, and more or less connected with, according to the opportunity, either the 'Gauche Caviar' [champagne socialists] or the 'Droite-Foie Grois' [well-off right wing]. And what did this delusive individual express?

First of all, both the space traveller and his smashed starship were identified as being of East-European provenance as, at the time, the Iron Curtain was still in existence. Put under violent interrogation as soon as his language was known (Old Norse), badly recovered from both the undergone shock and his wound, the extra-terrestrial had allegedly died some days later in the plane transferring him to Paris. Then in Paris the dead body was put through an autopsy and consequently dissected. A part was entrusted to the American Nellis Air Force Range specialized laboratories. Another sample was sent to Germany in order to be analysed by the DEUTSCHE AGENTUR FUR RAUMFAHRTGELEGENHEITEN laboratories. Finally a thigh was cut in order to extract a 'steak' from it and the piece of meat was transported to Trevoux (Department of Ain, France) in a hermetically sealed box.

In the colonial period existed a very useful institution nicknamed 'Petites Menageres' [little housewives]. So was called the young native girl in charge of running the dwelling of a white bachelor in the course of his sojourn in the colony. She was cooking, doing the housework and slept in his master's bed when he desired her. When the bachelor was

leaving her to return to Europe, he had, besides her wages, to give her a farewell present, usually a sewing machine.

In those colonial days that, at the moment I am writing, are hardly more than a nebulous 'long ago', there were odd jobs that are gone today. For instance, there was in the colonial gendarmerie a position held by a captain, without any insignia indicating the function of the office, but that nonetheless gave the officer a substantial bonus and the said job consisted of being a 'flesh taster'. Originally the Portuguese invented the profession and the French quickly followed suit in their possession scattered in Africa and the Pacific Ocean. The copper had to determine, within the context of the fight against cannibalism, the provenance of the meat consumed in the regions where the natives were mainly suspected of anthropophagy. The gendarmerie first organised an operation, then surrounded a suspected village and investigated the contents of the cooking pot as well as the garnish of the spit. Making his entrance, the 'flesh taster' manducated a piece of meat and gave his opinion whether the carnal substance was pork, elephant, kid, monkey, etc. But if it turned out to be human flesh then the gendarmes had to report the offence.

Related to the case of the extra-terrestrial pilot in 1977 at Trevoux, a place already mentioned, was still living a very old pensioner who had been the last 'flesh taster' dispatched in French Equatorial Africa. His opinion was solicited and he gave his view, within the time limit laid down in the regulations, in the form of a report that confirmed the human origin of the meat, i.e. the copious fatty slice taken from the right thigh of the HIMMINMOGR, the said piece of flesh having been ludicrously simmered stew-like by the pensioner's

Black wife brought from the bluish remoteness of his war expeditions. The meat expert indicated he had never in all his career tasted so delicious, delicate and tender (except perhaps in the case of infant flesh) a piece of mammal substance, even though he was 94 years old with a palate dulled by his old age and triple 'plastered' by the excesses of drinking Burgundy wine.

X CELUI QUI AGRIPE LOIN (THE ONE WHO GRABS FAR)

Thanks to the generosity of some friends, Egbert had been able to visit Iceland twice. The first time, in 1992, he had summoned forth three goddesses, FREYA, FRIGG and IDUNN who briefly appeared to him but without talking to him. The second time, he undertook a new attempt and HEIMDALR showed Himself to him and shared with our hero some revelations on the RAGNAROK, the detail of the ages in the great Germanic calendar and the chronology of the secondary cataclysms spreading over several hundred of thousand human years. At the spring equinox of 1997, Egbert evoked Thor but instead THJAFI revealed Himself.

The first journey to Iceland had to be done in June, so as to assist to the national holiday and the summer solstice (MIDSUMAR) at the occasion of which get together all the ASATRUARAR from Sweden, Danemark, Norway, Belgium, Finland, Germany, America, Canada, France, etc. For all of them, the island at the edge of the world is a beacon, a holy land, a luminous location mark. Bound to excite the imagination due her rude and windy climate, her lava fields, her cascades and impressive chasms, her gigantic glacier, her wild fjords, her bare and black mountains, her summer solstice unlimited days, and so forth, in short everything contributes to impregnate the island of the Saga with an

immoderate magic atmosphere. It is not possible to travel such a country without keeping of it an unforgettable impression, and neither is it possible not to perceive the powerfully enriching symbolic permeating the country. Nowhere else can one pass with so disconcerting an easiness from the contingent to the unchanging, as can be seen like in the early days of the world the combat of the elements (fire, wind, water, ice, etc.), the permanent struggle of the forces of Nature, the latter that perpetually swings between a precarious equilibrium and a menacing chaos, and that one can nearly touch with the finger the postponed crumbling away that, in a primal way, makes one understand how all the forces of disintegration are creative, how multiplicities can in a flash be reduced to the unity on this ball hanging in space despite the motions and the shocks that affect it, as heavy matter is nothing else but a relative reality, an 'illusory crystallization'.

Egbert said: 'Those who fear the taste of ashes in the transformation and are not really attuned to their time cannot come to Iceland for it is a place where one can hardly see the diagonal rib and, if anything, it doesn't exist at all on this island.'

I asked him then in which sector of the island he had evoked the gods. He told me it occurred in the 'north capital', i.e. AKUREYRI where the Irminist gather discreetly, the Odinst concentrating mostly in REKJAVIK.

Egbert said: 'For a long time I knew a person who, although far from being rich—she only had a job at the LANDSBANKI ISLANDS's local branch—nonetheless treated me as a guest when I first came to Iceland and AKUREYRI. I was able to thank her later in a suitable way. The first day she shared smilingly with me the thought that the most visible

difference between Odinist and Irminist consists of the horn used for libations and toasts. The first use an ovine horn and the second a bovine horn. On that she wasn't mistaken but didn't realise that the fateful line doesn't exist. Then she thought that this difference was incommensurable when she knew the truth.

Indeed she said: 'But those inflated looks they affect as if they were going to break the bolts prove that they fear their destiny.' And then a veil slid on the bluish grey of TESSA's Nordic and clear eyes.

THJALFI, Thor's companion, is a highly beautiful elf (ALFR) so that one has to be careful not to confuse Him with BALDR. Given that Egbert had summoned forth THORR in order to know more about the Great King of Terror, and that instead THJALFI appeared, one could logically deduce that the said King perhaps wasn't the frightening build foreseen in Quatrain 72 of Century X.

It is not because FREYR resides in ALFHEIMR that he is necessarily the lord of the ALFAR (elves). The ALFAR who in FREYR's palace sumptuously adorn it are the regents of the sun. It is good to call upon FREYR 'TIL ARS OF FRIDAR', in order to obtain peace and/or a wealthy and fecund year where the subtle mixture of sunshine and rain allows the proper growth of vegetation and the gathering of good harvest. The Vanes (VANIR) are responsible for the external production taking place on the planets. The Dwarfs (DVERGAR) look after the production within the interior of the planets (metal, precious stones, etc.). In the hierarchy of Powers, the ALFAR come after the AESIR and thus before the VANIR. This precedence is little known, one doesn't really appreciate the just place of the elves in the spectacles of the universe and that is a shame.

On the 20th March of 1997—it was a Thursday, THORS DAGR, i.e. the day of Thor—Egbert evoked the REIDAR TYR, but it was THJALFI who appeared and telepathically 'spoke' to our protagonist.

I asked: 'Did THJALFI appear in human form on this occasion?'

Egbert answered: 'No! He appeared in a luminous form described in the nomenclature as similar to the brightness of three flashes of lightning—the lightning at the beginning of a thunderstorm.

The first question Egbert asked THJALFI concerned the possibility to know the exact name of the Great King of Terror, and the answer was VIDGRIPR. On the other hand our investigator didn't get any response as to knowing the precise location of the landing to take place in Angoumois, or if it would happen at all in this region.

Egbert said: 'But I did feel that VIDGRIPR's task was going to be supervised by Thor and that its effects were to be solely a purification. The said effects would be as devastating as being under the few minutes lasting stress occurring during the thundering panic of a nuclear attack. Or could it be an action of destruction caused by his coming alone, in other words the psychological shock produced by his presence would be sufficient to induce terror? People threatened with the partial rupture of their mental balance would fall prey to their death urges, i.e. one could envisage a wave of suicide comparable with the one that happened on the 31st of December 999. They would fight and kill one another, forming a fantastic litter of corpses and vitrified blood.'

Before this coming 'troubles' would break out and they would 'luckily' be sustained by the 'reign' of this King. Egbert inquired whether or not this collective experience would be a salutary lesson for

those who shut their eyes to their ills and if, as asserted in the great cloud of glosses, that should be understood as a preambulatory or preparatory phase to a new era here below or else, if the King of terror was the Great Monarch, the Messiah, the Kalki Avatara, the Great Pope, the Madhi, etc. THJALFI answered that the King had nothing to do with the 'Restorer of the Age of Bliss'.

Egbert said: 'the name VIDGRIPR (Celui qui agrippe loin—the One Who Grabs far) belongs to a giant (JOTUNN). Giants are evidently terrifying and often hideous, especially the THURS. Under this aspect they're not going to attract man but repel him. However, I was asking myself perplexed how the destroyer and the defender of gods and men could use such a being. To that it was answered that VIDGRIPR was a giant who owns his life to Thor, and subsequently could not escape fulfilling this mission of 'terror-conveyer' to him entrusted for a while.

I asked: 'How did you picture this giant?'

Egbert replied that at the time he didn't visualise the entity.

The idea that people drowning with delight in their petty squabbles could all of a sudden cut each other's throat seemed to me excessive, unlikely, even painful and somehow weird. The dehumanizing of contemporary society coiled like an inert cable appears to me insufficiently advanced for the death of the 'living together' to occur unexpectedly. Admittedly this extinction is accelerating thanks to, for example, the proliferation of 'intimate communication' conveyed by car radio, computers, mobile phones, and so forth but we are from the total freezing in the private sphere, and if all satiate their thirst in the same cesspool, no one is yet thinking to turn away in an aggressive

manner from the terrible anxieties of the present. I recalled then figure 20 of Paracelsus's Prognostication concerning the period comprised between 1992 and 2016 in which from July 1999 this King of Terror would start to rage. The figure is commented in this way: 'One thing is standing upright, as long as it can be maintained. But man, what he erects alone, that must in its time fall from the highest to the lowest. Thus man, his wisdom, he will put it down against the earth and there will bury it, from where it came, and to another he will yield. For human prudence in any case cannot last, it is similar to the flower in the field, all charming and that pleases you perfectly. Time, it is said, carry the roses. Likewise it wither them too. Similarly it will be the same for you, as you are alone only by yourself,'

This writing shows us the emptiness of human deeds in the troubled and mixed up times when man, become again 'this little excrement of the earth' of materialistic doctrines, relies only on his own force and wants to see attributed to himself the merit of everything he does. What VIDGRIPR causes luckily to occur is the fall in the abyss of such a human docile to his slope. 'The One Who Grabs far' is not the 'grapnel' dear to Jean-Marie Vianney, priest of Ars, but an agent from on high come to absterge a world intoxicated in its disgusting fumes and that denies any supernatural or even simply suprasensible cause. This agent has the task to cut in a curtain of opaque flesh the embrasure through which the Spirit can blow again. 'Luckily' before, for the way would have been prepared for him for a very long time by the daily summoning on the television screen of the most upsetting calamities, of the most violent pictures, of the most bloody spectacles, of the most atrocious episodes, in order to accustom the citizen to the approaching

desolation. 'Luckily' after, for the job would have been made easy for him due to all the earthlings all happy to pledge allegiance to him to follow close behind him as soon as he appears, and to continue his undertaking afterwards if he gives orders accordingly.

There are actions that are shining like gold and that basically are empty because it is either too soon or too late. There are periods that are heavy, unhealthy, airless and similar to certain suffocating days that compress the brain and overwhelm human activities. Then he rises at the right time like a stormy wind that scatters miasma and regenerates the atmosphere. It is this thunderstorm that the King of Terror is going to animate. However, it won't be the final thundershower despite this note of Rene Guenon: 'It is not a simple putting right that is necessary but a total renovation.'

Now let's suppose that in 1999 in the terror spot of dreadful hours nothing happens, absolutely nothing.

Egbert said: 'I had touched on that question with Eric knowing he was enlightened in doing what had to be done to be so, sometimes in the way he moved with an extreme elation. It is in this way that he meditated, among other things, on the curious ciphered comment of 15 signs found in the Knight Templars church of Chateaubernard, due to Henri Burgaud des Marets (1806-1873) who was a little more than a mere dialect-speaking erudite, and who had noticed that in degrees the rendering of the dimensions of the cruciform stone gives 300 (136 + 164), which 'opens the compass' to 60 degrees, eloquent finding easy to situate on the zodiacal dial from 0 degree in Aries, and by which is obtained the ice interval—a period when in general the ice covers 30

percent of all the lands on this planet. But no one is prophet among his kin. Resourceless, ill and in a fit of despair Burgaud drags himself to the fireplace and throws there all his manuscripts, all his notes and rough drafts.'

Like the one in my garden the World Rose comes from the peat. One wouldn't have to follow, far behind the line of gothic poplar trees, the pigeons of Burgaud des Marets to discover the unspeakable enigmas.

Simply if nothing occurs in 1999 we have to wait for more propitious dates. According to Egbert there are three of such times; the furthest away being around the year 3237 about. Another one is 2064.

I said no more as this was completely incomprehensible. I couldn't imagine Chateaubernard as an epicentre of global upheaval, gigantic and purificatory. I contented myself with retaining that the King of Terror could play his role in a transition that would be the interval of two cycles.

Our friend had prepared a list of questions to ask during the summoning forth of THJALFI, but he lost the thread of the interrogative sentences as the answers of the elf to the first demands gradually brought about other perspectives, penetrated within deeper dimensions and gave rise to the most incredible equipollence. For example, this 'infinite People' that, according to Nostradamus, will invade the Earth from space in landing its interplanetary crafts on the seas.

Egbert said: 'I inquired whether or not this infinite People comprised the extra-terrestrials who contacted me in the night of March 1995 a little before the intrusion of both of the council roadmenders and the gendarmes. The answer was an affirmation tending to suggest besides that the 'Space Vikings' in an age of calamities will mass-

invade the earth and, first of all, will be unwelcome despite their 'message of peace', to the point that their chief will be captured and hanged 'a little before a great flood' (II,93). This inundation will be doubtlessly caused by the melting of polar ice (melting generated by the 'greenhouse effect') raising the sea level from 50 to 80 centimeters, submerging thus many coastal regions and eliminating from the map many of today's proud cities. As to the opposition to the 'invaders', it can only be understood by the small number of the offspring of ASKR and EMBLA that in effect will be an ethnic minority on the terraqueous globe, while the progeny stemmed from ADAM and EVE's stock will have become the majority.

Perhaps the 'infinite People' will be entrusted with the mission to 'recover' the last 'pure' children of stock A to take them safely on a virgin planet in another solar system exclusively populated by their kin.

Other hypotheses than this appealing theory can be formulated but the ones to live will be the ones to see and what is meant to happen will happen.