

## XI THE BURGLED LUNATIC

At the beginning of May 1996, Egbert's mother suffering and old, incidentally learning about the legal proceedings against her son, died grieving the following day.

On Tuesday the 26th of February 1997, Egbert's girlfriend Y (her real name has to remain unidentified) got a phone call and an unknown person spoke to her in a malevolent tone: 'If your ponce appeals against the judgement of the 18th of this month, you, your sister and your mother will bleed like pigs in the slaughterhouse. Understood?' That day—it was Saint Romeo's day—our protagonist lost his girlfriend and gave up his appeal against the ruling of the court. As to the threat of going to jail, the authorities, smelling both excess and gaffe, were to drop this course of action. Egbert got a summoning to which he went with his velvet boots put on. He had to go to Villefollet in the Poitou province, where doctor Oudjat, the most eminent specialist in his field who could be found in France, was on duty certain days. A staircase, on which glimmer was thrown by frames hugging tightly a chromatic 'seething' on both walls, led to his elegant office located on the first floor. The start of the stairs, a little 'dry' to start with, was decorated with women figures and the banister was 'garnished' with thin and shiny balusters.

Doctor Oudjat had a square and jovial face embellished with greying side whiskers cut short and a BOURBONIEN nose wearing golden spectacles. Egbert, after a short stay in the waiting room, was introduced to the specialist. Our hero had kept his hat 'outback' in an Australian style, pure wool, beige with a leather ingredient.

Doctor Oudjat said: 'At least take off your hat please.'

The practitioner, seeing the admirable skull of his patient, remained bemused and dizzy-like. After the observation of this noble head, the good doctor agreed that madness wasn't quaking on Egbert's temples, that our protagonist was the complete opposite of a raving lunatic and a 'dangerous paranoiac' and that, on the contrary, he was showing the achieved example of an outstanding man, of one of those who have reached and drunk from the waters of the fountain of the primordial Science.

The expert who, during his time as a student, took pleasure in mesmerizing his eyes with the works of Sigmund Freud, said: 'Your heart is proud and your brain strong. Your mind is so young that I would bet you have no other remembrance than a flow of milk running in your alternative memory that travels in every age without leaving the present, i.e. HIC ET NUNC SEMPER.'

Egbert answered: 'Doctor, it is not only easy but also accordingly nearly necessary that we quote here a sentence of priest Poujaud de Naucelas's accusing report: 'It is proper to treat him as a madman because he is weak.''

The doctor said: 'It seems to me that you are not so feeble if I believe the lines written on the pages of the heavy file concerning your case that was handed over to me. Yet there has been this court sentence of the 18th of February 1997 ... since you seem to live at the crossroads of malign influences. ... Fifteen years ago, you were caught begging in a steep alley-way in Angouleme. ... Then there is this mumbo-jumbo occultism. ... Could you not find a better trade?'

Egbert said: 'This dossier is an insulting bunch of offending

allegations. I was begging during the festival of comics. Finally, I would never have imagined that some people could have blamed me for having, during a time of privation, attached my purse to some pipe dream without besides enriching myself since to the expense of anyone.'

Oudjat said: 'I understand, but during the events that you have been blamed for, your reaction has not been sensible. ... This Russian rifle. ... Is it true that its butt is inlaid with precious stones? ... Would its provenance be from the stock of damascened weapons come from the methodical pillage of the Summer Palace by general de Montauban, Count of Palikao—thus of a deed calling for a punishment?'

Egbert said: 'Don't you find it odd that, during the anathematizing hearing, no ban was pronounced against the possession of weapons by a person suddenly reputed as dangerous?'

The expert said: 'I believe that the authorities fear that you might take your revenge directly or via interposed sacrificial rituals. ... Note, the latter does take me aback. Whatever, if that is where it is taking us, will wisdom dawn one day or the other? In the meantime, tricks cannot be sufficient, we have to proceed only with numbers, weight and measures. Otherwise, you're good to be deported to the Lozere. If I ever find out that you have used the psychiatric card to escape from the geminate thunderbolt of the law...

Egbert, who didn't play the psychiatric card for whatever purpose, was to tell me later that, to this specialist of mental derangement, madness was only a shrunken figure of enthusiasm in the etymological sense of the term, that is to say 'divine inspiration', but he thought too perversely so to speak that anterior to madness and enthusiasm is the 'reason' dear to Descartes, and that is, according to

the dualistic thinker, 'naturally equal in every men'. To finish with, the good doctor 'loosened' this case a little alarming that had annoyed somewhat his middle-class common sense.

The psychologist said feigning to sneeze in his Lavalliere-labelled and white-silk tie: 'you will come back in a month. Do accept without weariness your narrow duties. I trust you to keep in check your touchy sensitivity as this will, in the strange times of today, disabuse the obstinacy of the amateurs in tasteless jokes and the other profiles of gargoyle.'

Egbert thanked the doctor, temporarily relieved of the menace of deportation in Lozere—a desolate region in which France packs both the elderly and the lunatics—and there he was to return 'under the shade of its vineyards and fig trees', under a tent that wasn't put up the evening to be folded back the morning after.

The quiet and sunny fifth day of the month of April of the year 1997, while millions of beings started again elsewhere their monotonous cycle, our hero, having suddenly the impression that all things were co-operating with him to his benefit, decided to go to Saintes, a town situated at thirteen kilometers away from Taillebourg, in order to do some shopping in the MAMMOUTH hypermarket. Egbert didn't have a car and was financially unable to maintain one. Before mounting his motorized bike, he cast a glance at his horoscope for the day, which was saying: 'A trap set up with an angelic smile. By you or before you?'—Sun sextile Jupiter and the Moon in opposition to Mars. Such were the remarkable aspects. He thought to himself: 'there are in it intentions that I must not complain about in advance.'

The gleaming vehicle started up and moved off at about 1 p.m. to

return home around 4 p.m., after a detour at the small town's post office. Egbert thus went back home without anything interesting to tell himself, apart from noticing, on the square of the hypermarket a person dressed in a white attire, necklaced with an olive-wood cross and wearing a funny hat, calling for 'peace between men' and handing out leaflets. As I was coming at that time for the weekend, Egbert showed me what mean had been used to break in while he was away, as he just realised that someone had entered illegally his dwelling in quite a skilful fashion. When all's said and done, of the only three possible kinds of burglary, i.e. total, partial, discreet, our protagonist could reckon to be fortunate enough that only the third kind of the said offence had prevailed. Unsurprisingly, we took note of the triviality of the theft. Were taken away some knick-knack, a SOLINGEN dagger from the varnished pine-wood jampot, a scale model bronze reproduction of a 'Strambeau Sur Le Lectrin', the hard-back mauve dossier containing the shortened report on the research carried out by the owner during his first few years at Taillebourg, a complete file without omitting both dieresis and comma.

Egbert said: 'In such cases, one always make sure to pinch some white china in order to conceal the real goal of the visit. But here you must admit it has been done up to the point it is not worth trying to formulate a definition.'

I admitted. Two years exactly and start of Easter holiday school term. 'Superbe Rachalandage a Mussepot'. If you are accused of, rightly or wrongly, in today's Europe, of possessing the 'cord to make the wind turn', then you risk the strappado, just like four centuries ago.

## XII HANOUCKA

On the eve of the summer solstice 1997 (a date chosen on purpose) Egbert received from the council roadmen the injunction to pay them the damages set by the February court sentence of the same year. He had to pay within 15 days or the bailiff would pay our protagonist a visit. This sum of money was half our hero's annual income who gathered his savings in a move charged with bitterness affecting him more than anyone else before him when one knew Egbert's mystical destitution. The consecutive period left our friend with an emptiness that struck both his heart and his soul. However he attempted to take advantage of the psychological void and undertook mortification on himself. Then he evoked Nostradamus to find out about the Great King of Terror.

The preparations took a week at the end of which the summoning forth operation occurred. The task was totally original as nobody before had dared to do this, not mentioning the spiritualist sessions that all turned out to be a lamentable fiasco. The obscurity of the prophecies of Salon-de-Provence's magus rules out that one can get anything concrete from them. The verification is always POST FACTUM ['after the deed']. In reality God hasn't spoken with His mouth because God doesn't propose any riddles to be solved. So Egbert didn't hold the Centuries in high esteem and neither did he have a good impression of their author. But the approach of VIDGRIPR's mystery and the impossibility of penetrating further in it was distressing more than pure white wool on the back of a caracol sheep.

In July 1997, so, two years before the predicted coming of the Terror-conveyer, having obtained a black mirror for himself on which no spirit had been called before, Egbert put some flagrance on the embers of the burner, and when the blue smoke went up slowly, placed within a circle he had drawn, he started, in a low voice first, then raising gradually his voice, the invocations of the ritual. This task over, he soon distinguished in the instrument what he did not wish to notice. Perhaps was he expecting to visualise Nostradamus as an august old man in the fashionable clothes of his time, sitting on a bronze tripod. Instead it was the 'Hanoucka' [Hanukkah?] that appeared. This eight-branched candlestick was made of gold and sole in the centre was burning the ninth used to light the other candles. Around darkness only was visible, that is to say there weren't any other light to perceive in the mirror.

As all the individuals ahead of the rest of humanity, our seer was receiving a magnetic aid in order to penetrate deeply in the sector of the intermediate world in which his exploration was taking him, and often this help wasn't really useful but this time he couldn't have done anything without it. Thus guided, he interrogated the candlestick as if it had been a creature of divine, human or animal aspect. A cavernous and distant voice responded in succinct sentences in a slow delivery that dispelled a mystery to let another one come instead. As soon as the first question was formulated one of the eight red wax candles lit up. Egbert understood this was intended to make clear to him the permission to ask more than eight questions wasn't going to be granted. This manifestation of the HANOUCKA in the onyx glass suggested that despite the family conversion to Catholicism and the

external signs of honest papist piety, Nostradamus passed away within Judaism. Therefore, after a happy response concerning the future division of France in three parts (or rather her dislocation in three sectors designed one by the eagle and the colour blue, the other by the lion and the colour red and the third by the cock and the colour white) and, following close on the seventh question's heels, this inquiry being focused on the USA, Egbert thought suitable to finish with an eighth request on Israel.

The 'nostradamian' voice of a remote hollowness was taking possession of the questioner's thought through a sort of strange inner dictation imposing the extraordinary adequacy of the answers that could not be discussed. And this voice said that the State of Israel was to be destroyed in the first half of the twenty-first century because the Jews of the entire world didn't gather together in this country, thus disobeying the wish of the Eternal who would have made this gathering invincible, that only a handful of survivors would remain and they would seek refuge in the USA where would be found the biggest concentration of the Jewish people that seem not to have understood that it is not advisable to excite the gods' haemophilia. On what was going to happen to this section of the Judeo-American community in a context in which the white population would decrease beneath 35% and the 'biblism' along with it, the voice replied it was to suffer genocide. This act would lay the foundation of the future American empire absorbing Canada, Mexico, Central America and the West Indies, as the slaughter of the Native Americans had been the sacrifice 'giving birth' to the republic— the first one of the materialistic times and the last one as well—and the suppressing of the Southern States laid



the foundation of modern America.

After its communication, the voice shut up and the candles went out. As a replacement, Egbert saw a little after, distinctly in a light that didn't have any apparent source, a group of Jewish refugees having escaped from the massacre, loaded with shapeless parcel, hastily embarking on an old tub of the West Coast bound for Australia. The journey of the ship would take them to the area north of Perth. Nostradamus' voice continued the 'revelations' about Australia saying that, in this time to come, the fifth continent will be divided in three independent states peopled by Asians and a white people state, i.e. Tasmania. At the end of their turbulent journey, the survivors of American pogroms will penetrate into the Hutt River Province Principality, kill all the members of the Casley dynasty and will settle down there for a long time. Then the vision showed in the mirror the important lines of an evolution finishing with, about seven centuries after the arrival of the Judeo-Americans, this following event: in the principality of the river Hutt would rise a strange religious leader who would preach a sort of crusade to the West aiming at creating a new promised land in the former Palestine. Egbert asked, and that was it, what would be the appearance of the preaching chap, and the voice said he would be tall, well built, he would also have jet black and slightly curly hair, intensely blue and protruding eyes, a wide and fleshy mouth, a straight nose when seen profilewise. His voice will be very musical, and never will people get tired of hearing its sound. He will eat only dishes used for dessert. He will perform miracles. He will turn tree leaves into gold and pebbles into precious stones to assist him in his needs. He will bring life back to the

bones to the point of covering them with flesh. He will advise the use of holy industry as, for example, the praying wheel in order to take back to the Eternal the poor souls gone astray from Him. The preacher will advocate an unprecedented expression of Judaism, converting millions of Asians and he will take this people to the reconquest of the ERETZ again deserted.

The day after this memorable session was Sunday the 13th of July the calm of which one couldn't trust. The sky was adorned with some cumulus that were reflected in the rivulet at the bottom of the small valley. Before the portal, Nila was lying on the ground with its guts spread away from the ghastly wound attracting big flies that were green and black. This animal had been offered to Egbert by one of his customers who wanted to get rid of it on the occasion of his leaving on holidays, and our friend eventually had accepted to keep the small dog for company and which barking was useful. At almost the same time from the forest path came a couple of French-speaking tourists on a walk. The woman was small and round and the man tall and straight like a halberd. Apparently used to move in the middle of logical circumstances, already caught sight of and/or anticipated, this unexpected encounter with a disemboweled dog and his master looking distressed struck them with an indescribable astonishment. The man was speechless.

The small round woman asked; 'Did it suffer?'

Egbert answered: 'More than you can imagine.'

The woman said: 'What happened exactly?'

Egbert aimed his index finger in the direction of dead dog Nali's guts, the message of which was clear, i.e. the next time you will

suffer the same fate as your dog. Scoffingly, he said: '14th of July'.

The tourists didn't understand and, because of it, they were nettled. Placid and mute, 'Halberd' looked at his watch concerned about the future at hand, attentive to the potential picture he wanted to take with his camera.

The short-sized plump lady said; 'It is in Poitiers that, tomorrow, we're going to be at the parade of the 14th of July this year.'

Turning away from the couple who now was slowly going away in the light too sharp, Egbert faced his grief in order to drive it away from him. First of all, he had to bury this poor decaying carcass of a dog slain by the gods know whom, then he had to take a shower and prepare himself for the next misfortune.

On Tuesday the 15th of July, with three of its policemen, the gendarmerie conducted a new search in Egbert's abode. The first one's main aim was to find weapons. The second perquisition was of a rather 'ideological' nature as our protagonist's collection of books was examined with great care. In an equal fashion, both the text of the books and the illustrations, if there were any, were inspected. During the session of the computerized report, the gendarmes, more and more strangely active, were to ask the Irminist 'guru' to be more specific about his faith, his divine teaching inherited from the elders and the number of his disciples on the planet. On top of that, the notebook in which was recorded Egbert's book-keeping was also scrutinized by the police. Suddenly, the cops thought they had found what they especially came to look for. It was the engraving of a collection of poems entitled 'Odin's rides', and depicting a famous allegory (RITTER, TOD

UND TEUFEL) adapted from ALBRECHT DURER, and there was a death's head in a shield. The gendarmes carefully observed this skull with a magnifying glass, placed on it a sheet of writing paper to see if it could easily be copied using tracing. Eventually not, it 'was not' that.

A few days before, the council roadmen had claimed that in the mail Egbert had sent them with a money order paying the damages, there was also a sheet on which was drawn a human skull with a dagger through it.

All in all, it was the famous skull with the mark of trepanation that had haunted the burgomaster's office in the eighties, the smashed head of JORUND BUNINSKEGGI who would have rose again from the beyond in a PAYRACEE version.

#### XIII THE GUARDIAN OF THE TREASURE

While I was doing my investigation for eight months and a little more, having learned in consulting some out of date prospectus that the 'Historical Son & Lumiere Spectacle' of August 1993 in Taillebourg was entitled 'The Genie of the Castle', I asked Egbert if this 'little supernatural being' had another substantial root than the imagination of the 'wanderer entertainers of the County' or the ingenuity of the local historians.

Egbert said: 'At the beginning it was an enigma I knew nothing about, though my mind told me I would unravel it, being rather 'born smart' contrary to the orphan calm'.<sup>1</sup> As to the 'estimable' that you call 'local historians', reality is never as they imagine it to be.

Thanks God for that.'

Every treasure, 'accursed' or not, every 'golden calf' as said in bygone days of a hidden stock of precious things is watched over by subtle entities predisposed to this kind of guard. Those psychic beings are the 'Dwarfs', this 'little people of caves and mines' that used to be familiar to the human race. These 'intra-terrestrials' are subject to the condition in which the light of the day can petrifies them if they are exposed to it.

In the case of an important burying, one has to anticipate two kinds of discovery, one concerning a material treasure, the other regarding a spiritual treasure, and that as a rule are simultaneously unearthed. In certain places, as in Taillebourg for example, these treasures rest in different hiding places. According to the piece of information supplied by the eccentric maniac of the frying pan, Egbert had first dug out the spiritual treasure as it had been related. This extraction, well orientated from the beginning and legitimated, concerning a Germanic spiritual trust, i.e. the YGGDRASILL in its exact figuration entrusted to oblivion and secrecy for hundred of years, then knowingly sought for and recovered by an authentic initiated member of this tradition, this extraction had however necessitated an 'agreement' of the keeper of the place, normal and prudent thing to do in such a case.

Concerning the material treasure, the matter gets complicated if one remembers that the eight corpses of the Vikings slain by Brant aux Espars and his men were thrown away in the sacrificial grave upon the treasure, so that it was not only watched over by a dwarf but also by eight skeletons that were the supports of an 'avenging charge', i.e. a

very powerful 'curse'.

I said: 'If I understood well, the guardian must be, let's say, propitiated and then, one would have to 'exorcise' the 'evil spirit' from the bones, given that all excavation might cause a 'crack' from which one could spread the harmful influences of the inferior subtle domain and that then one runs the risk of dying horribly.'

Egbert replied smiling: 'Roughly that's correct.'

I continued: 'But then how come that the 'wandering magicians' who, for decades were some nights 'praising' Taillebourg tower outside the periods when the malediction is operative, how come they haven't managed to take possession of the buried treasure in accomplishing the rites appropriate for 'breaking the seal'. It's true that it's not in the interest of those sorcerers to dry up the overflow of effluvia of such a darkened spot.'

Egbert answered: 'There are a lot of reasons for that. First, not everyone, be they 'black' magician', is destined to make such a discovery. Before seeking for a treasure, it is advisable to know if one has some chance to become rich one day, and in which way. Astrology can give information about it (by the way do note that in order to perform the rites in question, one must not fall under the disabling law of the four Bs, that is to say 'Borgne'/one-eyed, 'Begue'/stammering, 'Bossu'/hunchbacked and 'Boiteux'/lame). Secondly in the case of the treasure of Taillebourg, it is important to know the name of the 'keeper'. Indeed in the other cases as well it is not useless to identify the names of the entities that are assigned the task to defend the access to the treasures. The thing is, concerning Taillebourg, the names that one find written in the list of books of

magic spells from either the Abrahamic Tradition, i.e. Jewish, Christian, Arab, or the Far-East, are not effective. One must build on entirely different foundation given the origin and the nature of this trust. One needs the names exclusively in accordance with the Nordic Tradition.

I asked: 'Are they known?'

Egbert said: 'Of course!'

I begged: 'Can those names be revealed? At least the identity of the guardian of the Taillebourg 'golden calf'?'

Egbert replied: 'It is not a secret as one can find it—second part, page 26, column 1—in the legendary RAUDSKINNI of GOTTSKALK NIKLASSON the Cruel who was bishop of HOLAR from 1497 to 1520. The ordinary name is FALR. He appears under the features of a very young child with fair hair, crowned with silver, dressed in green clothes, mounted on a black beaver.

I asked: 'How can you be sure it is unmistakably this one?'

Egbert gave this answer: 'Because in the doubt of a sufficient light, it was confirmed to me by the ravens that I asked about it.'

Such an answer didn't take away the embarrassment. A reply of this kind could only, on the contrary, make one believe, if one was in a hurry, that the mind of the unfortunate one was in the last stages of mental disorder. But before my astonished look Egbert dispelled those fears with a flick.

He said: 'You have to know that The ASATRUARAR who are either predestined or gifted must learn the 'raven's idiom', that is to say, the prophetic meaning of the different sixty-four calls of this bird that was a sacred animal for the Nordic men. There is a conventional

system of interpretation of the caw that shed light on the most hidden things or the ones coming from a prediluvian past. Besides, it was in the past a traditional science known in the Indo-European area, used by the Greeks, the Romans, etc. Here at the Champs Rouges there is a great gathering of YGG's seagulls in the Autumn and Winter seasons, and one can easily establish contact with them and gain benefit from the birds. As soon as I was here, I've done it many times. Their conversation inaccessible to the lay person and the impostors is particularly abstruse.'

I took advantage of the opportunity given by this digression to ask Egbert what he thought exactly about this 'raven's dew' which I had seen written about in some books on alchemy.

Egbert said: 'It's very simple. Ancient naturalists said that ravens, seeing their little ones born with white feathers, as the birds are generally very black and they are so removed from the colour white, they therefore abandon their progeny till the plumage gets black but, as this change occurs seven days after the offspring's birth, those poor little animals remain without any help for the duration of this 7-days interval, squawking all the time. It is then that Providence take care of them in making fall some dew with which they can live until the return of their parents.'

To make him talk more about this exquisite food, a treat for the corvines of a young age, I felt, timewise, that it was necessary for me to cook him more than what was allowed by the remaining days available to recount only the most indicated things. So I returned to FALR with dauntless patience.

Egbert elaborated on his previous topic: 'When one knows the



location of the treasure, one makes a talisman traced with talismanic ink on virgin parchment, that is to say, one draws the 'magic table' of FALR, that is a square of 4 on 6 containing within its 24 spaces and in runic characters the secrets names of the 'keeper': BAVORR, BAFURR and BIVUKR. Then on the place of the treasure one has to lay the talisman between four flaming torches and one has to burn a fair quantity of amber, incense and sandalwood on an earth-made burner filled in with glowing embers. Then the 'supernatural little being' will go away and one can take easily possession of the treasure. This is what is taught in a few words by the RAUDSKINNI that is, after the WIKINGERZEIT, the most valued work of its kind by the Nordic magicians.'

I understood one must not be in a hurry in matters of such a great importance, in spite of push from the uneasiness of the century inseparable from the sliding of the world. Everything (needed) is in looking after the preparation. Persevering without disheartening, Waiting without getting bored, following to the letter the RAUDSKINNI, a book confiscated in all libraries where, locked away in the 'hells', the manuscript is visited only by worms, while waiting for its dust, very slowly, to join the ashes of his accursed author.

I inquired: 'Has the location been determined?'

Egbert answered: 'Yes, but do permit that, between us, this remains for ever a non-penetrable cipher.'

I continued: 'A treasure allegedly has been found in this sector during the building of the nursery school, everything dating back to the 15th century, but the interest seems pretty limited, isn't?'

Egbert confirmed: 'Indeed. They discovered some pottery

fragments, some Flemish or Portugese coins. This is very banal in this parish as in the surrounding areas of Aunis and Saintonge that abound in this kind of discovery: stoneware pot or leather bags full of coins in gold silver, bronze, etc, from the periods of the Gauls, the Romans, the Wisigoths, etc. Notice that the finding of this 'treasure' you've just mentioned couldn't have come at a better time to create a diversion, so to speak, so that the other could be left alone.

I said: 'If, contrary to the traditional method of proceeding, I just arrive like a mere seeker after common gold using modern technology, i.e. pneumatic drills, bulldozers, tipper lorry, and that I dig on the right spot ...'

Egbert's answer was, here, so peculiar, so disconcerting, that I cannot write it down without danger. Mention was made, among other items, of president Francois Mitterand who was a passionate amateur of mysterious archaeology, of Egyptology, and who allegedly has been discreetly told about Taillebourg treasure by a local elected member of his party. Nonetheless I had the opportunity to discuss the topic once, by accident, with a local fellow quite friendly, with a 'cubist' epidermis, wildcat teeth, country common sense. The guy concluded, between two gulps of cognac-tonic (a mixture of cognac and schweppes), that at the end of the day it was better that way, given the watchword: 'No bloody trouble with those stupid things', for, if unfortunately nothing was to be found, then 'we would look a prize idiot.'

Come on! 'FALR', the genie of the castle, will do his work and one cannot doubt as, on the contrary, one has to count on it. One can reckon firmly on the 'spirit' to make the treasure 'invisible' to the covetousness of the 'unqualified' fellows who take a great risk if they

attempt to seek for the Viking 'hoard'.

#### XIV DIE SCHWARZE SONNE

Often I got up late. Dawn's odour is the smell of death as this is when the grim ripper sets his most covered traps. Many are the ironists to mock the power of scents. Yet Egbert didn't listen to any reason on that. Towards the end of our discussion—it was in a tea shop established in Rochefort-sur-Mer with the flower bed embellished with begonia and, after having visited the house of Pierre Loti, I let him known nearly whispering in the obsessing smell coming from the cake shops that, outside the terrace delimited by potted palm trees, we would have breathed in the air full of car exhaust thus polluting the complex web of our lungs. Then I asked him what was his favourite odour. He told me that it was the smell of the lime-trees enriched with flowers that he was delightfully inhaling in June under this climate. To him this was a fragrance infinitely refreshing, second fortifying cause, invisible motor of creative impulses as has been in different ways noticed with, for example Schiller and the smell of rotten apples, Kant with his nose so sensitive to mustard, Balzac and the scent of hot coffee, Napoleon with Josephine's special aroma originating from her badly washed vagina, Chopin with the violet's perfume, Verlaine and the odour of absinth, Rimbaud 'handing over' his nostrils to latrines, Maupassant and the breath of roses left by Wagner in the wardrobe with a mirror in his flat in Palermo, Hermant and the perfume 'Leather of Russia', and so forth.

Till we came back to more serious topics (in appearance at least)

in any case in the straight focus of my investigation, the conversation thus continued first on this peripheral theme, then on the virus alien to the Earth discovered in the dissected body of the extra-terrestrial pilot come from the vicinity of a younger star and intercepted in the forest of Jarnac. This virus isolated by American researchers is of a stock that provide the United States with the most redoubtable biological weapon, the only one effective not only on Earth but in the whole of the galaxy.

I said: 'Tell me, I am curious to know if you have finished to decipher the symbol the Iraqi pilot had seen on the fragments of the "flying saucer" stored within the cold walls of the so-called BUNKER of Chateaubernard, a bunker still usable despite the thousands of tons of bombs unloaded on the base from 1943 by the Liberators of the US Bomb Group and by the Lancasters of the RAF Bomber Command.'

Egbert answered: 'Yes.'

I carried on: 'And, according to you, what is the meaning of the sigil?'

He said: 'I would need more than a few moments to give you a synthesis.'

I pursued: 'Anything else?'

He told me: 'Well, did you know that, for instance, the anti-pope ANACLET wore on his chain this sign under his cymar?'

I said: 'You reveal everything to me, but he has been dead for many centuries, so that the good fortune of his life does not really interfere with our schemes.'

He protested: 'I'm not joking. Remember that the code-name of

the weekly surveillance operation taking place in Taillebourg air zone is SICILE (Sicily).'

I questioned: 'How come?'

He elaborated; 'It proves at least a reliability of information highly superior to whatever the army is allowed to supply in ordinary times. In torturing the badly damaged survivor of the crashed flying object they quite likely got the information that he came, not from the terrestrial Sicily but from the boreal triangle that stretches between Perseus, Andromeda and Aries.'

According to Legend, Triangulum had been placed in the sky by Jupiter for CERES wanted the shape of his island of Sicily to be represented by the stars. In the time of ANACLET, the Christian Normands occupied Sicily and Roger II was the king there. Had this excommunicated anti-pope been a 'Space Viking'? Egbert didn't believe in this theory but agreed that ANACLET could have been their occasional agent, and that it must have been the case. Anyway, who cares. What I wanted to shed light on was the mystery shrouding the strange sigil, as we were there, in a half-empty tea shop with the seats covered with calfskin leather 'corrected' and pigmented in a colour that could be described as 'fuller's earth mixed with aniline.' Could this sign be classified among the 'presigns' and the 'intersigns'? There are moments when my focus on the question is lacking due to the poverty and sometime complete absence of attention for, stuck in the refuses of the days, I have to fight hard to concentrate some of my interest on what seems to me devoid of it. The anti-pope ANACLET, not long before his contested election had a mystical doubt so profound that, after putting around his neck a sinister string that he had attached to his bedroom's

floor, he had a foot in the air and was getting ready with the other foot to knock down the chair on which he was standing, when suddenly in a halo of black light appeared before him the abominable emblem he was to get reproduced in gold and afterwards ANACLET wore the symbol on him 'til the occurrence of his death in 1138.

Egbert went on: 'The sign that the Mesopotamian pilot claimed to have seen painted on the most voluminous fragment of a flying saucer's 'misty' coachwork stored in a bunker officially non-existent, this mark was nothing else but the symbol of the SCHWARZEN SONNE with twelve S-rune-shaped spokes. Within the code this rune carries the number eleven indicating that the formula of 12 by 11 is really worth the study. The S-rune (SOWILO, Sun) is the rune of the Sun and at the same time its astrological attribution is Aquarius. This fire of the air as a means of purification is equally what would be symbolised by the 'black sun' which twelve forms must appear in the World Tree at the time of the RAGNAROK, and which heat dislocate the glaciation, for it is then the greatest of the funeral pyre that is lit by SURTR and his giants. But this black sun is also, elsewhere, the wheel of the twelve KALI, merging in a thirteenth one called SUKALI and that sows terror. On this topic eminently secret remember that in 1939 the SS expedition to Kashmir was the only one of importance, Tibet having been after only a diversion ...'

The master's abounding explanation does not fit the exiguous dimensions of a tea shop, especially on a day when the disciple had difficulty to concentrate. Perhaps I should have suggested to go instead in a WEINSTUBE entirely reserved for non-smokers, or in a red bricks pub to savour a brown ale like a ST WENDELER 8.8; better still,

we should have strolled in the green following the steps of Pierre Loti and his friend Roustan: 'Today Loti took me to the wood of the Limoise which he mentions in his "Fleurs d'Ennui" [Flowers of Ennui]'.

After three quarters of an hour of walking on a road straight and flat that seems to never end, we are crossing the river Charente on a ferry. The high tide makes the current go back upstream and the muddy and yellow water seems still. The local poets say: 'the fair Charente'. Poets can say anything.

Now, we're strolling through fields. Strange fields as they are made of stones and dry grass that crackle under our feet. And always this hopeless flatness hardly broken by the wood's stretch of shade before us.

... We are going through a village consisting of low houses, whitened with lime, very clean, very light.

A little further, there is a small cemetery in which, between four black cypresses, rises a sort of chapel with a roof round like a dome and that, from afar, resembles a minaret.

This wood is a 'joujou d'enfant' [child's toy] to which, after the journeys at the far end of the world, the sailor returns with an infinite pleasure, made of all the old memories that are evoked; some moss, some shade and green oaks, not really tall, on which he lodged to scan his latine lines, as I recalled scanning mines, lying down in a hammock that I was hanging on the branches of two poplar trees.

We're going further; there one has wrecked this poor wood to take some of the rock underneath. Even in this isolated spot, we were face to face with this horrible utilitarianism of modern times that soon will leave not a single virgin area in the region.

Coming back, we stop and rest, lying down on the thick grass  
bristling with acorns, watching the sun disappearing in the trees.  
Over there, at the place in which the endless plain seems to touch the  
sky, it looks like a sunset on the sea, minus the sparkling of the  
waves. And there are in this great space many diverse shades. Those  
hues are made of clumps of trees that produce a blue shade, of ploughed  
fields darker than the green moor; then, further afield, some white  
houses with the blazing window panes. And, in the sky, run some long  
purple clouds fringed with gold, very pretty. What a calm and what a  
silence in this wood. During all the time we spend there, we heard  
only the drop, now and again, of acorns falling on the dry leaves.

We lingered in this quietness, and when the ferry drops us on the  
bank all slippery with the silt that has been left by the water when it  
retired, it was night-time and we still have nearly a hour to walk  
back.

... Now the Moon rises, all round, and watches us with her big  
pale eye. Near us are passing small carts perched high on two wheels,  
with men smoking and women wearing peculiar hats; and all along the  
road, in the ditches that run alongside it, crickets sing for us very  
simple tunes that are also very poetical, as only crickets know how to  
sing those melodies.'<sup>2</sup>

This took place on the 1st of November 1885 and it was exactly a  
beautiful autumn enchanted by the crickets' happiness, but glad also  
were the termites that already were infesting the region dedicated to  
the god CARANTONUS by the Gallo-Romans. The white ants started their  
'invasion' with the coming of exotic wood and its storage in the  
warehouses of Rochefort-sur-Mer.



At the time of the American occupation after the end of the Second World War, Egbert had worked a few weeks for a subcontractor at the Arsenal of Rochefort-sur-Mer in which were lodging the US troops. The recollection relating to this period of his life had been put away in a drawer with a number of things of very little consequence.

Egbert said: 'I didn't share the common fascination towards the oversize cars driven by the GIs. On the other hand I always wondered why the Americans, throughout the year, decorated with orchid the check-point at the entrance of the Arsenal. Were they disgusted with and repulsed by the local begonia? At long last many people didn't get on with those huge bunches of flowers. There was of course a predominance of the ORCHIS MILITARIS, but one could see also an abundance of other kinds such as the ORCHIS MORIS, the ORCHIS USTULATA, the ORCHIS INCARNAT, etc.

The commercial place where we were staying comprised a tea shop, a cake shop and a sweetshop. Suddenly a clergyman entered. The man was corpulent with a kind of 'Martian' self-confidence in the attitude [Note from the translator: the author may be referring here to a martial self-confidence.] and, in the look, the expression of a furious aversion. The loathing was for a group of children who prevented him temporarily from having access to the bags of sugared almonds. To those who strongly detest young beings, a child, basically and according to old theologians, is nothing but a compound of the 'four lownesses' that are: small size of the body, indigence and dependence upon others, subjection and uselessness. There is a word of the cardinal of Berulle on that: 'Childhood is the most vile and the most abject state of human nature after death.'

Eventually the little 'intruders' fond of sweets slipped away and the priest was able to choose at ease his sweets on the advice of the lady manager. When the latter was standing in black dress behind the till, she was vaguely looking like Edith Piaf and when she was coming closer to give a hand to the waitress, one would have sworn she was ZARAH LEANDER in LA HABANERA. Only the face was giving the impression as concerning the rest she was a woman a little spoilt by too skinny a size given her age.

Egbert continued indifferent to the sickly lady boss: 'It is only recently that I learned about the existence of this sign of the 'black sun' on the marble paving of the GRUPPENFURHERSAAL of the infamous SS-SCHULE HAUS WEWELSBURG.

What was to follow turned out to be quite extraordinary. But concerning the symbol on the paving, a German correspondent did let him know on the providential occasion of an illicit intrusion in the place itself.

Egbert said: 'While attending a scout camp in the vicinity of the site, disregarding the prohibition to enter the ruined castle, this correspondent with three of his mates went there, and they saw in the courtyard of the building an enormous and dark "bulging disk"'. When they got closer they started to hear the characteristic noise and the craft lit up. A red light began to appear while the vessel took the shape of a ball, then from red turned orange to finish white. Our young witnesses noticed in this brilliance some 'humanoid' outlines wearing those helmets adorned with tall horns curved towards the back.

Egbert was recounting here what his epistolary correspondent detailed to him many years later, in emphasising that at the time of

the incident they were transfixed with terror, an icy sweat running down their foreheads, the numb knees and feet having lost all sensitiveness. It was in this state of petrifying fear that they saw the UFO quickly taking off, all luminosity suddenly switched off. The description stopped there. The occurrence took place at the end of the fifties around 2 a.m. The scouts entrusted to nobody what they had been witness to, fearing the punishment that would have sanctioned their breaking the prohibition to penetrate nocturnally in the cursed castle.

One didn't have the impression to be dealing with a bogus account, but what one had to make of the theory, upheld by Miguel Serrano, Jean Robin and a few others, according to which flying saucers were allegedly invented by the Third Reich?

Egbert revealed: Some 'Space Vikings' indeed did support this Third Reich until the beginning of 1937, then they abandoned the Nazi enterprise to its evil fate when it was obvious to them they could never count on this team to re-establish the ASATRU in a people regenerated for other aims. Then the rare German scientists and engineers, who had the privilege to come close to the extra-terrestrial vessels while this 'collaboration' went on, started some febrile research in order to manufacture similar spacecrafts. Several promising prototypes saw the light of the day. But the whole project was aborted due to military defeat. To say more about it would serve no purpose. Retain only that the symbol of the 'black sun' noticed by our scouts in the infamous castle IM KREISE BUREN, is indeed the sign decorating the flying saucers of the bold pilots of spaceships in the unfathomable ether. It is precisely the typical emblem of their

intergalactic fleet, mythologically named for good reasons the 'Wild Hord' or the 'Wild Hunt' of HERJANN.

The horizon was at the end of this conclusion and I couldn't visualize anything beyond. ALBRETCHT SEUFERT's compact text<sup>3</sup> points out the triangular form of the WEWELSBURG (it is as ever not evident to dare to cross its threshold). Thus it was also on a triangular piece of land that was built in the 19th century the dwelling of the Champs Rouges that Egbert occupied during our conversations. From that I reach the conclusion that the denizens of the outer must have a liking for landing on three-sided places. Perhaps this 'isocelésism' re-territorialize them ...

We didn't have the opportunity to argue about it as it was 6 p.m. and, since 2 p.m., we were there chatting away and guzzling creamy cakes. We had to extract ourselves from this non-hygienic position and return home. We didn't have the chance to visit, as planned, the Corderie Royale of Rochefort-sur-Mer (Royal Rope Factory) but I wasn't bothered by the miss. Though, after what my friend was to tell me about it in the return journey by car, it seemed that the place was worth a visit.

According to Egbert, this Royal Rope Factory was set on fire in a prophylactic fashion by the Germans at the end of August 1944. The place has become a germs incubator since its shutting down in 1927. Apart from the obvious bacillus, rats and spiders, the Germans didn't discover there anything of value, save a bundle of ropes miraculously intact in an oilcloth bag. The Corderie Royale of Rochefort-sur-Mer, constructed on too soft a soil as the foundation is made of wood, finished in 1670, was to manage for two centuries the transformation of

'Chauvres' [a type of wood?] in ropes for all the French Navy. But it also manufactured the best rope that could be found for the hanging of the folks sentenced to death. The rope's reputation made its exportation possible in the whole of Europe. And it is this superior quality hanging rope that the Germans found in a bag lost in a lugubrious nook of the above-mentioned building before its setting on fire. The bag was sent not long after to Germany, God knows why, and only the Almighty knows how the parcel came to the city of Nuremberg where the Americans confiscated the French rope at the end of the hostilities. This rope then was used to hang the Nazi dignitaries sentenced to death by the international tribunal that sat without stopping in this Bavarian city from 1945 to 1949.

Hanging is the punishment attested as sacrifice to ODINN in the Nordic Tradition. At the time that concerns us, the US Army's official executioner was a certain Sergeant John C. Woods. His assistant Joe Malta alias Hangman Ten was of Sicilian origin and, even though atheistic, remained superstitious. He shared among other things with millions of people the irrational certainty that a used hangman's rope is a lucky charm. So he schemed to recover the slip-knots of mediocre dimension as their brevity had been calculated in the aim of obtaining a 'slow and torturous' death. The hierarchical superior of the 'HENKER DER ZEHN', though, was opposed to the Hangman Ten recovering the ten running knots and granted him the choice of only one.

After a moment of reflection, Malta set his heart on the rope that had strangled WILHEIM KEITEL, arguing the fact that the marshal had, hanging on the hanging rope, wriggled about for twenty four

minutes before giving up the ghost to Odin, beating the nine others in terms of time record, which was to the Sicilian's eyes the sign of a special election, the other ones having scored less, commencing by the most brief of all, i.e. ALFRED ROSENBERG who lasted only ten minutes before the final demise, and that's a proof that HANGAGOD doesn't really value the intellectuals, especially the 'associationist' kind and, in the VALHOLL the intellectuals belong to FREYJA's share.

Full of doubts I asked: 'And did a comfortable happiness manifest in the subsequent life of the Italo-American executioner, I mean a fortune that can be accredited with the chance brought over by the rope?'

Our hero answered: 'Totally! At the time when I'm speaking Joe Malta, at 87 years old, has good health and had marvelously succeeded in his professional affairs as well as in his private life, without worries, without problems, without illnesses, happy as one can be in the Yankee paradise, which is a lot actually.'

I protested: 'That's too much! And what about Sergeant Woods in all that?'

Egbert said: 'He has carried his fate on his shoulders, like a caryatid, then he passed away in his bed, peacefully and Rosicrucian.'

I remained speechless.

Egbert continued: 'Do you know what was his NOMEN MYSTICUM in this discreet sect?'

I confessed my ignorance: 'I haven't got a clue.'

Egbert chased away my ignorance: 'TRI FURCIFER.'<sup>4</sup>

I finally said: 'No? That's a good one, this one.'

## NOTES

1. It is an allusion to the quatrain in which Verlaine renders sensible the destitution to which was reduced the poor Gaspard Hauser:

Je suis venu, calme orphelin,  
Riche de mes seuls yeux tranquilles,  
Vers les homes des grandes villes:  
Ils ne m'ont pas trouve malin.

I have come as a quiet orphan,  
My calm eyes being my only wealth,  
To the men of the big cities:  
They didn't think I was clever.

2. E. Roustan, 'Souvenirs de Rochefort - Notes de Voyage', La nouvelle revue, Tome 39, March-April 1886. pp 368-381.

3. Albrecht Seufert 'Die Geschichte der Wewels - burg bis zum Anfang des 19. Jahrhunderts', Jonas Verlag, Marburg, 1992.

4. In Latin: triple gibier de potence (French), i.e. triple gallows bird (English).