

XV A HOT GIANT

It is admitted to believe that when we are in the summer season we now and again get from it a confused delight. I repeat that I note those impressions a few days after I experienced them. QUID EST QUOD FUIT? IPSUM QOD FUTURUM EST. Under shapes that change and names that succeed one another, what we see has already been seen by the world in all times and periods. This was what a morose Egbert was pondering under his walnut trees full of a new sap after the disappointment caused by the 'Nostradamian' voice hardly prolix concerning the Great King of Terror. On that point the thought came to him to directly summon forth this Great king. The audacity that pushed him to take this aim was unknown to Egbert in terms of origin and he got scared to start with. Even though he honoured all the gods, this year he had a particular devotion for Thor, and he finally attributed to the God the suggestion to evoke VIDGRIPR who would be Thor's agent in 1999 as THJALFI told Egbert.

Egbert didn't think it was possible to tell me why he had to summon forth VIDGRIPR elsewhere than in his own place on this day of early August 1997 when he talked to me about it for the first time. When I arrived, he was finishing to clean a WALTHER PPK. The weapon was a selected one and ready to shoot. It wasn't the last time our friend thought of dying when facing too crushing a danger. But at this moment he hadn't still taken any decision. He didn't care much about his life, but he was determined to leave life behind on his own term and using his own free-will. However, since the intrusion in his privacy of both the council roadmen and the police in April 1995, and since what followed till and including the episode of the second 'ideological' police search, Egbert didn't feel his life was worth much as he was

apprehending the coming of new ordeals, woven in the shadows by the forces at work around and against him, determined to ruin him and turn him into a loser. In order to chase away those gloomy thoughts, I suggested to him to think about the possibility to use, with this aim of evoking the giant, the dwelling of his former girlfriend's lady friend, i.e. Lalita. This abode was an old farmhouse intact enough despite the injury and clashes of the centuries, and it was located in a neighbouring region at about forty kilometers away from Taillebourg. Lolita was spending her August holiday in the town of Royan, the important sea resort of the Atlantic coast, and regularly her house was burgled while she was away. Quite likely she would be very glad to go away this time with the thought of Egbert living in the house for the duration of her vacation, as she thought the world of him, the wise adviser in whom she put her entire trust. As to me I was to stay as the caretaker of Egbert's abode for as long as necessary.

The access to the farm was done by driving from the road on a rugged white path. Lalita had inherited this building and ten hectares of surrounding land from one of her uncles on the maternal side. She was the only niece. She had sold the land to the local farmers, keeping only the house which big outbuildings were dismantled. The money she gained from the demolition (that produced oak beams, stones, bricks, etc.) helped her to establish some physical comfort in the interior of the remaining master's house. Her late uncle, a tireless hunter armed with a robust health (till he passed away that is), used to enjoy the nocturnal hides having the bottom half of his body in the icy water among the green gorse of the marshes of the Vendee. Only God knows how he managed to drown. Among the survivors of the renovation was a narrow

and low chamber with a roof made of joist. The room had two square windows with deep embrasure. The room contained as well a fireplace patinated with a bronze coating and one could see on the mantel five badges used for coat of arms, on which one could still distinguish upon azure fields some eagle-motif, some crosses, some ermines and some quarterings. And on the on the shelf of this mantel was resting a rubiginous 'Flaubert' rifle. This quaint room was also furnished with a dresser garnished with pewter dishes and flowered earthenware plates. A table with a thick top and a walnut-made wardrobes completed the furniture.

I helped Egbert make some room in the chamber as it was within those walls he wanted to evoke the Great King of Terror. From the frame of the open door of a spacious bathroom, Lalita was observing the 'removal men'. She was clothed in a long dress of silk poplin. The bodice was simple and fastened with steel buttons.

It was the first time I met with Lalita. I found her less sylph-like and dancing than I imagined her to be, but I thought her more naturally and terrestrially - so to speak - seductive. The brown face was slightly darkened with a touching and radiating melancholy. She wasn't exactly the ingenuous teenage girl that wrote down her impressions on the clasp diary as once described to me by Egbert. Besides, I had difficulty in obtaining Egbert's snatches of the account of Lalita's origins. The girl's mat complexion and black hairs came of course from the Sarmatian and Phoenician elements on which the ethnic group of Vendee is based, but those ethnic portions were also intersected by a more significant Indian contribution. Indeed, Lalita's grand-father had been a soldier in the II/INDISCHES-INFANTERIE-REGIMENT

950 of which some companies, under the HAUPTMANN Schonian, were placed between Saint Jean d'Oberstier and the Tranche-sur-Mer during the German occupation of the forties. This is where the Indian blood of Lalita and her name ('The girl who plays') come from.

An extreme meticulousness presided over the preparation for the traditional ceremonial of summoning forth, as it was infinitely more delicate than all the rituals Egbert had conducted so far. When one evokes a creature from the outer zone, the RAUDSKINNI teaches that the objects and substances necessary for this operation must be hidden. Egbert did his best to conform to this obligation. Then, according to his punctilious habit, he established a list of all the questions he intended to ask VIDGRIPR, wishing to hold on to it better than when he had evoked THJALFI.

Of this list I do recall an extract:

- Will California disappear in 2030 due to a huge earthquake?
- will the global agricultural crisis precipitate the development of marginal farming areas?
- Will a military conflict between China and the USA occur?
- Will the shortage of oil bring about the large scale migration of people from the cold areas of the planet towards the warmer regions of the globe?
- Will the Vatican be transferred to Jerusalem by the last Pope who will be African and Jesuit?
- Will the new phase of global-scale human interdependence called New World Order and based on the logic of financial profit and loss survive the ecological disasters to take place around 3000 AD and after?
- Will the air cushion car spread in Namibia thanks to Swedish aid?

- Will the television wrist watch become commonly used in the space colonies before its commercialisation on Earth?

I dared to tell Egbert that none of those questions were interesting to those who travel in group in order to take advantage of the opportunities that might befall them, but our protagonist replied that one had to bear in mind not to address to the giant inquiries a little subtle, given the reputed stupidity of those creatures that have a cumulative intelligence which bars them from knowing many things about the future. In this case, perhaps it would have been more expedient to discuss with this giant about his subdelegation, i.e. his role as King of Terror, though one had to be naive to imagine that, however idiot the monster is, he would agree to reveal clues as to what had to take place in 1999.

The night of the fixed day came and Egbert summoned forth the Great King of terror, an operation of the most dangerous sort but that was perfectly executed by the ceremonialist, and VIDGRIPR appeared at the exact time when the sun entered in the Fourth House that rules over hidden things and the end of things, the past and the future.

Our friend was expecting to see the monster suddenly appearing dressed in an uniform with the colours both rutilant and tawny, a vast number of stripes on the sleeves, a row of crosses on the chest, a pair of boots, a sabre; or else cramped in an appearance drawn with the sparkles of a tireless imagination animating the college of the best science-fiction authors.

Instead of this, one could observe a huge mass of members bagged in old rags, topped by a flushed face falling into heavy cheeks, a pair of toad-like eyes streaked with red fibril, a big swollen nose, an

abundant reddish mop under a pale green 'Galeron' [a kind of hat with a long peak to protect the man's face and the bird on his wrist from the rain], a pair of feet enveloped in leather fastened with straps and under the leather were outlined his big toes. The whole was indeed gigantic. In short the Great King resembled, not so much the terror expected to erect a monuments of fuming corpses up to the clouds, but rather those crooked dealers that haunted in the fairs of the dark ages and were doing their business in the inn, between two colossal mugs in which one was pouring a litre of ale and that it was noble to gulp down. How such a mass could stand up in a chamber with so low a ceiling? If one must put edge to edge a wooden metre rule three times to obtain the length of a table, one will say that the table measures three metres length. It was approximately the dimension of the giant's hands and the rest was in keeping with it. Such untreated picture transmitted without retouch on the television channels would automatically cause panic everywhere. This speculation was in the mind of Egbert the face turned pale due to the dread. Our ceremonialist noticed on the wall's lime water the angular and slender shadow of the being from the outer zone. All of a sudden, VIDGRIPR emitted a set of formidable sniggers some of which imitated the barn owl's hooting. As soon as this happened the clocks and watches that were in the house started to slow down then, as mad as in a horror film, the clocks turned anticlockwise with a wild velocity. After that a shiver slid along the vertebra of our friend who was clinging to the litany of his laughable questions, taking care to recite before them the ritual formula: 'If this is acceptable and agreeable to your, majesty.' But the Great King seemed almost not to hear them. Instead of answering the inquiries it

was him who asked three questions with a stentorian voice, an extraordinary precedent that was correlatively dangerous in an operation of this kind.

The first of those demands concerned the evolution of the 'militia' that a former veteran of the Croatian war had attempted to establish as suggested by a dissident of the Club des Surhommes - Supermen Club in English (UKLB). The group had lived a semblance of existence during a 1994 solstice gathering in the vicinity of the City of Limoges. Most of the 'company' was made of band of 'skinheads', some twenty-five yobs supposed to constitute the team of 'bodyguards' of the King of terror during his regional sojourn and beforehand they had to prepare his arrival. They wore sewn on the left shoulder a silver isosceles triangle with the representation of a 'Fustibale de Sable' [a sling fixed at the edge of a stick and manoeuvred with two hands]. This was a racket without any sequel as three years later there were no proper 'soldier' left to form a militia. And what had Egbert done to energise this initiative, to strongly cohere this bunch of pathetic warriors? Absolutely nothing.

Of the second question, asked by the horrible KLEPHTE [mountain folks living on brigandage in the Balkans] of the parallel dimensions and whose breath was awfully stinking, it is better to say nothing about it, for if BIFROST milk come out of AUDUMLA's udder is a nourishing way, it is under condition that it is followed.

The third question in synthesis focused on the value to attribute to the militant of the unfortunate time of the sword. In general, this militant is no more than a coat hanger, and it is the thesis hung up on this mannequin that must be shot down. And now the time seemed to have

come when both the thesis and its porter were worthless as the proof had been produced. Once again, what were the real efforts undertaken? What had been done to help the coming of VIDGRIPR? Was one expecting robotics to manoeuvre those remote control operations without the dangerous exposition of its agents? Well, today one was summoning forth the King of Terror to, among other things, know the entire or parts of the itinerary by him to take, and, quite, if not very likely, one had in mind the ambition to take advantage of the King's descent in order to settle one's scores and make some money out of it. Enough!

So conspicuously charged with virulence, the giant's 'conversation' became pointless and Egbert's curiosity was distinctly disheartened. Doubtlessly there were some truth in the reproaches. One didn't know how to respond to a certain expectation and worse, one had taken the marten to be a fox. Egbert was recalling that it was above all Thor the giant's 'boss' that now had to be sent back while there was some strength left for, to crown it all, the estimation had led our protagonist to reckon on a probability of THURS, that is to say a likelihood of wintry weather giant, the most common among the terrifying and evil forces of the universe. But VIDGRIPR is a fire giant, one of the MUSPELLZ SYNIR (Muspell's sons), the elite that starts to interfere with the affairs of the world only during the ends of cycle, the periods of reversal, of obliteration of the previous inscription, in short of purging phase. This error of judgement suddenly generated an atrocious discomfort to the limits of the bearable. Indeed, if one evokes a THURS, a giant of the frost, one has to make sure the place of ceremonial is a well warmed one, given that this mob emits an icy aura. So Egbert had lit in the vast fireplace adorned with the pale blazons a

fire worth a steam machine, and he had equipped himself as if he had to attend an expedition in Antartica. Now, we were in August 1997, in the middle of a summer full of thundery heat under those latitudes of the Charentes, and VIDGRIPR radiated burning waves so that the room rapidly bathed in an atmosphere alike a session of intensive thermo-therapy. In the twenty minutes that lasted the operation, our friend lost more than seven kilograms.

Once the Great King had left the place, our unlucky ceremonialist slept like a mass for seventy-two hours. Ten times he dreamed about sinister things and abominable events in which the survivors were envious of the dead but, in those visions, he was in no way informed about the area, without prestige yet, of the central point pierced by Destiny's eternal compasses, where VIDGRIPR was to land.

Lalita was the most disappointed. When she came back from Royan, she burnt sulphur in the room and didn't install any furniture for three months then, under the advice of Egbert, she turned the chamber into a temple dedicated to SHIVA NATARAJA (Master of the Dance that Make the World Move).

XVI THE STRUCK TOWER

On Monday the 27th of October 1997 around 4 p.m., the last of the UILIGOTIS filiation received confirmation of the passing away of one of the young vipers, and he was from it filled with intense joy. 'The wheel is turning - so much the better' he thought. Then his look was attracted by a prodigious smoke circle that was drawn in the icy blue sky by a jet plane marking out an area of Taillebourg for future reinforced surveillance, as always in some places on the eve of early

November.

Two months later, it was with my hands on the steering wheel of my old Rover with the mended diesel motorization that I left Taillebourg, once the investigation was over, to never come back there. Beforehand, I took my leave of Egbert in his lounge with the clear panelling decorated with frescoed eclogues, the floor of which was strewn with wildcats skins, which cause to the bare feet sensations that can only be described by those who have experienced it.

Today, I go to Newport, South Wales, to spend some relaxing days hosted by a rangy Welsh water sprite, irresistible with the low-waist trousers of cherry sponge and, of course, the little tribal tattoo is well located. I also had the intention to type my text at leisure, in anticipation of other works.

Egbert said: 'Up there, the world spectacle will appear to you greater than in this infernal nook of hurled stones, where I have been reckoned to be what I am not, neither am I the one who can be seen as he really is.'

Egbert has wings but we're crawling like heavy reptiles.

The first time I visited Taillebourg was during the spring. Black clouds inflated with humidity, pushed by a violent western wind, enveloped the place like a shroud then, suddenly, the small town cleared, shining with the rain under a bright sky. I returned there many times since my encounter with Egbert, but I quickly felt mishaps would happen to me if I remained there for too long, exactly like happened to this person who, having no reason to be trapped still let himself be snared in 1995 according to a classic process, and that by dint of being stifled, one is bound to find the person in a crooked

alley, dead by a bullet or strangled with the leather HELSING (Hel's Sling) by some petty nobodies whose sheets smell bleach.

Reptiles? We can be absolutely sure there is no extra-terrestrial offensive intended to conquer the Earth; there is only a vigilance aimed at reinforcing a control already well established. The Egbert episode is inscribed among many unknown others in the economy of this lopping cosmic struggle.

To me, the question that will always remain is this one: how could the person, who was able to comfortably and undetectedly play his role of guide and master on the ascendent way somewhere in NEUES SCHWABENLAND, accept so thankless a task subjugated to the worst hazards of ordinary life in the most sinister real hole amidst dire straits? The secret of the veritable aims of this mission is probably inconceivable to the understanding of most people, and I'm afraid I belong there as well.

This morning at 10 am GMT, I walk upon the Boyard bridge and, straight in front of me, the tower on the mount shows its sinister ruins in a light mist. This tower irresistibly reminds me of tarot cards' Major Arcana XVI. It is even worrying as, when one starts to count the name of Taillebourg followed by its post code (17350), it give a result of 16 signs, and that the 'arithmological reduction' of this code also produces 16 (1+7+3+5+0). After all the year 862 is equally reducible to 16 (8+6+2). Clearly, this monumental relic is in the field of the thunderbolt and the tiles of the sky, and it has nothing to do with the Tower of David from where were hanging a thousand shields, and it was an inviolable refuge, guaranteed sanctuary in all sort of tribulations. The ruined tower had also nothing in common with carpenter Zimmer's tower,

in which Holderlin stayed for 35 years. 'Arcana 'Maison de Dieu' ('House of God'/the Tower) teaches a general and universal law under the synthetic form of the Tower of Babel. Law being both general and universal, that means that it operates both in the individual biography and humanity's history, both in the past and in the future.'¹

The lightning that destroys the tower of this Arcana XVI rescues one from both impasses, such as the abuse of magic practices, and specialization such as concocted doctrines and theories constructed on the fantasies of a sole 'expert', etc. One must not build those towers as one must grow like the tree. One must be a gardener and not a mason. 'To build a tower or to grow, whether one sleeps or is awake, night and day, without knowing how', this is the choice that all men, all community, all Tradition or spiritual school must take (...) To be struck by lightning is the inevitable fate of the building, be it collective or individual, of a tower of Babel.'²

Taillebourg tower is a vestige dating back to the 15th century. It wasn't constructed on the location of the treasure guarded by FALR and covered by the 862 Viking martyrs' skeletons, as this store of Nordic wealth is buried a little further away, but it is via this tower that the 'psychic conglomerate' is concentrated and used by black magicians during the time when the curse is not operative.

An initiate of the OHHA, before the 'liquidation' of this order, and who knew where he stood in all that, had constructed, on the opposite hill, the villa of Saint Louis which overt goal was to be used as an observatory to watch for the small night lamps of the inking time of darkness from sunset to sunrise. This wise man was accustomed to say: 'Our life and all its wealth are like a the crowd in a fair, that

scatters without leaving a shadow behind it.' This obstinate scrutator of the real attempted also to draw up the map of the regional araneidan network of supports and 'intermediate instruments', such as Gallo-Roman relics, 'lanternes des morts' (lanterns of the dead), of the evil subtle currents, etc. In other words he tried to establish the geography specific to the dark forces settled on the unique and unlike littoral (where in bygone days some 'Atlantean residues' ran aground) of this Western France so rich in dolmen and megaliths, in enchanters and healing saints, in 'Melusines' and fabulous beasts, in devil's bridges and 'philosophers' dwellings', and our sagacious man had noticed, from the top of his late 19th century modest donjon that some of those sorcerers were from Corsica, but that the majority of the black magicians was from Celtic stock, then mostly coming from the Breton community of the City of la Rochelle. Toward the end of the seventies 'they' garnished their haversack with a copy of the Livre de Nabelkos (NABELKOS LEVRSTUR 666/Book of Nabelkos) in which, outside the aid by which a man can find himself and, having found himself, finds God, one notices, among versicles and grandiloquent stanza, strange formula that give in a patient style the fixed recipe for the construction of the 'body of light', the whole sufficiently and unpleasantly inspired for the perdition of the gullible simpletons superficially gasping for breath.

'I've already spoken of the 'law of the tower of Babel' regarding certain occult practices aiming at attaining a sort of immortality by means of crystallizing the energy emanating from the physical body (...) It was concerning the construction of an individual 'tower of Babel', manufactured from superposed 'doubles' and rising from the physical

body toward the top.'³

In other words, not only within this tower with the fuming light of a resinous torch were the magicians (when it was still possible for them to do so) practising at certain moments goetic rites, but furthermore they 'crystallize' or 'nourish the entity of the Chaos that surrounds it' with theoretically more ease than elsewhere in this 'Athakor' especially privileged to fashion their pseudo 'body of light' that the Nabelkos names with the technical term 'Awen'.

And it's not over, but let's summarise by recalling what knew the soul-filled old people of the parish up to the Second World War, and that Egbert re-discovered, i.e. the 'avenging charge' of the curse was not established to ward off the violator of sepulture but was set in place to precisely avenge the massacre, carried out by Brant-aux-Espars and his plunderers, of FREYR's sacrificator priest, his wife the priestess and their six companions.

To those who know what has to be known, all this that seems fantastic to the commoner has however nothing of an extraordinary undertaking. So long a vendetta exists elsewhere in thousands of 'specimen', so it is here also perfectly legitimate in its order. As to the choice on a more general plane, I will pin in order to create a shock both the hammer of the ASES and the sickle of the VANES onto the black board. If using appropriate occult means I succeed in attracting toward the Earth in deviating of its trajectory the 'geocrossing' asteroid expected in late October 2028, and that it smashes this planet into pieces, then I avenge the billions of humans dead since the origin before being able to carry out themselves this revenge (against the ills that were done to them by other men, animals, plants, etc.). If on the

contrary I only aim at the evacuation of the contents, then I work here as an ecologist to the service of Nature, more exactly by giving a favour to the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms that 'sigh' for millennia in the expectation of being at last rid of their main torturer, that is man. 'What can we do?' asks Lenin. 'Human flesh is the meat the less quoted at the stall of history.' so answers Stalin. 'That which is passing is not real' says Seng Ts'an.

The most powerful of the devil's towers are located in Africa and in Asia. Linked together, they draw the caricatural figure of the Great Bear.⁴ The secondary relay-towers of those ones form other parodic figures; thus there is the Dragon in the network of the Americas, the tail of this Dragon, Amazonian legends' monstrous SACHAMMA is in West Virginia, sole part of North America not occupied by the Red-Indians. There is also the figure of 'Cephee' for the network of Western Europe to which belongs the tower of Taillebourg.

It must have been interesting and grandiose, but how much dangerous, for those adequately gifted to observe, during August 1999's solar eclipse the undulations, jolts and vibrations of those subtle ribbons with the deleterious brightness that have emitted then a beam of radiation destined to infect the first half of the 21st century when the spreading of those emanations' fallout will cause certain irreversible damages in the two hemispheres, and especially in the northern half with some points of intensity toward 2009, 2012, 2025, 2028 and 2040. This eclipse of 11 August 1999 had occurred regardless of the expectations concerning the coming or non-coming of the King of Terror. Last eclipse of the last century, it superposed itself to the Grand Cross of the planets in the fixed star signs (Taurus, Leo, Scorpio, Aquarius) which,

according to futurologists, should cause, among other things, volcanic eruptions in the torrid areas and earthquakes in the polar zones (the question is of course 'when'). It is on this fixed Grand Cross that the men will be crucified in the course of this present century and the next to come. The catastrophes' main element will be Air, as is perfectly suited on the eve of the Age of Aquarius, i.e. tornadoes, cyclones, typhoons and tempests may be able to upset entire regions, and the air will propagate epidemics, deadly gases, etc. Thus not only millions of men will be, according to the ordinary in those cases, drown (Water), burnt (Fire), crushed (Earth) but also and above all poisoned (Air). Pets suddenly become ferocious will jump onto their owners to devour them or gouge out their eyes, etc. Would it be profitable for me to elaborate on this passionate topic that my words would not have any significance in the understanding of the potential victims that read me?

Let's be content in transmitting the key offered by Egbert in this forecast, i.e. 1999 + 9991. Grand Phoenix. Revolutions stemming from the cause past (URDR), present (VERDANDI) and future (SKULD). Nine circles and a regression in this segment of time filling up the dark pits of the kingdoms of Earth. VOLUSPA, stanza 40. NUMERUS HOMINIS - the Sphinx's mystery is associated with the secret of the 'solar Angels' (elves) and the green ray of the fixed cross of the heavens. SKOLL!

Let's return to the tower of Taillebourg. Seabrook, Guenon and others have mentioned those 'devil's towers' but only the main ones to which the six secondary networks relate, and without going further into the issue that remains, for all that, very complex. Delving further into the question would have meant to extend it to the 'global chessboard of the forces of darkness', for those 'mother' towers are

relayed within the interior of areas to be turned evil by intermediate towers that, as far as some are concerned, function only periodically, and those minor towers have also supports and relays scattered in the zones that are dependent upon them.

When the curse that cyclically strikes Taillebourg reaches its apex, the tower becomes a 'tangible support' and effective centre of projections of unhealthy influences extended to a portion of the Atlantic region. This tower, more solid in its dilapidation and great age than in its days of youth, is then empty as it functions infinitely better without the presence of magicians in such periods. When the curse is 'dormant', the field is free for the private use of the tower by the magicians who, some nights, come there or happen to be there.

In order to 'remove' as best as it can this undesirable presence, for the last twenty years the council has been unstinting of providing, within the scope of a daily surveillance, some attentive care to this vestige that looks down on us at its feet with the scorn of an immutable thing.

I experienced the thick atmosphere bathing, on some evening, the bocage landscape of the park in which rise, from the platform crowned with a Louis XV parapet, the 'old donjon' and the town hall that 'glistens to the sun as could do a slug on the petals of a rose' (Rene-Primevere Lesson). There, very near, rests the Viking treasure in the sacrificial grave, covered by the bones of the 862 martyrs. There was the HOF in which were celebrated for 17 years pagan rites originating from Scandinavia. I say 'the evening'. But in the former castle of Taillebourg, scenes did occur in the life of some of its occupants - Henri de Plusqualec for instance - that would chill the blood of the

readers if I was to tell those stories. However it is not here my intention, on account of the locking of history that has been taking place for ages and in good spirits under our climates and latitudes, for the one that would even only recover the leftovers, through the slits in the curtains of history, would attract to him a bunch of lightnings full of hatred before he had the leisure to tie up his LUNDHAGS [swedish boots] and seek refuge in a near safety zone. Let's dare to trouble all the same the most confident and insured fellows. Going up the degrees of the old town, at Aubeterre-sur-Dronne, one takes part in a natural elevation that is the experience of the transition from the square to the triangle, so was I told. That would have to be tried and tested. In another domain too, in 1992, Egbert wanted to find out what he felt had to be found out. He consulted a Californian medium who was a great specialist in the reading of the 'Akashic records', and the American told Egbert that there probably weren't any big dogs in the forest of Jarnac that were running after the two survivors of the UFO crash of 1977, but, so claimed he to have seen, there were firemen holding the lashes to which were attached policemen disguised as wolves and moving on their 'four legs', the body covered with a wolf coat made of acrylic fur, and the medium added that they were quite likely the members of the 'lycanthropic' ex-squadron (named) Garache, of the City of Toulouse, a squadron that took as a motto the one used by the 20th century's greatest wolf-master, i.e. WERNER FREUND of MERZIG, and that reads as 'One quarter human, three quarters wolf'. The team was a detachment of werewolf republican cops extremely ferocious, and it was formed following the example of a special destination company of Hungary's people army created at the time of JANOS KADAR to fight, in the

Carpathians, against the hordes of Dracula-style vampires coming from Romania.

I say a bit that one suffocates in discerning such things. Consequently, let's shorten our discussion about this haunted place in revealing what the malicious A.T., during the previously mentioned brief meeting, confided to Egbert. One morning, during the early days of his mayor's mandate, penetrating through the service entrance in his official office he was amazed to see, covered with a three-coloured [probably the French flag's colours] tablecloth, a human skull wearing the mark of trepanation. First believing it was a macabre joke, then thinking it might have been a present, like an original paperweight, he wanted to take it and his hand met only with a bit of mouldy air as the skull instantaneously was absorbed again in the astral!

Do we know how in the long term all of this will finish?

In 1822, the castle of Taillebourg was set on fire. On this occasion, it is related that a sleep-walking woman from a neighbouring village set at the time on a ground occupied by brambles and nettle, the widow Pognier mockingly nicknamed 'Garlic Head', of an old age with the bloodless and wizened face buried in a 'Quichenotte', the body bent double with age, clothed in a very old brown dress, and who, after being thrilled by the event - she said: 'One suffocates the nasty hornets by smoking out the hole they're in' - she vaticinated that one day not only the castle would be reduced to ashes to be easily swept away by the wing of death, but also that the entire village would be burnt down and its inhabitants wouldn't have the time to run away and would get all 'roasted like pork butcher's pigs.' Was she the wandering soul of Alienor of Aquitaine who appears from time to time in the region to

predict ruins and agitation?

Doubtlessly if that was going to happen, the curse would then stop to operate. Well, this will happen because no curse, neither there nor in the 555 towns and villages of the French Atlantic Coast, the most 'occultly' polluted place on Earth with the East Coast of the USA, no malediction, in fact and that's good news, is eternal.

XVII IBIS REBIDIS

On the 21st of November 1997 at around 11 am in the morning came to the Champs Rouges (the Red Fields) the former veteran of the Croatian war accompanied by a girl whose beauty was Slavic and his two main lieutenants, one with the dirty complexion that never blushes, the other a red-hair fellow with a marvelous flair/sense of smell. They came in two cars, a white Fiat and a yellow BMW.

They were all coming back from the Vallee du Coran (The Valley of the Coran), a verdant gap animated by a trout-filled running water, where 'a project in advance gestation', not the construction of a mosque but the building of a 'Neanderthal park', compelled them to take away the store of weapons hidden in the canton (district) of Burie, weapons meant to arm the 'militia' of the Great King of Terror at the opportune moment. Previously I mentioned the failure of this laughable endeavour of short impatience. Since the veteran had retired to Poggio Sannita, a small Italian town in rapid demographic decline and thus offering interesting housing facilities.

Egbert had warned, giving him a phone call, the former volunteer of the former combat group named Doriot in the former Yugoslavia that he was going to ask some questions to the King of terror during the August

1997 summoning forth, and the veteran whose motto was IBIS REDIBIS - first written with a pen on the right wrist, then turned indelible by tattooing - and this crook with the wounds already archaic took the risk to hear the news after a long journey. He was advised to liquidate the stock of classic arms now obsolete as the future was geared to the use of miniaturized nuclear weapons or bacteriological devices. The stock had in any case become a potential liability at a time of a telesurveillance technology able to locate from 10,000 kilometers high and, in the darkness, a rabbit hidden behind some bushes; given furthermore that VIDGRIPR had left no orders, his coming remained more than ever bogged down in a total lack of precision, so that it was likely that by 1999 one would not find a single bullet or cartridge to fire, etc. In short the future operativeness of the 'militia' appeared increasingly remote.

Hearing this precise and strong language, the girl with the fair hair from the Balkans and who seemed to have difficulties to be content with the realities of life, protested with a limp vehemence. On the other hand, the veteran seemed relieved. Previously he got his mercenary hackles up in a large-scale military ambition, now he was giving the impression to give himself up to the descent of things, a sort of I-cannot-be-bothered mood struck by the transience of the tangibilities. One of the lieutenants, the red-haired fellow with the marvelous flair/sense of smell asked with a sonorous and rough voice what kind of stuff was exactly the Neanderthal park.

Egbert answered without a smile on his face: 'It is not an ingenious nonsense but a dosage of pollen done molecule to molecule, and that reserves some surprise.'

The brown-hair guy with the dirty complexion observing the general by the diagonal said: 'A dead prey even coated with red ochre turns rapidly into a decaying carcass, whereas dried up it can be used in a ground state as a substitute to mummy powder. I read that somewhere.'

The red-haired fellow said: 'If we come from there, it is not a hoax and it jumps from afar so to speak. There has been so much climate perturbations. It's nothing more than a pinhead made of bones.'

Egbert replied: 'Not so fast. Do consider that this stocky heavy feet, as it were, might be reborn from a long incubation, as the present variety has become a smelly offence to the gods.'

I understood that, as far as I was concerned, we had to give up once more the fruitful enlightenment on everything that was brewing. Yet, we were in NEBELMOND, the 'black month' (MIZ DU), i.e. in the North reigns the agony of Nature that will start her rebirth some weeks later when the Sun begins his ascent again. Likewise, after litotes, ellipsis and sibylline remarks, Egbert never failed to open wide his gilded mahogany box. Miracle! Instead of the violin this precious chest was concealing a supply of kumquat confection in the cane sugar.

The second lieutenant, the one with the complexion that never blushed, then let us know about technical considerations capable of bending the scabby and brambled soil around the stock of weapons, in reality hidden at a man's height in a derelict windmill surrounded by a row of tree ludicrously small and bare. One could visit the place in daylight without drawing attention but one ought not to wait for too long, no, one ought not to delay in emptying the cache.

In an evening of June 1997 when I was getting ready to return to the village's inn to both have supper and sleep there, Egbert had begged

me, to photocopy, for the morning after, the eight chapter of his bizarre thesis on Rimbaud, a chapter called 'Le Grand Secret' [The Great Secret], which he gave each of us a duplicate.

The red-haired fellow with the marvelous flair/sense of smell caught himself saying: 'I don't get it. I just don't get it. Do you mind giving us a better explanation? Please give us a good guarantee against any risk of misinterpretation.'

On his shoulder the pickaxe, the shovel and the rifle must have been his companions since the age of sixteen, and today he must have been at least thirty-years-old.

Egbert answered in a tired tone: 'The Neanderthal enigma of tomorrow as of yesterday is as easy to decipher as when the fish climbs up the field during the rise of the water level of the river, i.e. you pick it up first with your hands.'

This was a response that didn't allow us to distinguish the cold ashes from the ardent fire. Except that I notably knew this. As soon as had been launched the idea of a Neanderthal Man Museum to be built in this Valley of the Coran at Saint Cesaire, our protagonist had thought to make an extraordinary suggestion to the 'competent authorities', i.e. the commercialisation of inflatable doll representing Pierrette in the future centre in order to get the highest profit. Unfortunately and not long after, the scientists who had thought that the discovered bones were female decided otherwise and reached the conclusion that Pierrette must have been Pierrot. [Pierrette is the feminine version of Pierrot]⁵

To erase a disappointment painful to see, Egbert told us, but giving the impression to speak to a more appropriate audience than us, an audience as if waiting in ambush in another corridor of space-time:

'I do not ignore the scope of your itinerary in the anachronism of the future, but make one more effort. The time of the ASASYNIR has come. Dismiss the rustling, the humming and the transcient. Break off your relation with the parameters of the historical perception of petty folks, especially the midgets who write, be they cleric or secular. If VIDGRIPR comes down, then follow him under strict conditions. The first of those rules being that the HIMMINOGO do not use nourishing vessels, contrary to the enemy. Pilgrims dedicated to the EXTERNSTEINE, retain for later that the last before the first will separately put on the armour of the strong. Do not neglect rites as man is the material of the gods. Is this a truth sufficiently sensed that without your sacrifice runes engravers would stretch out stiffened arms towards a firmament that no cosmos-carrying dwarf could support? The undulation implies the Void. Keep the dry powder and be awake and watchful, but above all root yourself in the Irminic way so that at least where nescience exults may knowledge shine for the GOTNAR.

I hazarded: 'May I include this chapter VIII as an annex to my book?'

Egbert answered: 'No.'

I continued: 'I thought first to ask the permission to publish chapter VII.'

Egbert said: 'Indeed, that would be more compatible.'

I let him known my thought: 'I had however renounced this chapter, master, for the one you call the Harbinger has nothing to do with the King of Terror...'

Egbert replied: 'If VIDGRIPR doesn't come to make a clean sweep, however small it may be, for SKAVIDR, then why and for whom would he

come? If the Terror-bringer is sent on a mission to reduce the residues to nothing under the sign of the black aureole, it is because, following the example of SURTR, he ends an evil period obviously followed by a Time of bliss under the novel AUFFASSUNG brought by the Harbinger.⁶ I allow you therefore to publish this chapter VII. Simply you will mention its provenance. And above all don't choke yourself with the hermeneutic.'

So did he finish with this curious device with the mouth that gives a symbolic impression of stitched lips.

Notes

1. 'Meditations sur les 22 Arcanes Majeures du tarot' by an author who preferred to remain anonymous, Editions Aubier Montaigne, Paris, 1984.

2. Ibid.

3. Ibid.

4. Jean-Marc Allemand 'Rene Guenon et les Sept tours du diable', Editions de la Maisnie, Paris, 1990.

5. This inflatable doll might have allowed whatever amateur to copulate with Pierrette, a titillating 35,000-years-old little woman and called in this manner because the finding took place in the locality called 'La-Roche-a-Pierrot' (Pete's Rock). It would have been sold with instructions for use describing the three means of practice used by Neanderthals for sexual enjoyment with a woman. The scientists' change of mind also compelled the artist, charged with sculpting the

figure destined to decorate the museum, to rub the forms too generous of his work. In short he had to give it male characteristics.

6. VIDGRIPR would free amidst disintegration the 'semence du temps urnal', i.e. the beginning of a new evolutionary cycle of humanity in touch with the laws established by the Creator, a new Adam and Eve in the Garden. SKAVIDR would be the germ born of this seed and, point of departure of the new era, would also bear the original spiritual impulse of the new era.