

Jean de Rignie's first encounter with Lilor

(Riss in der Matrix - pages 10-13)

From Canada he turned to Morocco. There he built roads for two years until the protracted, fruitless border war between Morocco and Algeria broke out in 1963, for which he had to leave Morocco and lost everything he had worked for until then.

Before that, however, Jean de Rignies experienced a very special adventure in 1962: the first incident that seems to have a more direct connection with the actual story at hand. Together with a colleague he was on the way from Ouarzazate to Ait-ben-Haddou. They wanted to do survey work there for the road project, today's P 1506 trunk road, in the Ounila Valley. In the middle of the desert, the two men saw a vehicle in the distance with several people moving. Assuming that a breakdown or an accident had occurred, the two drove towards that spot. As they approached the vehicle, they began to get the impression that something wasn't quite right. Because the more clearly, they could see the vehicle, the more alien it looked. It was unlike any other object they had ever seen before, appeared to be neither an airplane nor a land vehicle. Had the closest resemblance to a ship, which would have been completely out of place here, in the middle of the desert.

One of the strangers came towards them on the last stretch. Jean spoke to him and asked if the men needed help. The stranger said no. Everything would be fine, they should have landed due to a navigation error to get their bearings. Jean opened his map case, took out a map and handed it to the stranger, who only needed a brief explanation before he understood what the drawing was about. However, his further questions revealed an equal interest in geography and astronomy. Then he, in turn, pulled out of his clothing what Jean described as a thin sheet of shiny silver metal foil. The stranger covered Jean's map with this film for a brief moment, then folded the film back together and gave him the map back with thanks. Today we would recognize this process as a scan and be far less surprised than a man who had the unique opportunity to observe something like this back in the 1960s.

During the exchange of words, Jean noticed quite baffled that the stranger hadn't spoken at all. He hadn't moved his mouth or made any other noise, but he still answered Jean's questions. The stranger seemed to have some form of telepathic communication. At no time during the entire incident did Jean and his friend feel afraid. They didn't feel threatened, they didn't even face rejection, but they realized that the strangers didn't want to make any statements. Because of this feeling, Jean refrained from asking curious questions. From the content of the already very short conversation with the stranger, only one remark stuck in his memory, which the stranger made to him as a kind of farewell: "We'll probably meet again." Then the strangers rose in her vehicle and flew away. It was only at that moment that former pilot Jean realized that the strangers' strange vehicle was a flying object.

Nobody seems to have ever thought of even asking Jean how his companion behaved during the incident and how he later described it from his own memory. Because the two men will certainly have talked about their experience afterwards. Unfortunately, it is no longer possible to find out whether Jean's companion was excluded from the telepathic communication between Jean and the stranger, or whether he "received" everything just like Jean.

The place where this incident happened is well known to the desert dwellers. He has a reputation for mysterious things happening there and is therefore avoided. Together with a friend, I spoke to his acquaintance, who was born in Algeria, about the incident and in particular about that place in the desert. The Algerian confirmed the sinister reputation.

In his work report for the "Société Générale d'Etudes de Travaux d'irrigation au Maroc" (S.O.G.E.T.I.M.), Jean de Rignies truthfully described the incident he matters was swept under the carpet and Jean thought it wiser not to make an affair of it, especially as the story had nothing to do with his actual duties as an engineer.

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Werner Betz, Udo Vits, Sonja Ampssler
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