

1999 - THE GREAT KING OF TERROR

By Hirlas

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PREFACE

I write those lines in a single casting amidst a crashing universe. The text is being written on an eight-sided table made of oil-oak and the folding chair is constructed in the same material. Temporarily, there is a pitch black night that would suit the atmosphere emanating from a dreadful mourning. I have no light at my disposal apart from the fluorescence coming from the eyes of an angora cat that spontaneously came to me in the middle of ruins. It is the 26th of December 2003 at 6.10 a.m. in a suburb of Bam in Iran, just after the earthquake that unpleasantly took me by surprise as I was journeying back from India. At the time, I didn't know 45,000 fatal casualties were going to result from this terrible event. The corpses lying in the debris were like nail-pierced palms facing the sky. It is the first 'natural disaster' that I come across and I am miraculously unscathed. For those upheavals, I've always had a bizarre taste which ancestral trace is locatable without any other inauspicious link of ancient style. The house where I am is not functional anymore. Nobody will knock behind what is left of it. There is only in front me the window pane facing the West. The frame has collapsed but the glass is still holding due to non-perceptible vibrations resulting from the shockwaves of the seism. This absence of concrete support annihilates everything...

The publication of the translation in English language of 'La Malediction de Taillebourg', under the title of 'The Great King of Terror', was feasible only because of the premature passing away of Ewald Egbert. I have followed him step by step so to speak from early February till late December 1997, and I managed to get from the 'report' more than the double of the final manuscript. Egbert gave his agreement to an edition, then decided otherwise, demanding some cutting, some modification, some deletions, some additions and eventually refused any possible publication. At the end of 1997 I took my leave of Egbert and spent some days of vacation in the United Kingdom at an old lady friend of mine, as indicated in chapter XVI. It is up-there in the City of Newport, South Wales, exactly at the Riverside Tavern on Clarence Place, that I providentially met with the person who afterwards, with dedication and competence, was to translate and adapt the trimmed manuscript that we were keeping ready waiting for Egbert's go-ahead for its publication. The green light never came as our man suddenly died at the age of 51, and not in the manner he was expecting, like being strangled or stabbed by his enemies but knocked over like would be done with a hourglass. He had a banal cardiac arrest during the infamous Summer 2003 scorching heat that resulted in 15,000 victims in France.

As suggested in chapter XI, a part of the original manuscript's original draft entrusted to Egbert was going to be stolen in April 1997, but in Autumn 1999 the complete text itself was borrowed never to be returned. Egbert had asked a false friend to photocopy several copies of the manuscript. Those copies were to be entrusted to other safe friends. The fellow assigned with the errand was a shop keeper in the village and presented the borrowed copy to a stooge who was in charge of a local cultural association, and this crook

undertook to profit from it for as much as he could. Thus, the Vikings were to be heard of again for the first time since 845 in the manner of a summer show. The event would encourage more people to produce other touristic and commercial performances in the region, especially around La Rochelle and Rochefort-sur-Mer. Egbert was quickly advised to lodge a complaint against the two swindlers and to get them summoned to court, especially since the exploitation of the text went further in the form of, among other things, a comic strip in three volumes. The thing is, our friend did nothing, doubtlessly reluctant to commit himself in this legal farce as he had already suffered long enough from the judicial system. Besides, Egbert was somehow, to the point of immunization, used to troubles as he was surviving constantly exposed to the tribulations of a stifling provincial context that, not surprisingly, is good for the prosperity of both the rapacious and the carnivorous plant. As to me, I was drifting towards other centres of interest located in Britain, Austria and elsewhere unable and unwilling to get further exposed.

Enjoying the small advantage of a financial situation sufficient to enable him to pursue his heterodox researches, Egbert was from A to Z fascinated by all kind of shining rebels (who often hit the bottle), fringe people ready for all sort of unhealthy bad habits and self-proclaimed initiates indulging in parodic practices and evil cults. He was enthralled by Set-worshippers dabbling with a dubious quintessence that exalts all the rivers while protecting also from the floods. He was charmed by Satanists in the style of Dracula, fake occultist longing for the eternal youth beverage, followers of Aleister Crowley, regulars of witches covens, New-Agers mad at certain fixed hours, pale adepts of rites of dark unction and other charlatans questing

after the philosophers' stone or the Holy Grail. It was in this fish-pond crowded by an odd wildlife existing underground that he found both ears willing to listen to him and eccentrics, sometimes dangerous, ready to work with and for him. Such a cranky way of life may appear insane; it is however less worrying and more acceptable today than before, the times being what they have become.

In my investigation on both Egbert and certain eccentric friends of his, I probably tasted the ecstasy of the man thrown out of himself into chaos, but without the collapse of mind, body and spirit and this, in itself, is the exploit of a healthy instinct, added to the more ordinary pleasure of probing the heart of both grand-mothers and little children in my quest for legends and the spirits of the ancestors for, at the time, I was still following the path of enigmatic signs, a hobby I had been doing since my twenties. When I was twenty years old, I declared one morning that only the old truths were valid and worthy to be listened to. Such an anchorage haunted by apocalypses requires, I repeat, an unflinching balance and the virtues of a 'Viking of the mind', qualities with which Egbert might not have been well endowed. My opinion is that indeed there is more than ever a great deal of danger in those matters, that one must not touch this material or at least be very cautious about it in this post-modern era of unfertile young elderly. In the early 21st-Century, the endeavour to re-conceptualize the ancestral beliefs seems a natural thing to do, but the thing is, the modern world has totally emptied the inner space of what was there in the Antiquity while, on the other hand, the grip of imagination can lead one to exit the real history by an excess of remembrance and legends. It was as a member of the Swedish FREYSLUNDA dedicated to the research of clues concerning the worship of FREYR and the

VANIR that Egbert started his investigation on the Viking past of Taillebourg. The frumentaceous gods have still some devotees left. There is in REYKJAVIK, Iceland, a museum of the phallus financed by the council. Now and again, the deviation from the narrow and difficult path(s) ends up in ritual murder, an insane inflation of the ego and/or a collective tragedy as was the partial or total case with National-Socialism. The curse that hit the above-mentioned village because of its famous treasure has more than an average importance in the unexplainable misfortunes of certain persons in the local area and the fallout sprinkling in the province of Saintonge, allied with other more ordinary nuisance but still with a certain duration that cannot be dismissed with. How many tombs profaned with 'black masses' have been made an inventory of in the village cemetery? This necromancy of gravestones has officially been acknowledged in 2001. It is only a detail on the overcrowded surface of things, but still quite something, especially when that kind of thing takes place in areas in which history has heavily lingered behind and where can be found an enervating nostalgia that drags on alongside toxic fogs. For once we share completely the point of view of the well-fed who claim that playing with the shadow of bygone days is not without danger, even if this museum-like activity was happening on a purely literary level. Each look back is absurd for the good reason that never a ripe apple becomes green again. It is the practical teaching of this work, if there is one. To keep rehearsing Celtic myths, Teutonic saga, Olympic fables, Native American legends and other chimera is, even with the aid of folk music, as boring as the every-Sunday-constant recall of Bible mythology worn out to shreds. One must be resolutely modern. One must not be afraid of making a clean sweep of the past, expelling any falling back on identity and any sinking in the obsessive fears of the tribe, even though this reaction is normal in the

context of a radically changing world. Neither IRMIN nor the other gods called upon by Egbert were to be helpful to him in the dead-ends of his existence, and they didn't bring any real solace in his everyday life. It is vain to research in the debris of ancient temples some lessons still usable. On the other hand, it is beneficial to surrender oneself to the serenity of the surpassing [of oneself, of humanity, of history, etc.] to come. Let's have the courage to embrace the future.

A great fall down the abyss is awaiting us, a fall lasting roughly five centuries, and after the silence of God at last fulfilled, the creative ebb of history will start again its forward march.

One can consider this work on the curse of Taillebourg - a book that, by the way, escapes any classification - as a masterpiece of the 'VOLKISCH' spirit, the chronicle of a troubled period, a learned and dreamlike construction, the quest for a demoniacal entity and find in it some merit in either the content or the form. It is also something that might intrinsically repel anyone. The reading of the manuscript cost the translator no major pain according to him, even though the curves of my writing indicate a certain agitation. This translation/adaptation attempts to be faithful the best it can be to the French text while paradoxically presenting a rather meandering reconstruction. I regret not to have kept myself more in the background, behind Egbert so to speak. Too weak a distance was due to the hold that the man had on those who came to him. I too surrendered to Egbert's ascendancy but that didn't put me off whenever I realised it. Besides, the subtle personal influences weren't that bad that one had to exorcize them. And moreover, frequenting the guru who has an answer to everything is so

relaxing. Egbert could dispel with a word all the depressing riddles and dissolve all the bad mists with a light remark. With him, one had a festive mind and no more tick was making the hide itchy.

What is written about the space Vikings is strongly cryptic. Admittedly, the intergalactic encounter is a topic that is not favoured by the post-modern flying saucer disappointment and, moreover, we are used to the idea of bold Scandinavians invested with a thousand warrior virtues and brandishing their anachronistic weapons; however, here, there is something else than just some legends coiling up to the seasons of dancing years. Perhaps some day will it be possible to say more without patching up with any old tales and without resorting to some Middle-Ages dreamed in a Tolkien-fashion? I have said that Egbert had set up a small cenacle of worshippers of VARALDA (FREYR), of people keen on magic and sorcery in the town of Aumagne that is another village of Frank origin in a region consisting of swamps and wine-growing deficits. There he predicted so many exact oracles that they had to be ritually buried with the aid of the famous Green Book of the Ordre Hermetique de L'Hermine d'Argent, abbreviated as O.H.H.A. [Silver Ermine Hermetic Order]. Thus, the contents explored in chapter VIII and XII will not be too astonishing. For instance, this odd destiny of the Jewish people partook of a complete prediction: it was foreseen then that a terrible event would eradicate the Empire of the Rising Sun and the Japanese survivors would drift towards Australia; once arrived there, the Japanese Diaspora would expel the 'natives' towards the sea and the latter, the ones escaping drowning, would seek refuge in Tasmania. It was deduced that the Australo-Japanese would with concern watch over the Jewish remainder and possibly convert to Judaism. Egbert's forecast concerning the long-term of mankind's history, however, tended to be

always negative. I can visualise him in his immaculate T shirt that was tight fitting, expressing what was taking its time to be born but that was already grating in the distance, like a rusty wagon in an lifeless landscape on a broken planet. The audience would have accepted this hideous rhythm if we had been told, at the end of the day, that we would come back to the oil lamp and the wood-burning stove. Alas, no! All vocation for sounding the alarm was in advance discouraged as the sick person had no chance of healing. Egbert also was at home in the silent background of lost causes, utopia and the wild time of nature. He shared the appealing intuition of F.L.A. FREYTAG on the importance of moving within a biosphere entirely reafforested with giant trees, trees with a height gravitating around 150 meters and 200 meters and protecting secondary species of 10 meters and 20 meters high. At the time when Miss Up. was still going to the water-cure establishment of Toribio, in Guadeloupe, the entrance fee for a day was 25 franc, to which was added the cost of the care. For seven years, I've been getting used to the idea that Egbert must have had with this lady an affair in the hottest days of the Summer of 1981. He was kind of embarrassed by it; at times shivering. What makes me say that is an intimate detail concerning Miss Up. that Egbert told a common lady friend: she was among the last women of her region to remove the hair from her female pubes. This old custom, now largely fallen into disuse and probably transmitted to Miss Up. by her mother, would go back to the Saracen. The true etymology of Taillebourg is attributable to the Moslem invaders, and not to the Vikings as wrongly thought by Egbert and most of the provincial researchers. The village's name during the time of the Gauls and the Gallo-Roman is still unknown. The Saracen were to give the village the designation of SAKHRAT AL-BORUJ, i.e. the Rock of the Towers. Through abbreviation and corruption of the pronunciation, the name became after the

departure of the Moslems something like T'AL-BORUJ, TALBOURJ, TALLBOURG. The Vikings were to call the area TRELLEBORG by euphonic equivalence in Old Norse. Then only in a last effort of gallicizing was to be fixed in the course of time the designation TAILLEBOURG while the initial origin of the term was increasingly lost sight of during the Christian Middle-Ages.

In 732, Charles Martel stopped the Saracen invasion at Poitiers. Our Moslems, the majority of them being made of ethnic Berber come from the Maghreb to conquer Spain in 711, retreated in the direction of the south and clung to some areas as pockets of resistance waiting for some reinforcements to avenge the defeat and start again their march forward. One of these spots was Taillebourg that appeared to the Moslems strongly strategic with its fortress of seven square towers joined together with a logs-made stockade replaced with a rubble-stones wall by the Saracens. They were not dislodged from the village until the armed intervention of Charlemagne who crushed them in 808.

Taillebourg was thus occupied by the Moslems for more than seventy years and, during this period, day after day were heard the high-pitched calls of the muezzin. Those people didn't seem to have carried out any razzia for plunder's sake. They didn't appear to have engaged in robbery. Behaving like desert lords, they got fresh supplies, excluding pig and donkey meat, from the local population quite likely satisfied to get off lightly, even though the locals had to agree with their masters' other demand, i.e. the regular replenishment of a harem of young local girls necessary to exhaust the ardours of the virile Moslem bodies between the comfort of official prayers. This use of the female sex in a clean-shaven fashion left so deep an impact that the practice continued after the departure of the Saracens, to such an extent that

the custom marked the Romance Saintonge as well as the Aunis, but hardly the Angoumois, with a particularity discreetly renowned among the men of the French West. It was also a particularism obviously fought against by first the Roman Catholic clergy and then the Protestants. It was only in the 19th Century that the custom started to disappear when it was realised, to the extent of being moved, that the hairs of the young girls native of Charente were as soft as the fur of the rabbit REX of the Poitou province, usually cooked with garlic, and reputed to have the finest hair in the world, and that it was a shame to do without such a female appeal.

Some Spanish archives from the time of the Moslem rule and, until now, not investigated mention that a certain emir named ZAID D. HADJ, otherwise called HADJIM, ruled over SAKRAT AL-BORUJ, i.e. Taillebourg. He seemed to have been an ecstatic fellow who wrote a book called KITAB ASRAR AL-BORUJ, or The Book Of The Esoteric Sense Of The High Towers, composed with seven mystical poems difficult to interpret, connected with the castle's seven towers and the seven great prophets of Abrahamism. Of those pieces of verse are to be found two on parchment that the chronicler of those times deems to be non-correctly inspired, that is to say, 'idolatrours', and that inspiration was likely caused by the eating of the 'ravens' bread', ESH EL GHURAB, i.e. magic mushrooms.

The Saracens, however well protected in their donjons, couldn't perpetuate their rule over a region silently hostile and, moreover, they couldn't start again their progression without reinforcements. The Moslems waited for the military backup for a period of seventy-six years. It was Charlemagne who came instead. All the Saracens not exterminated by his army ran away and a certain number of those pursued 'swords of Allah' found refuge in the centre

of France.

The Saracens' long sojourn in Taillebourg is still a total taboo in the concerned area. The Vikings' stay got ostracised for more than 1130 years, but the Moslems were to cause another kind of fear, a retrospective panic fear. I've got under my eyes the account in the local leaflet of a son et lumiere display that occurred in the Summer of 2001, in which one can see a show of 'cave men', Vikings, orphans, nuns, soldiers and other plague victims. Let's note that between the 'cave men' and the Vikings are historically placed the 'Peu-Richardiens', the Gauls, the Gallo-Romans, the Franks, the Saracens, the Visigoths ... Alienor of Aquitaine stayed in Taillebourg for a while, the village being then part of the Plantagenet empire which was a big thing, and would have been more if it had managed to live on. The continental part of this empire can be delimited three times over according to the beverages of merit that can be drunken, that is to say, calvados (Normandy, Brittany), cognac (Poitou-Charentes) and armagnac (Aquitaine). In those regions can be found the majority of the 900,000 English who live in France. They pursue there their civilisation work. For instance, due to them, many abandoned old houses have been restored. Taillebourg is located in the central part, i.e. Poitou-Charentes.

My hands hold the cunningly obtained photograph of Ewald Egbert when he was around his forties. The picture shows an angular face designed in the disaster of the beginnings. Gifted with a natural connection with poverty, he was living in a 'luxurious' fashion, that is to say, he didn't rely on the possession of a car, a TV set, a telephone, a lawnmower, a computer, etc. The pine trees on his little property were composing the edge of a forest that is

today a ghost, one of those dreamlike forests 'that walk' according to the sublime image borrowed by Shakespeare from Celtic myths. Egbert's sudden death will keep the mystery safe and complete, the mystery concerning the exact location of the treasure tragically hidden during the WIKINGERZEIT, treasure that seeks nonetheless to be revealed, and Egbert showed me one a map the location measured by himself in megalithic cubits. The old people and former inhabitants of the earldom invested nothing, absolutely nothing, in any undertaking to the extraction of the treasure as they kept it as a reserve in case of extreme misfortune. Thus is explained its intact presence today in spite of the curse, an evil among many layers of secular hostility. This curse of the slaughtered Vikings will stop when the treasure will be excavated with the appropriate exorcism given by competent religious authorities. In the meantime, to those who might be tempted to see in a closer fashion this spot stagnating with greedy dreams, we suggest that to say beforehand one's IN MANUS TUAS COMMENDO SPIRITUM MEUM [Into Thy hands I commend my spirit] should be an useful protection.

The King of Terror mentioned in Nostradamus' famous quatrain has manifested himself at the right time in 1999. He results all in all from the anthropomorphisation dressed up in heterogeneous rags of three major events that occurred this year: the first is the war against Serbia, the second is the solar eclipse of August and the third is the late December tempest that swept Europe from the Atlantic to Moldova causing untold damages. The last verse of the quatrain might torment the esoteric researcher, however it delimits precisely the nature of this abominable entity that dislocates the time-tables. Let's agree upon replacing Mars by a reduplicated 687

(...'Avant'/before 'Apres'/after...) which gives us: $687 + 687 = 1374 = 1 + 3$

+ 7 + 4 = 15. If XV is the Devil's Arcana in the Tarot, 687 is the number of days in the Martian year. A word of caution here: 687 doesn't belong to the numbers chosen from the repose of the Triangle.

But I must conclude or we would never finish in mobilising erudition and recollection, the book being too naturally rich with a mysterious unknown suffused with magnificent chances and hazards. Now, in Iran, the time is 6 hours 45 minutes. The dawn that bathed the Middle-East in blood has for quite a while made room for a dusty and lifeless day characterising the post-cataclysm. I must leave as I have to go back to the turbulence of Europe, the latter being the least of my worries during those last few months. The angora cat has closed its eyes of light and has curled itself up in order to sleep. It has round the neck a necklace roughly plaited with bits of coloured wool. I guess it must be the puerile work of a young girl. Having a closer look at the ruins in which the miracle that spared me as well as a standing eight-sided table and the attending chair of the same wood, I have found in the debris lying on the ground a ring made of gold and turquoise carved with a verse from the Koran. I will get this sumptuous ring to the neck of the impromptu and pleasant companion that, alas, I will not be able to take with me in my air journey through Kerman and Tehran. Thus, while I left the cat behind, those who will adopt the lovely animal will benefit from the precious jewel due to the care they will provide the cat with. This is what I dare to believe.

It would be necessary, like in the past when they were used after any unspeakable atrocity, to give the time to the ruins of Bar, a martyr town, to be inhabited by owls. But it will not be done.

Undoubtedly, there is no stop in this race from height to abyss, an abyss on top of which is written the harmony of the spheres in its ninefold matrix.

H.

THE VERDICT OF 1997

On the fresh Tuesday the 18th of February 1997, a man named Egbert (we will not reveal his real name for obvious reasons) appeared before the Tribunal Correctionnel of Saintes, Charentes-Maritimes, France. The man thus appearing in court uttered only a few insignificant words for his defence during the few seconds he was granted to defend himself. Egbert did not hire a solicitor and neither did the plaintiff. The man brought to court was condemned to pay 8000 francs; failing that, he would be incarcerated in a psychiatric institution. Egbert appeared in court as he was charged with 'having voluntarily carried out acts of violence, more specifically in aiming his arm threatening to shoot' four individuals who shouldn't have been there 'with his 22 LR rifle loaded with two bullets'—but none was in the cannon.

The report from the 'experts' read in court describe in a near-grotesque fashion Egbert as a dangerous paranoid person permanently haunted by Judao-Christian apocalyptic visions, delirious dreams and auditory hallucinations.

This fantastic description of Egbert started to intrigue me and, after he left the court, I followed the sentenced man up to his car parked near the Palais de Justice.

I said: 'I thought this sentence somewhat excessive', once I managed to meet his look.

He said: 'Everything that is excessive in such cases is a bit suspicious; nonetheless let's get on with it for the time being.'

I agreed. Once again it seemed, the "Themis" of the satisfied had condemned the weakest and the poorest. There is a word of Anacharsis about it, but the thought of Thucydide is worth the mention. 'Justice starts to be relevant in the reasoning of man only if the forces are equal on both sides. In the contrary case, the strong exercise his power and the weak has to give up.'

I said: 'Still. You have been fined as heavily as if you were an unscrupulous off-licence manager. I have noticed that a policeman in uniform and two bouncer-like persons were standing behind you; maybe in case of you losing control...'

He said: 'As to the fine, it concerns the so-called damages and there are four dishonest plaintiffs. Concerning the others, the outsider free from mental prosthesis is always a nightmare to the cowards feeding on countless fears. I leave you with this to contemplate with care.'

Then he spat on the ground, twice on the same spot. It was a good spitting embellished with the pink of the chewing gum he had kept in his mouth for a while. Egbert belongs to the good guys. The good guys are always outdone by the bad guys. But if losing was not also bringing of victory, none of our deeds would be fulfilled. So, we discussed a few banal views on the role of the guardians of ruins, on small hills protected by the blue horizon, on the

tiny reign of the intermediates, on Olessia the sorceress coated with tar and eventually I suggested to have a drink at the Bar du Theatre, in order to philosophize in a more sheltered fashion and to be better acquainted with this odd person holding an unusual worldview.

He said: 'I have waited for five hours before appearing for this ridiculous audience. You will get nothing now in asking me a few questions as I am exhausted.'

I said: 'I'm sorry but I have travelled quite a distance and ...'

He said: ' I don't care. You want to speak to me but what makes you think I want to talk to you?'

I said: 'It is the desire to improve and augment my knowledge of the things as they really are; a perhaps unusual thing to do for a journalist generally dedicating his time to banalities. But precisely, might I not run the risk of seizing this opportunity?'

He said: 'Opportunities are not always good to take if the superfluous is to be proscribed. As to those who continually regret, they will never grasp the truth which is always only transmitted with mysterious words, codes or even a sole sign drawn on the sand that is straight away engulfed by the sea.'

Such answer was not going to extinguish my curiosity. There are several men in me as in everybody else, and it is not always the same who is ruling the others. But that evening, the commanding stick ordinarily used by the 'ruler' was used till its melting like the wax becoming liquid before the fire.

THE MASSACRE OF 862 AD

According to a chronicler of the times 'the Vikings laid waste to such an extent that there were not a single dog left that could have barked against them.' They were unparalleled in illumining the horizon with the fire burning the towns purified of their miasma in an exalted atmosphere evoking the end of the world. In the region that is here concerned—south-west France—the cities of Bordeaux, Perigueux, Limoges, Clermont, Angouleme and Saintes were taken by the Vikings and subsequently destroyed. Poitiers paid a certain amount to be spared but was reduced to ashes after the death of Pepin II.

'The Vikings columns did not advance in an improvised fashion and, if their victims understood nothing of their unexpected attacks, the Scandinavians knew what they were doing. Their chiefs established in a precise manner itineraries and objectives according to the information supplied by their compatriots that preceded them. Information was also supplied by Franks, Bretons and south-west Gauls hostile to both the clergy and the Carolingian sovereigns. Once the objective area was delimited, the various Viking groups avoided to disperse their efforts and, on the contrary, concentrated the latter in a systematic manner with a predilection for urban and religious centres famed for their wealth and their insolence towards the pagans. Having seized the Frank horses of a greater size than the Norsemen's, the Vikings enlarged the field of their exploits. The combined set of boats, sailing up the river, the fortification of islands, horse rides and unexpected attacks were granting the Vikings repeated successes. The ancient Roman roads became for the Scandinavians an important factor in the rapid penetration of the inland. Helped by warfare based on movement and their amazing ingenuity, the Vikings broke through and always carried the furor of pillages, iron and fire, devastating towns and monasteries and leaving a Christendom full of fear. In certain regions, nothing was left of a single functional place of worship and

some monasteries were depopulated to such an extent that they were never used again.' (1)

The Vikings sailed up the river Charente for the first time in 844 AD. They were only a few of them and Landry, the Count of Saintes, paid them to depart. They came back in 845 AD. In the spring of this year, a fleet of the western coast composed of ten raid ships loaded with about three hundred warriors, came to the mouth of the river Charente, causing only a few brief skirmishes. These Vikings established several cantonments of which one in Taillebourg where, behind their raven-adorned banner, the incredibly audacious warriors assaulted the fortress built around 770 AD on a rocky outcrop dominating the countryside. The fortress was constituted of a triple enclosure of walls with seven square towers arranged at a certain distance. After a fierce combat, the defenders were all slain whilst the Christian residents of the lower town were fleeing across meadows, brooks and furrowed ways till the Norsemen caught and exterminated this inconsistent herd at the spot since known as Les Champs Rouges (The Red Fields) because of the blood, I presume, shed there.

Rid of all its aborigines, the spot was named Trelleborg. The rocky outcrop and its fortress were declared sacred and considered as inviolable, that is to say, there one could not harm anybody, including the animals, and that on that place beings could die only of a natural death. The Vikings made a pact with the tutelary spirits of the land and, in the court of the manor, exactly in the space of the first enclosure at the place of the chapel that was to be razed, they erected a wooden temple to Freyr—god of fertility, fecundity and pleasure. There it was forbidden to enter with any arm.

When the rude sons of the boreal seas were not godless, most of them worshipped the god Thor while a lesser number adored Freyr and a fewer still dedicated themselves to Odin. Those of the horde that took the hill bathed by the right bank of the river Charente were mostly adoring the son of Njordr. The function of priest was the privilege of all the chiefs: family chiefs, district chiefs, war chiefs and kings. The chief of the Vikings of Trelleborg in Saintonge was the sacrificator-priest Jorund Bundinskeggi (Braided Beard). The temple erected in the first enclosure of the fortress was composed of a small lateral room, the 'holiest of the holies', core of the sanctuary, where, to the east in the direction of the sunrise and the full moon, on the partition of planks covered with a cloth were attached the symbols of the three principal gods: to the left the axe of Odin (2), to the right the hammer of Thor and in the centre a necklace of ears of barley and golden corn guaranteeing and surrounding the sacredness of a horse's embalmed penis. Beneath was placed the altar comprising a golden ring, on which the priest offered the sacrifice in a ritual red garb adorned with golden lace. Another partition separated the sacrarium, i.e. the part consecrated to the gods, from the room where the attendants stood. Besides a secondary service every ten days (a Viking week, FLIMMT, was comprised of five nights) where Jorund prayed to Frodi to put the vengeful glaive back in its place, and to grant men their triple peace needed for their present life and the future one, there was each year a principal sacrifice to Freyr for the Autumn equinox. The animal was a black horse made to run 'til exhaustion before its immolation. This major sacrifice was executed to obtain a fecund year. The blood was carefully separated from the meat which was eaten boiled. The stuffed penis of the horse in the middle of the golden ear necklace was thus replaced every year; one got rid of the former penis in a sacrificial tomb set near the altar, to the West,

territory where the full moon disappeared and the sun set, and above it one threw a spadeful of ashes originating from the hearth in which was cooked the service meat for the sacrificial banquet.

The initiates have to retain from the above digression that the phallic rite was central to the Vikings established in Trelleborg as they were dedicated to the frumentarious gods.

The Normands (845-863) occupied Taillebourg for a longer period than the English (1360-1373); but in 862 this occupation was nearly over. The Vikings with ferocity devastated for years the territories alongside the river Charente, going fiercely against the places where they were more spoils to loot, making sure, before their arrival, to scare people who thus would flee as the Vikings had nothing against the local folks. Everywhere was laid waste with ruins still smoky and corpses of monks and priests strewed on the roads. Only Telleborg, the only time in its history, was a haven of peace and prosperity. Towards the beginning of September 862, Jorund Braided Beard noticed one evening a fateful moon, that is to say a moon crossing the sky in the opposite sense of its natural course. He took the phenomenon as inauspicious. Not long after the sheep, kept for the maintenance of the lawn of the fortress, jumped into and drowned in the nearby river Charente. Apparently, Rabelais was inspired by this incident when he conceived of a Taillebourg tradesman named Dindenault pushed into the sea with his sheep having been induced by Panurge (see *Pantagruel, le Quart Livre*, chapters 5 to 8). At this juncture, Jorgund, in a sombre mood, fell ill, then the horse, to be sacrificed for the ceremony of the Autumn equinox, escaped from its enclosure and was later found further away with its hocks severed. Then the

Vikings set both downstream and upstream a reprisals expedition. That day remained on the rocky outcrop only eight persons of which a suffering Jorund Bundinskeggi and his wife who was also dedicated to worshipping the fertility gods, the Vanirs. Affording thus the vacuum left by the absence of most of the Normand troopers, a group of Christians led by some Brant Aux Espars, a name that somewhat links to the cherub of the third hierarchy, waving a blazing sword to the east of the garden of Eden, unexpectedly arrived and, following a brief and violent engagement, massacred the temple servants and the six guardians. Before his demise, the Freysgodi Jorund had the time to throw into the sacrificial tomb all his instruments and consecrated ritual objects used in the worship—the ring, the cauldron, the lures that were Scandinavian trumpet with long curved tube, the golden ears crown and most of the booty in the form of nine ounces ingots as the money coins and the precious metal-made objects taken by the Nordic warriors during their raids were generally melt and stored in the temple. The whole constituted the 'Normand treasure of Taillebourg'.

The Christians burnt the temple of Freyr but not the manor that they however pillaged in part. When the Vikings came back, only a pile of smoky debris remained of the temple. The corpses of the slain Vikings were then charged with a potent curse, a sort of psychic booby trap, and the Norsemen threw the cadavers away over the treasure into the sacrificial grave. Afterwards, the tomb was carefully filled in. Never again will the temple be rebuilt.

The following year Turpion the count of Angouleme attacked the Vikings already harassed in all of their cantonments. The count was vanquished and killed in the battle, but the Normands, who already had undergone heavy losses, left the

region after having pillaged Saintes. They would return in 865 to be annihilated in the battles of Champdolent first and then Tonnay-Charente in 1019.

THE TRAP OF 1995

On the 4th of April 1995 towards 2.20 p.m., Egbert was typing some mail in his upstairs-located office, when he noticed, through the window of the adjacent bedroom as he went in to fetch a document, a car parked very close to the fence, thus partly on his property and, as he did not hear this vehicle coming, he was seized by apprehension. In January of the same year he had received an anonymous letter adorned with a menacing glyphs. In February he had had a premonitory dream populated by a monstrous black beast that was destroyed in a splashing of fire and smoke by the thrown hammer of Thor. In March, one Monday evening, Egbert was enjoying himself reading the saga of Olaf Tryggvason. He was near the end of it, at the chapter CIX: 'King Olaf was standing on the raised bridge of the serpent and shot many times that day, now with the bow, now with the javelin, and always with both hands at the same time. He looked towards the front of his boat and saw his men brandishing their swords and intensifyingly striking; Olaf saw that their weapons were hitting badly and said: 'Is it because you brandish your swords in so feeble a fashion that they hit badly?' A man answered: 'Our swords are blunted and all chipped.' Then the king came down to the middle of his boat, opened the coffer from the high seat and took from it sharpened swords which he gave his men. But at the moment he was lowering his right arm, one could see blood dropping from the sleeve of his BROGNE. No one knew on which part of his body he was wounded.' (3) So that very evening of March the 20th at midnight, all

of a sudden the bulbs went off and the UFO detection device alarm furiously rung, while outside was heard the notorious odd noise, weak and muffled 'as if some animal was beating the ground with its tail', according to the testimony of the Bertilo, the former owners of Egbert's house, who one time heard this sound to their detriment.

Egbert prudently opened the shutters and was seized by the same spurt of dazzling light that formerly blinded Mrs Bertilo, but our protagonist could not locate the source of the luminosity. Instead he got a shock as, standing on the roof (the upstairs window looks out onto the roof sheltering both the kitchen and the garage, roof descending towards the embankment in opposite sloping) there was a being similar to a human, with an elongated face, thin features, a fair complexion, wearing a helmet adorned with long horns turned towards the back, and clothed with a bluish suit fitting the body closely round up to the neck. The suit was tight around the waist with an animal skin to which were attached three silver buckles.

The blonde-hair being said: 'GODA NOTT. TALAR THU NORRAENA?'

Egbert answered: 'NEI'. while staring at the visitor's look, a look terrible enough, 'as if belonging to someone who had travelled timeless distances.'

Then the being, who yet seemed made of our clay, raised her hands up to the level of her face and formed in a runic fashion, by HONDSTODUR, i.e. gestures similar to sign language used by deaf people, the word THRIMA, and then whistled the seventh piece of the Variations on the Carnival by Schumann, 'Dancing Letters' of which Fernand Greeh gave a poetical equivalent, inspired, so it seems, by a quote of Rimbaud which renders as: 'A noir, E blanc, I

rouge, U vert ...'

A noir, E blanc, I rouge, L vert

(Black A, white E, red I, green L)

S'elancent, la main dans la main,

(rush forward, hand in hand,)

Et, pour leur frayer un chemin,

(And, to leave a path for them,)

Le flot du peuple s'est ouvert.

(The stream of people opened itself up.)

E blanc, U vert, A noir, I rouge

(White E, green U, black A, red I)

Fendent la foule qui s'egaye:

(Cut across the cheering crowd:)

Comme au front d'un clown une abeille,

(Like a bee on a clown's forehead,)

La pointe sur l'I palpite et bouge;

(the point on the I quivers and moves;)

U vert leve les bras aux cieux

(Green U raises its arms to heavens)

En un geste bouffon d'effroi;

(In a comical gesture of fear;)

E blanc fait, replie sur soi,

(White E does, curled up,)

Un eternal saut perilleux;

(An eternal somersault;)

Tandis que, les pointes jetees

(While, the points thrown away)

En l'air, tournant comme une trombe,

(In the air, turning like whirlwinds,)

A noir virevolte et retombe

(Black A twirls around and falls back)

Sur ses deux jambes ecartees.

(On his two legs wide apart.)

Et, ca et la, quand un flambeau

(And, here and there, when a torch)

Profile sur fond etoile

(Profiles on a starred background)

Leur quatuor bariolle

(Their gally-coloured quartet)

Ainsi qu'au sonnet de Rimbaud.

(As in Rimbaud's sonnet.)

Dans ce groupe etrange et burlesque

(In this odd and funny group)

Qui culbute et bondit sans treve,

(that unceasingly tumbles and jumps,)

On croit voir s'animer le reve

D'un Gutenberg funambulesque.

(One could believe to see the dream

Of a fantastic Gutenberg to start moving.)

'It was a code, Egbert confided, a code that revived 'the sweet honey of the past' when Rimbaud seemed to cut space with his long strides ... the name THRIMA belongs to a Valkyrie; I came to know that later, but too late.'

This code was to be used during the other contacts, especially those taking place in the Autumn of 1996. Then the Valkyrie disappeared, carried by the light, after having taking her leave with this salutation: 'EK GEFA THER THORR BLESSUN!'

At last the white light dissolved into the reddish ball at the bottom of the plot of land. The ball turned orange then black while speedily ascending the sky. Neither the bedroom's furniture nor the walls bore the trace of any phosphorescence as it was the case when the Bertilo were living in the house, but the room's atmosphere would remain for a long time impregnated with an odour defined by Egbert in this manner: 'the scent of good perfumes of earth and plants are the drops of a spring shower.'

I said, taken by a subtle hunch: 'that code, entered through the open window, was it just that?'

Egbert said: 'it was more than that, and it did not take me long to notice.'

Apart from the fact that certain spots predispose to bizarre encounters and appointments, one must not resign to believe that chance had created certain meetings or strange novelties as they contain so much sense or aptness.

Moreover, every entail can be used as a seal. The seal applies as the

autograph-signature of one who has of it the exclusive use. Without neglecting the higher value, Egbert quickly multiplied the "numeros d'ordre" (numbers of order) of the four runes taken from the formula (A E I U) and permuted 1620 in 1026, number of stars grouped in 48 constellations in Antiquity. This did not show the exact provenance of the female alien but signed her cosmic origin and engraved her deed.

As to the word THRIMA, which means combat, Egbert, first relating the case to himself, concluded that a grave phenomenon was getting ready where he would have to fight without the guarantee he would win as he might even die of it. However, it was not very clear. For a long time, he prepared himself to being visited by extra-terrestrials as an alien contact took place with the former residents, i.e. the Bertilo, so that Egbert meeting with the Valkyrie did not astonish him too much; but what about the superior finality of history? Nothing obvious right now apart from writing an account that would please the NYALSSINNAR!

On the 4th of April 1995, Egbert thus slipped some leather gloves on, armed himself with the 22LR rifle, went down to the ground floor and, going out, walked to the front of the dubious car, shouting: 'Please, go away!' But instead of moving back for departure, the vehicle moved further in Egbert's property and definitely came to a halt. Then Egbert raised the rifle and displayed it to the unknown occupant(s) of the car, but without taking aim at whomever was in the car. He did so to give weight to his demand, which he stated again. The vehicle moved off, crossed the road and stopped on the other side by the berm. A seemingly fearless man opened a door and said: 'We work for the council. We've come to take the branches away.' The man spoke

in a mocking way, but without any insult, which was rare in this region.

(Let's notice in passing that one had more chance to find God in a "Nintendo" chip than a sign from a building site in the area). The said branches cut a few days ago were strewn on the side of the road, but there were none on Egbert's property. Our protagonist thus answered the council worker: 'O.K., but do your job elsewhere as I wear my slippers.' Then he went back home to resume his occupation.

The courageous four-against-one did not delay in fleeing away. Ten minutes later, the gendarmery arrived at the house. Egbert imprudently agreed to follow them to the nearest police station to register a deposition on what had just occurred. The police were to detain him for five hours. The police would carry out a search and, apart from the soviet rifle Baikal to be confiscated, nothing remotely interesting was to be found, not even an ammunition box.

Egbert commented: 'This rifle loaded with five bullets was given to me by a Baltic friend in 1987. In 1995, I had two bullets left of the original five. I have thus fired three shots in eight years.'

During the search of the house, Egbert had refused to accompany the policemen who later must have laughed at Egbert's credulousness and innocence. Here an incident takes place that is impossible to relate without venturing in the area of the bullet in the neck. One will replace this narrative with the following remark ciphered with the 'Huppés de Soultz' crunched by Hans Matter: Phoenix, eggs breaker's first chick to see the light of the day in the Alps in the space of a century, comes out of the egg at the beginning of

April 1997. Due to the calibre of its wings, it would proved itself to be endowed with an astonishing skill to elude the great ravens' aggressiveness, thanks to its cuneiform tail, a subtle scientist by aerial transmission. Listen carefully to what I have to tell you: the same year, Phoenix (more traitor than it and you die) was to convey in this way a message to L. (New South Wales, Australia) that was intercepted by a proper ASATRUARI (a follower of the Viking faith), message concerning the diameter of the starry dodecahedron made of black obsidian permitting to get in touch with the HIMMINMOGO since the period referred as "Thulean".

Back home late in the evening after the police custody and in the increasing impression of having been the victim of an ambush, Egbert collapsed into a brief depression that really was a resurgence of the undergone symptoms following Egbert's sojourn in the premises of the Police de l'Air et des Frontieres (borders and air police) during his time as a conscript.

Herbert said: 'Except that back then I was at least guilty of having gone away for thirty days with a twenty four hours leave. But I had a noble motivation, in etching marked with 'on some spots of the copper footbridges' leading from a scrub of mineral hyperbola to the top of solar joy.'

Due to subsequent fatigue following the shock caused by the public order interfering with our protagonist's private order, Egbert was not able to appear before the court's hearing as he was ordered to. Further investigation would be taken leading to the session of February 1997 and the sentence striking someone accused of being a dangerous offender, whereas really for an awakened one of that level, the innocuousness of behaviour was always

consubstantial to the permanent realisation of the non-dual state.

NOTES

1) Megin, No 22, June 1995, Editions Bernard Mengal, 29, rue du Gouvernement Provisoire, 1000 Bruxelles, Belgium

2) The axe and not the spear; the axe as seen on Skog's tapestry in Sweden. The spear (GUNGNIR) of GEIRS DROTTINN, used for war, couldn't be placed even just as a symbol in a temple dedicated to a god of peace.

On the other hand, one sometime replaced in some temples the VOLSI with a sword (SVERD). This was lawful, if only due to the hardly offensive use Freyr made with his sword, to the point he hasn't got it at the Ragnarok and this lack is the cause of his death in the fight against SURTR the fire giants' chief.

3) Snorri Sturluson 'La Saga d'Olafr Tryggvason' translated, presented and annotated by Regis Boyer. Editions de l'Imprimerie Nationale. Paris, 1992.