

A RETURN TO COLCHIS



Jean Parvulesco

BERSERKER

BOOKS



JEAN PARVULESCO

A RETURN TO COLCHIS

Foreword by Michel D'Urance

PREFACE

DREAM APPLICATIONS

"Life is like the hysteria of a late spring" wrote Emil Cioran in the 1930s. An uninterrupted oscillation, 'life' - in the colossal sense (the whole of life, life as vitality, life as opposed to death) or in the sense of distinctive life (particular, that of each person, individual existence) - gives rise to a hysterical rumour that thunders in the background that is its being. This tension mediates between the end of animal clarity in favour of human concerns, and the initiation of its return to the origin of a force. Destiny is indeed a perpetual hazard, an incessant alert dedicated to the peril of emotions, goals and thoughts, between reciprocal and alternative 'subjects' and 'objects'. Consequently, to exist in a 'human' way (not the 'humanist' way of Hugo or Kant), implies the construction over time of a structure that is lighter and more solid every day. It happens that this construct gets lost and dissipates beneath itself, or on the contrary rises above this circumstantial man whose existential activity is to build the construct. In this way, man and his construct, having adjusted to each other, can become *one*. At least, this is the case in those unreasonable and symbolic existences that we call heroic existences. A superior personality, a "hero", bases his historical life on an attack of madness, on a form of hysteria, but makes no mistake about it: he adds up the forms of hysteria and corrects it, he sucks out the morbid juice to create atomic shelters for the mind. Lives like those of Camille Claudel, Yukio Mishima, Antonin Artaud, Émile Henry, Simone Weil and Évariste Galois, violent lives striving for the absolute.

To describe the part played by hysteria in the *dream* would be to suggest a possible path, close to a similar, close to a very close: why separate the dream from the hysteria, the false from the upset? Like the hysteric diagnosed by psychiatrists, the dream is unfit for reality. Theatricalism and the imaginary implementation of the world would deprive it of that body of coherence essential to living with reality and, as a result, the potential for an "adult" ("real") future. Residual to the expressive, the reef of reality, the dream

would designate a "minus" that is translatable, identifiable, and part of the atmospheric normality of this reality. As a damaged production of the tangible, the dream field subjected to the domain of the truth of reality would constitute, in this respect, a degradation of the true.

This is not the path followed in this book. Jean Parvulesco does not confirm the apparently contradictory thesis that dreams are inferior to reality and are a tool for revealing (more or less efficiently) unconscious thought. The guiding idea of his work is that the dream is a mode of creation by the being itself, whose function is to replicate the most original zones of oneself in order to bring to reality the native mission of the individual who 'dreams'. This does not necessarily mean the dream of sleep, but every experience - even when awake or conscious - in which lines of junction are established between what reality can and *what the dream wants*. The dream, in law, extends from the original and functional figuration of the individual a thought deviated from the majority path, which allows access to its own path, the being as it is. As the key to the matrix power of every human being, it acts as a correspondence book between self and self. The dream produced in the real is true, and it is the "reality" extracted from the dream that is inaccurate in its power: the objectivity of the real is dependent on a dream of the real, the stage blower of the "authentic" physical world.

The following two comments are intended to indicate the position of Jean Parvulesco's work. What appears to be necessary is a diversion 1 through those who animate it (whom it animates): Jean Parvulesco's characters are living beings (I) in a random and fundamental work (II).

I

Jean Parvulesco's characters are living beings. Born in Romania in 1928, Jean Parvulesco fled the Communist regime in July 1948, swimming across Danube Yugoslavia.) He was sent as a political prisoner to the Litva-Banovici forced labour camp in Bosnia, a *story* he later recounted in his novel *Rapport secret à la nonciature*. A year later, he moved confidentially to Austria and established ties with one of the American intelligence services during the Second World War and at the start of the Cold War. He then moved to the French occupied zone. References to this period can also be found in the novel *Le gué des louves*. He arrived in France in January 1950, after meeting Martin Heidegger.

in his mountain chalet south of the Black Forest. In Paris, he experienced the "atrocious tribulations of a state of inconceivable misery" summed up in the short story "Incendium Amoris" (*Secret Mission to Baghdad*): "We were a relatively large tribe of students - or assimilated students - who more or less clandestinely haunted the Latin Quarter and Saint-Germain- des-Près in the most incredible living conditions, in a state of denouement that didn't even rise to the status of a certain misery ; The social zombies that we all were, living yet living in some kind of transparent, fake and shameful underground, because all this was happening in broad daylight ("We've got nothing to hide, we people" we often heard)". Beneath the ashes of this faubourien universe, some found enough strength to become stars visible from quite a distance, in culture or a certain culture, in cinema, in literature.

At that time, Jean Parvulesco joined the informal group that included Éric Rohmer, Pierre Boutang, Roger Nimier, Paul Gegauff and Jean Wahl, while remaining in constant contact with a revolutionary faction of the Parisian right, led by Jean Dides, Charles Delarue and a discreet industrialist, Jean Parc  . The movement of his youth was an initiating field embers: the foundation, energy and solution to a path that would never cease to *diverge*. The wings of the propeller began to stir. Jean Parvulesco had drawn on the literary and cinematographic milieu to give him a chance to take root, to discover within himself his singular itinerancy, a path of impulse towards the future birth of his work. This divergence was the stretching of a geometric figure over his life: the *spiral*, a subject of study for the "sciences of the occult". This field of embers collected enough sparks to sustain itself for the duration of a destiny. Most of the fundamental links, such as the one with Éric Rohmer, led to other encounters. We should mention Jean-Luc Godard, who had Jean-Pierre Melville play the "Parvulesco" in *Breathless* (1960), whose main line will have penetrated the identity of the real person: "To become immortal... and then to die".

".

His first text in French appeared in 1967 in the second "Cahiers de l'Herne". (devoted to Georges Bernanos) and is entitled "Les plus secrets chemins" ("The most secret paths"). The book that initiated work was published in 1978 by Ethos. Its title, *La mis  ricordieuse couronne du Tantra*, could serve as a summary of all the texts published. More than thirty works followed, including a collection of poems, *Traite   de la chasse au faucon* (with a title inspired by Emperor Frederick II of Hohenstaufen's highly alchemical treatise on falconry, *De arte venandi cum avibus*, or "The Art of Hunting with Birds"), two collections of articles (*La spirale proph  tique*, *The Return of the Great Times*), the astonishing poem *Diane devant les portes de*

Memphis, four essays, two of them geopolitical (*Le manteau déglacé*, *Le soleil rouge de Raymond Abellio*; *Les fondements géopolitiques du grand gaullisme*, *Vladimir Poutine et l'Eurasié*), a play (*Les palissades indigo*), a collection of short stories (*Mission secrète à Bagdad*), articles (in *Éléments*, *Nouvelle École*, *Combat*, *Le Pariscope*, *La Place royale*.), pamphlets published by DVX, and of course the many novels and , including the twelve books that make up a novelistic cycle (from *La servante portugaise* to *Dans la forêt de Fontainebleau*). One of the novels in this cycle remains to be published after the present *Retour en Colchide*. In *Éléments*, the author explained that "the publication of this final *opus* will close the cycle insofar as it precedes, in reality, *Dans la forêt de Fontainebleau*, the real last book of the cycle, my final novel, 'out before its time', out before the other two novels that will lead up to it and its decisive end, whose novelistic future will take shape in reality itself".

The syncretism of politics and literature, where the two merge, occupies an important place in the life of Jean Parvulesco. With the unexpected combination of pro-Gaullist and anti-Gaullist circles during the events in Algeria, and the Spanish exile that followed (like, later, the astonishing arrangement between the descendants of Gaullism growing up in parliamentarianism and 'revolutionary-conservative' cadres), we can see his desire to give concrete form to a marginal approach placing a specific conception of the world and of being at the heart of a sure activism, an approach subject to literature as its primordial postulate. Whatever the cost in terms of deviating from positions of reality, at least reality as it most often 'believed'. The fictional deviationism of reality (with this question of politics, for example) is indeed the equivalent, in the affairs of life and societal equilibria, of the "dogmatic irrationality" developed by the author in the realm of the spiritual. Their challenge is to assert that it is possible to make this deviation succeed: politics must be subjected to literature which, while potentially political, is always political only by *assimilation*. *Politics seized by literature* wants to advance its pawns to essential and vital positions, because literature is a risky world.

"...First question, where do you come from?" asks Théa von Canalis of the hero of *Un bal masqué à Genève*, a certain Jean, the presumably autobiographical first name that appears in many of Parvulesco's novels. Coming, coming, coming: those who influenced him came from very different levels of thought and commitment (Arthur Rimbaud, Antonin Artaud, Gérard de Nerval, Knut Hamsun, Louis-Ferdinand Céline, Joseph de Maistre, Karl Haushofer, René Guénon, André Dhôtel...). And then there were those encounters that were undoubtedly so important (Martin

Heidegger, Mircea Eliade, Arno Breker, Jean Daniélou Vintila Horia, Ezra Pound, Julius Evola, Raoul de Warren...), these singular friendships (Louis Pauwels, Raymond Abellio, Éric Rohmer, Jacques Vergès, Jean-Luc Godard, Dominique de Roux, Constantin Tacou.), and the contribution of the great American and English fantasy writers, especially Howard Phillips Lovecraft, Graham Masterton, Talbot Mundy, Algernon Blackwood, Gustav Meyrink and John Buchan. This gave Jean Parvulesco a somewhat curious and very heterogeneous, very paradoxical background, which underpins his originality as a man and as a writer. His ever-confidential reputation extended beyond the various circles of dissident culture. He inspired a well-known filmmaker (as we have already seen in the case of Godard), Éric Rohmer, who gave him a role in the cast of *L'arbre, le maire et la médiathèque* (1993), in which he plays "Jean Walter", and musicians (Dimitri from Paris dedicated a musical epilogue to him in "Sacrebleu" (1996), and the duo Symphony on the Tricatel label composed "M. Parvulesco" in 2000). Parvulesco" in 2000), and the observant press (such producer Olivier Germain-Thomas, journalist Michel Marmin, the magazine *1895, Spectacle du Monde, Valeurs Actuelles*, etc.) have devoted radio and television programmes, special sections, interviews and articles to him. It would seem that this movement existed elsewhere than in France, mainly in Russia, with the support of geopolitician Alexandre Douguine, an adviser to the Russian government who wrote that Jean Parvulesco was his "favourite author".

An author who has rarely doubted, or of that *good doubt* that is whispered to oneself in the evening, once the windows are closed, that is not shown, that does not assail, the positive act of which is called "resolution". That's how literary beings work: they don't doubt like everyone else. Robots of their own destiny, however chaotic, they constantly exist within themselves. Jean Parvulesco's literary beings, his characters, enjoy what might fairly be called a prefigurative status, as we sometimes see in real life. Elite conceptions have prefigured their souls; they are no longer quite men and women. There is an 'awakened' elite

".

These are people who *believe*. Called to join an informal order with no real name, the "Organisation", whose doctrinal principles are revolutionary and whose profound existential goals are far removed from the "normal" world, men and women develop "nests", strategic points of action that federate a diffuse set of groups from dissimilar social backgrounds. The nests are socially mobile residences, irremovable in terms of destiny, for revolutionary training and action. The typical action in Jean Parvulesco's novel involves a couple or group of couples interceding,

in a dreamlike way, with "unknown superiors" in the operational framework of the nests, whose various concentric and hierarchical circles - some more interior than others - bring together politicians and personalities from the world of show business or literature, acting for concrete goals whose real intrigue lies elsewhere - in the constitution of a revolutionary pole, the herald of "being", faced with fundamental adversaries, representatives of "non-being". Ardent love, tantric love, then begins the process of slowly and painstakingly modifying these characters, "their own lives", their pasts and their social trajectories, in order to create the conditions for the existential reversal that will authorise their "passage".

For these beings are beings who *change*, determining their struggle through the reserve of the power of love's "deflagration", which never returns them to themselves but makes them what they are from the depths of their origin, the depths of their being. belonging has given them this power of modification and reversal? The "camp of being". A succession of "night watchmen", "harvesters without harvests", "night workers" of the lofty designs of the "Reign", Jean Parvulesco's characters deal with "life" exclusively through absolute affirmation, having destroyed all their feelings of negativity and the weaknesses of *doubters*; organised society, regime police, institutions, morals, worried and indecisive people, unrepentant mythomaniacs, educational agents, repressive agents, the press and journalists. The characters move forward fanatically as guardians of archaic forces engaged against other archaic forces whose overall positions are transforming the world.

A collection of manuals of inspired action, the Parvulesquian novel does not set out comfortable stories or romanticised simulations of reality. Each novel functions as a myth of Western literature that has "reached its end", in connection with Raymond Abellio's "ultimate novel" - "the novel of the eighth day, in which the novel, events and 1 history disappear, [which] is in fact a novel of the passage from the seventh to the eighth day, a novel of a motionless engine and the rise of the mobile world within it" (Abellio's correspondence with Dominique de Roux) - the last novel of 1 Western era that Jean Parvulesco describes as the "Junction of Venus". It is no longer a question of being born, or of bringing about birth, but of being reborn and bringing about rebirth. Jean Parvulesco's heroes use structuring persuasion techniques to create a new reality in the world in which they live, inscribing their status on fire and marble.

The Imperium as a number of powers of the Eurasian empire is then the concept of entry of the revolutionary spirit in those who are its servants: Europe, Russia, India, Japan, Tibet, together constituting a

a geopolitical organ born of history and spirituality, will divert the declining politico-cultural hegemonies and form the Eurasian empire. But the empire does not visibly exist in reality, it is not there, not yet there, it is no longer there or on hold, perhaps nearby.

And in the face of the possibility of empire, Jean Parvulesco's characters are *living* beings. Their stories come to life as fighting, life-giving manifestations of the migration of literary entities towards reality. When adventure happens to literature itself, its meaning can no longer be identified ontologically with occurrence of literature as "adventure". These characters, in the novel, inhabit 'their' real and invoke the power of the novel to penetrate the real - *the novel as dream*; but as characters in the novel, they are already 'dreaming'. They dream not of an existence

"It is not a 'novel' existence that should find its place in their 'life', but a *novel* existence that concedes its figuration through the 'novel', through the 'novel' alone. It is insofar as they are primitively in the novel that the real, our real, becomes the 'novel' of their own real, and our novel, their reality that comes from it. *Romanesque* therefore corrupts the name adventure, which no longer has the autonomous meaning of "a situation where peril lurks" or "a turning point in the quest", but only the meaning of the real element of the novel: given that literature now occurs as a real adventure, it is the occurrence of existence in literature that serves as the activator of Jean Parvulesco's novels.

At a certain stage of interpretation, the relatively achieved central objective of this work is the original innovation of the category of the novel in this sense, an innovation that must be interpreted as such.

In this new category, we are talking about the application of the dream in reality in the mathematical sense, where the application can be the exact inverse of another application if an element A is recovered from its image A', in other words if a 'return' application undoes what the 'original' application did. In *novelistic* terms, which are therefore not adventure terms, a character is applied as a person, or a person is applied as a character, according to the criteria of a normative order that takes being into account. In this sense, neither the realisation of an "adventure" by the subjects of the dream, nor the creation of the dream, nor the reading of the novel by those to whom it is addressed, is an application of the dream. The application of the dream is determined by the pre-existence and post-existence of the dream that is applied, before the novel and after the "novel", in reality itself: the application is constituted by the annexation of characters from the novel, which is dreamt, by people from reality, which is an application of the dream. The theory of the application of dreams in the Parvulesquian novelistic system enshrines models of superior human activity, a latent and gradual form of superhumanity.

Will they succeed? The mystical fugue of Armande Béjart in *La stratégie des ténèbres*, the founding ambivalence of Karin, the founder of a world for the narrator of *Un bal masqué à Genève*, or the decaying, reborn presence of the agents of the Manoir des roses in *La forêt de Fontainebleau*, can no longer be seen as literary descriptions according to the classic definitions of literature. Rather, they are the grooves of archetypal identities 'dug' into a book, as if by magical labour. Each character has a matrix of roles that can be played by his or her own self-realisation: by him or herself, or without him or herself. According to Jean Parvulesco, this attribution is a predestination, it might not be a matter of destiny as a divine and "superior" subjection, but being and only of being that regulates itself, the result of this original panopticon containing its own goals. Created in the order of the novel, Jean Parvulesco's characters are vectors of the dream in reality. Dreaming about the reality of *the novel*, in real life, is the quest for the medium of production. Choosing the camp of a distinct future, that of lives taken up again in the territories of dreams, imposes a world of subtle configurations that form beings to form beings in order to continue in definitive terms the ontological sequence of entities far removed in the dreamlike, in the archaic.

Will they succeed? In real life, people refer to characters in the novel as
 In dreams, characters apply people from reality, and the opposite is true of the novel. Through literature, Jean Parvulesco has joined an invisible cohort of peers "in dreams and in reality" who act for *both empires*. For while empire is one, its functions are twofold, depending on whether it is internal (the spiritual force within oneself, by oneself) or external (the spiritual force beyond oneself, created by geopolitics). Now, when the inaugural transformation between lived reality and the dream, between the real dream and reality, takes place, there is *nothing* left to separate the peers of reality and their peers of the dream. Since the realisation of the dream presupposes an essential distancing from the dream as such, the real can initiate the dream into "life and summon the characters as persons, and the dream figures the persons as characters. All figuring in a game of strategy, the alliance between peers in dream and in reality is the philosophical locus of the novel's conversion into reality; against what in reality must change; an immense tectonics of beings acts as a factor in the mobility of the prefigurations of beings prefiguring themselves. Being regulates itself, beings prefigure themselves. The dispersal of peers in 1 existing is finally this recreation that is played out like the child Heraclitus spoke of, who plays because he plays: "Time is a child playing tric-trac". Whatever its internal instabilities, Jean Parvulesco's novel shows us the path of this "child".

Time and being represent a totality whose joint ordering suggests a general law of psychological gravitation modulating reality as in a game, a general law that benefits the strongest player in each game: the player who wins *because he believes the most*.

II

Jean Parvulesco's work is both random and fundamental. When works are discussed together through criticism, like one person talking to another, a rule of measurement is used to establish a hierarchy of works.

The work discussed here has been (dis)regarded as 'elitist' and convoluted, redundant or even incomprehensible. The height of its influences does not exonerate it from the charge of 'repetition' that most often incriminates it, linked to the reproach of hyper-prolixity, nor does it provide a guarantee of quality on principle. The author has justified some of the heavy characteristics of his text: "My whole life is made up of repetitions, the present always repeating what immediately preceded it. So in my life there is never anything new, but always a renewal... is it the 'eternal return'?" (*In the Forest of Fontainebleau*); "What in the novel - in romance - of my journey towards the final leap of the vision I had at La Belle Ferrière may seem - and indeed it is - to be in the realm of a kind of weary repetition of the amorous interrogation [...] corresponds - and I think it is necessary that this be said, doctrinally recorded here - to the final process of the 'work in the red' that the philosophers of the living fire, of the Incendium Amoris, call by the fierce and dolorous name of *reiteration*. So this repetition, so tiring, which never ceases to disorientate and compromise any uninformed reading - non-initiatory, I mean - of this novel, this romance, has the status of an *obligatory passage* and, as such, plays an active part in the salvific process of which it is called upon to give an account on the very march of what is being done both in the visible and on the hidden plane of this same visible, philosophically trapped from within : it is indeed this apparently indefinite repetition of a search for love that is always the same that gives the writing that conveys it a concealed but haughty and permanent predisposition towards the invisible, and thus makes it an induced writing. I mean *writing induced into reiteration*.

"(*The Mysteries of the Villa Atlantis*).

Another almost constant criticism is the incoherence of certain texts, or at least their apparent incoherence due to inversions in the narrative (in particular). You can be the judge of that. You can

consider that a writer is like a woman beyond her beauty, who can live high above the ground without modelling this beauty, which appears more shapeless and open to criticism. 11 There is something of this example in partial absence of modelling, for a wider audience, of this work with such personal accents that it cannot always be understood. What remains in a certain number of texts is what immediately belongs to a certain level of literature, and there also remains the reading that functions by intuition. Those who read it easily will have realised its eminent literary capacities, and also the originality of some genuinely new views on literature (on its relationship with life, reality and the imaginary, the problem of being and that of commitment).

Jean Parvulesco's work is random because it is impossible to deduce a system from irregularities. But the strength of the intuitions and rare flashes of insight, added to the elliptical form of the novel, means that the question of the text's own coherence can be sidestepped by the foundations on which it was built. In the end, it should be possible to recognise a writer who is marginal and intuitively superior to many, and who fits into the tradition of "anti-naturalism". His writing is very unique, based on a universe of intrigues emerging for the first time, with its own almost impenetrable frame of reference. The transfer of new feelings to the reader, which gives a work its scope, based on valid literary content, is regular once the totality of the novels is taken into account and their insertion into what had been done, and what had not been done, in terms of the study of literature. It is the whole that is the foundation, the whole as a closed sum and not just the part that is poor in insights.

The writer, the profession, the function or the status of writer, is not unequivocal. Through writing, the writer slides towards the imminent risk of being the one who can bring worlds and people together. The only arrival of his sincerity will be to found a new Dire. Henry Miller, developing his quest to define a literary meaning in numerous works, said no other than this: create worlds, create beings, turn the world upside down by adding a discerning emotion. As far as Jean Parvulesco is concerned, he has tried to propose a beyond of the Dire.

Fundamentally, its emotion has provided definitions, appeals and guidelines for a rare readership, each of whose peers knows what his or her world is and why it should evolve under the aegis of the invisible nations of the dream. Under the protection of the intimate and secret seal, personal and constitutional, of his own decisive journey, each peer knows what he must do as part of an invisible legion marching with the 'ark of nothing', as Heidegger put it. In *La spirale prophétique (The Prophetic Spiral)*, Jean Parvulesco writes that "the more the outer part of darkness develops and thus seems to prevail

on everything, the more the judgement of spiritual beings lovingly closes in on those alone who are concerned by their judgement and by their judgement alone, and the more this closure becomes, in itself, overpowering, the spiral of its intimate self-intensification leading very precisely to the focus of occult conflagration which, at the appointed time, will be called upon to become the original tear, the first dazzling announcement of the terrible spiritual explosion that is to mark, on either side of the dividing line between being and non-being, the apocalyptic overthrow of the powers in presence and of the situation of irreducible state antagonism represented by these powers [...] But it is hardly any different for us, immobile, without past or future, who in the darkness of the perfect impotence and infinite shame of our present state, continue the desperate struggle for the sole honour of God.

Random and fundamental, Jean Parvulesco's work, imbued with Christianity but with no real theological links to it, is a post-Christian work that denies Christian values while at the same time appealing to God (a 'God' that has the consistency of Heidegger's Being). It is a work whose conception of vital energy, of characters, of dreams, of reality, stems from the discourse of the Tao and the values of Greek polytheism, from the return of Rome, from the mythologies of a Europe seen in the light of a primordial Tradition (which we will be allowed to regard as untraceable), from the mental departure for Thule, from Tantra and the notion of *mana*. In this respect, the apparent binarity of being/non-being and good/evil becomes highly artificial. For Jean Parvulesco, the only thing that matters is the struggle between strength and weakness, between the dreamlike and the lucid, between vitality and negativity, and, in other ways this time, between 'being and non-being' in the service of the political and spiritual causes that matter to him. A dynamo slowly moving towards... the service of this energy...

Some have understood Jean Parvulesco's work as a means of appealing against Christianity, a contradictory means in the face of text's appearances, but a definite one. The extensive energy of the work serves to establish control over ourselves, among other sources of control, in order to be able to think and act against the Eastern spirit invading Europe, existential negativity and the political regimes of the time (parliamentary and 'rational'). We have to consider that what has to be done, no matter how it has to be done, will be done even by detours and byways, if they can be used for the cause that moves the revolutionary. And particularly through the crossroads, when circumstances require it in view of the higher principle of revolution: the achievement of ends. Diverting our opponents' routes means knowing their phraseologies and methods, so that in action we don't position ourselves at the level of "gossip" (that of the happy comrades who swallow

We're not talking about revolutionary coffee, like civil servants swallow when they talk about their future holidays), but about "intelligence". What counts is acting collectively and personally, using the broadest and most inclusive means of combat possible. Biologically viral, the strategy of revolutionary agents is operationally Trotskyist and fundamentally activist. It has to adapt activism to transitional options, while considering as definitively obligatory the effort of thought, doctrinal work and the firmness of real - even hidden - resistance work. The only end being the final elimination of the adversary and the fulfilment of the revolutionary demand, the tool is provisional.

Like a red, serpentine wave, an evening line before sleep and a disquieting strangeness that strikes the spheres of inability to rationalise, piercing them for other forms, revealing the paths of a dream, the reading of *Retour en Colchide* establishes a proposal of a hard dawn for reality. Jean Parvulesco said to me one day in Paris

We are no longer men". What strange conversations he must have had with Raymond Abellio, near La Muette, at the Jardins du Ranelagh... "But supermen," he would add, when I thought about what was true in his life, and only what could be true. In another of our discussions, he mentioned 'Heideggerian science'. And literature, which "can be very violent": "Don't forget, and this isn't about formulas - formulas no longer make sense - that there are only a few of us who can both wait and remember. Don't forget that high above us, in the skies of France, there is a debt of blood, because everything started in France and it is in France that everything will be paid". On another occasion, on the way back to La Muette, I was listening to his calls to literature, the calls of the novel in life, but as if absent from myself, since one sentence and then another had made a reasonable impression on me, I was *transfixed*: I thought that our responsibility lies in the fixing of literature in reality, and that it is close to the summoning of being in philosophy.

I don't know why Martin Heidegger agreed to meet Jean Parvulesco, nor the significance of such a meeting. This possibility of a meeting between peers, highly differentiated individuals, could have the circumstantial value of a requirement for the future of the novel and that of philosophy. The addition of the resulting data from one work with that of another can take thought a long way, even if we were expecting a reduction or a transgression. Perhaps combining Jean Parvulesco's novel with Martin Heidegger's philosophy is more 'faithful' to the singular objectives of the two works consulted than other communions, such as Ingeborg Bachmann's version of the 'Heideggerian novel'.

The author of *Retour en Colchide* noted in *La conspiration des noces polaires* (*The Conspiracy of the Polar Wedding*) that is "the very near future that will show us the course of things, and it is the very evolution of the situation on the ground that will reveal to us the final secret of the test of identity under way in the underground world of the greatest history [...] In a certain sense, everything is also done by our waiting". An expectation that is understood if accepted as the chronological axis of a philosophical tradition: "We intend to mark in this abrupt way the return of the new European consciousness of being to the Heraclitean and pre-Socratic thought of the first origins of our race, the negation and resolute abandonment of two millennia of Western rationalist blindness, an abandonment and negation pre-announced by the inner movement of Martin Heidegger's final philosophical research. We will therefore have to *start again* from Martin Heidegger, very radically".

In *Un retour en Colchide*, it is specified that "it is not enough to reach Colchis: in Colchis itself, one must know how to reach the Polar Tree, and the Golden Fleece. And manage to seize it. And then to smuggle the Golden Fleece out of Colchis and into the historical space and time of this world, where it must be able to act according to the preconceived plan and the goals foreseen and decided upon before leaving for Colchis. For it is in order to be able to act on this world that one goes there". From the point of view of dream applications, the novel is a timeless weapon. *Return to Colchis*, as Jean Parvulesco writes, has as its "inner time" its own unfolding outside linear time - "everything becomes a novel and a novel of this novel, whose history would then only be that of its own becoming day by day". The dream is the tool of a will that is highly defined by being, and this book, the sequel to *Le Gué des louves*, illustrates some of its criteria and powers. The study of revolution and revolutionary thought is initially a study of the clandestine life, type of life that is a practice of the conditions of the call of being.

The author of this novel, who is also its dreamer, diarist and reader, has this edifying and heuristic conception of dreams: dreams can become real through action or through writing. But it is still a partial passage, a waking passage, because "to capture in writing the sharp, vivid and overpowering inner impression of certain dreams that we must, quite rightly, regard as decisive instances of our existence understood in its entirety, of our day and night existence, is in fact almost never possible. The very thing that should have constituted the indisputable part of participation in another order of reality, in a space of consciousness and experience that is superior, and even most certainly supernatural, will always escape.

No, the mysterious, intimate reality of the dream can never be understood except in terms of its immediate experience, and does not tolerate any form of repetition, deferred approach, later recurrence or even recollection. A passage of wakefulness, a passage for all time and a passage forgotten as soon as it is crossed. For "the most powerful dreams," says Ernst Jünger in *The Adventurous Heart*, "are dreamt in deep, lost places, from which the work appears as an accident, which only a small part of necessity is enclosed".

"They failed because they didn't start with a dream": Shakespeare's all-too-famous quote has now been transformed into a battle management tool. Fighting, by applying dreams to do work in charge of the future, therefore has the constant meaning of *starting*. There are cold divinities in some dreams, no doubt prototypes of what is grasped in life. Without them, nothing comes, because they are the mobilisers of the object seized. In unreal Asgard, they close the life lines of men they impel, the men who walk the paths of Bifröst: mythological rainbow of three colours, one of which burns, also says the

The "bridge of the Aesir". "Paths of thought, for which what is past is undoubtedly past, but what is gathered remains to come: such paths are waiting for thinking men to take them one day", said the master of the Black Forest.

There is an 'awakened elite. It is the clarification of a definition of being and the solution to a secret mission. But being feeds on being.

Michel D'Urance

THE NIGHT OF SAINT-PHILIPPE DU ROULE

"In death, his face had become almost translucent, but the fear and loneliness reflected in his features had been replaced by an unreal, extraordinary beauty.

Shizuko Natsuki

(36) Last night - or rather today at dawn - I had for the third time to undergo in a dream the mysterious imposition of the same haunted landscape and the same mediumistic scenario of horror. I was advancing, my senses on the alert, along an old, unstable, decaying path, alongside a tumultuous, black river, producing masses of high, white foam. Opposite me, on the other side of the river ravine, towered sheer cliffs of yellow earth, devoid of all vegetation.

In the distance I could hear the bells of a convent ringing, the sound of which, muffled, was transmitted along the river below; it was about the middle of the day. Suddenly, from the bottom of the river ravine that bent to the right, a strange, immense, vaguely human shadow rose as if to meet me. I couldn't make out its face, but I understood inside - or I thought I understood - what this tall shadow wanted to tell me: "... Don't take another step, be careful, be very careful... Don't you dare go near that forbidden place you know... Stop, stay there, go back, *give up*... Otherwise you'll be lost, irretrievably lost... Lost for eternity... In any case, the deal with "what you think you should be looking for" will now be made without you, and the icy winds of Emerson Palace will carry away what will or will not remain of you... And tell me, I'm interested, *can you see the real me?*" A vivid memory came to me then, but disappeared immediately. And then that tall shadow from the ravine threw a black blanket over my head, to blind and suffocate me; get it over with.

(42) Long lunch at Lipp with Jean-Pierre Rassam and Nathalie, a wonderful girl, slim, blonde, racy, adventurous, a whore, assistant to Madame Claude, working freelance for the special services, a devout Catholic. I had the idea that he should think about marrying her; it would be a change from those capricious and unstable actresses, as pretentious as they were greedy for the films they fancied (the foolish illusion) they were getting through him. Always the same shabby comedy, atrocious and pointless in the end.

In fact, Nathalie, embroiled in the singularly twisted affair of the 'Bokassa diamonds' "He had just been released from a few months in prison - a double manipulation by a French "endêvé" and the Libyan embassy, which was out of touch, ill-informed and ill-intentioned. We were celebrating. In her short black dress, she reigned, cheerful and serene, radiant, over our table. Jean-Pierre, with his inspired, mad verve, which never ceased to intensify and make you dizzy, was unleashed. His rage violently exposed the conspiracies of congenital cretinism and base cowardice in power, everywhere and without change.

Standing next to our table, Roger Cazes, the owner, won over by the overcrowded atmosphere, by the light wine of insouciance and lively joy, by the merciless outbursts of Jean-Pierre Rassam, couldn't leave us. A little further on, on our left, were François Mitterrand and François de Grossouvre, with a very young redhead whose name I can no longer remember, the daughter of a second-rate ambassador to the Seychelles. Poor bastard! I thought at the time that was it. Later, I'll understand.

(44) I spent the whole afternoon wandering alone in the Buttes-Chaumont in the rain. At the transcendental centre of the double, immeasurable, inconceivable immensity of the universe, extending both in space and in time, there remains and will remain eternally the figure of the blazing fire kindled by Mary Magdalene, wiping with her hair the aching feet of Jesus, whom she had just washed and anointed with the most precious nard. The absolute moment of Absolute Love. It is to this supreme nuptial figure that all those whom the mystery of "absolute love" has detached from the subaltern ways of this world of unfulfilled darkness must turn.

(46) The two crying little girls, early in the morning, in the Buttes-Chaumont, looking for their lost dog. The acute sense of extreme danger they were in, in that deserted place at that hour, and the furtive way in which I had watched them, from afar, as they wandered, until they finally found their young red labrador by the lake.

All this time, I had the obscure knowledge that I was carrying out a secretly providential mission, that I was facing the rapacious beast - the Beast himself - huddled in the shadows, watching for the right moment to carry out his horrible criminal lust, through some passing lunatic, who would lure him to his *appointed place*. And not for a moment had I ceased, throughout that morning of confrontation with the abomination of darkness at work, to feel above me the attentive shadow of the Angel.

(59) "*The void is emasculated. Behind the screen, a seer washes her feet.*"
Michel Bulteau, in *La vie des autres*, Editions de la Différence, Paris 1995.

(53) Will I be able to tell everything? Is it really the right thing to do? Fear like a shirt of fire, fear like a shirt of ice. I knew I was going to witness infinitely terrible and trying. My mind was made up, there was no turning back. All the more so as the opportunity would not present itself again any time soon. To this end, I had booked a hotel room for two days on rue de la Boétie, very close to the church of Saint-Philippe du Roule. This meant that around three o'clock in the morning I found myself hard at work, crossing the completely empty square, lit only vaguely by street lamps hidden by the foliage.

I gently pushed open the door of the church. The darkness was black, silent and suffocating. I knew I had to expect the worst. In the middle of the church, framed by four tall, lit candles, a catafalque dressed in black supported the open coffin of a man with a short grey beard, wrapped in a long purple cape and wearing the collar of Grand Officer of the Asian Legion on his chest. His face, poorly lit by the flickering flames of the candles, exuded a frightening mineral hardness. I waited before moving forward and, as nothing seemed to be happening, I silently positioned myself on the left side of the church, standing against the wall in the thick, almost material darkness.

After a while, two figures entered and went to stand close to the catafalque, with their backs to me. They stood silently for about twenty minutes. Then I heard them start to recite together, in a low voice - perhaps laughing - a sort of long litany in an unknown language, a very ancient language, it seemed to me. This situation was beginning to drag on when I noticed a third figure had joined the two men supposedly praying. Immediately afterwards, I could make out - with difficulty - a tall woman dressed in a sort of black chasuble made of a light fabric, open at the front, with her head in the middle and her back in the middle.

from top to bottom. She was clearly wearing nothing underneath, leaving her white, lactescent, voluptuously evocative flesh exposed, while a thick black veil covered her face and the whole of her head. "The Lady in Black", I thought.

It wasn't long before I realised that the aggressive whiteness of her nudity exuded a power of erotic appropriation and ordination of a reality - of a level - that was somehow inhuman, dangerous and irresistible. She had to the head of the coffin and was leaning slightly over the face of the deceased. After about a quarter of an hour, she suddenly leaned forward over him and, grasping his head with both hands, lifted it so that she was kissing him backwards, long and hard, on the mouth, as if she wanted to breathe into him the air from her own lungs.

"...No, no, none of that here, and especially not now... He's been castrated, you bitch! Do you know that he's been neutered?" shouted one of the two figures near the catafalque. A moment later, he pulled out a long blade from under his frock coat, like a bayonet, to strike the Lady in Black quickly, with furious and terrible violence, in the chest and throat, but his blows sank into a shadow, as if this shadow were not that of a mortal. In the rush, the candles were extinguished as they fell.

From the other side of the church came a hot blast and I heard a large surface of glass collapsing all at once, the shards tumbling down with a sound of breaking glass, no doubt one of the church's stained glass windows. Then there was a deep silence. The black had become even blacker, a metaphysical, shuddering black, and we no longer knew where we were. Then an icy chill set in and I heard a strange noise coming from the back of the church. Something or someone, moving with difficulty in a dress with a long train, was coming, moving the chairs as it went, bumping into them all the time. *Something* was coming.

The slow, heavy rubbing of the thing against the floor of the church, its unintelligible, supremely threatening *advance*, paralysed me to the point of catalepsy. This noise, what *it signalled* - although I didn't know what it was - was capable of making me lose all composure. I couldn't hold back the howl of inhuman, irrational fear that I felt rising up inside me. An immense fatigue had taken hold of my whole being; I was losing my breath, I couldn't stop shaking like a leaf.

I don't think I knew where I was, who I was, or what was happening there: all that remained was the black block of horror that was building up around me - the not-me that I had become - and that was trying to carry me off to I don't know where. I felt an excruciating nausea and crawled out on all fours.
- I don't know how - towards what glowed faintly

In front of me was a small door beside the main altar, leading to a narrow staircase which led upstairs. There was a large empty room with three tall, dirty windows overlooking Myron Timothy Herrick Avenue, which in turn led another staircase. I was able to reach the street. was already getting light and I realised that I was dead tired. I had come a long way, even further than I had imagined.

(The very brief and, moreover, rather incomplete account I have just given does not, of course, fully cover what happened that night in the church of Saint-Philippe du Roule. I don't think I can, in the present circumstances, reveal here the name of the corpse that was the object of certain attempted attacks by a certain otherworlder. Those who are not ignorant of the secret ways of the other side of reality will be able to identify him and his Lady in Black without too much difficulty. We're talking about a fairly recent Parisian past and high-profile figures who have made themselves known under very specific circumstances).

(44) As if it were yesterday, "*The marvellous radiance of your light has sprung from the eternal mountains*". It was with this quotation from the Old Testament that, fifty years ago, at 5 p.m. on 11 August 1952, in front of number 23 rue Bois-le-Vent in Passy, the memorial of what was to become a life, mine, 'marked' by fire, began. Fifty years of atrocious misery, of powerlessness and desperate trampling, of emptiness and shame. The right price to pay.

(402) "*Es ist heute der Tag des Heils*", exclaimed Frederick II Hohenstaufen in Jerusalem before Hermann von Salza, general of the Teutonic Order. Now, this *Tag des Heils* comes not at the end of a long, or even a very long season of darkness, but well after its conclusion, when it is no longer expected, when the "high promise" has been forgotten. Without warning, as if had happened, this mysterious *Tag des Heils* arrives just before midday. That's how I experienced it myself, in 1949, in Maribor, on the Austrian border, probably the most important day of my life. I had managed to cross the Iron Curtain clandestinely to enter the secretly preconceived times of what was to be my future initiatory journey, my path over the abyss.

(403) In the current Trotskyist nebula, the Lutte Ouvrière current is not linked to either the "Frankists" (named after Pierre Frank, founder of Alain Krivine's Ligue Communiste) or the "Lambertists" (named after Pierre Lambert, pseudonym of Pierre Boussel, current leader of the Workers' Party).

Jean-Claude Valla, quoted in *La lettre de Magazine Hebdo*, 6 June 1998:

"As every year, several thousand Lutte Ouvrière activists and supporters gathered from 30 May to 1 June in the grounds of the Château de Preste (Val-d'Oise), a property owned by the Trotskyist organisation since 1979.

"The château de Presles festival is Lutte Ouvrière's annual showcase, but little is known about the organisation. As David Dufresne wrote in Libération on 30 and 31 May, Lutte Ouvrière has always been secretive. It doesn't have a known head office, but it does have a post office box, a pseudonymous directorate, systematic two-stage meetings and calls made almost exclusively from public phones". The journalist points out that the organisation's "nerve centre", on rue Bouvet in the 19th arrondissement of Paris, is "kept ultra-secret from the militants themselves". The same address is also home to several companies linked to the medical-pharmaceutical world, some of whose shareholders are said to be Lutte Ouvrière leaders. These companies could serve as the organisation's money pump. It is on these premises that the thirty or so members of the executive committee meet every Saturday around 9am. If *Libé* is to be believed, the hidden leader of Lutte Ouvrière is a former member of the Jeunesses Communistes, arrested during the war for his resistance activities and converted to Trotskyism in Vichy prisons. It was at the Liberation that he allegedly joined the (Trotskyist) Communist Union, better known as Voix Ouvrière, which was dissolved in June 1968 and immediately reconstituted under the name Lutte Ouvrière.

Known only by his pseudonym Hardy, "he was born in Paris in July 1928," writes Dufresne, who probably knows more than he's letting on.

"He wears glasses, his hair is short and white, he's of average height and his face is pleasant. An enigmatic figure. Not even the police officially know who he is (...) Only a handful of people in the party know his real identity. The use of a pseudonym, a veritable nom de guerre, is systematic. Even Arlette Laguiller chose Bizet. But spokesperson and candidate for the movement, she is obliged to appear in the , her comrades cultivate a taste for clandestinity. We need to be able to consult the files of the Renseignements Généraux to find out whether all these precautions really protect them from police surveillance. We doubt it. But, efficiency aside, it's the way these activists live that intriguing. It's a far cry from the loosening of morals that is so fashionable in some countries.

leftist circles. Anyone wishing to join *Lutte Ouvrière* must accept revolutionary asceticism: not marry, not have children, not take drugs, not indulge in homosexuality and, above all, accept permanent surveillance of their private life. It was not uncommon for pregnant women to be denied the right to vote in the movement or to be forced to resign.

(404) We know that Gustave Flaubert intended to write a novel or an oriental tale, *Les Sept Fils du derviche* (*The Seven Sons of the Dervish*), of which, in fact, only the title has survived. Alain Santacreu has risen to the challenge by writing, under the same title, an initiatory and visionary tale of the highest order, a *tale of intervention*. What's more, it's supposed to convey an encrypted message of considerable importance, concerning the cosmic liturgy of the mystery of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, an apocalyptic mystery if ever there was one. I was keen to preface this first novel, having presented it to Guy Trédaniel, who agreed to publish it. A preface designed to *let the cat out of the bag*.

Alain Santacreu intends to propose to this publisher the creation of a collection of initiation novels which, in addition to *Les Sept fils du derviche*, would republish the forgotten novel by Jules Bois, *L'Eternel retour*. *L'Eternel retour* (The Eternal Return) is a dramatic, timeless visit to the 'black vaults' of the Château de Mervac in the Lot region of France, and deals with the tragic opposition between absolute love and passionate love, with the conflict between Adolphe Antonis's fiancée, Faustine Lancel, and his mistress, Barbara, the "enchantress and magician" - "daughter of a gypsy woman and an anarchist" and wife of the master of Château de Mervac, whose underground passages guard the tomb, statue and unfulfilled memory of the mysterious Blanche de Mervac, who died three centuries earlier and seems to have been reincarnated in Barbara's body and soul. A tangled, abyssal action. Indeed, Jules Bois, French agent of the *Golden Dawn in the Outer*, a great explorer and intrepid adventurer of the occult underbelly of the active history of his time, seems to me to be a man to be rediscovered today. Jules Bois heralded the advent of René Guénon, but in his case direct spiritual and occultist action prevailed over the transcendental approach to the hidden river of the great 'polar' tradition, so that his life and most of his undertakings remain shrouded in the greatest mystery.

(405) With Nicolas Bonnal and Ian Aywon, in the Parc de la Muette. In certain circles of the extreme monarchist right in Paris," Ian Aywon tells me, "they say that the Great Monarch was born in Paris on Monday 13 May 1957, at 4.45pm, and that he will soon make himself known. Strange though, this aura of restrained fervour, distance and mystery that seems to

This is what makes Ian Aywon's presence, his words, his inspired intelligence of the *ultimate backstage*, of the other side of immediate history, so troubling. His marginality, too, is a sign of something else, of an occult decentralisation, of a hidden change in the centre of gravity of the world in which he moves, where he stands still, and into which, by his mere presence, he invites us to enter.

(406) Léon Bloy, in *Méditations d'un solitaire*: "*Since time does not exist for God, the inexplicable victory of the Marne may have been decided by the very humble prayer of a little girl who will not be born for another two centuries*". The sudden dizziness of this revelation, which is at the same time an evidence, and which triggers a perspective before us whose distant openings are so many living, intervening graces.

(407) Would you agree to go there blindly, out of love, to leave, with fear and trembling, the living dwelling, the limpid, burning room where you had been awaited for so long, and subsequently received with such joy?

To do this for others, to sacrifice the sunshine of your present glory to find the darkness of their infinite misery, the atrocious emptiness of their despair without respite or mercy?

Tear up again, call everything into question, only for you to climb even higher again? To pay the price again, all the price, and more than the price? Are you of that mysterious race? The sacrificial and priestly race of its true hidden witnesses, its hidden witnesses in eternity, in an eternity of renunciation, in an eternity of new beginnings in the darkness?

(408) Precisely insofar as we have chosen action and action has chosen us, the senate structure of action must appear to us above all as the inner structure of a choice, of an occult predestination. But beyond what we are thus given to be, beyond what is so tragically done to us from the senate foundations of our life's choice, an immense power of clarity and inner pacification acts ceaselessly within ourselves and, from ourselves, on the revolutionary march of the world. Now, the number that acts, the number that both ignites and radiates this inner power of clarity and pacification, is represented by the number eight.

Faced with the senestial predestination of our commitment, lived and declared in terms of total revolutionary action, there rises, in the shadows, the octavian power of that which, at the very heart of the most vertiginous, most unleashed and most bloody turmoil, carries us indefinitely inwards

guarded, towards the refuge beyond all reach where only clarity acts, where only the great pacified assurances of our original, secret exemption are asserted, of our stripped, luminous and naked subservience to the Octavian powers of the immaculate conception of our own ultimate consciousness of ourselves.

So it was that my dream last night had to endure, to illustrate the dogmatic mystery of the eight, to take me back myself, mediumistically and no doubt astral as well, to the living, beating heart of the supreme Octavian fortress of Western Europe, in Puglia set ablaze by apocalyptic sun at the end of July. For I was taken back to Castel del Monte in a dream, and now I know, I already know, that nothing will ever be the same again for me or for any of us: the line of no return has been crossed by me, for all of us.

These notes, then, hastily, in the dark, still half asleep, half elsewhere, half other. These notes are like a supramental stammer, like the confession of a man returning from the dead: "...Something told me it was 22 July, and besides, I knew it could only be 22 July, at midday... The hallucinatory Apulian sun was scorching the earth, causing the rocks to shatter and crumble, the air blazing at the very limit of asphyxiation... I was alone, at the top of a rather vague rise of earth bleached by the sun, and whose small charred grass disappeared under a mantle of ochre powder, a heavy burning dust, which filled my mouth, suffocating me...

Seized deep down by a great, primal anguish, trembling with exhaustion, blinded by the unbearable glare of full daylight, I climbed slowly ahead of me, obliged to turn left by the very slope of the land, allegorically signified by a twisted olive tree which, under the terrible illumination of the white sun, blazed as if it were made of glass, the trunk enveloped as if in kind of incandescent, limpid ember... The stone wall, dark yellow and pink with occasional wounds of light grey, wine-red or, more rarely, large patches of immaculate white, sparkled in the sunlight like large mirror fragments, fading upwards into a kind of radiant crown, a band of fire the colour of pure snow, the lunar mercury of the philosophers... Under the merciless midday sun, not the slightest patch of shade, not the slightest hope of respite or forgiveness...

Leaning against the wall, my eyes half-closed under the apocalyptic crush of light, I went round the castle three times, going from left to right, each time waiting for the opening that would save me, each time waiting more thinly and more uncertainly for the path that would have allowed me to escape the flames of the sun of white death... I knew that

there had to be an opening, that deliverance could not fail to be there, close at hand, within reach of my last breath...

Once the third lap had been completed, my despair tipped over into the dark, into an abyss of terror and hallucinated abdication, and yet I continued my circular anabasis, blind, sobbing, dragging myself abjectly on my knees, on my elbows, my face in the burning shame of the dust, my throat full of a little unspeakable mud... Then, halfway along the path, before I had completed the fourth lap, I felt a sudden breath of fresh air come over me, almost freezing my right shoulder, and on my knees, facing the wall, rubbing my face against the sharp stones, I found myself before the secret entrance... It was a wooden door, a one-piece panel of oak and, as it should be, without nails or any hardware whatsoever... As I fearfully pushed the door open, it opened smoothly, without the slightest resistance...

On the left-hand side of the entrance, inscribed on the wall, to the last degree of fading, was the letter S, just as, on the right-hand side, there was, in an even fainter shade, the letter G... At face level, I also saw the number 60, inscribed on the door itself, in the centre, with figures the colour of past rust and, as I slipped inside, the feeling came over me, dogmatically, that the three and a half laps I had had to make around the Castel del Monte - before this mysterious door of deliverance, before this mysterious door of deliverance, of passage to the interior, showed itself to me, allowed itself to be discovered - corresponded in fact to the three sides of the triangle that represents the existential succession of every great dogmatic identity, of every *absolute*, depersonalised *personality*, of every 'absolute concept' that engages a living, acting Trinity in the course of history. The final U-turn then represents the tragic passage from the sides of the existential triangle towards its centre, towards the state of mind that manifests the ontological integration of the three existential states, the three paths of life that must be liturgically brought to the sacrifice so that there may be, so that there may be, like an absolutely central island, suspended forever over the ultimate abyss of non-being, like a rock of central integration with eight mystical angles, an inner Castel del Monte, forbidden to the obscurantist, subaltern or illusionary attacks of this world and its dreary phantasmagorias... And what can be said of the passage itself, what can be said of *the very moment of passage*, when it is unspeakable? To cross the threshold is always to enter into the death of intelligence, to accept the abrupt, unconditional plunging into darkness and dismantling of self-consciousness in the face of the double abyss of being and non-being, both equally without exit or return... Every passage is a ritual murder,

abysmal humiliation of oneself and renunciation of the light of day, every passage is a heart-rending mystery and a cry...

I know now what the cry of the passage to black is - a silent cry if ever there was one - as I know why, once the *line of passage* has been crossed, there is no turning back, why nothing will ever be the same again... But once that line had been crossed, what a tremendous explosion of light there was in me, and in the world around me, the dizzying clarity of the heavens seeming to explode in the deflagration of ten thousand suns blazing in a single flame within a single transcendental sun and, at the heart of that illumination, sharp as the sword of the Last Judgement, the already pacified vision, the immediately anterior memory of the constitution at work, of the structures of mineralogical consciousness of the Castel dei Monte into which I had just been admitted, magnetically sucked through the solenoidal corridors of the narrowest passage to black... Fulgurante- fulgurante, fulgurante fulgurante, this vision came to me in the form of a dialectical reduction towards the greater unity of a nuptial exchange of their successive identities between four flaming gems, accomplishing their incendiary work in the middle of the great empty July sky above us, above the very original site of Castel del Monte, in Puglia...

An emerald cut like an eight-roofed shield, and passing into being, within itself while remaining identical to itself, an octavian-cut sapphire, of a mauve blue, spangled with gold, and that also passing into being, within itself while remaining identical to itself, a square diamond, and in it, at the same time, a second square diamond, even more limpid than the previous onewhich finally expressed the supernatural blaze of this absolutely central brilliance, the active and super-activating centrality of the *absolute centre* itself, unbearable, which the high Jewish tradition calls *the Ain Soph*... Because I was on the other side: I immediately experienced, in the space of a flash, the surge of an immense fatigue and like the collapse of a black veil over my face, in my eyes dazzled with black and right down to the bottom of my lungs, charred, scaly, reduced to ashes... Then a light appeared on my right, like a skylight of fresh air ; piercing a little above my head the blaze of the furnace, the burning air of this day doomed to the sole unleashing of the ordinances of the last fire, the devastating fire of Horeb, a skylight of freshness that ad *ei surgendo* a small white face inhabited, motionless, clothed in a very admirably mystagogic humility, an activist humility, completely and as if savagely turned inwards, and which I recognised at once as the face of the little life of the Angel of the South... His eyes, however, burned like white-hot coals, his forehead and lips seemed to be cut from a crystal of clear embers... *Adveniat Regnum Tuum* seemed to me

his lips moving imperceptibly, *Adveniat Regnum Tuum, Adveniat Regnum Tuum...* But I had to keep moving forward, not let the march I had just begun stop me... This was the price of salvation and deliverance from *Regnum*, and I knew that for all eternity people had been wanting the same thing from me: *walk, walk, walk, , walk, walk...* There, just like yesterday, and just like tomorrow, once again, indefinitely... *Walk, walk, walk, walk, walk, walk...* That was my law, the only law, the first and last law, the law of the breath of life, the law of the life of every breath...

(409) In Padre Pio's personal letters of instruction, these words of terror, unbearable:

"When our last hour has come, when the beating of our hearts has stopped, it will all be over for us, the time to deserve and the time to demerit. We will present ourselves to Christ the Judge as death will find us. Our cries of supplication, our tears, our remorse, which on earth would still have touched the heart of God and could, thanks to the sacraments, have made us pass from the state of sinners to that of saints, will no longer have any value; the time for mercy will be over, the time for justice will begin".

In the end, it's all there. It is death that delivers the final judgement, and what does the time a life matter in the face of the eternity that, one way or the other, will follow it? What we have in eternity, however, is only the time of our life, when everything is forever and irrevocably decided. There is no eternity other than the eternity of life, which, beyond death, determines meaning. Eternity reproduces the secret fibre of the life it completes.

This becomes all the more dramatic - and I never forget this for a moment - when you find yourself having committed your life to the terms of a pact, a mission, a recognised and accepted predestination. When you are therefore bound to have brought to its ultimate conclusion, in the time of a single life, of your own life, the task that has been given to you, that you secretly received from Divine Providence itself, and you risk not having been able to fulfil it, not even partially. And when it is also up to you to obtain the deliverance - in the time of your own life - of another life too, which would have been sacrificed and lost for you, and for which you thus hold the only chance of salvation and liberation in eternity. And if you lose yourself, that other life too will be lost with you, whose sacrifice will then have been in vain.

In both cases, it's really a question of my own situation. So you can see the abysses I'm standing on at the moment, and at every moment

of my life. Because the deadline is approaching, and I haven't been able to do anything I should have done by now. The tragedy of my life is here. With each day that passes uselessly, I witness inescapable approach of my collapse, my disaster in eternity. And there's nothing I can do to stop it.

(410) In the contract of secret missionary action that binds me to Divine Providence, the latter, for its part, must ultimately deliver its own share in the march, in the completion of the preconceived plan: Otherwise, for my part, I find myself entirely paralysed by the very ultimate situation of my struggle, of my own forward march, which is now reduced, as far as I am concerned, to the sole expectation of the providential intervention of the end, which will decide everything. Until the very last moment, waiting for the promised help, the salvation and deliverance of the end. With an ardent, crystal-clear hope, to believe in it unfailingly. This is what love is, the greatest love, total love, love beyond all non-love. All true expectation is nuptial expectation.

I have understood that when the time comes, the most inconceivably unexpected miracle will have to happen, a miracle that will itself be made up of the sum of certain other miracles concerning me personally, and which, the supreme miracle, will in fact be that of the Return of the Great Times: the cosmic miracle, of metagalactic, abyssal dimensions, which is called *Paravrtti*, or the Final Reversal. So, in the meantime, all I can do is repeat to myself, day and night, indefinitely, my own secret heartfelt prayer: *Jesus Christ, risen from the abyss of death, save me.*

(411) At the 8th national convention of the Initiative et Liberté (MIL) movement, which took place in Paris in February 1998, two of the speeches - out of the fifteen we had to listen to - seemed to me to make a truly new sound, to produce a breath of revolutionary rupture, those of two young senior RPR members, Jean-Paul Hugot, senator and mayor of Saumur, and Hervé Gaymard, former minister in Alain Juppé's government and member of parliament for Savoie. I must admit that Hervé Gaymard's speech made a powerful impression on me; I recognised in him someone who was very much one of us.

However, in an account published in *Le Figaro* on 23 June 1998, Hervé Gaymard wrote the following, which I consider to be highly topical in political and strategic terms, for active use, immediately counter-offensive:

"You must recognise that, without Jacques Chirac, without his energy, his will and his perseverance, the political expression of Gaullism would have sunk body and soul a long time ago. And today, whatever the difficulties of the moment - and in our rich history we have seen many others - it is clear that there will be no rebirth of Gaullism, whatever name we give it, against Jacques Chirac. Those who think or whisper this have already lost in advance because they are making a major error of political analysis. You surely remember Malraux: "There is no post-Gaullism against General de Gaulle...."

When I plough through France as I do, I know that everywhere there are immense forces and energy ready to give their all. We don't see them or hear them yet, because they don't recognise themselves in the old-fashioned debates we've been fed for too many years now. They refuse to allow themselves to be dragged into the convulsions of the old world that is crumbling before our eyes, and they have no taste for the miasma of this distressing end of century, the last and only legacy of Mitterrandism, but they will be there soon, I tell you, to build something new and something real.

(412) India's accession to nuclear power gave a decisive and irrevocable boost to the establishment of the Paris-Berlin-Moscow-New Delhi-Tokyo great-continental axis, suddenly making definitive the constitution of the "Eurasian continental imperial superpower" in the face of the "American oceanic imperial superpower", whose ontological antagonism thus became manifest at its immediate and direct political-historical level.

Now, in addition to the encirclement of the Eurasian fortress of the Great Continent by the revolutionary subversion of Fundamentalist Islam that the United States is subterraneanly supporting and exacerbating, Bill Clinton's current visit to Beijing just added - installed, consecrated, openly revealed - the counter-offensive mobilisation of China, which is thus becoming the bridgehead of the Sino-American Pacific conspiracy on the eastern flank of the Great Continent.

Blocked by India, Russia and Japan, China is now the negative centre of gravity of the Great Continent, destined to destabilise the Eurasian great-continental geopolitical unity from within for the benefit of the conspiracy and the current planetary imperial action of the United States, or rather its permanent imperialist design. Bill Clinton's visit to Beijing is therefore the equivalent of a huge earthquake, a profound reappraisal of the geopolitical situation on the planet today and, above all, tomorrow. For the first century of the next millennium will be the century of decisive confrontation.

and the totality of the "Eurasian continental imperial superpower" and the "American oceanic imperial superpower". The intimate configuration of the future planetary conflagration is in place. Ideologies of any kind - Chinese communism, for example - only ever serve to set in train the politico-historical, veiled, mediumistic commands, the permanent thrusts of the great planetary geopolitics and its own unitary, suprahistorical field of relevance. For geopolitics is but the visible historical manifestation of the abysmal secret of the "central fire of the earth".

(413) It was the Russian Vladimir Sergeyevich Soloviev (1833-1900) who was already establishing himself behind the scenes as the great visionary, theological and philosophical figure of the third millennium in Europe. Bishop d'Herbigny was right to recognise in Vladimir Soloviev a "Russian Newman", who had spent his whole life trying to bring Russia closer to Rome, and who had doctrinally defined the future destiny of the "Holy Roman Empire of the Russian nation", with the Emperor of all the Russias mystically having to bend the knee to Peter's successor at the Holy See in Rome.

In the immense theological and metahistorical battle that is currently laying the foundations for the European grand-continental revolutionary renewal of the third millennium, which will see (as I myself *never* cease to predict) the dogmatic birth of a new grand-continental Catholic imperial religion centred on the figure of Mary crowned, of Mary sovereign mistress of heaven and earth, Vladimir Soloviev still holds first place, a doctrinaire before his time the final advent of the Holy Sophie, of the abysmal wisdom of the origins, whose incarnate person had shown herself to him three times in the form of a beautiful, luminous young woman.

Currently at its height, American subversion, acting in the shadows - the visible face of invisible work of the Dark Power, and of the planetary conspiracy through which it is historically present - against the less and less sustained effort at the metahistorical reunification of the greatest continental Europe, of Eurasian predestination and final dimensions, is directing its work of prevention, delay and dismantling in two main directions: against maintenance of the politico-historical establishment of the Carolingian Franco-German pole, and against the return of Russia to its status as a Greater European superpower.

This, then, is the essential criticism, the fundamental reproach that I address to John Paul II's current historical action,

who seems to be much more concerned with the Third World developments of Roman Catholicism than with the destiny - the secret predestination - of Roman Catholicism in the interior of Russia, of Greater Russia.

Yet it is in Russia that the suprahistorical, transcendental advent of the new Roman Catholicism as the future religion of the Eurasian Empire of the end is being played out today - or should already be being played out. How is it, then - and this is in fact an immediately tragic reality, a state of immediate disaster - that no Catholic investment or penetration of Russia is currently being carried out by Rome, or even strategically envisaged?

The decisive sum of the current effort of the Catholic thrust in world history in the process of total and final revolutionary redefinition should be focused today on Russia, to the exclusion of all other Roman apostolic concerns, for it is on the basis of the Catholic turnaround in Russia that the twofold final battle of living Catholicism - the twofold great-continental battle of India and Japan, which in the final analysis will be a religious battle - will soon have to be waged in the context of the establishment of the future Eurasian Empire of the end, the historical - and suprahistorical - advance of the *Regnum Sanctum*.

What is Rome waiting for, then, to take up, to reactivate, to reappropriate by renewing, updating and revitalising it, the visionary work, the providential work of Vladimir Soloviev, and also to take up the immense work, already underground in his time, set in motion by Mgr d'Herbigny in the direction of deepest Russia, the abyssal Russia over which the dazzling presence of Saint Sophia continues to extend, invisibly? What is Rome waiting for to begin the political-historical process of the final liberation of Saint Sophia from the intolerable stain that has been imposed on her for half a millennium? What is Rome waiting for to dogmatically announce the return of the Hagia Sophia to the vanguard of world history, which is being secretly renewed from within, from its invisible foundations?

And if Mary has three times shown herself to Vladimir Soloviev in her final apocalyptic identity, as Saint Sophie, haven't I also shown, in each of my novels, what needs to be done for the coming of the Envoy from the Land of the Highest to really take place, how to *attract her among us*, to provoke, to accelerate her descent, her suprahistoric incarnation, while at the same time being completely there, definitively there?

(414) On the powers of prayer and the miracles of healing. "*God can still heal and work miracles, as long as we pray with faith*", said the following in

November 1997, John Paul II, before several thousand pilgrims gathered in St Peter's Square for the traditional Angelus prayer. "If we pray with faith, even today the Lord does not fail to work miracles of healing", he added.

The miracle of the healing prayer, the touchstone of my own life at its end. If the *final reversal*, without which my life will have had no meaning, without which my life will have been nothing but an inconceivable and tragic failure, if the *final reversal*, I say, must take place at the end of my life, the threshold of its accomplishment can in no way be other than that of the mystery of miraculous healing, of a total, unconditional miraculous healing, which would therefore also be, fundamentally, a recommencement, a *different recommencement*.

(415) Medjugorje: seventeen years of apparitions of Mary. René Laurentin writes that "on arriving in Vienna, the young Cardinal Schönborn discovered that half his seminarians owed their vocation to Medjugorje". Now, after seventeen years of Marian apparitions, the *phantasmôn* who pretends to be the local bishop - the second since the apparitions began - is still as relentlessly opposed to the Church's official recognition of the authenticity of these apparitions.

A gloomy curse has hung over the episcopal gentry since the last century, starting with the Marian apparitions at La Salette, and continuing right up to the new apparitions at Fatima and their 'third secret', still kept intact and undefiled by Rome: There is something like a mysterious barricade rising up, and its nocturnal presence is becoming ever clearer, it would seem, between Mary and a certain episcopal conspiracy acting, less and less clandestinely, from within the Church itself. What can this mean, at the end of the day? The mystery of the announced betrayal of the bishops, of their planned desertion to the enemy, goes back a long way. It is already denounced by the enigmatic words of Jesus to Peter in the epilogue to the Gospel according to Saint John: "*You will hold out your hands, and another will gird you, and lead you where you would not.*"

For example, a national regime truly worthy of the name would long ago have done away with the present French Episcopal Conference, a cancerous, black, supremely malignant, terrifying excrescence of the clandestine party of the Dark Power, spasmodically an enemy of France reduced to its last entrenchments, agonising, of the very person of the current Pontiff, of the counter-revolutionary Catholic faith, ignominiously complicit with the progressive alienation in power and its "politically correct" excrement. That this betrayal should have come to reveal itself in this way, right down to its last dregs, what more could we ask for?

What a dreadful sign of the times, what more definitive final self-condemnation of a hierarchical body of imposition and so-called spiritual power irremediably gangrened, invested by the devastating necroses of non-being in action, of nothingness on the verge of its supreme apogee, the apogee finally uncovered of the mystery of iniquity. But hadn't all this been foreseen *from the start*? Announced, denounced?

(416) Mysterious habits still linger in European civilisations, or what's left of them. Like, for example, the sublime privilege of the British monarchy, which has been maintained to this day: that it is the exclusive owner of all the swans in the country. Every July, the Queen's markers count the swans in the Thames. This royal privilege dates back to the 13th century.

the next few days, David Barber, the "Queen's marker" accompanied by his team of eighteen coadjutors, will be canoeing up the hundred kilometres of the Thames, to mark the 14,000 Crown swans and check their state of health.

/ *"AFP: The markers all wear a traditional uniform: scarlet*

f for the Queen's employees, navy for the honourable brotherhood of dyers, black and white for the honourable brotherhood of merchants. The two brotherhoods earned the right to take part in the swan-tagging operation in the 15th century, when the monarch granted them special licences to acquire a certain number of swans. They use six traditional π canoes, topped with flags in the Queen's colours, and raise

• their oars to greet Her Majesty the Queen, Lord of the Swans, from afar when their boats pass Windsor Castle.

> (412) On 17 July 1998, eighty years to the day after their assassination by the Bolsheviks, the tortured remains of the last emperor of all the Russias, the empress, their daughters, the grand duchesses, and some of their relatives were buried in the presence of the President of Russia, Boris Yeltsin, and his wife, in the cathedral of the Peter and Paul fortress in Saint Petersburg.

By returning the bodies of these murdered innocents to the earth, we want to atone for the sins of our forefathers", declared President Boris Yeltsin at this highly symbolic ceremony, describing the event as a "historic day".

". Because *"the truth must be told: the Ekaterinburg massacre was one of most shameful pages in our history"*. 11 added: *"Those who committed this crime and those who for decades justified it are guilty. We are all guilty. We must not lie to ourselves, trying to explain absurd cruelty by political aims"*.

Defining the burial of the imperial remains as "an act of human justice", the President of Russia was keen to recognise in it *"the symbol of the unity of the people, the redemption of wrongs committed"*. He concluded: *"We must end this century, which for Russia was one of bloodshed and illegality, with repentance and reconciliation, regardless of political views or religious and ethnic affiliations"*.

However, the turnout was much smaller than might have been expected. Apart from Boris Yeltsin, only a handful of leading Russian politicians attended the burial of the remains of the last Tsar and his family: the Deputy Prime Minister, Boris Nemtsov, who for over a year had chaired the commission responsible for preparing the ceremony, the leader of the opposition Liberal Party, Grigory Yavlinsky, and above all the new governor of the Krasnoyarsk region, General Alexander Lebed. A declared candidate to succeed Boris Yeltsin, he publicly regretted the lack of pomp at the ceremony.

Strangely enough, but not inexplicably, Alexei II, the current Patriarch, did not attend the funeral. Alexei II's attitude reveals the Russian Orthodox Church's deep attachment to communism, or rather to what remains of it, conspiring in the shadows against Russia's definitive return to its original transhistorical identity, to its own pre-ontological being, to its providential imperial and Christological predestination. The black shadow of Orthodoxy now hangs over Russia to suffocate it, to prevent it from coming back to life, from being *resurrected*. So we must lose sight of the fact that the symbol of the burial of the remains of the Russian imperial family must find its ultimate fulfilment, can only take on its full suprahistoric, living, decisive value on the day when the foul carrion of V. L. Lenin is dislodged from the earth. L. Lenin is removed from his satanically illuminated mausoleum on Red Square and thrown to the dogs in one of the hallucinatory suburbs of Moscow, as depicted in the visionary, black works of Yuri Mamleev.

Having said that, it is no less certain that the funeral ceremony that took place on 17 July in St Petersburg brings to a close the bloody nightmare, the apocalyptic cycle of the greatest revolution of the twentieth century - the century of European revolutions - the Soviet revolution, mobilised by a conspiratorial imperial project on a planetary scale whose failure as definitive and total as it is mysterious. Admittedly, the end of Soviet communism - just like its rise to power - is the result of an inexplicable, supernatural order of things: just as it was created and installed in history as if by magic, so it was also undone by the same magic.

Now, if we are already in the uncertain, fragile, unpredictable and dreamlike zone of the immediate post-communist period, we will soon, very soon, have to enter the decisive zone of what communism itself will have been nothing more than the hollow figure, the inverted image, seen as if in a mirror of darkness. Namely what is now coming towards us from the depths that lie beyond the line of passage of the cycle that is coming to an end and the cycle that must follow it, *now*. Every great light is announced in the darkness, and it is in death that the resurrection finds its secret foundations, on which the mysterious spiral of its triumphant ascent to the day, to the new life, to *the other life*, is established in its march.

So the immense whirlwind of blood and darkness that was the advent and passage of communism through the history of this world to its end heralds, beyond its failure, beyond the present consummation of its irrevocable end, the whirlwind of light and living fire of a new superhistorical cycle already underway, the *Regnum Sanctum*.

(417) I confess that, for me, there is now only one problem capable of mobilising me, the problem of resurrection from the dead here and now, the immediate and total resurrection of the soul, the immediate and total resurrection of the flesh. This is in fact what I have been working on since the very beginning of my progress along this path, nearly fifty years ago. Admittedly, I have reached some conclusions, very close to the ultimate threshold. I've reached the point where things no longer depend on me, where the chips are secretly already down.

Having reached this stage, which marks the end of the journey, the inner workings of the person who has reached this point are left solely to the active management of the initiatory wait. An expectation that will itself have to be overcome, at the end of the path it is said that one must regain a certain unconsciousness, a certain recklessness of being, reminiscent of the states that preceded entry onto the path of no return, the immediate experience of "immediate existence" before the bite of the tarantula.

And yet, on these ultimate summits of being, it would be perfectly futile to think that personal initiatory adventure - whatever it may have been - could be of the slightest importance: It is Divine Providence itself that takes care of these final initiatory careers, and if it does so it will only be to ensure its own needs for manoeuvring in the occult wings of being and for the clandestine promotion, carried out in the invisible, of those it has raised to the superhuman level where its executive agents stand, its own secret agents in action. Also

We will never cross the line of non-passage unless this passage, this inconceivable transgression, directly concerns the active, concealed, incomprehensible, ultra-secret operations of Divine Providence itself.

Does this mean, then, that it is only the intimate will of the latter that is driving the game, that the will itself that is involved has nothing to do with it? No, and this is where the abyssal paradox of the situation comes in, because everything depends, in the final analysis, on the will of the person who has to cross the line of no crossing, or rather on his will of a will beyond all will, his will of no will, of his own will to submit to the will that wants him, such that he must know how to want himself desperately in the motionless pursuit - I mean *motionless from now on* - of the task that is his, even if this task must remain unknown to him until the end and even beyond any end. In the doubling, within him, of the will to act of Divine Providence itself, he who has been secretly chosen to accomplish it, to manifest it operatively, will recognise his own non will as the supreme will which, within him, is and is not his own will, because it is by making it his own that he renounces, precisely, his own will.

"It is no longer I who live, but Christ who lives in me", exclaimed Saint Paul. It is indeed this final will of non-voluntariness that constitutes the transparent foundation of this mysterious expectation in which the approach of the crossing of the line of non-passage is manifested, the approach and the active imminence of the miracle of the resurrection, the *only miracle*. A mysterious expectation in which I now find myself completely immersed, body and soul.

(418) Supposing, then, that I am given to cross the line of non-passage, that access is thus operatively opened to me to the mystery of the resurrection, I would have to see in it only the accomplishment of the occult will of Divine Providence, with a view to its abysmally concealed designs. Nevertheless, we will have to resign ourselves to understanding that, albeit in the greatest secrecy, the times of my life and the slightest circumstances of my own existence will become the very times and circumstances of the final resurrection mechanism of Divine Providence itself: the course of my existence will coincide - will have coincided - with the very stages of the accomplishment of its ongoing design, and my own experience of the mystery of the resurrection will have to form the ontological foundations of the great new transhistorical cycle to come.

The initiatory events of my existence, validated as such, will thus become the transcendental benchmarks of my intelligence.

They will symbolically mark its providentially preconceived future. Now, while I myself do not find the slightest reason to glory in this, I do find in it a terrifying sensation of detachment from everything, of emptiness struck by lightning. But isn't that the fateful price of this glory, unwanted and yet so intolerably and heartbreakingly there?

On the other hand, the only knowledge of the mystery of the resurrection that could actually be mine could only be the counterpart of the experience, which will also have been mine, of death and its total darkness: now my only real and immediate experience of death was that of the death of V., who was my wife at the time. This means that it is through V.'s resurrection, the resurrection in soul and body, that I must approach - that it may be given to me to approach - the experience of the resurrection lived within my present existence. It will therefore be on the inconceivable mystery of the resurrection of V. in his soul and in his body that the formidable final ontological battle between being and non-being will be played out, a battle for which I myself hold the responsibility, while I myself am only the depersonalised tool, brought to the state of an 'absolute concept', of the very secret will of Divine Providence itself engaged in its supreme machinations, unknowable and which it controls entirely, in the shadows. For it is in the darkness that the decisive works of Divine Providence take place, and finally come to pass, its works of the end and beyond all ends.

Thus we come to understand that, in the ultimate, supra-abyssal depths of Divine Providence's will in action, the mystery of the end of the present cycle and the planned recommencement of the next suprahistorical cycle to come is none other than that of the very secret philosophical resurrection of a young woman who died in August 1962, whose tragic death was to form the basis of the entire occult apparatus of the immense battle underway, the "great battle of the end". All secrets eventually come to light, even the dogmatically forbidden, ontologically unreachable secrets of Divine Providence in action. All that is needed is for the hour to come when they will be "unoccupied", the most secret hour of all secret hours. Right now, that hour is here, or almost here.

(419) We are in the inner time of *that waiting*, without time, in the mythological land of *that waiting*, which is none other than our own Colchis. For we are indeed already in the land of Colchis: all we have to do now is come to the conclusion, to find the Polar Tree and the Golden Fleece hanging from it. The Golden Fleece, the symbol of immortality and

of polar omnipotence, of *philosophical resurrection*. And we will find them, the Polar Tree and the Golden Fleece, there' no way we 't find them: it's not for nothing that we've been received there, it's not for nothing that we're allowed to enter Colchis, even - and especially - if it's clandestinely that this has been done, in flagrant contradiction with the order of gods and men, overriding the sum total of all the prohibitions in force in the visible and the invisible.

A certain occult will of Divine Providence is thus opposed, in the last degree of clandestinity, to the very order of its own identity, certain and affirmed as such, to the very order of the world of its own unfolding. Living charity, the ardent work of love in action, prevails over every other ontology of divine power; the intimate divinity of love - the loving divinity - prevails, sometimes secretly, over its own being. *Maria est in coelo assumpta*.

(420) Reaching Colchis is of course an extraordinary thing, and even more than extraordinary, a superhuman adventure, secretly divine in nature and belonging to an order unconditionally outside this world. But it's not enough to reach Colchis: in Colchis itself, you have to be able to reach the Polar Tree and the Golden Fleece. And manage to seize it. And then smuggle the Golden Fleece out of Colchis and into the historical space and time of this world, where it will have to be able to act according to the preconceived plan and the goals foreseen and decided upon before leaving for Colchis. For it is in order to be able to act on this world that we go there.

Now, to find the Polar Tree and the Golden Fleece once inside the space proper to Colchis, you have to know that, paradoxically, you have to stop looking, because the encounter with what you are looking for has to be made by the simple and sole influence of the absolutely immobile centre where it is hidden, sheltered from any will of will. Only the lover's desire is authorised to act there, within the occult nuptial space that is its own, above the fiery chasms of its own forbidden intimacy, forever hidden. The only people who can advance towards the place of such high prohibition are lovers distraught with love, annihilated and depersonalised by the devastating fire of desire. The penetration of Colchis is philosophically Tantra.

(421) Now I find myself in the land of Colchis, imprisoned by the very fact of having been able to cross the line of non-passage: now there is no turning back, and any desire move forward, any desire search, is a fatal trap. Wait, I have to wait. In the end, the

The mystery of philosophical resurrection becomes the mystery of waiting in the land of Colchis, a secret mediumistic waiting, out of time and out of all waiting, which, in its final instances, at the end, will appear as the very oblivion of all waiting. It is in the oblivion of expectation, of expectation forgetting itself, that the supreme power of recall, *the anamnesis*, resides.

(422) That, in *some way*, a young dead woman should resurrect and secretly resume her life precisely where death had interrupted it, is therefore the decisive philosophical condition for the passage from a cycle that has passed to the cycle that has not yet begun that should follow it; and this, without any doubt, on the line of the passage to the third millennium, in the next two years. I know that this statement seems extraordinarily dangerous from the outset, and I take full responsibility for the danger it implies. For it is in order to reach this point that I have embarked on the path that is mine, or rather that has been mine, since now, as I have just established, my path is off track, off all tracks. Before I went, I knew where I was going.

(423) How will this happen? There will be a *reunion*, the secret of which will shatter the law of this world, which is none other than the law of death, which must - should - win out in the end. But for once, for the first time, it is love that will have philosophically prevailed, imposing its own law, the cosmic law of *the Incendium Amoris*. Fire against darkness, against the icy emptiness of darkness. The philosophical sunshine of the end, of the end after all ends, the intimate sunshine of the One Desire.

(And the waiting, the unbearable agonies of 'waiting'? What I'd like to be able to do, when the wrenching pain of the emptiness inside me suddenly becomes intolerable: get up from the table, open the flat door and, in the dark, go all the way downstairs. And then to walk straight ahead, to the very edge of the visible and the invisible, to cross Himalayan heights, in crystal-clear early morning air, on the vertiginously steep paths of the former clandestine meetings of Miguel Serrano and Indira Gandhi).

LATEST FLASHBACKS

We're travelling along sandy paths we've never seen before.
Father Thierry de Roucy

(424) Some thirty years ago or more, a naval officer friend of mine, Take C., a political refugee, had built himself a car-powered cruise boat, which he had more or less clandestinely moored alongside a rickety pontoon made of sun-dried planks that jumped perilously under our feet somewhere on an irretrievably deserted branch of the Seine upstream from Paris, in a wild, overgrown, impenetrable landscape, an obscure, spectral place, hemmed in between high, steep banks, far from everything.

And so it was that on a beautiful Sunday in August, in the blazing white sunshine, Take C. took me and two of my children, who were still very small at the time, for a walk. In the extraordinary silence and light, we had lunch on board, and then spent the whole afternoon losing ourselves in the mystery of this very special landscape, discreetly lulled and bewitched by the hypnotic imposition of the current of the Seine, a transparent, sparkling green, increasingly otherworldly.

I remember that on that day I was called upon to take part in a most singular phenomenon: once I was there, I suddenly experienced what it was like to step out of time, to mysteriously enter another state of reality. I was ecstatically caught up in the secret action of a superior world, pacified from within, limpid, made of joy and glory, myself undergoing a profound transmutation of my whole being, becoming someone else, free, entirely liberated, freed from all bitterness and all intimate weakness, filled with an ardent fire, living with an infinite, luminous joy, overflowing as if from an inexhaustible, exalted, all-powerful source. And it wasn't like a daydream that I was experiencing this transcendental splitting of myself, because it was my new state of being, my state of secret transfiguration that, at that moment, constituted reality.

of my life, already its only reality. In all conscience, I too could say that *I was* is another.

This limpid, burning world, this new, special reality, had lasted all afternoon, only to be extinguished when, with evening approaching, we had to leave these places to which the miracle of this enchanted day had in fact been closely linked. After that, for a long time, the luminous memory of that strange and troubling ecstatic escape from the shifting sands of immediate, conventional reality pursued me with the relentlessness of a living wound, until finally oblivion closed in on it and I lost all memory of it for some twenty years.

It so happened that this morning, as I was waking up, the flash of a *threshold dream* took me back to that miraculous afternoon on the Seine, causing to emerge intact - from the depths of the night, from the forbidden dwellings of my inward-looking oblivion - the whole image, as luminous as on the first day, of those places, of the ecstatic landscape, having found there the deepest secret of its rightful dwelling, of its radiance, of its living, preconceived glory.

So it seemed to me that, in the full light of the secretly waning summer, I was hiding, for some reason unknown to me, inside an old, very dilapidated wooden pavilion, a lookout pavilion, open on all sides, situated high up on the left bank of the hidden arm of the Seine - over which I had a bird's view and which a narrow iron bridge, quite low in relation to the surface of the water, crossed to unite the two banks. I then became aware that a young brunette woman, her long hair loose in the wind, dressed in a simple red dress, her feet and arms bare, pathetically huddled over herself, and shaken violently, without interruption, by loud sobs, was running, crying her eyes out, trying to cross the bridge from the left bank, at the bottom of the pavilion where I was standing; I immediately recognised this young woman as Aurora Cornu.

However, from the elevated position of the pavilion where I was standing, I could at the same time see a formidable black wave advancing up the arm of the Seine, foaming, high and fast, about to submerge the bridge that Aurora was crossing. She would undoubtedly be swept away by the swirling, raging violence of the suddenly rising current. What had happened to cause this wave to rise, this upheaval in the hitherto calm waters of the Seine? I didn't have time to ask myself.

I tried in vain to warn him off, shouting: "Aurora, look out! Watch out for the bridge ! " She was too far away to hear me, and the great

The black V-shaped wave reached the middle of the bridge at the very moment my friend arrived, oblivious to the danger, in her distress, crying, racing madly forward. The irremediable was about to happen.

Aurora miraculously passed the middle of the bridge just as the tip of the black wave reached it. Before the swirling mass submerged her, she had crossed the bridge without even realising the mortal danger she had just escaped. For long moments, the bridge remained completely covered by the waves. Once on the other side, she began to climb, still sobbing, the steps carved out of the earth that led to the steep summit of the hill facing her. When she reached the top, she disappeared behind the black and tawny curtain of high undergrowth, violently shaken by the wind.

In conclusion, the meaning of this dream seems to me to be quite obvious: Aurora Cornu has just escaped - is going to escape or has to escape - a very serious danger, perhaps even mortal, or a very dark disappointment in any case, without even realising it, and this as a necessary *concealed prelude* to an extremely happy change in her current existence (her sobs, the fact that she dodged the fatal accident on the bridge, the staircase she climbs to the other side, etc., herald the imminent arrival of this "happy" change).

At the same time, this dream can also be seen, in an impersonal symbolic dimension, as the harbinger of a profound, unexpected change in the direction of the 'great history' in progress, with its meaning - its figuration - concerning Aurora Cornu's own existential journey acting as a means of expression, a language that is both encrypted and revealing, designed to convey the suprahistorical message that has been intended to be communicated to us in a concealed, indirect, *protected* way.

Thus the *invisible* - the 'absolute', the 'indeterminate' - always providentially chooses figures to conceal what it intends to reveal and *transmit* to us, and its choices concern, as it were by the very force of things, instances of reality belonging to existences already predestined to this end, which, without knowing it, and sometimes even unwittingly, provide the language of the inexpressible with the very substance of its developments, of its own prophetic assertions.

In this case, the dream used Aurora Cornu to represent a reverberational message about the next ontological change. The 'great story', having 'unconsciously' thwarted, for no visible reason - just like Aurora Cornu in the middle of the fatal bridge in my dream - a total catastrophic instance of its current becoming, would find in the wake of this salutary resumption the great final auroral opening for which it finds itself occultly predestined *against all odds* (we need to establish a 'great story' in the middle of the fatal bridge in my dream).

significant relationship between the hidden announcement of this "grand final auroral opening" and the very name Aurora Cornu; think about it).

Which is not to say, of course, that we should neglect - or disregard - the utterly certain importance of this dream in relation to Aurora Cornu's *own existence*, as she is clearly involved in it. This is also it would be of the utmost interest if I could interview her as soon as possible to find out what she thinks of this dream, whose prophetic career has only just begun, both in terms of Aurora Cornu's own life and in terms of its immediate visionary implications for the current future of 'great history'.

The ambivalence conveyed by this dream, with Aurora's tragic appearance as she perilously crosses the bridge that calls her own life into question, secretly radiates a terrifying intercessional meaning, while at the same time conveying an assurance of salvation and deliverance, of a great final, 'auroral' liberation. I remain convinced that his reaction to the account of this dream is likely to include some unexpected, and no doubt decisive, revelations. In any case, we'll have to see. Serious things depend on it.

(425) I had lunch today with Aurora Cornu, at *Le Petit Niçois*, to tell her about my strange dream about her. As I had suspected, her own reactions to my story were completely unexpected, directed towards something dreadful, *something unacceptable*, something I hadn't even thought of for a moment, and so I found myself taken by surprise, completely turned round. What's more, she formally asked me to keep quiet about it, not to mention under any circumstances what she had confided to me on the subject. Superstition, certainly. But there's more to it than that: a certain knowledge of the occult mechanisms that link the world of dreams to that of reality, of the obstacles and also of the pitfalls that are always possible when dealing with these sometimes very dangerous relationships. "Above all, never talk about it. Never, ever, ever.

She then told me about a strange, confidential episode in her life, concerning a recently emerged memory of a past life in which she committed suicide by hanging herself following a fatal break-up, a very serious sentimental impediment, an episode that had had dramatic repercussions even in her present life, explaining - giving the hidden reasons for - her incredible - and incomprehensible - divorce from her husband, the novelist Marin Preda.

So once again I come up against the foolish and pitiful illusion of the pre-eminence of a reasonable, diurnal, transparent side of life, when the profound, decisive movements of our existence are secretly

all ordered by mystery, when everything is mystery and active unconsciousness of mystery. Aurora confessed to me that she had found the place and the very house, close to the village where she was born, where she had hanged herself as a young girl in a previous life, because of someone who, at the time, was perhaps a foreshadowing of Marin Preda, a young priest in a hopeless situation because of their affair. She had rediscovered the path leading up to her old house and the small wood nearby, all those places, with frightening clarity.

(426) In Sax Rohmer's *The Mask of Fu Manchu*, these lines reinforce the current state of the secret eschatological doctrine of the Envoy from the Land of the Heights;

"A serious study of the question proves that the founders of dynasties would be well advised to crown an empress rather than an emperor. According to an old tradition, the Far East will one day be ruled by a woman who will extend her empire over the whole world. A few years ago, an educated pandit assured me that a princess whose lineage goes back to the origin of the world, hidden in a monastery in Tartary or Tibet, was destined to become empress of the world. I believe that this tradition - or rather the group that has maintained it - is what is known as the Si Fan.

- A very old woman, no doubt?" I asked, growing increasingly astonished.

- It does not. It remains eternally young thanks to successive reincarnations; this is how it retains the wisdom of times gone by.

(427) As we know, there is a certain spectral actuality of reality that permanently and secretly splits the immediately avowable course of our existence, its conventional, external part, given to all. Take, for example, the mysterious and suddenly renewed relevance of Empress Elisabeth of Austria, assassinated by the highly dubious Italian anarchist Luigi Lucheni - we still don't know who was manipulating him behind the scenes - in September 1898, just over a century ago, in front of the Hotel Beau Rivage in Geneva, and to whom *Le Figaro Littéraire* has just devoted a special issue ("Sissi: la légende noire"). I can't help but think, in this instance, of the real cult of devotional adoration, of a very intimate order, that the Transylvanian Emile Cioran had dedicated, throughout his life, to the shadowy, troubling and torn figure of Titania, the secret name that Elisabeth had given herself.

In *Le Figaro Littéraire* of 10 September 1989, Marcel Schneider - the last great French Romantic, of dark Nervalian tendency, his heart bleeding from an incurable wound, but ritually overcome, I'm talking about a certain disappearance, which occurred during a black storm, a fateful storm - wrote:

"Elisabeth's only duty was to learn Hungarian to perfection and to interest the government in Vienna in the Magyar cause. Around 1875, after having given Franz Joseph four children, including the heir to the throne, Archduke Rudolph, she distanced herself more and more from the court, from her functions as sovereign and from her duties as a stateswoman, and this is how she became a legend as a hunted traveller, as a wandering star, as a deity of melancholy and death".

His sister Sophie, who became Duchess of Alençon through marriage, was burnt alive in a fire in the Bazar de la Charité in Paris, and his son, Archduke Rodolphe, committed suicide under very obscure circumstances at Mayerling, all contributed to his aura of darkness and unrelenting misfortune.

Elisabeth," writes Marcel Schneider, "could only find joy and deep satisfaction in her own imagination, hence her perpetual journeys in search of what? Of herself, of her own self projected into a fairytale world. She indulged in an dream in which her own image played role of divinity. The religious and the mystical merged with an almost delirious overestimation of her princely birth in order to turn herself into a metaphysical emblem. Elisabeth of Bavaria played a magical game with her image in order to establish a new religion, whose three dogmas were beauty, enchantment and the eternal feminine. At a time when the mystique of terrorism and violence was intensifying its ravages, she offered herself as a victim to the glorification of the self, to this royal narcissism that she brought to incandescence".

On the eve of her death, she said to a young Frenchwoman in her company: *"Look at the moon! How sad she looks tonight! She's bathed in her own blood.*

"She was mad about her beauty, just as Thérèse of Lisieux was mad about her soul. Hence her mania for slenderness, for thinness pushed to the point of transparency. She hardly ate at all, drank only water, and spent hours at the rings, the bars and the stretching exercises, which gave her this extraordinary figure, this dream of a body, this astral body that astounded her contemporaries". comparing the black figuration of Elisabeth of Austria with the increasingly radiant and resplendent figure of Thérèse of Lisieux, Marcel Schneider had a dazzling insight: In these two young women, so dramatically torn apart within themselves, so intimately devoured by darkness and light, the twentieth century had found the antagonistic identity of its own weight of being and non-being, the secret key to what was providentially closing in on it forever, and already as if beyond time: the predestination of a century that had undergone the decisive test of confrontation with the ultimate precipices.

In any case, just like the resplendent glory of Thérèse of Lisieux, the black legend of Elisabeth of Austria has ceased to intensify, to become, since her death, more and more assertive, certain, paroxysmal. In the case of Elisabeth of Austria, this legend is based on a misunderstanding that is as devious as it is fundamental. In reality, there was absolutely nothing royal or imperial about Titania. On the contrary, in her distorted, nocturnal, hallucinatory existence, she embodied the very opposite of the luminous, solar idea of royalty by divine right. She hated herself, she hated everything she should have been: fundamentally nihilistic, intimately and irreversibly subjugated to the worst extremes, the worst aberrations and the worst prostitutions to the cause of a certain activism, a leftist before her time, enslaved to all subversions and deviances, Elisabeth of Austria had given herself without measure to *her share of darkness*.

She was an avant-garde figure in the social and moral subversion, the black insanity that, in the following century, was to take hold of the European elites, fascinated by the call to self-destruction to which most of them, particularly in Western Europe, were so mysteriously to respond. A pitiful rag floating in the black winds of the emerging infernos of sub-humanity at the end of its course, Sissi's history - her career - was nothing more than the nocturnal story a long and atrocious betrayal of class, a *shameful illness*. Everything converged on her to lose her, the work of an immense evil spell conceived in the shadows, the only chance of salvation, the providential opening of total love, the fire of absolute love, having denied her. Why

? There is no answer to this kind of question, placed in advance under the impassable ban of the extraordinarily dangerous attention of the *guardian of the threshold*. One word too many and nameless precipices open up abruptly beneath our feet.

There is also the secret of the scenario of her death, a scenario that is actually inconceivable, even if on the surface it conforms to the official version of the facts, but *deep down, what is it?* I myself spent a whole afternoon in meditation and mediumistic vigil on the quay the Beau Rivage hotel in Geneva, the very place where she met her death. It is in *the execution of Elisabeth of Austria* that we must try to find - intercept - the ultimate cipher of the whole course of her existence, because, at a certain level, there can hardly be any doubt that there was an *execution*. Elisabeth of Austria's death is the unveiling of her *true face*.

(428) It is only now that we can foresee the terrifying infiltration of the black waters of non-being and death that, long before the First World War, had penetrated and undermined, subterranean and incapable, the sacred foundations of Vienna's imperial identity and, by extension, the city's cultural identity.

of the Holy German Empire in its final figuration. So it was that the black crevasse mediumnistically fomented by Titania, and supported by the subversive powers she had unconsciously set in motion, ended up sweeping everything away.

It's because, very secretly, in its turn, in the background of history, the spiritual - or rather anti-spiritual - family has taken charge of it.

- of "Dr Falk Schenck", Elisabeth of Austria no longer had any chance of freeing herself from the hold exerted over her by the power of darkness. The same Dr Falk Schenck who, a century earlier, had used the magic and diabolism of his occult art to do away with Louis XVI and Marie-Antoinette, and with the French monarchy of divine right.

In *Le Gué des louves*, I showed how the same nocturnal lineage of doctors Falk Schenck came to cross paths with my own family in an extraordinary clandestine trial of strength some fifty years ago, and how this confrontation ended up turning out to be the most dangerous of all.

- exceptionally - in our favour, Dr Falk Schenck's schemes in P., on banks of the Argès, being foiled and turned, unbeknownst to us, mysteriously against himself and his action group.

(429) Is this ancient history, *just* ancient history? I don't think so. Somewhere in the shadows, I can still feel the presence of Dr Falk Schenck behind me, watching over the course of my existence, watching over the continuity of my actions, both visible and invisible, and I know it will be like that *until the end*. Always on the lookout, constantly watching for the opportunity to intervene, to delay or prevent me from doing what I have to do.

Of course, over all these years, Dr Falk Schenck has not finished depersonalising himself, moving ever closer to the conceptual state of his primary state, just as I have, for that matter. As we approach the end of history, are also approaching the end of our own historial, the anticipated denouement of the terrifying dialectic of tension that has pitted us against each other over the centuries: a tension that is as occult as it is decisive, foundational, the bearer of the very mystery of history. All things not to be said.

(430) Yevgeny Maximovich Primakov has just been appointed prime minister. Chaos is setting in in Russia, and suddenly everything seems on the verge of tipping over into the bloody void of previous beginnings, with the spectre of communism creeping back to the surface.

Russia's political and economic disaster has been organised in the shadows since 1 outside: by attacking Russia, the power of darkness at work in the world's current history is attacking the ongoing concept of the great

Europe and its Eurasian grand-continental imperial ambitions. It is in fact Russia which, geopolitically as well as in terms of its 'great destiny', provides the bridge of passage and integration for the Carolingian Franco-German pole Greater Siberia, India and Japan, and the present attempt to neutralise Russia politically and economically is intended to prevent, to block the forward march of the process of imperial and polar mobilisation of the great continent of Europe, the eventual constitution of the Eurasian empire of the End for which we are fighting, we the "midnight workers" of revolutionary completion, of the immediate eschatological setting of the present history of the world, which has entered its ultimate terminal cycle.

It is Germany that must today be blamed, first and foremost, for the present catastrophe in Russia, because it was Germany that had the task of organising and promoting, after the collapse of Soviet communism, the emerging national-revolutionary forces in Russia, of supporting and arming them, both doctrinally and in terms of immediate political action, so that the national-revolutionary home front can really concentrate on dismantling the last remaining foci of the Soviet conspiracy, and at the same time confront the external offensive of world capitalism, which conceals the permanent subversive action of US global imperialism.

Why was Germany not in a position to fulfil its special task with regard to the New Russia? Because, internally, Germany itself found itself neutralised, politically blocked by the constant onslaught of socialist-communist and leftist-Trotskyist subversion, which was still going on underground, an onslaught which the regime of Chancellor Helmut Kohl was unable to counter-strategise and which could have contained and finally annihilated the negative work of the Marxist opposition. And this is because of the extraordinary state of progressive hemiplegia with which Germany is so dramatically afflicted, as a result of the impotence of an inept political class corrupted to the bone, alienated *by the guilt-tripping* it has been made to undergo and assume since 1943, and which has ended up becoming a fundamental condition of present-day German politico-historical consciousness.

However, this abysmal guilt-tripping of its national political and historical consciousness is not unique to Germany; Europe as a whole - and France in particular in recent years - has found itself forced into the same alienation, subversively concerted with a view to neutralising its own powers of decision-making and offensive political assertion.

Revolutionary self-exculpation of the political and historical consciousness of Germany and Europe is thus becoming the absolutely fundamental condition for any new beginning of a different destiny for Europe, the very founding condition of a New Europe in line with its subsequent Eurasian grand-continental predestination.

The facts are proving it: the history of Europe's political-historical decadence, its suicidal march towards total resignation and irreversible impotence, is openly identified with the history of the rise to power of European socialism in Germany, France, Great Britain, Italy, Spain, Belgium and the Netherlands. Socialism is the terminal AIDS of current European history.

For it is socialism that is at the root of Europe's guilt-tripping and, once again, Europe's revolutionary self-guilt-tripping is the first condition for its liberation, for setting in motion the process of its reunion with its own destiny, with its new revolutionary imperial destiny at the end.

There's no point in hiding it: the arrival in power in Germany of socialist coalition of the new Chancellor Gerhard Schröder represents an apocalyptic defeat for Europe along the great Eurasian continental line, the equivalent, in the present circumstances, of the politico-historical defeat of 1945. How can we overcome this terrible setback to the destiny of European freedom, of which Gerhard Schröder is now the symbol and the axis of reversal? What counter-strategy can we adopt to counter this sudden breach of the dykes? *What can we do about it?*

(431) History will always reveal itself in a different light, depending on the level of intelligence that fixes its gaze on it, depending on the level that we devote to approaching it: the more we operate behind the scenes, the more it shows itself in an unexpected light, quite different from that of its conventional meaning. Strictly speaking, then, there is no limit to the revelations that can result from a truly adventurous exploration of the backstage of history: we soon realise that *anything is possible*. Even, and above all, the unthinkable.

Yesterday, *London's Daily Telegraph* reported on a series of documents that have recently come to light, revealing an extraordinarily explosive sequence, belonging to the most obscure areas, the deep, forbidden backstage areas, of current world history: *Operation Unthinkable*, which, emanating from Winston Churchill's confidential war cabinet, proposed to him, barely two weeks after the signing of the armistice, on 22 May 1945 - in a document of some thirty pages - that the Allies launch a pre-emptive war against the Soviet Union.

The surprise attack was to have taken place on 1 July 1945 and involved 47 Allied, American and British divisions, as well as ten or so hastily rearmed German divisions (a total of 100,000 German soldiers to back up half a million Allied soldiers) on a strategic line stretching from the Baltic to Dresden. *"The planners of Operation Unthinkable estimated that Stalin would invade Turkey, Greece and the oilfields of Iran and Iraq in retaliation. France and the Netherlands were to expect sabotage operations, and Italy a possible Communist takeover."*

At the same time, the immediate political takeover of the whole Eastern Europe would have been entrusted to the Soviet military forces on the ground, who would have had to act with unstoppable suddenness and violence. Rejected by Winston Churchill, *the unthinkable Operation* did not take place: if it had, it is absolutely certain that the face of the world would have been completely changed.

Once again, Winston Churchill appears, mysteriously, to be the main culprit behind the European disaster of 1945: as early as 1940, he had succeeded in sabotaging the attempt by Rudolf Hess and the Duke of Hamilton - whom he had immediately afterwards had assassinated by the military secret services - to turn continental Europe against the Soviet Union. And I say *mysteriously* because the time undoubtedly come to ask *who Winston Churchill was - what he had become* and what subterranean influences, acting in the shadows, from *the invisible*, had influenced him in the ultimate secret of his being. Behind the conventional course of history, there is always an unknown story, a third dimension of history.

To this third dimension also belongs the secret project that obsessed Stalin throughout the uncertain years 1946-1954, about a Germany - a Greater Germany - liberated from the occupation of the quadripartite forces, totally free economically and politically (on condition, however, of the principled military neutralisation of the two antagonistic American and Soviet blocs), a reunified Germany, at the head of which Stalin intended to install Rudolf Hess (see the top-secret Soviet plans to release Rudolf Hess from the Berlin prison of Spandau and transfer him to a safe place, pending his arrival as president of the new, neutralised Greater Germany). At Lavrenti Beria's final trial, following Stalin's death, the main secret charge against him was his personal participation in and support for Stalin's "pro-German plot".

I would also mention, to illustrate the doctrine of the third dimension of history, the project for the reversal of alliances that General de Gaulle

Revolutionary self-exculpation of the political and historical consciousness of Germany and Europe is thus becoming the absolutely fundamental condition for any new beginning of a different destiny for Europe, the very founding condition of a New Europe in line its subsequent Eurasian grand-continental predestination.

The facts are proving it: the history of Europe's political-historical decadence, its suicidal march towards total resignation and irreversible impotence, is openly identified with the history of the rise to power of European socialism in Germany, France, Great Britain, Italy, Spain, Belgium and the Netherlands. Socialism is the terminal AIDS of current European history.

For it is socialism that is at root of Europe's guilt-tripping and, once again, Europe's revolutionary self-guilt-tripping is the first condition for its liberation, for setting in motion the process of its reunion with its own destiny, with its new revolutionary imperial destiny at the end.

There is no point in hiding it: the arrival in power in Germany of the socialist coalition of the new Chancellor Gerhard Schröder constitutes an apocalyptic defeat for Europe along the Eurasian continental line, the equivalent in the present circumstances of the politico-historical defeat of 1945. How can we overcome this terrible setback to the destiny of European freedom, of which Gerhard Schröder is now the symbol and the axis of reversal? What counter-strategy can we adopt to counter this sudden breach of the dykes? *What can we do about it?*

(431) History will always reveal itself in a different light, depending on the level of intelligence that fixes its gaze on it, depending on the level that we devote to its approach: the more we operate behind the scenes, the more it shows itself in an unexpected light, quite different from that of its conventional meaning. Strictly speaking, then, there is no limit to the revelations that can result from a truly adventurous exploration of the backstage of history: we soon realise that *anything is possible*. Even, and above all, the unthinkable.

Yesterday, *London's Daily Telegraph* reported on a series of documents that have recently come to light, revealing an extraordinarily explosive sequence, belonging to the most obscure areas, the deep, forbidden backstage areas, of current world history: *Operation Unthinkable*, which, emanating from Winston Churchill's confidential war cabinet, proposed to him, barely two weeks after the signing of the armistice, on 22 May 1945 - in a document of some thirty pages - that the Allies launch a pre-emptive war against the Soviet Union.

The surprise attack was to have taken place on 1 July 1945 and involved 47 Allied, American and British divisions, as well as ten or so hastily rearmed German divisions (a total of 100,000 German soldiers to back up half a million Allied soldiers) on a strategic line stretching from the Baltic to Dresden. *"The of Operation Unthinkable estimated Stalin would invade Turkey, Greece and the oilfields of Iran and Iraq in retaliation. France and the Netherlands were to expect large-scale sabotage operations, and Italy a possible Communist takeover."*

At the same time, the immediate political takeover of the whole of Eastern Europe would have been entrusted to the Soviet military forces on the ground, who would have had to act with unstoppable suddenness and violence. Rejected by Winston Churchill, *the unthinkable Operation* did not take place: if it had, it is absolutely certain that the face of the world would have been completely changed.

Once again, Winston Churchill appears, mysteriously, to be the main culprit behind the European disaster of 1945: as early as 1940, he had succeeded in sabotaging the attempt by Rudolf Hess and the Duke of Hamilton - whom he had immediately afterwards had assassinated by the military secret services - to turn continental Europe against the Soviet Union. And I say *mysteriously* because the time has undoubtedly come to ask *who Winston Churchill was - what he had become* and what subterranean influences, acting in the shadows, from *the invisible*, had influenced him in the ultimate secret of his being. Behind the conventional course of history, there is always an unknown story, a third dimension of history.

To this third dimension also belongs the secret project that obsessed Stalin throughout the uncertain years 1946-1954, about a Germany - a Greater Germany - liberated from the occupation of the quadripartite forces, totally free economically and politically (on condition, however, of the principled military neutralisation of the two antagonistic American and Soviet blocs), a reunified Germany, at the head of which Stalin intended to install Rudolf Hess (see the top-secret Soviet plans to release Rudolf Hess from the Berlin prison of Spandau and transfer him to a safe place, pending his arrival as president of the new, neutralised Greater Germany). At Lavrenti Beria's final trial, following Stalin's death, the main secret charge against him was his personal participation in and support for Stalin's "pro-German plot".

I would also mention, to illustrate the doctrine of the third dimension of history, the project for the reversal of alliances that General de Gaulle

had at one time examined - very precisely during the German offensive in the Ardennes, which had been rather adventurously nurtured - when he had thought of a politico-military uprising by France against the United States, in the event that the latter should have given the go-ahead to their plans to impose on France the status of a country under American military occupation. With this in mind, preliminary contacts had even been made between Paris and Berlin in Switzerland.

All this belongs to what we might call the secret, hidden zone of history, the zone of the "third dimension of history". But we must not forget that this secret zone, which concerns the hidden states of political reality, of projects and decisions of a higher political order, is doubled by a fourth transcendental dimension, the zone proper to the mystery of History, the occult zone where it is the Spirit itself that acts directly. This concerns the fundamental mystery in action: in History, there is an active dialectic of secret and mystery.

(432) Many thanks indeed to François Ducos, who has just republished *Les Filles de la nuit* by Jean-Louis Bouquet, a collection of some of the most important occultist writings by the author of *Le Soleil noir d'Ermenonville* (with, as a bonus, two moving photos of Jean-Louis Bouquet as a wise young man).

After some twenty years, when Jean-Louis Bouquet's writings had remained completely untraceable, I was able to rediscover, intact, the strange, extreme fascination that the experience of the high magic of the operative constituted by simple fact of actively approaching this work unlike any other - not at all, and of what lies hidden behind the bushes of shadows and the disturbing glimmers of light from beyond that arm its course, the hypnotic developments, the affirmation always implied, and as if whispered in the incestuous blackness of dawn.

So I rushed off to reread *La Cité d'ombre*, which evokes a recent reappearance of Diana Vaughan, in a pavilion hidden "under the shadows of an old private avenue in Auteuil", in fact an "old meeting house". What vertigo and, like *Les Pénitentes de la merci*, what the ultimate summit of a certain literary experience that goes beyond literature. It's a fact: whether we like it or not, Jean-Louis Bouquet's 'black writings' are the only truly fantastic French literature to date. It's high time Jean-Louis Bouquet found his rightful place among the greats, alongside the likes of Nerval, Bosco and Montaigu. Let justice be done to him, it is now a question of the very being of a certain literature of limits, the *secret mission* of a certain French literature that will always be more than literature, a direct intervention of the supernatural in action.

In *The City of Shadows*, is it Diana Vaughan or Diana Vernon who appears? The unknown visitor to the mysterious Auteuil pavilion speaks, and what she says is a fiery prophecy:

I have said all I had to say!" she declared, "What I can add is that I spoke in an intermediate state. I have, as you know, two personalities, which often clash, contradict each other, clash..."

- Well," interrupted Emmanuel Lambert, not quite able to suppress a smile, but admitting it, "who are we dealing with here? Diana Vernon or Diana Vaughan?

The respondent then seemed to reflect with candid application and, after a moment's silence, gave this oblique answer:

- *I was able to play the prophetess, but some words were really dictated to me, while with others, a part of me protested against what I was forced to say...*

- *And WHO was dictating?* asked Lambert.

- *He who already sees himself as the victor, and who trumpets his future triumph. Just as Adanoi once sent the Nabisi to announce his Messiah, so the Adversary loves to spit his impatient hatred in the face of humanity and foretell the ignominious end he has in store...*

- *Who the hell are you talking about? You've come, I imagine, to denounce the legendary old Satan.*

- *Satan and Lucifer are more or less profane nicknames," he explained calmly. "Diana". For the initiated, the real name is SAMAEL, which means The Supreme Poison, who will kill all living things, who will even be the Poison of God."*

Turning the conversation round, Lambert continued:

- *You've just predicted the birth of the mother of the Antichrist.*

- *Predict? Not at all. I'm talking about something that has already happened. A few days ago, at the end of last year...*

- *And... where is this predestined child?*

- *Her mother H  lena had given birth very close to an illustrious Asian sanctuary... Helena herself had been given birth by an old enemy, Sophie Waldner, in an underground outbuilding of the ancient Temple of Jerusalem, known as Solomon's Stables. As for the Antichrist himself, he was born in Rome itself, in a secret crypt beneath St Peter's Church, but he made a triumphal journey from childhood to be shown to the faithful, and it was in Paris that he was baptised... Oh! an infernal baptism.*

- *You talk about "mothers", Sophie Waldner, H  lena, Sophia-H  lena... But... who are the fathers?*

- *They're not... men! These women have been impregnated, and the last one will be by what used to be called incubi.*
- *Demons, in short?*
- *Samael himself will give birth to the Antichrist, who will be the son of the good God.*
- *You also said that a deluge of fire would destroy the world. And there would be devotees, Palladists, to applaud this general extermination? Wouldn't they also be the victims?*
- *That may well be. But the Great Liar has promised to preserve them, or rather their descendants, and to deliver them a new universe, where turpitude will flourish in the full light of day. Whether he keeps his word is another matter! Before that, the disturbing stranger, the visitor to the mysterious Auteuil ,*
had also said:
 - *No doubt, in your minds, my madness is no longer in doubt. Well, 'the madwoman' warns you: this century will not end without this Being to come, the one the Palladists are calling for, having transformed the whole Earth into an abominable mass grave, opening the way to an immoral humanity, fundamentally depraved, impregnated with demonic breaths and heading straight for a new deluge, a deluge of fire. Only beings who are fundamentally pure, who renounce the glamour of a deviant civilisation and the ever-new temptations of the cursed Tree of Science, and who turn towards a spiritual life, which, moreover, the official religions practised only illuminate with faint lights that are often clouded by the aberrations of misguided priests, will be able to escape the catastrophe.*

From sentence to sentence, the woman's voice curiously changed regime, going without transition from the stormy accents of a professional tragedienne to the suavity of an angelic teenager.

"- To avoid this END OF TIME, O You Occultists, you should... you should..."

(433) You will recall that in the second chapter of this book I myself tackled the problem of *Diana Vaughan's* true identity under the title '*Towards a return of Diana Vaughan*'. And I confess that I regard Jean-Louis Bouquet's short story, *The City of Shadows*, not as literature, but as a visionary and prophetic work of the utmost importance, as an abrupt and highly mysterious entry from the invisible, from the 'other world', into the realm of our everyday lives, which is reputed - no doubt wrongly - to be devoid of all danger. And yet it is in our everyday lives that everything happens, that everything has to happen.

(434) In fact, in a rather enigmatic "Note from the author" at the beginning his novel, he wrote the following:

"This story is divided into two parts: the first (and largest in terms of size) relates events set in 1930, and was written and registered with the Société des Auteurs de Paris on 21 April 1938 under no. 4024 (this clarification was made in order to avoid any dispute or controversy, given the nature of the subject). The second part, on the other hand, relates to events that are much more recent, but which undoubtedly add curious details for lovers of the unusual. Logically, the author should plan a third part, but set in a time when he will no longer be alive to record it. When the time comes, some other writer will perhaps complete things.

I repeat, underlining: The author must plan a third part, but set in such a time that he will no longer be alive to record it. When the time comes, some other writer will perhaps complete things.

(435) At the same time, I remain entirely convinced that there is a deep, hidden relationship between Jean-Louis Bouquet's short story, *The City of Shadows*, and my current journey along the *line of passage*, a hidden relationship that also includes the active participation of Saint Thérèse of Lisieux - albeit very occult - and even her very presence, in an invisible that has undergone certain *accommodations*. What happened between Saint Thérèse of Lisieux and Diana Vaughan at the time still reverberates, very secretly, somewhere, although it has undergone subsequent modifications that are perhaps unthinkable to the rest of us.

The real secrets of the afterlife are beyond our reach. But *not always*, and for reasons that are even more obscure than what they have to hide, or only partially reveal. But let's not talk about it any more, it's much better that way. In any case, even if the dreadful - and often indiscernible - wiles of the Adversary are infinite, the saving powers of Divine Compassion will always go beyond all indiscernibility.

(433) Last night I had another dream that I absolutely had to write down. To make it the basis of a great subsequent work on myself, a work of reconquest of my own forbidden depths, of my own ontological oblivion of myself, of the most secret nocturnal precipices of the unknown, of the 'great unknown'. A dream I had in Paris on the night of 27 to 28 August 1998.

After interminable fights, of an atrocity as blind as it was imbecilic, muddled, sticky, a whole theory of demonic forces following one another in dizzying succession at the task, but, all the same, essentially factitious, I managed to free myself from them in the entrance to a street slightly

Then I turned left and found myself in a wide, beautiful avenue that opened out into the sunshine far ahead of me, with tall, pale-walled houses to the left and right, of sober, princely, old-fashioned architectural elegance. An immense silence reigned there, a calm and luminous silence, a silence as if from beyond the world.

Now, advancing, not without a certain slowness, in this avenue, I surprise on the left-hand pavement a young and very beautiful woman, tall, slender, her face half-covered by a black veil. About to leave her house, she lingers, closing the door in a rather languid manner, as if to attract my attention and interrupt my walk. However, despite the strong desire I had to comply with her masked injunction, I refrained from doing so and went on my way, struggling to control my confusion and the dark, ardent attraction she had secretly exerted over me.

Immediately afterwards I arrived at a vast circular square, with a round space in the middle, a polar centrality in action, richly decorated with flowers. The daylight had become dazzling, radiant, paroxysmally white, and seemed to emanate from the heart of the square itself. It's only now that I realise that this was an urban site of great significance, symbolically named Place de l'Eternel Retour (Square of the Eternal Return). Couples with shadowy faces lined the perimeter of the square, moving with great difficulty, as if they had had to carry it with them over and over again in some intimate restraint, made up of exhaustion, uncertainty and profound self-forgetfulness.

(I have to make this clear from the outset: my own despair is extreme because of the fundamental, and I would even say fatal, incompatibility that appears every time between the immediate experience of the dream and what remains of it a few hours later, if not a few moments later, and even more so when it comes to writing about it, because *everything gets lost*.)

It is almost never possible to capture in writing the sharp, vivid, super-powerful inner impression of certain dreams that we should rightly regard as decisive instances of our existence as a whole, of our day and night existence. The very thing that should have constituted the indisputable part of participation in another order of reality, in a space of consciousness and experience that is superior, and even most certainly supernatural, will always escape. No, the mysterious, intimate reality of the dream can never be understood except in terms of its immediate experience, and does not bear any form of repetition, deferred approach, subsequent recurrence or even recollection.

So what could be more futile than my present attempt to write down the memory that remains of my dream from the night of 27 to 28 August last? But

whatever. I want a trace of it to remain, however tenuous it may be, compromised and watered down, already devastated by subtle and black oblivion acting in this case on behalf of those abysses from which it had so briefly emerged, who knows for what reason, no doubt providential, as it seems to me I must assume).

I'll go on with my story: as soon as I caught myself in the wide, sunny avenue leading to the circular square - the Place of the Eternal Return - with its exceptionally well-tended centre (flowers galore, in deep, intense shades of blue), I had the feeling that I was returning to a place I had known for a long time.

- I had forgotten them for a very long time, and now I recognised them perfectly again, emerging from the most secret nocturnal precipices of my oblivion, from my most forbidden unconscious, as I embarked on them, as I retraced an obligatory path, of a confidentially initiatory nature.

In my dream, I knew I was reliving a journey I had already taken; it was about Geneva, a certain district of Geneva, where I experienced - at some other time, and in what other life, how should I know? - certainties, and unheard-of joys, a long season of superhuman, *divine* allegiance. All this I once again knew, I knew that I knew it for a hidden purpose - which persisted in still being hidden from me - but which will soon be revealed to me, if only partially, and this revelation will be called upon to be my new life, or rather the recommencement of an old life of mine, thus subversively brought to meet the ultimate clarity of its own immobile eternity, finally reached.

Beyond the circular, sunny square - the Place de l'Eternel Retour

- an avenue sloped gently down, which I took, carried forward by my own footsteps. What I remembered was that at the end of this new avenue, I was going to come up against a sort of barrier, the end of a cul-de-sac formed by a block of old houses with whitewashed walls, which left a narrow passage to the right, an alleyway leading to another part of the city. On the pavement of the block of houses that formed the end of the cul-de-sac, there must also have been - or at least I knew there had been, it was something I remembered with complete certainty - a boarded-up shack where a thriving book trade was run, specialising in initiatic works, active occultism and the 'secret sciences'.

And, above all, I knew that the sign of this business had an ultra-cryptic meaning, a motto concealing, in the very text of its statement, a revelation of formidable importance and magical power, on a cosmic, 'metagalactic' level, the equivalent of the very word of the

"great liberation". Deep down inside, I was burning with impatience to return to the spectacle of this mysterious sign, so humble and so dangerous at the same time, exposing such prodigious, thinly veiled secrets for all to see.

At the same time, I knew that I mustn't hurry to get where I needed to go, to force the pace of my *arranged walk*; that I had to respect and follow, with feigned nonchalant inattention, the proposals of the route planned by the descent of this avenue trapped in advance in its outcome, all its proposals. But what I didn't know was that in the meantime - I mean since I'd last been here - everything had changed, that things were no longer going to appear to me as I'd known them 'in other times'.

Nevertheless, as I walked down the avenue, I recognised on my right a church whose façade, raised by a high staircase, took up the whole width of a dead-end alleyway, adjoining a quiet, deserted square with a row of old lime trees and a few benches. "The church of Saint John Borromeo", I caught myself saying. And then, still on my right, the long, bay-windowed façade of a business with the strange sign of *L'initié de Sainte-Amantyne*. Behind the windows, a number of faces seemed to be watching me from the shadows, so I didn't linger.

A little further on I passed a number of wooden shacks painted green and red, closed off from each other.

- It was midday, lunchtime - and they were all home to a group of second-hand bookshops specialising in occult books (old books, most of them dating back to the 1930s or so, unknown editions, clandestine editions, as well as quite a few typewritten manuscripts; handwritten notebooks too, in a strange style, with red, green and purple ink). At the end of the avenue, to my abrupt surprise, I found myself the end of a completely different cul-de-sac: not the slightest trace of the boarded-up shop with the highly revealing sign, nor of the block of whitewashed houses that should have closed off the cul-de-sac.

Instead of all that, there was now a tall modern building of about ten storeys, with long glass balconies, overlooking a square in the avenue with large trees, full of shade, bushes and, at the front, regular rows of ornamental plants with thin, very long, silvery-green leaves, glistening in the bright midday light, and which the wind made rub against each other with a faint, haunting metallic noise.

It was there - at the sight of this building, this square - that I was struck as if by the sudden explosion of an unheard-of light, which broke - broke

- suddenly recognised the place - I recognised everything - and immediately remembered everything.

For it was there, in a certain flat in that building, that I had experienced - who knows how many years ago, and who knows in what other life of mine, unless it was still in this very life, but in a forgotten part of it - a secret period of high joy, of absolute certainty, of superhuman will and power, of burning, ardent, loving fulfilment that had carried me far, far beyond the most extreme limits of human existence.

I liken very secret place of superhuman amorous exaltation to the supratemporal nuptial refuge in the heights of Prague, where the mysterious split hero of Gustav Meyrink's operative novel *The Golem*, and the young Jewish woman who was lovingly predestined for him eventually reach the end of their initiatory and so dramatically probationary journey when they are given the opportunity to leave the hopeless darkness their derelict exile, in the deepest oblivion of themselves and their transcendental, divine, superhuman, fundamentally eschatological bond.

In the depths of my dream, a forbidden channel opened up to reach once again the place where I had just arrived, or rather that I had given a glimpse of once again, for the space of a flash, the dazzling space of waking up, the place where I had been absolutely identical to myself, dogmatically restored to my first and ultimate nuptial identity, supratemporal, imperial and divine. I know that all this was, and that I myself was there. When, exactly? And who was I there with? In other words, *who was she*? And in what precise existential circumstances? That's what I don't know: I was able to back as far as the threshold, but the threshold itself I 't cross in this dream. Not this time, but I'll come back to it. By what means

? *By revolutionary means.*

(434) The fortunate and highly unexpected excavation the inner time of my abyssal and already almost timeless, almost impersonal becoming by the fleeting flash of light from my dream this morning can also serve as a revelation of a whole operative problematic concerning the mysteries of the ontological amnesia responsible for barring access, the passages between the different metapsychic regions constituting the dogmatic supratemporal identity of certain predestined existences.

- like mine, as it seems to me - to long journeys from life to life and even, sometimes, within the same life, the same existence. It may be that within the same existence there are periods of immense, unbearable distress, or of too much enlightenment,

It is an equally unbearable situation, surrounded, protected and separated by the impassable darkness of ontological amnesia, the empty walls of abysmal oblivion with no recourse.

(435) The jaws of iron and darkness of ontological amnesia were opened, and the vivid glow of the forbidden 'old memory' was set free for a few moments: a sudden recollection of a long period of luminous, ardent, superhuman joy, of a loving encounter and fulfilment experienced on the ultimate snowy, polar summits of being; and, also, the feeling of a clandestine return to the hidden lair of eternal sunshine. But a feeling devoid of any existential memory, a limpid intimate certainty detached from any commitment, any circumstantial relationship: nothing other than the emptiness of the insubstantial memory of a time when my life had been struck full force by the unheard-of conflagrations of the *Incendium Amoris*. No name, no face, no shadow of a shadow of any story, just the place fleetingly rediscovered and, in that place, the unbroken persistence of the light of the former mad dazzle I had experienced there.

I had found the place - the places - but I hadn't been able to find - this time at least - the story, the memory of what had happened there, exactly, how, or above all *with whom*: only the reflection of the sun in the water, but not the very clarity of the ancient sun of life and glory seen in the face, close up, within reach of my lips, of the very breath of my life. Like a kind of illusion, or just something more. Because there was still *something more*.

(436) In *Alexandre* in December 1998, André Murcie concluded his review of Henri Bosco's short novel *Le Récif* Gallimard as follows

It doesn't take much for the return to happen. All it takes is one man, one man alone. And why shouldn't we be that man? Silence."

(437) So I know what I have to do: the path is now clearly laid out before me, and it must lead me to the final deliverance, to the 'great liberation'. May I succeed in reaching, in the depths of my abyssal unconscious, beyond the intractable prohibitions of ontological amnesia, the place where in my dream last night I was so miraculously led to rediscover the *living memory* of my former accession to the polar centre of my most occult dogmatic identity, the memory, I mean, of the building in a mysterious, unknown part of Geneva - with the wooded square in front of it, bathed in the clear, fresh morning sun - where *all this* had already taken place.

And once I'm there again, I force the gates of darkness and high emptiness that guard access to it, to reach within myself the immemorial memory of what happened there, the history, the circumstances, the secret identity and even the very face of the person with whom I was there 'at that time'. Breaking down the inner ramparts of ontological amnesia means breaking down the power of death, gaining access to a supra-temporal existence, to *immortality*, in other words, regaining the Golden Fleece, returning victoriously from the supreme voyage of initiation to Colchis.

(438) The extraordinary revelation that emerges from my initiatory dream last night clearly affirms that I have already experienced deliverance, the 'great liberation', but in another time and in another inner space of my own present existence, which I have forgotten, and which I must therefore succeed at all costs in reaching once again within myself, the *second time*. And so I am reminded of Mircea Eliade's obsessive and mysterious proposition that *only the second bottle counts*. The final, decisive, fundamental experience of liberation is rediscovering what has already been given to you once and which you have lost. The final experience of the 'great liberation' is to know immediately and to the end the Orphic mystery of the *paths return*.

So, in a certain sense, there's no problem with my final salvation: salvation, deliverance, the 'great liberation' can never be anything other than the recollection within oneself of something that has already happened, and which must be relived once again, completely and definitively. What I had been searching so desperately for over the last few years, I already had, I carried the abysmal secret buried deep within me.

What remains to be determined, then, are the modalities, the form that the experience of the paths of return should take. Is it to be a hypnagogic search, or is it to be a search at the level of the immediate reality of things, an attempt to find *that place* in the external, objective space of this world, where it is located? Where it had never ceased to be, outside the darkness of my initiatory amnesia?

(439) Through some subterranean accointment with reminiscent signs, this morning I came across the following fragment of Henri Bosco's unfinished novel, *Une Ombre*, which I had not yet read, and which I picked up yesterday in the Trocadero library:

"How years have I been looking for? Yes, how many?"

And I can't seem to tie up the thread again. Sometimes I pull a piece out of oblivion, but I don't know where to bind it. A hole, an abyss, has opened up in my existence at

the time I made this insane journey. I have to fill this hole, this abyss.

But is it possible?// is as deep as a grave. It is almost as if I were dead. But I lived, because I still live, because I know I lived, even though I've forgotten what that life was like...

Where did it go? Is it so far from me that I can't even desperately reach it? Was it in me that it was shipwrecked? In our depths, as in the depths of the sea, there are abysses from which what sinks to the bottom never rises to the light. I once lost a happy part of myself. And I'm searching for it passionately because I loved it.

That's my obsession, my secret torment".

And also :

When we are asleep and dreaming, can we remember what we dreamt earlier in another dream? Is there a real memory for dreams?

(440) In reality, as far as I know, there is no valid technology for taking control of dreams, and any attempt to do so is doomed in advance, reduced to trial and error, with results that are always very approximate, if not non-existent. For some twenty days now, every night I've been trying to retrace the paths I recognised in my dream of 27-28 August 1998, but I haven't been able to get anywhere near the places that were the subject of the revelation that took me beyond the impassable chasms of my own immemorial memory hidden deep inside me.

So it's not in the dream that I need to continue my search, but in my life itself: to try to really find the places I remembered that night. To begin without further ado the long wandering of my reunion with the forgotten places and circumstances of my other life within me.

OF A VERY SECRET CRACK IN THE THIRD INNER CHAMBER OF THE BEING

"Human nature can only tend towards perfection through imperfect processes. "Judge not," said the colonel. That goes for miracles as well as crimes."

Claude Aveline, *The water jet*

(441) I have just learned that the new Bishop of Tulle, Mgr Patrick Le Gai, has been asked by the Vatican to urgently and thoroughly re-launch the beatification process General de Gaulle's former Minister of Justice, Edmond Michelet (February 1999). I can't help sensing a veiled sign of importance for the next, as yet unthinkable, turning point of "great Gaullism" in France and in the entire Eurasian geopolitical space of the Great Continent. Another destiny is dawning.

Only now will the imperial meetings at El Escorial in the 1950s bear fruit, only now will the extraordinary clandestine work that Edmond Michelet carried out there on behalf of General de Gaulle and with the full complicity of the caudillo Francisco Franco emerge into visible history. Edmond Michelet's mysterious sowing operations were to bear fruit. It's strange, though, how those years, which seemed so far back to me, erased, lost in the uncertain mists of nothingness, suddenly come closer, alive again *as if it were yesterday*.

(442) Seizing the opportunity offered by the fortieth anniversary of the Lhasa uprising in March 1959, the Beijing government, for rather obscure reasons, unleashed a campaign of denigration and personal destabilisation against the Dalai Lama that was unusually violent. During a trip to the United States in November 1998, the Dalai Lama was prepared to acknowledge that "Tibet and Taiwan are an integral part of China".

The New China Agency has really excelled itself in the task, managing to produce the testimony a "senior official" from who knows what "government". "The report, published in the Tibetan National Archives, accuses the Dalai Lama - then a teenager - of demanding "human skulls, fresh human blood, human skins and organs" for his birthday until the late 1940s. The New China Agency also reports on the existence of "slave markets" in Tibet. The feudal lords close to the Dalai Lama are said to have practised bloody punishments such as "gouging out eyes, cutting off arms and legs". At the same time, the New China Agency shamelessly extols the extraordinary social, economic and cultural improvements that have been brought to Tibet following its occupation - "liberation" they say - by China.

The fact is that the extreme violence of Beijing's open campaign against the very person of the Dalai Lama is now - and will be for a long time to come - making it impossible for the Dalai Lama to be seen as a human being.

- The deliberate sabotage of these negotiations by the Chinese side puts the Dalai Lama at a complete disadvantage and cancels out the far-reaching concessions that he was preparing to make from his base in Dharmasala, with the aim of reaching an overall agreement, on equal terms, with the Beijing government.

No agreement on equal terms: all that counts for Beijing is the fait accompli of its occupation of Tibet. In this way, China is demonstrating its unshakeable determination to take definitive and total control of the "Roof of the World". In Tibet, China is playing out its ultimate destiny. But *there is something else at work here*: China's aims go far beyond the mere politico-administrative or purely expansionist interests that Beijing might have - and indeed does have at some level - regarding its de facto control over the whole of Tibet.

Other interests, higher interests of a transcendental, occult order, are stake in this region of the world so dramatically tested at the present time. For Tibet is the supreme geopolitical centre of gravity of the whole of the great Eurasian continent, the high place where all its geopolitical lines of force are subtly woven together, the centre of influence that assumes and commands its polar unity, which is always in action. Whoever holds Tibet therefore exercises unconditional control over the entire geopolitical landscape of the great Eurasian continent.

By seizing Tibet, China is blocking and neutralising the whole of the great Eurasian continent, which is thus being challenged and attacked in the innermost secret of its living works, in its very polar centrality, in its polar identity that is both primary and ultimate. Hence, at the same time, but in the opposite direction, the absolutely inescapable requirement that must

We must also ensure that we maintain total geopolitical control of Tibet.

For, once again, it is Tibet that constitutes the polar centre of the Eurasian grand-continental imperial space whose destinies we are now called upon to instruct at the dual political-historical and supra-temporal, transcendental level. So whatever the consequences and the immediate or more distant risks of conflagration, we will never accept that Tibet should remain under the anti-imperial influence of China which, within the Eurasian great-continental imperial space, constitutes the part of darkness and nothingness, the negative geopolitical counterweight of everything we are not and never want to be.

Faced with our current imperial revolutionary decision, China represents, ontologically, the Anti-Empire, the shadow cast by our own ongoing project a Eurasian empire of the end. The final battle between being and non-being will have to take place in Tibet; it has already taken place and continues to deliver its full secret eschatological measure. Today, and until the end, it is in Tibet that the *first line* of the invisible front is located, along which being and non-being will decisively battle it out, the "great battle of the end".

It is Tibet that constitutes the hidden, foundational, over-activated geopolitical pole of the suprahistorical imperial space of the great Eurasian continent. Freeing Tibet from China's subversive grip is our duty, the very duty of our own total destiny. On the other hand, shouldn't we think that the clandestine residence in this world of the great External Beings, the great Galactic Beings, must necessarily be in the out-of-reach recesses of the highest region of the central continent?

Behind Tibet, another Tibet lies deeply hidden, out of reach, forbidden. Behind the political and other circumstantial bans that continue to defend access to Tibet, there is also, again and again, an ontological, transcendental, intransgressible ban that watches over *the other Tibet*. But it may be that this last, unwavering ban has nothing to do with us, those of us who secretly benefit from certain clandestine passes that only open up for us, supremely *special passes*.

(443) Twice I have drawn the Yi-King for myself, and each time in absolutely decisive circumstances in my life. By Patrick Bauchau, in Louveciennes, and by Raymond Abellio. And each time it was the 55 that came to me, whose teaching I also rediscovered - the confirmation, rather than the

revelation - during my second visit to Medjugorje, when, at nightfall, under the apple tree at the bottom of the garden, I heard the song of someone I had mistaken for the young Ivanka Ivankovic:

*It is so dark, so desperately dark In
these times of the Mystery of the End
that at midday itself the North Star
can be seen shining in broad daylight
through the darkness of separation*

From the beginning of my existence to the present day, the same mystery of *obscuration in broad daylight*, profoundly nocturnal obscuration, without any truce or mercy, has never for a single moment ceased to keep me in a state of total, impassable distance from myself. So I have to admit that I was born in exile, and that I have spent my whole life exiled from myself, mercilessly kept on the fringes of my own dogmatic being.

My inner night, however, is itself nothing other than the great terrifying night of this world that has reached the end of the road of its fateful decline, the end of the mysterious extinction of being within it. So my own secret decay follows, represents and underpins the decay of this twilight world, and vice versa. But when this night in me comes to an end, the great night of this world will also come to an end, and it will then be the final Reversal, the *Mahapralaya*, and the return of the Great Times. Now, if numbers have a secret meaning, this end of the fundamental night is not so far away. For on this 11th March 1999, I have just had access to the very 55' state of Eucharistic approach to my existence under control, a certain final limit having thus been reached.

"I know that, and that's what I've based all my occult counter-strategies on. I always have.

(444) This deep occultation of being that makes "at noon itself one can see / shining in broad daylight the Polar Star / through the darkness of separation".

"The fact that I'm not allowed to go back to her, who we can call 'the Resident', must be closely linked to the insurmountable prohibition against finding her.

Jean-Paul Richter, in *La Loge invisible* :

"He arrived with the resident in her room. He could not and would not let go of the scenes he had played that day. This room represented all the others to him, and hidden in the strings of the harpsichord was a distant and dear voice, and behind the glass of the mirror a distant and dear shape. Nostalgia blended like a

dark flower in the diaphanous bouquet of pleasures; the resident also gained from the proximity of this dark flower."

(445) Today I spent the whole afternoon walking alone in the Parc du Ranelagh, unable to work, unable to think. An obscure worry was nagging at me, a nauseating, pointless vague à l'âme, making me unavailable for any further thought. I don't know where it came from, or what it all meant, but after three hours of wandering, or even more, a long-forgotten memory resurfaced in me and all my unease was magically dispelled. Strange, unfathomable shenanigans of the unconscious.

I was suddenly reminded of the *tasca* - a popular café and brasserie - in Madrid's Plaça Nunez de Balboa, with its walls covered in old white and blue ceramics, where Georges Demetresco, Colonel Fernando Saenz de Santa Maria and a few of us would sometimes gather at dusk to await the arrival of General Munoz Grandes, former commander of the Azul Division and at that time Chief of Staff. When he arrived, always accompanied by his aide-de-camp, we took communion in the obscure and somewhat confidential ritual of eating together, in silence, mutton balls - large plates - grilled over embers, drinking red wine. Then, in the scorching Madrid summer night, we'd walk home in small groups. Those were secretly luminous times, inhabited by the grace of a great peace, *times we couldn't decipher.*

(445) Robert Musil, in *The Man Without Qualities* :

"So Ulrich set about telling his sister about an experience he had already told her once before; he told the story of the most wonderful woman who had ever crossed his path, Agathe aside. This woman was a child, a little girl of about twelve, marvellously accomplished in all her gestures, who had travelled a short distance with some relative on the same tram as him and had delighted him like a love poem written in secret and whose allusions were charged with an as yet unknown happiness. Later on, this outburst of love had given him some qualms, because it was rather strange and allowed certain deductions to be made about him. That's why, instead of evoking this memory with emotion, he preferred to talk about his scruples, although he didn't generalise them coldly. A little girl at that age often has more beautiful legs than she used to," he said. No doubt it is because of what they carry immediately above them, which then thicken; when growth is not complete, they are long, free, they can run, and the skirts, in a too lively gesture, uncover the thighs whose roundness already contains like a

suave growth (oh! I think of the crescent moon at the end of its tender lunar adolescence), it's superb! Later, I seriously wondered about the reasons for this beauty. At this age, the hair is at its softest. The face is at its most beautiful. The eyes are like smooth silk, not yet wrinkled. The mind, destined soon to become petty and greedy, is still the midst of its obscure desires a pure flame without too much clarity. And what is certainly not yet beautiful at this age, for example the childish belly or the blind expression of the breast, gains through the clothing, insofar as it skilfully feigns adulthood, and through the dreamy imprecision of love, all that a charming theatrical mask can give. It is therefore perfectly honest and normal to admire such a creature, and how could one do so without a hint of love?

- Isn't it unnatural to relate such emotions to a child?" asked Agathe.

(In Philippe Jacottet's translation, which is both admirably faithful and still leaves something to be desired, perhaps because of that very faithfulness).

(446) In *Le Figaro*, dated 3 March 1999:

"Five minors aged between 14 and 17 were jailed last week for the gang rapes of two girls aged 11 and 12 in an underground car park in Cergy (Val d'Oise). The events occurred on Sunday 17 January. The two victims were on their way to a friend's house when they came across a group around twenty "youngsters" who dragged them into the car park, isolated each of them in a cubicle and raped them for several hours at knifepoint. The juvenile brigade has launched an appeal for witnesses to try to identify the other members of the group and any other victims.

(447) For perhaps thirty years now, I've been paying close attention to a certain building on Avenue Georges-Mandel in Paris, which is separated from the cemetery on Place du Trocadéro by a single high, thick, monolithic wall.

Its single door hides - I noticed - a group of elegant yellow-painted buildings, separated by a strange succession of shadowy courtyards, mysteriously immersed in a silence that is as deep as it is permanent. A certain restraint reigns here, a kind of absence that is immediately significant, and that immediately provokes a kind of diffuse unease, the mark of a spectral breathing of the place. During all these years of metapsychic surveillance, I have never once been able to see anything.

I never caught a glimpse of anyone at the front windows, or anyone entering or leaving through the Avenue Georges-Mandel door. No one, ever. Not even .

I have to confess that every time I go there, irresistibly drawn there by my habit of keeping a discreet watch on this place full of influences that are as obscure as they are incessantly over-activated, a feeling of unspeakable spiritual horror takes hold of me, making me tremble and tense up, gripping my chest as if in a heavy vice of ice. What is going on there that is so secret, so unmentionable, so powerfully forbidden? Is the immediate, enveloping presence of the Place du Trocadéro cemetery the fundamental reason for the hallucinatory tremors that persist in the shadows, the influences, the breaths from beyond the grave that are tirelessly at work?

What nocturnal, funereal, highly forbidden rites are carried out in this enigmatic, confidential, spectral fortress that is so deeply closed in on itself, what terrifying occult practices, what inconceivable necromantic procedures of the subterranean chasms of non-reality? What anti-world would have found in this way, on avenue Georges-Mandel, the subversive protection of a hidden, inviolable asylum, the zone of clandestine investment pursued by the *tenebrae activae* reaching right to the centre of this world, right to the very heart of Paris, an investment concerted, nurtured for what *ultimate purpose*?

Is this, mysteriously, the very last instance of that dangerous fable of defiance, of unconscious provocation, that was, in its time, Jacques Rivette's film "Paris belongs to us", which celebrated the investment of the visible by the invisible, of the day by the active, devious and powerful conspiracies of the world of darkness?

A nocturnal doubling of the cemetery on the Place du Trocadéro - so peaceful in appearance and so forgotten - this building, with its spectral identity, would in fact constitute the space of exchange and welcome in which to pour out, to unload, so that they could emerge into the day, by ritually reconstituting themselves there - and perhaps in some other way that we can neither guess at nor recognise - the obscure influences and recuperations, all the uncontrolled and no doubt already uncontrollable metapsychic emanations coming from this half-disused cemetery?

I'm well aware that there's a very fearsome secret at work here, a secret of the ultimate abyss that we must never get too close to, otherwise we'll get caught up in it and be led into dreadful nocturnal, inhuman and, no doubt, anti-human subjugations.

My intimate attraction to Avenue Georges-Mandel is dangerous and sinful, an *unholy attraction*. *I can't help it*, I've been subconsciously

mandated to unravel the mystery of the shenanigans that go on there, to decipher the ultimate and permanent reason for what goes on there in the shadows, to grasp what I have called the *ultimate goal*, as well as the extent of the influences outside. Because it's not at all impossible that it could go far, an evil fire is smouldering there.

Yesterday, for the first time, I caught a few people trying to get in: four old ladies in very elegant clothes, with their hair all done up, their hair all done up, all snarling and buzzing like black wasps.

(448) Alice Voinescu (1885-1961), in her *Diary* of 18 April 1953, has these terribly destabilising questions:

"I admit that evil is an effect of evil, and that we can only escape its 'relapses' by suffering, in other words by really paying the price, by purifying the cause by paying to cancel out its visible effects. Is that really so?"

However, if we cannot escape the chain of cause and effect, and the direct intervention of the Divine is thus supposed to be impossible - in other words, if the miraculous cannot be affirmed, remains non-existent - how can we still speak of divine omnipotence in action, of his infinite goodness? And what reason can our prayers, and all faith in general, still have in this case?"

But don't we have some living examples, even personal cases, of the fact that this intervention exists, and that it sometimes acts in the most direct way?"

In other words, only the miraculous, instantaneous and gratuitous intervention of the divine in the chain of events of our existence can change the negative reality of this world and of our own life in it. It is not the intelligible, countable sequence of our sufferings and their petition for redemption that saves us, but the miraculous irruption of the divine into the sequence of our life, which is then overturned, totally changed, *transfigured*. The providential, occult order of this world has nothing to do with the order of this world itself, which it very secretly duplicates and of which it is the absolute opposite.

(449) And in Alice Voinescu's "Diary", dated 30 June 1958:

"I only hear about the current wave of divorces, often in the most cynical situations, from the bourgeois class, which is unfortunately where there is no longer any kind of ideal the base, the foundations of life, but only enjoyment. I don't know how things work in the bourgeois class."

workers. So what will the current liberation of sexual relations lead to? I hope it will lead to families based on experience, not on dreams. The need that women are currently showing to have many children is, on the one hand, a symptom of health but, on the other, it may also indicate a powerful emancipation from the idea of "love", the search for happiness through the child rather than in a specific love relationship with the husband.

This new turning point will, I hope, lead to a more solid form of family no longer based, as in the past, on fear, dependence and need. I also believe that, by now, women who have been cured of their sterile illusions will be above all exemplary mothers, and only indirectly good wives. Am I wrong? The future will show what is the right direction of things, which are rather confused for us at the moment.

However, the large number of children, both pre-school age and already at school, leads us to believe that, despite the current rising tide of divorce, the family will be able to continue. But it is highly likely that the internal balance of the family will be quite different from what it was in the past. So I fear that in the future, with women taking on far too obligations, men will become the weaker sex.

"

Alice Voinescu's vision, undoubtedly valid for the artificial evolution of communist society in Eastern Europe in the late 1950s, revealed the shift of vital interest within the family from the woman's interest to the child, to the detriment of the husband, and the gradual destitution of the man by the woman in the process of achieving a status of de facto superiority over him, reduced in turn to the status of the 'weaker sex'.

Since then, however, things have not stopped getting worse, and the situation is becoming the same in Western Europe - and in the West as a whole - as in Eastern Europe, successively communist and liberated from communism. For the negative evolution of the family, its final pathological degeneration in which the wife distanced herself from the husband to concentrate solely on the children, has gone beyond the stage of the wife's sole maternal interest, as she now feels concerned only with herself, losing interest in both the husband and her own children. The intimate break-up of the family is already a fait accompli, with the man, the woman and the children now constituting separate, autonomous entities that are increasingly hostile to each other.

This final dissolution of the inner bonds of the family, this ontological separation of the constituent elements of the original cell and hence of the whole of human society, corresponds entirely to the

traditional doctrine of the Orthodox Church concerning the satanisation of the world at the end of history, and which will be the very cause of it.

(450) Today, at dawn, a long, tormented, dark dream, traversed by fiery flames, by prophetic murmurs, by deep, intolerable spiritual wrenches of old; by the bitter, very bitter figure of an unspeakable, irremissible defeat; by the figure of a dreadful defection that I had also made my own, in the face of the occult manipulations of the "powers of darkness".

It was also a dream of a disturbing and dangerous reunion with myself, witnessing the affirmation of a formidable crack in my being, one that I had found myself completely powerless to stop. I saw again, as if through a succession of curtains of smoke scattered, ash-coloured, by a wind whose violence intensified as the resistance of the smoke increased in the face of the demands of its raging breath, I recognised, I said, the site of the demolition of the former chapel of Christ the King, rue Tournefort, in Paris (V^e), the place where the inexplicable spiritual crime had been committed by the Archdiocese of Paris, which had allowed itself to be manipulated, led to the irreparable by long and murky manoeuvres, intended to obtain the disappearance of this high Parisian place of Catholic worship the divine heavenly and historical, supratemporal and quite immediate royalty of Christ, "who is King of France". Apparently impregnable, it was nonetheless necessary that this confidential retreat of the living and active faith should fall, and so it did. Mysteriously.

For eight years, from 1950 to 1958, it was there that I myself had pursued the work of my most secret spiritual ascent, and it was also there that I had received the powerful assurances that led me to choose, in 1958, the paths of the underground struggle that has been mine ever since.

Many years later, back in France, I had to watch helplessly as this sanctified and sanctifying chapel, from which the very special graces of a place so highly and powerfully consecrated, with its secret, supernatural influences, radiated throughout France, was senselessly, sacrilegiously and criminally demolished, and which had for so long served as a hotbed for the confidential operations of certain authorities of the faith working so that the kingship of Christ might come to settle at the end of the history France and of the world, at the end of what was then called, in those circles, the "French history of the world".

For it had turned out that the chapel of Christ the King in the Rue Tournefort had long been the main target of negative schemes, as relentless as they were hateful.

more paroxysmal, to put it bluntly, satanic, aimed at getting the chapel disused by any means necessary, so that it would be wiped out and disappear as if it had never been there in the first place. In the end, this is exactly what was done, the help - the active complicity - of the Archdiocese, whose facade of unconsciousness and all the reasons officially put forward to justify itself could not hide the unbearable inferno, the inferno of high spiritual treason.

I still remember the fact, for a certain period of time - for several days

- a tall statue of the Virgin Mary in coloured plaster had remained standing amidst the chaotic rubble of the demolition site, and that despite our objections - there were a few of us at the time trying to save, on the spot, what could still have been saved - the workers in charge of the work had preferred to break it with a hammer, before our very eyes, rather than entrust it to us so that it could be transported elsewhere, to the place hastily planned it, somewhere near Versailles.

The evil, sacrilegious joy, the abjectness of that rabble, of those workers who were as oblivious as they were rogue, too happy to witness our malaise, our heartbreak, the impotent rage of our mourning, and who never ceased to pursue us with their hateful provocations, has continued to poison my memory of those moments, certain as I am that fearsome influences were secretly at work on this site, exulting as the irreparable progressed.

Strangely enough, while the demolition work was going on, part of the convent adjoining the chapel had been temporarily handed over to a film company, where Eric Rohmer, with a very small crew, was editing his film *The Marquise of O*. As a result, almost every day we found ourselves walking up and down the stairs, covered in a thick coat of plaster, along corridors with glassless windows, treading on books from the convent library, torn, soiled, thrown in shapeless heaps, mixed dubious rags, rotting kitchen scraps large sharp pieces of broken tile, and great armfuls of rotting flowers.

I remember that Rohmer seemed all the more sensitive to the atrocious desolation of these desecrated, soiled and devastated places because, throughout the 1950s, he had often accompanied me there. He was there with me on my mystical visits to the place, my inspired ascents to the same living, ardent shrine of Christ the King that was now being so ignominiously obliterated. I will never again see the high, proud blue granite staircase that, from the rue Tournafort, climbed up to the recessed portal of the shrine, but I never for a moment had the unhealthy curiosity to go and see what these "old buildings" looked like.

places today. Everything has been erased, the "power of darkness" has been defeated. Really, defeated? Possibly. As we know, every holy shrine is eternal, and what may have been destroyed in the visible world is perpetuated, gloriously and omnipotently, in the invisible world.

I still have to wonder about hidden meaning of the fact that I had to relive in my dreams the revolting sight, the hallucinatory memory of the demolition site of the former shrine of Christ the King, to try to decipher the *abysmal sign* that has just been proposed to my suddenly awakened attention, *put on alert*. I'm frightened.

(451) 18 April 1999, Third Sunday of Easter, at Notre-Dame de l'Assomption, Paris (XVI^e). Penitential prayer :

"Lord Jesus, you walk with us on the road, but we hardly recognize you".

"O Christ, you have chosen us since before the creation of the world, but we do not know how to see the signs you give us".

"Lord, you are calling us to be resurrected, but we don't yet dare to believe it.

My LVIIIth Eucharistic station in the LX cycle. At the very moment when I was consuming the Eucharist, a voice was heard within me, as I said to myself: *"Jesus Christ, if I unite myself to you now, it is because my hour has come"*.

So I find myself on the inner frontier that establishes the final ontological separation from myself, a frontier beyond which I will be *another myself*: this is what the self-medium allegation that *my time has come* is all about.

(452) A dream of mourning and fear, with a terrible funereal resonance that held me in its grip long after I awoke. It happened that I was in a bus, in the company of a young unknown girl, clinging to me, driving along a vast empty esplanade with a still body of water in the middle, glistening in a blinding white, metallic, essentially supernatural light. On the right, parallel to the bus, appeared a series of funeral cribs, entirely covered in black cloth and marked along the length and width of the crib with a white cross in silver fabric. Figures wearing dark bonnets seemed to be menacingly watching this representation, from which emanated an unbearable aura of dread; it was just noon. What's all this about?" asked the young girl. - *It's the end of the Orléans,*" I replied.

(452) Digging through some old files this morning in search of a certain letter, I came across two handwritten sheets that were part of the version of my novel *La Servante portugaise* (*The Portuguese Maid*) then in progress. I have transcribed the contents of these two handwritten sheets below:

"It is the changes in the being of historical figures and their visible and invisible doubles that make and unmake history in its future, in its leadership commitments and in its fundamental wishes.

History itself never does more than follow and represent the instances of the great providential plan, which can only be surprised and approached or seen in the mutations of the Supplicated Heart, the Living, Beating Heart, whose Holy Wound bears witness, through the blood that is shed unceasingly in torrents, to a continuity of pain that, which, in turn, establishes and subterraneanly feeds the terrible dramaturgies of existences called upon to fulfil, in their intimate becoming, the vows, the vow in progress of Divine Mercy that we have learned to serve in the most distant corridors of self-annihilation and of the most silent and irremediably blackest death.

"If Marie-Antoinette therefore carries and represents the inner intangibility of the Kingdom, the immaculate, virginal and profound conception of the Sealed Fountain, the inner royalty of the Kingdom and its Divine Entrails, the Princess of Lamballe represents and carries, alongside Marie-Antoinette, in her astral journey around Marie-Antoinette, the latter's imperial doubling. In her profound symbolic being, the Princess of Lamballe is committed to interpreting the interior of the Kingdom, which turns outwards and becomes, sacrificially, Empire, the immaculate contemplation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, which becomes, in blood and through blood, action in the occult service of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which becomes direct action, the living and active rampart of the Imperium.

"It is only time to leave, the Queen is waiting for me, I must live and die for her," wrote Marie-Thérèse de Savoie-Carignan, Princess of Lamballe, from Aix-la-Chapelle on 15 October 1791.

To get to Marie-Antoinette, it had been necessary to go the Princess of Lamballe. For them to succeed in destroying the interior of the Kingdom, they first had to dismantle its strategic ramparts, its living, pulsating outer walls; they had to open the chest of the Princess of Lamballe, spill her blood and ensure that the final desecration of her heart heralded the mystagogic desoccultation of the Kingdom, its exposure and its end. To reach Virgo, we had to travel in the opposite direction through the vertiginous outer orbits of Aquarius. To excavate the flesh of Marie Antoinette, the flesh of the Princess of Lamballe had to be torn to shreds, in order to "uncover" her.

To get to the Queen's blood, you had to start with the blood her princess; blood spilt is blood drunk, and blood drunk is blood spilt.

This is also tantamount to saying that, at the hour of salvation and final deliverance, the setting in motion of a new immaculate conception of the Kingdom will require, first and foremost, the ontological reconstitution of the visible and invisible ramparts of the Empire, and that the return of Marie-Antoinette must be preceded by the return of the Princess of Lamballe: such, then, were the hidden doctrinal bases of the counter-revolutionary action undertaken by Franz Belloni under cover of Operation Tango in Kâli.

To get to the flesh of Marie-Antoinette, the flesh of the Princesse de Lamballe had to be torn to shreds; to get to the Queen's Blood, we had to start with the blood of her Princesse de Sang.

A certain gloomy consolation came over me on reading these rediscovered pages. It is that, if my life should end in the flagrant failure of what had constituted, after my entry into the career, its *fundamental purpose*, there will at least remain my writings. In fact, I don't think that anyone in France today - and I do mean anyone - is in a position to understand - or even to sense - the meaning and true importance of these writings of transcendental counter-strategic instructions. Taken together, they constitute a kind of initiatory repository, intended to serve as a parousial reunion of *what has been lost* and *what will have to come* after the end of the present twilight history of a world already past.

The final extinction of all traditional French and European consciousness, or the last remnants of it, took place in the space of a quarter of a century, and its beginnings may even be said to have stopped with failure of General de Gaulle's last referendum and his voluntary relinquishment of the visible and invisible power he still held in France. So today we find ourselves plunged without return into the blackest heart of darkness.

Once again, I am firmly convinced that no one in France or Europe is any longer capable of understanding what I want, what I have to say in my writings, and the same is true for those who are currently following me, or rather who think they are. It's because I and the others, all the others, belong to two cultural worlds, two ontologically different forms of consciousness, which are now separated by an impassable gulf. I still belong to the end of the previous cycle, whereas the current generations belong to what followed the end of the cycle, the fall into nothingness after the end of everything.

Access to my thoughts, to my discourse, in its very substance, is as if immediately prohibited to them. Ungraspable thoughts for them, like

A discourse that appears as if in an unknown, hallucinated or dreamed language, in a forbidden language. And there's nothing we can do about it.

So let's return to the immediate reality of our disaster: the Doors of the Spirit have closed for good. Who will reopen them, and when? This seems to me to be the only pertinent question that we can venture to formulate in the present state of affairs.

(453) On this 20th April 1999, when the time of the end is drawing ever nearer, when night persists in broad daylight. In the evening, spring rain, obstinate, dense, revitalising and holy. As I walked down the rue de Babylone, through the crack of a porte cochère, I saw the marvellous sight of a space covered with new green grass, tall and powerful, gleaming in the rain. I, who have hated rain all my life - a factor in dissolution, in the abysmal, crucifying and devastating nocturnal action of the mysterious *solve*, which must inevitably precede the auroral, fiery revivals of the *coagula* that reintegrates everything - tonight I lived, under the virginal, luminously woven blanket of this real April rain, the movement born in me of a very great, limpid spiritual joy, the movement announcing a forthcoming renewal from the ultimate depths of being, the very movement of the *Renovatio Mundi*.

Immediately afterwards, in the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption, I experienced the fire of the LIX' Eucharistic Station of the final cycle of the LX, which I made a point of following to the end. And having understood that this LIX' Eucharistic station was secretly the bearer today of *what*, forty years ago, on 13 July 1959, in Madrid, had made my reunion with L. possible in practice, my Eucharistic sharing this evening therefore looked back, in the terms of the burning mystery of the reversibility of graces, on what had happened then, when suddenly the embrace of darkness and separation had been loosened. It was my Eucharist this evening that made possible, forty years ago, on 13 July 1959, my reunion in Madrid with L.

Again this evening I realised that, at the same time, the miracle of our reunion in Madrid had become the symbol of *what* is now certainly going to happen, *on a cosmic level too*; now, in the days to come. I mean the same miracle as that of 13 July 1959, but this time situated at a vertiginously higher level on the prophetic spiral of my existential journey, of my conceptual ascent towards the ultimate fulfilment of my providential predestination.

occult, superhuman and *revolutionary*. For everything is a new beginning, or *ritorno dei tempi*, and if the only new beginning is a revolutionary one, then every new beginning is also a reunion. Cosmic recommencement, nuptial reunion, suprahistorical revolutionary action: that's what they want from me, and that's what I'm going to do ("what must be done will be done").

(494) On this 21 April 1999, under the sign of assumptive elevation of my old reunion with L., but after his death in the mysterious "cobbler's shop". There were reunions lived and reunions dreamt, the same ones. At Saint-Pierre de Chaillot, my LXth Eucharistic station, the last of the fundamental cycle, of LX's "cosmic cycle". Today, at midday.

On the subject of the very effectively apocalyptic, absolutely decisive importance of the number LX in the development, both lived and dreamt, of my most secret initiatory existential journey, reread, in *The Mysteries of the Villa 'Atlantis'*, what I say about it in fragment 43, pages 87-88 (the 'cobbler's shop'): *'Seated, and who, in turn, stands up when I enter, L., smiling, is a little embarrassed by my intrusion (perhaps unexpected, abrupt in any case; she is wearing, I notice at once, her old green sweater). smiling, a little embarrassed by my intrusion (perhaps unexpected, abrupt in any case; she's wearing her old green jumper, I notice straight away. But she doesn't hesitate to run to meet me, even though she would have waited for me to take her in my arms before saying, out of breath: "You see, it's done, I've come back anyway".*

(455) "...she's wearing her old green jumper, I notice immediately. Beyond death, the sign of occult recognition appears to certify, above what ontological precipices, the immanipulable legitimacy of our own dogmatic identities, in this world and in eternity (and even, no doubt, beyond eternity, which has non-conceptual limits, whereas the abyssal nuptials of our dogmatic identities can bear no limits).

(456) *La Dépêche du Midi*, 2.XII.1996: "John Paul II invited Christians to be ready for Christ's return to earth, in his Sunday homily at a mass in a church in Rome. "The first and second comings have already taken place. We now live expectation of the third coming of Christ, during which creation and redemption will find their definitive fulfilment", said John Paul II, inviting the faithful to "keep watch", to be ready for the definitive return Christ to earth, "whose time is not known..."

As if we didn't know that he was secretly already back, secretly already present and acting among us. But he is still hiding. He is hiding

just as he had hidden himself - hidden in the very fact of making himself visible - during his mysterious appearances at Emmaus, or the "miraculous catch" on the morning by the shores of Lake Tiberias.

If you take the trouble to look behind the immediate appearances, behind the preventive layer of surface facts, Catholicism immediately appears as the religion of profound mysteries that it has in fact never ceased to be. Catholicism is the true abode of being, and this is what Heidegger did not have time to come to understand.

(457) The ultimate, authentic and total Catholicism, the veiled Catholicism, reserved for a restricted, superior and hidden elite, the Catholicism of the original mysteries stands back in the zones of final metaphysical and eschatological turbulence, where the only real presence is that of the immediately active sacrament, that of the Burning Bush.

(458) In his novel *Drapeaux Noirs* (Actes Sud 1964), August Strindberg recalls the mysterious cyclone that ravaged the city of Paris on 10 September 1896 in a way that was as impromptu as it was inexplicable and terrifying. I quote

"Cyclone which originated at the height of the two towers and the seminary on the Place Saint-Sulpice and crossed Paris as far as the Porte Saint-Martin. It was recorded by the barometer on the Saint-Jacques tower at 2.42pm. Described in L'Illustration, no. 2795, 19 September 1896, page 223.

And also :

"I simply wanted to note the presence of inexplicable events. The most inexplicable was the Dreyfus cyclone in Paris on 10 September 1896. I call it that because Dreyfus was convicted in Rennes on 10 September, three years later.

- So you might as well call it the Empress Cyclone, because the Empress of Austria was assassinated on 10 September 1898..."

"After the death, the previous year, of his sister, the Duchess of Alençon, in the fire at the Bazar de la Charité, which seemed to be a holocaust of the old French nobility... However, the Vossische Zeitung, which is not an occult newspaper, wrote :

"This cyclone is a phenomenon that has never been seen before in Paris. It began in the Place Saint-Sulpice, swept across Paris from south-west to north-east and ended in the gardens of the Hôpital Saint-Louis... Along the way, trees were uprooted, lampposts smashed, chimneys torn out and roofs blown away, heavy omnibuses overturned, carriages hurled twenty metres through the air with horses, coachmen and their passengers in tow.

passengers. On the Seine, boats were thrown against each other, and three were destroyed, including the coal boat *La Revanche*. At the *Palais de Justice*, the scaffolding of the *Sainte-Chapelle* collapsed. The Senate had to interrupt its sitting as doors and windows were knocked off their hinges. At the *Préfecture de Police*, one of the sentry boxes was blown away. The soldier standing guard with his rifle suddenly found himself at the end of a corridor with no idea how he had got there. A judge making a report saw a window open and a large tree fly across the room with its roots, and all this on the second floor."

"

To compare, I quote from the *Frankfurter Zeitung* report:

"The storm wreaked havoc along the Seine, and the *Palais de Justice* suffered serious damage.... A journalist from the *Courrier de Paris* almost miraculously escaped death when he was passing in front of the *Hôpital Saint-Louis* when an iron gate at least fifty metres long was torn from the wall."

"All in all, a very exceptional cyclone, which could be described as symbolic, couldn't it?

- You can also note that lightning struck Brest on 9 June 1899, precisely on the semaphore that was to guide the ship *Sfax*, which was at sea with Dreyfus on board.

I note that this mysterious Parisian cyclone of 10 September 1896 originated in the *Place Saint-Sulpice*, more precisely between the two towers of the *Church of Saint-Sulpice*. This seems to me to throw a most disturbing light on the whole affair, which reveals the shadowy action of certain occult influences, black magical influences, evil and criminal, pursuing a goal, as August Strinberg so aptly put it, above all *symbolic*.

In my novel *Le gué des Louves*, I myself tried to draw the attention of those predisposed to understand it to the magnetic space of secret supernaturality present at the height, and more precisely between the two towers of the church of Saint-Sulpice, where sometimes, on the perilous heights of the air under influence, induced doors open directly onto the immediately active reality there of the 'other world'. Adventurous navigators of the heights of the air had recently been mercilessly struck down, no doubt trying to cross the magical prohibitions of the place, which are there without forgiveness.

Clearly, the devastating cyclone of 10 September 1896 can only have been the result of powerful magical operations (and I confess that the same must undoubtedly be said of the burning of the *Bazar de la Charité*, whose symbolic aims belong to the same set of criminal actions that plunged Parisian life into mourning at the time; a set of actions

We should not forget either that the floor of the church of Saint-Sulpice is crossed diagonally by the red copper wire of the Grand Méridien embedded in the stone.) Nor should we forget that the floor of the church of Saint-Sulpice is crossed diagonally by the red copper wire of the Grand Méridien embedded in the stone, or that beneath it lie underground passageways to which access is forbidden, impassable, with identities and functions never yet revealed, never yet approached from the outside.

And it was also in the church of Saint-Sulpice that I myself got married, on 22 January 1957, to L. *So it all began there*, with what would later be the end of a world, and thus the beginning of the one to come, the world after the end of this world, which is already no more than the delicious shadow of its own dying shadow, twilight, eviscerated of all its own substance, entirely subjugated to non-being and to the anti-world over which the still secret and at the same time completely obvious reign of the latter, the *spectral reign of non-being*, is now exercised.

(459) Knorr von Rosenroth's *Kabbala Denudata, seu, doctrina Hebraeorum transcendentalis et metaphysica atque theologica*, published in Salzburg in 1667/76, was reprinted in Frankfurt in 1684 (Jean Potocki, *Manuscript found in Saragossa*).

(460) There are things - and we know there always have been - that cannot be said. Things that can never be said. And it so happens that this is true, very particularly, for certain outcomes my current discourse, which are of the kind of things that must be kept silent about, things that absolutely cannot be revealed. But, at the same time, shouldn't we sometimes try, by taking all the dangers upon ourselves, to give ourselves the offensive, revolutionary freedom to *go beyond them*?

This is indeed what I am now going to do, by confessing here in all clarity that I am not unaware of the fact that the ultimate fate of this world - that the final outcome of the current conflagration between being and non-being - secretly depends on my own initiatory journey and its ultimate conclusion, and will be decided by the ongoing existential march of my destiny as it stands the test of time. This destiny is prevented for the moment from being fulfilled, according to the supreme sign it bears, by the occult workings of the powers of darkness opposed to what it would mean *for me to pass through* and ultimately prevail over the conjurations raised against the upward spiral of my most hidden dogmatic predestination.

For my original predestination, my secret predestination, is that of an "absolute concept" mobilised, at the ultimate end of history, in an eschatological battle plan, an "absolute concept" that I carry within me and whose active mystery inexorably carries me forward. Until I succeed in doing what needs to be done.

THE YEAR OF THE TWO ECLIPSES: LUNAR ECLIPSE, SOLAR ECLIPSE

*I'm the one who's going to walk in front of you.
I'll smash the bronze doors, I'll break the iron bolts.*
Isaiah, XLV, 2

(461) Total eclipse of the Moon on 28 July 1999, total eclipse of the Sun on 11 August 1999: "When the gods descend to earth, the Sun or the Moon hide for a time from the sight of men," said the Hellenistic Egyptian tradition of Alexandria.

(462) Some scandalous gossip, reported by Elise von Recke, claims that Jean Potocki had ongoing carnal relations with his own mother, as well as with his sister and the mother of his future wife, Princess Lubomirska.

(463) The supreme degree of active and blindly partisan disinformation, the last degree of moral prostitution, and the most abject. We must not forget that, when the time comes, we will have to take significant action. In an article by Ismail Kadaré, published in a Paris evening newspaper on 4 April, he wrote

"Crime triumphs once again in the heart of Europe. Human limbs amputated, children slaughtered with axes, pregnant women disembowelled, minors raped, old people burnt to a crisp...) After the holocaust against the Jews, this new defilement weighs heavily on our consciences". Under the provocative and putassive title *Le triomphe du crime (The Triumph of Crime)*, this "testimony" by the Albanian writer attempts to falsely accuse the Serbian camp, which is currently engaged in the front line of Europe's desperate fight against the colonialist aggression of the "planetary superpower", the United States. They are supported by their accomplices and henchmen, the subcontractors of European social democracy, who, we have sworn, will pay dearly, extraordinarily dearly.

(464) It was on 2 May this year that John Paul II proclaimed Padre Pio's elevation to the altar in Rome. "I thank God for having allowed me today to inscribe Padre Pio in the Book of the Blessed", he told the crowd gathered in St Peter's Square.

When you consider the unheard-of amount of resistance and hallucinated, persistent hatred that rallied around the dizzying figure of the stigmatised man of San Giovanni Rotondo for some fifty years, you have to see this unexpected conclusion as the work of a miracle, the miracle itself being a great providential sign. A *prodigious sign* proclaiming, in the eyes of those who know how to see with the inner gaze of the Spirit in action, the final overthrow of the totalitarian hold of the

"It's the beginning of a new cycle, of an *Ætas Novissima* still concealed behind the mystery of its own advent, the bearer of the renewed imperial predominance of the forces of clarity being and of the "former light". A harbinger a great change in the cosmic regime, the advent of which will also be marked by the double eclipse of the moon and sun on 28 July and 11 August.

The final reckoning between the powers of being and non-being, antagonistically present in the very march of present-day world history, will have to take place, and will see the unconditional and definitive victory of the luminous forces whose Supreme Commander, seated on the ultimate invisible heights of being, is now Padre Pio in his dogmatic, supernatural identity, in eternal identity of his radiant holiness. For such will be his ultimate and total suprahistorical occult ministry.

The long, limpid, burning Calvary of the mysterious stigmatist of San Giovanni Rotondo was merely the trail of his secret journey towards what is now his apocalyptic ministry, the doubling in the invisible of that journey which, in his visible life, already foreshadowed the blaze of his future glory. I consider myself to be deeply burnt in the wake of Padre Pio's fiery work. How, in the merciless white furnace that is my life, can I not think of what he said: "*All you have to do is keep your heart open, turned towards heaven, and wait for the heavenly dew*".

(465) Today, 4 June, Friday, I had a strange encounter. As I walked along the wall of the cemetery on the left, avenue Georges-Mandel, I saw Dr Walter Néroman, still very elegant, but rather badly aged, coming towards me on the same pavement, accompanied by a withered, surly, hairy woman - Lebanese, Greek or Tunisian - bursting with bracelets, gold chains, bagouzes; exalted, *suspicious*. Immersed

in an animated discussion, him raising his voice and her uttering sickening, excruciating little yelps. They were unaware of my presence and, arriving at number 27 Avenue, he dialled the entrance code and entered, with the lady behind him ("...Your stubbornness sometimes turns to sheer stupidity," I thought I heard him say).

That Dr Walter Néroman should pass through the gates of this otherworldly enclave, clandestinely housed at 27 avenue Georges-Mandel, was hardly surprising. But the fact that I had just received direct confirmation of this terrifying connection was - I admit - rather disturbing. Perhaps there are darker things going on there than I had any right to believe. In any case, the reappearance of Dr Walter Néroman in my life is not a sign to be taken lightly.

(466) Dark rust in colour, this extraordinary house in the heart of the 17th arrondissement of Paris is reminiscent of some of the old Transylvanian architecture from the 17th century, the architecture of the local German community. Located at number 1 rue Léon-Cosnard, number 19 rue Legendre and number 32 rue Tocqueville, the building seems to be turned upside down into a small inner courtyard, like a shadowy well, hidden by high walls from any stranger to its secrets. Whatever happened there must have been serious during the early years of the 1914-1918 war, whose dark whirlwind has not stopped spinning ever since: I got caught up in it on many occasions. When I was on the lookout, I often observed a large negro moving slowly along the outside galleries, sheltered by the red stained glass windows that distorted his image, a spectral vision if ever there was one.

(467) I'll also remember the two neighbouring houses, numbers 12 and 12 bis in the rue Oswaldo-Cruz, in the 16th arrondissement, a silent, shadowy, haunted place that I had seen in a dream before finding and recognising it. It was a dream that, at one point, meant a lot to me. Even today, the reality of the place is called upon to bear the special light of that dream, which irrevocably marked and mysteriously *transfigured* it for me.

I know that in a parallel world, the house at 12 bis keeps within its walls an apocalyptic secret, with its own numerological powers, always ready to act, whose forbidden, unmentionable cosmological abilities I myself approached in a dream, with a terrifying power of immediate reverberation. What's more, the mystery secretly at home at 12 bis, rue Oswaldo-Cruz, is not a mystery of the past, but of the future: what is to happen there has not yet taken place, but is about to.

will do when the time comes, and no doubt in relation to myself. A predestined place, and a localised predestination, on which it seems to me that my own life will depend (as was foretold to me in the dream in which these places first appeared to me).

(468) The enigmatic Abbé Cassis de Clichy (where he practised for many years), a prophet, necromancer and magnetiser famous in Parisian high society, was in reality just a sodomite from Cairo, Joseph Abécassis, convicted of robbery, blackmail and attempted murder of one of his accomplices, a rogue doctor, drug supplier and abortionist. Joseph Abécassis, a high-ranking Freemason, nevertheless escaped justice. To make himself forgotten, he settled in Chambéry, then in Nice, where he founded a spiritualist sect active in certain circles of inverts. For a long time he was protected by the mayor, Jacques Médecin.

I knew Joseph Abécassis quite well myself, when he was struggling in Clichy. I think he was really dangerous. He tried to lure me into a secret action group that supported the Naundorff succession, a group he claimed had the covert support of Jacques Chaban-Delmas. I also know that Jacques Bergier had compiled a very interesting dossier on the nocturnal activities of Joseph Abécassis, whom he considered to be a sort of reincarnation - a 'weakened return', he said - of Cagliostro, with whom the shadowy magician from Clichy bore a vague resemblance.

Just before he had to leave Paris, 'Abbé Cassis' had knowingly led astray, and driven into prostitution, the young nephew - who ended up committing suicide - of a prominent member of the Gaullist majority and former minister. An affair that almost cost him his life. With his pathological hatred of General de Gaulle, the "Abbé Cassis" had become very agitated during the events in Algeria; at the time he frequented the immediate entourage of the President of the Senate, a hotbed of anti-Gaullist conspiracies at the time. He eventually left for Cairo, from where, as far as I know, he never returned to France and was never heard of again.

I believe that Joseph Abécassis had been part of the infernal emergence of an activist nebula with a black sign - a very well established nebula indeed - which helped to prepare and set in motion the catastrophic events of May 1968, at the end of a sub-cycle of spiritual recovery doomed to failure, a cycle which effectively ended with the death of General de Gaulle. Then came the final breaking of all the dykes, our 'last bulwarks' in the face of the immense outpouring of darkness we have seen.

(469) Leading off from rue du Docteur-Blanche, in the 16th arrondissement, rue Mallet-Stevens ends in a metal fence that is permanently closed; beyond it begins a prohibited area, off-limits to any intrusion outside the confidential order of the premises, a *zona inquinata* to borrow a title from FJ. Ossang's title.

However, if you do manage to get through the fence, there is a large hidden continuation of the Rue Mallet-Stevens that goes quite a long way and ends in a narrow winding path, topped with high, tightly-woven wooden fences, painted green, sheltering thick bushes and leading to high-standard residential buildings that are barely visible, almost entirely hidden by tall trees with dense foliage.

On the other hand, as you pass through the high gate separating *the zona inquinata*, is, immediately on the left, a sort of vast depression forming a courtyard, completely exposed - the wrought-iron wrought-iron fence of this courtyard is not a metre high, it's all there *for all to see* - where several large century-old trees stand. At the far end of courtyard stands - magically, I would say - a private two-storey house with a white-painted façade and numerous windows all with the same wooden shutters painted light blue, an azure blue.

There's something hallucinating about the sudden appearance of this house, because it emanates an unbearable aura of limpid, crystalline tranquillity, *of profound peace*, which immediately brings to mind the mysterious *Pax profunda* of the Rose Crosses; the air in the courtyard seems inhabited by a kind of transparent whiteness, by a secret, uninterrupted blaze, by an ancient, fragile, sovereign, enveloping and certain grace. To be there is to be suddenly somewhere else.

The ecstatic aura of this house itself dispenses a superior initiatory experience that immediately grabs you by the throat, transporting you to another time and another world. And that's without even mentioning what must be hidden behind its fiery, serene facade, royal and as sunny as the azure depths of the Great Summer. All you have to do is get there and look, and open yourself up to the hermetic affirmation place. One day, one way or another, I will enter - and disappear forever - inside the semi-clandestine 'house of the deep blue' at the end of Rue Mallet-Stevens. That seemed to me to be a foregone conclusion.

My Parisian wanderings, undoubtedly in response to an occultly mediumistic instance, are revealing themselves to be all of an essentially initiatory nature. Is Paris not in fact a vast forest of Broceliande? And there, always the same question: *who is leading me?*

(470) André Murcie, in *Alexandre*, May 1999: "Rome can lose a battle at any time, but it will never give up the war. The Venetes are defeated at the first turn of events. The barbarian is the one who refuses to continue the battle after failure. He gives in to the ease of victory or defeat with equal complacency. The notion of barbarism is not based on a supposed lack of "civilisation", but on the acceptance of loss of original energy. Christianity will be the form of the barbarian element of Romanity that will foment the death of *the imperium*."

, *the barbarian is the one who refuses to continue the battle after failure.*

(471) Pierre Chalmain, *Mauvaises Fois. Journal 1995*, published by L'Age d'Homme. On 21 November, he wrote that *the only really serious political action was assassination*. And on 29 November: "The civil servants have been on strike for a week, gently paralysing the country and giving the rest of the population a long hard time: those who work. It is to be expected that the government will back down within a week at the most, once again confirming this unacknowledged change of regime: power to the streets, in other words to the scoundrels. The same goes for the student 'crisis'; I agree with Nabe that it's time to set up vast concentration camps to house all these scum. These days, it's increasingly rare to find someone so politically correct.

(472) "There's a time for everything", they say, and "everything happens". As far as I'm concerned, I know that *the time has come*, the time for the ultimate conclusion. I've arrived, I've reached the end of my road. "I've made my way. At least now I'll know what will happen, what has already happened to me. If, having lost my life, in the end I will regain it or, on the contrary, having lost my life, in the end I will lose it all again, and definitively. A final stroke of mischief, the dark sign of which I have always carried hidden within me.

My days, my hours are now numbered. Can I still do something, try to do something? No, I'm sure not. It's all over, there's nothing left to do. The inconceivable horror of this gaping void before me, the emptiness of this hourless, petrified waiting that crushes my chest and prevents me from breathing. What about hope? Hope, a theological virtue, is supernaturally, and in a subterranean way, nourished by faith, which is a gift, a totally divine grace, an irrational penetration, in this world, of the reality - of the surreality - of the otherworldly action: its action never takes this into account, has absolutely nothing to do with the objective conditions of the situation in which it is asked to manifest itself, bypassing these conditions whatever they may be.

were. Only death can destroy hope, and not always. It is through faith that hope manages to keep me standing, and I know that it is inspired - imposed - directly by God, in the abyssal secret of his being.

(473) Dream from the night of 29 July 1999. A progressive feeling of cold, and then of very great cold, where I see myself - in my dream - sleeping naked in the bed with the sheets pulled down, the blankets fallen to the floor; the windows wide open onto the night, onto the nearby forest whose rich foliage is rustling in the wind, a noise like that of the sea, only more muffled; Not a single light anywhere, it's pitch-black, pitch-black, pitch-black; which leaves the constellations, in the ultimate heights of the heavens, the icy privilege of their diamond luminosities, super-intensified, like a concert of incessant flashes above the darkness of the deep night that reigns here below.

Without waking up, I'm struggling against the cold, shaken by waves of tremors; I can't help it, I have to endure it, I'm a prisoner of a given situation, no doubt someone is plotting somewhere to harm me, to do away with me once and for all and with my insubordination, so blatant these days. But the cold seems to be getting colder, is that possible? I don't know how, but I find myself suspended high in the air, tranquil, serene, untroubled by any worries or torments in my life. Down below, at the edge of the forest full of shadows, I can see the vague whitening of the villa and, further away, the dark mirror of the pond under the mists of the dawn, which is getting closer and closer; it's not here yet, but it feels very close, perhaps because of a certain silence, for there is a mysterious quality to the silence that is created when dawn comes.

Perhaps I was then lifted even higher into the air, it's even quite certain, because after a while I realised that I was seeing the Earth below as a sphere turning on itself, clothed in a strange greenish light, a light that from time to time became - as if by successive flashes, bursting at irregular intervals - an intense, deep, royal emerald green, a mystical, dazzling vision that deeply disturbed me. A vision that was undoubtedly sanctifying. And perhaps delivering a message of salvation.

It was then that from the farthest, blackest heavens, on my right, appeared a band of black light, like a narrow bridge of black light, which is not the absence of light - whose train struck the Earth in its circular march, to temporarily obscure the thin portion thus reached by the latter, which encircled it at an angle, as it turned, as if with a blackening trace. At that very moment, I knew - and I've said it before

I knew from within myself, *Christus intus docet*, as Saint Augustine used to say - that this darkening, this *shadowing* of part of the Earth (where it was challenged in its rotation around itself by the narrow band of black light) was not at all, as one might have been tempted to believe, a sign of misfortune, but quite the opposite: it was the announcement of a great providential decision, the implementation of an abysmal turning point in time, implying the final Reversal, the advent of the Absolute Renewal and the return of the Great Times, of the 'Prior Kingdom'.

". A superhuman joy then filled my heart and my whole being, an ecstatic, limpid, ardent, total certainty about the final destinies of our people and of our secret and holy cause, and also about my own salvation, my own deliverance, which I thought I had to understand as completely immediate.

For this narrow band of black light - temporarily obscured, just long enough for the liberating announcement to be made - was the axis around which the end times of those times already past would have to revolve, so that the mystery of the Reversal of the end, the 'Great Reversal', the *Mahapralaya* foreseen by the highest secret Hindu tradition, could be fulfilled.

(474) The cliffs of dreams, the vertigo of high cliffs of air, ecstatic, plunged into the blackest night. With, above, the radiant glitter of galaxies, the dazzle of their uninterrupted affirmation. The intimate pacification, the radical erasure of everything that wasn't a part of this new peace within me, as profound as it was limpid. Which wasn't peace, strictly speaking, but a kind of immense, cosmic, posthuman joy.

At the same time, far below, I could see my bedroom in the villa, the windows wide open towards the forest, the fire dying out in the fireplace, my bed unmade, my clothes strewn across the carpet and, in the shadows on the other side of the room, the full-length portrait of H., painted by F. P., with the snow-covered Alps of the Austrian Tyrol in the background.

(475) The vision, in my dream of 29 July, of the Earth suspended in the immensity of the cosmic night, like a sphere spinning on itself and surrounded by a thin band of black light, reminds me of what Julius Evola told me in Rome, in the summer of 1968, about his talks with Corneliu Codreanu in Bucharest, on the eve of the Second World War.

Corneliu Codreanu confided in Julius Evola that, sometimes, when he felt the urgent need to tear himself away from the world and its

tribulations, to immerse himself in meditation, he would return to the sacred solitude of the high mountains, where he would spend time recollecting himself in the vertiginous presence of the precipices, whose edges he loved to know, facing the immensity of the bare, empty sky, to be caught up in the deep original cosmic breath, to let himself be carried away by the liberating ecstasy of the ultimate heights.

Sometimes, in his meditation, he would find himself lifted high into the air, reaching the final transcendental space, within which the Earth appeared to him as a distant sphere spinning on itself, or rather as several spheres nested one inside the other and spinning together at different speeds, spheres of different hues, each representing a different ontological state of human reality, according to its different levels of distance or approach in relation to the affirmation of the divine presence.

The glowing sphere, which rotated much more slowly than the others, corresponded to the domain of lower humanity, of the bestial masses, the humanity of primitive desires, criminal impulses and active vice; the bluish sphere was that of the higher psyche, of metapsychic escapism, of ideal illusions and legendary beliefs, of traditional tales and inspired reveries ; while the white sphere corresponded to the realm of living, active faith, the summits of religiosity lived out in its ultimate heights, the mystical experiences of certain saints and certain instances of sanctity - religious orders, elevated spiritual communities - the most advanced points of humanity on the way to final transfiguration; the green sphere, finally, was that of the mystery of the accomplished divinisation of certain occult fractions of humanity who had joined the "supreme polar powerhouse", whose immediate presence and superhuman powers they fully shared.

Whereas the reddish, bluish and white spheres each showed their dye in a uniform manner, the green sphere, on the other hand, showed itself in a discontinuous state, with only a few thin surfaces of the earth undergoing the green dye in all its brilliance, like spots of green light of unbearable intensity, thus signalling the hotbeds of supreme spiritual incandescence where the living divinity had chosen to dwell secretly, and in a completely plenary manner.

Thus Corneliu Codreanu was able to identify, according to the arrangement of the incandescent green spots on the surface of the earth, the region of Mount Carmel and certain mountainous regions of southern Italy (undoubtedly Mount Gargano), as well as several other high mountain regions, notably in northern India, as places where the divinity reigns secretly, directly, fully, through consciousness.

human - or rather superhuman - groups of supreme, "polar" spiritual action, with whom he felt closely connected, in a state of "nuptial bonding", groups he had even gone down to visit on certain occasions ("I was with my fellows, I was with my people, I was really at home, but each time for a short time").

It was Mircea Eliade who had been asked to drive Julius Evola to the Green House in Bucharest, where they were to be met by Corneliu Codreanu - who was later to have a long talk with Evola alone. Corneliu Codreanu had told him that he already knew that he and all the elite of the Legion of the Archangel Michael would soon have to undergo *the trial by fire*, the trial of the bloody sacrifice of their own lives, so that they could be admitted to join, in the invisible, "beyond this life", the space of supreme election where they would enter the predestined ranks of the "White Army" which, under the leadership of the Archangel Michael, and in the company of the Holy Angels and all the fallen heroes of fidelity and faith, must be ready in the hourless expectation of the final Battle for the establishment, both within history and outside of it, of the mysterious *Regnum Sanctum* whose times will supplant, in this century, the present reign of darkness.

I could feel that Julius Evola would have liked to tell me more, perhaps confide in me that Corneliu Codreanu had told him on the day at the Green House, but that he couldn't bring himself to do it at the time. "I'll tell you a lot more when we next meet, in the next few days, about what Corneliu Codreanu told me then, things that are so supernatural, so prophetic, so dangerous, that I have to confess I have the greatest difficulty talking about them. Even to you, and I'm particularly sorry about that.

In any case, that day I was able to confirm to Julius Evola that the initiatory teaching about the "White Army" was the very foundation of the secret - and even ultra-secret - doctrine taught, under the oath of silence, in the most closed circles of the Legion of the Archangel Michael (the "oath of silence", *juramantul tacerii*).

(476) However, still on the subject of his mysterious trip to Bucharest on the eve of the last war, Julius Evola also told me that, the day after his meeting with Corneliu Codreanu, he had been taken by the Bucharest police prefect not far from the capital. In the dry bed of a small river - the Dambovitza, which also flows through Bucharest - he had had the opportunity to attend, in broad daylight, a 'tantric' ceremony (banned by the government) performed by certain initiatic communities.

farmers. Settled in the Baragan desert, constantly pursued by the gendarmes, they fiercely concealed their special activities, and even more than special.

Around a central, over-activated orgiastic hearth - where the sacralised, over-intensified sexual act was liturgically performed as a group, brought to its ultimate climax - several circles of dancers - men and women - spun around, singing faster and faster as the central hearth was activated and approached its final paroxysm. All of this was immersed in a very intense sacred atmosphere, whose increasingly vivid, terrifying, unbearable vibrations could not fail to be powerfully felt.

Rounds of dancers circled in song around the central orgiastic focus, some from left to right and others from right to left, constantly accelerating their footbeats and their rhythmic, hallucinatory cries, until the final moment of paroxysm, when the fulguration of collective ecstasy produced a kind of luminous halo rising above the groups liturgically in action, to suddenly cover the whole, for a few moments, like a tent of high flames, like a blinding pyramid of fire.

All the participants then lay motionless for a few moments, before rising to their feet and scattering in all directions like the spokes of a wheel, uttering loud, sustained, wild hooting sounds that echoed for a long time in the hollow of the dried-up river.

This kind of ceremony often attracted lightning, even when the sky was clear of clouds. But even if the lightning struck the central orgiastic focus, not only did the direct participants not feel the slightest damage, but they found that it gave their work a new power, suddenly clothed in the fire of the sky, translucent and incandescent.

A friend and admirer of Julius Evola, the Prefect of Police - a high-ranking Masonic dignitary who nonetheless drew large sums from the secret funds of the Mussolini Italian Embassy in Bucharest - the minister in office, Peregrino Chigi, knew how to manipulate his people very well - secretly found himself to be the effective and attentive protector of these initiatory peasant communities in the vicinity of Bucharest and, as such, he benefited - as he himself told Julius Evola - from certain support, certain help from the invisible. Perhaps this is what enabled him to survive the seizure of power by the Legionary Movement, which should normally have dealt with him. Double-dealing doesn't only have its disadvantages, it seems. Far more, no doubt, than help from the invisible, especially when it comes to that invisible (although you never know, and in any case *not quite*).

(477) Late morning of 4 August 1999. I think I have finally deciphered the occult meaning of my dream of 29 July: the thin band of black light that came to wrap itself around the earth was symbolically the shadow zone of the eclipse of the Sun on 11 August next, and the state of ecstatic joy that I had found myself in, within my dream itself, following this premonitory vision, was secretly alluding to the fact that I had to expect precisely the consequences of this vision, both personal and concerning the current planetary history in progress.

I certainly don't think I should expect any immediate consequences, since this eclipse is merely announcing the total change of direction of the greatest history in progress, but it is no less certain that the solar eclipse of 11 August marks the end of a cosmic, suprahistoric cycle that is already over, and heralds the advent - in the invisible, already underway - of a new great cosmic cycle, a cycle of salvation and deliverance, which comes from a total and definitive reversal of the previous cycle, which will have marked, reached and surpassed the ultimate limits ontological obscuration and dereliction, of the self-destruction of being in its nocturnal procession through its own negative abysses.

The solar eclipse on 11 August therefore establishes a *threshold*, a line from which everything must and will change.

(478) The fact that the solar eclipse at the end of the millennium had to take place on 11 August only obliges me to see in it a sign concerning myself personally, myself and the abysmal mystery of my occult predestination, of my long journey into the darkness of the afterworld, of my imperial order of service: what 11 August 1999 heralds is the total negation, the total reversal and the no less total redemption of what happened on 11 August 1962 in Madrid, when the light of my life went out.

11 August 1962 - 11 August 1999: thirty-seven years, and it is the number 37 that thus becomes the bearer of the great mystery of the completion in progress and the beginning - the re-beginning - to come, and which in principle is already there, in a kind of clandestine way. For there is also a certain ontological clandestinity thanks to which is not yet can nevertheless already be there.

(479) So in the end V. and I won the game, and now 'everything is back in the zone of supreme attention'. I have nothing more to fear, just as in 1949, I have once again crossed the border between being and non-being, I have clandestinely joined being and left behind the territories of non-being. And this, all this, this

This is how Divine Providence acts, always erasing its own traces, always in the mystery of its own transparency, which is none other than the transparency of its own mystery, an abysmal transparency and a mystery forever out of reach, yet entirely present there, always, where its action is revealed by its very total occultation.

(480) But in any case, the solar eclipse of 11 August is only the announcement of total change, the announcement of the final reversal to come, and not the change itself, nor the reversal: the messianic promise, the timeless guarantee of what can no longer fail to happen, but which will only happen at *the appointed hour*, since it is Divine Providence that establishes the coming of this hour, and it will therefore only come - when it comes to us - from outside everything that we ourselves are, from the inconceivable and unreachable outside that is the part of Divine Providence acting according to its own hidden, inscrutable designs.

We have won in principle, but we still need to make the transition from the principle to its manifestation in time for it to happen, and *it will happen*.

At least I am able to understand that, as far as I am concerned personally, this hour is in any case imminent, because it must come in my lifetime. In the greatest secrecy, unconsciously, my whole life has been mobilised, tense and waiting for this hour, which is now near. I don't yet know when or how, but I do know what it will bring: the restitution of everything that was taken from me, the restitution of everything that was never given to me. But is it conceivable that we should want *back what we never had*? Yes, because what we never had is what we should have had if there had not been, if the ontological prohibition of the probationary procession through the darkness of non-being had not intervened, which alone can guarantee the return to being: being is only ever given insofar as being is recovered. *Offer yourselves to God as living people who have come back from death*, Paul, Rom, VI, 13.

(481) On Wednesday 11 August 1999, a little after one o'clock in the afternoon, the solar eclipse of the end of the millennium. The day became somewhat darker, and there was a certain silence over Paris. In fact, nothing exceptional or unexpected happened: it was in the unseen world that the path of this eclipse, with its cosmic reverberations, was destined to leave its mark.

the frontier of the ontological separation of the two worlds, of two antagonistic suprahistoric cycles, the bygone, fundamentally negative, nocturnal cycle of the very last times of the Kali Yuga, and the cycle in the process of asserting itself, which will be - which already is - that of the Return of the Great Times, of the imperial advent of our *Regnum Sanctum*.

Even more obscurely, the eclipse of 11 August 1999 also represents the total reversal of what happened on 11 August 1962 in Madrid; it represents the full redemption of V.'s death. It brings with it the philosophical process of recovery, of the ontological refilling of the abyssal rift that opened up in being at that time, and whose emptiness has not ceased since then to suck in, destabilise and destroy the secret foundations of Western history, thus subjected to the devastating action of the powers of non-being that have established their base of emergence, offensive infiltration and attack. It was on the death of V. that the immense disaster of the last thirty years of Western history was built, from the invisible, its inexorable march to the abyss, its self-destruction in the process of reaching its state of no return. But what the solar eclipse of 11 August 1999 actually heralds is the end of this state of affairs and the reversal of its direction, the advent of its absolute opposite, the resurrection, as it were, of V., and *all that this implies*.

(482) I am stunned by the ease with which secrets, even the most forbidden and dangerous ones, can be tackled as if nothing had happened: some of the things I've just been talking about here in complete freedom, very openly, concern the ultimate foundations of this world and its history in the invisible that they can at any moment capsize, change course, disappear into the unintelligible chasms of their own forbidden depths, and this by the simple fact of talking about them, not to mention the insane risks I run myself by doing so. Which is yet another sign of the proximity of the end of everything, of the Great End: because only then will everything have to be revealed, brought to the light of day. In the end, everything must be known, the most extreme cosmic secrets - the most extreme personal secrets too - will have to be brought to light, because once everything has been consumed - or is in the process of being consumed - nothing will matter any more, apart from what will come afterwards, the *unthinkable*, to use a Heideggerian concept.

(483) When we crossed the line of the solar eclipse at the end of the millennium on August 11th, we were already in Colchis, we had returned to the forbidden territories of the Old Country, the powers, the special intelligences, the dominations and the awakened consciousness of the Previous Kingdom.

However, for everything, truly everything, to be accomplished, once we are present - as we already are - in the ancient inner space of Colchis, we will still have to succeed in capturing the Fleece. That's another thing, the game is far from won. The decisive imminence for the rest of us is now simply that of the final battle for the Golden Fleece.

(484) Prophetic dream. From under my bed I see a finger - an index finger - pointing at me, a bluish finger, secretly tainted by putrefaction, a finger of death. I grab it and pull it towards me, bringing a whole arm and a piece of shoulder blade with it. The arm looks stunted, and the shoulder blade looks like a disgusting corpse. I spit on it and take it all in under the influence of a great sign of the cross. Immediately the whole thing starts to decompose, quickly turning into a pasty mass, a whitish magma, which begins to give off a suspicious, nauseating odour. I suddenly woke up in a panic, imagining at first that I had just been given a premonition of death. I later realised that it must have been something else entirely. The secret of which I may never grasp, the 'last word'.

A certain pernicious malaise seized me in the aftermath of this dream, and it stayed with me until late in the day (23 October 1999).

(485) As this book is entitled *A Return to Colchis*, it only really begins to speak for itself on 11 August, because it is the solar eclipse at the end of the millennium that constitutes, as I have just said, the frontier of Colchis, of the 'new Colchis', of the 'eternal Colchis', where all the paths of a certain final ontological clandestinity in action meet.

Of course, finding yourself in Colchis already means that a lot has been done, that terrible taboos have been broken. But, at the same time, it also means that the time has come to face up directly to the mystery of the conquest - the reconquest - of the Golden Fleece. In other words, nothing has yet been done that would really matter. Because here, everything can still fail miserably, everything can still turn out in such a way that we're suddenly left biting the dust. That's why I'm so frightened, and why I have this icy, sickening trembling that I can't seem to shake off.

The only support I have left in this truly final circumstance is the living word of God:

*For with sorrow and weeping I saw you go, But
God will restore you to me*

*for ever in joy and jubilation.
For He who brought you these misfortunes
will bring you eternal joy by saving you.*

(Baruch, IV, 23, 29)

So I confess to this dreadful fear of losing the last game, because it is not my fight that can make me win, but God's will alone. This last battle is a battle of faith, beyond any real jurisdiction, beyond everything.

(486) On this second Sunday of Advent, while rummaging through my work files, I came across a note dated November 1998, which I had mislaid, concerning John Paul II's position on "democracy". As he was receiving the bishops of Austria on 20 November 1998 - the source of the first petition from Catholic protest groups, "We are also the Church" - John Paul II declared that it was a grave error to call for a democratisation of the Church and openly took a stand against democracy, the very foundations of which he challenged as contrary to the reality of the Church.

"Democracy being the form of government most accepted by today's sensibility, the demand for a democratisation of the Church has spread among a certain number of the faithful", he acknowledged. However, in his view, these are erroneous conceptions that correspond "neither to biblical data nor to the tradition of the Church from the time of the Apostles". At the same time, the Pontiff said he was deeply distressed by the increasingly frequent dissemination of misinformation about the Catholic faith and morals, which are being undermined by currents of essentially negative origin and intent.

Truth," he concluded, "does not come a grassroots Church. It is a gift from on High, from Heaven.

Democracy is in fact, essentially and fundamentally, the reason (both visible and extremely hidden, kept under cover like the ink cloud of a cuttlefish) for the current spiritual and politico-historical disaster of Western European civilisation. In the wake of the great satanic work in progress for five centuries now, the final developments of which mark before our eyes the imminent end of 1 current historical cycle, democracy constitutes the ontological overthrow of the divine order from Above by the satanic anti-order emerging from the depths of sub-history, of the undifferentiated, spectral multitude of crowds devoid of any life of their own, of the living dead, an anti-order that is supposed to replace the nuptial Unity, the active and reviving imperial centrality of the *Regnum Sanctum*.

Demolition, annihilation, relegation to the sub-space of former darkness from which it was brought out for the purposes of subversive devastation by occultly criminal powers, putting an end to democracy once and for all - this is the only salvation for our civilisation of Divine Faith. To have understood this is to have already won the game. To persist in not understanding it is to sink irretrievably into the chaotic void in which they are working to make us lose ourselves without return.

(487) The symbolically apocalyptic events that we have been waiting for so long - the total eclipse of the Sun on 11 August 1999 and the passage into the third millennium - are now behind us. Admittedly, nothing has happened in the visible realm, but what remains to be seen is what the implications of these two events will be in the invisible realm. And that's where everything changes: because *the division has been made between the world before and the new world to come, the Novissima Ætas*, the mystery of which is still impenetrable to us. Probably not for much longer.

(488) The great storm, the terrible surge of devastating winds that had risen on Christmas Eve - the night of 24 December 1999 - must above all not be considered as a simple "natural phenomenon": it was the "result on the ground" of a very powerful magical operation, an enterprise of black magic of cosmic scope, the work of a satanic body that went on the attack for an unknown purpose. A goal of reversal and contradiction, but acting backwards, uselessly, to <- mark the occasion" and, in any case, *too late*.

Marc Gandonnière rightly pointed out to me that the zones of maximum intensity of the devastating continental storm of last Christmas night coincide with the path of the total eclipse of the Sun on 11 August, with the 'line of passage' into the third millennium. All of this is part of the rearguard action of the Dark Power, which in principle has already been defeated and has "run its course".

In the same letter, he also wrote to me: "Sai Baba says that the magnetic polarity of the poles in the process of reversing. Is this the cause of these *natural disasters*? He adds:

"Swami Premananda sent us a powerful montra for protection, no doubt knowing of the trials expected in Europe. It's a full-moon montra, which was used on the H August:

Om Sham Pasha

Juvala Juvaala Jivhe

Karala Thamshtre Pratyangire

Sham Hreem Hum Pat".

Marc Gandonnière is deeply moved by John Paul II's recent grand opening of the Gates of Mystery in Rome. Yesterday, John Paul II opened the Holy Door of the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, the third Holy Door to be opened since the beginning of the Jubilee on Friday 24 December. The Holy Father is due to open a fourth door 18 January in the Basilica of St Paul Outside the Walls.

Marc Gandonnière: "So our John Paul II has just opened the doors to esotericism. We had a vision of this event about ten years ago
".

(489) Also on the same day, a letter from Christian Casino :

"The final outcome of our ongoing revolutionary conspiracy can only take place, as we know, on the threshold of the Third Millennium, in about thirty years' time, and that will be a long, long time," you wrote in your incandescent Masked Ball in Geneva.

It's been a long wait, no doubt, but now it's done: our holy Pope John Paul II, De Labore Solis, "Slav among Latins and Latin among Slavs", has opened the holy door of the Jubilee Year, a mission entrusted to him the day after his election to the throne of Peter by Archbishop Wyszynski, Primate of Poland: "...you must lead the Church into the third millennium". Mission accomplished. As for the nature of this Jubilee Year 2000, the Holy Father did not fail to reveal its profound significance in his Urbi et Orbi message of 25 December 1999: "Through Christ, we are entering a new dimension and reaching the fullness of the destiny of salvation that the Father has prepared for us". Now, what can this new dimension be, if not that of the heart of Jesus, the holy of holies in the temple of the Holy Trinity, whose Yod-shaped wound is the door?

That's why I particularly delighted that the Prix des Treize has been awarded to your Bal Masqué in Geneva. I'm particularly delighted to be on the jury for the Prix des Treize, especially as it was established in Paris on 13 December 1999, the feast of Saint Lucy, the saint who helped Dante enter Purgatory, and it was on 13 December 1986, in Paris, thirteen years to the day, therefore, before the Prix des Treize was established, that I was given the opportunity to take a particularly operative step in my spiritual journey, a step that is not, in some respects, unrelated to the DXV referred to in the thirty-third canto of Dante's Divine Comedy.

(490) *It's almost dawn, but the dawn is still dark. We are in Colchis, and the sea on the beach is warm.*

WE'RE ALREADY IN COLCHIS, BUT WE'RE NOT THERE YET

...but he had prevented this fatal encounter from happening so quickly, and he was waiting for it. There was something divine in him...

Aragon, *Aurélien*

(491) Over the last few years, two recurring and very similar kinds of dreams have been haunting my nights on a regular basis. The time has come to give an account of them, because what they speak of, it seems to me, is about to lead to the very reality of my own life. I don't yet know how it's going to happen, but I know at the same time that it's bound to happen, that it's been *planned in advance*.

In the first case, on the right bank of the Seine, in the middle of a wide, open, asphalted space, there is a small establishment with a café on the ground floor and a hotel on the first floor, a hotel with four bedrooms plus the owners'. A very fashionable place, elegant, airy, bright, lively and at the same time enjoying a certain intimate, almost conspiratorial note, a *must for* a certain Parisian elite, in fact quite closed in on itself. Filled with people all day, it also serves excellent cuisine. As for me, I'm secretly having an affair with the young and very pretty owner of the place, who is undoubtedly *someone else* as well. For this place is in reality an occult threshold, a veiled passageway to another state of this world, hidden, forbidden, but which some, more cautious than others, are sometimes able to reach for brief trips back and forth, just long enough for a dangerous dazzle on the right bank of the Seine where this place has stood since time immemorial, hidden in broad daylight in full view of everyone, open to all passageways. It's a super-charged place, as indicated by a certain white intensity, too white, of the daylight in the place itself and its immediate surroundings, a certain trembling of the air, and a certain all-pervading high-mountain smell that sometimes surprises those who recognise that something special is going on there, that there's something different about the subtly localised space.

I have also had the opportunity observe an attraction exerted on certain passers-by who, once in the immediate vicinity of this place, suddenly find it impossible not to stop there, forgetting their own preoccupations of the moment to linger there indefinitely, as if gripped by a disqualifying vertigo that depersonalises them and subjugates them to the nameless, faceless mystery whose presence manifests itself subversively, a sanctuary hidden in broad daylight, a sanctuary splitting the place in two by an over-activated focus of power, freedom and glory. A door secretly kept ajar to the beyond.

I suppose that what I can expect from my frequent visits to this powerfully marked place will be, when the time comes, a brief, fundamental epiphany, the decisive unveiling of an active supernatural entity, angelic or divine, that will totally change the course of my existence, that will even be, perhaps, its saving conclusion. It will transform me, secretly, from within.

But, as I was saying, there is another kind of dream, a different one. At the top of a sizeable rise of land inside a large wooded park, close to the park's fenced enclosure, there is a strange establishment - obviously an old mansion - with a café on the first floor, while on the ground floor and second floor there are confidential habits, special preoccupations of which it would be better not to know at all.

The elegant light-coloured wood panelling, the large bay windows that continue on three sides, the sunshine and the profound silence that reign in the café make it a place of high quality, frequented above all by people whose common denominator is that they belong to some elitist and discreet brotherhood, distant, rigorous, difficult to penetrate, but nonetheless very active in its own domain - and of which the rest of us, just passing through, cannot have the slightest idea. Not that those who weren't there weren't allowed in, but we who weren't actually there kept feeling that we were barely tolerated, accepted reluctantly, disdainfully and as if out of indifference; that our presence was no different from an absence. We were only allowed to be there because we weren't actually there.

Despite all this, I have to admit that I enjoyed going there as much as possible, spending hours writing, reading, daydreaming and looking me, all the while trying to hide the guilty interest I felt in the people there, in their passionate, somewhat feverish, spectral looks. For their part, these people, as shady as they were indecipherable, ignored me completely or did their best to pretend.

However, what always brings my excitement to a peak when I find myself in this most equivocal of places (even though it manages to conceal its works quite perfectly) is the dull awareness that unmentionable things must be happening on the ground and second floors, while I'm sitting quietly on the first. Things whose very nature I don't even know, but whose dangerous exhilaration and fascinating transgressions I sense some people must be indulging in, with impunity and with such secret greed.

I wouldn't go so far as to assert that it could be a 'centre of evil', but the fact remains that I sense that things are happening there in the greatest secrecy, a secrecy guarded by the very semi-transparent status of the premises, a secrecy acting and protected by an enclosure of singularly well-organised accomplices. Which says a lot about the immediate impact, the nature and the ongoing developments of this secret, or even of this archipelago of secrets in the making, whose influences, dizziness, veiled call and unacceptable burn I experience every time I sit down on the first floor, at a table in this luminous, quiet, *fateful* café. Where the inconceivable will one day happen.

I have to admit it too: something else, something *very specific*, attracts me to the café on the first floor of this establishment, which is bathed in the unsettling atmosphere of spectral influences exerted there in the middle of the day, of permanent implicit dread, as muted as it is insistent. Sometimes I see there, alone, always alone in a secluded corner of the room, a young woman whose mere presence moves me to the point of almost fainting, a slim, tall young woman with white hair, pale, very pale, with eyes the colour of ashes, moving with a slowness that betrays her great weariness, her profound sadness, her undeniable distance from the immediate reality of this world; Absent, pensive, she emanates an extraordinary aura of glory, veiled, restrained, deliberately concealed.

No one could stop me from recognising this fascinating stranger. I knew that she was dead, and not just dead, but that she had come back from death, that she had returned to the "shore of life". In doing so, she must have changed her appearance, as is mentioned in the Epilogue of the Gospel according to Saint John, where we read of Jesus' third appearance after his resurrection ("Now when morning had come, Jesus stood on the shore; yet the disciples did not know that it was Jesus", Jn XXI, 4). On the other hand, those who return from death are also obliged to forget everything - absolutely everything, 's the black curtain, that you don't pass through - about what they had to know on the "other side of the line". The few - and this is the case of the ash-eyed stranger - who manage to keep their memories alive are the ones who are forced to forget everything.

the entire memory of what they experienced on the other side are struck by a strange, apparently incurable languor.

I knew that she couldn't have failed to recognise me, and that she was pretending not to remember me, fearing the transgression of I don't know what fearsome prohibition. As for me, I didn't have to hide it: it was my dead wife, and our reunion there obviously had a definitive, cosmic meaning, marking the threshold of a mysterious new beginning that would eventually change the face of the world.

I also knew that, for the moment, I didn't have to step forward, to take it upon myself to act, not knowing what the risks might have been of a mistaken move, of a hasty gesture on my part, and therefore preferring to leave him complete latitude as to the conduct of the game of our reunion, of our avowed recognition, of our new beginnings in life, of our new life.

That day, absorbed in what she was doing or pretending to do, not once did she lift her face, not once did she look in my direction. I concentrated on her, trying to influence her mentally, to order her to turn inward towards me, *to accept contact*. I saw her get up abruptly and, calling the waitress to pay for her drink, leave the café with a certain haste, a certain feverishness. As I was also leaving behind her, I saw her hesitate for a few moments as she left the hotel, and then head towards the heart of the park. It was past midday, a radiant sun was revitalising and rejuvenating things and people, and a certain excitement was stirring the foliage. So I set out late today morning to track her .

She had taken the park at an angle and crossed it, taking her time, at a long, leisurely pace, to come out on the other side and turn left into a small square where, at half past noon, she entered a church to attend mass. Hidden behind a pillar, I saw her praying fervently. I would have liked to take communion straight after her - for us to take communion together - but I didn't want her to be able to see that I was there, that I was following her. Leaving the church, strangely illuminated by hundreds of candles flickering like waves in the daylight, she went to the local library, where she picked out four books before going to the Prisunic to do some shopping. Still behind her, I saw her enter a modern eight-storey building with a large green courtyard. When I consulted the table listing the names of the tenants, I immediately identified her: Laure de Maréchal, 4th floor. So she had chosen a name from her mother's line. A few moments later, I went upstairs myself.

even to the fourth floor, only to stop, my heart beating wildly, in front of the burgundy-coloured door of the flat where a young woman, risen from the dead, was living clandestinely - I mean hiding, concealing her true identity. Who, after thirty-eight long empty years spent in the occult confines of death, had miraculously reappeared in the light of day, to life, in her soul and in her body, having resumed the course of her former existence where it had been interrupted by her death, by the total destruction of her body and by the fading of her soul into the night.

That's when I suddenly woke up, dazzled by a strange light. I know, of course, that all this only happened in the dream, but the fact remains that a dream like this is no longer just a dream - a dream like any other - but *something else* entirely. That's what I now have to think about, trying to decipher the message sent to me from the 'other world'.

(492) I have no choice: at all costs I must find the mysterious mansion that, at the top of an eminence of earth rising from a large park, shelters the café where, in my dream, "Laure de Maréchal" was brought to show herself to me. The petition of reality of these recurring dreams - *the petition of extreme reality* - demands that they be taken at face value, as the double intrusion of the dream into life and of life into the dream. Montsouris, Buttes-Chaumont, Bois de Boulogne, Bois de Vincennes? Another place in the north-east of Paris? Elsewhere perhaps, but where?

(493) With Vladimir Dimitrijevic, in the conspiratorial basement of the Age d'Homme bookshop on Rue Pérou. 11 tells me a disturbing vision he had a few days ago in Martigny, Switzerland, during an exhibition of Russian icons presented by Vladimir Volkoff at the Pierre-Gianadda Foundation. It began with a feeling of unease; he was overcome by nausea as he recalled the relative futility of "all our battles, all our current activities".

Faced with the Beast that stands before us, immense, filling the skies with its tumultuous darkness, we do nothing more," he said, "than annoy it indefinitely with small banderillas, when the moment for the decisive blow has long since sounded; all our current efforts are therefore as derisory as they are foolish, and more often than not the product of manipulation by the enemy himself, to create a diversion; because now all that counts is the *final blow*, the sword placed directly in the heart's vein; immediate, lightning death. And no one - none of us - dared to think about it, as we were all bound up in the terrifying work of the battle.

of the Beast, through the hallucinatory blaze of his gaze. "The commandment of the moment: the Beast must be struck to death.

It was against the dark background of this unease (about our current paralysis in the face of the Beast) that he had his astounding revelation: that what is being prepared for us at the present time is the imminent advent of a virtual Christ. He would have all the appearances, indeed all the qualities, of Christ, except that he *would not be Christ*, but would be imposed on us as if he were. The supreme state of the fundamental lie. For this virtual Christ would in reality be no more than the shadow of the Antichrist, as the "mystery of iniquity" presents him to us in the Second Epistle of Saint Paul to the Thessalonians. The virtual Christ is already at work. "This is a fact that can no longer be denied. The advent of this virtual Christ will also be the apocalyptic culmination of the current conspiracy led by the United States and what lies behind it. Behind the nativity of the virtual Christ, the Antichrist. This, then, is the secret of the intensive virtualisation of the world being pursued by the central core of the great Satanic subversion, installed at the heart of the ever-expanding globalist power. The reign of darkness is here.

VISIONARY NEWS FROM HORIA DAMIAN

Literature is just a form of delinquency.
Juan Manuel de Prada, *The masks of the hero.*

(493) I finally got to Châtillon to visit Horia Damian's new studio, above which is her flat. The studio, on the ground floor, is vast and bright. A certain sacred presence emanates from it, and it seems very difficult not to respond to it from deep within, quite naturally; The air is different, a kind of permanent reverberation establishes a relationship, imposes sustained attention, an immediate subjection to that which modifies reality's relationship with itself, as we were the vicinity of a concealed, vertical rift, opening the passageway to another reality, to the inner space of the otter-world, whose ardent and limpid Platonic intimations, the breath, the light freshness of the ultimate heights, are all close at hand. And all this as if in a second state, as if in a kind of waking dream in which it is the consciousness of oneself that suddenly becomes another consciousness, the consciousness and the vertigo of another world: the world of rediscovered being, the world of the archaic, intact totality, awakening the pre-ontological origins of the world and of oneself.

All this, as we understand it at the time, is the result of ontological modifications to the surrounding space produced by the exhibition, in the open space of the studio, by all those units of transfiguration and transcendence of reality that are Horia Damian's latest works, which act directly on the very nature of space and consciousness, each of which acts as a focus for supra-spatial exaltation and supra-consciousness at work, on the spot, as clandestine batteries of transcendental action, as polar, incandescent notches in the occult paths of the permanent ascent of being in progress, precisely, *taking place*.

Certainly, a visit to Horia Damian's studio is not something you can do with impunity, far from it.

is inexorably going to provide for the secret modification of consciousness, of the very breath of life, of the immediate existence of the person who commits to taking on the inner journey, so perilously exposed to the action of the occult spaces of the outer open. Once you've set foot on it, it's too late - it will always be too late - to turn back, you have to go *all the way*. With all the terrible consequences that implies, because any profound change in consciousness is a tragedy.

What could be stranger, in fact, than the apparently banal adventure of a visit to Châtillon in the luminous bunker of Horia Damian's studio, right next to this immense elevation of earth covered green grass, hiding the town's water . Suddenly you find yourself standing at the line of passage to the other world, to the Platonic world of absolute ideas, and the invitation to take the takes hold of like an irresistible dizziness that sweeps you forward, tipping you over the "other side" in one fell swoop. After that, nothing will ever be the same again, nothing.

This afternoon, at Horia Damian's home, I underwent the abyssal metamorphosis that is implied by the secret liturgical journey of death and resurrection, each time representing *the crossing of the line*. In this workshop, I was really led to cross the line, to see the invisible, to feel the rise within me of the unspeakable, *Et in Arcadia ego*. So this afternoon, I did what implied in Nicolas Poussin's extraordinary painting: that we can venture out and try things that sometimes even succeed.

How do you bear witness to the unspeakable? I don't know. But I do know that I can at least give an account of what constitutes Horia Damian's works, radiant stations, over-activated foci of the change in the ontological regime of reality to which we find ourselves invited to respond existentially, during the initiatory passage through the Châtillon studio. A single step is all it takes for everything to change. Totally, and no doubt irrevocably.

I will begin with the four large-format works depicting, against a background of double black panels, the same emblematic figure, the powerful symbol of what Horia Damian calls the 'sleeping knight'. At the centre of each of these panels is a low bed made of planks, on which lies a helmeted knight in armour (painted sheet-metal armour, made up of numerous pieces), his face uncovered; the young faces are ascetic, noble, virile, with a superior ecstatic affirmation, painted in natural colours. Straight out of the canvases of Piero della Francesca, these knights are at rest, plunged into a deep sleep; I insist on Piero della Francesca.

However, beyond appearances, we understand - there is a *certainty shown* here - that it is a question of a symbolic slumber, a sleep

philosophical and astral, cosmic, the great dogmatic sleep of the end of a cycle, of the interregnum that sets in when the cycle that has already passed is no longer there and the new cycle to come has not yet quite arrived.

Horia Damian's masterpiece, exhibiting her "four sleeping knights" wrapped in their glittering philosophical armour, will rise to the status of a cosmic symbol in its own right, just as Robert Bresson's masterpiece *Lancelot du Lac* did in its time, Robert Bresson's masterpiece *Lancelot du Lac*, which showed the end of the traditional West through the negative liturgy of the desolate pile of empty armour celebrating, after the "last battle", the advent of the "end after the end of all ends". They each herald different temporalities.

The two masterpieces in question, Horia Damian's "Four Sleeping Knights" and Robert Bresson's *Lancelot du Lac*, are fiercely antagonistic yet dialectically, even nuptially linked, representing two different instances of the same ongoing cosmic process of liturgical death and resurrection. While Robert Bresson's masterpiece, *Lancelot du Lac*, shows the ultimate end a cycle that has completely come to an end, Horia Damian's "Four Sleeping Knights" illustrate the interregnum in continuation.

As active symbols of cosmic becoming currently underway, Horia Damian's "four sleeping knights" are therefore full participants in the sacred process of which they are supposed to make explicit, liturgically carry forward and embody the ongoing revolutionary march, the great prophetic spiral of cosmic development preconceived from outside time and all temporality. Carried to the "ultimate heights", the "sleeping knights" keep watch.

However, while it is certainly not - after all - these two cosmic symbols correlatively, dialectically at work - Horia Damian's 'Four Sleeping Knights' and Robert Bresson's *Lancelot of the Lake* - that command the march of cosmic evolution currently underway, it is no less certain that, in the final analysis, it is precisely this same march of the cosmic spiral in action, that has brought forth, in its own paths, these two symbols - these two masterpieces - that are so highly revelational, so that it can itself rely on them in its own work of revolutionary advancement, and make them the tool of its prophetically operative self-announcement, its *signs of the predestined times*. *Signs of the times* that deliver the suprahistorical measure of the moment.

Over and above the creativity of their respective authors, the operative conception of these two masterpieces, symbolically revelatory of the current march of cosmic development, had an absolutely decisive element of non-human inspiration of abysmal origin,

sacred, "divine". It is in the middle of the cosmos, at the "centre of the sun", that Horia Damian's "four sleeping knights" are located. The deep, black background of the doubled plateaus, in the middle of which the "four sleeping knights" impose their presence, represents the inner darkness of light.

For if there is an interior light of darkness, the secret Luciferic light of the Midnight sun, the "sun of the dead" of the ancient Thessalonian traditions, there is also, and far more gloriously, the blinding interior darkness of the light in which the pre-original Immaculate Conception of Mary is recognised, *nondum erant abyssi, et ego concepta eram*, and, with it, the immaculate Conception of Mary, the blinding inner darkness of the light in which the immaculate pre-original Marian Conception is recognised, *nondum erant abyssi, et ego concepta eram*, and, with it, the profusion of Black Virgins of the springtime of the Western Middle Ages, as well as the great black Egyptian Isis.

The cosmic position of Horia Damian's Sleeping Knights, in the middle of their large, doubled panels with black backgrounds, signifies their elevation to a higher plane.

They are the "centre of the sun", their ecstatic persistence at the heart of the blinding darkness that reigns at the polar centre of the "Supreme Light". They are *what the background says they are*. But, at the same time, the glittering white shells of their metallic armour will also remind us of their double occult nuptial identity, which is not only solar but also lunar, for it is from the nuptial conjunction of the Sun and the Moon that the very ardent alchemical nuptials will take place, from which the Morning Star will aurally take birth.

Horia Damian's great art lies in the brilliant, inspired and loving esoteric assembly of the many metal pieces of armour that make up sacred envelopes of his sleeping knights, like an impregnable and mystical astral shroud, like the tunic of light of their future awakening to the Final Deliverance. It therefore appears that the group of 'Four Sleeping Knights

In reality, Horia Damian's "The Great Reversal" is the super-activated support of a powerful, a very powerful cosmic interpellation designed to constantly re-establish, to its ultimate end, the current cosmic becoming according to the occult law of its supratemporal predestination, accelerating and exacerbating the march of the revolutionary process underway, so that the Great Reversal, defined by the fundamental Hindu concept of the final limit, the *Paravrtti*, finally comes.

We remember that, in his absolutely decisive approaches to Hölderlin's poetry, Heidegger was able to show that great poetry can only speak of the very essence of poetry. The same is true of all great art in action, so great painting can only speak of the very essence of painting, by making the invisible visible through the visible, by opening up, through its representations, access to the totality of spaces outside our conventional space alone.

And it so happens that Nicolas Poussin's painting *Et in Arcadia ego*, mentioned above, offers precisely the cipher of the supreme *raison d'être* of painting, since it shows that painting must be, and always is, opening of a passage - the "secret pass" - to the "other side" of reality and the immediate spaces of reality, to the eternal and green Arcadia of origin, to the land - to the spaces - of being that responds only to itself. What we need to understand is that the subject of Nicolas Poussin's strange painting is the very mystery of painting, its *raison d'être*, its hidden powers and its most secret inner workings. The great insider Nicolas Poussin knew how to do things.

As such, art - poetry, painting, etc. - has above all a cosmic function. - As such, art - poetry, painting, etc. - has above all a cosmic function, and is very effectively integrated into the cosmic future in progress, of which the work of art asserts itself as one of the occult devices of controlled over-activation. This is why the main propositions of Horia Damian's paintings, stripped down to the bare essentials, are concerned only with the very mechanism of cosmic becoming, whose active intimacy and lines of movement they reveal and allow us to catch a glimpse of - if we know how, if we have *the ability to see*, and all the way to the great galactic secrets in action, because everything happens on a galactic level, where worlds, consciousnesses and the cyclical shifts of their abyssal immemories constantly being made, unmade and remade.

So, in addition to the group of "four sleeping knights", in the sanctuary of Horia Damian's studio we can contemplate an extraordinary representation of the supreme mystery of the inner darkness of light, the heroically transsymbolic figuration of the intimate dwelling of the sacred itself, of the highest sacred, of the "forbidden chamber" where "God stands present to Himself", the very secret "Abode of the One". This is, in , the very last active instance of a certain most dangerous initiatory path, above the "impassable chasms".

This is the final model of a large square dark room, comprising three flattened white representations, reduced to their simplest expression, stuck against three of the walls of the dwelling, the fourth wall, bare, marking - signifying - the presence of the unspeakable, the invisible, but by that very fact, by its *invisibility*, becoming visible: the invisible itself, the "sacred present" giving itself as *visible there*. It is clear that we are in the "Abode of the Sacred".

".

The three representations are as follows: the Chair, symbol of absolute royalty, immutable and polar, immobile, radiating its occult dominations; the Table, symbol of 'communion', sharing and nuptial commitments in the service of the *Incendium Amoris*; and the Bed, symbol of the integration of

death and resurrection, of the "dogmatic sleep" linking them together, and transcending them, and thus both death and resurrection: for, beyond these, there is the fact of their immutable continuity, the fact which assures this continuity. Now, what is this assurance if not the "dogmatic sleep" in its active mystery?

And so we can establish that the dialectical integration of Horia Damian's two current masterpieces, her "Four Sleeping Knights" and her "Abode of the One", proposes a complete cosmic system in which the "Four Sleeping Knights" represent the state of becoming, the state in becoming, and the "Abode of the One" the state of central, polar, ecstatic immutability, around which everything revolves and becomes, indefinitely. On the other hand, it is quite certain that, theologically speaking, the 'Abode of the One' corresponds at the same time to the religious and cosmogonic conceptions of the 'supremely sacred' of the three monotheistic religions, Judaism, Christianity and Islam. By the same token, this work with its ultra-special backdrops stands as a space beyond reach, as a sanctuary that constantly calls for the advent and presence of the "supremely sacred", an uninterrupted presence.

We have yet to define the symbolism, within the "Abode of the One", of the empty space of the floor, of the dark mirror that calls up the mystery of the sacred galactic dances, the "dance floor" of which John Buchan spoke in his initiatory novel *The Dancing Floor*. "A 'dance floor' in which, by its absence, the sixth wall is reflected, absent, the ceiling open towards the immense trans-spaces rising above everything, trans-spaces which are those of the eternal chasms above, without stars or clouds, the ecstatically thunderstruck void of the eternal void. So it seems to us that this 'sixth wall' absent from the 'Abode of the One' is supposed to represent openness, or rather 'openness' to the uncreated (*openness* having, in this case, a phenomenological meaning and *openness* an ontological meaning).

I repeat, a regular visit - and I mean *a regular visit* in the precise initiatory sense of the term - to Horia Damian's studio is not without danger, *terribile est locus iste*. Let's be extremely careful about what can happen, even the worst, on these much-watched paths bordering on nothingness. I have only mentioned two of the works on display here. They are a compelling invitation to *take the plunge*, to clandestinely penetrate the perilous realm of what lies within interiority itself, the mystery of "forbidden interiority".

On the same subject, I would like to mention a third major work by Horia Damian, 'La Porte interdite' (The Forbidden Door). Approximately four metres high by two metres wide, 'The Forbidden Door' is a kind of high black gateway, bordered by

planks brutally nailed together at an angle, with the closure continuing into the space controlled from behind by the latter, the whole covered by a thick sheet of transparent plastic, as is done, on the street side, for certain public works in progress. Showing the impossibility of any transition between ontologically different states, this work by Horia Damian has a truly unheard-of power of impact, bordering on the unbearable. But its message is above all one of being able to overcome it, because at all costs we must succeed in overcoming the fundamental prohibition of which it is intended to be the fateful sign: because *there is passage*, despite everything, for "those who know", the paths of death and non-existence are not always without return. And this is undoubtedly what this monumental and essentially ambiguous work is charged with dialectically affirming, in contradiction to its own original meaning. It is the outrageous display of the forbidden that hints at its occult perishing, which establishes the clandestine chance of a passage all the same.

To say that the new topicality of the art emerging through Horia Damian's avant-garde work is now being used by the struggle for its final return to being, by the Western consciousness of the world playing its last chances, seems an obvious obligation, because *that's how it is*. Here we find ourselves engaged on the most perilous, but also the most promising frontiers of the mystery of the current cosmic return to being, which is already shining through on the Western horizon of the world. Through the art of Horia Damian.

We've known all too well since Rimbaud that we have to be *absolutely modern*: but subjection to current events is something else altogether - unfortunately it mobilises the largest possible number of people around us, which is perfectly fine with those who manipulate the crippled and imbecilic masses as well as the depraved, suicidal false elites, blinded by the burning poison their congenital cowardice, of their powerlessness to be. But isn't that the way it is?

To be modern is to remain in the vanguard of current historical development, whereas today's *mise en actualité* represents the ultimate paroxysm of the subversive alienation of a rogue art that is twilight, self-destructive and dirty, very dirty. Art *actuel* is the unconditional negation of all art, art as anti-art and as the illegal and obscene self-enlightenment of art.

The actuality of Western art implies a fateful subjection, both conscious and unconscious, to the disgusting schemes of the great anti-Western conspiracy, and by that very fact anti-spiritual, the domination of non-being, of the most dramatic and atrocious alienations of being: anti-art subversively imposes the shameless abandonment of art, and its replacement by

by the various installations that forcefully exclude the assumptive work from creative action, from the liturgically creative gestures of the work of art in action. To be current, in the present sense of the term, is not to be, it is to be nothing. It means choosing the nihilistic path of non-being. The modernity of art, on the other hand, directly engages the affirmative presence of being in its becoming, which is both subterranean and historically active, and which it strives to anticipate in its own becoming.

The immense subversive conspiracy of Western anti-art actuality currently prohibits any manifestation of art engaged in the struggles of being, whose attempts to go upstream against the tide it never ceases to dismantle, to try to asphyxiate in germ all attempts at a strategic breakthrough. However, the *new actuality* - which is, in reality, the counter-actuality pursued by Horia Damian in her works-in-progress - manages to single-handedly cut across the advancing front of the great subversions of non-being acting through its ongoing hijackings of Western art (anti-art), because it - Horia Damian's new topicality - mobilises once again, in the front line, the ancient thrusts of transcendental revivification belonging to the occult ascents of being, whose new revolutionary marching order it unveils, at its peril, and at its peril. Which will turn out to be quite different from what we were led to believe.

This unveiling marks the irrevocable rupture of two opposing worlds, and the sudden appearance of this rupture in broad daylight: the anti-world of non-being which - for a short while yet - is mortally suffocating the world of being, without truce or mercy. Thus, through the antagonism of *modernity* and *the present*, we return once again to the final battle being and non-being, a battle in which Horia Damian's work now holds a tragically decisive place. The very place of an *absolutely final choice*.

All this had to be said urgently, and that's what I've just done (or at least tried to do). Having said that, why should anyone be surprised by the false indifference, the permanent critical destitution and the unwavering ban that is being maintained, as if in a ring of fire, around Horia Damian's work in progress? Is this not the immediate consequence of the state of 'total spiritual war' that this work maintains against the subversive conspiracy that is currently in power in all areas of Western art, degraded and purposely depraved by this conspiracy, and its criminal, annihilating manoeuvres, engaged in the service of non-being and the return to chaos that is being prepared for us and whose final conclusions seem to be coming to an end today. And yet there are still a few of us who want to face up to and resist the current advances of the ongoing catastrophe of a civilisation in the process of being

Horia Damian's work serves as a support, an example and a living, active incentive for us to fight on the front line, on the edge of the abyss, in the face of what stands before us like an immense wall of darkness on the march.

The entrenched camp of Châtillon is holding firm, and is here that the magic forest of symbols is being confidentially gathered, cosmically engaged in the vanguard of the great decisive battles underway, whose next outcome will return the conduct of this world to the original dominations of being, to the archaic law of our galactic analogies, to the ancient *dharma* that makes being and non-being no more. A forest of symbols whose magnetic field modifies space and time.

It is now constitutionally infiltrated into the assisted residences of our existence today, monolithic in its infinite alienating diversities, dramatically inescapable. Nothing can be done about it. It's just the way things are. Nothing, if not precisely the active contradiction that is permanently opposed to it by this

Horia Damian's committed work is a "magical forest of symbols", on the fringes of all current events and, by the same token, beyond any current events other than her own.

In a fundamentally contradictory way, Horia Damian's work also comes to participate, in spite of itself, in the movement of circular envelopment undertaken by contemporary art around the perishing islet of the last mourning recesses of the ancient Western consciousness of being, a situation symbolised by the series of "liturgical sarcophagi" - pink, blue, ash grey and black - that he has been teaching for some years now, narrow oblong reductions, uncovered - without lids - entirely empty of any content. Empty sarcophagi, emptied sarcophagi, through which Horia Damian endlessly celebrates the emptying of the void itself, the "void struck by lightning" by the eternal immaculate conception abysmally, occultly at work at the orders of the house of being, which is only admitted to being by counter-attacking.

Here we have a coronal set of sarcophagi whose active symbol is that of the cosmic super-concept of the return to being, of "resurrection" in the sense which Christology considers the foundational mystery of the "empty tomb of Easter morning". Far from celebrating death, Horia Damian's repetitive series of empty sarcophagi celebrates the final victory over death, an ecstatic, transparent, luminous and definitive celebration of the ontological victory of life over death that heralds this victory, and symbolically brings it to the level of its permanent and total affirmation. A sacred mandala, a cosmic mandata, a mandala in action.

It is from Horia Damian's empty sarcophagi that the counter-space secretly emanates, the modified space transfigured by the return to being, the liberated space, the space of reconquered freedom, the very space whose current symbolic existence will one day be called upon to be the space of the final renewal of this world, a world that has itself undergone the modification, renewal and transubstantiation of its ultimate state, of the *Novissima Aetas*. The current marginalisation of Horia Damian's work has a long history.

(474) As a whole, the dark avalanche of José Galdo's poetry is the inner, clandestine forge of the cosmic "work in black", the *Melanosis* in its present paroxysmal state, which is an entirely final state. A double current, ascending and descending, tumultuously carries the black clots of substantification resulting from the ultimate collapse of this world into the invisible, into the astral, all bathed in the nocturnal plasma of a great, anonymous, unquenchable negative will, which is that of the anti-world at work.

*this cleft where the tree trunk stretched by the rafts from its origin
to the return road where the madman turns
like a rat in the wheel that rolls to the hole with the crumbling of the shadow
and the half-opening of burning lips
and the swelling of the trunk's bandage to
the black star of the previous earth
archaic aspiration from the mouth of light
the state of a language in pain and the state of life of an endless blaze of blood
returned from the hole*

(495) In *Le Monde* on 4 June, we learn that, according to Andrea Tornielli, author of *Pius XII, pape des Hébreux* (*Pius XII, pope of the Hebrews*), from the Vatican he tried to "free Hitler from his demons at a distance". However, Gabriele Amorth, a front-line exorcist, believes that these attempts were doomed to failure from the outset, because, he points out, "we only obtain results in the presence of possessed Catholics who consent". Wasn't Hitler a Catholic?

(496) Finally, because I hesitated for a long time before doing so, I don't think I should pass over in silence the strange dream I had on the night of 19 June last, all the more so as I don't seem to have had anything to do with it myself, this dream only came to me so that I could report on it, to perpetuate and spread through my testimony the architecture of the high symbols that were there

I know that the figure of the holy Tsar Nicholas II is mysteriously destined for a career whose true scope, and even less its ultimate meaning, can only be apocalyptic, and we cannot yet measure or even suspect it.

It happened that I was alone on a fine summer's morning on the summit of a high, steep bank of the Dniester, on the right-hand side - the Romanian side - near the birth of the vast estuary where it empties into the Black Sea; the clear water glistened in the sunlight, all the way to farthest reaches a horizon that ended up like high cliffs of luminous mist, whitening in a long, uncertain line as it came into contact with the water.

A terrible silence reigned there, right down to the depths of the immense azure rising above the empty bay. Inhabited by a kind of intense, diffuse, ecstatic clarity, I no longer knew who I was, what I was doing there or how I had got there: my consciousness responded only to the things that were there, in front of me, at that very moment. In the distance, however, a boat was coming down the Dniestr, an old wooden boat, half-decked, with a low list and a large red and black canvas stretched out by the wind, which was in the process of reaching the suddenly turbulent waters of the estuary. A strange military shape stood motionless at the bow, like a tall white flame rising straight up into the air, with a few golden lines that from time to time glinted in the sunlight.

As the boat approached, I noticed that someone was waving at me from the shore, trying to get my attention. I soon realised - to my great astonishment - that it was Vladimir Dimitrijevic standing there, calling out to me: "Come on, get off, take the little boat below and come and join us, you know we're waiting for you? Don't take too long, we'll soon be passing right over you... Hurry up, you hear me?"

At the risk of breaking my neck, I rushed down the narrow, steep and extremely dangerous path leading to the shore, where a ramshackle boat was moored to a pontoon made of a few dislocated, rotting planks, which reinforced the thin strip of sand and black gravel that ran precariously along the shore, almost at water level.

Grabbing the oars, I managed to get to the boat, standing up to find myself at deck level after grabbing a wet rope that Vladimir Dimitrijevic had just thrown to me, while warning me that I was forbidden to climb aboard: " ... You must stay where you are, in your boat ... be careful, don't try to climb aboard ... it would be very dangerous for you ... as you will soon understand. You, you must stay where you are, in your boat... be careful, don't try to get on board... it would be very dangerous for you... because, as you will soon understand, ours is a magical boat, a bewitched boat... a spectral boat, belonging to the other world... Look at her name, *Sogra*... it's-

in other words, *Argos* in reverse... For although he was called *Argos* on his way up to Colchis, now that he is going back the same way, back to Greece, he has had to change his name, take the same name in reverse, *Sogra*... "

I saw that the boat was full of graceful blue turtle-doves, perched everywhere, two by two, in ceaselessly agitated clusters that were continually breaking up and remaking themselves, like bright blue, glittering flames, churning through the air in a kind of Venusian madness that was as limpid as it was joyful, ardent and as if sanctifying. Vladimir Dimitrijevic looked extremely young to me - as if miraculously rejuvenated - his face shining with a strange, restrained, secret joy. He was dressed in a loose, collarless white linen shirt and red, over-the-knee boxer shorts; he was barefoot and wore black sunglasses, his usual lock of hair on his forehead.

There were five other people on board, indistinct, spectral shadows, gathered together, motionless, at the stern, and, near the mast, on a white wooden easel in the shape of an X, exposed to the sun, a thick ram's fur glistening, as if it were covered gold (was). Now I was beginning to understand who, or rather what, I was dealing with. Strangely enough, I wasn't at all worried.

At the bow stood a figure of superhuman height, at least three metres tall, dressed in the white and gold uniform of the old Russian Imperial Navy with, strangely (but I was hardly surprised) hanging from his left epaulette, a vast white sheet floating in the air above him; A yellow scarf hid his bloody neck, and there was a dark dread about him that gripped my chest and took my breath away, as if anticipation of something horrible that was bound to happen, the sight of blood being a sign that I refused to interpret. I knew I mustn't do it, that if I dwelt on it, something bad would happen to me; if I tried to interpret this sign, *I was lost*. There was a trap set for me there, which I, by a happy impulse, managed to avoid.

"Come, I'll introduce you to our holy Tsar Nicholas II," Vladimir Dimitrijevic said to me in a low, muffled voice that I didn't know was his, someone else's voice. "His Holiness wants to talk to you... I think it's best I leave you alone..." And he went and sat down at the table. And he went sat down at the foot of the easel supporting the ram's fur, against which he laid his head slowly, closing his eyes and thus rediscovering the original gesture of the "disciple whom Jesus loved". The disciple who, during the Last Supper, had lovingly laid his face against Jesus' breast; for everything fits together.

The large white sheet tied to Nicholas II's shoulder, which rose high into the air, and bloody yellow scarf should have appeared to me as elements opposed to the rational reality of things but, the inner space of the dream, the laws of reality are found to be different because reality itself is different. So I didn't see anything abnormal in all this, they were facts integrated into a whole in which I was called upon to participate, at that moment, with my whole being; no doubt another of my beings, because, don't all secretly have multiple beings, which never appears so clearly as in the course of certain dreams - which count differently from others because they come or are sent from elsewhere, and with ends as precise as they are secretly impenetrable.

Suddenly, great black, foaming waves were rising, and my boat, ready to break up, was hitting the ship's sides with a dull violence. I was deeply worried; I really didn't know what to do any more and felt myself wavering inside.

- Don' be afraid," said Tsar Nicholas II, "dont be afraid, no harm can come to us now. We are heading for Leuké, for the White Island - the 'Island of Serpents'... [which lies in the open sea off Constantza, Romania]. We're going down there to reach the sacred temple, dedicated to a cosmic divinity so ancient that its name has become completely forbidden, and nobody

- except for a few supremely hidden initiates - can no longer know... We must proceed with the final, sacred initiation of Vladimir Dimitrijevic, so that the living fire of the Ancient Light is born - or reborn - in him... Vladimir Dimitrijevic's grandmother - his transcendental grandmother, the original, archaic mother his secret, subterranean bloodline - has been buried for thousands of years beneath the sacred temple, close to its foundations. The temple draws its powers from there, very high cosmological powers, the very powers that, in other times, enabled the historic advent of Alexander the Great... Only then will we go to Constantinople, where our ministry awaits us, so I'm going to make a revelation to you: what we are being asked to do is to lay the foundations for the forthcoming liberation of the Hagia Sophia, to bring about the *Novissima Aetas* and the final sunshine of the *Imperium ultimum*.... you see, in South-East Europe, there is an ancient, supratemporal, superhuman polar power station, deeply buried, out of reach, whose irradiations continue to act... and which will soon be reactivated, which will change the face of the world... Events are ready to break out... We need to prepare ourselves, to be ready to face them... In the end, when the time of the Great End comes, everything must begin by rediscovering our own origins prior to ourselves... This is why

Vladimir Dimitrijevic must go to Leuké, where the temple of the God from before the present time is located, to celebrate his nuptials of fire with his other self, from before himself... Only then will he be able to respond to the occult call of his future ministry, which is already here... something totally inconceivable... that no one can imagine, any way... because what comes at the end of everything is *the absolute inconceivable*... what we must expect, what we must be ready for, completely ready... That is the *secret of the hour*, and only a few know it...

I heard myself reply:

"But hasn't... Hasn't Vladimir Dimitrijevic already succeeded, single-handedly, through the work of his genius, his self-sacrifice and his relentlessness? Hasn't he succeeded, through his editorial work alone, in bringing over the last thirty years a vast current Russian, or rather Slavic and Grand-Orthodox, spiritual presence and affirmation through the devastated forest of a deficient and dying Western consciousness? What more can we want from him, what more could he do? He has largely fulfilled his destiny; he has already done what he had to do, and even more. Is it not enough that he single-handedly brought about a spiritual renaissance whose reverberations continue, and will continue for a long time to come, to reverberate in the collective consciousness of the West, which has been reduced to a vast, abandoned wasteland?

- Vladimir Dimitrijevic's personal work, the saving interference of Russian imperial spirituality and high Orthodox mysticism in the West (interference which he himself instigated, maintained and intensified over the years), was imposed on him from outside this world... In the Age of Man he always acted under the influence of the superhuman powers that called out to him, under the incessant control of the occult powers coming from the living sacredness, the living fire of the Spirit... Now, for him, is the secret hour of which one in this world can have the slightest idea until it comes... for it is now that he is called to enter the truly final, decisive, total phase of his own ardent journey... that he must be born a second time, born to the Spirit, born of fire within fire...

- And what about me?" I asked, seized by a sudden anguish, a bad premonition... What can you tell me about myself, about what's going to happen to me?

- Nothing about yourself, I can tell you nothing: your change of being is far too close... for *you will be restored, rest assured*... and not only yourself, but, through yourself, *everything will be restored*...

- I recognise," I continued, "at the top of the mast of the *Sogra*, the double-headed eagle of the Russian Empire, of Holy Russia... but what could that second sign be, flying in the wind, bearing a golden eagle on a purple background?

- How can you not recognise the sign of the Western Empire, of *Roma aeterna*? because the time is coming, and we know it is already here, for the advent of the *Roma ultima*, both historical and suprahistorical... and everything I have just said here, remember it, so that you can pass it on to others of your choice... because everything is now in the zone of supreme attention..."

Emperor Nicholas II then raised his right hand above my head and fell silent, giving me his imperial blessing. Suddenly everything changed: I saw myself suspended somewhere in the air, above this world, in the solitudes of a completely empty sky which, at that very moment, tore from one end to the other like a sheet of paper, then burst into flames all at once, becoming an ocean of crimson flames spinning dizzily around itself, following an immense spiral of devastating fire, the spiral of a paroxysmal blaze sweeping away the heavens and the worlds in its mad course, the very inner spiral of the *Incendium Amoris*, while a divine voice cried out from the living heart of this blaze: " Come to me my beloved, hold me tightly, very tightly on my incandescent breast, give me the ardent breath of your mouth, open yourself to me, eternal lover, oh open yourself to me, open your adored body to me..." I woke up immediately. It was already daylight.

(497) Fundamental question: *where did this dream come from?* Who sent it to me, and why? That's what I keep asking myself. A dream that I did no more than note down, as objectively as the fateful law that governs the collapse of dream memory immediately after waking up would allow.

The trial it conducts into the personality and hidden destinies of Vladimir Dimitrijevic seems to me to require very serious consideration, although I do not understand its true *secret message* or how relates to the solar and apocalyptic figure of the Holy Emperor Nicholas II. The revelations concerning the secret initiatory centre on the White Island - Leuké - nevertheless seem to me to correspond to certain reserved teachings of Vasile Lovinescu, which, on this occasion, I will have to revisit with all due attention (and in particular his study on the 'invisible convent', the 'convent of light' timelessly located in ancient Leuké, opposite Constantza).

This dream belongs to the category of what I call *dogmatic dreams*, the bearers of an occult archetypal structure that does not directly concern the dreamer, whom it uses only as a vehicle, and whose profound meaning always involves the hidden future of this world, or even of the 'other world. I am not too far from believing that, in a certain sense, this world is driven underground by *dogmatic dreams*, whose secret ordinations it follows.

(498) How can the artificial become real? Can reality be born of fiction? At the National Sculpture Museum in Valladolid, there is an extraordinary *penitential Magdalene* in polychrome cedar from the 15th , the work Pedro de Mena, which, in a somewhat special register, reaches a level of achievement that is ultimate, quite brilliant. This almost normal-sized Magdalene resembles the young aristocrats who served as models for the Pre-Raphaelite school. She is contemplating the crucifix in her hand when a kind of ecstatic stupor, provoked by the memory of her past derangements, her present incomprehension of her own past far outweighs any regrets she might have (you can almost hear her whisper: "How could this have happened? How could I have done all the things I did?")

But that is not the most important thing: the violent vertigo that Pedro de Mena's work provokes in us comes in fact from the immediate revelation of the quality of being - soul and body - of the young woman represented there, whose very divinity, more than the state of grace, appears as immediate, total, offensive, and acts as such. This work by Pedro de Mena is a permanent epiphany of the ardent and heart-rending divinity, in that it reveals rather than represents the "divine love" of the one who has risen from the dead. The immanence of the devouring fire of living transcendence never ceases to make itself *graspable*, truly present and alive, and desperately desirable, turning wood into flesh and flesh into fire, the very fire of "eternal desire, of eternal unfulfillment".

The mystery of Mary Magdalene is that of the impossible defilement of the Immaculate Conception, who unknowingly accompanied Christ on his descent into the final chasms of death, from which she too rose intact on the third day of his terrifying black wedding. In a thinly veiled way, Pedro de Mena's *penitent Magdalene* is part of an agonising phenomenon of transubstantiation. To be honest, I'm amazed that the Church wasn't at all worried by all this, especially in the 15th century. Cosmic space is secretly riddled with mysterious, fiery vertigoes of active transubstantiation, which are used to inscribe the parallel galaxies of nuptiality at work, keeping everything suspended above the formidable precipices of original nothingness, of the darkness before the darkness. Such is the case in Valladolid with Pedro de Mena's *Magdalene Penitente*, a work of interference, of cosmic infiltration of the divine in a state of immediate amorous incandescence.

(499) Through James Frankenhimer's "stochastic grid", the following sequence of events emerges, over-significant and as if arranged in advance:

(1) Abraham Lincoln was elected to Congress in 1846. John Kennedy was elected to Congress in 1946.

(2) Abraham Lincoln was elected President in 1860. John Kennedy was elected President in 1960.

(3) names Lincoln and Kennedy each contain seven letters. Both were particularly concerned about respect for human rights. Their wives each lost a child during their time in the White House. Both Presidents were assassinated on a Friday. Both were shot in the head. Lincoln's secretary was called Kennedy, Kennedy's secretary was called Lincoln. Both were murdered by Southerners. Both were succeeded by Southerners called Johnson.

(4) Andrew Johnson, who succeeded Lincoln, was born in 1808. Lyndon Johnson, who succeeded Kennedy, was born in 1908.

(5) John Wilkes Booth, Lincoln's assassin, was born in 1839. Lee Harvey Oswald, Kennedy's assassin, was born in 1939. Both assassins bore all three of their names, and the names of each consist of fifteen letters.

(6) Lincoln was assassinated at Ford's Theatre and Kennedy in a Lincoln automobile. Booth fled the theatre and was arrested in a warehouse. Oswald, who was in a warehouse, was murdered in a theatre.

(7) Booth and Oswald were both murdered before their trial.

(8) To top it all off, a week before his death, Lincoln was in Monroe, Maryland. A week before his, Kennedy was with Marilyn Monroe.

How fearsome are the quivering leaves of the Tree of Symbols, whose sephirothic whispers sometimes call out to the most hidden marrow of the workings of things!

(500) Also in *Le Monde*, we learn that, according to renowned British entomologist Graham Smith, venomous spiders with red and black abdomens are swarming under Windsor Castle, the residence of Queen Mum, the centenarian Queen Mother.

(501) The appalling discovery was made British Telecom engineers who had come to carry out work on telephone lines. The surprise was all the greater given that this rare species was thought to have been "extinct for thousands of years". These venomous spiders are still multiplying today, spider-like monsters with black legs, measuring up to nine centimetres and possessing mandibles capable, according to Graham Smith, of "cutting through human skin". How can we fail to recognise in them a powerful symbol bloody and spectral self-denunciation of the ancient terror that is attached to the subversive monarchy?

of infernal origin, which is that of the abject mass murderers of the Stuarts, a Catholic race of divine right whose disappearance marked the entry of English history into its cycle of depravity and counter-historical obscurity?

With the bloody darkness of the current English Protestant monarchy exposed in this unexpected way, is it preparing to mysteriously give itself a *different identity*, freed from its terrifying past guilt, or is it, on the contrary, the fateful harbinger of its coming end, already decided in the invisible? As far as I'm concerned, I'm leaning towards the second of these possibilities, towards a sudden and perhaps definitive mourning for the current British monarchy.

It's no exaggeration to say that what appears to be a hellish posthumous vision of Bram Stoker should be given its due importance. This thick red and black mattress on the march has the importance of a knock on the wall of fate to mark the end of the third act, the passage backwards to the *threshold of darkness*. Great Britain must pay for the inexpiable crime of deposing Edward VIII and all that that entailed in the immense catastrophe of the halting and reversal of world history since 1945. For it was Edward VIII was subversively forced to abdicate - there had been a plot at the highest level of government - that *non-being prevailed over being* (and I use here, deliberately, the very expression with which, on the morning of 22 June 1941, Martin Bormann announced to Arno Breker the attack on the USSR by Germany).

(502) Today I discovered the very elegant interior courtyards of the Rue Royale, refurbished in the immediate vicinity of *Maxim's*, arrangements with a rather fascinating *Berlin allure*. I had an appointment in the neighbourhood with Grégory Pons in the early afternoon. As we parted, he accompanied me, in the blistering heat, to the 52 bus station in front of the Ritz, where, at the last moment, a young woman - no more than twenty years old - got on. She was slim, quite tall, breathtakingly beautiful, dressed in a short, low-cut black summer dress, her legs sheathed in fishnet tights, which I think are very fashionable this summer. This young woman was not entirely unknown to me, but I couldn't place her.

It was only after a while, after the Etoile, that the light suddenly dawned on me, blinding: I was looking at the absolutely identical double, the mysterious living incarnation of my young aunt, Princess Florence Comnène, whom I hadn't seen for at least sixty years. The last time I had been in her presence had been at my maternal grandparents' house in Pitesti, and I remember perfectly that I had danced the tango with my brother *for her*.

(She must have been in her twenties at the time; I was six and my brother four; yet that scene has remained intact, hidden inside me, *as if it were yesterday*).

What struck me on the bus as extraordinarily disturbing was that it wasn't a question of a resemblance - however unheard of, even abnormal - but quite literally of an *identification*, the identification or re-identification of two beings, because I recognised even her breathing, even her most intimate gestures and postures. I had forgotten nothing about her, absolutely nothing throughout those sixty years of dark separation, nightmare and shame. Clearly, this *reappearance* of my aunt Florence Comnène didn't remind her of me at all. Or else I would have had to approach her, to awaken in her, through intensive and sustained mediumistic convolutions, the fire of anterior, transcendental memory, the subterranean current - currents - of abysmal immemory. Stunned by shock of amazement, the terrible inner concussion I had to face, I passed up the opportunity to talk to her. She went down to La Muette. Perhaps I made a *fatal mistake*.

In any case, I consider that this reunion from beyond time - and beyond death - closes the great cycle of my life, that *everything is accomplished*. That the long-awaited apocalyptic conclusion that I'd been expecting for some time is just around the corner. I've understood what Florence Comnène's reappearance means. And having understood it, I'm ready. The secret restoration of my life - and of everything - is near now, very near, *the time has come*. I know it is. This mysterious reunion at the end took place on 21 June 2001, the day of the summer solstice.

(503) I knew, I won't deny it, that everything was going to have to happen in the fiery heart of summer. I'd even go so far as to say that, in a way, I've carried the premonition of it within me, even the veiled certainty of it, since the age six: I carried within me the secret figure a given certainty, irrationally imposed from the outside, abysmally, that my whole life, that my final destiny would have to be fulfilled *in a certain summer*, and that it would happen *suddenly, all at once*. So now I can say that I have in fact spent my whole life waiting for that *final summer*.

I think I'm there. I think the time has come. So late, too late no doubt, and all things considered, I'm not even sure that it's not another decoy. How many times have I said to myself: "Another summer lost! How many times has the darkness closed in on me, how many times have I had to go through this mourning? It doesn't matter, because it's always the "last time" that counts. If, however, there is a "last time" in the sense of the final apocalyptic conclusion to be reached

to that end. If there is an original mystery to my life, it is this desperate wait for the summer of deliverance, a wait that is contradicted every time by reality, which must be the foundation of my incessantly renewed powerlessness and black shame. My secret curse.

Nevertheless, the question remains, the same question: *is it now?* I'll know the answer in the next few days.

(504) Isn't the present book entitled, precisely, *Un retour en Colchide*? A return to Colchis, a return to the 'Old Country', a spectral place of absolute, magical and ontological polar centrality, where the philosophical mysteries of *coincidentia oppositorum*, of *incendium amoris*, are at work indefinitely; a place situated outside time and outside space, containing within itself the transcendental reality of the Great Work under the mythological guise of the Golden Fleece.

the place of origin, too, of the astral mystery illuminating, both from within and from above, the 'living, burning heart' of the Great Cosmic Summer; The acceptance of a sojourn in the "living, burning heart of the Great Summer" is nothing other than the right return to the inner lands of Colchis, the experience of an ontological return to the previous, archaic being of the Immaculate Conception, whose original, pre-ontological vertigo, the foundation of being, we are thus allowed to relive - to experience a second time; for the Immaculate Conception herself only comes into being at her second advent, at the time of her historical incarnation in the person of Mary : the experience of sojourning in the "living and ardent heart of the Great Summer

"So, secretly, this will be the experience of a stay in the *Regnum Mariae*, a loving and charitable place that will never end, because if you are admitted, it's for eternity. That's the game we're currently playing. My life is on the line.

(505) We must also bear in mind the fact that there is no - and there can be absolutely no - existential admission to the "living and ardent heart of the Great Summer" on an basis. Whenever this is done, it is because Divine Providence intends to use the person thus distinguished, thus elevated, in the forward march of its great occult designs concerning the history of the world in progress and, above this, the very mystery of transhistory.

You are only admitted - albeit still clandestinely - to the bosom of the *Regnum Mariae* if you have been chosen to carry out an occult ministry that directly concerns the secret of the providential march of History, the mystery in action of the suprahistorical intelligence of time and the supratemporal becoming of the face of the world and of the great cosmic ages in succession. You cannot cross the line of the "supremely forbidden" unless you have been

preontologically presaged to do so, we only attain the status of an "absolute concept" of Divine Providence if we have been called upon to do so, and always for a specific purpose (which we may or may not know).

Now I confess to knowing this: I had been chosen, even before I came into the world, to carry out a secret task of supra-historical dimensions, of supra-temporal intervention in the march of cosmic ages, in order to interrupt and reverse the current course when the time came, to change the direction of history against the tide. Just as someone else, only recently, tried to do before me, always against the tide. And it doesn't matter that he failed.

And who had led me along these fiery paths? I was initiated on New Year's Eve 1949 in Innsbruck, and was led to begin my mission on 2 August 1952, in Paris, rue Boislevant, near La Muette; in front of number 23 rue Boislevant, at five o'clock in the evening.

(506) Armed with thirteen basic constitutional elements, a special entity of awakening and exaltation in power and holiness had been created in high spheres, the Crystal Lodge, working to support the combat inherent in my predestined mission. Now these constitutional elements are, I don't know if I can afford to say so, the following, which answer my questions:

- (1) The Sacred Heart of Jesus
- (2) The Immaculate Heart of Mary
- (3) Saint Mary Magdalene
- (4) The Most Holy Paraclete
- (5) Saint Sophia
- (6) The Most Holy Archangel Michael
- (7) Saint Véronique Sénac de Meilhan
- (8) Saint Margaret Mary Alacoque
- (9) Saint Theresa of Lisieux
- (10) Saint Bernadette
- (11) Saint Maximilian Kolbe
- (12) Saint Padre Pio
- (13) Jean d'Altavilla

The Crystal Lodge's own *modus operandi* is a state of secrecy beyond our reach; it's impossible for me to talk about it; I don't think I can take the risk of saying more, as it would imply too dangerous a backlash. On the other hand, one day certain things have to be said; but the time has not yet come.

(507) Despite all these orders of silence, it must be understood that the supreme issues of the moment concern France first and foremost, and fundamentally: at moment when current world history finds itself at the crossroads of these paths, France finds itself pushed out of the competition, relegated to the margins by the terminal state of the process of self-destruction into which it is plunged as a result of the extraordinary negative pressures to which it is being subjected both from within and from outside its current political-historical identity, which is caught in the pincers. Preventively, at the end of a long period of murderous, devastating trials, culminating in the present socialist and communist-leftist stranglehold on her political-historical being, a socialist stranglehold behind which lurks the Black Widow and, behind the Black Widow, standing in the deep shadow of anti-history, the truly "satanic" forces of the anti-world in the process of accomplishing their final work of annihilation and death, France has been reduced to a mere shadow of its former self, the anti-French having totally overtaken France, which has thus become the opposite of itself, non-being having taken the place of being in the terms of the dictatorship of the fundamentally illegitimate legitimacy of democratic "political correctness".

The occult powers at the service of the 'mystery of iniquity' know that, by divine, pre-ontological predestination, it is France's supremely royal duty to reverse, at the end of time ('à la fin de ces temps') the direction of history - in fact, the direction of the anti-history in progress - to restore things to their previous, archaic, original order, to re-establish the order of being, and thereby to bring about the disappearance of the anti-order of non-being that has been in power since the beginning of the present great final suprahistorical cycle of the Kali-Yuga, of the 'Dark Ages'. These powers had France destroyed in order to prevent it from fulfilling its own eschatological ministry, its transcendental mission of salvation and final deliverance, which should be reflected in history through the advent of the *Regnum Sanctum*.

However, in so doing, the powers at the service of the "mystery of iniquity" only succeeded in blindly falling into the trap that had been dialectically set for them, from the outset, by Divine Providence in action : For it was only once France had been slaughtered, reduced to nothingness, that she would be able to access the supreme core of her ultimate suprahistoric identity, her eschatological being of awakening and final revolutionary superpower, enabling her the apocalyptic recovery of the last hour, the final Great Reversal, which constitutes the *very goal* of her own abysmal, preontological, conspiratorial and revolutionary predestination at the cosmic level. That's what it's all about, the Great Final Reversal. These are the ultimate stakes in the ongoing abyssal conflagration,

we will understand the reason for the formidable concentrations of superhuman, suprahistorical and cosmic powers mobilised on the current 'front line' *"located in France."*

Thus it is indeed the tragic super-paroxysm of its final self-destruction, of its apparently irremediable decline, which constitutes the assurance, and by this very fact announces the certain imminence of its revolutionary recovery, as mysteriously sudden as it is politically inconceivable in the present state of affairs, the hour of the final Great Reversal having to coincide with the hour of the last degree of its abasement, beyond which there can really be no recovery. It is on the brink of the abyss that France will be called upon to dogmatically save itself and, by saving itself, to save everything.

"As if by magic. Nothing can stand in the way of the burning, devouring fire that will then come from both within and above our hallucinated expectation, to strike down the emptiness that has formed at the heart of the world and within ourselves.

That's where we are. It is therefore from within that we must break through the encirclement of alienating depravity that now surrounds France. An *absolutely new fire* will have to break out that will suddenly set everything ablaze, a new fire that will be an immaculate living conception. And this is where the underground conspiratorial group of clandestine watchmen of a certain secret France will have to act to complete its mission, in the darkness that lies hidden at the very heart of the current situation in France, clandestine even in the clandestinity itself, *non-existent*. So power, real power, the power that about to rise on the final horizon of this world, already belongs to the non-existent, to those who are no longer while not yet being, but who in the in-between are revolutionarily asserting their presence, dogmatically, in the subversive underground of being in the process of awakening.

(508) The sum total of the political problems concerning the greater Europe today converges on France, which secretly holds the key to the whole: it is the total revolutionary recovery of France which commands - it alone, exclusively - the politico-historical setting in motion of the process of federal integration of the future Eurasian Empire of the End. It's all there. In spite of Vladimir Putin's exceptional visionary will, Russia alone absolutely cannot take on the task of setting in motion the grand-continental European imperial process, for which the executive polar centre of the Franco-German axis is the twofold basic project: the project of the Paris-Berlin-Moscow axis and the Great Siberia project, which proposes to mobilise the whole of the great Eurasian continent around the common exploitation of Russian Siberia.

France's recovery, however, requires the emergence of a new great French charismatic leader, the "providential man", and the "absolute concept" of the new French history Europe, a history which will be that of the final imperial completion of the great continental Eurasian European unity. Now, the appearance of this charismatic French leader of high predestination and suprahistoric stature can only take place in the terms of a providential, totally unforeseen and totally irrational, and therefore *miraculous*, advent. For only the direct, miraculous intervention of the other world can still save what must be saved, what cannot not be saved.

(509) So that's the situation at the , which is also the last moment before the end, whatever that end may be. I also know that *the decision has already been made*, somewhere. That my fate is already settled, inexorably. But I still have to fight to the end, and even beyond the end. I'm trapped, the iron jaws of the trap have closed on me.

The salvation and final deliverance of the Great Eurasian Continent, of the geopolitical spaces predestined to constitute the future *Imperium ultimum*, depend in the final analysis on the total revolutionary overthrow of the current spiritual and politico-historical situation in France, while, in the deepest sense, this reversal depends on my own personal situation, if at this level, and in my case, one can still speak of a "personal situation", *mundus mihi crucifixus est et ego mundo* ("The world is crucified for me and I for the world", Ga VI, 14).

As far as I'm concerned, only a totally miraculous intervention directly from the "other world" could straighten out the downward curve, now reached its end, the course of my existence has undergone, and which is now leading to an impasse, a stalemate that is absolutely unsurpassable in the conditions that govern them, converging towards the bottleneck of the final catastrophe. I have barely a few days left to resolve this problem, to halt and reverse the course of world history, which is being drawn ever more vertiginously forward by the terrifying conclusion of a failure of cosmic dimensions, a fatality of post-final darkness and chaos. So all that's left for me is this month of July and, perhaps, as a very last resort, next August: after that, it will be an abrupt *tumble*.

In the meantime, there is absolutely no objective possibility of salvation. It will be the direct intervention of the "other world", or the ignominious end of an ignominious, utterly ignominious existential journey. Be that as it may, I am founding

I base my last hope on the following reasoning: if, for sixty years or so, the 'higher powers' have been secretly working hard to make me what I am today, it would be - it is - inconceivable that they could have invested so much in my horrible training. I'm one of those 'horrible workers'

"And in my secret philosophical maturation to admit in the end that it could all end in failure, in the dreadful stoppage of a final non-passage. For I cannot fail to recognise that I have understood that my path has never for a moment ceased to be, in the visible and the invisible, the privileged work of the 'higher powers' engaged, as far as I am concerned, in a long, long haul. And now it's coming to an end. It is on the ultimate pinnacle of the total edifice of being, on the highest of the two, that, secretly, this problem will have to be resolved when the time comes, when the final outcome of the initiatory journey of my entire existence is *reached*.

It's certainly extremely difficult to talk about these conveniences, but not impossible, the proof being that I've just done so. And I haven't finished. No, I haven't finished. When it comes to unmentionable conveniences, nothing has yet been said, *nothing, nothing*. Besides, isn't the purpose of this book, *A Return to Colchis*, to give an account of the final conclusion of my journey? Or rather, the journey of *someone else*, someone I no longer know and who doesn't know me. Who is he really, the one who is speaking and not speaking here? How can we grasp the post-speech, both spoken and unspoken, unspoken?

I know who I'm dealing with, I know who these mysterious 'higher powers' are, charged with accompanying me as I progress over the ultimate chasms and with regulating the conclusion of my journey, *finit coronat opus*. And I also seem to know they wanted from me, and what they ultimately want to achieve. But that's not enough, because until the 'passage' has been made, nothing will have been made: the passage itself, the leap over the last abyss, over *the very last ban*. For everything is held in the theurgic and sanctifying margins of the mystery of the "very last interdict", which is the very mystery of the inner transmutation of existence, readmitted to reside entirely in being, the passage from *Dasein* to *Sein*.

(510) Jean Daniélou, in his *Carnets Spirituels*, Fourvières, 1936-1937:
Daring to pray, to ask for everything: we die for not daring.

(511) In his seminal book *Le Chant de Bernadette*, Franz Werfel recounts how Saint Bernadette Soubirous, the visionary of Lourdes, twice had to undergo the ordeal of opening her shrine, which is located in the church of Lourdes.

in Nevers Cathedral. The first time was seventy years after her death, and the second time much more recently; and each time her body was found in a state of perfect incorruption, her eyes half-open, her mouth too, "as if she were still breathing". Her flesh was elastic, tinged with pink, not cold at all, her nails were of normal size, of a lively pink colour, totally devoid of the usual black margins of death; her body manifested all the appearances of life; having taken her out of the shrine to transport her temporarily elsewhere, the sisters in charge of this work had been deeply shaken by the miraculous - and indeed more than miraculous - state of the young saint's body.

I know that with Bernadette you can expect anything. For Bernadette has a secret, one that has so far been very well kept: namely that she is not a "little saint", but a "very great saint", whose post-mortem mission directly and immediately concerns, in a total way, the march of the "greatest history" occultly led by Divine Providence towards its end, foreseen since before its beginnings, but about which we are obliged to ignore everything until the moment when it has to happen. Except that its outcome can only be the suprahistorical, supernatural and politico-historical establishment of the *Regnum Sanctum*. For Bernadette Soubirous is precisely the saint charged with watching over the hidden paths of the revolutionary establishment of the parousial mystery of the *Regnum Ultimum*, now very close to us and to our own times.

Mysteriously enough, Thérèse Martin - Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus and of the Holy Face, "Thérèse of Lisieux" - found herself in the exact opposite situation to Saint Bernadette Soubirous: while the latter manifested the total and perfect post-mortem incorruptibility of her body, there was to be nothing left of Thérèse Martin's remains, barely a handful of ashes, and even then. This must surely mean something.

One night, the Mother Superior of a large Carmelite convent in Italy had a dream that left her deeply distressed: a young Carmelite nun, unknown to her, had appeared to her in a dream and told her that, having just died, she knew that her body would have to disappear completely, "nothing left of it". Years later, the Mother Superior of this Carmelite convent in Italy was to recognise the person who had visited her in a photograph: it was none other than Saint Thérèse of Lisieux. The same is true of Saint Véronique Sénac, whose body (in the Royal Cemetery of Almudena, Madrid) was transferred to the common grave when the time limit for her station in niche CXLIX had expired.

In his extraordinary *Winter's Tale*, a film that is secretly - hermetically - committed to the hidden, symbolic instruction of the mystery of the Resurrection, Eric Rohmer situates the moment of the reversal of death by the re-emergence of life - the supreme moment of the resurrectional *kàiros* - in Nevers Cathedral, in front of the shrine containing the incorrupt body of Bernadette, a "supreme moment" instituted by a brief piece of music, a musical key to the mystery taking place there, composed by Eric Rohmer himself, a piece of music that we can be sure he knew perfectly well what he wanted - had - to show, while doing everything in his power not to show it, at least not out in the open.

As for the mystery of the total disappearance, of the unconditional dissolution of a body entering death in a state of already active holiness, this means that a "second coming", a "second passage", a "second taking on of the body" is foreseen for the dogmatic identity that finds itself called to dwell in the occult continuation of its own providential mission. For the moment, I don't think I can say any more.

(512) If Jesus Christ is what he is, and who he is, I will not hesitate for a moment to affirm that the mystery of the final Reversal, of the 'Return of the Great Ages', lies entirely in the mystery of niche CXLIX in the Almudena cemetery in Madrid, whose ending in the nothingness of the mass grave has the double meaning of a definitive end implying, at the same time and in the most occult manner, another beginning - a recommencement - to come, not another nativity, but another continuation of the dogmatic identity of the one who is in it, not another nativity, but *another continuation* of the dogmatic identity of the one who had apparently been lost forever, and who in reality had only undergone a displacement, a *change of body*. All this for apocalyptic purposes, totally outside the zone of consciousness to which we can have access without incurring the appalling risks of illegally crossing the line of the "supremely forbidden".

(513) Thus the "little Saint Bernadette of Lourdes" was to become, at the end of her initiatory, divinising journey, extending beyond her death into the interior spaces of the "other world", of "heaven", the very great Saint Bernadette of Nevers, generalissimo in the invisible of the great secret apocalyptic battles that will be those of the Immaculate Conception of the end, of the Immaculate Conception of the *Regnum Sanctum*, of that *Regnum Ultimum* which will essentially be the *Regnum Mariae* : Bernadette will always, eternally serve Mary.

For there are two immaculate conceptions: the first, the immaculate conception of the beginnings of creation, *nondum erant abyssi et ego concepta eram*; the second, the immaculate conception after the end of history, of the hereafter

of history, that of the *Regnum Ultimum*, both incarnate in the very person of Mary, as she herself had confessed to Bernadette during her apparition at Lourdes, *que soy era hnnmaculada Concepciou*. Mary is thus herself, in herself, the Immaculate Conception, thus reuniting in herself, in her dogmatic being and in her eternally living body, in her eternally living flesh, the foundation of the twofold mystery of the Immaculate Conception, that of before and that of after the history of this world as the place of the fulfilment of the great loving and charitable plan of Divine Providence in progress.

This means that devotion to Saint Bernadette is, secretly, an active, operative option, a personal commitment to the apocalyptic current in progress, whether we know it or not; an act of abysmal participation in the future of the whole of creation, caught up in the inexorable eschatological will of Divine Providence. My own personal, special relationship with Saint Bernadette has been, I confess, a long unveiling on her part, slow, dramatic, poignant, over the whole of my life, because what I needed to understand I only understood at the end, *now*. The mystery of the "Immaculate Conception of the end" is none other than that of the virginal renewal of creation, of its final recommencement from its abysmal, pre-temporal pre-origins, implying the total erasure of the historical times of obscurity and separation from being; but also the supreme enclosure of the divinity with itself, from which will emanate Eternal, ardent charity.

TRAMPLING ON THE FINAL BORDER

Ich gehorchte, und im nächtlichen Dunkel erfuhr...
Wilkie Collins, *Der rote Schal*

(514) It is understood that by the "enclosure of the divinity with itself" we must understand the amorous and abysmally nuptial enclosure of God with Mary in the central room of the *Aedificium Amoris*, which some have also called the *Aedificium Tantricum*.

(515) Jean Daniélou, in his *Essai sur le mystère de l'histoire*: "The mountain is, along with the temple, one of the places of the divine dwelling. We know that for the Apocalyptic, the divine dwellings on Earth are the mountain of the North, the mountain of Eden (Ezech., XXVIII, 14), Sinai and the mountain of Zion".

(516) As was the case with me in Maribor, Croatia, when I crossed the Iron Curtain clandestinely in August 1949, there is an imposed structure that must be followed by any ontological *regime reversal* of an existential situation that moves from 'darkness' to 'light', from 'non-being' to 'being': before the moment of salvation comes to declare itself openly, a certain period of procrastination, of apparently inexplicable, sudden, unreasonable and unreasonable *delay*, must mysteriously take place, a period of trampling along the border, on the "line of passage". It is precisely this "half hour or so of silence" which, in the Apocalypse of Saint John, marks the opening of the "seventh seal", the apocalyptic passage to the *act of fire*: "And when the Lamb opened the seventh seal, there was silence in heaven for about half an hour". This is - at least I hope it is - the explanation, taught by past experience, of this mysterious halt in all movement that characterises the present moment of my existence in relation to what I know to be the imminence of the "great final reversal", of what I know to be the "great final reversal".

the hermetic tradition calls *finis coronat opus*. What is to come is in the process of coming, but something is holding it back, delaying its arrival. But it is this *retention* itself which, in this instance, is the sign intended to secretly confirm that what is in the process of coming cannot fail come, that what must come is, in fact, already here.

And this is also what, in Barcelona in 1963, as in Rome in 1968, during my extraordinary mystical ascent to Trinita dei Monti, on the very day and within the hour of my arrival, appeared to me as the secret order to "go to the Mountain", an order given to me from within myself, from a beyond that I knew belonged to the direct and immediate jurisdiction of Divine Providence in action.

For never do you find yourself clandestinely crossing the frontier of being for any other reason than to "go to the Mountain". This is a steep frontier, impassable every time without the watchful and supportive work of the "invisible guide" who alone knows the way and knows how to defuse its dreadful, deadly pitfalls. There can be no clandestine crossing of the final frontier without an invisible guide, no access to the forbidden consciousness of the supernatural without the accompaniment in the shadow of the dogmatic unconsciousness of the cosmic non-conscious, of the very high vault of impenetrable darkness that constitutes *true consciousness*. It is therefore necessary to be able to rise to the level of that vault and *remain there*. The only salvation lies in the inner darkness of light; the only real danger lies in the inner light of darkness. There, you no longer walk: you are sucked in. Irresistibly, out of all awareness, beyond all self-will, "like a dead man carried away by an occult wind".

I hope that you will have understood: these considerations about walking should not be taken in a symbolic or figurative sense, but in their immediate material sense, to the letter. A dangerous gamble if ever there was one, but there is no alternative.

(517) *"True prophecy is the work of those whom the Holy Spirit, who makes history, introduces into the secrets of that history to make of them the instruments through which it will be fulfilled. Through the Spirit, who alone probes the depths of God, they penetrate, beyond the carnal and external views of the world, into the knowledge of God's ways, which surpass our intelligence. That is their greatness. They become the depositories of God's hidden purposes. It matters little what these men are naturally"*, Jean Daniélou, *Essai sur le mystère de l'histoire*. Paradoxically, there are also prophets whose prophetic activities remain secret, a prophecy that is turned inwards, that only reveals itself. These are the veiled prophets of the hidden heart of God, the secret agents of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

(518) Today, 23 August 2001, the feast of Saint Rose of Lima, is a most tormented and *exasperating* day. In the morning, a strange and disturbing letter from Marc Gandonnière:

"...when you called this morning I had just told my wife about my rather trying nocturnal experiences with you in the invisible world. You made me meet some not very nice guys in the other world. Discretion towards my wife, who is now rather worried about this, especially after your telephone call. I found myself involved in a pugilistic, if you like, very physical fight. You were the one who suspected this battle, you were the stake in it. You weren't fighting yourself, actively at least. I wasn't the only one fighting, but we were up against real villains with real experience. It was a question of restoring a place to its vocation in the service of 'light'. It was a flat. As a result of your absence, of your 'wandering', it was taken over by these awful people, and we had to dislodge them manu militari".

In the afternoon, when I had an appointment with Ana Novae at her home in rue Beaurepaire, on the Canal Saint-Martin, apart from the fact that the outcome of the meeting was most disappointing, an insane series of obstacles and resistance had arisen. Incidents designed to stop me in my tracks, to *block the way*.

On the outward journey, having got on the wrong bus, instead of getting off at the République, I found myself haggard, in scorching heat, at the Bastille; and on the return journey, I was treated to two successive bus accidents, with stops, changing cars after long waits, at Richelieu-Drouot with the 20, and at Saint-Philippe du Roule with the

32. What's more, in number 20, just before the accident at Richelieu-Drouot, a bloody brawl broke out between two filthy sluts, a Negress and an Arab, foaming at the mouth, dishevelled and mad. In room 32, a gloomy junkie in blue glasses, wearing stinking rags, had suffered a final syncopation with hoarse screams, spasms, drooling, everything.

So many metastases a concerted effort to prevent and divert, pursued by a certain negative entity at work against me and my actions at the time, keeping itself deeply hidden, a *negative entity* that I was immediately able to identify. No surprise there.

(518) Brian Stableford, *Werewolves of London*, Editions J'ai Lu, Paris 1993: "The universe is a whole and must be recognised as such. The connections that bind its parts together and preserve its indispensable integrity are the stuff of magic, which, though fascinating in its manifestations, is nonetheless fundamentally trivial. It is at this level that the alchemist, the bewitcher

But the true magician must go beyond the manipulation of objects and people. But the true magician must go beyond the manipulation of objects and people; his ambition must be to work on the universe itself, in its entirety". And also: "It is impossible to provide answers to these questions, except to agree that they do not have any. But there is one way, and one way only, of reaching the truth, and that is by saying this: either the world is as it seems to be, or it is not; and if it is not, it could in principle appear different to us, and in principle be made different, by a deliberate act of transformation and re-creation; in which case true wisdom lies not in science but in magic, and carries as its true ambition the possession of a kind of divine power: the power of the will alone." Certainly, it is in these words that the supreme key to "great Tantrism" lies, the *power of the will alone*.

It also says: "Maybe I have to act alone. Perhaps that is the only way to achieve true power. Perhaps the act of creation is necessarily individual, and he who claims to be God is bound to be a solitary and jealous God. Those my friends and followers who have most worshipped me and most willingly submitted to my directives have suffered as a result. I have to face up to the fact that I can no longer accept this adoration from others. It would be better stick to those who are incapable of love. The fervent make poor instruments; in fact, the perfect instrument can only be *created*, not discovered by chance in worldly encounters."

(519) Christopher Pike, *The Listeners*, French title *Les Témoins*, Editions J'ai Lu, Paris 2000. This book provides extremely interesting information certain ultra-secret Dogon rituals for regressing to the ultimate pits of humanity's genetic memory. One of these rituals requires the active participation a pair twins. Seated facing each other, their knees touching, they take it in turns to breathe in and out, while reciting aloud the words that guide their dangerous work of 'regression', which can go beyond even the final limits of the continuous memory of human consciousness, beyond appearance of humanity, to the previous kingdoms of intelligent reptiles and insects, the 'Great Transparents', etc., in the darkness of millions of years.

The twin requirements of this ritual shed a particular light, a *different light*, on the hidden reasons for the research into the mystery of twinship undertaken by Dr Mengele at Auschwitz, no doubt following the instructions of certain sponsors - to reflect on Nazi obsessions with 'earlier' periods.

"The "pre-human" aspects of history

of the world and their possible occult, supratemporal, subterranean, forbidden and subversive continuations. The Dogon ritual needs to be brought up to date in an operative way, for purposes directly related to our own current secret battles.

It's as if we were pulling back the ragged curtains, already half reduced to ashes, which, for some time to come, will try to hide behind Horia Damian's 'Black Window' what can never be glimpsed in the times we live in - even if some of us are no longer here, having managed to free ourselves in ways that are nonetheless forbidden. Through the *paths of prevention*, which, as we know, are our own paths.

(520) On Saturday 28 September 2001, just before dawn and in a state of semi-sleep, I had a quick but extremely intense dream, which once again me into the presence of Nicolas II. A bright afternoon, in the glory of summer. I find myself in a tall, narrow room, very long, with countless windows overlooking a park, probably in Tsarskoye-Selo. Someone accompanies me, an aide-de-camp, I have an appointment there, an important, "absolutely decisive" meeting. The fear of being late torments me, the terrible anxiety of *what awaits me there*, but which I am completely unaware of. I was ushered into a very small, empty room, with a high, half-open window overlooking the park and two doors facing each other; on the right-hand wall was an imposing gilt-framed mirror, richly decorated in the Baroque style and *embellished with enguirlandé*. A few moments later, Nicholas II appears, all dressed in white, young, radiant, his face marked as if by a slight, knowing smile; his red beard, cut short, has a strange golden tinge (a reminder, perhaps, of our lost Colchis). I bowed deeply without saying anything, my throat constricted, and he too remained silent. After a few moments of suspense, he slowly pointed to the other, closed door; a lacquered door, a wonderful golden beige, with a double red and green border all round. Seeing that I didn't quite understand what he wanted me to do, Nicholas II took me by the shoulder and gently pushed me towards this door, behind which I realised lay the mystery of my final destiny. When I opened it, this door, and taking a step forward, I woke up, dazzled.

(521) Vladimir Dimitrijevic will soon have translated into French and published the collections of documents concerning the manifestations and miracles of Nicholas II and the Russian imperial family that Alexander Chargounov has published in Moscow, by Novaya Kniga Publishing. It is a profound mystical duty (Aleksandr Shargunov, *Miracles of the Czar*

martyr Nicolas U (1994, 1995, 1996, 1998 and 2000) and *Miracles of the Martyrs* (1994, 1995, 1996, 1998 and 2000). From these collections, this morning I have selected an account entitled *Nina Kartachova et le manteau du tsar* (*Nina Kartachova and the Tsar's cloak*), translated into French by Victor Loupan in his book *Nicolas II, le saint tsar* (Presses de la Renaissance, Paris 2001).

(522) At Marko Dinic's home in Boulogne; through his window, a view (in the distance) of the abandoned Rothschilds castle, a hallucinatory ghost, falling into ruins but nonetheless still showing a certain resilience in its desolation. A haunted place, struggling in the uncertain darkness of its lethargy, of its definitive disinvestment. I confess that I have long been sensitive to its funereal sumptuousness, to the veiled symbolism it represents. It will undoubtedly appear in the novel I currently writing, which is tormenting me a great deal.

Rejuvenated and visibly in great shape, Marko Dinic, yielding to I don't know what inner impulse, decided to say to me abruptly, in one fell swoop:

"...a year ago, I took matters into my own hands and finally won out over my tuberculosis; I had reached the very last limit, I could see myself dying, there was nothing more to be done; today, here I am, completely cured. The doctors at Ambroise-Paré were astonished the other day, but I refused to tell them what I had had to do to be cured "on my own". These are things that should not be revealed to anyone, and even to you I won't say them; at least not now. I'm getting ready to leave for Morocco illegally. I have to go to Fez, where I'll have to stay for at least six months: it's a fundamental obligation for me, closely linked to everything that has happened - everything I've had to do - during the process of my magical healing."

He then took me to dinner at a Chinese restaurant, was really fabulous, but didn't look like much. He knew the boss personally, who didn't seem at all what he wanted to seem, and almost succeeded. Towards the end of the dinner, Marko lowered his voice and said to me: "... You know, three years ago, if I'd wanted to, I could have killed Osama bin Laden with my own hands at any moment for four days... I'm convinced that I could escaped unscathed... I don't regret not having done so. I knew that something had to happen through him, that he had to be able to do what he had to do, change the face of the world, or at least of history... And yet, please believe me, he himself has no visionary historical awareness... His Islamist pathology prevents him from reaching the "final vision"... He is not one of us, trapped as he is in his Islamist obsession... Obscurantist and gloomy deviation, twisted manipulation of the "power of darkness"...

that we know... But I fear that, dead or alive, he will end up becoming dangerous within Islam. No one knows how far he is capable of taking the world, to what extremes of horror and criminal outbursts... In any case, right now he's trying to infiltrate Europe, probably Germany... *Porca madonna!* You'll see that he'll escape them...

- What about your sister, Daria? What's become of her," I asked.
- Daria? With all her money, you won't believe it... she became a Catholic nun in New Jersey... "

(522) I knew Marko Dinic - at that time "Colonel Branko Maidanek" "In the sixties, in Katanga where, despite his young age, he was the leader a Croatian-Italian-Austrian "rapid intervention commando". We had done some things together, both unmentionable and strategically significant. And then our paths diverged. After that, we met up again from time to time, all over Europe and the world. The last time during the American-European war against Serbia, when, as an observer and adviser to certain German services, he committed himself to the side of Bosnia, not without an ulterior motive.

Marko Dinic was one of the first field agents to grasp the true significance, as well as the hidden aims, of the Islamist breakthrough organised and supported by the United States in the Balkans. It was in Bosnia, I imagine, when he in the close entourage of President Alija Izetbegovic, that he must have met Osama bin Laden. Most certainly, he must have been asked to accompany him clandestinely to Germany, at the request of the military special services in Bonn. It would be astonishing if they did not wish to establish contact with the relatively unknown leader of the new revolutionary Islamic terrorist movement.

(523) Last night I finished correcting the first proofs of my next novel, *Dans la forêt de Fontainebleau*, which closes a cycle that began fourteen years ago, in 1987, with *La servante portugaise*. It's very cold and dawn is just around the corner. I feel a strange sense of emptiness, as if a great black hole had opened up inside me; if it's impossible for me to pass judgement on this novel, I can't follow the order of its constituent parts, or even work out what they're made of: I'm standing in front of a foreign body that isn't mine, that didn't come there 'through me'. I don't understand what's going on. I hadn't experienced this state of mind with any of my previous novels, at the end of the writing process.

At the same time, I have a nagging remorse for not having been able to portray the character of Angélique du Saint-Esprit in a truly decisive way in *La Stratégie des ténèbres*. I feel that she is held back in the shadows, below herself, that the 'ultimate secret' of her being is unable to emerge into the light of day, to impose itself in the course of 1 action; perhaps because her personal destiny is linked - in contradiction to her *predestination* - to that of Jean Le Chardonnais, who was to meet an abrupt, tragic, inconceivable end, which it was not for her to know in advance, which was not at all foreseeable in the course of her destiny. The real tragedy is the sudden antagonism that can sometimes arise between predestination and the destiny of those who find themselves trapped.

I think that's where the inner workings of this novel were interrupted and diverted in a direction that nothing could have predicted. It's only now that I realise it: all this was imposed on me from obscure depths, depths whose ultimate secrets I still don't know. As if on the surface of a black, ecstatic pond, an enigmatic luminous figure hieroglyphically surfaced to deliver a message that for the moment is indecipherable, but fundamentally prophetic; a message that only the march of History will know, when the time comes, how to undo the ban to let through what had to be both said and unsaid, said as a veiled message, and unsaid as a useless unveiling in advance.

Last night I emerged from the trap of this novel as if from a long dream that had lasted more than two years. Already the awakening is separating me from it; it seems to me like an oblivion in process of becoming darker and darker. Every true novel is a profound possession, a disappropriation of oneself, a dark passage through death. All great literature is linked to darkness. "I've been there and won't forget it". It also occurred to me that there might be a comparison to be made between this novel, *The Strategy of Darkness*, and Stanley Kubrick's great film *Eyes Wide Shut* (1999).

Certainly, not so much in terms of the respective aesthetic deployments of the novel and the film, but in terms of what they have in common: the affirmation of the *presence* of a mysteriological space on the watch, which in both cases constitutes the real stakes and *raison d'être* of these works, and their desire to intervene in the profound consciousness of their time, the time of our own lives today. "I've been there and won't forget it," wrote Antonin Artaud in *Aliénation et magie noire* in July 1946.

(524) What people haven't understood at all is that with his latest film, *L'Anglaise et le duc*, Eric Rohmer has not made a film about the French Revolution, but about the way in which an English aristocrat sees, from her vantage point, the French Revolution.

his own eyes, the rise of bloody insanity until the assassination of Louis XVI. And she witnesses the end of the Revolution itself with the fall of Robespierre - which saves her life. The central figure in this film is therefore Lady Grâce Elliott, the revolutionary events that Eric Rohmer captures exclusively through her eyes being merely the outward projection of the awareness of the adventurous young aristocrat - perhaps also a bit of a whore - who has chosen to stay in France, at the risk of losing her life.

The fact that Eric Rohmer incorporated the text of Lady Grâce Elliott's diary into his screenplay, and that he chose to use new filming techniques enabling him to render the reality of places, landscapes and characters as Grâce Elliott had seen them, bears witness to a concern authenticity whose true *raison d'être* can only be the passionate search for the soul of this young woman caught up in the maelstrom of bloody, post-human atrocities of Jacobin terror. Eric Rohmer's veiled aim in *The Englishwoman and the Duke* was to follow closely and give an account of the journey of a faithful soul in a *ritual crossing* of the revolutionary underworld - a symbolic figure of the underworld itself. In fact, when pushed to his limits, did he not end up admitting that what he wanted to do through his films was to reveal souls, to show the living mystery of the soul?

L'Anglaise et le Duc is the film of an unavowable passion, the one that led Rohmer to want to bring Lady Grâce Elliott back to life, in the time of her own life and in her own body, with all the breath of her fading young life and all the radiance of her compassionate soul. In a rather mysterious way, this led Eric Rohmer to find the extraordinary Lucy Russell for the role of Lady Grace Elliott, a choice that must be understood in terms of a genuine process of mediumistic reincarnation; just as the choice of Jean-Claude Dreyfus represents the active instance not of a cinematic interpretation, but of a mediumistic reappropriation of the Duc d'Orléans.

If Eric Rohmer's intentions may seem obscure, what he has achieved is hardly so: we are invited to witness, in more or less conventional guise, an attempt - quite successful - to magically restore a fragment of real life torn from the darkness of times long past, forced as we are, through this film unlike any other, to go back in time, to follow a long corridor to Grâce Elliott's confrontation with the Revolution. We can therefore argue that Eric Rohmer's film is essentially about the mystery - for it is a mystery - of Grâce Elliott's "royalist loyalty" to Louis XVI,

and perhaps even more so to Marie-Antoinette, Léon Bloy's 'Horsewoman of the Apocalypse'.

Michel Marmin, in "Le deuil de la beauté perdue", editorial in *Contrelittérature*, number 7, autumn 2001 :

"This loyalty is less ideological or sentimental - it is also, secondarily, religious. This foreigner, undoubtedly liberal ('whig', says Marc Fumaroli) and perhaps even 'patriotic', expresses her absolute, amazed and wounded belief in the sacredness of the person of the King of France, the only King of France: the beheading of Charles I was a strictly political act, that of Louis XVI a sacrilege." A rigorously magical film, *The Englishwoman and the Duke* is consubstantially a great mystical film, which mourns the lost beauty of French royalty, the only theurgically legitimate one - something the regicides themselves were obviously well aware of, otherwise their crime would have been devoid of its tragic meaning, of its dark, ancient and irrefragable "grandeur".

The regicides, as Péguy had clearly seen, were from the same world as their victim, the world of the Ancien Régime, which is expressed in an extremely disturbing way in sort of sublime republican requiem by Gossec that accompanies the very last minutes of the film.

(525) Who was Lady Grace Elliott in reality? We know that she had a morganatic daughter from 1K her lover, the future King of England, a morganatic daughter. Married to W a Dr Elliott, she was known to have had other liaisons in addition to the Duc d'Orléans.

she mentions them in her diary. On the other hand, it is generally believed that she was we would today call a "secret agent", an "undercover agent", rendered great services to the Court of Vienna, and perhaps directly to the imperial family; she was also, and above all, closely involved in the personal, secret politics pursued by Marie-Antoinette, at Versailles and in Paris; protected by Robespierre at a crucial moment in her life, when she was almost arrested, she was not . She was protected by Robespierre at a crucial moment in her life, when she was on the verge of being arrested, and maintained active, albeit underground, relations in the revolutionary camp (including, in particular, with General Dumouriez). The figure of Lady Grace Elliott remains shrouded in an impenetrable veil of mystery, perhaps forever.

(526) Given, on the other hand, the complex and mysterious apparatus employed by Eric Rohmer in the final production of this film, in which several layers of reality in action, called upon to manifest themselves or to keep themselves secret, respond to each other and reverberate confidentially from one to the other, ceaselessly, it seems to me that we should also ask ourselves a certain number of questions about the very personality of Lucy Russell, about

Her existential, moral and even spiritual conditioning meant that he chose her to embody - in every sense of the word, including the most *initiatory* - Lady Grace Elliott. This choice seems to me to be extraordinarily *significant*, hiding some of the most confidential operational backgrounds. 't it be interesting to follow the subsequent development of her career, and even her private life?

(527) There's more, much more: in the final analysis, we need to take into account the fact that Eric Rohmer used a *digital reconstitution* of historical reality to make this film, which leads us to a vision that is singularly close to the Judaic Kabbalah and the most adventurous, and also the most dangerous, theological manipulations. All things that are unseemly to talk about, but how can we move forward if not by transgressing, always?

(528) The terrible power, at once ecstatic and in the last degree of turmoil, of the sequence that closes the film - very brief - shows, following the cadences of Gossec's mournful march, a line of aristocrats marching to the foreground, towards the guillotine, with, in the background of the image, Lady Grace Elliott, standing motionless, awaiting her turn; At each beat of the drum, someone emerges from the line and, with a firm step, advances towards death; unforgettable figures of French aristocrats conforming to the highest type of solar nobility of the race.

(529) Strange, too, that Eric Rohmer has chosen to conceal Lucy Russell's body permanently, showing us only her arms and neck and vaguely her shoulders throughout the film, when on many occasions he could very have shown her naked. There is an implicit, exceptional, unspoken and unavowable overplay of Lucy Russell's very flesh, her living, radiant flesh, which must have a precise operational meaning, but which I was unable to find. I'll be sure to ask Eric Rohmer himself, as soon as I see him. Probably this very afternoon.

(530) Even though I know he won't like me asking him about it, I have the intimate certainty that shooting *L'Anglaise et le Duc* must have been for him - and this, of course, in all conscience - an experience of *going back in time*, of a spectral, mediumistic reunion with the time of the Revolution, 'in the streets of Paris', who knows, maybe even with Gr ce Russell. A reunion both beyond time and in the present. There's a serious accent in this film, the shadow of the past.

the disturbing light an earlier memory.

(531) It's as if, through his film, Eric Rohmer had set up a spectral machinery to clandestinely give sanctuary to a rendezvous beyond time with Lady Grâce Elliott, whose seductive powers would have come into play once again. An otherworldly passion, an immortal passion, a passionate possession that has subversively gone *beyond all limits*.

(532) Under the headline "*The reincarnation of the hidden imam*", Henri Bourbon d'Orléans, Count of Paris, wrote in *Le Figaro* on 3 October 2001:

"Bin Laden is the product of these errors, the spiritual descendant of the "Old Man of the Mountain" and, perhaps he believes it or makes people believe it, the reincarnation of the Shiite myth, that of the hidden imam who will come to save the world at the end of time by converting it to the true religion, to bring it justice, peace and happiness. You can't wage war on a myth. You have to extinguish it, smother it, so that it doesn't ravage everything in its path.

(533) I don know if it was strictly speaking a dream: in my dream, I woke up in the grip of an overwhelming fear that took my breath away and paralysed me; a holy fear, the *sacra horror* of the human condition coming face to face with the great sacred uncovered. I found myself lying on my bed, prey to this unbearable terror, provoked by the feeling - the intimate certainty - that above me, on my right, in a cavity in the wall, in the high wall that rose up to my bedside, the Virgin Mary had just appeared. As I was about to rise and go to meet her, I saw that a tall man, dressed in white and wearing the pontifical skullcap, had thrown himself in front of her in a violent rush. Stretched out across his body, he was sobbing, devastated by the sight of the Queen of Heaven who had come there, in front of us, for us to see her.

And as it was my turn to fail, had just enough time to cry out *Ave Regina Coeli*, before losing consciousness for a few moments, my concussion having been too violent, too sharp ; to come to, trembling, no longer knowing where I was or who I was or anything at all, caught up in the crystals of ecstasy, as a terrible cry rose up inside me, which I mastered with great difficulty, a cry of affirmation and joy, of non-human affirmation and non-human joy, a cry of subjugation as well as angelic elevation.

Why did this vision come to me, or rather why was it sent to me? Is it a sign of *an imminent threshold*? The announcement of a

I know that the pontiff is none other than John Paul II, in full possession of his powers. I know that the pontifical figure is none other than John Paul II, in full possession of his powers, inhabited by a formidable spiritual power in action, by a superhuman devotion. As for Mary, I didn't actually see her, but I know what she was like. *I* could see her from my bed, and that was enough to keep me troubled.

Dazzling, unprecedentedly white, motionless, radiant, all-powerful, royal and imperial, she was the *Regina Coelorum*; with eyes like the sun, that shone down on everything, in violence; the folds of her gown sparkling, she stood with her lips slightly parted, as if she were preparing to speak to us. Where will I find the words to describe *all this*?

(534) I think I know the reason for disturbance that had taken hold of John Paul II in my dream.

- he intended to ask Mary for what he considered to be the very reason, the only reason, for his desire to stay alive. Namely, that he be granted the grace to survive - albeit in a secretly supernatural and seemingly precarious way - until he could accomplish what he considered to be his supreme providential mission, that of bringing about the final integration of the two continental European religions, Catholicism and Orthodoxy, with a view to the coming advent of the *Regnum Sanctum*. If, as Moeller van den Bruck said, "there is only one Reich as there is only one Church", then the Church is the true Reich, and the Reich is the true Church.

It is indeed the ardent vision and mystical expectation of the final emergence of a single integrated Eurasian grand-continental imperial religion, comprising Catholicism and Orthodoxy, which form the basis of the secret rapprochement between John Paul II and Vladimir Putin - Vladimir Putin's obsession with the person of John Paul II - as well as the subterranean complicity that links them in resisting the seemingly insurmountable obstacles that are now constantly being raised in the paths that will eventually lead us to the very place where we will once again find ourselves together. Just as we were at the beginning of the great historical cycle that is now coming to an end, if not already over, at the moment of the original Aryan unity, to the north of the "Eurasian island".

(535) At present, the main - if not the only - effective resistance to the reintegration of Catholicism and Orthodoxy into one

This is one of Vladimir Putin's nightmares: the suspicious majority, and even more than suspicious, of the higher Orthodox hierarchies in power are fiercely opposed, *irreducibly* so even in the current state of affairs, to this operation of obvious eschatological sign, which we cannot fail to recognise as already inscribed in the evolution of current events.

Having said that, it is certain that Vladimir Putin, were it not for the difficulties of the current domestic situation in Russia (where he is in great need of immediate, permanent and unconditional support from the Orthodox), would already have succeeded in achieving his imperial plan for eschatological religious integration across the continent if these hierarchies were not manipulated by the "power of darkness". The latter knows how to exacerbate their terrible resentments, their thirst for unrequited power, which turns them into a "dead bark", what the Kabbalah calls a *Klippoth*, something that possesses the very substance of death, that death possesses and manipulates. It always comes down to this.

(535) I think I have to go back to Eric Rohmer and his last film. There's one question that won't leave me alone, and which I know I absolutely must find answer to: what became of the daughter that Grâce Elliott had with the Prince of Wales, the future King of England George IV - whom she missed so much when she was caught up in the bloody whirlwind of revolutionary events in Paris? To forget her grief, she took a little girl under her protection.

(536) Parisian critics all agreed that Eric Rohmer's *L'Anglaise et le duc* showed the true face of the degenerate, subhuman masses that made up the dregs of the 'patriots' in action and the factions that held power in the streets. In an interview published in *Le Monde* (5.IX.2001), Jean-Michel Frodon said to Rohmer: "Beyond Grâce Elliott's opinions, there is a clearly hostile bias on your part in the way you portray the common people". To which Rohmer replied: "She has witnessed horrible things, she captures the most violent moments. *I* even showed them in a slightly toned-down way; it could have been more violent. The procession carrying the head of the Princess of Lamballe must have been much more terrible, the descriptions of the time are atrocious, it's the whole body cut into pieces and dragged away, and the people who were more or less drunk were perhaps dirtier, bloodier. This procession was made up of what we would now call uncontrolled elements, people who were often unemployed and looking for adventure, like the rioters.

today. Some acted out of a taste for violence, others out of self-interest, there was a lot of looting at *the* time, looters who were pursued by the National Guards."

(537) On Sunday 14 October 2001, evening mass in Latin at Sainte-Odile, at the Porte de Champerret. I was seized, gave in, was taken away. Undoing, access to another space, another reality. Sharp awareness of the fact that we are nothing, that another is the foundation of our being. Separation from the world, and an extraordinary indifference towards it that no longer has any kind of importance (an essentially post-mortem feeling, which later scared me quite a bit, knowing that I had crossed a severe and most dangerous line).

Everything is in Christ, everything comes to us from Christ. What Heidegger didn't know (or didn't want to dare or accept, we don't know) is that, since the Resurrection, it is the Eucharist - the mystery of the Eucharist alone - that constitutes the foundation of being, and that ontology has also become a mysteriology on the march towards a fulfilment announced both in history and outside of history. Every Mass involves the re-establishment of a cosmogony that has fallen into decay, and every participant in the Mass is an active witness to this re-establishment, this *reparatio mundi*.

(538) Nevertheless, within the traditional Orthodox religious space, there are burning hotbeds of mystical activity, furnaces of a secretly living and active faith which, beyond the common eye, perpetuate a certain essentially Orthodox initiatory lineage. All in all, this hidden archipelago of hotbeds of Orthodox faith is turned towards Rome, animated, in its own reverberating space, by the initiatory desire for the final imperial integration of the two great European continental religions, Orthodoxy and Catholicism coming together in the adoration of Mary the Immaculate; in which this hidden archipelago of incendiaries is totally opposed to the current positions of the subversive hierarchies of certain front orthodoxies, led astray by the shenanigans of the century and its 'satanic incitements in the shadows. I would add that one of the great agents of influence of these hidden "Orthodox initiatory centres" was Mgr André Scrima, close to the Patriarchate of Constantinople and a decisive figure in the great eschatological times to come, For two years now, he has been resting in the cemetery of the Orthodox convent of Cernica, near Bucharest, and he had succeeded in stretching the operative web of his secret mission from Tibet and India to Rome, Paris and Madrid, via Russia and the whole of Eastern Europe.

(539) Henri de Grossouvre - son of François Mitterrand's former close adviser, who committed suicide in his office at the Elysée Palace under mysterious circumstances - lives in Vienna, where he works for Alcatel. He is currently trying to penetrate the immediate entourage of Jean-Pierre Chevènement, about whom he wrote a much-praised article in *Le Figaro*. Not only does he try to prove the implicit Gaullism of the former minister, but he reveals that he is a convinced supporter of the geopolitical doctrine of the Paris-Berlin-Moscow axis.

Henri de Grossouvre has exceptional political intelligence backed up by a strong will to *assert himself*. He speaks perfect German and maintains very high-level political and economic relations and contacts at government level in Germany. So I put him in direct contact with Aleksandr Dugin in Moscow, who took an excellent, even 'enthusiastic', view of his approach.

I am sure that Henri de Grossouvre is one of a small number of current generations of Europeans who have been chosen by destiny to bring about the Great Eurasian Continental Europe and its constitutional projection, namely the "Eurasian Empire of the End", which we hope will be very soon. A very special path is being carved out before Henri, one that will require him to prove what is within him and what he must obey if he is to fulfil a certain preconceived purpose. Just like all those who have been chosen to intervene in history and whom I need to bring together in a hidden bundle, already engaged in action, for the *Final Project*.

So the *decisive elements* are being put in place out of sight. Beneath the ashes of the recent disasters of the past are smouldering the ontological embers of *Etas Novissima*, of the new great European planetary revolution, which already concerns another world, and even the 'other world'.

(540) This morning, a letter from Marc Gandonnière, revealing his progress, or rather his ascent ("So far I've done nothing but prepare myself, but I'm a man of late realisations. It is therefore through dreams that I reach being, and through love"). In the same letter, he tells me about three of his "initiatory dreams", to which, it seems to me, we should pay a great deal of attention. They reveal a whole channeling system, half-opened in the direction of the invisible, at work:

1) *"We're a small family group out for a walk in the countryside. After a good walk in the green countryside, we*

looking for somewhere to sit down. Behind a large, flat rock, we discover an eerie underground cavity, shrouded in shadow. There we discovered sacred art objects carved into the stone, as well as texts engraved on the walls in an ancient, unknown script. It's a blend of Sumerian and Egyptian civilisations. The Egyptian god Anubis catches my eye in one corner, and below it I discover a seat carved into the rock. As I took my seat, a powerful vibration immediately went up my spine and into my arms, invading my whole body. It's as if I'm completely regenerated. While remaining myself, I am in the process of becoming someone else. (28- 29.X.2001).

2) "I'm having a conversation with a young man with frizzy hair who's talking to me about Sai Baba. He asked me if I knew what Sai Baba's real mission was. Sai Baba's secret mission is to bring about the tipping of the Earth's poles. This process is inevitable, and it is he who must bring it about. By occult means. His aim is to preserve as much of humanity as possible. But it also depends on humanity itself, on its ultimate choices. When I woke up and analysed this dream about an idea I don't necessarily believe in, the idea of the pole shift, I realised that the young man I was talking to was Sai Baba himself, in his next reincarnation, in his next manifestation as Prema Sai. The cosmic or symbolic event of the pole shift will therefore take place in the middle of our century. This dream ends with a coloured vision of the mask-like face of the elephant-headed Hindu god, Ganesh". (29-30.X.2001).

3) "It's a terrible battle in the afterlife. A theurgic battle. I have to face a very powerful and merciless female demon. A battle based on highly specialised magical and occult knowledge. I have to summon the Angels, especially Nathanaël and Michel. A battle taking place under four horizons. But I know that soon I'll find a way to totally neutralise the demoness. To do that, I need to find the origin a certain 'religious artefact'. It's question of speed. I'm thinking of an 'elephant' as I feverishly pore over an old grimoire. But just as I was about to find it, I'm woken up in the middle of the night. It's the demoness's way of getting away from me. I'm furious." (30-31.X.2001).

(541) In front of two red-orange telephone forks, placed back to back, vertically, and separated by a striped white line, all neon: around six o'clock in the evening, at the café near Saint-Pierre de Chaillot, suddenly, the fear of

madness, all-consuming. If God doesn't want me any more, nothing has any meaning or importance, everything sinks into a kind of epileptoid tremor, more and more violent, more and more general, cosmic.

Could this seismic panic be the true end of the world, the irremediable explosion of my consciousness? A deflagration whose occult epicentre is in this Parisian café on the hill of Chaillot, and whose shockwave is going to precipitate to the furthest reaches of the galaxy? A danger exacerbated by a self-destabilisation directly linked to the trials of faith imposed on me from outside and the negative evolution of my own situation in the world, a world increasingly subject to a terrifying ontological precariousness, desperate, dirty, unbearable. Only grace...

I'm more afraid for the world than for myself. "Not one of those you have entrusted to me has been lost". Holding on, holding on, against all odds, holding on, is what will always defeat the inconceivable pretensions of the power of Darkness. Blond Gauloises on the table next to us, and cigarette butts in a heap still stubbornly burning even though they were extinguished a long time ago. The air sparkles.

It costs me a lot to say it, but I can admit that I experienced *the unspeakable* in action. You could say that it was the last degree of twilight horror, of the precipices that open up in the most intimate blackness of consciousness, or rather of a certain superconsciousness that was no longer mine or anyone else's, that lies beyond the line of darkness, a thin, uncertain, elusive line that sometimes abruptly self-destructs. All that, now, was already nothing more than a sort of vague dream.

"In the space of a single fatal day and night, the island of Atlantis sank beneath the sea and disappeared forever," writes Plato. I think this is some kind of encrypted message.

(544) Between the churches of Notre-Dame de Lorette and de la Trinité, the still-haunted space of the Nouvelle Athènes, once the Mecca of Romanticism and its secrets (some of which have been lost, *others not*). "New Athens?"

I spent a whole afternoon there, attentive to the still-present emanations of the ancient knots equivocal influences, sentimental confrontations and occult powers action that continued there during the long feverish period from the Directoire to the Second Empire. At the heart of the fiery whirlwind that through all those exhilarating years of madness that was both depraved and sublime, manipulated in the shadows and *arranged*. For in those days, everything was a conspiracy, a game of desire and will.

Behind the banalities of the poorly disguised, standardised and whitewashed facades of certain *branded* houses, I could feel the old fires still slumbering, the dementia of terrible passions that had clandestinely survived the disappearance of those they had had to torture. And which sometimes return. At the confidential rendezvous of the shadows, I caught myself gliding along the walls that brought back, in my very oblivion, the forbidden memories of these places in duplication, where nothing is but darkness. "Black, empty holes. No music, no singing; only whispers. Black champagne was added to the icy caresses. Someone said: "I don't know you. I don't know who you are any more". The reply was: "I don't know who you are either. But I have a vague memory of what we were, you for me and I for you. Nothing."

IN THE FACE OF THE RISING SLICK, THE SUBTERRANEAN OPPOSITION OF MIND

It is the Spirit who takes power, and that power is Spirit.
Georges Soulès, *The End of Nihilism*

(543) In fact, to look straight ahead is to know how to look secretly beneath. Everything happens as if, in the invisible, immense, overwhelming and omnipresent expanse of a mysterious 'black tide' - what we might also call the "power of darkness", the "mystery of iniquity" - had already succeeded in occupying all the politico-historical space available at the end of present-day history, in making all the powers of being retreat to its final margin in the face of the powers of non-being.

Let's face it: the darkness is "advancing", as if there were nothing left to do. And indeed, there is *nothing left to do*. Unless, in this final conjuncture, a completely different counter-strategic revolutionary change takes place abruptly, within our own camp. A different counter-strategy, placing the decisive emphasis not on the great confrontation between the European Union and the current attempt at planetary control by the United States (a confrontation which we have probably already lost control of), but on the revolutionary emergence of a test of a spiritual order, occurring after the end of the current politico-historical test, whatever its conclusion.

That a gigantic tectonic movement of abyssal return to being is taking place somewhere, precisely where it must take place, a very secret abyssal renewal of the "living sacred", called upon to counter state of self-dissolution and total alienation of the current history of a world at its end.

That we regain in intensity, in the invisible, what has already been irretrievably lost in terms of scale, in the visible, at the level of direct historical-political confrontations, at the level of the current total political war in which we seem to be getting bogged down, losing our footing. Shifting the space of armed confrontation, changing

the very mode of combat. From the depths of its own former abyss, the fire of the Spirit returns to the light of day and immediately goes back into combat, to the front line. In this way, we rediscover the great earlier fervour of total spiritual war, what Islam calls, against the grain, *Jihad*, and which, in reality, as far as Islam is concerned, is a satanic war.

While our last revolutionary fighting forces continue their desperate rearguard and delaying tactics, small particular groups are standing on the summits of a polar, superhuman perspective, detached from everything and already secretly all-powerful, to integrate together in an invisible archipelago of burning, devouring fire, of paroxysmal spiritual fire destined to infiltrate occultly the historical and political territories that are being lost to at the present time, so as to turn the front, from within, both on the visible plane and on the plane of full possession of the secret powers that make and unmake History and, beyond History, erect the invisible, supra-historical barricades of the Spirit, which will reign undivided.

Let new hierarchical infrastructures assert themselves in this way inventing for themselves in the invisible the high polar walls of their own immaculate conception, impassable, of the resistance of ours in the face of the conspiracies on the march of non-being, apparently still in power everywhere but which, in the face of the abyssal renewal of the sacred, will have ceased to be what they never were, because the only real power belongs fundamentally to being and not to non-being, which is not.

It's all about *reviving the sacred*. Refocusing the world and its history around the living, burning sacred, and ensuring that this refocusing of the sacred is embodied in an 'absolute concept', in a being with an identity that is secretly the bearer of a suprahistorical, saving, immediately providential predestination, 'divine' even. Let this new concept of History, the being awaited in the centuries, stand up to the chaotic outpourings of the present non-History in progress, so that the hallucinatory reign of the anti-Reign meets its end, and that what had to be done is done, as it has always been foreseen.

The question we need to ask ourselves is this: *how can we* ensure that this "total reversal of the end", what traditional Hindu doctrine calls the *Paravrtti*, takes place in these years? What should we do to hasten the event, to bring it about? How can we intervene? What part should we play in bringing about what is to come? The ancient occult tradition of the pre-West evoked this subject, 'all this' was said over and over again in earlier times, and works such as those by René Guénon and Julius Evola have reminded us of it,

In my eleven initiatory novels, I have said it, and delivered even the procedures themselves - I repeat, I have *said it all*, because *the time has indeed* ostentatiously *come*, and no one has yet bothered to take it into account. This is the way things were meant to be; all the secrets of the ancient eschatological procedures, the most occult, the most forbidden, have now been uncovered, and yet no one is willing or able to take any notice. But now *the moment has really come*: that's the first thing you have to understand when you find yourself personally committed to positions above the ultimate abysses that are currently those of the "new other strategy" that we have to make our own without further delay. The "new other counter-strategy" for the final liberation of the greater Europe, of the Great Eurasian Continent.

To put it bluntly - and here I'm getting very dangerously ahead of myself, albeit in a somewhat quantified way, in my forbidden revelatory confessions - what is needed for everything to change completely, for the 'great suprahistorical reversal' to take place, is the secret historical advent, the 'descent into this world

It is the "holy Sophie", the ontological spouse of the Holy Spirit, on whom the next *Regnum Novissimum* will be founded. As the Scriptures prophetically affirm: "Then she appeared on earth and lived among men". In other words, on a symbolically decisive level, that the Cathedral of Saint Sophia in Constantinople be liberated and restored to its original cult. We know that the "liberation" of Saint Sophia is one of the major occult objectives of the still hidden eschatological plans of Vladimir Putin's regime, and of the Russian Orthodox Church in its "ultimate depths".

In conclusion, for the benefit of those who should know and who do know, I would like to say following: On 7 May, after the ceremony of the new presidential oath - which place in the Throne Room of the Tsars of Russia, in the Kremlin, in the presence of the supreme hierarchs of the Russian Orthodox Church, including Patriarch Alexis II, as well as the great Siberian shaman Toizin Berenov - Vladimir Putin descended the Kremlin staircase alone to the inner courtyard where the armed forces awaited him with their ancient flags, thus reviving the great military ceremonial of the empire of the Russian tsars. The ritual cries of Vladimir Putin's salute to his troops were the same as those of the Tsarist empire. Everything is in place. The rest will come, providentially. Because *we will have to wait and see, and* let things work out - or appear to work out - according to a will outside our own action. According to a transcendental will, whose presence, imposition and breath we are forbidden to grasp.

Vladimir Putin's Russia is now the only truly politically free state in the European Union, and its original political, strategic and imperial predestination, in the eschatological tradition, is entirely assured by him. Who is Vladimir Putin? The criminal aberration of all those, whether pathologically unaware or professional traitors, are today engaged in the unbridled and totally subversive promotion within the European Union of the integration of Turkey into Greater Europe, is thus revealed in its true light, that of a manipulation contrary to the fundamental vital interests of the Great Eurasian Continent, aimed at dislocating the current unity - the new continental unity - of European civilisation. For many centuries, this unity was achieved against Turkey and its attempts to invade the West; now, through the "predestined commandment" of the final liberation of the Hagia Sophia, it has once again become the primary objective of the new imperial activist commitments of the Greater Europe. So Turkey today must not be integrated, but kicked out of Europe.

However, it is no less certain that a new secret doctrinal ministry, as well as an organisational one and one of direct revolutionary teaching, is currently assigned to us, the bearers of the new suprahistorical polar consciousness already in the process of asserting itself, a ministry turned towards the scattered militants, wherever they may, in the service the great-continental Eurasian imperial cause. Above all else, are we not fire-brokers?

An immense nuptial conspiracy, fundamentally incendiary, must thus be secretly in place, driven forward by its own, as yet unknown, highly spiritual goals, towards the final overthrow of a history that has reached the end of its current cycle. Now, in the face of the increasingly obvious obsolescence of all the fields of political and historical appeal and mobilisation before us, only the territories of affirmation of the Church, of the holy faith, can be put back to work by our people in this final hour. Just think of the incredible multiplication of operational miracles that have been the World Days organised by John Paul II each time. Some of us are convinced that salvation and the deliverance of what still needs to be saved and delivered will henceforth pass through the interior space of the Church as it is at present - committed or disengaged - in the century. Not everything can yet be said, but it already appears that we have turned towards the Church and that all the revolutionary political and strategic directives emanating from our hidden polar centre will be directed in this direction. I am not unaware of the terrible effort of internal reorientation that this new turning point represents for many of our people. But it will have to be done.

(545) The *Financière Accréditée* website on 21 January 2003 presented a disturbing sequence of events, suggestive of a certain "oil slick"; it's an obscure premonition that some of us secretly feel; a sort of haunting veil over our consciousness, or rather our subconscious. Here's the rest of the story:

Danish scientists have discovered that holes are forming in the Earth's magnetic field, suggesting that the North and South poles are about to reverse their positions. A period of chaos could be imminent when the compasses no longer point north. The holes are located in the South Atlantic and the Arctic after data from the Danish satellite Orsted was analysed and compared with previous data. However, what has most surprised scientists is the speed at which this change is taking place. (CNN Space - 20 March 2002)

Magnetic North, which has been drifting for years, has accelerated its course in recent years and could leave Canadian territory as early as 2004, according to Larry Newitt of the Geological Survey of Canada. If the pole follows its course, it will pass to the north Alaska. Its speed has increased considerably over the last twenty-five years, with peaks of between 10 and 40 km per year. The change in the magnetic pole will not affect humans in the same way as a change in the Earth's poles, but it will cause serious orientation . (ABC News - 7 December 2002)

NASA's Mars Global Surveyor shows that icy water levels at the poles of Mars have melted by almost three metres in the space of one Martian year, i.e. almost two Earth years (Icarus Astronomy - November 2002).

Jupiter's Io satellite was observed on 19 February 2001 with the most powerful volcanic eruption ever seen on a planet. The crater of Surt Mountain is the size of London or Los Angeles, with a surface area of 1,900 km². The eruption was 6,500 times more powerful than Etna's strongest recorded eruption. This explosion of the 300 or so volcanoes on Io is due to the attraction exerted by Jupiter. As Io approaches Jupiter, its diameter shrinks by 100 metres due to compression. (Massachusetts Institute of Technology News - 9 October 2002)

Professor James Elliot's team has established with certainty that in the space of fourteen years, the planet Pluto has warmed up: the temperature has tripled. This comes as a complete surprise to the entire scientific community, which had not previously been aware of this fact.

could not have foreseen such a transformation. (BBC Science & Technology News - 25 June 1999)

Since 1989, the surface temperature of Triton has risen by 5%, an unexpected warming phenomenon for planets so far from the Sun (NASA - November 1999).

The two probes launched by NASA and JPL have travelled less distance expected due to an unknown force slowing their progress. While Newton's laws are sufficient for sending rockets into space and calculating their trajectory, it seems that they become less and less precise the further we get from Earth because of too many unknown factors.

(546) This 9 August 2003 marks the sixtieth anniversary of the destruction of the Japanese Catholic city of Nagasaki, atomised by the American Air Force on 9 August 1943.

"Sixty years on, decapitated angels' heads lie in front of the cathedral", writes Le Monde today. After being blessed by the chaplain of the Tinian base in the Marianas, the crew of the B-29 bomber carrying "Fat Man", the second atomic bomb, headed for Kyushu. The target was the industrial town of Kokura, in the north of the island. At around 10.30am on 9 August, anxious residents heard the roar of the engines but did not see it. The bomber flew over the town three times, but happened: the clouds that blocked the sky saved Kokura.

"The pilot, Major Charles Sweeney, was unable to locate the target and decided head for the second objective: Nagasaki. But here too the weather was overcast. The aircraft, which had power supply problem, didn't have many reserves left. "It's better to drop the bomb than throw it into the sea", the Major was saying to his team-mate when, suddenly, the city appeared between the clouds: "That' it, I've got it! "Fat Man was dropped. A few seconds later, the plane was caught in heavy turbulence caused by the explosion. "Well, that's thousands of Japs down," said Charles Sweeney, quoted by Frank Chinook in Nagasaki: The Forgotten Bomb (Allen and Unwin).

"Fat Man" exploded over the outskirts of Urakami, home to the largest cathedral in North-East Asia. The faithful were praying, celebrating a faith for which their forebears had been persecuted two and a half centuries earlier. In his prayer, the chaplain of the Tinian base did not mention the fate of those who were about to die:

half of Nagasaki's Catholic community (14,000 people in August 1945) was killed instantly - along with 60,000 other people".

"Outside the rebuilt cathedral, statues that survived the blast have the blackish drips of radioactive rain on their faces. On the grass lie the heads of angels decapitated by an "end of the world" that was not the fruit of God's wrath but of a decision by men who invoked the Good: "We thank God for having given us this weapon and we pray that he will guide us in its use," declared President Harry Truman when he announced the bombing of Hiroshima two days earlier.

This immense crime, as appalling as it was obscene, will remain unforgivable. If it is "obscene", it is because of the good conscience asserted by the abject Major Sweeney and the profound cretin Harry Truman - at the very moment of the accomplishment of the most inconceivably atrocious evil, a moment still silently witnessed by the blackened heads of angels strewn across the forecourt of Nagasaki cathedral.

(547) I have a pile of books in front of me that I need to write about urgently; at the moment, I've only been able to work on Jean-Paul Bourre's book:

- Patrick Berlier, *La Société angélique*, Editions Arqa, Marseille 2004
- Alexandre Mathis, *Les condors de Montfaucon*, Editions é/dite, Paris 2004
- Kai Meyer, *La Fille de l'alchimiste*, Editions du Rocher, Paris 2005
- Jean-Paul Bourre, *L'Elu du Serpent Rouge*, Editions Les Belles Lettres, Paris 2005
- Jean-Marc Tisserant, *Les Fils de la veuve*, Editions de la Différence, Paris 2005
- Christopher Gérard, *Maugis*, Editions L'Age d'Homme, Paris 2005
- Patrice de Plunkett, *Benedict XVI and God's plan*, Presses de la Renaissance, Paris 2005

(548) I have to keep in mind that the most insignificant of little Masses, regularly said, has repercussions on cosmic dimensions. That all the Masses said at the same time in this world are the same Mass. That all the Masses said in this world since the Resurrection are one and the same Mass. The Eucharist holds the entire cosmos together. Everything that exists exists only through the Eucharist; everything that is not the Eucharist does not exist.

Agnus occisus a constitutione mundi. We thus understand that it is the permanent Eucharistic sacrifice that constitutes the secret of the Heideggerian concept of the *Sein*. The Heideggerian foundational concept of History,

of the end of the present history of the world, and of the passage of the ultimate Western consciousness of being towards the ultimate West of the accomplished Western consciousness. A passage that will also be that towards the great-continental European civilisation - super-civilisation - that we are responsible for bringing about.

The fundamental revolutionary action of the transcendental pontificate of Benedict XVI will have to proceed with a dogmatic over-evaluation of the mystery of the Eucharist that will reveal its deepest abysses of meaning, power and resplendent ardour, engaging in its march the active mobilisation of that ecstatic "ultimate West of the accomplished Western consciousness" *that is a living fire*. This is the peak state of the pre-parousia, when human consciousness will become identified with divine consciousness, and consciousness will become power, in the Christological sense: "All power has been given to me on earth as it is in heaven". The pontificate of Benedict XVI will be that of the Eucharist, of the *Regnum Ardens*.

(549) Peter Ackroyd, *The Dominus Conspiracy* (in English, *The Clerkenwell Tales*, translated into French by Bernard Turle, Philippe Rey éditeur, Paris 2004). I read :

"When everyone had dispersed into the night, he climbed up the stairs to the defence room on the second floor. There was an alcove in which a kneeling figure was murmuring the holy words of the secret Gospel. Sister Clarice was chanting: "Vertas. Gadatryme. Trumpas. Dadyltrymart". She turned to Sir Geoffrey: "All will go well, my good knight, and many good things will come of all this".

Personally, I'd be more convinced of the opposite. Then as now, we can't know what or who we're talking about. If not an satanic transmutation of language, *sacramentum iniquitatis*. I also read: *"...they transubstantiate the wine into nothingness..."*.

Indeed, that's the way things are in reality. The subterranean lines of anti-tradition are never more than the heels of the inductive lines of tradition at work, which are also deeply hidden. Nothing essential can happen in the light of day. So we have to start by taking this into account; we have to get used to the darkness.

(530) William Sloane, *The Uncertain Shore*. In American, *The Edge of Running Water*. Librairie Hachette, Marabout. Paris 1962.

"Only a year ago, it would have seemed ridiculous to say that there are things it's better not to know, and even today I don't believe that ignorance is beneficial and knowledge foolish. But this thing,

That's the one we' better leave alone. It can destroy the texture, the entire texture of human existence and leave us to grapple with a wind as cold as that of interstellar space. I once had a close encounter with that kind of cold, and I know what I'm talking about. I know what I'm talking about.

(551) Ina Schmidt, *Der Herr des Feuers. Friedrich Hielscher und sein Kreis zwischen Heidentum, neuem Nationalismus und Widerstand gegen den Nazionalsozialismus*, Editions SH, Cologne 2004.

(552) It is absolutely certain that if 'the moment' has not yet come, it is already near, and even very near. I'm talking about the apocalyptic moment of the Great Reversal, the *Paravrtti* that will mark the ultimate end of the present cycle and, beyond that, the abrupt beginning of what will come afterwards. It so happens that, in a certain sense, it is precisely we who are, as the sequence of events will prove, the 'predestined generation' of the Great Reversal: this will remain a secret for some time to come.

(553) Ultra-confidential letter to Gautier Decaen. From Paris, dated 4 July 2005. Full text.

Dear Comrade Gautier Decaen, the day you came to see me at my home (...) towards a new Franco-German State, it will therefore be necessary to envisage, from now on, that the "new organisation" of the revolutionary Great Europe should be, from its very beginnings, a Franco-German organisation. You yourself are already in a position to organise it, without further delay.

Germany is now France, and France is Germany, with Germany and France together representing the living, beating heart of the Greatest Continental Europe, the Great Eurasian Continent, our Imperium Ultimum. You will see that everything we have to do will happen as if by itself, as if by magic. History itself, what Nietzsche called 'Great History', will find itself entirely involved in the revolutionary process underway, and will act as the primary means of achieving the final imperial design providentially at work.

Need I say it? There is - now as in the past - "somewhere in the north of India, on the edge of the most vertiginous polar ramparts of being, an 'occult', 'transcendental', 'supra-human' powerhouse, directing our struggle through the medium of the invisible. It is the invisible that decides what is visible, and we ourselves are controlled from the invisible, whether we realise it or not.

Of course, I am perfectly aware of the fact that the things I am telling you in my present correspondence are very likely to seem beyond common understanding, but there is nothing I can do about it: there always comes a time when what absolutely should not be said must nevertheless be said, so that certain things can come pass, so that we become aware of the abysmal underside of history - of our own history - in progress. But we'll talk about it again - have to.

- at our next meetings, which I hope will take place more and more, in Paris or elsewhere. In any case, it is now undeniable that it was necessary - that it was wanted - "from on high" that we should meet, so that what had to be done would come to be done, "at the appointed time".

This letter is already an important - perhaps even extraordinarily important - "political document", but only time will tell whether it is an authentic and true prophetic inspiration, the *pre-designation* of a destiny destined to profoundly mark the next history of Europe. As far as I'm concerned, that's how I felt when this inspiration emerged within me, like a kind of burst of light rising irrationally from the depths; within me, but not of me.

Prophetic *predesignation* will always have its origins in the nocturnal, irrational, 'archaic' abysses of a civilisation, of a great cycle in the process of affirmation, and once it has been declared as such by a 'shadow mouth' on duty, it will have to undergo - subsequently - the decisive test of its confrontation with the 'reality of the times' within which it will be required to manifest itself: Either it will succeed in imposing a new current, a "new direction" in the visible or invisible historiography in progress, or it will pass like a mysterious and tragic stammer from the falsely half-opened abyss below. For it has only a probative existence, the prophetic *pre-designation*; it only decides if it is itself decided, and "decided from the outside".

(554) One of the most representative examples of the concept of prophetic *predesignation* seems to me to be the one that will shed a sharp light on the assembly of particular destinies - in the state of prophetic *predesignations* - that was at work during the series of meetings that took place, in the tormented years of 1916-1918, in the German prisoner-of-war camp at the fort of Ingolstadt, in Upper Bavaria, on the banks of the Danube. Charles de Gaulle, the future Soviet Marshal Tukhachevsky, Rémi Roure and others spent their years of captivity there.

In his diary of his captivity, Rémy Roure describes the geopolitical vision outlined by the future Marshal Toukhatchevsky to Charles de Gaulle, concerning the Eurasian path, the return to the deep "archaic origins" that "revolutionary", "red" Russia should follow. It should also be noted that among the prisoners in Ingolstadt at that time were at least three other names that went on to profoundly influence the history of twentieth-century Europe, names that I cannot mention here. It is also true that the Apostolic Nuncio in Berlin, Eugenio Pacelli, the future Pope Pius XII, visited Ingolstadt. And that the German commander of the fort subsequently played a decisive role in the seizure of power by the National Socialist Party.

So the strange knot of pre-designated encounters which, during the years 1916-1918, formed in Ingolstadt like a very occult 'sphere of influence', turning in on itself, brought together some of the protagonists of the great European history of the twentieth century, without any of them being aware of their destiny in this *game*. A knot of encounters mobilised by whom, or by what? By what supreme, 'polar' astral concentration? What invisible conspiracy was at work? What happened in 1916-1918 at the fort in Ingolstadt? Will we ever know? Should I listen to my unspeakable suspicions? For years now, I've been trying to make up my mind - without yet succeeding - to write a substantial book on the mystery of the pre-designated encounters in Ingolstadt during the last two years of the Great War.

(555) Before the end of the war, de Gaulle, Toukhatchevski, Pacelli and all the others present in the fortress of Ingolstadt had sensed, in the depths of their consciences, their distant "career plan", the paths of their secretly preconceived destiny. Rémy Roure's memoirs give us a glimpse of this, as do other documents. There is still a lot of research to be done, and I know that there are unpublished accounts. So I'm tempted to believe that this mysterious "Ingolstadt meeting" was organised "from on high" by great initiates from Tibet - later referred to by Jean Marquès-Rivière and the Polar Society, which was not at all what it was made out to be.

(556) In Madrid in 1945, having narrowly escaped the massacres of the "Liberation", Jean Marquès-Rivière had succeeded in setting up a civil and military political action organisation with strategic research objectives that went far beyond politics and even religion in the usual sense of the term. He had a fabulous library at his disposal, while at the same time lecturing, in a semi-clandestine manner, at the Ministry of Defence.

of War, to young officers carefully selected according to confidential criteria. These courses were sometimes attended by the Chief of the General Staff, General Munos-Grandes (who was mainly interested in the "mysteries of India").

Jean Marquès-Rivière thought that, 'in the end', Freemasonry must be the repository of a 'supreme secret', a great secret, fundamentally negative, recessional, a matter of non-being; but, all the same, a 'supreme secret'. He spent the second half of his life in haggard search for this 'Masonic secret'; I don't think he found what obsessed him so intractably. I think he had thought of entering Masonry himself, but how could anyone have accepted him? In any case, he knew that if he found the secret, he would have 'lost his soul'.

For a long time, Jean Marquès-Rivière had been pursuing the project of a more or less confidential anti-Masonic exhibition, on the first and second floors of an old Madrid palace surrounded by greenery. This project never came to fruition, despite the fact that some of us knew that he had a number of truly extraordinary exhibits, including mummified heads after secret ritual executions, etc. The brother of the Provincial of the Spanish Jesuits was a leading militant in the organisation. He had joined one of the Madrid fractions of the OAS and was also one of the pillars of a certain more or less illegal revolutionary Carlism, which at the time was trying, without too much success, to infiltrate the political-administrative structures of the ruling Franco regime.

The transversal nature of clandestine activities under the direct or indirect control of Jean Marquès-Rivière's central group was leading to something truly decisive. In the 1960s, Madrid was the cauldron of the witches of all the conspiracies and counter-conspiracies operating on the fringes of power. Forty years have passed since my conspiratorial meetings with Jean Marquès-Rivière in Madrid, and I have no idea what has become of him. Has he returned to France?

Something tells me that the figure of Jean Marquès-Rivière is about to resurface spectrally in my life, that train of occult reverberations of his counter-subversive action will soon reach me, right here, right now. The *Bṛihadānyaka Upanishad* was already singing, in infinitely earlier words, of the narrow ancient path that leads very far, the 'Aryan path' by which the contemplative, the knowers of Brahma ascend and become *Vimuktâh*, the All-Delivered. Now, the Aryan path is the path of being, whereas the Masonic path follows the path of non-being. But what is this Masonic 'supreme secret' that so occupied the life of Jean Marquès-Rivière?

(557) The map of the "operative mission" of the Angelic Mother Superior of the Holy Spirit :

"I hereby address myself to all private persons, groups, institutions, societies or administrations to whom the Mother Superior Angelica del Santo Spirito, attached to the Comunidad del Sagrado Corazón de Jesús y del Corazón Inmaculado de María, Ventador, Spain, may find herself in a position to request, in the exercise of the special mission I have entrusted to her, immediate assistance, support or help, in order to confirm that it is I who, in these circumstances, am the one asking for help, Spain, will find herself in a position to ask, in the exercise of the special mission that I myself have entrusted to her, for immediate assistance, support or help, to confirm that it is indeed I who, in these circumstances, am speaking, personally, and soliciting them through her. In Christo, John Paul II".

(538) Constance de L'horme, *L'Anneau sacré du Temple*, Editions Aquarius, Geneva 1994. What do we discover in this document, which opens onto the "other world"?

" ? A very special mediumistic testimony, going far, very far, on Marie-Antoinette and her time. Yves Adrien tells me that this is a rare book, powerfully charged, decisive in a way, from which emanate singular influences and which undoubtedly has a secretly activating destiny. A 'spectral door':

"Then the Queen materialised more clearly. She appeared in full court regalia, wearing a feathered hat on her head and seated with a child on her lap. In this vision I recognised the sovereign from the sumptuous painting by Madame Vigée-Lebrun. Marie-Antoinette was scribbling a few words on a piece of paper for me. On the sheet she handed me, I read a name surrounded by a circle, pressed several times; the name was "Saint-Lo".

The message became clearer: "Go and see the Count of Saint-Lo for me and tell him who sent you. Tell him to show you the tomb at the bottom of the garden...". On this tomb, which appeared to me, stood the symbolic figure of the Mona Lisa. In her left hand she carried a lighted torch with four silver branches, and on her right hand she rested an eagle. The talk ended with this mystery".

(In her clairvoyances, Constance de L'Horme denounced the Marquis de La Fayette as the real mastermind behind the massacre of the royal family, based on the mediumistic confessions she had received from Madame Elisabeth. When the émigrés succeeded in seizing the Marquis de La Fayette, he spent "years in cruel and miserable prison, from 1792 to 1797, when Bonaparte had him freed". He would later continue to hold sway until the reign of Louis Philippe. This suspicious longevity was due to the protection afforded him by what Madame Elisabeth called, in her mediumistic talks with

Constance de L'homme, the "Black Snake of the Revolution". The "Black Snake of the Revolution"? The Black Snake? Well, here *we are*. We're talking about the direct pouring out of the underworld into this world, suddenly submerged, and already tottering on its foundations; inexpiable massacres, starting with that of the royal family which, in reality, proclaimed and accomplished *deicide*).

(539) Books currently being read that I need to finish as a matter of urgency; after that, I won't have the time. I know that next November I will be forced to act.

- Yves Adrien, *F for Fantomisation*, Flammarion, Paris 2004
- Dominique Dubois, *fuies Bois* (1868-1943), ARQA, Marseille 2004
- Claudine Moine, *La Couturière mystique de Paris*, Téqui, Paris 1981
- Patrick Berlier, *La Société Angélique*, ARQA, Marseille 2004

(540) In his confidential letter *Faits & Documents*, Emmanuel Ratier, whose sources have always proved indisputable, notes the fact that ultra-confidential talks are going on, at this very moment, at the monastery of Montserrat, in Catalonia, between representatives of Catholicism and Judaism, with the aim of a softening (planned in advance as such) of Catholicism in the face of certain positions of Judaism, which, all things considered, hopes in the end to be able to more or less absorb, within itself, future developments of the latter. A vast occult plan is already at work along these lines.

Already, under Franco's regime, the monastery of Montserrat had become, in spite of the permanent state of repression, a clandestine hotbed of underground Marxist, communist and socialist activities, and of Catalan separatist activism; a privileged place for meetings and undertakings of a sustained, concerted and increasingly effective anti-national line. And even, in a way, more and more out in the open.

For what obscure reason has a major institution of traditional Catholicism, mystical and inspired from on high, living and acting - like that of the original monastic community of Montserrat - come to be converted, over the years, into its own opposite, a kind of multiplying outgrowth of all possible subjection to the solicitations of the "mystery of iniquity"? Suspended high in the air, the great circle of black iron enclosing the available space inside the conventual church of Montserrat can only represent something that *should not be said*.

I was nevertheless able to penetrate the appalling secret during some successive retreats that I myself undertook in Montserrat, accompanied by

by M. M. and S. C., comrades from Barcelona with certain connections. To this day, however, I still do not understand the Franco regime's tolerance of the over-activated hotbed of subversion at work in the monastery of Montserrat.

At the heart of a fabulous, shattered mountain landscape, full of rebellious shadows, of prodigious telluric power, a space that does not belong to this world, the site Montserrat asserts itself - stands up - like a philosophical architectural structure, gathering within itself a timeless potentiality of backwash, of great ruptures, of great restrained convulsions. I don't really know why, but it seems to me that the time has come, whatever the risks, to try intervene; to ensure that what seems unchangeable is transformed by whatever means necessary. A sort of irrational gamble. Perhaps "cleaning up" Montserrat is something that is wanted from on high.

(540) I had lunch today, near Suresnes, at the home of Admiral D.; one of the political secretaries of the Indian Embassy in Paris was present, and I think it was deliberate; a discreetly organised meeting, I realised straight away. Another senior official from the embassy appeared for coffee, a military man in civilian clothes I thought, elegant, very 'British, a 'controller' who knows how to keep his mouth shut, with a white cowlick and a stiff left hand, an infirmity he managed to hide very well.

China, I am told, is setting up an Islamist revolutionary system covering the whole of India, underground but in force. The ultimate aim of this project is to unleash an Indian civil war on a continental scale. At the same time, it is trying to wipe out any hint of Islamist autonomy on its own territory (a specifically Chinese ambiguity). I understand that the two embassy counsellors would have liked me (through our 'geopolitical groups' in action) to undertake personally to propagate, in European activist circles, the thesis of the anti-Indian Islamist continental conspiracy currently supported by China. Which I shall certainly do, since India is already part and parcel of the Paris-Berlin-Moscow-New Delhi-Tokyo grand continental imperial axis. It is therefore my most direct militant duty to respond to these Indian political and strategic requests, and even to commit myself to them much more than I am being asked to do.

It was a splendid late autumn day in the hills above Paris, a sunny day with subtle mists in the languid air. Around three o'clock in the afternoon we were joined by a young woman I knew, Marie Prina, from the Austrian Tourist Office in Paris.

Paris, who I know is a close friend of Renata Ferrero-Waldner, Minister of Foreign Affairs. Her great youth, her lively, laughing intelligence and her truly exceptional beauty provoked an inexplicable unease. Suddenly her arrival had changed everything.

Having lived in New Delhi for two years, Marie Prina is the author of *Das neue Indien*, a book that caused quite a stir. A supporter of the previous nationalist regime, which has now been ousted from power, her attacks on Sonia Gandhi, the Congress Party and the government in power are trenchantly harsh, bordering on unacceptable interference in India's internal affairs in their precision and violence. Naturally, India did not renew his entry visa.

Marie Prina made no secret of her conviction that, from now on, the only chance of an assured recovery for the country lay in the hands of its armed forces, and that, above all, the Atlantic - and *other* - advisers had to be sacked and replaced by French, or possibly Russian, advisers. We were down to the cognacs that Admiral D. kept pouring over us with serene complacency.

Sitting in a deep armchair, Marie Prina crossing her long, slender legs and I noticed that she had a red spot on her right thigh, a red A-shaped spot. Was this the "expected sign"? Who knows? She and her two advisers were adamant that I should send them copies of my latest book, *Vladimir Putin and Eurasia*. "I'll have them sent tomorrow morning," I said to reassure them. I would certainly have liked to make an appointment with her, but the presence of the three men prevented me from doing so (and all the more so as I suspected that there was something going on between the admiral and her). Pity. I had to leave immediately, as the admiral's car had been waiting for me downstairs for over half an hour.

(541) A press release from the university association *Universitas Scholarum de Frederick II Hohenstaufen* University, Naples:

"On 28 October 2003, at 4.30 p.m., a public meeting will be held at the Faculty of Letters and Philosophy in Naples on the subject of France-Germany-Russia, the axis that makes Washington tremble. Henri de Grossouvre, author of the book Paris-Berlin-Moscow, Géopolitique de l'indépendance européenne, will attend the event in person.

Henri de Grossouvre, who is currently an advisor to the French Minister for Industry in Laos, also heads the ADA (Agence pour le Développement de l'Alsace, a body that plays a central role in the development of European integration and cooperation between the countries the European Union), as well as being the head of the Forum Carolus think tank, which specialises in geopolitical and geo-economic strategic research. As a reminder

also that Henri de Groussouvre is the son of the former head of François Mitterrand's political security services.

This major European convention was organised by the Universitas Scholarum association of the Federico II Hohenstaufen University in Naples, in collaboration with the Porta del Sud cultural association, the OIKOS cultural association and the La Contea study centre.

Henri de Groussouvre continues his breakthrough, the bearer of a grand continental geopolitical vision that will ultimately determine the future of Europe and the Greater Eurasian Continent. His destiny promises to be highly significant.

(542) *Réfléchir et Agir*, No. 21, Autumn 2003:

"Over an area 600 km long, shared by Germany, Austria, Slovakia and the Czech Republic, dozens of temples built 7,000 years ago have just been discovered. One of the most important of these temples, symbolically, lies beneath the city of Dresden. Europe is indeed the cradle of civilisation". A great body of civilisation that we need to know how to relate to the faded traces of the secret constellations that successively ruled over the heights.

(543) On 28 October 2005, in the Parc de la Muette, I Yves Adrien and Edouard Buralat in the afternoon. It's a great day. Yves Adrien and I have been keeping an eye on each other, waiting for each other for some thirty years, but we've never actually met. It's the "noble traveller", a character out of time and place, "from elsewhere", who suffers with affected indifference the transparent stigmata of his state of grace, who stands there before me; the incredible achievement, *everything happens*. An angel with a dual identity, black and white, the white far outweighing the black, who subtly serves only as a foil. Is this ambiguity anything other than a sparkling canopy?

An aristocratic grace commands it, mercilessly; in the words of Charles Dickens, it "bears the stamp of heaven", and its submission is the guarantee of its predestined excellence. An ethereal grace commands her being at all times. And this is undoubtedly what creates a certain unease, a certain fear. He constantly imposes a foreign, otherworldly presence on this world. Who are his strange, mysterious occult protectors, who manage to keep him out of the reach of The "Chaos Centre"? One day, we may know who Yves Adrien was, but it will be too late, far too late.

In the meantime, it is certain that the confidential operations for which he is responsible in this world help to permanently restore the deficiencies imposed on it by the darkness playing its hidden games. Isn't his true homeland somewhere in the constellation of Orion? What you need

What we do know is that the times of Orion are returning, and those of its ancient zones of religious and civilisational influence; and that its just Egypt we're talking about, but also the radiant heart of Eurasia, of 'Greater Europe'.

(464) Yves Adrien confided to me that he never parted with a small image of Saint Thérèse of Lisieux, showing her on her deathbed, her eyes closed, her mouth half-open, as if she were still breathing; her face secretly burnt, as if stained by the great fever of death; below the image, a brief quotation from the saint's writings: "...O my God, you have exceeded my expectations". That same image of Thérèse has never left my bedside table for a single moment, for more than thirty years.

We, the "clandestine army" of unconditional devotees of Saint Thérèse of Lisieux, are one of the Church's most reliable reinforcements, the face of the little saint illuminating our lives like a living sun of grace. Like a guarantee of salvation, of a victory won in advance by her omnipotent vigil. I can't be sure yet, but it may be that on this very night - the night of 8 to 9 November 2005 - Saint Thérèse finally granted me her forgiveness. (Could this mysterious forgiveness be linked to my meeting with Yves Adrien? *I wonder*).

(543) As I gazed dreamily into the distance, over the roofs of Auteuil and the Bois de Boulogne, at the hills of Saint-Cloud blurred by the late morning mists, I suddenly understood, in a flash from within, what was the secret of the knot, of the coup d'arrêt and of the total reversal that was to resolve the current disaster of European history to its conclusive end. I understood that the supreme act of counter-foundation, which would in fact be an act of re-foundation, could be none other - at the final stage of the dark and terrifying involution of Western history in its race towards the ultimate precipice - than that of the elevation to the altar, by the Roman Church, of Louis XVI and Marie-Antoinette. A revolutionary act if ever there one, in the true sense of the term, which is that of the assumptive return of the spiral of time to its own point of departure.

(1) It was through the operation of infernal high magic that was in reality the so-called "French Revolution", and through the ritual murder that was the regicide perpetrated on the sacred persons of Louis XVI and Marie-Antoinette, that the Power of Darkness succeeded in breaking through the defensive wall of the living Eucharistic nucleus of Western history at its end, and has given free rein to the nocturnal powers and chaos to take over the inner space of this nucleus, moving towards the subversive institution of the current anti-History, and of the anti-Reign which constitutes its final concretisation, its *incarnation* in the visible and invisible.

(566) Révérend Père Gauthier, in *Le Grand Monarque et l'Antéchrist*, Editions Godefroy de Bouillon, Paris 2001:

"These popes stayed too long in Avignon not to have had the intention of building a residence worthy of housing them; once this was completed, it has had seven towers ever since (even today). And this palace has been home to seven popes! And they reigned for seventy years. It gets even better: Avignon has seven parishes, seven convents, seven hospitals, seven palaces, seven colleges, seven gates, seven courts of justice and seven public squares!"

Richard Kitaeff and the other underground proponents of the 'new Vaucluse' will certainly find this of great interest.

(567) At dawn, I suddenly had terrible breathing difficulties. Kneeling in my unmade bed, desperately trying to catch my breath, I was already beginning to panic. A sort of obscure dizziness took hold of me, and I realised that I was losing consciousness. After ten minutes or so of nightmares, the process began to slowly diminish in intensity. What abominable black entity is *visiting me from within*? Is it a warning? Maybe I have to believe it, but I'm not sure. Something inside me prevents me from thinking about it, *keeps it away*.

(568) About my latest novel, *Dans la forêt de Fontainebleau*. In these dreadful final hours of agony as France is pushed to the brink of the abyss, only one question remains relevant: the still unanswered identity of the future saviour of the France of the end, the secret France. This book provides a twofold answer to that question. A symbolic answer, linked to the mystery of the reappearance of Louis XVII, "who is hiding somewhere in the forest of Fontainebleau", and an activist and conspiratorial answer concerning the identity of the unknown pretender who is preparing to assume his eschatological destiny in a revolutionary manner; an identity that we may be able to glimpse through an inspired reading of this novel, which is ultimately nothing more than a weapon of total suprahistoric combat.

THE THREE-HEADED EAGLE

*He walked on and was sure of reaching the Scarlet City.
For a while, he followed the river as it flowed straight
on. When the waters turned into enchantment and
mingled with the sweetness of the day, he continued to
lose himself in the right direction.*

Arnaud Bordes, *Voir la Vierge*.

(1942) England decides to begin its terror bombing of Germany. In London, the Air Minister, Charles Portai, declared: "It is clear that our targets in Germany must be residential areas and not, for example, shipyards or aviation industries".

(1945) Churchill tells the Commons: "The Poles must be allowed to take as much German land for themselves as they like. I am aware that many English people will be shocked by the idea that so many millions of human beings could be transferred by force. But I'm not shocked at all. We've already killed six to seven million Germans, so there's plenty of room in Germany for the Germans living in these eastern regions. (*Eléments*, Spring 2006)

(570) A few days ago Yves Adrien told me: "I've just bought an old and mysterious ground-floor flat on the Quai de Bourbon, at the tip of Saint Louis-en-l'île. One of my oldest dreams has finally been fulfilled, and I also see it as a fearsome sign of the times.

Yves Adrien has thus succeeded in gaining a foothold on the Île Saint-Louis, once again, and in *the very same place*. We are witnessing the setting up of the *ritorno dei tempi*, and the passage to the limit that this superior theurgical operation implies each time it succeeds in taking place. He resettles there.

(571) On a visit to Paris, Princess Gloria R. - sister Jeanne of the Most Precious Blood - welcomed me to her cousin's sumptuous flat on Boulevard Lannes. Personally protected during the last years

During the pontificate of John Paul II, by Mgr Stanislaw Dziwisz, 1 "shadow of the Pope" and future Cardinal-Archbishop of Krakow, Sister Jeanne of the Most Precious Blood found very close to the "inner circle" of the reigning Sovereign Pontiff, who had entrusted her with several important confidential missions in the United States, Austria and Poland, and recently also in France. Approaching forty, she is radiantly young and beautiful, miraculous in a way, and of exceptional presence. A strange complicity binds us, and a loyalty that is as active as it is secret, very secret.

This time, she'll have to stay in Paris for at least ten days, so we'll probably see each other again. What's more, as long as she's on Boulevard Lannes, we'll almost be neighbours: less than ten minutes by car. Lightly made-up, she looked very elegant in civilian clothes and a short black silk suit.

-No, I don't believe it, you can't be married... you have to pretend, who knows why?

-Here! Didn't you know? I'm married... and have been for ten years... married to the Word of God... married for all eternity...

(572) She stubbornly tried to put on an , but I knew her well enough to realise that she was not in her right mind, that she was prey to a deep anxiety that was silently eating away at her, her access to her inner peace. She finally told me what was troubling her. A great wave of impenetrable darkness had just swept over the Vatican; clandestine leftist structures were operating on the spot, in the shadows, controlling from within, permanently blocking the central power of the Church. They are the process of launching the "great final offensive" that John Paul II so painstakingly managed to contain for so long. Even the Church's internal hierarchical frameworks are giving way.

It was also the time when the former archbishop of Milan, Cardinal Carlo Maria Martini, now a refugee in Israel, allowed himself to be cast in the role of "antipope", systematically adopting the opposite position to that of the Church's regular teaching in his official declarations, espousing every leftist insanity or worse, from legal abortion, the adoption of children by homosexual couples and euthanasia to a return to "liberation theology", the aim being nothing less than to install a Counter-Church within the Church itself.

Increasingly alone, Benedict XVI can do nothing other than withdraw defensively, ceding - or pretending to cede - ground to the outside world to give himself more time to concentrate on the battle within, on the battle waged exclusively in terms of holiness. The predicted twilight of the Roman Church is already darkening the skies above the Holy City. Nevertheless. What is Benedict XVI's "great secret", the reason for his current immobility, the fact that he has, in a way, already *stalled*?

Indeed, a persistent rumour is currently haunting, as if by reverberation, a certain reserved floor of the Vatican, according to which Benedict XVI has had a supreme personal revelation concerning a "next event", absolutely unexpected, absolutely inconceivable. An event of supra-historical dimensions and importance, "cosmic", involving the very progress of the Church, destined to change the consciousness of this world and even the very meaning of history; an event that is already likely to take place in the summer of 2006. An event in the face of which any current project would seem derisory, superfluous, and in anticipation of which we must slow down, suspend all initiative, "hold our breath". From then on, everything became a total mystical expectation. "Then there was silence in heaven for about half an hour," says the Apocalypse of Saint John. Half an hour of silence, or waiting.

- ...So, tell me. Have you understood me, fully understood me? Have you understood what *all this* means? Because there are always several understandings, when words no longer mean anything, nor can they. You've just become the holder of a...

- ...No, be quiet now, I say... Not another word... Let's not upset the terrible secret you've just told me... As for me, I'm sure I've understood everything you've said... You were responsible for very confidentially spreading this extraordinary news about Benedict XVI in certain of our circles, in Europe and in the United States...

- ...And yet, you see, *that's not all yet*," she continued.

- ...What do you think, I've already figured it out... so let me know the rest too, now's the time...

Deathly pale, clutching the tablecloth, she looked as if she were to faint. The afternoon sun was blazing through the large windows of the dining room. I poured her some champagne.

(573) He has struck again, the mayor of Tokyo, Shintaro Ishihara, author of, among other things, a best-selling book, *Le Japon qui sait dire non*, and a novel with non-conformist, ultra-nationalist and traditional combat theses, *La saison du soleil*. At the opening of an exhibition

of the very Parisian Fondation Cartier in his capital, Ishihara had no hesitation in describing "contemporary art" as "rubbish", denigrating the works on display and suggesting that Japanese culture was "superior to Western culture". These far-right comments shocked and 'staggered' some of the audience, the elite of leftist intellectuals present, "traitors at heart and degenerate, rotten to the core" by the globalist alienation of the "black abyss" of the Sunda archipelago.

In the current context, Shintaro Ishihara's revolutionary declarations take on an immediately active dimension, a symbolically operative reality that goes far beyond the realm of contemporary art. For the implicit tragedy of Prime Minister Junichiro Koizumi lies in Japan's current objective impossibility of assuming the effort required for the immense economic and political/social mobilisation demanded by the eventual increase of its current armed forces to the level required by a return to the situation it was in in the 1940s, in the Pacific, facing China and South-East Asia. Only a revolutionary upsurge of national openness can redress Japan's current negative situation. A revolutionary return to a transcendental awareness of its own imperial, "solar", "eschatological" destiny.

(574) On 1 May 2006, the United States and Japan signed a new agreement in Washington on the redeployment of American troops stationed in the archipelago. This agreement will see the Japanese Self-Defence Forces more closely integrated into the existing American strategic system, and above all the installation of a This will be the first "integrated command centre" located in Zama, west of Tokyo. This will completely change the situation in the Pacific.

The headquarters of the US 1st Corps, currently at Fort Lewis Washington State, will be moved and integrated into the US-Japan Joint Command at Zama. This "integrated command" will become the nerve centre in the event of a crisis on the Korean peninsula or in relation to the situation in Taiwan. And in certain other circumstances too. New *guidelines* are planned, extending American-Japanese operational cooperation on ballistic missiles, counter-terrorism and international crises (as well as a number of secret clauses).

The fundamental confidential objective of the great politico-strategic enterprise pursued by Junichiro Koizumi on two levels - the visible and the subterranean - remains that of leading Japan to fully recover - and even surpass - its former status as a superpower in the world.

To do this, it would need to be able to draw on an over-dimensioned economic and industrial power. To achieve this, it would need to be able to draw on an oversized economic and industrial power that it not only no longer possesses, but which it cannot even contemplate, given current conditions, reconstituting in the foreseeable future.

Junichiro Koizumi therefore finds himself obliged to continue to play the American card to the hilt, in order to get through the successive stages of the current critical period and, eventually, reach the "ultimate level" required by his grand continental and global geopolitical plans. He is secretly deploying an unsuspected amount of effort to put Japan back on track towards its greatest, its *ultimate destiny*. It is certainly in his pilgrimages to the Yasukuni shrine that he finds the inspiration he needs to pursue his supra-historical project of salvation.

(270) The time has surely come to remember the visionary plans of Saint Maximilian Kolbe, who himself spent several busy years in the Land of the Rising Sun, where he succeeded in setting up a very active Catholic mission in a place that was later to be nuclearised by the US Air Force.

Some of us know that, towards the end of his life, Saint Maximilian Kolbe was prophetically haunted by a presentiment of a "great Catholic future" for Japan, and also for India, something like a mysterious "Asian beginning" of Catholicism. he saw the inner perspective of his enlightened faith was not so much a simple conventional conversion of Japan and India to Catholicism, but a transfiguring renewal to come from the ancient beliefs of Japan and India, from their previous religious depths, This renewal is to take place through a mysterious 'opening' that will take place, when the time comes, and must take place, *when the time comes*, at the heart of a certain 'Catholicism' of the end, a 'Catholicism beyond History', which will be the Catholicism of our *Imperium Ultimum*.

(271) Since the fundamental spiritual renewal of today's Japan requires a return to its own earlier origins, to its nuptial reunion with the great goddess of the pre-commencements, Amaterasu, it is only this reunion has been consummated - consummated anew - that the path of its future Catholic commitment can claim to actually take place, through the Sophianic transfiguration of the goddess Amaterasu and the emergence of the new cosmic Marian religion,

the religion of the Apocalypse ("A great sign appeared in heaven: a woman clothed in the sun, with the moon under her feet and twelve stars above her head").

A similar mechanism should also be set in motion, in due course, by the process of the future coming of India towards the Catholicism of the end, a process of which Saint Maximilian Kolbe had foreseen the still subterranean, clandestine, but already decided start-up on the ultimate polar heights of being. In this connection, we should remember the disturbing encounter Saint Maximilian Kolbe had on board the ship that was taking him to Japan, the providential meeting with a representative of the highest occult tradition of present-day and long-standing Hinduism - the essential content of which had powerfully strengthened him in his prophetic vision of the final religious destinies of India. Somewhere, *everything is known in advance* by the so-called *few*.

(272) Bear in mind, too, that in the *Cahier Jean Parvulesco*, published in 1989 by Editions des Nouvelles Littératures européennes, I myself had been led to publish, in the form of a long poem entitled *Que le Japon vive et revive dix mille ans*, a highly encrypted document delivering all the doctrinal, theurgical and ritual keys needed to approach the cosmogonic and reigning figure of Amaterasu considered in her nuptial unveiling according to the ultimate Sophianic identity of Mary. For her shadow is already secretly spreading over the archipelago of the Rising Sun.

(273) Is not the inner history of our universe, in its twofold visible and invisible identity, the long, very long history of the progressive dogmatic unveiling - still in progress today - of the radiant mystery of Mary, of the divine figure of *Maria Ultima*?

(274) Despite the extraordinary providential scope of John Paul II's pontificate as a whole, it should not be forgotten that it began with the total, unconditional defeat of both his vast project for the "new evangelisation of Europe" and his plan for the final reintegration of Catholicism and Orthodoxy into a single, continent-wide European religion. It is no longer a secret that the conspiracy of European bishops is at the root of the failure of John Paul II's project for the "new evangelisation of Europe", the "new Europe of the Spirit".

They have not hesitated to threaten widespread obstruction if John Paul II persists with his project, fearing that an

The profound, revitalising, 'revolutionary' renewal of the Catholic faith in Europe deprives them of their current leftist, socialist stranglehold on the religious resources of the European continent. One of the most appalling* mysteries of the present age is that of this blindness, of the high treason of the bishops against Rome, to the point of trying to prevent the Pope from exercising his legitimate authority from above, to the point of working to thwart and seditiously undo his plans. The anti-Rome is already in Rome.

The tragedy facing the Church today is that of the defection of the bishops, prisoners of the false evidence of the darkening if not extinction of the faith itself, subject to the infernal temptations aimed directly at the Church on the move. This state of affairs is the sombre characteristic of these "End Times" of ours. So it is that, at the time, rearguard battles for the faith and just living fidelity are taking place within the Church itself, in its structures that are increasingly under sly siege, by the very people who are in charge of its defence. It is within the Church itself that we must now combat the thinly disguised actions of the mystery of iniquity.

(275) Under the headline "Les kabbalistes attendent leur antéchrist", *La Lettre d'informations Economiques Stratégiques Internationales* (LIESI), published in Châteauneuf (France), wrote on 31 March 2006:

"Shortly before the early Israeli elections, Israel's press agencies announced the death of Rav Itzhak Kadouri on 2 January in Jerusalem. LIESI has the following information: "A few days earlier, in a fit of pique, he is said to have given those at his bedside a most surprising last message. According to relatives who were among them, Rav Kadouri (one of the masters of Sephardic Judaism) said in Hebrew: 'The Kabbalists will analyse my recent statements concerning redemption and Meshiach (Messiah) and will reveal the secret name of Meshiach which was revealed to me on 9 Hechvan 5764 (4 November 2003).'" Rav Kadouri stated that he had met Meshiach personally. "He won't come and say: I am Meshiach, give me the reins. Rather, it will be the Kabbalists who will discover his secret name through the codes I have revealed, and the nation will ask him to lead it." After these declarations, a ceremony took place in the presence of four people during which Rav Kadouri whispered cabalistic codes to one of them. The name of this person has not been revealed".

In 1990, a memorable meeting took place between Rav Kadouri and the Rabbi of the Lubavitch, during which the two leading Jewish religious figures exchanged an interminable handshake.

had openly discussed the "imminent coming of Meshiach". The rabbi of the Lubavitchers reminded Rav Kadouri that the very meaning of his name evoked a spiritual influence on the whole world ("Kadur" in Hebrew means "globe").

(276) Mgr Jérôme Beau and Mgr Jean-Yves Nahmias, both aged 48, have been appointed Auxiliary Bishops of Paris to Archbishop André Vingt-Trois by Benedict XVI. Along with Mgr Pierre d'Ornelles and Mgr Philippe Pollien, this appointment brings the number of auxiliary bishops in Paris to four. With his position at the polar centre of the sacred priestly square formed by the four members of his close spiritual guard - Mgrs Pierre d'Ornelles, Philippe Pollien, Jérôme Beau and Jean-Yves Nahmias - the Archbishop of Paris André Vingt-Trois can devote himself entirely to the special decisive task for which he knows he was chosen by John Paul II, having Notre-Dame de Paris at his disposal as a sanctuary of offensive support and immediate protective radiation. I believe in what Archbishop André Vingt-Trois is doing, in the utmost operational secrecy. But what I have been led to believe on this subject I cannot and will say (6.VI.2006).

(581) The successive waves of heatwave that have just submerged the European continent are not without a hidden meaning, which deep down I can't help fearing. The appearance of these fiery dragons in the depths of the heavens tells me nothing at all, nor the savage renegade of their incendiary breaths. Who is manipulating these blinding conflagrations above us?

(582) When our people took power, they had two symbolic priorities: the immediate demolition of the Eiffel Tower and the Beaubourg Centre.

(583) Jean-Marc Tisserant, *Les Fils de la veuve* (La Différence, 2005):

"26 September. The forecourt of the Centre Beaubourg looks like a Court of Miracles. As for the gas factory itself, this post-historical rubbish dump, this mecca of standardised 'culture' for lobotomised people on wheels, it seems to me to symbolise perfectly the degeneration of a civilisation."

The "degeneration a civilisation" in the final stage of its pitiful agony.

(584) Long night phone call from "Florent Nodier" in Caracas. Excellent news: Hugo Chavez has decided to continue "until the

He was determined to see through to the "end" his continental, Latin American and "planetary" revolutionary enterprise. "Nothing will stop it". An intense seismic movement is sweeping through the Latin American continent; now anything is possible. Is the direction of history really changing? I'm in the process of writing a long article on the subject, in which I don't hesitate to say what shouldn't be said ("Latin America's new turning point"). In fact, I once again feel very close to certain irrevocable, dangerous and irrational decisions. I'm all too familiar with the secret metallic nausea of the action that's about to *take* place.

(586) A gloomy day with low, drifting clouds and cold rain. Late lunch at the Brasserie Lorraine, Place des Ternes, with two comrades recently back from a two-month working trip to Russia. They tell me about the political situation in Moscow at the highest level, with President Vladimir Putin and his closest entourage,

At one time, he was fully and sincerely determined to play the card of the Greater Continental Europe, committed to the revolutionary geopolitical axis of Paris-Berlin-Moscow-New Delhi-Tokyo, but his attitude has changed somewhat following the changes in the political situation in Europe, with the failure of the referendum on the European Constitution and the electoral defeat of Chancellor Gerhard Schroeder in Germany. It is true that Vladimir Putin still intends to commit Russia to the revolutionary metapolitical path of creating greater continental, "Eurasian" Europe, but for this to happen, Russia will need to be closely accompanied by the whole of Europe, both Western and Eastern.

Now, if in the light of recent political events in Europe, it is no longer possible to count on assured European participation at state level, at least it should be possible to count on the support of certain European revolutionary political formations, of action groups with a grand-continental geopolitical orientation, integrating a transnational European organisation, which could be called the "Organisation" (and which, in our circles, is already called that). It is therefore the "Organisation" which, in the Kremlin's current vision, should represent the European part of the grand-continental geopolitical axis with an imperial, "Eurasian" horizon, Paris-Berlin-Moscow-New Delhi-Tokyo. Russia is therefore waiting for us, the militant national-revolutionaries of Greater Europe, to take it upon ourselves to set up the "Organisation" without further delay. That is the problem of the day, and things being what they are, it is no small problem. It is up to us to face up to it, in the face of the "great history" in progress.

(588) In its issue of 27 July 2006, the Roman daily *Rinascita* published the previously unpublished "confidential notes" taken by Benito Mussolini when he was detained on the island of Maddalena after his arrest on 25 April 1943:

*Tutto quanta accadde doveva
accadere perché se non doveva
accadere, non sarebbe accaduto*

It is with this highly mysterious, "gnostic" phrase, the bearer of a hidden message, that these "confidential notes" from La Maddalena, with testamentary value, begin. It is the "initiatory separation of history".

(589) The penetrating, strange magic of the Ranelagh gardens, also known - I think - as the Parc de la Muette. This secretly over-qualified area benefits from the immediate vicinity of the Bois de Boulogne - from which it is separated only by the width of Boulevard Suchet - as well as the presence, also highly significant, of the residual path of the old Petite Ceinture, which has been left fallow and is entirely covered in lush vegetation, haunted at night, which runs around it from the Chaussée de la Muette to Boulevard Suchet.

These three green spaces in the west of Paris - the Ranelagh gardens, the Bois de Boulogne and the abandoned former railway line - are in a special position, hiding galleries, architecture and residences that were once forgotten and *forbidden*, and which in fact have never had to support the slightest surface construction, with the exception of the Petite Ceinture, which has a more ambiguous status.

The effect a spectral splitting of the place, the walker who, towards the middle of the night or early in the morning, strolls the deserted alleys of the Ranelagh gardens, is subjected to the successive assaults of certain metapsychic influences from a formidable elsewhere, enveloping shadows, whispers, suspicious half-presences and often dangerous, *inevitable* solicitations. I don't know if I can say any more. I've experienced many incidents there.

I will, however, mention this disturbing lady, tall, slender, with an indistinguishable face, who did not seem entirely unknown to me, sheltering herself under an ample black silk coat. She came slowly to meet me and somehow forced me to follow her the central path to the end of the park, where she suddenly disappeared, vanishing into thin air. Should I also mention the strip of pink fabric, perhaps ten metres long, which hung in the air, undulating gently as it tried in a very discreet and devious way to envelop me, in a slow circular movement, from my head to my knees? I'd had all the trouble in the world to get rid of it.

(590) Everything coincides? 6 August 2006, *Transfiguration Sunday*. In the light and darkness of the first dawn, an angelic voice exclaimed above me: "*The marvellous light of Your Face has burst forth from the Eternal Mountains*". Have the "old times" returned? Is the hour of reckoning at hand? Considering Faith, Charity and Hope, what will become of us now? I feel suffocated and dizzy. I am afraid. Although I know that I am now going to be judged, I don't yet know what the final outcome will be. And so it will be *until the very last moment*. What dark and immense pity is my life, which has been one long, indecipherable nightmare after another!

You will be restored, Isaiah, 44/28. I confess that for a long time I had faith in this prophetic promise, but as I walked in the darkness, my faith gradually weakened. Stripped of everything, to the point of final nakedness. In any case, by tomorrow I'll know where I . Be that as it may, I have to admit that this is a profound mystery, the very mystery of Holy Providence in action.

"A woman at her window".

(591) Above Mont Saint-Michel, the "Angel of the Face" hanging over the vertiginous oceanic heights of the place, at midday. As far as I'm concerned, this is perhaps the supreme recourse.

(592) In the scorching, metallic heat, I spent most of the day at Horia Damian's house in Châtillon. He was keen to show me the monumental new painting he had just completed, a stunning masterpiece that is absolutely decisive and *reconstituting*. It's a large-format piece, about four metres by four metres, in three parts, depicting on a solid black background the naked Christ, standing in his sarcophagus, visible only up to the top of the trunk, the shoulders and head not shown; the shroud abandoned on the edge of the sarcophagus.

I am firmly convinced that this extraordinary work by Horia Damian will go down as a major landmark in the history of Christianity and of European civilisation as a whole. A high cliff from beyond the world. The affirmation of divinity is caught in the paroxysmal moment of the mystery of the resurrection in action, of its unconditional victory over the darkness of death and its chaotic, empty realm. A powerful ecstasy seizes whoever stops in front of this painting, capable of provoking existential changes of unheard-of violence, implying a liturgical approach of extreme limit, a *Eucharistic approach*. No one can contemplate this painting without being deeply burnt by it. On the way home, I didn't have a moment to think about it.

instantly stopped wondering who Horia Damian really is. What game, what double game is he hiding?

(593) I was not far from believing that my visit to Horia Damian was a kind of semi-conscious pilgrimage to the dangerously equivocal zone of the first foothills of the 'other world', a risky incursion beyond the line of forbidden passage, towards which one goes never to return. Any truly decisive path is a path with no turning back. Christ is sometimes a heavy armoured door, and sometimes a half-open window directly onto the street. What establishes the choice is what we call destiny, the most secret destiny.

(594) The June 2006 issue of *Ciudad de los Césares*, a journal published in Santiago de Chile and edited by Erwin Robertson, includes an essay by the late Carlos A. Disandro, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, *Resonancias Hyperboreas*. Disandro, *Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Resonancias Hyperboreas*. A sublime, dazzling text, it establishes a relationship between Mozart's music and the archaic ontology of anterior Greater Europe, the boreal foundations of Hyperborean metacivilisation and its historical pre-origins. I have just read and reread this text in a state of profound spellbinding, as if in the rarefied air of the peaks, rediscovering the unbearable brilliance of the active light of the 'eternal kingdom', the *Ewige Reich*. I infinitely grateful to Erwin Robertson for his decision to republish this text by Carlos A. Disandro, which leaves behind it like a long trail of live embers. It has to be said that the void left in our ranks by the death of Carlos A. Disandro seems to me to be an irreparable defeat.

(595) I wonder whether others have been led to suspect Pierre Laval's "deep-rooted secret", a secret truly buried deep within himself, from which he intended to subversively govern the external course of his existence. The first and most 'conventional' image of Pierre Laval can be seen as that of a devious politician of the Third Republic, a man of dubious backroom intrigues and shifting options, attached to power with little regard for the ideological implications at stake, ready to make whatever compromises were demanded by the depraved parliamentary power of his time. But for a truly discerning eye, accustomed to penetrating the hidden regions of the conscience, there is also "another Pierre Laval", the high-flying conspirator, the man of true "grand politics", hidden so that he can act as he pleases, behind his own diversionary and factitious appearances; for "grand politics" can only be subversive.

Pierre Laval was one of the greatest political conspirators of the ^{twentieth} century, having played a direct part in the immense European revolutionary project of King Edward VIII of England, who had tried to set up a federal "New Europe", mobilised against the USSR and the danger of the "world revolution" of Soviet communism, which would have included Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, France, Belgium, etc. A "New Europe" for which Pierre Laval would have represented France as President of the French National Republic (it was Paul Claudel, as we now know, who, as ambassador to London, acted as intermediary between Edward VIII and the French Republic). It would have included Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, France, Belgium, etc. A "New Europe" in which Pierre Laval would have represented France as President of the French National Republic (as we now know, it was Paul Claudel who, as ambassador in London, acted as intermediary between Edward VIII and Pierre Laval).

And there's more. During the four years of the German military occupation of France, from 1940 to 1944, it was Pierre Laval who led the entire underground policy of a certain "other France", relying on Germany to clandestinely put in place its own deep-seated National Socialist European revolution. With this in mind, Pierre Laval had been working behind the scenes to set up the only genuinely revolutionary movement of the collaborationists, the Mouvement Social Révolutionnaire (MSR). Having supported Raymond Abellio's seizure of power against Eugène Deloncle within the MSR, Pierre Laval had become the hidden patron of this movement, whose destiny was confidential and little known even today.

Raymond Abellio, who had remained ardently loyal to the memory of Pierre Laval, told me twenty years later how, every 1st of the month, he would discreetly make a return trip from Paris to Vichy to bring back a suitcase stuffed with the money he needed to run his movement, money provided to in cash by Pierre Laval himself. We have no idea of the formidable revolutionary war machine that Pierre Laval and Raymond Abellio tried set up during the war to make France a superpower in its own right in the post-war "Greater Europe", in the event that Germany should win, and *even if it should not*.

Laval had been the first French politician to commit himself entirely to the supra-political cause of a continental, 'Eurasian' 'Greater Europe' and, like General de Gaulle, he too was counting on the eventual overthrow of the Soviet Communist regime, so that Russia could then be integrated into the larger continental 'Greater Europe'. Laval had worked uninterruptedly to this end - before and during the war - at the head of a large, top-secret, operatively active apparatus, behind the diversionary face that he had always been able to erect as a cover for his highly subversive activities. A "superior apparatus" whose existence, let alone *activities*, no-one in France or elsewhere suspected at any time.

in the background. However, Pierre Laval unfortunately missed his exit. There are undoubtedly many things to say about this. We don't know (or almost don't know).

Some believe that the white tie he always wore was the agreed "rallying sign" of a supranational, ultra-secret, abysmal, "out of reach" counter-revolutionary organisation, which in certain circles of German strategic counter-information was called *Geheime Frankreich*. This is why the "other Pierre Laval", the "secret" Pierre Laval, remained "secret" even after his death. After the war, Raymond Abellio could have spoken about him, but he did not. Nor did any of the very

I would also like to mention "a few others" who accompanied Pierre Laval's great "suprahistoric" adventure, more or less in full knowledge of the facts. Among them was Jean Jardin, whose later recuperation by General de Gaulle seems to me to be singularly significant.

I myself had to go several times to the Tour de Peilz, in Switzerland, where Jean Jardin welcomed me to his romantic lakeside estate. We were both preoccupied by the need to convey to the General our shared obsession with India's great political future and with a French policy on a scale commensurate with that continent, inspired by an ultimate vision of a Greater continental, "Eurasian" Europe. Jean Jardin was working on a vast project for Franco-Indian economic and industrial relations that he wanted to be immediately operational, and for which he was constantly maintaining major strategic contacts with New Delhi, on the French side, but also in Germany and Spain. And he told me he wanted to take me with him to India.

(596) On 11 June 1968, at half past one in the afternoon, I was in the Piazza di Spagna in Rome, at the foot of the monumental staircase leading to the Trinità dei Monti church. This morning, as if in a dream, I saw those steps again, which now appear to me as sign announcing deliverance, grace and liberation. Just like that other staircase that appeared to me in a dream on the morning of the day when, after a long nightmare, I managed to smuggle myself through the Iron Curtain, in Croatia, near Maribor, on 19 August 1949. The same staircase appeared to me each time, as if plunged into a spectral half-light, its narrow steps carved from pale red stone.

(597) DVX has just published my revolutionary geopolitical essay *The New Turning Point in Latin America*, which the Roman daily *Rinascita* is also publishing in Italian, and I am also awaiting the Spanish and Russian versions. *I quote*

Let us therefore consider that it already imperative for President Hugo Chavez to have installed at his side, in Caracas, a "strategic intelligence and revolutionary ideological-political action device", with global capabilities, enabling him to have permanent in-depth view of the present situation, within which the Latin American continent in the process of "final integration" is situated and will have to act, fulfilling its own destinies. This would also, in principle, be the decisive sign of the commitment of the Latin American revolutionary enterprise to its maximum ideological level. In the meantime, it would be no less urgent to take over one of the current Peronist dailies in Buenos Aires, to make it, with a strengthened, super-specialised editorial staff, the official organ of the Latin American continental revolution, with an international press agency, open to the area of problems of interest to our current overall action.

At the same time, to obtain from Hugo Chavez the means to ensure, in Santiago de Chile, Erwin Robertson's journal Ciudad de los Césares can become a regular monthly, thus acting as an "upper chamber", as a philosophical workshop for ideological-revolutionary research in the service of a new, over-activated vision of the "return to being", rallying around it the new Latin American elites in Europe, Russia and Asia - India and Japan - ready to cross the abyssal ford of the "Great Return".

We know that what is now secretly underway, the assault on history, will never stop. For it is not because groups of men have decided to take revolutionary action that things are changing; it is because, in the very depths of history, something has secretly been set in motion that men have irresistibly felt called to act, and are acting. And it is not because we are acting that the world will change, it is because the world itself is now in the process of changing that we ourselves are acting, or rather being acted upon, psychically. What is currently happening in Latin America does not come from this world, but from the depths of the heavens. It is the mystery of the stars in the firmament that controls everything. This is what is now being claimed, prophetically, on the ultimate heights of the Andes".

(598) Alain Santacreu sent me an admirable colour card from Jasna Góra, showing the miraculous icon of Our Lady of Czestochowa on glossy cardboard. Fascinated as I am by the infinitely mysterious smile and the resigned yet ardent tenderness of her young face, I remain convinced that a certain theological and cosmic procedure is at work here,

of inconceivable importance and power, remains attached, in an unfathomable design preconceived from its very creation, to this miraculous icon. For this is an apparatus of active nuptial penetration into the very heart of the Holy Trinity. Infinitely more than an icon.

I believe there is an initiatory monograph to be done on this miraculous icon of Jasna Gera, and the dangerous project haunts me of taking on the responsibility for this task myself, secretly desired from on high by I know not, nor for the moment wish to know, what divine procurature. As far as I'm concerned, I have to confess, all I have to do is cast a furtive glance at this image to feel all the luminous fragrances Paradise rising up within me. A window half-opened onto the nuptial territories on the *other side*: it has indeed been arranged for me to finally understand this, at the end of a rather long series of more or less quantified events that have crossed my path.

(599) The memory of Jean-Marc Tisserant, which I feel like remorse. *I feel pity, as he used to say in the Conciergerie. And also: I have the feeling, without really knowing how, that Marian Mazurkiewicz's death was not natural.*

(560) The terrible loneliness and continual terror that Benedict XVI must endure, as he is summoned to face up to the current state of the dying Catholic Church, to the spasms of a history and a world heading ineluctably adrift ("You will stretch out your hands, and another will gird you, and lead you where you will not" John, XXI, 18). Benedict XVI must know; *he knows* something terrible, something he cannot talk about at the moment. The very fact of knowing never ceases to devastate him inside.

The offensive common front of all the powers of iniquity at work, as well as the increasingly exposed advances of the agents of the power of Darkness, who are now acting from the very heart of the Church, besieged both from within and without, are preventing Benedict XVI from facing up to them. He is no longer able to control the occult confrontations of the underground centres of power, the unbridled pressure of the subversive factions that make up the Church's active inner circle. The Sovereign Pontiff thus finds himself paralysed in his vital work, as the subversive factions on the ground effectively prevent him from imposing his own will or *counter-attacking*.

Very mysteriously, God himself seems to be confining himself to a timeless expectation whose meaning - apparently no meaning at all - can no longer be discerned, providing direction, hope, a living breath, new life. As he had decided to give free rein to all conspiracies of non-being already at work.

Is this indeed the "hour of the supreme trial", the "final trial" that we have been warned we must fear *more than anything else*? Has the hour suddenly come for the end of all faith and all living fidelity? It seems obvious that humanity does not seem at all aware of the night-time abysses towards which its present course is inexorably leading it, at an accelerated and fatal pace. Things being as they seem, everything already seems to have been decided, *acta est justitia mundi*.

So the cause of Benedict XVI's mortal anguish must be what he has been led to suspect - or thinks he already knows - what must be called "the last secret of God's last will", the secret of an apparently merciless judgement. But can God, who is Himself nothing other than Mercy, have recourse to merciless judgement? Salvation can only come from a miraculous recovery of faith and the living fidelity of our people, from a total subversion of the subversion at work. While there is still time.

What Benedict XVI could try to do is to bring together in a new ontological community, alive and active, *Eucharistic* in its very being, the last remaining groups of authentic agents of Christ's faith, to work unconditionally to replace the exhausted and irremediably depraved breadth of the alienated "final" Church, subverted in its essence by the upward spiral of a nuptially accomplished integration comprising the last surviving foci of earlier "faith" and "fidelity", and also by the paroxysmal superintensification of their supreme blazing fires in the apokatastasis mode of the *Incendium Amoris*.

For it is only through the loving transactions of the living philosophical work and its inextinguishable fires of ultimate heights that the 'few' of us could still be saved, if that were God's secret will. *God's will be done!* Ac, XXI, 14. In this respect, it should also be remembered that the integration - or rather the *reintegration* - of the whole of European Orthodoxy and Catholicism into a unitary Church of the Greater Continental Europe of the End could bring a more than considerable gain - a decisive re-evaluation - to the process of the miraculous renewal of the End, Orthodoxy being at present much less affected than Catholicism by the "Final Evil". According to Saint Malachy's prophecy, isn't Benedict XVI the penultimate Roman pope, responsible for regulating the end of the great cycle currently underway in Rome, and the advent of the last pope, *Petrus Romanus*?

(Notes hastily taken on 14 August 2006 in the Square des Ecrivains- Combattants, boulevard Suchet, Paris XVI).

(561) The Orthodox convent of Cernica, a major religious establishment, is located some forty kilometres from Bucharest. Strange rumours persist about it. It has even been claimed that it houses within its walls a certain "higher spiritual and mystical centre" that maintains operational relays throughout the world, particularly in the Middle East and Central Asia (especially India). It is also said to have a secret spiritual influence, a direct result of the confidential activities of the "spiritual centre".

It is in the small cemetery adjoining the Cernica monastery, under the empty sky of the Baragan desert, that lie the remains of Mgr André Scrima, a true legend, a personal friend and accomplice of the Dalai Lama, whom he helped to smuggle to India when he escaped from Tibet. Superior of an Orthodox convent in Lebanon, he was received in leading intellectual circles in Paris, Rome and Madrid. A theologian and doctrinaire of the highest order, he was well known in the most closed politico-religious circles in India. He had represented Pope Paul VI and the Patriarch of Constantinople in charge of important "special missions", including a project for the final reintegration of Orthodoxy, which led him to draw up liturgical regulations for the Basilica of Saint Sophia in Constantinople. He was also a well-known and daring writer, and one of the founders, albeit in the shadows, of the new German Cultural Institute in Bucharest.

It's hardly surprising that visitors from far and wide discreetly haunt the cemetery of the Cernica monastery to pay their respects at a humble tomb, which would seem to impose appeasement and oblivion on the anonymous war. Bishop Scrima's current reputation for sanctity, which is growing all the time, only began after his death, supported by an underground rumour. For some time now, I've been having a disturbing experience of my own directly linked to the monastery of Cernica. First of, I find myself repeating the name "Cernica" over and over again, in a sort of mediumistic way, in the depths of my being, without knowing why or being able to control myself. At the same time, a vision came to me clearly and persistently: in the vast space of darkness stretching out before, I saw a high focus of white, violent, ecstatic light, which "I know" represents the place - in the visible, and also *in the invisible* - where the monastery of Cernica is located. I also 'know' that this place represents the origin - the very place of the nativity - of the next great, great event of a spiritual and charismatic nature, destined to profoundly shake the conscience of Europe. I have the impression that the tomb of Monsignor André Scrima has something to do with the definition of this violent radiance, this burst of light in the heart of darkness.

In the "expectation of what is to come", a line of direct imposition maintains a permanently valid channel of contact - of communication - between this mysterious "light from afar" and an unknown, hidden part of myself, which is hidden from me. In this way, I carry the "light of Cernica" hidden within me, for purposes that I don't yet know about, but which *already hold me*.

(562) Editor-in-chief of *Nouvelle Ecole* and a specialist in Knut Hamsun, Michel d'Urance is undoubtedly the most interesting - and already, perhaps, the most important - rising star of today's new French political generation, perfectly aware of its destiny and the direction it is already taking. He has just published a slim essay on revolutionary metapolitical instruction, *Jalons pour une éthique rebelle* (*Milestones for a Rebel Ethic*), which is right on time, and which engages the concept of those 'few' kept on the sidelines for the battles of the end after all ends, a concept of final rupture if ever there was one. Alongside this essay, I myself wrote an ideologically oriented pamphlet entitled *Investir* [*'History'*]. Because that's what it's all about. In it I wrote:

"Now some of us have realised it: these are no longer times for random guesswork, for 'waiting without an hour", or for rearguard action that can only be given meaning by total failure, because the decisive hour for great revolutionary upheavals beyond the end is secretly here again. The world that is to come, the Novissima Aetas, is now emerging from the ultimate ontological matrix, and its emergence is taking place - is taking place - before its time, before the old world itself has completely passed away. So, in all cases, we have to be there, before the time; totally present. The time is always here, before the time.

"The preontological advent of the next reversal of the planetary political-historical conjuncture currently underway has already taken , and what follows will therefore be no more than the dialectical consequence of this state of affairs, which is as paradoxical as it is subversively already at work. What was to take place has already subterraneanly taken place, the advent of the being to come is in the process of lighting up its positional fires on the highest hills beyond what is no longer".

"Hence the urgent need to mobilise all those elements in our camp who have already undergone, in the depths of their being, the philosophical change - the secret ontological transmutation - making them the vanguard of a new revolutionary European consciousness in the process of asserting itself in the terms of an eschatological, transcendental vision the final planetary history. An apocalyptic vision, you might say.

"The cosmically symbolic figure of the Great Bear, of our distant "sidereal matrix", appears as the transhistorical concept whose continuation establishes the very place of the eternal advent of being to itself, as the fiery wedding of what is with what is in the face of the depraved and empty wedding of what is not with what is not.

"Michel d'Urance's book, Jalons pour une éthique rebelle (Milestones for a rebellious ethic), shows the new generations of Europeans who are ready today to take up the final assault on a new History and a different, as yet inconceivable, destiny, to embrace the profound seismic movement of their underground action.

"A conclusion? Otto Rahn: "I'm looking north again. Towards Midnight. There must be a Mountain of Gathering, and a Crown." "

Michel d'Urance's essay therefore appears to be an extremely important politico-revolutionary document, and we must get used to seeing it as such; a document of visionary, "prophetic" scope. It is also, let us say it, a weapon of avant-garde ideological warfare, a "special weapon".

(563) What is now known in our circles as the "three-headed eagle" is the nuptial integration of Europe's two great continental religions - Catholicism and Orthodoxy - into a third religious entity. The final result of this planned integration of the two current European religions is in fact a *reintegration*, the two previous components having made up the first great European imperial religion before their fateful separation in 1154. This reunion will therefore be a return to the former unity and its definitive updating, its return to the present, its *Restoration*.

KRIEGSMARINE

*And my own hatred would have thought it a crime To have
robbed you of what we owe you in esteem*

Crow

(564) A.T. Mahan, *The Salvation of the White Race and the Empire of the Seas*, Translation, summary and introductions by Jean Izoulet, Professor of Social Philosophy at the Collège de France. Ernest Flammarion, Paris, 1900.

On the flyleaf of my copy, a first edition gift from Michel Marmin, this dedication: *To Madame Marthe Rondet-Saint, respectfully offered, in memory of a presentation, at Deauville, aboard the Sainte-Marthe*. Signed, Izoulet.

Below: *And to Jean, soon aboard the Sainte-Marthe*. Signed, Michel Marmin.

Admiral A.T. Mahan was, for his time and for ours, a profound genius of geopolitics, of civilizational geopolitics, his intuitions ensuring that his research and his operational theses are of exemplary topicality. Today, he should be the visionary head of George W. Bush's strategic-political super-staff, the man responsible for the final planetary projection of the United States, the President's hidden double.

(565) Yves Adrien, *F. for Fantomisation*, Flammarion Editeur, Paris 2004 :

To everyone's surprise, Mystic Eyes stepped forward, claiming the great honour of giving birth to the Saviour: and the next hour, lying on a nasty bench in the vicarage, he was pulling a celluloid bath from under a rag - the robe of the Immaculate Conception - which he held out in a ray of light towards this stepladder - God - greeted with a very biblical: "Thanks be to you, for He has come.

No sooner had these words fallen back into the sanctified air than Mystic Eyes, shedding his virginal robe, turned towards the semi-circle of angels with decayed teeth and, planting himself in front of the one he had seen sniggering at the representation of the mystery, struck him a hideous blow with his

I'd love to know if anyone could decipher this Gnostic scenario and tell me what to do or not to do with it. I'd love to know if anyone could decipher this Gnostic scenario and tell me what to do or not to do with it.

(566) Behind the unconditional urgency of a severe purification of certain after-effects of the unfortunate Vatican II synod, which implies the eventual reintegration of all the traditionalist communities currently in an unacceptable equivocal situation, within the Catholic Church, Benedict XVI is pursuing (for the moment, rather discreetly) two fundamental objectives: the "new evangelisation of Europe" and the "reintegration of the two great European religions, Catholicism and Orthodoxy, into a single continental Eucharistic community", a common "imperial religion", a single "religion of the Empire".

Fully aware of the intractable resistance of the European Episcopal Conferences to any attempt to reintegrate the current traditionalist groupings into the Church, Benedict XVI is continuing his salutary and decisive action against the flagrant alienations of the Vatican II Council in a manner that is sometimes forceful, but in an apparently dispersed order, while leaving to some of those close to him the task of ensuring the difficult positions of the first line of counter-attack, deployed in broad daylight. An overall strategic counter-attack against the subversive positions of certain rogue hierarchies, present and active within the Church itself, and whose harmful action and dangerous advances must be urgently and profoundly neutralised.

Hence the harshness of some of the trenchant statements made by Mgr Malcolm Ranjith Patabendig, number two - appointed by Benedict XVI - for the "ministry" of worship and the discipline of the sacraments and former Apostolic Nuncio to Indonesia, who recently declared that after the Second Vatican Council, "certain changes that were not well thought out were made quickly and enthusiastically, resulting in an attitude that was the opposite of what was intended". Archbishop Patabendig is quick to criticise the "wrong directions, such as the abandonment of the sacred, the confusion of roles between lay people and priests, or certain changes that have emptied the churches by "Protestantising" them. These changes in mentality, he claims, have weakened rather than strengthened the role of the liturgy, and encouraged "secularism". For Mgr Patabendig, "the Church must be sensitive to these urgent needs that people feel so strongly, and rediscover without further delay certain aspects the liturgy of the past. The Holy See is therefore asking the Bishops to strengthen what has already been achieved".

Last April," wrote Hervé Yannou in *Le Figaro* on 23 June 2006, "a reprint in Italian of a book by the then Cardinal

Ratzinger exhumed his positions in favour of celebrating the Mass in Latin, "with its back to the people", according to the old missal. Already three years ago, the future Pope expressed his desire to reopen these questions, regretting the "*fanaticism*" of the post-conciliar debate on the liturgy". The critical, super-tensioned test of the reintegration of the current "traditionalist groups" into the Church will decide the new destinies, the *final destinies* of the Church's Roman identity. The stakes are gigantic, suprahistorical.

(567) It will be recalled Vladimir Putin's first official state visit, when he became President of Russia, took him to Rome, or more precisely to the Vatican, where he had lengthy talks with John Paul II. Most of these talks were confidential. Both Vladimir Putin and John Paul II were determined supporters of concerted action to bring about the eventual reintegration of Orthodoxy and Catholicism into a common third entity.

However, this providential meeting of the religious positions of John Paul II and Putin, which at the time represented an absolutely decisive opportunity for the geopolitical interests of the Greater Europe of the End, has not succeeded - at the present time at least - in imposing, in *forcing forward* a direct opening towards the immediate course of history. This is because the Patriarch of all the Russias, Alexis II, absolutely refused, from the outset and as a matter of principle, any rapprochement between the Russian Orthodox Church and Rome.

He put up an insurmountable barrier, forcing Vladimir Putin to abandon his plans. Admittedly, he could have used certain "special procedures" that are customary in the Kremlin to remove the obstacle posed by Patriarch Alexis II. But the fact is that the current host of the Kremlin is a profound believer, who was reluctant to lay a hand on the hierarchical head of the Russian Orthodox Church.

Thus, even before the process of reuniting European Orthodoxy and Catholicism, a process promoted jointly by John Paul II and Vladimir Putin, could really begin on the ground, it found itself evacuated from history in progress, prevented from having access to it, kept at the level of a petition of principle until the conjecture changed. But the conjecture seems to be changing. There is a glimpse of an opening for the eventual implementation of the pending process.

(568) Since June 2006, a member of the Russian Orthodox hierarchy, Metropolitan Cyril, has been tipped as the future successor to the

Patriarch Alexis II, is constantly pointing to operational choices that are increasingly favourable to the timely reintegration of Orthodoxy into Catholicism. At present, it is almost certain that Archbishop Cyril will be the "man with the greatest destiny".

". It will therefore be through unitary positions, based on the initiatives of Bishop Cyril at the European and continental levels, that the process currently on hold will come to an end; perhaps even an end in the near future.

"The splendid hotel was built on a chaos of ice and polar night", Rimbaud.

(569) Having said that, the problem of the final reunion of Orthodoxy and Catholicism within a single great European continental religion appears to be of such importance (for the revolutionary imperial geopolitical positions we currently hold) that I must consider it an unconditional duty to intervene directly in the interplay of forces, to have the "Organisation" intervene. I therefore decided to send a special mission of information, presence and support to Mgr Cyrille confidentially, made up of Florence D., Jean-François V. and Régis W., as well as, a little later, a team of three Italians, including a traditionalist religious. I intend to cover the costs of setting up this special mission - the *Aurora Consurgens* mission - by appealing once again to Madame Hélène K. and her social support committee.

I have also asked Florence D., a Russian-speaking academic, herself of Russian origin, to write as comprehensive a report as possible on the personality and operational environment of Mgr Cyrille. I already know that the Metropolitan is in close contact with Alexander Dugin and his ideological-political movement, *Eurasia*. So he would be one of us. Let's keep a close eye on the future of the *Aurora Consurgens* "special mission".

(570) When, in 1154, Rome broke with Constantinople, the Roman pontifical delegates went to the basilica of Saint Sophia to deposit, in symbolically determined places, the Roman writings recording this break, which the imperial authorities in Constantinople refused to acknowledge. Seven centuries later, on the personal instructions of Pope Paul VI, Archbishop André Scrima went to Saint Sophia to ritually neutralise the precise points where the papal writings declaring the theological-imperial rupture of Europe had been laid to rest.

This confidential mission was one of the most significant accomplished by Monsignor Scrima as a "repairer of spiritual bridges", a mission that will count in history and beyond. I don't know whether to address

I'd now like to take a look at what I'd call Monsignor Scrima's "underground career" and the *supernatural* dimensions of some of his activities. 11 We must be extremely careful, and above all we must *take no false steps*. There are grave dangers lurking in undue confidences. To reveal what should not be revealed is to betray, and we know where "spiritual betrayal" can lead.

(570) It was the night of 5 to 6 September 2006, a long, intense, stubborn, painful night of insomnia. Towards the end, I suddenly remembered, in a sort of half-conscious state, that strange day in October 1967 when, at Dominique de Roux's home in the Château de la Boucauderie in the Charentes region of France, I had so mysteriously met the person I had called, at the time, the *character* who had introduced me to the next thirty years of my life.

Those thirty years - thirty-five - have already passed, and at the present time I find myself already engaged in that uncertain zone of the prophecy in progress, its final zone, which foresees that after a sudden paroxysm of incomprehensible misfortunes, impotence and obscure impediments, there will suddenly come an 'ultimate renewal', which will restore my *abysmal identity*, and give me the superior 'occult powers' that should lead me to 'change the face of the world'.

All my life, I have not been myself, but *another*, behind whom I have conspiratorially concealed myself, these long years of a life that was while not being and was not while being - in a way - my life. All my life I have been my own secret agent in abysmal duplication, being myself only insofar as I pretended not to be - 'I is *another*'.

In this way, "everything now enters the zone supreme attention".

"You will be restored", Isaiah, 44/28

(571) The Holy Trinity is not triune, but *senary*: if the secret living substance that constitutes its component parts and binds them together is love, if everything in the Holy Trinity is ardent nuptiality, God is duplicated by Mary, Jesus Christ by Mary Magdalene and the Holy Spirit by Saint Sophia. The living and active identity of the Holy Trinity is that of a loving dialectic of sixes. Six is the *absolute number*.

What we can now expect is the advent of the 'reign of Saint Sophia', both historically and suprahistorically. And that's what I've been hinting at throughout my ten novels, from *La servante portugaise* (1987) to *Dans la forêt de Fontainebleau* (2007): that the "reign of Saint Sophia", the "reign of ardent love", the *Incendium Amoris*, is just around the corner.

(572) Benedict XVI's dazzling encyclical, *Deus caritas est*, presents - under false and deliberately conventional appearances - theological openings of an importance that must be considered without question as absolutely decisive; *historical* openings, concerning the ultimate being of Catholicism. These include, above all, the passage in which - for the very first time in the history of the Church - the present Pontiff reveals the true place of love - and I do mean *love* - in the secret cosmology of "charity": if "charity" constitutes, ontologically, the very substance and supreme meaning of creation, "love" is the living fire of "charity", its inner marrow and its breath at work in the depths of the universe. Thus, it is God's love for Mary that charitably brings the world into being; creation exists as charity fed from below by the living fire of God's love for Mary.

The experience of love - physical and metaphysical - of the "superior lovers", lovers who have reached a transcendental level in their own work of love in action, defines the supreme limit of life - of the *living life of life* - and the occult cosmic dimension, as well as the means of the divinising self-depassment of the human condition in the face of the universe, in the face of the totality of the Kosmos and of the divinity itself, as such. The place of love, as initiatively defined by the encyclical *Deus caritas est*, corresponds to the forbidden teachings of the subterranean Western organisations of the *Fedeli d'Amore* and their increasingly occult successors. In this way, the "tantrism" of the new Catholic conceptions of love heralds the final advent of the "reign of Saint Sophia".

I'm convinced that whole *Deus caritas est* encyclical is really just a pretext, the framework Benedict XVI needed to get across his initiatory message on the new cosmic theology of "love", on "love" as a fiery vehicle and revolutionary petition for the "new powers" that are thus secretly already being given to us, in view of *certain events that are as yet unthinkable*.

(573) Today, a late lunch with Guido von Schwerin at the Cascades in the Bois de Boulogne. A senior executive in a major Berlin property company, Guido von Schwerin is also, albeit "behind the scenes", responsible for the German part of the "Organisation". In fact, he came to Paris specifically to give me an exhaustive account (as he is obliged to do every month) of the confidential background to the current domestic political situation in Angela Merkel's Germany, the new politico-administrative arrangements and the changes underway; finally, on the The new coalition government in power in Berlin has set itself the task of implementing the government's "major projects".

Below is a summary of what Guido von Schwerin told me. A 'new line' is indeed emerging, and we need to take it into account now to avoid being caught off guard:

(1) Having already discreetly abandoned the hard line of the Franco-German "Carolingian pole", Germany has declared itself firmly resolved to assume, "on its own", all the future political and historical destinies of the largest continental Europe, which it would thus find itself implicitly charged with representing in Washington. It would try to replace England with the United States, and would see itself as the "founder of powers". "This is Washington's vision for the Greater Europe of the future, which will include both Western and Eastern Europe.

Freed from the black stain of its Nazi past, of which it now claims to have been the victim itself (an effort to make up for its virginity to which Benedict XVI, the "German Pope", recently contributed), Germany intends to be able to exercise its political and diplomatic responsibilities, to openly assert its new position as a "great power" (and even, in time, as a *superpower* at the head of the Greater Europe, the greater German Europe). To achieve this, it will stop at nothing. The new power in Berlin intends to acquire, in the short term, a counter-strategic operational intelligence apparatus on a global scale and with global objectives, mobilised for major, confidential offensive political purposes.

(2) On this subject, Federal Interior Minister Wolfgang Schäuble has just decided start work immediately on an overall federal counter-strategic organisation plan, under his personal control and consisting of three basic operational echelons. These three levels are as follows:

- A large "central anti-terrorist file" integrating all the federal and regional structures for surveillance and counter-subversive action into a single active centralising organisation, under the direction of the Federal Ministry of the Interior in Berlin.
- A new overall federal operational security organisation designed to make active use of this "central anti-terrorist database".
- An ultra-secret counter-organisation for internal and external political and strategic security, with avowed offensive goals at planetary level, a counter-organisation about which I obliged to say nothing, since it is the axis around which the whole of the future German 'grand policy' will revolve, and which 'will change the face of Europe' (according to recent statements by the Berlin Chancellery).

(3) The same package of new programmes will also see the creation of a Federal Ministry of Information and Foreign Representation, attached to the Berlin Chancellery, to oversee the press and all the media as part of the "new fundamental project" for Germany's European and global expansion (the "New Germany", as it is still being called, but "we'll get used to it").

(4) Guido von Schwerin also informed me of the in-depth reorganisation and accelerated reinforcement of the German Armed Forces, involving the army, air force and navy, and following the new mission, deployment and presence structures at home and abroad, in Europe and the rest of the world. The German Armed Forces are already present in Europe, Africa and Asia, with various missions.

The immediate dispatch of a flotilla (made up of two ultra-modern frigates, four fast combat boats and a large supply ship) to the Mediterranean, assigned to the control and coastal surveillance of Lebanon, has an initial significance, revealing the primordial role that will henceforth be given to *the Kriegsmarine*. Indeed, it would appear that Berlin intends to concentrate the maximum effort of the current reinforcement of its Armed Forces on the *Kriegsmarine*. The new programmes underway, which are still secret, are likely to cause some major surprises. Angela Merkel has just declared, with regard to the dispatch of this flotilla to the eastern Mediterranean, that *this intervention has a historic dimension in terms of Germany's future*. Why the *Kriegsmarine*

? That's the question I didn't ask Guido von Schwerin.

(574) Around five o'clock in the afternoon, a little warmed up by the champagne, I gave in to the unconscious desire to cross the Bois de Boulogne on foot, from the *Cascades* to the Porte de Passy. Strangely enough, I was terribly tired, half asleep, and at the same time in a state of feverish, unhealthy excitement. I wasn't following the paths, I was going - often even with my eyes closed - straight ahead of me, through the catchy thickets, through the groups of trees hiding between them landslides, reduced walls, piles of broken bricks. The grass was thick under my feet, or there were thin patches of bare earth.

I walked as if in a half-awake dream, tormented by the subversive desire to fall asleep with my back against a tree. But I knew that I had to resist this weakness, that I had to keep going at all costs, not stop on the way. At a certain point, having heard a violent flapping of wings, branches breaking, leaves

I stopped dead in my tracks. The next thing I knew, a large, dark red pheasant hen was nestling in my arms with a fairly violent shock, clinging to me with all her might, trembling, her head deeply hidden under my jacket. It was impossible to get rid of this heavy visitor, agitated by almost amorous spasms. What to do

? Then a crystalline voice was heard, high above me on the right, saying: *Vendonga malenteri, subalen cridi senta palavinha, bientra'manni! Dherba, dherba, dherba!* And then, much quieter, almost a hushed whisper, *ude, ude, lassenave! Ude, ude, arssenave!*

With a violent movement, the pheasant hen flew vertically from my arms, uttering a long, sharp, cutting cry, leaving behind it a sharp current of cold air, like the tail of an invisible ice comet. Finally arriving at the Porte de Passy, I had to walk through a long Chinese religious procession to reach the Boulevard Suchet, enveloped by thick white clouds of perfume and the powerful, incessant din of loudly-waving silver bells. From time to time, mysterious little blue lights pierced the white clouds that covered everything. The young Chinese girl, her dress rolled up high over her thighs and holding a smiling child in her arms, shouted at me with an incredibly angry look in her eyes, "*Go away, go away! Go away!*" That's when I capsized. A pheasant hen symbolically coming from far, far away, from the western confines of China, where the Forbidden City lies hidden on the narrow rising ledge.

My day was far from over, but I didn't know it yet.

(575) This morning I urged Hugo Chavez's political staff to urgently open up their revolutionary movement ideologically and strategically on a global scale. I reiterated my proposals to mobilise *Ciudad de los Césares* (Erwin Robertson's publication published in Santiago, Chile) and turn it into a regular monthly magazine for high-level ideological work. This movement, now in full expansion, must rid itself - I also insisted - of a certain outrageous leftism in order to modulate its "general line" in the direction of a "new revolutionary concept" that is Latin American, "national and continental". If Hugo Chavez does not decide to move forward, to go beyond some of his leftist options, to give himself an authentically revolutionary opening - within his own horizon of affirmation and march, a consistent and sustained national and continental opening - he is heading straight for a final, irreversible failure. Which would be a catastrophe for us all. But doesn't he know all this perfectly well? The failure of his enterprise in Peru and Chile is already provoking and sustaining a certain dialectic of stagnation which seems to be becoming

increasingly significant, *negatively affecting* the movement as a whole. How can this be remedied effectively and in good time?

I think we should organise a confidential meeting in Paris at the end of October, with the support of the Venezuelan embassy, between political representatives from Caracas, close to Hugo Chavez, and certain leading members of the "Organisation". By also involving Argentine revolutionary leaders who are currently more or less in place in Buenos Aires with President Kirchner. To whom can I delegate the task of organising this consultative meeting?

(576) Katherine Neville, *The Magic Circle*. Translated from the American by Gilles Morris-Dumoulin, Pocket, Paris 2003. Quite disturbing, a new type of detective novel, perhaps encrypted, which I find of considerable interest, and which could be used for certain manipulations. *I don't* know whether the biography of Katherine Neville provided by the publisher is not in some way - if not entirely - fictitious. You should also look at her other novel, published by the same publisher, *Le Huit*. *The Magic Circle's* approach to Hitlerism opens up unexpected and *revealing* horizons.

In any , we'll keep you posted.

(577) Lawrence Block, *Errance* (*Random Walk* in American), translated by Ophélie Beshay. Gallimard Série Noire, Paris 2000.

In this book - and this is not its main interest, but for me it is a highly *significant* circumstantial incidence - *there* is a passage about the 'totemic mystery' of the pheasant or, if you like, the 'pheasant hen' who the day before yesterday threw herself into my arms in the Bois de Boulogne.

"We stopped off in Huron yesterday to admire the world's largest pheasant, but it only took us a few minutes.

- *How big can the world's largest pheasant be?*
- *It's quite big. Of course, I'd seen it before. In fact, my parents lived nearby and we used to go to Huron all the time. The biggest pheasant in the world is twelve metres high and weighs twenty-two tonnes.*
- *What a big pheasant!*
- *I you so. Or, wait a minute, did I say something wrong? It's more like seven metres tall and weighs forty tonnes. No, I think I got it right the first time. It's made of steel and fibreglass.*
- *No feathers?*
- *No, no feathers. We'll pass by the Ingalls site, but I don't think we'll go in."*

In a 'Note from the author', Lawrence Block thanks Peter Russell, author of *The Global Brain*, and Raphaël for *The Inseed Transmissions*. And to his "spiritual master", Durchback Akuete, and his "personal healers", Lloyd Youngblood and Danny Slomoff.

(578) In Rue des Bauges, where he had lived for the last few years of his life, Raymond Abellio was a ten-minute walk from the Parc du Ranelagh. Every day, dusk, between dog and wolf, he would walk around the park four times, in successively tighter circles. Every three or four days, I accompanied him for the duration (more than two hours) of his secretly ritualistic mediumistic circumvagations (*secretly*, because he insisted on passing this ritual off as a "simple evening stroll").

It was during these circular walks that he told me many episodes from his life - pre-war, during the war and post-war - and that we were able to draw up the first plans for the actual organisation of the "General Command" (GC). I don't know why, but we rarely touched on the "initiatory field". On the other hand, he never stopped telling me about his many love affairs. He had screwed Madame Claude's entire luxury flock, giving them dazzling horoscopes that drove them all mad; he also 'hunted' among the posh bourgeois women of the Avenue Paul-Doumer. In reality, he was a tantric predator.

In those days, there was a rather special bistro on the corner of rue de Boulainvilliers, which has since disappeared, where he used to have his regular lunch. We had a number of lunches there on the first floor, particularly in the company of two of his former senior MSR officials, who had taken refuge in Canada since the war, and whom he had specially brought back to Paris to get the CG up and running; he had placed them with Georges Gorse, at Boulogne town hall, under false identities.

(579) Abellio couldn't help but feel a sense of admiration for Léon Blum, whom he regarded as the French Walter Rathenau. Like Rathenau, he would have been murdered had not his friend, the beautiful and wealthy Louise-Mélanie W., a clairvoyant and magician of repute, "intervened in the astral".

"to save him. However, despite her powerful German friendships during the occupation, she was unable to prevent him being deported to the Sachsenhausen camp in Germany. He returned alive, and in 1946 became President of the Council for the third time.

(580) With Raymond Abellio and Roland Saunier-Deville, the successor to his 'old master', on a rainy autumn day full of

Ranelagh. I mention that what Ranelagh Park lacks is a pond. Don't say that," says Roland Saunier-Deville, "Ranelagh is a secretly chosen territory, devoted exclusively to fire, under the sign and sacred power of Hathor. So it would not tolerate the slightest trace of water. In fact, Samuel Liddell Mathers, the former leader of the *Golden Dawn in the Outer*, established his secret temple to Hathor just around the corner, on Avenue Mozart. The number of statue pedestals without statues there marks the invisible presence of the Fire deities. We are all agents of Fire".

"I've long since recognised the secret of that sharp burning in my chest that comes over me every time I walk through these parts," exclaimed Raymond Abellio, as he paused in his walk.

(581) In fact, if I'm going to talk about Raymond Abellio in this way, it's because last night he appeared to me in a dream, his long white scarf tied loosely around his neck. We were walking in Ranelagh, closely followed by a big red dog, who stopped when we stopped, his eyes fixed on us like carbuncles, and started up again when we started moving again.

When I woke up, I'd forgotten what we were talking about. I think Abellio was telling me something about the murder of Eugène Deloncle by the SS - if it was the SS. I'm furious that I've lost track of what he was saying, but there's nothing I can do about it. That's how it is with dreams. I also remember, vaguely, that in a sort of troubled paradoxical branch of the same dream, I accompanied him on a visit he was making to Marlène Jobert in some sort of luxury clinic. She had just given birth and was happy. You should always have something to write with beside your bed. Write down your dreams as soon as you wake up and you still have an intact memory of them. Then you can go back to sleep and forget everything.

(591) During a confidential symposium held at the Hôtel Nikko in Beaugrenelle, which focused on "the French nuclear force and its doctrines", Olivier Guichard asked me - in the presence of Edgar Faure - whether it was true that I was writing a book on "Gaullist geopolitics" in relation to the "French nuclear force. As I hesitated to reply, he told me that "at the highest level" there was a keen interest in this book, and that he himself was prepared to support it with a substantial preface along the lines of what he knew of my own theses. Following some negative pressure from a pseudo-governmental body, the book was not published in the end. I had dedicated it to the memory of General

Ailleret, in which I set out the Gaullist doctrine that the "French nuclear force" was intended to be the "nuclear force of the largest continental Europe".

(592) *"Born in 1948, General Jean-Louis Georgelin has been Jacques Chirac's Chief of Staff since 2002. He succeeds General Henri Bentégeat as Chief of Staff of the French Armed Forces (Cerna) in October 2006. Jean-Louis Georgelin began his career with the 9^e Régiment de chasseurs parachutistes before becoming deputy general of the HO' parachute division in Bosnia. At the head of Cerna, he is the commander-in-chief of the three armies, land, air and sea, their "supreme arbiter". The decisive reference.*

"Those who worked with him at the Elysée Palace know that he has a real passion history. History in general. Military history too, of course. But also, and perhaps above all, the history that links the military and politicians". In 1990, he also headed the PPE (Plans, Programmes, Evaluation) division of the Armed Forces General Staff, "where the future of the armed forces is planned for thirty years ahead". Hence the depth of his outlook. Those who have got to know him know that a powerful and determined wind is going to "blow hard on Boulevard Saint-Germain, that habits will be shaken up and that those who don't keep up with the new rhythm will be swept away". There is no doubt that the strong personality of General Jean-Louis Georgelin will bring about a decisive change within the armed forces. But what are these notes worth? All this will have to be verified later by the facts. The tragedy is the facts.

(593) And now come the Parisian days of the meetings organised each year by the *Etoile Vénitienne* in a beautiful 17th-century town house. A philosophical day focused this year on Taoist 'tantrism', and a political day devoted to an immediately operational approach to the Paris-Berlin-Moscow geopolitical axis. As I'm ill, I think I'll have to give up taking part, which will inevitably give rise to biased considerations.

As it is already quite certain that 2007 will bring serious unrest, irrevocable events - even a kind of civil war - to France, which will ultimately lead to a radical change of regime, it will be those of *the Venetian Star* and their parallel bodies who - if only because there will be nothing else *at a certain level* - will have to covertly supervise, ideologically and revolutionarily arm, the setting up of the "new regime" that is about to take place, and which will not be of the

whatever we might think of it the present time. So shouldn't we start preparing for it now, without further ado?

(In my last novel, entitled *Dans la forêt de Fontainebleau* (*In the Forest of Fontainebleau*), I wrote quite a lot about the members of *the Venetian Star* and their plans, their most confidential activities).

(594) *World Affairs*, New Delhi, India, special issue, Winter 2005, "Weapons of the New World Order: Genesis of International Terror" (Vishnu Bhagwat, "Unlimited Militarisation, Delusions of World Hegemony"); Daniele Ganser, "Fear as a Weapon: The Effects of Psychological Warfare as Politics"; David Guyatt, "Anti-Personnel 'Soft Kill'em' Weaponry"; Leuren Moret, "Planet Earth as a Weapon and Target"; Michel Chossudovsky, "Owning the Weather for Military Use The Ultimate Weapon of Mass Destruction"; T.E. Bearden, "Scalar Electromagnetic Weapons and their Terrorist Use"; Richard Boylan, "Classified Antigravity Aerospace Craft"; Alfred Lambremont Webre, "Directions Towards an Exopolitics Initiative").

(595) In concluding my last book, *Le sentier perdu*, I return to the memory, which I have kept intact, a dinner to which we had been invited - Jacqueline de Roux and myself - by Louis Pauwels, on a certain snowy night, in the heart of the forest of Saint-Germain, in front of a beautiful wood fire blazing high, in the dining room of an inn selective enough to pass for clandestine. What had brought us together was Louis Pauwels' plan to publish a review he was to finance, called *Contre-littérature*, which we intended to be the epicentre of a literary and political movement.

- metapolitical, rather - designed to change the course of the future spiritual destiny of France and Europe. Louis Pauwels was to be the director, Jacqueline de Roux the editor-in-chief and I the special editorial adviser.

I now realise that in *Le sentier perdu* I omitted to mention what was the medullary essence of that ardent night, namely Louis Pauwels's reading of a dozen pages, the editorial for the first issue of *Contre- littérature*. The first half of *this text* was devoted to the total and definitive devastation of the subversive concept of modernity, of the mental AIDS reigning then as now; the other half provided the prophetic definition of what was to become - if things went as we intended - the new saving spiritual reality of which *Contre-Littérature* wanted to be the fighting vehicle in France and Europe. It was a project of *total war*.

When our friend had finished reading, there was a sort of terrible silence, which lasted for some time. A perfect silence, an ecstatic silence. I was in the grip of a strange, pervasive, irrepressible emotion - concussion. Louis Pauwels's text was a glittering block of unheard-of violence, with a dazzling inner dialectic that took your breath away and transported you out of yourself. It was an incandescent profession of genius that made you feel uneasy and dizzy. It was without doubt the most extraordinary text Pauwels had ever written. He had revealed himself completely. He had really laid himself bare. It was an unforgettable experience, a sharp indentation in our consciousness. *A fundamental moment.*

(596) Pauwels wanted me to get Raymond Abellio to write a major article for the first issue of *Contre- littérature* on the geopolitical and global metahistorical significance of the Maoist revolution, which was then in full swing (I knew that, following confidential talks with certain Chinese diplomats in Paris, Raymond Abellio had been invited by the Beijing government to spend a secret three-month period in China; he was reluctant to accept the offer. "I have a bad feeling about this", he said.)

I was Louis Pauwels' guest that night his house in Saint-Germain-en-Laye, and didn't fall asleep until around four in the morning. I decided to tell him about the General Command (CG) and invite him to join. He was basically one of us.

In my sleepless bed, I realised that there was another Louis Pauwels, of whom I had a dazzling revelation. A Pauwels who had been able to keep within himself the secret of who he was, the secret of his hidden predestination and of his superior visionary powers, the proof of which he had never had the opportunity to really demonstrate in the course of his life. Although he was certainly brilliant, this only served to conceal permanently who he was and had not been in reality, the first and ultimate mystery of his true being in concealment.

Which can also be said in the following way: it was because in his life he had not been his father's son that, all his life, he had never ceased to put forward, to hold before him a Louis Pauwels who was not Louis Pauwels, the real Louis Pauwels, the 'true son of his father', but someone else, 'another himself', having lived on the surface a life that was not his life, his own life being abysmally concealed behind the tragic and secretly mournful simulacrum of it. What a mysterious, immense sadness! Louis Pauwels, or the *pewter mask*.

(What happened to the twelve pages of the extraordinary editorial for the first issue of *Contre-littérature*? The *pewter mask* was only removed once, on a certain winter's night in the forest of Fontainebleau).

(597) In the Square de la Trinité, at around seven in the morning, a young sat on a bench, sobbing her heart out. On the ground, almost under her feet, was a book, torn and trampled. Was this desperate morning woman called Eugénie, or was she Eugénie? Without her knowing anything about it, was she in charge of a sign concerning me? I was distressed by the sight of this distress, but haven't I learnt to be wary of certain ambiguous signs that sometimes appear on my path?

(598) *Kriegsmarine*, . As a group, we went to Germany to visit Admiral Karl Dönitz. When we entered his office, he was waiting for us, standing in full uniform behind a small black wooden table on which was a silver service stamped with the swastika, presumably from one his old ships. Dominique de Roux was accompanied by a beautiful blonde girl, C., of English origin. The admiral said: "Since Miss C. is here with us today, I raise this cup in honour of the valiant English navy.

He then turned to Mr. W., who was sitting down because of his hip injury (which prevented him from standing) and, raising his cup again, he said: "What I want to say to Mr. W. is that in sixty years Germany will find itself intact again, and that it will then have complete control over the greater Europe - including Russia, which will have freed itself from communism - and that through its situation in Europe it will come close to controlling the whole world. The United States, having reached the height of its power, will decline as a result of domestic problems. Germany's greatest destiny will be fulfilled. Then the Admiral turned to me and, raising his cup, said: "I salute in you, dear comrade, the new European youth who, having been able to exorcise a totally unacceptable past, can now look the future in the face. The absolutely new future of an absolutely new life".

Then, raising the cup for the fourth time he turned Arthur Axmann and said: "Dear comrade Axmann, now we reprobates are going to stay together. All together, and nothing can separate us. Nothing will ever separate us.

(As, for our part, we were obliged to empty our cup white alcohol at each toast to the admiral and at the same time as him, it must be admitted that, according to the old *Kriegsmarine* ritual, at the end of this ceremony we

were all more or less gone, having taken refuge together in a zone parallel to reality. Behind the admiral, in a heavy terracotta vase, was a huge bouquet of white and yellow roses. And hanging on the wall was a classical painting of a young woman standing and smiling in dark blue and green; the vase with the bunch of roses was on the floor.)

As I recount this episode, I feel a chill in my chest. Apart from me, everyone who was there is now dead. That means *something*. Was I dreaming? My memory of that meeting in Germany with Admiral Karl Dönitz has a strange spectral quality, as if it never happened, or 'in another life', in 'another reality'. Nothing he said that day came true, except perhaps what he said about Germany (and then again). History doesn't exist outside the present. In the end, I've come to believe that this meeting only took place to prove that it didn't actually happen. But to what end? To what end? The answer to this question lies buried beneath the footsteps of God; beneath the secret footsteps of a God on the move).

(599) It was in Venice that, for the first time in my life, I was really scared. Unconditional fear. A white, ecstatic fear. What was done to me then is still going on, a hidden rupture, an irremediable void. That's where one day my will to stay awake may unravel.

(There's one question that never ceases to bother me: why is it that no one has yet realised that, for eight centuries now, Venice has been the very hidden prey of a certain 'negative power', unidentifiable, but always present and always at work underground? But didn't I myself come close enough, in one of the short stories in *Secret Mission to Baghdad*, to uncovering this 'negative power'?)

ACQUA ALTA

Who could have done it? It would have been like writing a book before you've written it.

Ake Edwardson, *Light and Shadow*

(600) Editions Parisiennes de l'Homme Libre has just published four books by Julius Evola, *Hierarchy and Democracy*, *Synthesis of the Doctrine of Race*, *Three Aspects of Judaism*, and *Phenomenology of Subversion*.

I wonder when I'll find the time to finish my book of revelations and inner approaches to the man of *La dottrina del risveglio* and *La tradizione ermetica*, the politician and underground revolutionary about whom, in reality, we still know nothing. A revolutionary who was able to make his mark and carry out his more-than-secret missions, but who managed to hide everything about his true path, while we think we know everything about his struggles, his doctrine and his true *allegiances*.

(601) Reuben, the baron of the crow colony in Ranelagh Gardens, is hard to surprise. He is tall, unusually tall, with sort of sacred aura about him. He almost always stands still, hieratic, as if absent from where he is. And I would add that there can be no doubt that the whole colony of ravens in the Ranelagh gardens is in a state of sacred duplicity.

The subversive science of their nesting, always invisible from below, but always present at the top of the tallest trees in the park, gives the measure of their *true state*, and it is not good to think too much about the mystery of this invisibility suspended in the air, made of withered branches and tight grass crowns, stretched like iron rings; where often hang thin strips of disqualified fabric, like secretly prophetic tankas. It is essential to know how to decipher the coded indications, the hidden messages and the silent warnings (which a lot). I myself have a personal contact with Reuben, who is in permanent mediumistic communication with three or four worlds.

different established in the inconceivable heavens above him, roof on roof.

Proud and aloof, secretive, my Ranelagh crows are nevertheless supremely loyal. On certain occasions, they transform into clouds of mad wingbeats, their beaks brimming with impure, depraved blood. Where he is, Reuben reigns. He always does. I've just spoken here about these *black clouds*, and I think I have to stop here, as a certain danger is suddenly too great, and too close.

(602) When I wake up this morning and shout *Acqua Alta*, it's because I sense that we're entering a time of very high tides. Immense powers, completely unsuspected until now, are preparing to return in force; things will happen that we have never seen before, and any minute now. On the other hand, it is certain that, despite the genuinely revolutionary state of its beginnings, Hitler's Third Reich had to assume, right up to the end and even beyond, four great fundamental errors, errors which it had to pay for by its total political-historical destitution, by its irrevocable evacuation from the reality of this world, as it had never existed. These four errors are as follows - *now is the time to recall them*. (1) The inconceivable criminal imbecility of *the Shoah*, of the conception and implementation in the conditions we now know of the plan to annihilate the Jewish people in all its European dispersions.

(2) Paranoid contempt for all Slavic nations, Russia first and foremost, with the ultimate aim of colonising the continental areas of Eastern Europe.

(3) Hostility towards the Catholic Church, the most ardent part of which should have been the Eucharistic substratum of the great European continental revolution led by the Third Reich.

(4) It failed to recognise, let alone use, on its home front, thinkers of the calibre of Martin Heidegger, or Karl Haushofer, the latter an ideologue of German-Russian continental rapprochement, and preferred to employ the services of a subaltern cretin like Alfred Rosenberg and all the other morons of the same class of mental indigence (with the possible exception of the higher, 'ultimate' levels of certain secret internal hierarchies of the SS).

Behind these terrible mistakes - behind these indelible curses - there was nonetheless an incomparable part of greatness achieved, visionary superpower and irrational, abysmal commitment, of symbolic, revolutionary exploitation of European history in the making, a part that will never be taken away.

(These considerations may seem dangerous today, and they are, but we must not allow ourselves to be trapped by the shifting sands of a manipulated, deviant and entirely subjugated reality, subject to the apparently irreversible alienations of a certain political-historical and cultural line, subversively opposed to any national-revolutionary option representing the ultimate destiny of the largest continental Europe. We are what we are, and we will never be what we are not. For at the end of history, and here we are, it is the march backwards, the "counter-History", which represents the true meaning of history, its true final direction, its completion and its self-coronation).

(603) Midday Mass at the Sacré-Coeur in Montmartre. Few people, but a contemplative atmosphere. An area for changing the state of reality invisibly marked the space occupied by those taking part in the service. Just before mass began, a young girl took her place in the row in front of me. I watched her from an angle, realising that as the service progressed, praying with intense fervour, she was approaching an ecstatic state, "freeing herself from the grip of this world". As this state intensified, it reverberated off me, interfering with my own powers to change reality ontologically.

I felt that something was happening inside me, that I was letting it happen (I had already understood that even if I had tried - or simply *wanted* - to oppose it, I no longer had the possibility of doing so; I had to go through with what being imposed on me). Half-conscious, with my eyes closed, slowly spiralled upwards towards the top of the dome, coming face to face with the figure of the great white Christ, his arms open, flying over the choir of the basilica; I still have a rather vague memory of all this, especially as my mystical ascent was of an inner order that was foreign to visible space.

What I remember with perfect clarity the intuition I had that the great figure of Christ was situated vertically above the holy table on which, at that very moment, the Fiery Life of the consecrated Eucharists was on display, giving the figure of Christ (which I was facing) a living identity, as if he were really there, really *present and alive* within image of Him above the choir of the basilica. A dazzling solicitation drew me higher still, but there was no higher. I was a closed-in block of glowing embers, my life hanging by a thread, ready to topple over to the other side. I no longer knew who I was, or anything about anything.

(604) I didn't know whether the idea that a pictorial representation of Christ could be secretly animated by the presence of a burning cluster of consecrated Eucharists was a terrible blasphemy, but I do know that I felt that fear that day. Once Mass had been said, and the ecstatic girl had left without a glance for me, I remained praying for a long time, exhilarated by the feeling of a divine forgiving presence, which soothed and comforted me, silently, for *Christus intus docet*.

(605) Beneath its immediate appearances, the Basilica of the Sacred Heart of Montmartre is in reality a fortress in arms, facing up to the conjurations of a world long won over to the cause of Darkness. As such, it forms part of an occult chain of high resistance that also includes Mont Saint-Michel and, further south, Mont Gargano. This chain of high resistance is under the guardianship of Saint Michael, whose imposing, warlike equestrian statue watches over the roofs of the basilica. On Mount Gargano, there is another underground basilica dedicated to Saint Michael - in the Middle Ages, the saint is said to have said mass there himself on a certain night, in the presence of a German emperor. All this is supernaturally linked together. It was also on this mountain that the saintly Padre Pio of Pietralcina chose to spend his life, in the convent of San Giovanni Rotondo.

(606) I never knew Rimbaud had travelled so much. Shouldn't we call him the "planetary vagabond" and even, symbolically, the "cosmic vagabond"?

"Twice in his teens, he travelled to Brussels and Paris, and twice to London. From Stuttgart, having acquired a sufficient knowledge German, he travelled on foot through Württemberg and from Switzerland Italy. From Milan, set off, again on foot, for the Cyclades, via Brindisi, the only benefit of which was a sunstroke that sent him back to Marseille, via Livorno. He travelled around Scandinavia and Denmark with travelling fair; embarked from Hamburg, Antwerp and Rotterdam; he joined the Dutch army in Java and immediately deserted. Passing one day within sight of Saint Helena on a British ship that refused to stop there, he jumped overboard, but was rescued before he could reach the island. From Vienna, he was escorted back to the Bavarian border by the police for vagrancy; and from there, under a different escort, he was escorted back to Lorraine. In all these comings and goings, he always found himself penniless, always on foot, his stomach almost empty. At Civita-Vecchia he was disembarked with a gastric inflammation caused by the ribs rubbing against his abdomen. He had walked too much. In Abyssinia, it was for having ridden too much. Everything to excess. Inhuman to himself. The goal is always beyond. Henry Miller, Time of the Assassins. 10/18, Paris, 1984.

(I found this book on the 63 bus with a twenty-dollar note inside. On the flyleaf, written in pencil, in very small letters, this: *Sensitiva/ mad, spasmodic, moaning*. What's *all this?*)

(607) In my dream, I'm walking down a very steep hill, barely covered by weeds and degenerate, yellowish, evil vegetation. At the bottom, the bed of a fairly wide dry river, with long banks of white sand interspersed with shattered boulders. Ominous great white birds circle endlessly in the cloudless sky. To get back up to the other side of the river, I found a brick staircase, of which there was almost nothing left. At the top, I saw vast ruins bleached by the sun; I didn't hesitate to step forward.

Soon enough, through a heavy wooden door that was ajar, I saw a tall, thin figure, dressed all in white, standing in front of an empty window with his back to me. I think I recognise Pius XII and I feel that, behind him, out of my sight, people are standing in a crowd in feverish anticipation of something inconceivably new, decisive, without return. A strong spiritual tension reigns, almost intolerable. A powerful, impetuous wind rises that is more than just a wind. Songs can be heard in the distance. I suddenly realise that, to my extreme astonishment, I'm wearing a heavy gold ring on my ring finger, with a large - very large - sapphire of a dark, concentrated, dangerous blue. I didn't dare take another step. Pius XII turns to me, and with his right hand beckons me to come closer. I feel I must. I'm frightened. When I woke up, I had spent hours concentrated under the powerful influence of the mystagogic sapphire, dazzled to ecstasy by the prodigious brilliance of its deep, nocturnal, sidereal blue.

(608) General Markus Wolff, head of the dreaded East German Stasi for over thirty years, had the dubious taste to die on 9 November 2006, the anniversary of the fall of the Berlin Wall. Markus Wolff had taken refuge in Moscow when the two Germanies were reunited, but only stayed there for a year. After that, he returned to Berlin. If his whole life has been an impenetrable mystery, the mystery lies in the fact that Moscow allowed him to return to Germany. Could it be that he had been given a top-secret mission? Did he agree to work for a reunified Germany, to reveal its hidden facilities in the Middle East, which would explain the strange effectiveness of the German special services in this part of the world, an effectiveness that is all the more acute for being totally ignored?

At the same time, General Markus Wolff has managed to safeguard, without the slightest flaw, the operational secrecy of his former services, about which

he refused to provide any information, covering up for all his agents right up to the end. Collaboration perhaps, but not treason. This is a great affair of state, infinitely murky, infinitely disturbing. Things are beginning to become clear which we must now take into account in a preventive manner. ^*Germany is coming back*. A new state of affairs is emerging, revealing the existence of a certain secret Germany, which already has the operational foundations that give it unconditional freedom of action; underground operational foundations, out of reach, inaccessible, in no way dependent on the fluctuations of visible politics. This is the basis for the long-term action plans of the new German political class that is coming to *power*. What that *final power* will be remains to be seen.

(609) It has just been announced that the French army has carried out the first test firing of a new strategic missile, the M 51, designed to equip its nuclear submarines. The missile, which is due to enter service by 2010, will equip the new-generation nuclear-powered ballistic missile submarines of the French Strategic Oceanic Force. However, without the assurance that a second nuclear aircraft carrier will soon be in service, these improvements appear uncertain.

(610) I froth with rage at the abject spectacle of the recent French episcopal meeting in Lourdes, where 110 bishops gathered to wallow in the black, foaming waters of their antipontifical conspiracies. They have indeed *gone on the attack*. Why do they regularly sully the town of Lourdes, this high place of sanctity, if not to *strike a blow* against the traditional institutions of the faith in France? Under the personal direction of Cardinal Jean-Pierre Ricard, President of the French Episcopal Commission, they have set up an operational mechanism designed to thwart Benedict XVI's current initiative to reintegrate traditionalist currents fully into the Church.

The bishops who met on 8 November did no more than reiterate, through their bland anti-traditionalist options (and by going back to the subterranean conclusions of the Second Vatican Council), their former, firm and permanent desire to impose on the Church a "collegial", "democratic leadership, standing up to papal primacy. This time things have gone too far. And it will be difficult for the conspirators at Lourdes to back down.

In a relatively covert but nonetheless very clear way, the conclusions reached by the seditious activities at Lourdes were therefore a sign to Rome of their refusal to obey, of their schismatic and anti-Christian decisions, and of their refusal to support the Church.

The Church has no choice but to take the following three decisions to save what can still be saved. In order to save what can still be saved, the 1 Church can only resort to the following three decisions.

(1) Absolute obedience to the pontifical primacy, to the "absolute monarchy of divine right" of the Sovereign Pontiff.

(2) Destroy, without further delay, the Vatican II Council, which subversively conceals a certain desire to destroy, from within, the fundamental unity the Roman Church and its basic dogmatic commitments.

(3) Appeal to traditionalist currents to openly support absolute pontifical primacy against the current anti-pontifical conspiracies aimed at replacing pontifical primacy with the dissolution, disqualification and alienation of its original principle established by Jesus Christ.

This time, the Church's enemy within has chosen - as a sign of its "final mobilisation" - to expose its hideous face, its true, unavowable objectives, its active desire serve the Protestant advances of the power of Darkness, which is now at work in a way that is less and less concealed.

And it's not for nothing that Bishop Jean-Louis Bruguès Angers, as part of the "opening message" of the Lourdes Bishops' Conference, presented a "group work" on the subversive, unnatural liberation of society's sexual problems in the sense of adherence to "current trends", which are licentiously asserting themselves in order to distort and disqualify everything.

As for the traditionalist movement within the Church, Mgr Jean-Pierre Ricard proposes that it be admitted to the bosom of the Church on condition that it proves "its attachment to the liturgical renewal called for by the Second Vatican Council". This could not be more imbecilic.

(611) As if I didn't know that the sacred crown of Christ the King is buried in the crypt of the Basilica of the Sacred Heart of Montmartre, as if I didn't know what that means; as if I didn't know that the times are already close, very close. As if I didn't know what a disproportionate risk I'm taking by confessing *what I know* and *what I don't know*.

(612) So I was right to play the Christoph Biocher card in Switzerland - and to have it played. Yesterday, in the name of freedom of expression, the Swiss national right advocated the annulment of a law against racism and called for the dissolution of the Federal Commission against Racism. The UDG party, whose leader is Christoph Biocher, Minister Justice and the Interior, is also calling for Switzerland to withdraw from the international convention against racism.

(83) I've had these books on my bedside table for a few days now. These days I only read late into the night, often until dawn.

- Philippe Djian, *Impuretés*, Gallimard, Paris 2005
- Joseph Kessel, *Makhno et sa juive*, Gallimard folio, Paris 1987
- Elizabeth Longford, *Victoria, Queen of England, Empress of India*, translation by Denise Van Moppes, Fayard, Paris 1966
- Arz Bro Naoned, *Energies sacrées, les Runes*, Guy Trédaniel Editeur, Paris 2003
- Gérard Leroy, *Breker*, Editions Pardès, Paris 2005
- Julius Evola, *Essais Politiques*, Editions Pardès, Paris
- William Manchester, *Winston Churchill, dreams of glory, 1874-1932*, translated by Odile Démangé, Robert Laffont, Paris 1985
- Nicolas Bonnal, *Les territoires protocolaires*, Editions Michel de Maule, Paris 2001
- Jean-François Villepelée, *Sur les pas du Père Kolbe*, Editions P. Lethielleux, Paris 1989

(613) I don't know how to describe this meeting, which was not exactly what you would call a meeting, but rather a very mysterious reunion. In my philosophical wanderings, my attention had been drawn for a long time to an old house in Rue ***, or rather a private mansion that looked good but was seriously dilapidated; apparently abandoned, or at least not inhabited at the moment, and which also had a large garden at the back; an overgrown garden, desolate, silent, giving the impression of being permanently plunged into shadow.

Two days ago, I took the plunge and smuggled myself in around six o'clock in the evening. It was November and already dark, or nearly so. Giving in to an obscure impulse, I immediately climbed to the top floor without making the slightest noise, the central staircase being covered with a thick navy blue carpet. I was in a daze. As soon as I set foot inside, I caught a faint but persistent whiff of incense and also something else, which I wasn't able to identify at the time, like the smell of stagnant water, of the bottom of a ravine, of shady undergrowth.

On the top floor, around a central corridor in two sections separated by a rotunda lit from above, there were four large - one could even say four very large - rooms, as well as several - five, six, I don't know - other small rooms, almost all empty, full of a thick grey dust, plunged into darkness. All the windows had been closed for a long time, so the air was heavily charged, *materialised* as it were; which, together with the ambient darkness and the deep silence that reigned, suggested a kind of sly anxiety that grew more intense as the day went by.

I dwelt on it. A certain malaise was creeping up on me, like a sort of mental, metaphysical cold, the persistence of which was beginning to seriously impede my breathing (I was afraid I was going to run out of breath). Then, in the next room, I heard a cartel ringing the seven o'clock bell; seized by an irresistible tiredness, I fell into the first armchair I could reach, almost without realising it, and immediately fell into a deep sleep (it wasn't a normal sleep, but something else).

During this sleep, I dreamt, I dreamt a lot. And it was always the same dream: following a big red greyhound, I visited, room by room, the hotel of my adventurous expedition. *I recognised everything*. The immediate memory of the places, the objects, certain past circumstances that were attached to them provoked in me a state of devastating sadness, which quickly led me to sob. There I rediscovered my lost life, a whole past - not so long ago - of violent passions, preoccupations and lively attentions that disturbed me, that drew me out of myself, that *unhinged* me. From room to room, I looked everywhere for a 'young blonde woman'. *I didn't* know what had happened to her, where she might have got lost; or *where she was hiding*, because I kept feeling her there, very close, right there, somewhere. All in all, I think I'd slept for nearly two hours.

In the meantime, something new had happened. On the other side of the living room in which I was standing, a rectangle of bright light had appeared at floor level. As I approached with great care, I realised that it was a mysterious opening in the floor, about two metres wide, leading directly to the floor below, where a powerful source of light had been switched on and was spreading all the way up.

I got down on my knees at the edge of the rectangular light to try and observe what must be going on, because I had a feeling that *all this had to* concern me directly. I had no idea what to expect. It was a vast, almost empty room, with six tall, narrow windows on the front, illuminated *a giorno* by a fabulous chandelier with a thousand twinkling lights. There were no carpets, but the parquet floor shone seamlessly, reflected by three large mirrors fixed to the walls. At the far end of the room, an imposing garnet concert grand piano seemed to be waiting for the hands that would bring it to life. There were also several large paintings of society scenes in heavy gold frames.

The whole thing emanated a tense, feverish atmosphere that felt like it was being summoned by the invisible. You caught yourself holding your breath, waiting with bated breath for what was now bound to manifest itself in a sudden, obvious and totally overwhelming way.

Flat on my stomach, at the edge of the opening, I kept watch over the living room below so that no one would be aware of my presence, of my clandestine watch.

Suddenly a door opened and a tall young blonde woman - a real lioness - appeared, dressed in a long, transparent white dress, stripped to the bare essentials. After pausing for a moment, she walked slowly towards the piano; I had had time to appreciate her exceptional beauty. She was not entirely unknown to me. Sitting down at the piano, she began to play, all the while singing. I don't think I've ever witnessed such an extraordinarily superhuman performance in my life - supernatural, I'd say. Her divine voice lifted the space in which it manifested itself with a sureness, a living fullness, the product of an inspiration - I realised immediately - foreign to this world. I felt dizzy. I felt like I was going to collapse, to be brutally struck down, *taken away* by the other world.

And that was not all. After a while, she suddenly stopped playing and singing and, standing up, let down her dress to appear completely naked. She then approached the centre of the living room and stood motionless under the lighted chandelier for quite a long time, her eyes closed. Then, without warning, she leapt into the air in a Nijinsky-like leap of perhaps two metres, only to fall back to earth and start dancing.

Dancing? I don't know if you could call it dancing. In sustained, assertive leaps, she moved circularly away from the centre of the living room towards its margins, then back again, in the opposite movement, towards the centre. From time to time, turning faster and faster on the spiral of her double movement of encircling and disencircling, she let out powerful cries, like long bursts of fire, with the angelic sound of the purest silver.

In the end she managed to hold herself high in the air, in the middle of the living room, spinning rapidly around herself for a good ten minutes, like a white flame, topped by the glittering crown of her long blond hair in dizzying motion. She stayed there, at a height of over two metres - descending a little, then rising again - before dropping to the ground, where she lay motionless for a while. I was really awake, I knew perfectly well that I wasn't dreaming, things were as they appeared to me. I had to resign myself to believing it, that *was the way it was*.

Pulling myself together after a few moments, without really realising what *I was* doing, I rushed up the central staircase to join the goddess - what else could I call her - in the middle of the living room, where she was slowly coming back to herself.

- I know you've been spying on me from the opening in the ceiling," she said, smiling, as she got to her feet.

- Who on earth are you?" I caught myself asking him.

- And who you, and what have you come here to do this evening?

- Who am I? That's what I don't know... or rather, I don't know any more... yes, I don't know any more...

- It doesn't matter, I know perfectly well who you are... you should know that, for my part, I'll keep quiet about you being here, but be careful all the same... if it gets out that you've come this far, you're a dead man, they'll be looking for you and they'll find you, wherever you go, to kill you... although, on the other hand, you're already under protection... a very high and very powerful protection...

- And you, mysterious goddess, what is your name? Are you allowed to tell me?

- What do you want my name to be? Laure of course... I know only too well that your name is Jean... If you'd like to meet up again, I'll see you the evening of 30 November, right here... 30 November, St Andrew's Day... you know, *Walpurgisnacht*, the opening of 'other worlds'...

- And until then?

- Until then, you'll have to wait... We've already waited so long... a century, two centuries perhaps...

- How is it that I felt inside this hotel as if I already knew it... as if I'd already lived there... I can't remember when... yes, I wonder...

- You may well have lived there before... Things happened there... A terrible tragedy, but now there may be reparation, we shall see... Don't you recognise me? Jean, don't you recognise me? I called you and you came... I sang and danced for you just now, and now we have to separate again, just for a little while... So let me put my dress back on, I'm the one who has to leave first... Follow me for half an hour afterwards, and please be very careful... Yes, very carefully... You promise me, don't you?

When she had put on her dress, I saw that between her breasts she wore a tight bundle of five red roses, like five red flames, fresh and radiant, their fragrance perfumed like a powerful drug.

(615) I spent the next ten days in a state of permanent trance, consumed by the desire to find her and the inside of her too.

enchanted by the mansion to which she had so mysteriously summoned me and where she herself had found shelter from the march of time and *from everything*. And where it seemed to me that, for a few hours, I had lived another life, freer and more glorious, like my old life the terrible tragedy whose mysterious nature and 'dreadful secret' I was still unaware of had come upon us.

In any case, it seemed to me to be an absolutely certain fact that my clandestine intervention in this place of high metaphysical prohibition had definitively changed the course of my existence, that nothing would ever be the same for me again. A strange, mad hope had seized me, and a sudden burst of life; a 'new breath' whose violence never ceases to amaze me. What's happening to me? I'd like to be able to see more clearly, to be able to discern more clearly the situation into which I feel myself moving in an increasingly irrational way. It's not that I don't like it. But I have to admit that I'm getting more and more lost in it. For a start, *'I is another'*.

(616) Four fundamental questions on the agenda: who was, who is Laure? And what was she to me - what had she been to me? And what might she be to me now, again? What was her family name, what were her hidden ancestors? These questions torment me like embers on a live wound. I can't sleep any more, I get up at four in the morning and wander around my room in a half-somnambulistic way. I feel like going down to the street and running straight ahead.

(617) What if it had all just been a dream, a dream much stronger than life itself?

(618) *But when morning came, Jesus stood on the shore; yet the disciples did not know that it was Jesus* (John, XXI, 4).

(619) In Barcelona Cathedral in the 1960s, I stood on the left-hand side, facing the central altar, in front of the high marble tomb of Maria de Cervellô, Superior of the Order of Mercy, who died in 1290. Today, on 21 November 2006, the day of the immense cosmic feast of the Nativity Mary, who is herself the Immaculate Conception and who became incarnate as such, the ancient Order of Mercy has just been called back to life by the rest of us in an ultra-secret ceremony with its earthly home in the Basilica of the Sacred Heart of Montmartre and its heavenly home in both the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

We have chosen as our chaplain Fray Justo Pérez de Urbel, former religious leader of the Valle de los Caidos, the funerary citadel near Madrid of Francoism in the afterlife, Fray Justo Perez de Urbel is mobilised by us *where he is now*. Thus, last night, the two occult worlds in the west of the Eurasian continent came under the empire of an unknown star, belonging to the great constellation of Mercy, a mysterious previous constellation, because a re-establishment of divine order took place last night in the sphere of the ultimate polar heights. Was it not said *Thou shalt be restored* (Isaiah, 44, 28). I did what I had to do. What had to be done has been done.

(620) This Sunday, 26 November 2006, on the French bank holidays of the Sacred Heart. What is France? Constitutionally - by which I mean by the very act of its historical and suprahistorical constitution - France is a fighting militia at the exclusive service of the providential designs of Christ, of *Christ the King*. With the baptism of Clovis, the history of Europe - of the greatest continental Europe - is secretly sanctified through the history of France, the living, beating heart of *the imperium*, of the Holy Roman Empire.

subversive desacralisation of European world history took place, in its time, through the Revolution of 1789 and the consequent annihilation of the French royal race. The next supra-historical recovery of France must therefore be founded - ontologically refounded, I mean - on the return of France to its mysterious sacred predestination, on its miraculous reunion with the divine right race of its legitimate kings, and on the sanctifying radiance of French royalty once again present at the heart of future continental European history, invisibly situated on the timeless, immobile polar summit, beyond its reach, once again called to order. Because everything will happen in history. But the great *wake-up call* will come from outside .

However, given the current political situation in France, which we cannot fail to regard as absolutely hopeless, conceivable only in terms of a final, apocalyptic catastrophe, with the virtual certainty of a civil war on the horizon - even if it were a civil war of a new kind - given what is happening today, visibly and subterraneanly, how can we fail to think of a transcendental recovery which alone could give France the possibility of a change of destiny, of a salvific reversal which would make it once again the reviving and sacred bedrock of an abysmal renewal of the current history of continental Europe as a whole?

We must not forget that what makes France a suprahistorical entity in its own right is the imposition on it of a secret identity of the order of

It is an exclusively transcendental project, foreseeing that it will have to pass through (in order to reach the saving conclusion of its journey), overcome the tragic ordeal of passing through the darkness, of an unconditional politico-historical and spiritual defeat: "dying in order to be reborn".

The mystery of the second and final birth of France - of a certain "secret France" - is therefore in no way indebted to any visible, objective, material, politico-historical condition: the mystery of its recovery can only be posed in terms of a revolutionary equation of an exclusively transcendental order, alien to any material reality. It is when it seems that there is really nothing more to be done for its political and historical salvation that France will be mysteriously - and as if in one fell swoop - saved, restored to its intact, eschatological, sacred predestination. Miraculously put back on track through an occult intervention, coming directly from outside this world.

For the rest of us, it's not a question of despair, but of prevailing in spite of all contrary, negative material evidence; *miraculously prevailing*. In the final analysis, it's about the ritual manipulation of a will beyond all wills, a supreme non-will. We must understand that it is this visionary dialectic opposing France in its present state to the France of the "transcendental beyond" that signifies the authentically revolutionary intelligence of the French bank holidays of Christ the King. It is in the invisible present that the visible future is occultly forged. For the moment, the world to come and its history are still deeply buried in the invisible. All it would take is one awake, overactive minority, knowing what is expected of them and committed to doing it, for everything to turn upside down.

(620) This afternoon I had a drink in the *Parc de la Muette* with Cyril Lorient, the main man behind the Parisian publishing house Le Grand Souffle. Under the direct and avowed influence of what *Le Grand Jeu* was in its day, the main protagonists of *Le Grand Souffle* today seem to act like a group whose primary objective is to bring about fertile encounters between different antagonistic currents of thought, commitment, doctrine and 'vision of life'. These encounters are not so much about overcoming their fundamental oppositions, but about taking stock of their lucid confrontations, with a view to certain later observations, essentially unforeseen for the moment. In the "warmth of being there", writes Cyril Lorient, *Le Grand Souffle* intends to wage a "holy war against the thinking of the modern world".

I know that he has just asked Alain Santacreu to be responsible for a collection entitled *Contrelittérature*. Santacreu defines the aims of his new missionary task as follows: "Just as the Grail was the woven stone

- *lapis textilis* - of Arthurian literature, the Sacred Heart is the coat of arms of counter-literature, its *formal warning*". (Leo XIII: "Today, another divine symbol, a very happy omen, appears before our eyes: it is the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, shining with incomparable brilliance in the midst of the flames...")

At the end of our conversation today, Cyril Lorient asked me abruptly, as if he wanted to conclude:

- But who are you, Jean Parvulesco? Who are you, and what are you trying to do? What are your *ultimate goals*?

I replied:

- I'm a secret agent of Christ. A secret agent of Jesus. What I intend to do is to open the way to the *Regnum Christi*, whose advent is no longer so far away; indeed, it may even have been, in a way, imminent. You see, I dare to say it.

- Is that even possible? How can you think for a moment that Hinduism, Buddhism or Islam could accept the Catholic conception of the *human person*? For all these religions

- For all these civilisations, the human person does not exist, is of no importance whatsoever, because all that matters to them is the 'cosmic whole'.

- Eventually, these religions of the "cosmic whole" will come. Saint Maximilian Kolbe had already succeeded in setting up an extremely large and increasingly active Catholic community in Nagasaki, Japan - *in Nagasaki*, in fact - whose development was only halted by the war. Remember that he had the grace to *see ahead to the* final marriage of Hinduism and Catholicism. John Paul II's visit to India was a huge step forward - perhaps confidentially, but certainly - when a young Hindu priestess traced the "red sign", the "trident", on his forehead. I've kept a photo of the extraordinarily significant moment when this young woman marked John Paul II's forehead with red, and I never stop looking at it.

It was then that Cyril Lorient finally asked me the question that had been bothering him about me:

- But, as I've been told again and again from all sides, is it true that you are "far right"?

- Me, far right? Ah, the sordid joke! No, I'm not and never have been from the far right. I am, and always have been, on the extreme right of the extreme right... Because I want to find my own place and that's where I really belong...

- Well, now I think I understand... I won't hide the fact that this bothers me, for myself and *for Le Grand Souffle*...

- Of course not! In reality, you have not, you cannot have understood anything at all, because the time has not yet come for that... But I tell you: my word is the last word of this world, and therefore also the new word, the *absolutely new word*, the very first "new word. Or, if you like, the *other word to come*...

Outside it was pouring with rain, a stiff, icy winter rain. By four o'clock in the afternoon, it was already dark. I'm drinking champagne, I'm other and elsewhere. Behind me, in front of me, there was nothing but an immense, quiet desert. A bleak dawn rising on the uncertain margins of an uncertain night, and now I'll have to make do.

Cyril Lorient tells me that the young people involved in *Le Grand Jeu* were all Communists, members of the PCF (Les éditions du *Grand Souffle* recently republished *Le Grand Jeu, Les Enfants de Rimbaud*, by Michel Random, as well as two decisive books by Rolland de Renéville, *L'expérience poétique, ou le feu secret du langage* and *Rimbaud le voyant*).

(620) "After seven hundred years, the laurel will turn green again". A long, too long stage has just been completed, or is in the process of being completed. The sacred sleep - which was never more than half an awakening - is probably no longer appropriate. Perhaps I have said more than I had the right to say (in speaking here of the *anti-word to come*). Is this incontinence not an obligatory test, a dangerous threshold to cross? An instance of spiritual initiation to be taken entirely upon myself? The 'mysterious forbidden stream' of which Regius Montanus spoke, and which I must cross at this supremely decisive moment in my life?

Did this afternoon's meeting with Cyril Lorient act as an unexpected provocation, an incentive to take the plunge? In any case, it had a philosophically irremediable effect on me. Something happened that I can't ignore: the veil of virginity of Artemis of Ephesus was torn.

(621) I found Jean-François Parot's historical thriller, *Le Fantôme de la rue Royale* (Editions France-Loisirs, Paris 2001), fascinating that Sunday afternoon. As if in a slow vertigo, its rich, teeming plot absorbs everything in its restrained unveiling, and the fragmentary evocation of Louis XV and La du Barry excels in a kind of immediate presence, which I find singularly striking. A kind of supratemporal, metaphysical gentleness. A window opens onto the dark underbelly of the late reign of the Beloved.

(622) Rabbi Eleazar, one of the most emblematic figures of rabbinic theology: "Since the day the Temple was destroyed, an iron wall has separated Israel from her father, who is both.

(623) Rabbi Nahmann of Bratslav: "The character in my story (*The Seven Beggars*) who says he *doesn't remember anything* means that in truth he remembers *everything that was before this world came into being*.

(624) André Dhôtel, *L'Azur*: "You think you see and you don't see anything," said Mrs Desterne.

(626) I still can't understand why, in just under two years, I've had to read André Dhôtel's *L'Azur* four times. There must be something behind the immediate text of this novel - but what?

? - that concerns the secret course of my own existence, something that draws me mediumnally - and irresistibly - towards the interior of this trapped writing, which is both obvious and hidden; a kind of affirmation that has a liberating power, a certain *power of restitution*. I feel very strongly that there is a subterranean initiatory mechanism at work here, and that it acts with each reading without revealing itself, until the day when it has to be done.

(627) J. W. calls me from Warsaw to tell me that some fifty Catholic MPs have just tabled a motion in Parliament calling for the promulgation of a law stipulating that *Jesus Christ is the King of Poland*. Under no circumstances should this go unnoticed. We will do whatever is necessary.

(628) Books spread out on the floor beside my bed. The only sin I recognise for myself and which disgusts me deeply is this constant craving for disparate books. One of these days I'm going to have to do something about it. I know I will.

- Edward Behr, *Hiro-Hito, the ambiguous emperor*. Translated from the English by Béatrice Verne. Editions Robert Laffont, Paris 1989.

- Barbey d'Aurevilly, *Une vieille maîtresse*. Editions Flammarion, Paris 1996.

- Aurora Cornu, *Fugue roumaine vers le point C*. Editions Jean-Christophe Pichon édit, Paris 2005.

- Nicolas Bonnal, *Jean-Jacques Annaud, un cinéaste sans frontières*. Editions Michel de Maule, Paris 2001.

- Alain Frachon and Daniel Vernet, *L'Amérique messianique: Les guerres des néo conservatives*. Editions du Seuil, Paris 2004.

- Jean Lessay, *Washington ou la gloire républicaine*, Editions Jean-Claude Lattès, Paris 1985.

- Basile Lovinesco, *Incantatia sângei* ("*The Incantation of Blood*"). Editions of the European Institute, Iassy 1993.

(I'll have to resign myself to filling a dozen large plastic bags with these books and taking them down in two-bag increments every three or four days, so that they don't attract too much attention, in the inner courtyard where the bin is located, a phantasmagorical place, always plunged into a silent, oppressive darkness. Yesterday evening, as I was taking down a bag of domestic rubbish, I was astonished to see a Wehrmacht officer's kepi, quite dirty to be honest; it was sitting on the lid of a newspaper bin filled to the brim, pushed back towards the back of this storeroom that worries and depresses me every time I find myself there).

(629) A very painful but fortunately rather discreet scene this afternoon with Henri de Grossouvre in the large empty lounge of the *Travellers* private club, housed in the former sumptuous Hôtel de la Païva on the Champs-Élysées. I readily admit that, from Strasbourg, Henri de Grossouvre is continuing his work at European level, but directed above all towards *Mitteleuropa*, a work of influence and organisation - of reorganisation on a French line - that we cannot fail to regard as exceptional. A great success. This afternoon I was ill, desperate, and I didn't really know what I was doing. So I'm afraid I've blown an important friendship and political relationship that will be impossible, or at least very difficult, to repair. And there's no point in me regretting it, what's done is done. There *are days like this*, which carry a substantially negative burden, designed to prove impossible to avoid.

**"CAST OFF THE MOORINGS,
HERE COMES THE HIGH
TIDE".**

- *Now I understand, Dr Watson, that there are forces in heaven and on earth I never knew existed.*

- *Really?" I asked sharply. Do you have any recent proof of this?*

Fred Saberhagen, *Dracula and the Spiritists*

(630) I'm going backwards here. On the contrary, I'm already well ahead, but in a direction that I was far from having foreseen. The question now is how to deal, really deal, with the sudden reversal, with the extraordinarily negative surprise of the new situation *imposed* on me *from the 'ultimate heights'*, in my philosophical relationship with Laure, the mysterious young woman I didn't know from the other night, the one who 'came from elsewhere'.

One thing is certain. When we parted at dawn, hadn't Laure and I made an appointment for 30 November? A firm date? So yesterday, 30 November 2006, Saint Andrew's Day, at around two o'clock in the afternoon, I headed, at a more or less controlled pace, but in a state of almost paranoid inner excitement, towards the mysterious extension of the rue Wallace-Stevens where, hidden behind a tight row of tall black pines, stands the private mansion that witnessed my timeless reunion with the woman who had told me her name was Laure. The enchanted night when she danced and sang for me until dawn, when she partially lifted the thick black veil covering my most distant past, a past beyond my own past and, perhaps, beyond any past. André Dhôtel: "Jadis, in an inappreciable past".

When I arrived, I noticed - for a moment of inconceivable surprise - that the monumental iron gates were wide open, that the windows in the front were gaping, empty and black, and that large piles of sand were cluttering up the courtyard. At the far end, on the left, I could also see a row of red barrels half-covered by a tarpaulin. However, the strange

The November sun, with its intense shimmer of metallic whiteness, judges the whole of this site, inviting him to shift his metaphysical perspective. *So what's going on here?* It didn't take me long work it out; the great gates of this world's times, closing uncertainly, had once again come together before me. Caught up in the whirlwind of a mysterious tantric scenography in action, there was already nothing left to do.

I had just been the victim of a spectral bankruptcy, a dark retreat of the times of this world to their own rear. The 'times of this world' had been taken up again, caught up once more by the weakened and existentially equivocal marks of their own previous instances, of the fatal conspiracy of what had already been, as if nothing had happened. In other words, if this occult ontological interference in the regular course of time in this world - by which I mean the interference constituted by the tantric miracle of 'my night with Laure' - had momentarily suspended its forward march, it had resumed at dawn, 'as if nothing had happened'. The fact remains that this prodigious live wound had secretly reversed the direction of his journey; and this even though, at dawn, the wound closed up on its own, completely healed. Faint.

Having realised this in a heart-rending flash of consciousness, I took a few steps forward, towards what was opening up to my astonished gaze, towards the interior of the courtyard. There was a certain hustle and bustle going on. And when I saw a worker in blue overalls covered in dust coming towards me, I caught myself repeating to him, as if in a state of unconsciousness, *the very question that I really shouldn't have been asking at that moment:*

- *What on earth is going on here?* What's all the fuss about?
- This mansion, which was falling into disrepair, is being demolished and replaced by a large six-storey residence... A luxury, ultra-modern residence...
- When did the work start? Recently?
- We started work on the site about ten days ago... We'll soon be erecting metal scaffolding on all four sides of the old building... We've just found some weird stuff under the second floor floor that was really scary and really shook us up... Things must have happened there in the past, terrible things, and who knows what else...

(Then, fleetingly, something occurred to me about the Square Caulaincourt in Montmartre, something I forgot at the time).

(631) Of course, I'd been given one last chance the night Laure and I met up again, when she came to join me in this hotel

to abandonment. Shortly afterwards - yesterday, 30 November - this 'last chance' was taken away from me: an immense, black abyss now separates me from this 'last chance', and from the person who embodied it. This immense ontological chasm is in fact *this world and its law*.

(632) On *this side* of the abyss stands *that which is alive*, while on the *other side* stands *that which has been* and that which, in some inconceivable way, swept away in the fiery ways of Maria Tantrica, could *be again*. Clearly, it was on the other side that the mystery of the "divine spasm" had now taken refuge. For there had been a divine spasm, a rupture in the world and its own laws. I won't deny it, right now the world has totally broken me. But I too have broken this world. Because I refuse the law of Darkness, the "law of this world" against which I am up in arms, and which I will fight with superhuman rage until the end. The side I have taken, the side that is currently mine, is that of the *Agnus occisus a constitutione mundi*. So I have crossed the impassable.

However, I don't even know - yes, I don't know - if anyone can still understand what I just said, or the absolutely unheard-of scope of my avowed commitment and its immediate implications. I don't have the right to say any more, and I don't want to take the risk. "Not another word, it's an order from on high. Because we're being watched now, very closely watched. Day and night. On the other side of the black chasm that separates us ontologically, there's an eternity to conquer. Without further ado.

Doesn't this demolition, so mysteriously timely, of the "hôtel particulier" foreshadow the subterranean demolition, already underway, of this world, of the *kosmos* in all its present identity? At the same time, the sunny, sunny reign, the reign of high fervour and radiant grace that had been - that still is

- that of the transcendental kingdom on the other side of the abyss, will it return, will it relive, once again, the Old Country? Is our most extreme despair, our current ontological abdication, not the effect of our forgetting the Old Country?

(633) How constantly history seems to be drawn in, *caught up* in repetition! Some thirty years ago, on 16 August 1974, I wrote in *Combat* :

"Now, in any case, the pale bitches of the Apocalypse have been unleashed. By the time anyone really realised it, it would already be the "hour of the infernos" again. The current calm is no more than the torrid, dreary lull before the storm broke, before the fire was unleashed. At the deepest level, the parties involved are hastily setting up their new secret relays, their forces

special intervention forces and their masses of manoeuvre. Having allowed itself to slip so pitifully out of the great game, does France imagine that it will be spared the next European tragedy, the next deal of iron dice?

Losers are always marked by fate.

What more up-to-date diagnosis could there be of the more or less hidden underpinnings of today's European and global situation - from , this time, there is no escape?

? The final confrontation between the United States and Russia - Russia, in this case, also meaning Europe - may no longer be containable. France's current domestic political disaster is already a wake-up call, the very signal of the fatal advance of things, the void that suddenly attracts the lightning.

(634) Marin Lacharrière returns home to Boulogne after a ten-year absence. Some people are rushing to meet him there, to say hello. Discreetly. I'll be there too, but I'll wait a few more days. If only we knew! But we don't know, it's a deadly secret.

(635) I think I've just understood the reason for the obsessive attraction that André Dhôtel's novel *L'Azur* has had for me for a long time, in an unconscious way.

"The story is told of a strange legend, a pretext for intrigues in which interests are intertwined with amorous passions: an unknown young girl appears from time to time in the countryside. The central character

- is not one, however, not one, since it is not the presence but the absence of a young girl who, in the course of the narrative, is marked above all by doubt as to her very existence. This existence is only manifested in brief, almost dreamlike incursions, devoid of any certain reality, but illuminated with an otherworldly glow by the landscape through which she passes fleetingly, "for the space of barely a few moments". And yet, during her dazzling appearances, it is quite clear that she really exists, that she is present in this world.

"This girl doesn't belong to our world," says one of the characters in the novel. And then, insisting: *"But you've seen her, and you know she's from another world"*, that she comes from elsewhere. Now, isn't this young girl "from elsewhere" a direct reference to the supernatural figure of "Laure", the "envoy from the Old Country" whose encounter has just changed the course of my own existence?

However, the main character in *L'Azur*, challenged by the "girl from the other world" passing in front of him, had understood - or thought he had understood - that the "girl from the other world" was "a girl from the other world".

- the tragic vanity of trying to cross the "immense, black abyss" the

separating him for good from the object of his incredible desire. This had made him resign himself to - as they say - coming back down to earth, to deciding to finally camp out on *this side* of the 'immense, black abyss'. By marrying an insignificant girl, by letting himself slip into an insignificant life. By forbidding himself to dream again of the "unknown girl", the "girl from the other world". Forgoing any interest in his gallant speculations about the other side of the immense, black abyss of "this world". "An impenetrable mystery," said Joseph Conrad. But that wasn't my choice at all, I took the *absolute opposite decision*: to storm the 'immense black abyss' of this world that had just separated me - a second time - from 'Laure'. To cross over, join her on the other side, gain - regain - the space of the 'Old Country'.

It's hard to imagine what this decision on my part implies and commits me to, what the true dimensions of my ongoing metaphysical and existential battle are. To overcome the law of this world, to cross its ultimate, most secret, chaotic abysses, settled on this side of the world, on this side of non-being in the face of being, of non-reality in the face of true reality, *which is other*. On the other side of the immense, black abyss that separates it from this world, is there not before us an 'eternity to be reclaimed'?

?

(636) In issue no. 77, dated June 2006, the magazine *Ciudad de los Césares*, which appears in Santiago de Chile as the monthly press organ of Erwin Robertson and his revolutionary ideological-political action group, published a reprint of an article by the late Carlos Dissandro, entitled *Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Resonancias Hyperboreas*, which first appeared in issue no. 22, July-August 1992, of the same magazine. For me, it is without doubt the most brilliant essay of the last fifteen years. In it, Carlos Dissandro succeeds in proving, quite brilliantly, that the entire musical oeuvre of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart constitutes a raw testimony to the mystery of experience, of the immediate and full *appropriation* that still sustains, from below, the pre-ontological consciousness of our present-day Western civilisation. This is how Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart's lyricism "*recovers the paradisiacal, regenerative and apokatastâsic virtue of music*" from our pre-ontological, "primal" origins, from the *mousiké paideia* acting as a "*recuperación o recurrencia ancestral de las orígenes*". All the music of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart is, according to Carlos Dissandro, an ardent affirmation of the theurgic-creational powers of origins, the power to intervene on the dual ontological plane of the deepest human consciousness and the greatest cosmological reality.

("el mundo regenerado y el cosmos, denso, vuelto a su khàris" through the revificatory work of the absolute hymnal). This article thus introduces a completely new form of music criticism, one that incorporates an integral, suprahistorical archaeological exploration of the work, as well as the super-activating sum of existential approaches, deepened to the extreme, intended to shed light on its secret, suprapersonal journey. In reality, it is a question of considering, and giving oneself the right to do so, Mozart's art as "*an aereo puente hacia la melodía absoluta*".

Carlos Dissandro writes:

"In Wolfgang there is the penumbra of nature, intact, innocent, which, as Wagner said in Parsifal, hopes for the 'Mysterio de la Resurrección' to be transfigured with and Number". And also: "En la concreta figura de Mozart musikôs lyricus hay una vía de Dios al cosmos y como un retorno o anábasis del cosmos a Dios. Pero en el camino de la música se abre la procesión de las imágenes propias del lyrico, que compone una semejanza semántica de la natura." And then: "El maestro sin embargo, alumnus Musarum, ha desembozado la entera historia teogónica y cosmogónica como si recapitulara y reintegrara la complexión física, histórica, musical en su vasta obra inconfundible. Reanudamos el despliegue de la obra como potencia de la íntima combinatoria del cosmos." The highest level elevation. And again: "En el segundo centenario que recordamos, Mozart sigue siendo príncipe del universo sonoro, príncipe de la luz y del canto en medio del hundimiento de la cultura hiperbórea en la edad post-moderna, de la ciencia hiperbórea, de la piedad hiperbórea y de su ocio festivo y lyrico..."

"And to conclude: "No sabemos si la luz regenerativa de la partitura es suficiente para contener el poder de las sombras. Sabemos, sí, que el refugio en esa luz concilia testimonios deíficos celebraciones místicas, potenciadas contra la katábasis y dirimientes en el oído que ajuste a la música, en el puro desierto de la inspiración, el claro manantial de la inspiración e interioridad mozartianas", bearing witness to "la esplendente aurora de los orígenes".

In his essay, Dissandro returns to the absolute word of the hymn before the present world, '*elfulgor de la deidad*'. So who was he? One of the most *advanced* of our people, a doctrinaire and revolutionary activist in today's planetary 'great geopolitics', the Argentinian Carlos Dissandro will remain a transcendental hero of our entrenched camp, a hero of the camp of the supreme final battle for being, of the cosmic *Endkampf* whose hour, perhaps, is already infinitely closer than we might think. What we need to do - and I have just decided not to delay in doing so - is to set up, as a matter of necessity and urgency, a *Carlos Dissandro Institute for Advanced Research* in Buenos Aires.

or Santiago de Chile, with the support of Erwin Robertson and a few Argentinian comrades.

The aim of this institute will be to collect, classify and publish all of Carlos Dissandro's published and unpublished writings, and to provide for the development of his work in the direction he had envisaged. Carlos Dissandro's genially inspired, visionary fidelity to the fundamental planetary spiritual and geopolitical principles of a certain polar - hyperborean - conception of the next World Revolution of ours will make this special institute a leading ideological and political weapon in the final battle that we have already subterraneanly begun. An ideological weapon we cannot do without, a decisive weapon.

Dissandro's article on the 'hyperborean resonances' of Mozart's music is in a way the operational indicator of the authentically revolutionary cultural tasks of the future Institute for Advanced Research bearing his name, and invites us to continue his enterprise of hyperborean ontological recentralisation of a civilisation on the brink of the abyss.

(637) Trevor Ferguson's fascinating novel *The Kinkajou* (translated by Ivan Steenhout for Serpent à Plumes, Paris 2002) takes an exceptionally absorbing look at the secret activities and inner mystique of a group of twenty-eight deviant, mystagogic American Catholic 'nuns' known as *the Order of the Seven Veils*, centred on a mysterious country inn in Vermont known as the Toll House. I quote:

"I felt that continuing to make her talk was my only hope of building a bridge over the abyss that separated us, over the terrible chasm she had created inside herself: - I wanted God to emerge victorious. I wanted God to transform me completely, to grant me a brand new life that would restore my virginity and innocence and allow the miracle of an immaculate conception. - You make me dizzy. One second you're talking about immaculate conception and the next you're telling me you've lost your faith. And now you're carrying a sanctified baby again."

(638) I was asleep. I knew I was asleep; as I slept, I could hear someone knocking on my door, at the same time pressing violently on the electric bell. When I woke up, I realised that the knocking was getting louder and louder. Putting on my dressing , I hurried over to see (I couldn't do otherwise, despite time - it was four o'clock in the morning).

morning). Looking through the eyepiece, I saw that the man standing there, smiling, was Jean- Pierre Rassam: "Open up, what are you waiting for? I know you're there. Half asleep, I hurried to open the door, remembering that he had been dead for about ten years. There was no-one at the door. Barefoot, I went down to the floor below. No one, there was no one.

Understandably, it was impossible for me to get back to sleep afterwards. Sitting up in bed, I was assailed by a whole series of scenes from the past, in which he was the main character, and which took place when he was already living in the old convent next to the Chilean embassy, near the Ecole Militaire. Scenes from the past came flooding back and I found them perfectly intact inside me. This is how I remembered a beautiful day in the Parisian summer, when he had taken me out to dinner - an early dinner, which quite unusual for him - in a fashionable Japanese restaurant in the rue de la Gaîté, I think, or somewhere nearby.

We were expected there by the wife of the Algerian ambassador in Rio de Janeiro and by a young blond man, slim, elegant and very sure of himself, whom Jean- Pierre introduced to me as the "greatest Algerian chef of today", a "true genius in his genre".

"I especially wanted you to meet him", he added. The restaurant manager having been informed (no doubt by Rassam himself) of the exceptional reputation, the "happy talent for renewal" the very people in his profession attributed to the young Algerian chef, the latter - it is impossible for me to remember his name - came to have to endure, unperturbed, the constant onslaught of dishes presented in his honour by the establishment. So, from time to time, he had to make brief - and increasingly brief comments on the inventiveness and specific qualities of each of the elements in this relentless series tastings. In other words, a compulsory succession of at least a dozen 'specifically Japanese dishes, while the Japanese chef stood two tables away us, as competitive as he was unhealthy, caught up in a kind of anguished suffocation that was actually quite painful.

Towards the end of the game, Jean-Pierre was rather tipsy - the hot sake had flowed freely. - These concerned, firstly, Algeria, whose "very great destiny to come" he claimed to foresee, because, he said, in forty years or so, Algeria was going to become a decisive "political-historical superpower" in the western Mediterranean; Then came the global imperialist pretensions of the United States, under the control of an "occult elite" waiting for the moment to take action; imperialist pretensions that would be opposed by Latin America, which had in the meantime reached its

complete revolutionary political reintegration, as well as a politically unified Greater Europe along the continental geopolitical line Madrid-Paris-Rome-Berlin-Moscow - the internal collapse of the Soviet Union was, for Jean-Pierre, an immediate certainty, as was Russia's return to Europe and to its own former imperial and Christian destiny.

(When I think about it now, I find it hard to believe: Jean-Pierre was some thirty years ahead all the political analyses of his time, because he called his 'geopolitical prophecies' were very close to the realities of today's global political situation. Which, all things considered, not seem to me to be indifferent. At the same time, in *Combat*, I myself was taking positions similar to those that Jean-Pierre was supporting for part. There must be a mysterious circular current in the invisible world that appeals to some people, an unacknowledged - and perhaps unconscious - belonging to a state of special predisposition, to a mobilisation whose aims almost never appear clearly. Besides, it's better not to think too much about all this. Try to ignore those chaotic, obscure, nocturnal areas of half-awake life that are constantly slipping away from us).

(639) You also have to know how to get up from the table. After the somewhat abrupt end of our Japanese dinner and its more or less guilty indulgences, we took the ambassador to the Plaza, and got rid of the "brilliant Algerian chef" by releasing him into the equivocal mists of the Saint-Germain-des-Prés night. Then we retraced our steps, heading back to the rue de la Gaîté. Jean-Pierre had a 'programme' for the night. A "programme" that was very important to him. Now we have to go to the whores," he said. And after we've had our turn with the mousmés, we'll have the big surprise of the night: Jacques Villeret. You'll see, that's when I'll surprise you.

"Going to the whores" is saying a lot. We were locked in narrow individual cubicles where, behind a high glass window lit from the inside, a naked girl was going about her business like someone possessed; she was doing a kind of dance that was much more imbecilic than obscene, showing off her orifices with one hand - which she forced in turn with her fingers - while with the other hand she pinched her tits, the aureoles of which were highlighted with lipstick. I couldn't resist this disgusting performance for more than two minutes, all the more so as there was a plastic bin in the corner of the polling booth, filled to the brim with dripping Kleenex, to great effect. There is perhaps no limit to a certain intimate misery, to a

a certain gloomy abjection. And Jacques Villeret? Jacques Villeret was, in fact, something quite different, "the real surprise of the night", like an unexpected, dazzling graze, like a deep razor cut, at an angle, in a white canvas by Fontana.

Alone, dishevelled, standing on a simple soap box, Jacques Villeret had the packed room of a cabaret in the rue de la Gaîté bursting with laughter for an hour and a half. His continuous sketches, composed by himself, followed each other without interruption like an irresistible avalanche that swept everything away and left nothing standing. After a rather serious champagne-sipping in a small group, we had to take him home after the show, somewhere near the Place de l'Alma. We spent nearly an hour on the pavement because he was afraid of his wife's violence: "She's waiting for me upstairs outside the door to hit me, to kill me, I know it," he moaned. He finally decided to go home.

Jean-Pierre says to me: "Let's wait at least another quarter of hour, because if his crazy wife rejects him, I'll have to take him home to sleep. There's no denying it, Jacques Villeret is literally inhabited by a superior double, by a genius, he is, believe me, the greatest comic actor of his generation, of our generation I should say. In a few days I'm going to sign him an exclusive contract. I intend to make a career out of him. He then drove me home, half asleep at the wheel, pushing through the deserted streets at the end of the night at over a hundred and fifty miles an hour. (I wasn't afraid, I was too tired myself, almost in a second state, to feel anything).

(640) A few days later, I was to meet Jean-Pierre again in Le Touquet, where we were to spend whole afternoon together, wandering nonchalantly through the streets and along the beaches, having drinks here and there, discussing above all his current 'production projects'. However, I sensed that he was hiding something from me that he didn't feel up to talking about. That he didn't quite know how to 'tackle the problem'. Around ten o'clock in the evening, we both found ourselves seated in a private room of a very luxurious establishment - immaculate tablecloths, crystal, silverware, candles - awaiting the arrival of a guest who turned out to be a young American woman, a tall blonde with long hair, rather plump, but rather pretty, who spoke quite acceptable French and whom Jean-Pierre treated with unusual, almost suspicious attention, which was not his usual custom. Throughout the dinner - which was sumptuous, by the way - he showed his verve, desperate to dazzle his mysterious guest, to fascinate her, almost to *hypnotise* her, and I think he was not far from succeeding.

At around midnight, when he had to settle the bill, I overheard a

I was stunned to learn that just as he was writing his cheque, the American woman had discreetly - very discreetly - slipped him another cheque, hidden in a purposely folded briefcase. Was dreaming? The young woman left us and I couldn't help but shout at Jean-Pierre, not without some vehemence: - Holy shit!

I would have lived to catch you in that disgusting posture of inexplicable meanness. What were you thinking? If you invited her, how could you agree to her paying her own way? Now you've really surprised me, let me tell you... - That's what you think you've understood, you asshole... Look at this cheque! It's an advance guarantee for a Franco-American co-production that I'm organising in the greatest secrecy... Yes, *the greatest secrecy*...

I then realised that it was a cheque for 900,000 dollars! - So, you want to understand everything? I've been working for a few days with a small independent production company in Los Angeles. I'm working on a phenomenal project. You see, I've come across a fantastic, unheard-of script... Yes, incredible, believe me.

Formidable, that's the word. The script focuses on the underbelly of Hitler's high nomenclature during the "great years", 1937-1942. Pedals galore, drugs, super-deviant parties of all kinds, incredible trafficking, espionage, betrayal, permanent terror, a demented, maddening terror, underground intrigues of unheard-of dimensions, which shake the foundations of the regime in place, the sub-regimes and the anti-regime in action, in the shadows... A vertigo of darkness, chaos under cover, acting in a spectral, concealed way, an apocalyptic vision of 'total power' in which, incidentally, Hitler himself never appears... You'll understand that if I manage to make this film, my career will definitely be over... I've been waiting and waiting for this moment all these years.

If you like, I'll have them give you the part of Himmler. I'm sure you'll get a huge kick out of it... - Jean-Pierre, you know very well that I'm not really an actor. How do you expect me to... - That's precisely why I'm telling you this, why I'm *even asking you*. I don't see it as a question of profession at all, I see it as a question of the mystery of a kind of *reincarnation*... - So, Jean-Pierre, how do you intend to bring all this to a conclusion? Come on, it's impossible... - How am I going to do it? I've invented a new production structure: an international super-production with the resources of a small production... An avant-garde, *revolutionary* production structure, which I'm keeping secret for the time being. I think I'll be taking action very soon. *I'm waiting for the right moment*, and then, I promise you, you'll have a front row seat. *I'm waiting for the moment*, and I can't wait any longer...

(641) Through some obscure twist of fate, the film never got made. The project, quite advanced as I was to learn later, had begun to take shape; it could be considered as being on the point of starting. I don't think Jean-Pierre was ever able to pull himself together in the face of this twist of fate. Having stumbled, he gave up. I remain convinced that

- in the terms of that personal *dramatic intuition* I've already mentioned here - that it was the unforeseen misadventure of the *Berlin* project that marked the beginning of Jean-Pierre's decline and mysterious final personal failure.

It has been said that it was the drugs that got the better of Jean-Pierre; for my part, I believe that the drugs were simply a way for him to get it over with, following the failure of his 'supreme attempt', the failure of *Berlin*, the 'greatest project' of his life. (I intend to return shortly, in the course of this novel, and at greater length, to this *dramatic intuition* of mine concerning the fateful existential knot, the secret disaster of a life unconsciously scuttled, which intuition will illuminate, from the inside, the "fatal secret" and the devouring final darkness at work. "Everything that had happened. I may not have said my last word on what seems to me to lie behind the episode of the failed *Berlin* project. Jean-Pierre Rassam, or the suspended mystery of a "high broken flight", the secret of which he took with him).

(642) The last time I saw him (three months before he died), we had gone to lunch at three in the afternoon in a brasserie that had been frequented since the tormented years of the last war by thugs who, it is said, had belonged to the "Carlingue". It was a brasserie just across the road, where Jean-Pierre was well known and appreciated, and had a kind of friendship - even a dubious complicity - with the owner, a former kingpin whom I couldn't help thinking was a very dangerous man (he knew what I thought of him). I found Jean-Pierre aged, tired of everything and bitter, his face shrunken and as if blackened from the inside by a great unconceivable pain that he intended to bear alone. Although he seemed to have become someone else, he was not a stranger. Who was standing there in front of me?

Towards the end of the meal, for some reason, I asked him straight out
And what happened to the famous *Berlin* script, by the way? Do you still have it? Could you let me have it - finally

- in the next few days? Now, if you want, if you still have it at home. All we have to do is cross the street... " As he remained stubbornly silent, I he hadn't heard me, but he replied, in a dead voice that didn't quite sound like his own, "What? The *Berlin* scenario? I

don't know, I really don't know any more. I've forgotten I did with it. *I don't* give a damn and I don't want to talk about it, forget it..."

Mysterious doors had closed behind him for good, and I realised that he was already somewhere else, lost in the basements. As he said this, he was sneaking pieces of meat under the table to his dog, a watchdog who was as calm as he was ferocious on occasion. Jean-Pierre had recently been attacked in the street outside his home with astonishing savagery. An attempt had even been made on his life. There was no mention of it. Black, all black, was the dog, called 'Xan'.

(642) Heavy with resentment, and still vaguely ashamed, I thought, in spite of myself, all morning about Serena. A pathological schemer, a perjurer and certainly a criminal, perhaps a genius, she had helped me discover, in those years of hers, the unsuspected depths of a certain vice, which her great beauty had somehow redeemed to the end. It was through her that I experienced the evil spell of the unquenchable whore, the unstable and mad adventuress, blinded by her mortal and repulsive desire to keep *changing*.

So when, in Cannes, she ended up throwing herself under a lorry at dawn, she no doubt only wanted to put an end to what was then considered a madness of the senses, but which was merely the fateful spiral of a terrible mystical obsession with unity with herself - manifested through successive sexual adventures, a quest for love that must have been something else. Now I know. A saint of the ass, the inverted, nocturnal figure of true sanctity, who left her mark on my life like a violent line of invisible fire. She died on her twentieth birthday. It was by detaching me from her that Serena could claim to have trapped me, by seriously mutilating me in the paths of my life. It was as if she had never existed, not for me and not for anyone else. She was transcendently beautiful and graceful, and ultimately out of reach. A shining star in a secret dark night, [I haven't said who I call Serena, nor will I ever. With this silence, I salute her.

"Then she went away, making no more noise than the shadows that filled the cloister" (P.D. James, *The Children of Men*).

(643) "*Da Norimberga all'assassinio diSadam Hussein la storia è la stessa*", wrote Paolo Emiliani in the Roman daily *Rinascita* on 12.1.2007.

(644) On the afternoon of Sunday 14 January 2007, a dull languor and profound tiredness seized me, and I slept miserably until late in the evening, bothered by the apprehension of I don't know what

a secret impotence that may or may not manifest itself in the depths of my being, the threat of which never ceases to distress me. It seems to me - and perhaps I'm wrong - that what I was hoping would happen soon doesn't really seem to be happening, and that my situation at the moment is becoming singularly untenable. So much so that I'm afraid I won't be able to cope with what's being asked of me. I want to, I'm trying convince myself that none of this is going to be imposed on me. I don't want to say any more, to express myself further and more clearly, so as not to add to the train of depressing considerations - and moreover, perhaps guilty of ingratitude towards providence).

I'm convinced that, unless you've experienced the fiery works of God yourself, you have no idea what it costs to commit yourself to working with heaven, with the "ultimate heights of heaven". Has it not been said that "it is terrible to fall into the hands of a living God"?

(645) In the secret of my soul, every day I weep and lament bitterly over the state of destitution and opprobrium in which the Basilica of Saint Sophia in Constantinople finds itself, fallen into the dark nightmare of its possession by the illegitimate and profane power of others. These *others* from the outer darkness, who represent the fundamental, indomitable enemy of the Greater Christian Europe, and of its own civilisation, now surrounded and in immediate danger of death. A civilisation that will never be able to find itself again until it achieves the complete liberation of the Hagia Sophia.

It is up to the political armies of the Holy Spirit to carry out the decisive suprahistoric task of liberating the Holy Sophia, so that the Third Kingdom may arise, which will be the Kingdom of the Holy Spirit. *hodie cras* are all illegalists of the Holy Spirit. Let Turkey give up Constantinople and the Hagia Sophia of her own accord, or let her be destroyed and her people entirely subjected to the civilising and saving law of our people. There is no alternative, that's the way it is. However, we must not try to hide the fact that the liberation of the Hagia Sophia depends, above all, on the reunification - the *final reintegration* - of Catholicism and Orthodoxy into a single Church. This reintegration would take the history of Europe back to the times of its previous political and spiritual unity, to its original, total, faultless paraclete and imperial unity.

(646) *Our era never ceases to send us signs that have a double meaning for those who know how to decipher them*, writes Dominique Venner in the important article on his friend François de Grossouvre that he has just published in the January-February 2007 issue of *La Nouvelle Revue d'Histoire (NRH)*. I will quote the gist of it here. This is a case that has yet to be followed up:

(1) *"Among the cynics and the jaded, François de Groussouvre remains a man of conviction and sincerity. His heart was always young and upright. He also retained a taste for perilous action. For he was a gentleman of race, a perfect stranger to the political fauna to which mysterious chance had linked him. But the mediocrity of others had no effect on him. Even if it made him suffer more and more.*

(2) *"I can still hear him saying, referring François Mitterrand: "How can the French not understand what the President wants? "And, as I pointed out my ignorance, he added: But come on! The President has two goals, it's quite clear: firstly, to reduce the Communist Party - which he has done; secondly, to achieve national unity, the reconciliation of the French people.*

(3) *"His personal fortune guaranteed his integrity, while a network of international contacts gave him access to information reserved for the real leaders of the world.*

And also :

"His role as Chairman of the Presidential Hunting Committee - an institution he had conceived - went far beyond what the title would suggest. Not only did it make him an attentive protector of hunting and French hunters, it was also a skilful instrument in the service of a discreet diplomacy that did not flaunt its name. The Chasses présidentielles provided a warm and discreet setting for inviting statesmen and men of power.

(4) *"The President behaves as if the law didn't exist for him. He's angry with me for answering Judge Jean-Pierre's questions, and he went berserk when I told him I'd found the judge rather sympathetic. Nor does he forgive me for refusing to repatriate all my files to the Elysée Palace in Michel Charasse's safe.*

(5) *"He suffered more than anything else from being unwittingly associated with a corrupt system. He undertook to write a memoir, the thought of which disturbed the sleep of some. Officially, this manuscript has not been found, which fuels all questions".*

(6) *"For my part," writes Dominique Venner, "I initially favoured the suicide theory, but today I have doubts and questions, so troubling do certain mysteries seem."* (7) *"In his book, François d'Orcival adds a Shakespearean detail. At the Elysée Palace, President Mitterrand made all traces of his ex-friend's death disappear, "to the point of obliterating even the office that was once his: the partitions were knocked down, and the whole place turned into an anonymous meeting room"."*

(647) It is clear that François de Groussouvre was secretly one of France's most highly placed politicians, as he was before him.

Jacques Foccart with General de Gaulle. François Mitterrand's nocturnal double, he was to follow, define and steer the course of French political history in the shadows.

(648) Some time ago, I asked Henri de Grossouvre he had in mind for his new job. knew about his father's death. He replied that, in all sincerity, he could not say. His brother, Patrick de Grossouvreis not so convinced. He firmly supports the theory it was a "political assassination" and, his father's funeral, turned away so as not to have to shake hands with François Mitterrand. As for me, I am convinced that it could never have been suicide. No, François de Grossouvre did not commit suicide.

(649) Anne D., a beautiful, elegant woman from the Protestant upper middle classes, was a prominent Parisian architect married to an adventurous and prosperous Belgian industrialist who spent his time between Paris, Brussels and his large landholdings in the Ardennes. The couple live in a large flat on boulevard Malesherbes and engage in a wide range of social activities, many of which are devoted to promoting what they consider to be modern art 'in its most extreme forms'. They are particularly keen to support *underground* cinema, and even - if you like - more than *underground*.

Twice a month, their Friday evenings are assiduously attended by the most advanced proponents of this "modern art in its most extreme instances", who strive to inculcate their deviant and interloped mannerisms in all the Parisian officines involved in the social promotion and pretentious promiscuity of the marginal currents feeding this movement. Behind which lie other, more hidden influences, other unacknowledged intentions: other *lines of thought*. The couple also received a "third Friday", this one from a more dangerous, even clandestine, "avant-garde" movement. A "Third Friday" to which only hand-picked participants are invited, who can provide all the necessary guarantees of discretion, a "taste for secrecy" and a permanent, authentic and passionate *interest in* the special activities proposed during these "separate" meetings; criminal even, as we shall see.

Through a series of equivocal misunderstandings, I found myself, on Boulevard Malesherbes, a regular guest not only of the 'two Fridays of the month', but also of the mysterious 'third Friday', with its very special ('confidential', 'dangerous') activities and participation. Last night, therefore, I was invited to attend the screening two cassettes in

from - it was claimed - the United States. An experience that immediately became a terrible wound - and one that would haunt me for a long, long time afterwards. Last night, there were nine of us there: the couple who had invited us, four men and two young women who were strangers to me, and myself. I was very interested in one of the young women, who was very beautiful, in a black evening dress with an indecent cleavage (in this case, what does the word "indecent" even mean?).

We were sitting in a semi-circle in the dark, on nine chairs facing a very large television screen. The first of the two cassettes showed a group of four men and a young woman advancing in broad daylight through what appeared to be a vast pleasure garden, perhaps somewhat impoverished. Two men were walking ahead, pulling the young woman by the arm, the other two following.

The young woman, a very young girl in fact, Chinese, tall, with long black hair down her back, is completely naked, clumsy and can't stand on her legs. Her hands are tied behind her back and her mouth is taped shut. Her breasts, thighs and bottom are profusely smeared with blood, and a long electric cable, one end of which is held by the man, is wrapped around her neck. He walks beside her and, from time to time, pulls sharply to make her stumble, to mark her state of captivity, subjection, irremissible and total submission.

The group was carefully walking down a steep path along what appeared to be a small lake surrounded by high wooded shores. Above them an immense pale sky. At the bottom, where they had reached a narrow strip of wet sand, they stopped for a few moments, chatting. Suddenly, the man holding the cable around the young captive's neck threw her to the ground and, with one foot on her back, stretched the cable as it would go, strangling her as she struggled spasmodically.

After she had passed, one of the men turned her over with his foot and, spreading her legs, took her, as they say, "while she was still warm" (even though, as the streaks of blood that covered her showed, she must already have been powerfully forced, on both sides). When the first had completed his task, the others followed - just two - taking over immediately, driven by the supreme taste of death, the black intoxication of the torture. They then threw a ball of written paper onto the girl's inert body, setting it alight as they greedily waited for it to be completely consumed. They then seized her body, grabbing it by the feet and hands and throwing it into the lake, where it remained half-submerged, its long black hair floating around its head like a kind of crown, with little white scum mingling among the rotting leaves.

A few moments later, three of these men threw themselves at the fourth, without warning, beating him to death, and ended throwing him into the water, next to the body of the young Chinese woman, but with his back to them. This first cassette ends with a still shot the young victim, standing in a vague white bikini, smiling, somewhere by the sea, in some past summer.

When the lights came back on, we all made our way to the large dining room, where an excellent frosted champagne was waiting for us, along with fresh salmon steaks with green sauce and mango sorbets. But the atmosphere was still rather tense (at least that's the impression I got). Shortly afterwards, the young woman in the outrageously low-cut black dress and one of the men present, a tall bald man who looked like both an intellectual and a sly tough guy, had discreetly slipped out through the half-open door - I noticed it immediately - which led to the small lounge next door, intended for private romps.

We moved on to the second cassette. From the outset, we are invited to enter a large, brightly-lit library, where high benches of books reach up to the ceiling on both sides of the room, arranged tightly behind the gleaming glass of long rows of dark wooden cupboards. Then, in a corner of this spectral library, a close-up of a table appears, seen from the front, with a naked young blonde girl lying on it, her arms stretched out on either side, secured ropes, and her long legs dangling over the edge of the table in front of her, her sex half-open and her mouth covered in black plaster. Three men then appear, seen from behind, also completely naked, and who take it in turns to force their victim for a long time, her legs raised on their shoulders. When their work is done, they leave the screen.

A fourth person enters, wearing a painted cardboard hawk mask and a heavy, dark purple metal talisman hanging around his neck. Coming from the back of the room, he appears full-frontal, also completely naked. After a brief moment's hesitation, raising his head as if to take in the whole situation, he approaches the table on which the young girl is displayed, covering her face very carefully with both hands. From behind, leaning over her, he utters a rather long preparatory incantation in an incomprehensible language, "anterior". Then, in one dazzling gesture, he cut the girl open with a razor from the pubis to the throat and, while her blood was pouring down the dreadful *basic cut*, he sliced her neck through and through, almost decapitating her. His hand traced in the sacrificial body, brought to the source of blood, the sacred letter of some, "i". (The "pillar under the roof", the axis *mundi* under the aerial roof of the

"It is a symbol of the absolute power that we dare to invoke in these very works of). *I don't know if there isn't something going on somewhere.*

The high celebrant then joins the other participants, their occult nodes and channels, on the other side of the sacrificial table, facing their 'living blood stone', kneeling in a semi-circle in front of it, arms raised and swaying back and forth, their heads touching the floor. They chant a hoarse recitation in an unknown language, "anterior". The air around us seems to materialise. They take turns dipping their hands in the propitiatory blood for a long time, smearing it over their faces, chests and genitals as they dance in a circle around the *bleeding table*. It was a magical dance, with special steps, hit hard on the floor, with sudden forward and backward stations and complicated overtaking to the left and right. I seemed to hear, as if coming from nowhere - but perhaps I was deluding myself - the throbbing beat of a number of tom-toms, muffled, insistent, inevitable in the end, operating in spite of everything.

This second tape ends with a still shot showing the young girl who has just been ritually sacrificed "in the life before", in the "lost life". Standing on the sunny steps of a large yellow villa - was it in Biarritz - in a short white dress slit down her leg, a book in her hand. Smiling.

At the end of the show, the lady of the house came up to and said, very quietly: "Come with me, I have some important things to tell you. What could I do? *I* joined her in the small back room where, turning the key in the lock twice, she began to undress.

(650) The day after my interlopers on Boulevard Malesherbes, I slept like a log until mid-afternoon. Without dreams, and without waking up for a moment, that sleep which is an imitation of death. In the evening, I went alone to see Mel Gibson's latest film, *Apocalypto*, at the George V on the Champs-Élysées. On leaving the cinema, I stopped for quite a long time at the Marignan, where I took a considerable number of notes on the film (notes that *I* will no doubt try to transcribe here later, when I find a moment).

Most of my reflections on this film seem to converge on a certain post-human - non-human - conception of the destinies of the human race. Destinies which, in the end, could be quite different from those we usually think of, and which all lead to a kind of immense, chaotic nocturnal dread.

Will the insane bestiality of the deviant, degenerate human race, which has recently manifested itself in the mass massacres of the Stalinists, Maoists and Polotists, and which is likely to manifest itself again, on a much more disproportionate scale, in the near future, lead to the definitive self-extinction of the species? Without Christ, without the *Agnus occiso a constitutione mundi*, all is darkness and blind agitation devoid of all meaning, blocks of dead stone and eternal ice spinning indefinitely in the total darkness of a 'universe' doomed to silence and emptiness dominated by the obscure nothingness of its timeless abysses. So, the human race, what a shameless joke, what a dismal joke! Beware, *Apocalypto* is a visionary fable of the past, present and near future of our own history, *unmasked*, reduced to its catastrophic essentials and already virtually at work. All we are doing now is struggling in the grip of what is already happening.

THE ABSOLUTE DECISION BELONGS TO THE "FEW"

*This silent past is beginning to speak;
what is gone is not completely gone; what has
gone is not gone forever.*

Sir Richard Burton

(651) Today, after a desperate search, I have come to know the civil and historical identity of the family to which, for more than two centuries and through successive transformations, the flat where I lived night 'Laure' appeared - reappeared - in my life belongs (belonged); and which was demolished a few days ago marking the interruption a cycle. On learning of this, I was seized with a violent jolt of conscience at the sudden and extraordinary revelation of certain subterranean workings of destiny in progress, a destiny as implacable as it is secret - an ontological secret - hidden in the depths of history. And so it will be at the end of my life that I find myself mysteriously admitted to this recollection beyond all memory, beyond all actual and allowable memory.

One thing seems absolutely certain to me now, and that is that there is a hidden life beyond life, beyond time, to which, however, in certain privileged cases, it is not impossible for us to have access if a will from on high takes it upon itself to lead us there - as was the case with 'my night with Laure', having been led by medium to find myself in the very places where I had found myself at other times in my life. So I'm in a position to decipher - for the moment, more or less - the secret of my own supratemporal origins and their evolution through the train of existences that have been mine, dislocated, intermittent, abysmally forgotten. A secret I don't think I have the right to talk about. That I continue to hide myself. To forbid myself to think about it, lest the process of salvation underway be interrupted? Haven't I said too much? An obscure fear is creeping up on me, worrying me. Careful now, careful.

(652) If this pseudo-memory of the abyssal becoming of oneself is proving to be a heavy burden that I must secretly make my own, it is no less certain that this is only the beginning of the new great trials that are to follow. I already know, there is no escape for those who find themselves drawn onto the path of the 'ardent path'. From that moment on, he will have to follow the path through himself, right to the *end*. For long and hard is the path that leads beyond death, and the number of those who succeed in so is very small, indeed almost non-existent. That will be my path too, unless *I* fall along the way. On this terrible, merciless journey, the dangers are commensurate with what is at stake.

(653) For some time now - since 'everything has returned to the zone of supreme attention' - I have begun to see before me, almost permanently, the philosophical figure of a 'square meadow', a piece of land about three metres by three metres, covered with a green, fat, powerful, 'magical' grass, the appearance of which corresponds, for me, to the Burning Bush that flared up before Moses on Mount Horeb.

The world and its current history, human civilisation as a whole, are coming to a conclusion. We have to recognise that, in the long term, there is nothing left but the black abyss of an irremediable and total catastrophe, with no remission. Unless God wants to intervene and providentially change the course of events. That a "new contact" be established between "this world" and the "other world".

The certainty suddenly dawned on me that it is precisely within this 'square meadow' of green grass that the next 'reconnection' between this world and a God who once again present will take place, though I don't yet know when or how. Will we see the advent of the reign of the Paraclete? At the same time, something - absolutely hidden for the time being - tells me that this "resumption of contact" will not be long in coming, that it is quite imminent. I don't know what else to say. The square meadow of green grass, it's all there.

Only a God can save us," wrote Martin Heidegger.

(654) Last night I saw Marie-Odetta Lambert again at my home. She had come to Paris for a few days to oversee the sale of a beautiful building in Neuilly that she inherited from her aunt. At the same time, she has just bought a two-storey villa with a large garden in a residential area of Luxembourg. After her recent marriage to a young local doctor, she obtained her naturalisation. So the first part of our plan has been accomplished. The rest will follow.

Surprisingly enough, she was able to open her European travel agency ahead of schedule, having built up important contacts on the spot, and having definite support. So it would seem that

that she succeeded in making people forget her misadventures in Geneva, which had almost cost her dearly and even interrupted her career. It's strange how Marie-Odette, beneath her calm, collected exterior, manages to hide the powerful force of her revolutionary convictions, which have recently had a confidential influence on the political course of current history.

(655) In the Roman daily *Rinascita* of 21 January 2007, an article by Fabio Calabrese, *Il fascismo secondo Indiana Jones*, goes very far indeed in denouncing the planetary conspiracy of the United States, now subversively at work through the strategic and ideological/cultural combat theses directed against Greater Europe, supported by the doctrine of Leo Strauss. These theses have been adopted and pursued by those who wield the political power of high subversion in Washington, in the shadow of George W. Bush. They call it *civilisation building*.

The debates in Europe," writes neocon Michael Walzer, "are never about what should be done. Europeans wonder what the United States *is going to* do; Europeans no longer see themselves as agents of change or international players. "And another leading neocon, David Rieff, has no hesitation in writing that Europeans are *historically exhausted*. So much the better if that's what the Trotskyites in Washington think, they'll soon see how much pain they'll be in. The most suspicious of them all, Michael Ledeen: "Above all, we embody a messianic vision, which will prove victorious; we are a messianic country. And our message to the world is our messianic vision: the triumph of freedom, everywhere in the world. It's part of our DNA.

(656) Saint Padre Pio di Pietralcina. Witnessing the mystery of the bundle of sixty red roses placed on his tomb in San Giovanni Rotondo. And, before me, the bright flame of the candle lit in front of his gilt-framed photograph. The end of one world and the beginning of another, the "re-establishment of contact" (if it had ever been interrupted). *You will be restored*, Isaiah, 44/28. The promise of salvation, the very narrow door ajar in the invisible wall opposite. The angelic choirs. Why, at eleven o'clock in the morning, am I in the grip of this paroxysmal anguish that is seeping into me? Why am I?

The red roses on the tomb, a manoeuvre involving an operative procedure inspired from the "outside", from the ultimate summits, bringing to bear inordinate religious powers under the fearsome guise of a deliberately blinding diversionary simplicity. A simplicity masking a situation of great vertigo. A mad hope, but one that will not last.

(657) Dream in black and white. A disturbing satanic criminal organisation, operating underground in a large city, perhaps American, or in the 17th arrondissement of Paris. Residential buildings, crowds of upmarket people; women dressed in black, with lots of veils. I had two versions of this dream, one of normal duration, the other of long duration (60 and 160 minutes). And when I woke up, I completely forgot the content, but not the fact that, while I was watching it, I had the 'absolutely certain' impression that I wasn't asleep, that I 'was fully awake'. While participating in it on the double level of a "cinematic spectacle" and a "lived experience", present myself inside the story in progress, I am still obscurely aware of the unbearable horror emanating from it, which was permanently affirmed by the impossibility I found myself in of tearing myself away from the spectacle of the film - which constituted a dangerously real participation in

"I was watching a film as a spectator. I was watching a film as a spectator, while at the same time being an actor in the film myself, not as the main character but rather as a witness to the action taking place.

Particularly appalling murders, enigmatic and savage, of an unheard-of bestiality, supremely perverse, were perpetrated there, especially against young women, clergymen and children.

I'm still amazed at the impact this film has had on me, and I still am. But I still need to understand the 'ultimate meaning' of this dream, to detect its 'message', if there is one.

(658) An initiation novel about Gustave Courbet. "*Jo inspired him, Adèle made him powerful. In a nutshell, it may seem simplistic, but when you look at great men, you'll always find one or more women behind them, they instinctively know which ones will touch the right nerves, and Courbet told himself that he hadn't been wrong.* François Dupeyron, *Le Grand Soir*, Actes Sud, 2006.

(659) Underneath the ongoing course of life, certain wounds from the past are perpetuated far into the future, maintaining their blocking and alienating effect, the origin of which we are often no longer able to identify. The occult metastases of the former evil deprave the present, negatively influencing its day-to-day configurations and the face of .

The following extract from *La Stratégie des ténèbres* (*The Strategy of Darkness*) sheds light in retrospect on one of my most horrible previous defeats, which I hold to be inexplicable.

"He did so in order to tell him what had happened, so that he could take the necessary steps to ensure that Laurence's body could be found in time and, if possible, concealed from any diligence on the part of the local authorities, leaving it to him to ensure that she was given a decent burial, worthy of her, and to provide all the religious services ; so that he, Father Luis Saenz, and his followers, those of the Community of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, will not cease to pray for the repose of her soul, until, perhaps, a more dazzling reparation is officially - unofficially - granted to her troubled memory, which will carry with it so much secret inconsolation on the part of some and others ; from whom we would least expect it, because the mystery of Laurence, of her sacrificed existence, of her occult quest, of her incomprehensible predestination, will only grow thicker and thicker from now on; One day, who knows, we'll even be talking about her sanctity, the abysmal virtues of her existential journey, the spiral of her elevation; her sacrifice of blood providing support whose importance, extreme testimonial value, and terrible part in love will later be measured, the last word of which will remain unknown. "

(660) In *Rivarol* on 26 January 2007, Jim Reeves published an extraordinarily interesting interview with an American academic and former senator from Louisiana, Dr David Duke. *The end of the white race*," he says, "*would be the greatest ecological and evolutionary catastrophe in history*. So that's where we are, and my heart suddenly feels like it's encased in black ice when I look at this nightmarish prospect. A spectral vision in the most apocalyptic sense of the word, a vision to which we must now get used.

(661) Henry Fielding, *History of Tom Jones, a Foundling*, published in 1749. Henry Fielding was born on 22 April 1707 at Sharpham Park in Somerset, and died in 1754 in Lisbon (he is buried in Estrella Cemetery). Twice married - to Charlotte Craddock, after whose death he married Mary Daniel in a second marriage - Henry Fielding had above all made a brilliant career in the theatre.

The story of *Tom Jones, foundling*, a novel of rather peculiar style, nevertheless remains his most important work, his masterpiece. Under the guise of depicting the tumultuous life, adventures and obscure intrigues of his hero (in pursuit of the young and dazzling Sophie, whom he ends up marrying at the very end), Fielding gives us the secret fires of a major literary experiment - or even, one might say, experimentation - on a level as high as that of a veritable "mystical quest", initiatory and "salvific".

It's an experience with two levels of access: a first level of literary presentation, consisting of a long narrative serving as a pretext for the whole of his enterprise, and a second, subterranean level, doubling the first in terms of a mystical - one might even say gnostic - experience of a transcendental level. Strictly speaking, the novel is merely the visible establishment of this second, 'gnostic' level, or the protective, diversionary and concealing overgarment of *other literature*, which succeeds in asserting itself as an assumptive path for those who follow a profound path. An experience of a certain 'other reality', having nothing to do with the events of its own narrative. The "epic" of Tom Jones is in reality no more than the vehicle, the executive apparatus of a spiritual work detached from the latter, which has its own goal, its own operational objective, kept secret and *unspeakable*: the appropriation of a higher state of being, close to a certain "deliverance", a certain "salvation". Young Sophie, the intangible objective of Tom Jones's bridal hunt appears as the "holy Sophie", as the "spiritual", "cosmic spouse of the "Holy Spirit", of the "living Paraclete".

Reading Henry Fielding's novel about the trials of Tom Jones on his nuptial quest thus implies an ultimate spiritual experience, *a crossing of the line* that will be that of an abysmal, extremely avant-garde literary experience, brought to life by the level-shifting operation that takes place in the shadows, and as if nothing had happened. "We can therefore consider this work a great creation of our own making", writes Henry Fielding. And also: "*I place my trust in an even more powerful throne, which I am sure will give me all the protection I deserve.*"

I would also like to quote this note by Jacques Brenner, which I think is highly significant: "*Tom Jones* appeared in London in 1749. The following year, a French adaptation was published in Paris by Pierre-Antoine de La Place, who had seriously shortened the text. The work remained scandalous, and the police quickly banned its sale. It is interesting to note that *Marie-Antoinette found a copy and placed it in her library at Trianon.*"

(662) Now I know. I've just understood what is meant by the mental figure of the "square meadow", the "small, slightly sloping square meadow, covered in green grass" that has been appearing to me for some time, that obsesses me and at the same time deeply disturbs me and transports me, exhilarates me. I hardly dare admit it to myself, but in the end I believe it to be the very figure of God,

of T "sacred hexagram" with the "absolute centre" of the universe, "all that is" and "all that is not" in its centre.

To be an accepted witness to this, we must gain access to the incandescent, comma-shaped central point of the "heart of the sacred hexagram", which marks in its exact middle the coupling of the two inverted triangles that make up the Zoharic figure of Yahweh, the "living God" of Jewish tradition, who is also our own "living God".

"(called, by Jewish tradition, the "Seal of Solomon", and "Magen David"). In this connection, I feel I should mention the existence - and do so for a reason known to me - of a painting by Caspar David Friedrich entitled *Megalithic Cairn in the Snow* (1820, 81.5 x 80 cm), which shows the misty landscape a snow-covered forest in the mountains. In the foreground is a mysterious eminence completely covered in snow, with the tall black trunks of a group of three trees placed in a triangle at its summit, and in the middle of this triangle, a megalithic cairn of red stone, also caught in the snow ; A powerful atmosphere of metaphysical anguish emanates from here, suggesting the presence of 'another world'.

What is represented here is the high place of an earlier cult, a divine sanctuary of cosmic scope, the symbolic equivalent of the "little square meadow covered green grass", a place where the divine presence manifested itself in a direct way before the gaze of the "called", the "ours", in ecstatic adoration. The fiery reverberations coming from this divine cosmic place, marked by the heart of the two nuptially embracing sacred triangles, would therefore be those of the immediate vicinity of our living God; proof of the definitive ontological transmutation of those who saw themselves thus admitted into His Presence, which is the end and the beginning of this world. It is indeed the immediate experience of this divine closeness, this merciful admission to His Presence, that would no doubt explain my obscure, insistent, *uninterrupted* attraction the monastery of Cernica, near Bucharest, which gives sanctuary to the closely guarded remains of Monsignor André Scrima resting in its cemetery. Very humbly, and increasingly anonymously.

In fact, Mgr André Scrima is probably the only one of our contemporaries to have tackled, in his untraceable and enigmatic book of Memoirs, published a few years ago in Bucharest, the problem of this loving entitlement to His Presence, to the Presence of God Himself. In his book, Archbishop Scrima recounts an eremitical testimony relating a vision of the "walk with God", the "forward walk" of the

In this case, "two old men" ("old age" being a very high initiatory qualification, that of the "ultimate accomplishment of the work", and not a vulgar question of age).

In their "march forward", in their "march together, the two "old men" followed, one beside the other and with the same step, a long path disappearing below the horizon; a path covered with a thick layer of dust that reached up their ankles, and which was in reality a thick layer of gold dust, of "living gold". They *were walking through eternity*. Now, one of these two auriphereal travellers was none other than "God Himself", and his travelling companion was "someone" who had definitively and totally passed beyond the first stage of his original humanity. A man who had reached the state of irrevocable "divinisation".

This same transcendental figure of the "walk with God" also appears in the earliest Hindu initiatic tradition, where it reveals the ultimate concept of the "Brahmacharya", the "walk with God". Because everything fits together. Thus, the "square meadow of green grass" and the "forward march of the two old men" reveal the fact of the same supernatural, ultimate experience, that of the junction with the "central point", alive and burning, which stands at the very heart of the "sacred hexagram" containing, giving shelter to "God Himself".

(I would add that this dizzying surge of visionary inspiration rose up inside me, surfacing from the most forbidden depths of my being, dawn on Sunday 4 February 2007, the feast of Saint Veronica).

So I confess: I have mysteriously been given a number of ultimate, seismic, staggering, *abysmal* revelations, in the most dizzying sense of the word. I don't think I need to torment myself too much about this, at least for the time being, but the fact is that I don't feel in a position to curb by my own means the oppositions assigned to these revelations by the implicit prohibitions, already at work, of a certain *secret guard* exercised over them, in the shadows. A guard erecting its invisible devices of slowing down, even stopping, around my testimony in progress. A guard preventively charged with preventing certain things of too high a level, and therefore dangerous, from being revealed from time to time. I remain convinced that the undue unveiling of these unmentionable things must assert itself and follow its own course, whatever it may *be, until the end*. Because there is obviously an *end in sight*.

(And so the distressing impression keeps haunting me that, unfortunately, I have not been able to say everything I think I should have been able to say on this very special and, all things considered, very 'tragic' occasion. Am I ignoring the fact that every great revelation is a tragedy? A fear has just insidiously seeped into me, that the uncontrolled passage from 'absolute experience' - or least from awareness of the possibility of it - to the stage of its 'expression' will deprive 'experience' of its 'meaning'.

powers of ontological imposition; that the unveiling of this experience and the awareness of this experience do not kill them. And that, in the end, all that's left of 'all that' is a little slush in my paws).

(The legacy of the 'absolute experience': the supernatural vision of the 'little square meadow of green grass'; the memory - the reunion - of the ancient eremitical document revealed by Mgr André Scrima about the philosophical walk of the two old men a path covered in gold dust; and, also, the mysterious concept belonging to the Hindu tradition, the 'absolute' concept of *Brahmacharya*; *Brahmacharya*, or 'walking with God').

(Be that as it may, what I'm being asked to do, I can only achieve in terms of a dialectic of unwavering ecstatic concentration and total overpolarisation mobilised by the transcendental figure of the 'little square of earth covered with green grass'. I had to make this admission, because for me it's all about that. I'd have something else to add, but *I don't dare*).

(663) Just as it was asked at Fatima that Russia might miraculously recover its former faith and a new freedom, I have consecrated myself, all my people, France and the whole continent of Greater Europe to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

(664) *Nuestra Senora del Sar*, Santiago de Compostella: "*Acordaos, > o piadosissima Virgen Maria que jamas se ha oido decir de uno solo de cuantos han acudido a vuestra proteccion e implorado vues tro socorro haya sido descamparado.*" There has only ever been one "Last Resort".
(5.II.2005/11.II.2007)

(665) A long phone call from Jean-Pierre Deloux, who I found in the grip of what I might call a *tragic resignation* in the face of the deadlines - immediately approaching, he said - of the final politico-historical catastrophe to which Western civilisation as a whole, and France in the first place, would henceforth find itself irrevocably doomed.

Professing a pessimism blacker than the depths of Hell, he drew my attention to the - admittedly indisputable - appalling decline of our people, without reminder, and at every level. A decline measured by the accelerated degeneration, if not already complete, of all the living nations of the white race, subversively besieged by the vertiginously rising tide of its competitors determined to replace it on the 'stage of History', these being unable to understand, blinded by the darkness of their elemental blood, that the disappearance of the white race would also mean the eventual disappearance of all humanity. The end, at

At the very least, a "genuine human civilisation". Unless, in fact, they secretly intend to replace it with "another humanity", which would then be nothing more than a "sub-humanity", or rather an "anti-humanity".

In principle, I could not disagree entirely with Jean- Pierre Deloux, but at the same time I could not share with him my own conclusions on this same problem, which is now, for the rest of us, a problem of life and death. Conclusions which, of course, pose the same problem, but a different point of view; not different, but deeper, 'ultimate', supplementing his political-historical analyses with analyses of an ontological, 'abyssal' order.

What did I answer him? I'll try to find the gist of it: "If, my dear, we wanted to identify *the origin of the evil*, the origin of this situation of the final catastrophe of our European civilisation - and isn't now the best time to do it? - there is not the slightest doubt that it is indeed the current political, historical and cultural destitution of France that could explain it, provide us with its tragic secret.

In order for the planned process dismantling this ultimate European civilisation, our own, to be set in motion, it was necessary (for the hidden "ontological enemy" of all that we are) that France, the keystone, along with "grand Gaullism", of any attempt at the ultimate revolutionary European revival, should be well and truly *executed*, in the terms of a vast plan of total disempowerment, the intermediate rungs of which had secretly crossed, one by one. So it must be recognised at all costs: the last opportunity for a truly decisive revolutionary undertaking to save and liberate continental Europe (the After the subversive culmination of May 1968, the "great Gaullism" movement was finally neutralised by a series of subterranean conspiracies led from an over-activated occult headquarters acting from the outside.

Trying to make itself known from within its own decaying lines, isn't the increasingly uncertain front of the last - often clandestinely acting - hotbeds of European national resistance in a position to rise up against itself, sleepwalking in response to the "calls", "incitements" and "instructions" of a certain "European Union" that has already gone over to the enemy? The "last chance" front?

The permanent and very dirty betrayal of a certain French political class, left and right alike, the secretly concerted putrefaction of its current youth, the pathological subjugation of professional intellectuals by the operational infrastructures of penetration and framing implemented from within, as well as since

From the outside, by our hard-working ontological enemy, the last remaining instances of French national resistance have finally and apparently definitively defeated. That's why Jean-Pierre Deloux thinks that "there's nothing more to be done". That we have been "beaten in open country". Of course I agree with the body of analysis he puts forward on the subject of the annihilation of France currently being completed, but not without certain reservations about the level at which we pose the problem.

So it would seem that nothing now stands in the way of France's evacuation from its commitments to "Greater History", or of its forced slide into the block of negative powers - a dark infernal crater, inhabited by creeping nothingness, by the icy nothingness of death and death-beyond-death within death itself - built around the covert operations centre set up by Washington with a view to the complete enslavement of France and the Greater Europe. The Greater Europe, made up of Western Europe, Eastern Europe, Russia, India and Japan.

Yes, we have to admit it: if we take the exclusively "objective", "realistic" perspective of the current "general situation", Jean-Pierre Deloux is perfectly right: everything is lost, everything is over, but this perspective is far from being the most accurate, the "very last perspective". It takes no account of the abyssal depths of history. For the perspective that is called upon to account only for economic, political and cultural - and possibly religious - power relations cannot be decided other than at the 'first level' of historical reality, the level of the confrontation of appearances, of *appearances alone*.

What counts in any approach to "Greater History", in its depths, is an invisible, "providential" reality that cannot take account of any other "realistic", "immediately visible" factor. In its own course, 'Great History' obeys only an order that belongs to its own secret, unpredictable, mysterious law, and is turned upwards according to the decisive developments of providence, by which I mean Divine Providence.

History, the "great history", is only the historial in action of its own original abysses, and it can only respond to the commands of its own constitutional mystery moving forward. In 1942, Hitler's Third Reich was at the height of its power, over the whole of continental Europe, from Finland to Greece and from France to Russia; two years later, de Gaulle was in Paris, and the politico-military destiny of Hitler's revolution was closed forever, leading to an unprecedented disaster. On the other hand, it was also

It was at the moment when the Soviet Union was reaching the supreme level of its planetary superpower that its enigmatic final self-destitution had to take place, in an absolutely unforeseen, absolutely incomprehensible way. The rationality of the conflicting historical forces will always give way to the irrationality of the subterranean anti-force whose ultimate identity and incomprehensible propositions will always remain outside visible appearances, outside any profane awareness of History and the march of History.

Given the extraordinary intensification of the conspiracies of non-being acting in force at the level of immediate appearances, encircling us right down to our last entrenchments, it is impossible that the 'final reversal' of the situation, that the advent of an irrational super-decision is not already ready, somewhere, so that suddenly, *at the very last moment*, the face of things changes. Definitely, and totally, so that the *Novissima Aetas* can establish its reign for a thousand years and more. The absolute decision always rests with the "few", the last "few". So the time is surely fast approaching when our old song will once again reverberate in the air: "*We'll march over your corpses, once again we'll shatter History*". That's more or less I said to Jean-Pierre Deloux during our last telephone conversation. Admittedly, in his black despair, no, he couldn't endorse the theses I put forward, which were all based on a certain dogma providentially overactivated irrationality. Finally, Jean-Pierre Deloux and I had decided to organise a lunch at the Rotonde de la Muette, to which we would also invite Michel Marmin and a few others. I'll have to bring her back to the same debate, *andiamo*.

(667) Once again, the fundamental decisions of "great history" never take account of the objective relationships between the forces involved: the only decisions that count are those of its own hidden abysses. Only the hidden decisions of Divine Providence count. Thus the current total disaster, apparently irremediable, of the final Western civilisation, prey to the conspiracies of non-being and its *active tenebrae*, is but the premonitory sign of the next ontological upheavals secretly foreseen and no doubt already set in motion for the the "final change" of this world, what the earlier Hindu tradition called the *Paravrtti*.

We ourselves, therefore - whether we really know it or not - are, in our own personal future, or as a metastrategic avant-garde grouping that is still occult, still "clandestine", nothing more than secret "agents", "in the field", of the Great Reversal.

The final underground operation is already . Secret agents of Divine Providence in action.

(668) I came to realise that Jean-Louis N. was guilty of a shameful passion (which he more or less managed to conceal), at least in my eyes. By his own admission, he could only stand to be with 'beautiful women' in their fifties and sixties (and even, possibly, in their seventies which was a very exceptional case). When he was only twenty-six, and very young indeed, the taste for these pampered practices with incestuous roots - isn't there an ancient and regular concept of sacred incest? - had come to him, and with unprecedented intensity, from his first total and prolonged erotic experience with his maternal great-aunt, a famous and adventurous Parisian beauty of the 1960s.

However, Jean-Louis N.'s personal journey was no simple matter. His demanding research and the actual choices he had to make proved long and arduous each time, his adventures being, in the end, fairly few and as violent as they were pathetic (very violent, and very pathetic). Advancing in his passion like a sleepwalker on his ledge, he experienced erotic transports of an intensity, and with full *satisfaction*, absolutely exhilarating and gratifying. He couldn't explain his penchant, didn't even think it was an extreme strangeness, drawn to his conquests by an obscure and impetuous nostalgic avidity. Nostalgia for what? Of a pre-human state?

Recently invited by him to an intimate dinner at the home of his then mistress, 'Fanny de Mareuil', I found myself in a sumptuous flat near the Parc Monceau and had to face up to the evidence of their passionate understanding at every moment, of their double commitment in the secret space of a world apart from ours, where they were plunged into the particular state of their respective, barely concealed, degenerations. This was not without provoking a certain unease in me, which I felt strongly, because it seemed to me that I was taking part in their game.

Unbeknownst to himself, Jean-Louis N. was a prisoner of the mystical and abysmal figure of the 'Old Woman of the Times'. He didn't realise that his eroticism, which had gone completely astray, was only the visible face of a profound philosophical experience of an earlier nature, belonging to a cosmic cycle that was extraordinarily dispossessed and bygone, but with a formidable power of subterranean perpetuation. He didn't know that by sleeping with his

With his "Fanny de Mareuil", a lively sixty-something revived, he himself became the "Ancient of Days". A terrible game is being played here. A "fallen god" flailing vainly about on the flabby belly of a "fallen goddess". What kind of decay are we talking about? Is it still possible to identify the people?

I must conclude, however, by unmasking, at the end, the man I have just called Jean-Louis N., by giving him an alias containing a revealing allusion, at least for some. I'd be tempted to do so, because I think it would be an important surprise, if only symbolically. For me, every symbol is an overhang towards an even more secret, 'forbidden', 'indecipherable' off-signification, a hidden precipice standing beside us, the greatest danger.

(669) Dan Simmons, *The Great Lover*, a long novella of one hundred and twenty pages, almost a novel. Dan Simmons takes a very personal approach to the First World War, and more particularly to the Battle of the Somme, seen from the British side in all its unbearable horror and in the symbolic depths of its mystery. For there was undeniably a mystery to this war, one that is still inexplicable today, one that persists and never ceases to illuminate itself from within, with a vertiginous black light. This novel is so important that I hesitated to believe that Dan Simmons was the real author, as I only knew him from a series of detective novels, admittedly of a high quality, but nothing more.

In an orgy of mutilated, shredded corpses, piled up in crumbling heaps, sustaining the general putrefaction of places and souls, in the trap of unspeakable sludge from which emanates the omnipresence and fatality of death, the central character of the novel, the narrator, the English poet James Edwin Rooke - Dan Simmons' fictional character, his spokesman - is often visited in a dream, in his mud trench, a dream with a reality of its own, by a fascinating Beautiful Lady, mysterious, ethereal, supremely elegant, voluptuous, evolving in the decorum of the English aristocratic apparatus, and who, in a series of unexpected visits, will grant him her exalting presence and her bewitching, ardent amorous favours.

Is she a confidential incarnation of death, this Beautiful Lady from beyond the dream? It seems almost a certainty, because with the end of the war and the danger of immediate death averted, she disappeared forever, but not without giving him an appointment, beyond the years, for the end of his life. A life that after the war he would spend entirely in the convent of Sainte-Wandrille - he would take holy orders and right up to the end would be haunted, burnt to a crisp by the memory of his mysterious visitor.

It seems to me that the unique quality of this novel by Dan Simmons lies in the violent contradiction between the dark horror of war its hallucinatory carnage, and the secret, nocturnal, conspiratorial *presence* of James Edwin Rooke's dazzling Belle Dame of Dreams, a presence that is both unreal and real.

The fascination exerted by the disturbing experience of reading this novella, unlike any other, undoubtedly lies in the affirmation, discreetly hinted at and implied, that it is Death that constitutes "real life" for the hero of *The Great Lover*; at least Death incarnated by the Beautiful Lady who has come to him. This atmosphere, perhaps specifically English, of the equivocal, supremely nuptial mixture death and a loving survival in and beyond death, also appears in a certain short story by the great Algernon Blackwood, where love interrupted by death survives into another existence in a "next other life", located in a sunny garden in the English countryside.

However, this unhealthy fascination with death - even if, in case, it is a special fascination and a Death that is not quite death - is in reality nothing more than a dangerous trap of the "power of darkness", from which we save ourselves at all costs. This in no way detracts from the fact that Dan Simmons's *The Great Lover* is a highly advanced revelatory instance of a different kind of literature, a literature that goes beyond literature itself. kind of door ajar, but only for those belonging to the 'occult race' of 'nuptial dreamers', which hides within a certain Celtic race of earlier origins, the race of the Thuata Dé Dannan.

(Dan Simmons, *The Great Lover*, part of a collection of short stories entitled *L'Amour, la Mort*. Original English title, *Lovedeath*. Translation by Monique Lebaillly for Editions Albin Michel, Paris 1993), (670) Gérard de Nerval, *Aurélia*: "*This idea has come back to me many times, that, at certain serious moments in life, some Spirit from the outside world would suddenly incarnate itself in the form of an ordinary person, and act or try to act on us, without that person having any knowledge of it or keeping any memory of it*".

(671) I live in the same block of flats in Passy as Admiral de Gaulle, on boulevard Suchet. So I often bump into him in the street, and sometimes even have lunch at a table opposite his in the Parc de la Muette. When General de Gaulle thought of making his son the heir to his office as head of state, I now know that he was right to do so, because Admiral de Gaulle is a man of the same calibre as the "man of storms" in his greatest days. It didn't happen, as fate would have it. However, when my path crosses that of Admiral de Gaulle, whom I see alone and brooding, lost in his thoughts and sadness, I think I can read in his face, in his eyes, a kind of calm resigned certainty that I recognise as being that a conscience responding to the call another reality of this world, superior to that of the past.

of the powerlessness of being and the dereliction in which we are obliged to persist day after day.

By extraordinarily roundabout ways, I am convinced that this man, self-confident in his gait that betrays the sailor, has managed to reach a state of soul - a state of being - freed from everything, pacified, already on the "other shore". At end of a long journey of obstacles and inconsolable deviations, I am convinced - I feel this way, irrationally - that at present moment he has glimpsed the final light a higher reconciliation, an assurance that comes to him from above. I know that he knows the beautiful constraint of redemption through holiness, the northern joy veiled by infinite sadness. It will always be the part of the great broken destinies that receive in exchange the supreme gift of 'liberation in life', the state of *jivan mukti*, whether they know it or not. The lineage of the de Gaulles is marked.

(672) I haven't been able to sleep at night for three months. I lie there with my eyes open in the dark. I feel kind of anxiety, a special awareness myself. Sometimes - quite rarely - I feel as if there's a presence in front of me, to which I'm discreetly drawn by some unknown feeling, a light breath rising inside me, a mediumistic sob. Afterwards, during the day, I hang around, affected by a slight tremor, drowsy, short of breath, defective. I tire quickly, and hard, against a background of permanent exhaustion. What's more, my eyesight is failing at an increasingly worrying rate. I'm slowly going downhill.

(673) What a formidable novel this biography is, giving an account of Sir Richard Burton's tumultuous cavalcade through the century of *Victoria Regina's* planetary domination. The incredible figure of this clandestine visitor to a Hinduism teeming with its sacred depravities, to an Islamism settled in the raw atrocities of its terrible obscurantism, shakes through this book and carries away, in a sometimes unbearable dizziness, the complicit attention of those who agree to let themselves be drawn in. Never in my life have I experienced such an exhilarating invitation to take part in the waking dream in all its unbridled glory, as in this casual account, so elegant and clear, of the legendary journey of Sir Richard Burton, the man who entered Mecca in disguise, indomitable lover of so many amorous adventures under cloak, peerless officer in British colonial intelligence, superior predator and, in England, at home, convulsive witness to a Protestant civilisation reaching the final paroxysm of its secret decadence.

This biography of Sir Richard Burton is, in fact, a violent whirlwind taking everything in its stride, following the career of the man who

was also the author of a sublime, definitive translation of the *Book of a Thousand and One Nights*. And to think that it is only today that I have learned of the existence a document such as this biography, which I find singularly hate to see come to an end, so taken am I by the living fires of its incandescent discourse.

Sir Richard Burton was an eagle-eyed giant, fluent in some forty languages, who left behind dozens of books and thousands of unpublished pages, drafts of essays, ultra-confidential notebooks, diaries, poems and more. Wilfrid Blunt claims that Burton boasted of using hypnosis to hold his wife in his power. I have heard him say," he wrote, "that hundreds of miles away he could do anything to her as easily as if he had been with her in the same room.

I think I see before me, like a mental apparition, Sir Richard Burton struggling to approach the first snows of Kilimanjaro through a magical, inextricable, dark jungle, and I recognise in it the sign of a new, exemplary, revitalising hope for those who know they belong to the "race of those who never give up".

(674) These pages from my working notes of a few years ago which I found again last night, and which I have hastened to reproduce below. In them, the persistence of the great-continental geopolitical lines of force appears to be as obvious as ever, and I remain amazed at their topicality and their *activist prophetism*.

"In fact, the Franco-German federal core proposed today by Joschka Fischer already represents nothing: the Europe he is calling for is not Europe, but a kind of spectral, ectoplasmic apparition of it. The real Greater Europe is the imperium that will emerge around the Paris-Berlin-Moscow axis, once this has become the Madrid-Paris-Rome-Berlin-Moscow-New Delhi-Tokyo axis.

The Paris-Berlin-Moscow axis project will be ready for immediate activation when the revolutionary national powers of the French, German and Russian elites and masses, super-activated by us, meet and espouse, on their very rise, the threefold will of the State of France, Germany and Russia, because it is this meeting that is destined to found and abysmally renew Asian Greater European history.

The ideological war of the Paris-Berlin-Moscow axis will be waged by the great battles of conscience to come, and it is we who will then hold supreme command of these battles. The fundamental reversal of the home front in the decisive battle for the liberation of

Europe's conscience will mean that the American globalist conspiracy will be reduced to the defensive, and the rest of us will lead the offensive of dismantling and finally asserting our own grand European positions, which will have prevailed.

At a recent group meeting, someone made the very accurate observation that the Paris-Berlin-Moscow axis project brings with it a powerful ancestral, sacred shamanic presence. But there's nothing unexpected here, nothing very surprising: the profound change in the history of a vast grouping of populations that are essentially identical in terms of their hidden being but different on the surface must always secretly set in motion colossal subterranean spiritual powers, the implementation of which undoubtedly depends on certain occult, unavowable identities of a transcendental order. Supernatural, faceless identities. Whether we like it or not, this point of view is likely to prevail in the end.

(645) It is important to know that a very bad deal is currently being prepared, under the disconcerted gaze of Parisians who are out of the loop, framed as they are by the permanent disinformation apparatus maintained in broad daylight by the anti-French 'general line' that has long been at work.

The Trotskyite-socialist conspiracy at Paris City Hall is preparing to dismantle the privileged area around Porte d'Auteuil and Boulevard Suchet. And it is certain that the whole of the Auteuil district will follow suit. Jean- Yves Mano, the Socialist MP for the 16th arrondissement and Bertrand Delanoë's deputy for housing at Paris City Hall, is in charge of the project. Behind Mano's dirty tricks, however, there are powerful dark forces lurking in the wings, working under cover step up their agitation for the investment and ultimate alienation of a certain specific configuration of traditional Parisian unity. This is an operation planned in terms of an in-depth concerted political and social strategy, the consequences of which appear to be absolutely intolerable.

The current Trotskyite-socialist project, operating directly from Paris City Hall with the aim of socially devastating whole of western Paris, starting with Auteuil, is just the first stage of a major new undertaking being carried out in the shadows by a *secret manager* - who may or may not be known - to dismantle the very fabric of French civilisation. "Let's do away with a certain France once and for all", they say. To achieve this, they need to set up active suburban metastases everywhere, designed to neutralise,

to undo the decaying areas that still manage to secure certain civil, social, political and cultural freedoms, a certain 'way of life' that belongs to we should still be able to call 'la France profonde' at any price.

Jean-Yves Mano's plan to turn the Porte d'Auteuil and Boulevard Suchet *into suburbs* proposes the immediate construction of a vast seven-storey building, designed for four hundred "social housing units", the future operational base for a clandestine horde incited to all sorts of excesses. They will be mobilised on the spot to carry out the factious plans of the "general line", which is waiting for the right moment to take action - just like in May 1968, and no doubt even worse. The aim is to mobilise an unquenchable hatred of French society and religion, of French life, French flesh and French breath. The president of the Porte d'Auteuil Environnement association has just declared: "This is a gigantic project that will turn our neighbourhood into a suburb. They're going to house first-time arrivals who don't know our customs, and I'm afraid of the racial tension that's likely to result.

Behind the tactical identities of substitution used on the "replacement façade" put up by the enemy at work, advanced "higher structures" of subversion and political and social alienation are lying in wait, releasing the sephirotic emanations of their hidden, unavowable identities. The socialist project through which the Trotskyite-socialist conspiracy has found shelter at Paris City Hall, and which intends to devastate the vital fabric of the XVIth arrondissement, is being manoeuvred by subversive entities that are abysmal, unnameable and unidentifiable by those who do not have access to the 'other gaze' of those of us *who know*.

The political banditry asserted by the insurrectionary suburbs has thus gained a foothold at the very heart of the last resistance, the last social and national freedom in France and Paris. And the same process is secretly planned to extend to the whole of France and the whole of Europe, which are being subjected to the same assault by the visible vanguards of the "power of darkness". The forces of non-being, disorder and previous chaos are rising up in the face of the
The forces of being are in the "last positions". Let's not be fooled: this is no longer some kind of "social-political battle", but a real "spiritual war" in disguise.

However, if the current political situation in France and Europe - which is truly dramatic, not to say tragic - is shown in an essentially negative light, based on powerlessness and disarray, there is nothing to prevent us from daring to call things by their true name, from

can denounce the advances of the conspiracy of devastating powers in the service of non-being, which are preparing the forced takeover of the 16th arrondissement of Paris by the Val-Fourré militia.

Whether we recognise it or not, it is the final fate of a certain civilisation of being that is being played out in the decisive confrontation currently being prepared at Auteuil, a visible and immediate symbol of what is also happening in the 'invisible'. Because that's how *things* are. The coup de force by the obscure powers acting under the cover of the current political administration of Paris City Hall can only be responded to by another total and decisive coup de force, one that leaves no stone unturned in the enemy's enterprise. We must therefore ensure that not only can we never touch the west of Paris, but that those responsible for the Auteuil attempt, whether known or hidden, are identified, intercepted and punished in accordance with their full culpability.

In any case, I felt it my duty to bear witness to an apparently local undertaking which, symbolically, involves the whole of the revolutionary front of being faced with a challenge of ultimate dimensions.

(646) Eric Rohmer tells me that his film *L'Astrée* is almost finished, so it will be ready for the press presentations and in any case for the next Venice Festival.

I believe that this film represents a deep-dive view into the very secret of his life, of his complete French fidelity to being; of his *passion* too, in the sense of his existential journey and the great trials it had brought him. Eric Rohmer managed, not without major difficulties, to ensure that no one could claim to know anything his own life or himself. put his work in front of himself, but it is indeed his work that now carries the hidden sum of his trials, his struggles and his attachments, his heartbreaking unacknowledged concerns, his obstinacy in never choosing to do anything other than what his own extraordinarily demanding moral conscience, his innermost being, dictated to him. The author of *The Winter's Tale* was always a tragic moralist, tempered by a kind of Jansenist restraint. I am delighted by our long, silent association; by a whole life spent out of all wake, subject to the great breath. I know that at the end of it all a reward awaits me from him, a revelation that brings with it an unsuspected, liberating grace. That he *will give me the word*.

(647) I know of a small island, somewhere on the Seine, near Paris, where a dilapidated, blackened wooden hut preserves the memory of the man who, years ago, had found there a last refuge before he came to find

his great hidden destiny. Soon we'll be talking about him again, trembling, because his settling of scores is going to be fearsome, and without quarter. If I don't think I can say who it is, it's because this terrible hour is drawing ever nearer. And, above all, because we're not expecting it.

(185) Only Claude Rank wrote about it, in one of his fascinating mystery novels. General de Gaulle is said to have secretly made a whirlwind trip to Germany to take part in a closely supervised ceremony. It involved the erection (in the middle of an ancient, dark forest, far from anywhere) of a memorial in the form of a tall red and black rock, with the initials HH carved into the top. It stood next to an unmarked grave topped by a white cross. The French military special services in Germany, on the personal orders of the General, had been entrusted with this ceremony.

A HIGH MICHAELIC ATTRACTION

Wir, von dem Drachen zerbiessenen

Gustav Meyrink, *Der Golem*

(649) I believe the time has come to tackle the problem of 'high michaelic attraction', which implies an effective penetration into the forbidden domain of a certain 'unknown thought', into the dangerous domain of a certain 'higher', 'transcendental' inspiration.

The final mission of our people demands that we succeed in launching without delay the revolutionary project of the Greater Continental Europe, our *Imperium Ultimum*, a project defined by the founding concept of the axis of the transcontinental geopolitical route Madrid-Paris-Rome-Berlin-Moscow-New Delhi-Tokyo. We believe it to be an abysmal certainty that the suprahistorical, or rather transhistorical, polarisation of the project concerning our *Imperium Ultimum* must now find itself duplicated by its reverberational identity, secretly reflected on the ultimate heights of being, and that the battles for the revolutionary institution of the *Imperium Ultimum* must take place under the direct command of the Archangel Michael, heraldic bearer of the galactic crown of Christ the King.

It has also been established in advance that an occult grouping of thirteen high-level elements, chosen from within the central polar circle of ours, will have to be formed incessantly to serve as a permanent guard, in the visible and invisible worlds, around the active figure of the Archangel Michael. The "transcendental guard" present in this world and the next. A great "michaelic" wall will have to be erected in the invisible, in terms of integrated superconsciousness, along the route linking Mont-Saint-Michel to the underground michaelic sanctuary on Mount Gargano in Italy. A wall raised to eucharistically contain the direct interventions and sudden advances of the "Power of Darkness" in action, the train of chains of funereal and putrefactive *klippoth* infiltrating the very lifeblood of History, now very close to its end.

It goes without saying that the whole revolutionary framework of our grand-continental michaelic militias will have to be essentially transcendental;

militias that will also include an edifice of occult mystical hierarchies, designed to provide a super-activated inner apparatus for our fighting bodies engaged under the aegis of the astral figure of the Archangel Michael and his "inextinguishable polar fire". Our true centre of gravity is up above.

As for the personal conditioning of the secret Michaelic hierarchies operating within our special combat groups, the problem arises is that of the prior *change of being* that its elements in action must undergo, the problem of the "ardent reunification" of the original opposition of the two sexes into a "different unity". The problem of the foundational experience of the "predestined chosen couple" invited to experience existentially its ultimate, absolute "nuptial integration". To know, therefore, the decisive experience of their accession to the ontological "third term" of a certain superior human condition situated far beyond the level of non-transcendentally overqualified existence. The operative doctrine of the superhuman power secretly bestowed on our people in this way will therefore be that of the over-activated Western tantrism of the ancient Ghibelline *Fedeli d'Amore*, which inspired Dante Alighieri in his supreme imperial vision (if there is no continuity, there will be an *abysmal reprise*).

It is therefore perfectly obvious that, without the hidden help of heaven - of the "ultimate heights of being" - it would be totally impossible to envisage the setting up of a revolutionary organisation on a grand continental scale, supranational, immediately active, immediately mobilisable, such as that proposed - demanded - by our current Michaelic project. The role of prayer - of the greatest prayer - will inevitably be decisive; personal prayer, group prayer, Eucharistically over-activated prayer, the prayer of living holiness mobilised in our support. Prayer will be the air that the overall Michaels organisation, which we are already in the process of revolutionising, will have to breathe.

(These avant-garde ideological working notes were recently the subject of an ultra-secret meeting, a "discussion on the substance" with representatives of the "geopolitical groups" of the grand continental movement. A clear divergence immediately appeared because of the "Catholic" positions forcefully affirmed in them, and which are held to be untouchable because, for us, they are absolutely fundamental. For it is for God that we are fighting. The diehard proponents of the "anti-Catholic" line have therefore found themselves outvoted and ultimately excluded from the current debates. An ontological dividing line definitively separates the two tendencies, and it is not difficult to understand that this is a *sign of the times*. This ultra-confidential meeting took place at the end of February 2007 on the rue de Varennes,

at the home of our friend Countess Jeanne de M., a veteran of the *Action Française* movement).

(650) Could it be that Vladimir Putin is on the way to interposing himself between the United States and the Gulf states, with whom he is attempting a major economic and political approach in his current diplomatic tour of the region - Saudi Arabia, Qatar and Jordan? This approach is likely to have both immediate and decisive consequences. To such an extent that I have come to wonder what exactly is behind Saudi Arabia's astonishing receptiveness to Russia's current advances. Could it mean a change in the Saudi "grand alliance" with the United States, a change in Riyadh's hitherto exclusively American line? The question is where would this change come from and what could be its hidden meaning, its provisions and even its still subterranean commitments?

On the second day of Vladimir Putin's visit, 12 February 2007, the editorialist of the leading daily *Al-Riyad* wrote that Saudi Arabia "*is not concerned by Western susceptibility towards the Russians, which is a relic of the old conflict between the Atlantic Alliance and the Warsaw Treaty, nor by the image of the new tsar in Stalin's clothes that sticks to Russian President Vladimir Putin, both in Europe and in the United States*".

This position sheds light on Riyadh's fundamental divergence with Washington, which is marked as such: it is clear that many important things will come of this, no doubt soon. "*What matters is our own interests and security, and the strengthening of our relations with all the parties who are in a position to guarantee them. President Putin is the equal of all the great men of the world, and it is in our interest to establish joint projects with him, to discuss the regional political situation, as well as external interference and Russia's contribution to resolving these problems*", concluded the *Al-Riyad* editorialist.

The thoughts *Al-Riyad's* editorial writer should be taken as expressing the political will of the government of King Abdullah Ben Abdul Aziz, hence their importance. Putin's talks in Riyadh and the other Gulf states are primarily about actively defining a new global hydrocarbon policy, but *not only that*. A "new turning point" is in fact appearing in the "grand policy" of Saudi Arabia and throughout the Gulf, heralding Russia's appearance in force in future economic and political developments in the region. How to put it? Vladimir Putin knows perfectly well who he is, what his still hidden destiny is, what he wants to do and what he will do.

(651) I sometimes come across fragments of his writings that seem to concern me personally, in an allusive or even direct way, and which discreetly beckon to me from 'the other side of the river'. I quote: "*A good part of his life had been hidden for years. This secret life, the real one, was more important to him than the one he gave the impression of living*" (Alexandre Mathis, *Chambres de bonnes*. Novel with two subtitles: *Le Succube du temple*, and *Roman fiévreux*. Editions Jean-Christophe Pichon, Paris 2005).

(652) here are rare, very rare moments when, suddenly and unexpectedly, a great outburst occurs that devastates everything, interrupts the normal course of our lives and of History, changes its course, and means that "nothing is as it was before". That day I was in Madrid, in Somosaguas, at the home of Luis Miguel Dominguin and Lucia Bosé. There had just been a luncheon for eight people, all of whom were later entertained in the house or in the covered garden. I also remember that Luis Miguel had to be away from home for the occasion, as he often was.

Lucia and I had retired to a small sitting room on the ground floor, with large windows the green meadow that sloped down to *I don't* know which stream in the distance. It was pouring with rain, a bright, dense summer rain, and there was a great silence in this part of the house. Lucia wanted me to hear the mysterious waltz from *La Traviata*. You see," she said, "I know that this piece contains the whole secret of my life; I don't know how, but it does. We didn't really feel like talking to each other, *it was something else*. In a short, sleeveless orange dress, she stood against the bay window, half turned towards me, pensive; present and absent at the same time. A sort of light shadow on her face, like a timeless sadness.

It was then that something happened - or didn't happen - that would change my life completely. Without warning, it happened, with unprecedented violence, like a fire storm that suddenly sweeps everything before it. Ending in a catastrophe without a name, as dark as the depths of hell. Thinking about it now, the thin, gleaming blade of a phantasmal dagger slowly cuts through my heart, from bottom to top. And it's the same immense, demented pain, the same merciless night. Time, all the time that has passed since, is irrelevant. How can I forget, when it's this very oblivion that has shaped my whole life since then? After fifty years, am I still the same person I was that day, in bright Madrid summer rain, in Somosaguas? If now I'm not even who I really am, how can I hope to know who I was back *then*? It's all darkness.

(653) I know a place, in the Parc des Poètes, Porte d'Auteuil, where you can hear - when you do - words echoing in the air, suddenly, that seem to come from far away ("Cécilia, but where is Cécilia?") and, from time to time, little phrases: "Don't go to hospital tomorrow. It's a crack in space, opening onto the "spirit world", an opening through which we risk *being taken*, disappearing without a trace. This was the case of the Austrian consul's pretty maid in Paris, *taken away* in September 2001. No one talked about it, although there witnesses who had seen everything, but who later preferred to keep quiet and refused to stand by their testimony. (I'm talking about the wife of a police officer from the 17th arrondissement police station, Monique L., and her two children).

(654) On the usefulness of certain natural manifestations in predicting ongoing changes and deciphering the new, as yet hidden, reality. For some now, long green snakes spotted with yellow have been multiplying in the thickets of the Bois de Boulogne. It seems to me that they were originally water snakes. Have they undergone some kind of change in nature? But how? And why? The wood pigeons in the neighbourhood seem to have chosen a young acacia tree on the edge of the green line of the old Petite Ceinture as their gathering place, where many things happen in the shadows. I can watch their strange manoeuvres all the time, with a bird's-eye view of the medium acacia from my fifth-floor studio windows. (Arno Breker once told me, during one of our lunches in Montmartre, that there was a time when the wood pigeons of the V arrondissement gathered with unfailing obstinacy in the extension of the Luxembourg Gardens towards Montparnasse, and nowhere else).

I also have the impression that the groups of crows that have long lived there are preparing to leave their favourite site in the Parc de la Muette. To go where? Is this possible departure a bad sign? I'm afraid so. On the other hand, the appearance, for the time being clandestine, in the 16th arrondissement and the Bois de Boulogne, of strange little foxhounds with big ears, dark fawn in colour, intrigues me greatly: where do they come from? Will they get a foothold there? I think they're the same breed small, half-wild dogs with big ears that recently appeared in Alsace.

(655) I've just found this note, which I took in Trouville on 19 July 1979, when I was wandering around the upper town in search of the *place I'd been looking for*, the

"Yellow House:

"Hörbiger's Latin American obsessions had an unacknowledged - and perhaps unconscious - ulterior motive: a return to a cosmic Venusian consciousness. The mystery of the planet Venus,

which implies the culmination - the stabilisation - of an immense travelling comet, what can it be? What is the meaning of stopping a process of becoming that nothing can stop? And where does the 'nuptial representation' of its ultimate becoming come from? Is Venus called upon to govern the amorous conception, the immaculate conception of a later cosmos, transfigured, entirely submissive to Mary's own being and most holy name?

Is the pre-contological human race abyssally Venusian in nature? Are we therefore abyssally founded on ontological nostalgia for our former sidereal homeland, by the immemorial fact of our Venusian belonging? And will we, who are fundamentally from Venus, ever be able to return to it? Is a secret Venusian elite perpetuating itself clandestinely within the current degenerate human race, already irretrievably decadent? Is the 'blue blood' of our Venusian affiliation still feeding certain occult racial strains, and is the Venusian attraction still exerting its former powers on some of our people? Was the Imperium Romanum mysteriously the product of a Venusian influence from Troy? How far back can we go in our ancient polar ancestry, to the 'supreme heights' where the 'Morning Star' stands? To which I think I can answer: until the inconceivable reunion, when the day comes. For in Saint John's Apocalypse, it is said that to him who conquers, I will give the Morning Star.

Today, as I searched for the 'Maison Jaune' on the heights of Trouville, I thought I felt the vertiginous reverberations of the old 'Maison Jaune' within me. Venusian "living presence", a long trail of blinding white light [here, the words suddenly stall, no longer able to sustain the load imposed on them] stretching from these haunted heights far out into the two voids above the sea, like the tail of a comet at its final slowdown, at ultimate end of its cosmogonic race, like the slow return of an ancient "living god" to the heart of his "invisible sanctuary" still persisting in its waiting. I was transported, I thought I was rising into the air, high up, summoned, alone, to face the deadly edge of a recollection in me coming from the most forbidden astral configurations encrypted by their very state, which is that of their divine meanings acting through them, nuptially; meanings prodigiously anterior. A palpitation as if held back, stifled in me, the infinitely painful nativity of the Heideggerian impenetrable. Yes, that was it, all of it.

I may not have reached my goal yet, but I think I came very close today. And I also thought I recognised, through a half-open window on the street, the unforgettable face of a young woman forever lost, fainting, who had suddenly turned towards me, on the verge of screaming, herself

or an even truer shadow. Later, as I was about to enter St John's Church, I found the doors closed in front of me, a large bouquet of white lilacs laid on the floor on the threshold. I won't hide the fact I was beginning to be afraid of what was then happening inside me. And yet an unknown voice was whispering to me, inside, that it was far too late to stop myself, that all I had left was to flee forward."

(656) In *Eléments*, winter 2006-2007: "A courtier once said to Ludwig II of Bavaria: 'A genius like Wagner is only born once every thousand years. No,'" replied the king, "a genius like Wagner has never existed and never will again! Many Wagnerians still share this opinion today. Richard Wagner was not just a "composer", any more than Nietzsche was just a "philosopher".

In his desire to turn musical drama into a "total work of art" (*Gesamtkunstwerk*) and lay the foundations for the "music of the future" by reviving the spirit of Greek tragedy, Wagner constantly wrote treatises and articles to explain his dramaturgy and set out his thoughts, while at the same time revolutionising orchestral conducting and working towards a fusion of the arts, words and sounds, which he saw as a veritable principle of regeneration.

".

Paradoxically enough, I think that in reality the greatest hour, the absolutely decisive hour of Wagnerian music, has not yet come. It will only come on the day when Europe truly and definitively has access once again to the central focus of the "Great Spirit, when being will have rediscovered its former place, the place of its most just predestination: the living earth walls of its first, suprahistoric, virginal origin.

(657) The current general blindness to Islam in the Western world is strange. It is as if one has understood that Islam represents the stumbling block for Western civilisation, the terrible apocalyptic challenge of its planned end, subversively organised and already in place. Today, as in the past, Islam constitutes the "absolute danger", the danger of the final extinction of everything that has made and still makes up the European history of the world, from Rome to the present day.

And if the current practitioners of Islam have not fully understood this, Islam is no less on the side of the serpent whose head will be crushed by Mary's heel. This is how it is, and no other way, and the Islamists themselves will be the first victims, the predestined victims of their own suicidal pact with the black order of the extinction of being, with the final regression of being into the dark quarters of non-being.

Our civilisation is founded on the active mystery of feminine cosmogonic nuptiality, of the *Ewige Weiblichkeit*, on the transcendental mystery Mary's secret nature, whereas Islam represents an unconditional petition to annul the Marian reign of woman as such, of the 'eternal woman'. I hope you this: by appealing to what the people of the *Grand Souffle* group call the interplay of *fertile contradictions*, my point of view here is neither political nor racial nor of the order of a civilisational alternative, but of an exclusively metaphysical, 'religious' order.

What now symbolically separates us from Islam is the basilica of Saint Sophia in captivity. The dazzling receptacle of the Most Holy Trinity, Christ, supported in his elevation by Mary, Saint Mary Magdalene and Saint Sophia, is the only "living light" of this world, and the resplendent glory the next. That said, what would bring us closer to Islam, to a certain Islam, is - in the shadows - its Iranian occultist identity, partially revealed by Henry Corbin. But more on that later. It's not that simple.

(658) According to what Raymond Abellio told me a few years ago, mysterious underground passages that are still under our control lead from the rue Bois-le-Vent in the 16th arrondissement to a major system of converted cellars and very deep operational shafts, located in the guarded basements of the "last building on the left as you go down Boulevard Delessert".

Just before the war, the Cagoule had seriously considered using it for its own purposes, but did not have the material time to do so (taken by surprise by the deployments of Republican repression unleashed following the provocative fake attack that some of its field leaders had had the singularly imbecilic inspiration to have perpetrated against the Paris headquarters of the Employers' Union). During the Occupation, the Germans apparently thought of using this underground device, but, in a rather incomprehensible way, did not follow it up. Why was this? Unfortunately, there's no answer to this question, although I have my own ideas on the subject, so I'll keep quiet for the time being.

The whole of the underground system in place from Rue Bois-le-Vent seems to be disused, if not partially walled in. We need to find out what's going on with it *all*. I even have a nagging feeling that we be in for a big surprise. Which, on the other hand, would not be without danger. Hidden guardians" may react.

(659) What we have to deal with is a permanent machination directed by the same nocturnal, unspoken and above all, for the time being, *unspeakable* forces, which continue to implement the increasingly advanced alienation of France's innermost being, of its own history and of everything that France means beyond History.

Through our immediate, visible political struggle, it is the power of darkness that we are fighting, today as yesterday, *until the end*. We have embraced an activist ministry in the absolute, only half of which is in this world.

(660) I went to see for myself the side of the building on Boulevard Delessert where the above-mentioned underground system ends. It was an extremely disturbing, silent, deserted place. I found myself in front of a high surrounding wall (it rises to the level a second floor, without the slightest window or opening) enclosing the interior surface concerned, equivalent to at least two or three buildings. A sort of heavy ashlar fortress that extends to the other end of the street, at the bottom of the hill, at the edge of the Trocadero gardens, part of a spectral, empty space, with, at the corner of the wall, an ancient winding staircase, made of yellowed, corroded stone. On the other side of the boulevard, where the traffic is intense and sustained, there is a high row of prestigious buildings with airy, "sumptuous interiors. But I had a feeling that I shouldn't linger too long in these places, where hidden watches were perhaps being kept.

(661) I ask myself, how is it that no one has asked questions, or been concerned about the mysterious, irregular, tormented heaps of massive stones covering the ground in the forest of Fontainebleau, very ancient constructions carved directly into the rock, which the passage of time has reduced, rounded off, erased? Constructions with cultic, stellar, 'external' purposes, also including sacred, 'religious' totemic representations, places whose subterranean influences and deep dogmatic slumber should not be aroused by a guiltyly casual treading on the abysses, the forbidden domain of the great occult times, the symbolic back of a petrified cosmic beast that can wake up mediumnically. 11 It's not so surprising that so many unmentionable things have been happening in the forest of Fontainebleau for so long.

Louis Pauwels told me that the only part of their *Matin des magiciens* that he and Jacques Bergier finally had to resign themselves to censoring was precisely the chapter on the 'mysteries of

the forest of Fontainebleau', deemed 'too dangerous', far too serious for them to reveal. He wouldn't tell me what was in that chapter. Then, a few days later, I went back to Jacques Bergier and asked him what the sacrificed chapter of *Le Matin des magiciens* contained. Bergier exclaimed: "That's not possible! What possessed him to tell you this episode, this troubled and dangerous affair? Has he gone mad or something? And you can rest assured that you'll hear nothing from me about it. I'm not irresponsible..."

(662) I spent the whole afternoon thinking about the fascinating figure of my friend and comrade, the Chilean Miguel Serrano, high-flying diplomat, global conspirator and great writer - author, among other works, of *Visits of the Queen of Sheba* and the mysterious *Elella, the Book of Magical Love* - inspired essayist and memoirist of often shocking revelations. While Chile's ambassador to India (1953-1962), he not only managed to have a torrid affair with President Indira Gandhi, but also to find his own way to "untraceable entrance".

"However, in a decisive lesson, once back in this world, Miguel Serrano found it impossible to return to the hidden entrance a second time. However, in a decisive lesson, once back in this world, Miguel Serrano found it impossible to return to the hidden entrance a second time.

Subsequently appointed to Belgrade, he quickly established a "superior spiritual relationship" with President Josip Broz Tito and his wife, initiating them into the polar paths of supreme, "forbidden" knowledge, thus changing the hidden meaning and reality of their lives. Thanks to him, another Tito, transformed from within, came to power in Yugoslavia in his final years. A great deal happened in the President of Yugoslavia's immediate entourage, and in certain confidential places inhabited by him and his wife - the latter an indispensable element in the exercise of certain occult powers to which he had access. These "confidential places" have retained - and will continue to retain - the ardent mark of what took place there. And we still can't talk about it in any way.

I should also mention the importance of Miguel Serrano's books, which constitute a heritage that is completely at odds with the political and historical consciousness today's world. He has remained unconditionally faithful to the *Imperium Magnum*, which has now been brought down by the fatal decline of the "ultimate times", but which will return. Serrano knows this perfectly well, and never ceases to emphasise it.

proclaim. A fully-fledged combatant in the ranks of the "last battalion" of our people, the "sacred battalion", Serrano bears witness, through his very life, to the occult continuity of a certain persistence in the invisible of the "former power" of being momentarily reduced to its current ontological silence.

It was not for nothing that, in 1947-1948, aboard a Chilean naval frigate, set off in search of Antarctica, the "last refuge" of our people, the mysterious and untraceable *Neuschwabenland*. On this journey through the eternal ice of the South Pole - which in reality is the true North Pole - he was admitted to an "inconceivable encounter" on "a certain night".

(663) In his book *Maya, la realidad es una ilusión*, published in Argentina in 2005, Miguel Serrano refers to a postcard, dated 20 April 1947, sent to a certain Hans Willi in the United States by a friend of his, a member of the crew of the German submarine U-Boot 209, which went missing on 7 May 1943 in the North Atlantic (52 N/38 W)... Under the command of Heinrich Brodda, U-Boot 209's special mission - codenamed *Asgard* - was to find a secret passage to the interior of the "Hollow Earth" and the subterranean civilisation that would persist there. This postcard revealed that the submarine's crew were safe and were now in the "interior of the Earth" (*Die Erde ist Hohle*) from where, without being held prisoner, they "could no longer return to the surface of the Earth".

"Shiva is the equivalent of Wotan. Both were originally heroes of the Polar or Hyperborean race, incarnations of an archetype. Legend has turned them into gods. The first race had the power called "Odil", "Vril", etc., which has now been lost. Our task is to try to regain this power and become supermen once again, like Shiva or Wotan". (...) "The morning star is a God-Goddess, Venus. It's more than a planet, it's a comet that has stopped where it is in order to remind people of their divine and spiritual origins and show them the way to rediscover them". (Miguel Serrano)

(664) Last night, in a dream, I went back in time to my own life, some sixty years ago, finding myself once again in the Litva-Banovici forced labour camp in Bosnia, where I was held in the winter of 1948. Early in the morning, I was hiding in the deep snow, waiting for the mining transport train to pass within my reach, so that when I ran to board it I could immediately throw a block of coal destined for our barracks onto the ballast. I was then - but I didn't know it at the time - only a few days away from my failed escape attempt, and what followed, my six-month detention in the UDBA underground prison in Tuzla.

It was a period of absolute despair, but also of determination to carry on, to hold on, which finally enabled me to face up to the terrible trap of destiny I had let myself get caught up in.

In that same dream, which was just a rehearsal, a *reprise* of my distant past, I knew - I was not unaware - that I already had my own room in Paris, at the Hôtel *Sansonnet*, rue de la Verrerie - behind the Hôtel de Ville - and that I met Eric Rohmer and Jean-Luc Godard every day in a café in Saint-Germain-des-Prés, the *Carrefour*, which has now disappeared.

Now this strange existential taste in my mouth - a metallic, acid taste that I've just rediscovered through this flashback dreamed last night - reminds me of the years of my youth, long gone, the crazy hopes that inhabited me then, at the same time as the incredible insouciance of which my life was made, full expectations and dreams never fulfilled, or too late and already *unusable*.

No, I don't recognise myself today in the person I was then, but somewhere deep down I know that I have in fact always remained the same, that *nothing has changed* since then. It's a heartbreaking sadness that comes over me, and like a dark pain, *it's all regret*. In the end, life is nothing but the regret of life. And if our life consists of a kind of unity secretly closed in on itself, only the awareness of the moment establishes the floors from which dreams sometimes free us, as was the case for me last night.

(665) Jean-Pierre Deloux invited E. W., N. R., Michel Marmin and myself to a working lunch at La Rotonde, place de la Muette. We'll be deciding the creation of a publishing house to provide operational support for emergence of a "new continental European revolutionary consciousness". A "final project". We'll have to work fast. It's not impossible that this project will end up taking shape without further delay, especially at the moment. We're waiting for Florence Ferté, our "firebrand", the young banker from Lyon on whom the material part of this project is based, "for coffee". And I'm quite keen for this new publishing house to be named *Asgard*, in memory of the 'special mission' of U-Boot 209 in search of *Erde Hohle*.

(672) The chiaroscuro and, in the large pink mirror, the fire in the hearth in the process of dying out.

"La servante au grand cœur dont vous étiez jalouse" Baudelaire).

(673) Saint-Germain-en-Laye at dawn, the sky glowing red above the still-dark clearing. "I don't want us to see each other again, understand?"

that it's all over. Everything." I had to wait for her to disappear into the dew-dampened undergrowth, then suddenly the pack was unleashed across the furrows, their barking muffled by the morning mist and the bitter weariness of my devastated heart.

(674) It took me three days to reread *The Star of the Invisible Empire* in its entirety, and from the very first pages I was blown away. Everything is there, and definitely. Although, in his admirable, committed preface, Guy Dupré seems to have confined himself to talking only about the writing of this book, leaving aside its content, through the trapped transparencies of the latter, has nonetheless approached the secret - the active mystery - of this content, of its active affirmation, which highlights the fact that to live - to really have access to 'true life', to the 'beyond of life' - we must begin by knowing the ontological experience of death. Being only be found on the other side of death, on the "other side of being".

The Star of the Invisible Empire is a sidereal, galactic novel, understanding and explaining the archaeologically active totality of a finite cosmogonic cycle. In so doing, it conveys the very process of the latter's occult revolutionary march towards its ultimate definition, towards the implicit parousia of its own dramaturgy at work. It is the Arthurian novel par excellence, the very space of the Arthurian process that does *what needs to be done to get where it needs to go*. The complete turn of a cycle constitutes the decisive beyond of that same cycle.

Nevertheless, no one - and I mean *no one* - has been able to understand the eschatological dimensions of this novel, or its importance in relation to the secret destinies of this world, to which it bears the ultimate witness of its own visionary, liberating and *decisive* affirmation. The intimate developments of this writing given over to the novel constitute the very substance of what it bears witness to, and which, in turn, will itself bear witness to that of which it passes for being the only visible face: the consciousness of one consciousness is another consciousness. And here, I really don't want to say any more, I'm already getting too close to what rightfully belongs to the only *unspeakable*, which is defended in its abodes by the very chasms it is supposed to overcome. By its own original abysses, by the very abysses of the unspeakable.

And so it is only now that I myself have understood what I had achieved, like an *awakened sleepwalker*, through the vivid writing of this novel, which is quite different - in the final analysis - from a novel: an *Arthurian romance*. But, you might also ask, how is it possible for someone to talk about themselves in this way? Here, I'm not talking about myself, but about *someone else*. The 'I' in *L'étoile de l'Empire* not me.

invisible, its own "I" is a transcendental character, at once totally covered and totally uncovered by the progress of this novel, which is not a novel, and what it signifies. In the depths of *The Star of the Invisible Empire* there is an identity that is entirely its own, an identity that is hieratic, falsely anonymous, ideal and ontologically - if not existentially - alive too.

- yes, I do mean alive - and whose actions are none other than those of the novel itself in action, its own secret historiography and its own history in progress. It is not the author who gives life to his central character, to his deep 'I', but the novel itself which gives life to its author. The author is then no longer, abysmally, just as I am no more than the shadow cast by this *someone else* who reigns while half-obscuring himself, myself after my Arthurian transmutation.

In the end, and I'm going to have to say it, I'm convinced that *The Star of the Invisible Empire* is in fact a 'holy book', a 'prophetic book' of Western history at its end. Perhaps one day people will realise this, take it into account as they should and draw the necessary conclusions. An aerolith of galactic origin is there, biding its time.

(675) Three months ago, someone came to see me from Milan, to talk to me about some confidential projects. So I took a room for three days the hotel above brasserie in Parc de la Muette, and asked my visitor to do the same. In this , every night we would meet in my room or his and work until about four o'clock. During the day, we didn't meet and avoided crossing paths, sure that no one could suspect that we knew each other, that "we were in touch".

Somehow I'd made friends with a young Serbian waiter at the brasserie, Slobodan Vukic, a student at the Assas who also worked at the hotel. He was having an affair with a Prisunic cashier, Marie-Ange, a slim, fairly pretty brunette from Brittany who had fled her village. I soon learned that Vukic, who spoke German and English, was a Sesjeli supporter, more or less integrated into a group of agitating Serbs in Paris.

That afternoon, as I was sitting at a table in the brasserie reading *Les Bienveillantes*, Slobodan came up to me and said in a low voice: "I think, sir, that I could tell you something quite extraordinary... There is a 'guarded circuit' which, starting from a certain place in the hotel above - passing, then, by the roofs, by maids' rooms, by inner courtyards, and sometimes even by certain

trapped flats, through condemned corridors and successive landings - leads, more than a kilometre away, to a small empty room on the ground floor of a building in the rue de Siam, on the rue About side, after a bend in the direction of the Spanish church in the rue de la Pompe, Notre-Dame de l'Immaculée Conception... If you're interested, I could show you round right now, as my shift ends in half an hour...". And so it was that, in just over an hour, I had covered this circuit that nobody - but you never know - visits any more. There was just one obstacle: somewhere in the rue de la Pompe, we had to wait for the concierge to leave the staircase where she was vacuuming.

Thinking about all this, I came to wonder how many other such guarded circuits Paris contains, heading in all directions. The city's 'underground networks' are said to be duplicated by 'overhead' networks that are no less secret, serving clandestine routes from building to building. I have also learned from Vukic that there is another of these circuits between - incredibly - the Place des Ternes and the Parc Monceau, which would suggest an itinerary that should only be taken as inventory. The question remains, though: what could these *corridors* possibly be used for? Even if it were possible, I don't think that these routes are used for Parisian burglaries. It must be something else. What else?

Perhaps I should take a closer look (perhaps not). Another fascinating question would be to know what the Prefecture of Police knows or doesn't know about all these fantastical circuits, their origins and real aims, and how they *work*. I have a vague suspicion. I'll have to find out.

(676) Günther Freschka, *Avec Épées et Diamants*. La Diffusion du Lore, Chevaigné, 2007. Günther Freschka :

"Accomplishing and enduring the unspeakable, the German soldier bears no responsibility for defeat. In the extreme misery that followed, the exploits of men who sincerely believed they were fighting for a good cause were forgotten. The purpose of my book is to redress this injustice by setting out for young people the intrinsic qualities that make a man and a soldier valuable in civilian life as well as in war, and which were recognised in the highest German military honour: the oak leaf with swords and diamonds on the Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross".

Out of several million combatants in action over six years, from 1939 to 1945, years of excess and surpassing themselves, only 27 received this supreme distinction. The memory of their heroism and superhuman glory is all that counts. *"Blood*

The ultimate heroes shed their blood, so that both can return to the earth - thus re-establishing the ontological bridge between the immortals and ourselves.

(677) Time is never anything but absence. Even the present, which implies a double absence, that of times past and that of times to come. So what does forty years matter in the space of a lifetime? For me, "it's as if it were nothing". Back to *Sein und Zeit*.

In the summer of 1968, I was in Rome. I usually spent my afternoons on Corso Vittorio Emanuele, at Julius Evola's house, and my nights wandering the streets of Rome until dawn. Aimless? No, not aimless. I had a hidden purpose that I couldn't admit to myself, a purpose that nonetheless magnetised me irresistibly, that made me what I had become in those days, a man possessed by the streets of Rome (if you can call it that).

Contrary to what you might think, the streets of Rome at night were silent and mysteriously deserted, like an empty but brightly lit theatre set. So I walked, without hurrying, all night long, along these Roman streets with their implied theurgical accent, which presented themselves before me one after the other like so many magical tunnels, in a way, but apparently pacified. The thick, heavy platform of the dark night weighed down on my head and, one after the other, the emptiness held within me, my muffled steps followed one another on the cobblestones glittering with a spectral glow. It all quickly became a kind of obsessive ritual of strange imposition, a half-lucid Roman dementia in which I knew I was (if only partially) complicit.

During this more or less hallucinated Roman interlude, I had met no one; if I say no one, it's because I'm not taking into account two unrepentant night owls, Ralph Romney and Marin Soresco. But I can't deny it: the purpose of my nocturnal wanderings was a 'special meeting', a 'great meeting'. A meeting that couldn't take place in the time I'd planned or in the place I'd had to wait for it.

However, everything had been put in place so that this *meeting* would take place, precisely, during my nocturnal forays into Rome, which every night opened up its doors to the world.

- but only *half-opened* the door to a mystery that was waiting for me and that in the end I had not been able to get through. Now I know the cause of this failure, which almost cost me more than my life. I had planned make a pilgrimage to the "anterior sanctuary" of the *Dea Victoria*, located in the hills above Rome. Prevented at the last minute by an unforeseen combination of circumstances - which not only succeeded in blocking my visit to *Dea Victoria*, but also meant that I had to leave Rome and Italy in a hurry - it was impossible for me to get there. I'm not

I'm not sure that even today the failure of my life-saving pilgrimage to Rome's *Dea Victoria* doesn't continue to throw me off course and obscure my path. A failed pilgrimage is a *counter-pilgrimage*, with all that that implies in terms of unleashing of negative forces against those who have failed in their own decision.

My sudden departure from Rome, in September 1968, had been a matter of a quarter of an hour, the special services having decided to exfiltrate me from Italy to protect me from certain government political bodies of leftist influence or worse. So I was taken to an unmarked service car, driven by Sira C., which drove straight ahead to cross the Swiss border via Modena towards Brussels, where I was expected. Having had to leave in fourth gear, I hadn't been able to take anything with me - I was in a jacket and without a tie. Fortunately, I had my French passport.

We had smuggled ourselves into Switzerland through a tunnel that was closed to traffic, and Sira C. and I found ourselves early in the morning above Bern, on the hills of the Rosengarten. Despite the dazzling sun, it was cold and there was a kind of silence that struck me as ominous, foreboding or something. I had a sudden flash of inspiration: "Stop, stop there", I said to S. C. "Stop, I want to get off here. I don't want to go to Brussels, I'm going to stay in Bern. After a few moments consternation, she exclaimed: "Have you gone mad or what? What's got into you? What do you want to do in Bern? You don't know anyone there, you haven't got a penny. Please pull yourself together..." I continued. But I kept going: "I've just had a sort of deep inspiration, a sudden, decisive impulse to stop here. Like a secret, irresistible order of destiny. There's nothing I can do, I'm staying in Bern..."

That's how at the end of September 1968, I found myself in Bern, alone, with my hands in my pockets. Without it, I had tipped over into the other side of my life, which was about to begin again. It was already starting all over again.

(678) That same day, I'd found somewhere to stay and I'd *sorted* myself out. And I had understood everything. What I couldn't find in Rome, I was going to find in Bern. Of course, I didn't understand everything, nor did I realise *the change of destiny* I had just embarked upon, but that was the way it was. The very next day, I set off in search of what I knew I should be looking for, what was perhaps looking for me, what was blindly heading my way.

Just as in Rome I had devoted all my nights to this research, in Berne I was going to spend my days on this same Tantric quest. And so I did,

Following a magical spiral, with ever-narrower circles from the outskirts of Berne towards its centre, I set out on the hunt, day after day, turning slowly, in search of - to meet - the one who was going to have to come towards me, to unconsciously - or at some supremely conscious point, beyond all awareness - cross my path, on the day and at the time planned, and *in the place itself*.

On the thirteenth day, in front of a beautiful building in Optingenstrasse, at number 53, I stopped in front of a green bush with a profusion of bunches of small yellow berries, a bright, mystical yellow. It's here", I said to myself, "it's here", as I grabbed several bunches of the yellow berries. "This is where she lives. I can't ignore this sign. I accept it as a very happy omen.

So when I went to see her for the first time on 8 December 1968 - I'd met her at the end of September - I realised that she lived at number 53 Optingenstrasse. The first present I gave M. was - symbolic, but how precious - the few dried bunches of small yellow berries that I had taken some time before, the 'very happy augury', in front of her building.

(679) Forty years on, I'm still at it - M. and I are still at it - with the Tantric mystery of that 8 December and the yellow windows of Optingenstrasse, with what happened that day in the most forbidden hinterlands of this world and the next. From these back spaces I had just received - despite the fact that I didn't *understand everything at the time* - what only today I can call my 'dogmatic identity', my 'hidden imperial identity from beyond myself'.

(680) Early today afternoon, I met Leni Riefensthal in front of the George V Hotel, in bright sunshine. Unable to escape it, we went for a drink in the bar of the George V, and it was a cascade of glasses of champagne until seven o'clock in the evening. Slender and resplendent, she was accompanied by a compatriot working in Paris, whom I knew, who was involved in cinema (or pretended to be), R. M.

After a few exciting but futile comments on current affairs, Leni spoke to me with great passion about her exhilarating forays into the still relatively unknown heart of what she called 'Mysterious Africa', an expression inherited, it seems to me, from the 1930s. For my part, to agree with her, I took her back to Leo Frobenius and the reputedly highly effective virtues of a certain 'African blue', the last trace of Atlantis, a powerful blue most often found in clothing. However, without admitting it to ourselves, we felt the presence of

of a great unappeased shadow hovering over us like an invisible black canopy.

I thought I heard, close to me, the muffled beating of the wounded heart of the great woman who had escaped from the depths of the underworld, and I felt the bitter silence of her past memory reverberate within me, extinguished forever. This encounter was very painful for me, I can't hide it.

(681)I've said it many times: without an imperial religion, there can be no continental Great European Empire, designed to bring to a close the great planetary History of today. So the two European churches, the Catholic and the Orthodox, need to rediscover their *primordial unity* before the fateful rupture of 1154.

President Vladimir Putin, who is deeply - and personally - concerned by this issue, paid an official visit to the Vatican on 13 March 2007 to discuss with Benedict XVI how to get the reintegration of Orthodoxy under way, which is now emerging as a top political and religious priority. Because *now is the time*. The fact that Vladimir Putin has visited the Vatican indicates that he is overruling the negative stance of Patriarch of the Russias Alexis II, who was opposed to the Pope being officially received in Moscow by the Russian Orthodox Church. "*Orthodoxy is a basic value of European identity*", said Putin.

For Mgr Hilarion Alfeyev, Orthodox bishop of Vienna and Austria and Alexis II's representative in Brussels, the "key to many of the conflicts between Rome and Moscow would be a strategic alliance between Catholics and Orthodox" to "fight the common enemy". This "common enemy" being (Hervé Yannou in *Le Monde*, 13.III.2007): "secularisation, relativism and secularism in the West, which today also threaten Russian society".

Let Rome and Moscow work together to combat the current actions of the Black Widow, present at every level of European society today and in the throes of its subversion and final decadence - the result of three centuries of visible and invisible anti-religious and anti-spiritual battles. And it is currently experiencing an unprecedented exacerbation of its work of destruction, alienation and anti-traditional depravity. Once again, President Putin appears to be the man of the last chance for a politico-religious grand Europe, for imperial revival of Europe's imperial, historical and suprahistorical destiny. Vladimir Putin had already gone (with the same aim the final politico-religious reintegration of the European continent), each time going against Alexis II's wishes.

twice at the Vatican, in 2000 and 2003, for

to meet John Paul II. It should be noted that during this third visit by the Russian President, Alexis II did not miss the opportunity to mark his disagreement once again, declaring that the "Russian Church is not in a situation to go and ask [Benedict XVI] for help in defining its relations with Catholics".

Nothing could be done. We have to wait for the death of Alexis II and his replacement by Metropolitan Cyril before we can begin the final process of reintegrating the two legitimate European churches. Let Providence make its own choice. And from now on, quickly.

THE LAST WAVE

*And if I want him to stay until I come back,
what do you care?*

John, XXI, 22

(682) *We can thus understand why the King, by virtue of his solar character and divine election, being inspired by the "blessed Holy Spirit", must also be an "operator of fire" and, as such, an "artist of royal art" who maintains in the kingdom the harmony of opposites, beyond their necessary oppositions. In this sense, he is comparable to the supreme point of balance or the "scourge of the scales". Symbolically, his place of residence, the King's Chamber, must at the heart of the palace, and to this visible "pole" corresponds the invisible centre of the World."*

(Guide to Mysterious Versailles, Presses Pocket, Paris 1966)

(688) An ancient, thick, rain-worn earthen wall, beyond which rises a dark pine forest and, further on, undulating fields marked by stretches of water, the nearest of which, constricted by a bushy belt of red reeds, narrow, elongated and greyish. Swarms of crows fly pretentiously low to the ground. It's quite cold, and day is dawning. In the distance, low blankets of mist, ragged, a certain whiteness, with gashes that sometimes suddenly sparkle, creep slowly along. Silence, silence. And what am I doing here? If only I knew. Near a mysterious pile of vaguely carved white stones, curled up on top of myself in the wet grass, I wake up numb from the cold. And then I remember it all again, struggling to stifle a terrible howl of distress. And suddenly tears burn my face, which I pitifully cover with both hands.

But I have to go and, once there, open the glass door, climb the narrow wooden staircase with its steep steps to the second floor, where I know I'll have to stop for a while. But I'm not unaware of this yet,

that I'm not going. No, I'm not going. I'm going to get up and resume the mad march that carries me forward, aimlessly, across the fields, I meet the darkness or the darkness meets me and opens up before me. I feel a block of burning ice in my chest, squeezing my heart, and I can barely breathe any more. And yet once again, I'm forgetting everything. It's daylight now.

(689) Somewhere near Palermo, there's a big, beautiful, old, renovated villa, pale orange and green, with a vast, overgrown garden behind it, surrounded by a high, sun-bleached stone wall. I think this is it. Fear paralyses me, I don't dare take another step.

(690) Boulevard Camélinat, Malakoff, at the home of Hortense Damiron, for lunch with M., Horia Damian and myself. We were there today to meet the five-by-two-metre 'great mystical raven' on which Hortense Damiron has almost finished working. It's a unique masterpiece, radiant and violently imposing, with more to do with religion than art alone. It took my breath away, I admit. An unforgettable revelation.

Originally a painter, Hortense Damiron has turned to sculpture for some time now. In any case, this elegant and silent young woman is now engaged in a creative process that is entirely her own. A process that is completely innovative and of the highest order. Her current upward spiral will take her far, far away. And so, in the secrecy and enthusiasm of a decisive predestination, the New Art of the new Europe that is coming, and of the great new continental civilisation that looms on horizon of this tragic end of cycle, is now being prepared. No, we are not alone.

(691) This morning, when I woke up, I had that strange dream again of the great reddish falcon, flying through the air above me, flapping its wings as if it wanted to land and accompany me to the end of the roof overlooking the vertiginous void of the desert street, with long white streaks whose nature I don't know. And the false certainty that if I leapt into the void, I'd fly away, gliding gently down towards the gardens, still in shadow, that I can see below, to the left, behind their high wrought-iron gates.

Is this really a counter-initiatory attempt? Isn't the devious and criminal call to launch oneself into the void a satanic specificity? Didn't Jesus himself have to reject the proposal to launch himself into the void from a high cliff, from "the wall of the Temple"? All this ends up in

to show itself in a most worrying light. This morning, for at least the sixth time, I had the same dream, based on the invitation to 'jump into the void'.

(692) The day after his reserved talks with Benedict XVI at the Vatican on 13 March 2007, Vladimir Putin also travelled to Bari, where he met Romano Prodi and the most important ministers in the Italian government. He himself was accompanied by part of his government, as well as the ambassadors from Moscow to Rome and Rome to Moscow.

The extraordinary mystical power of the figure of Saint Nicholas the Thaumaturgist is well known to Russian Orthodoxy and, more specifically, to the last martyred Tsar Nicholas II, to the reigning dynasty of the Romanoffs. The Pontifical Basilica of St Nicholas in Bari is the canonical repository of the most holy remains of St Nicholas, representing a focus of intense devotion for the whole of Russian Orthodoxy as well as for most of traditional Catholicism. The *most* significant part of Vladimir Putin's official visit to Bari was his long visit, as *a believer*, to the Papal Basilica of St Nicholas, followed by a visit to the Russian church of Carrassi, also dedicated to St Nicholas.

If the final reintegration of the two great European churches is to take place one day - which may be imminent - it is certain that it will have to revolve around the figure of Saint Nicholas the Thaumaturgist. Vladimir Putin's *pilgrimage* to Bari was prepared for when the superior of the basilica, Father Bova, came to the Kremlin last year, and it is safe to say that we will be hearing a lot more about him in future. What we cannot fail to wonder is whether the special attention paid by Benedict XVI to Putin's mystical ritual in Bari does not already point to the reunion of the two great European churches. Reintegration, which *is the fundamental secret objective* of Benedict XVI's pontificate.

I think it would be revealing to recall that Vladimir Putin's official visit to Bari forty years ago was the subject of a dazzling vision by Basil Lovinesco on the very subject of the possible final reintegration of the two European churches. In fact, in his commentary on the mysterious prophecy of Saint Malachy, which dates back to the 1960s and concerned the pontifical succession at the end, Basil Lovinesco explicitly linked it to his penultimate motto, *De Gloria Olivae*. Forty years ago, little did we know that Malachy's prophecy would concern the person of the German Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger, who had ascended to the Roman pontifical throne under the *nomen sacrum* of Benedict XVI, or that he would be engaged in a struggle to return Rome to its more just traditional faith, culminating in the reinstatement of the Church to its rightful place in the Church.

of the two European churches. *De Gloria Olivae* was Benedict XVI. And the prophetic era heralded by the motto *De Gloria Olivae* would begin with Vladimir Putin's visit to Bari. There's no doubt about it, we've just taken a step towards apocalyptic era. We need to know that we *must be ready* at all times.

"Everything returns to the zone supreme attention.

(693) Published in 1966 by Pierre Belfond, Raymond Abellio's interviews with Marie-Thérèse de Brosse inspired Louis Pauwels to do the same, with me as his interlocutor, which I was quick to accept. We worked a rather strange way: in the evening, when he left his offices on the Champs-Élysées (where he had set up *Planète* and its outbuildings), he would take me by car to his home in Saint-Germain-en-Laye, where we would have dinner with his wife, Elina Labourdette. After that, we worked intensively, until late at night, around four or even five o'clock. We didn't stop until Ton fell asleep, and sometimes he and I were even half asleep; a certain dreamlike, even somnambulistic quality to what he was saying suited him perfectly, he told me. In this way we soon arrived at a work that was obviously superior, substantial, that lived from its own life, a "truly sensational work".

I could feel that Pauwels was extremely pleased. He had decided to 'give me an important place' in the *Planète* group and was only waiting for the end of our work let me know. That day, we went home earlier than usual. The weather was splendid, it was the end of June and we were happy, or so it seemed to me. And yet the storm was already here, ready to break. Louis wanted to stop off at a 'country' inn on the way, but not only that, I was to find out later: "We're going to have some foie gras, they have an excellent one, and at least a bottle of champagne. I have something to propose to you. Something very important, in fact." An excellent bottle of champagne, chilled to perfection, and a top-class foie gras - Louis was well known there, and we were well looked after - immediately created a great atmosphere; a certain excitement was in the air.

I had idea. So, he said, "I'll tell you about it very openly without beating about the bush. I want you to know in advance how serious I consider the things I'm going to tell you about. Where do I begin? *I will confess that I have always thought of Hitler as someone other than himself, as something else; as a being 'from elsewhere', whose visible identity and apparent industry were nothing but a sham. That's all I know. However, I am convinced that you yourself, whether you recognise it or not, are a part of it.*

know about it what perhaps no one else - and I want to stress this very strongly, *no one else* - knows at the moment. So here's what I'd like to suggest to you: why don't you write me a book about Hitler - a great book, in sense of the word - in which you reveal everything that we don't know, nor dare to imagine, about the so-called cremated man from the Chancellery. Once again, please don't contradict me: although I can't claim to know, I nevertheless suspect that you, reality, are a very secretive person, covered by the 'great secret' and, I repeat, I am also convinced that you have unimaginable, forbidden and dangerous things to say about Hitler. You've understood: what I'm asking you for is a book of absolutely 'deflagrating' revelations about Hitler, which will shake the historical conscience of the West and perhaps even more. This book, I can assure you, will make us a fortune. Do it under your own name or under a pseudonym, it doesn't matter. I assure you by contract - you know that this has never happened before - twenty-five per cent of the French and foreign royalties. *Planète* and its parallel organisations will take care of the intensive, exacerbated promotion of this book, which I also see as an apparatus for the subterranean conditioning of the politico-historical consciousness of today's world, as a war machine with supremely decisive goals. However, I demand that you give me an answer right now. I'm telling you, I can't stand the slightest procrastination. What do you say?"

I was flabbergasted. What is this story again?

My dear Louis," I heard him reply, "I assure you you are rambling. Believe me, I know nothing more about Hitler than what anyone who has had even the slightest contact with the known history of Hitler's life, his regime and his dismal final fate knows or thinks they know. I feel obliged to tell you that you are on the wrong track. Completely wrong. I don't understand how you could have got the idea that I "special knowledge".

"on this subject. Quite frankly, I don't know what else I can tell you.

- Tell me, do you think I'm stupid or what? When I tell you that I know for a fact that you have unbelievable information about Hitler, about his 'external identity', about the abysmal mystery of his 'coming', I'm not going off the rails, I'm simply sharing with you my most formal and deepest conviction. What I know, I know. That's all there is to it. If you don't want to join me in this task, say so. Openly. But don't make up false excuses that I think are hurtful. I'm not talking out of turn, and I know you're aware of the extent to which I intend to be extremely serious at all times. I wouldn't go into something like this lightly.

It was impossible to dissuade him, his mind was made up about my 'hidden identity', and about what I would be 'the only one to know' about Hitler's non-human, 'external' person, about his 'secret cosmic mission'. I felt - and I could hardly believe it - that Pauwels was very angry with me. What he considered, wrongly of course, to be my 'inexplicable refusal' to follow him in his 'Hitlerian projects' was driving him mad. Still, he controlled himself, trying not to reveal his dismay. At the end of the day," he added, "I can see, and this perhaps hurts me too much, that you don't quite trust me. You are wrong, and I regret it. You have disappointed me in an unacceptable way. It's a pity. I'm very sorry. But let's say no more about it.

Things had more or less stayed that way. Now this inexplicable story is haunting me. What were these extravagant things that Louis thought he knew about me? And where did they come from, his 'own convictions' about me, his 'certainties' about the 'cosmic', 'galactic', 'superhuman' secrets I was said to hold about Hitler? Who could have told him about me, put all these aberrations into his head? I don't know, but I'm inclined to think that my 'undercover' informer to Louis Pauwels could well have been Jacques Bergier, who was dragged into the operation by his German friend L. W. This stoner, a friend of Lady Mountbatten, whom I suspected of having certain high-level Soviet connections, had worked during the war (from Switzerland) for the British intelligence services. She later resurfaced in New Delhi, working for Nehru.

As for the thirty or so cassettes used for our recordings in Saint-Germain-en-Laye, I don't know what happened to them. They must certainly have been among the papers that Louis Pauwels left behind. I'd have to check with Elina Labourdette. It would be a fascinating document, which would take us back in time to times that are now forgotten, but which had a great fire running through them. The last time I saw Pauwels was in Trouville, where we were in the summer of 1978. We passed each other quite often on our evening walks along the deserted beach, but we didn't speak, or only a few words.

(11 It should also be said that the formula of the 'secret scenario' of my falling out with Louis Pauwels was repeated several times, particularly with Raymond Abellio, but also in my relations with a few others. In the end, I was always criticised for "not accepting to be myself", for not deciding "to take up the positions of total rupture that should have been mine in terms of direct action", for not "committing myself to the implementation of certain decisive underground revolutionary operations", for not taking with me those who would have wanted to join me, who "would have wanted to be part of the movement", who "would have wanted to be part of the movement".

"No one wants to understand that the time of this world has nothing to do with the time of the other world, that only the "hour of the other world" is really decisive, when it comes. Nobody wants to understand that the time of this world has nothing to do with the time the other world, that only the "hour of the other world" is really decisive, *when it comes*.

I can only be myself when the "other worldly hour" comes, and I can only do what is expected of me when the other worldly hour does not come. It's never a question of gathering or manipulating visible forces. The only thing that counts is the coming of the hour of the other world, which does not depend on any human action, whatever that may be, but on the coming of kàiros alone; the order comes from above).

(694) This morning at five o'clock, a phone call from Moscow, from A. D. Apart from groups of degenerate intellectuals, manipulated by foreign special services through the metastasis of NGOs, there is now only one issue mobilising Russia, in all its social classes: Vladimir Putin's succession. Many people hope that he will eventually decide to take the necessary steps to succeed himself by serving a third term. Others think that he has already chosen his successor; the Ivanov-Medvedev alternation serves only as a diversionary tactic because "We need to fill the waiting room". The only strong man in the current presidential administration, Putin's shadow, totally loyal to him, is the mysterious and very powerful Vladislav Surkof. If the future President of Russia is not Vladimir Putin, it will certainly be Vladislav Surkof.

(695) The time has come when I must - inevitably - provide a number of explanations about the present novel, try to define its rather peculiar structure and its more or less hidden 'ultimate goal'. What is a novel, if not the of a story? In *L'envers de l'histoire contemporaine*, Balzac tells the double story of a semi-miraculous cure and an ancient royalist conspiracy. In his magnificent *Les deux étendards*, Lucien Rebatet presents the dark story a great youthful love that is coming undone. Why not write the story of the becoming a consciousness, the disparate series of memories, amorous disorders, political-historical and literary commentaries, social commentaries, etc., the flow of which also constitutes a story, the advancing spiral of an uninterrupted consciousness giving an account of the becoming of its own consciousness?

own content? Everything is a story, everything is a novel.

The 'characters' in this novel - *A Return to Colchis* - are the fragments of consciousness that make up the journey towards a conclusion that gives eschatological meaning to the whole. Towards a consciousness

the ultimate, partially veiled, account of the salvation and deliverance of all that the narrative in action will have substantially conveyed, a narrative which, in principle, must exceed the effective sum of its component parts.

Neither "past" nor "present" nor "future", the inner time of this novel will be that which lies within the boundaries of its own self-development, guarded there by a crown of "quicksand" that surrounds it. A barrier whose mission is to accept that anything can enter it, while ensuring that nothing can subsequently leave it. In this way, everything becomes a novel and a novel of this novel, the story of which is simply that of its own day-to-day development. The story, then, of the annotations that pile up time goes by. And whose conclusion - for there must be a "conclusion" - will be that of the outcome, whatever it may be, of the whole secretly driven forward by a goal of which we will know nothing until the end. We could also talk about the "diary of a novel", or the "novel of a diary" (do we have to abdicate one way or the other?).

From another, more accentuated angle, it is a novel in a way "dodecaphonic", integrating the extended sum of all its subterranean, invisible, unspoken or said in a roundabout way, "dissimulated and dissimulating", thus welcomed into the nebula in continuity - in *expansion* - of its own on-going unification, following the ardent principle of "lightning in a ball". And whose "active centre", profoundly concealed, would then be constituted by the immobile consciousness of the narrator, hidden behind the flow of discourse in continuity that conveys its appearances, its successive affirmations. The very identity of the present novel is thus none other than that of the "diary" that gives an account of it, the diversified history of its own historiography.

(696) Much more than a dream, a supernatural vision presented a dream mobilised for this purpose, a mysterious interference from the "other world" in this "world" split by the dream. And all this with the aim of bringing about a certain revelation. We'll see what it is.

In a small group, huddled together, we descended a narrow, steep wooden staircase, plunged into darkness, to find ourselves in a short, narrow corridor, as dark as the staircase, but where a rectangle of intense dull white light stood out at the other end: the upper glass half of the front door. As we entered this small corridor, we stopped, gripped by an impulse to wait, by a vague anxiety, not knowing what to do. Then I recognised General de Gaulle, standing in the group, leaning against the wall on the left, his head turned towards the door. 11 There was a sort of obscure hesitation,

like a thrust forward. Immediately afterwards, a violent beam of light from the glass rectangle of the door illuminated the General's immobile head, rendering it incandescent.

That was when I heard myself shout: "General, you are supernaturally beautiful, almost divine. Something miraculous, absolutely unexpected, is . If only we could keep the memory of this vertiginous grace alive, in the depths of our being...". Surrounded by a thin border of intense blue, his head, still leaning against the wall, had in the meantime been covered by an extraordinary light, limpid and ecstatic. Suddenly rejuvenated, the General seemed to have become not just another person, but himself, in his eternal otherworldly identity, glorious, radiant with a kind of haughty bliss, a sanctity that was both triumphant and pacified. With a slight smile on his face and a twinkle in his eye, he remained silent, but his silence called out with unbearable insistence to all those around him. Then the whole scene suddenly seemed to glaze over, swept away by a blinding flash followed by the deepest blackness in which everything seemed to be absorbed and disappear all at once.

Awakened by an obscure jolt, for a long time I kept within me the reverberations of a distraught joy, of an assurance that lifted me up, making me other, more than myself, someone I didn't know. It was two o'clock in the afternoon

- I often fall asleep during the day. I'm certain that the supernatural vision conveyed by this dream revealed the "great secret" General de Gaulle's otherworldly sanctity, which I had just been called to witness so that I could make it known. Isn't that what I've just done?

(697) On an official visit to the Soviet Union, de Gaulle managed to get Stalin to open the French church in Moscow on a Sunday morning, very exceptionally, so that a priest from the embassy could receive him in confession, say mass for him and make him take communion.

(698) "Quand de Gaulle complotait", according to *Le Figaro* of 24 November 1988. his latest book, entitled *The Gaullist Attack on Canada*, he claims that as early as 1963 General de Gaulle mounted a campaign to break up the Canadian Confederation by giving political and financial support to Quebec separatists. The historic words "Vive le Québec libre", uttered in 1967, were just the declamatory tip of a seditious iceberg that has been trying to undermine the Canadian edifice for some thirty years. John Bosher states that no less than thirty-six

high-ranking French officials, acting undercover, are said to have taken part in this operation.

If, in 1967, General de Gaulle had succeeded in his endeavour to recover Quebec as a revolutionary nation, and thus gained a foothold on the other side of the Atlantic, the geopolitics of today's world would not be what it has become under the rule of the current global imperialist conspiracy in Washington. But, once again, what should not have happened did not, because such is the fundamental law of History in progress, its *fundamental inevitability*.

(698) Letter from Oxford, from Professor Richard S.L.M., which I received this very morning. I translate:

"So, my dear, here it is. I admit that it took me far too long to understand it, but now I have to admit that I consider your great novel, The Star of the Invisible Empire, to be without doubt the most important novel of the 21st century, far superior, for example, to Céline's Journey to the End of the Night, or Joyce's Ulysses, etc. And I know exactly what I'm saying, all my students already know it. And I know exactly what I'm talking about, as all my students already know. I think that next autumn I'm going to devote an annual course to your Etoile de l'Empire Invisible, of which I've just ordered a dozen copies from your publisher for my students, and this summer I'll be devoting a hundred-page essay to it for our university editions. An essay in which I promise to say everything. It will be something seismic, a text of upheaval, a text of 'total rupture'. You'll see.

What I find absolutely impossible to understand at the moment is the fact that no one has yet realised the extraordinary prophetic and revolutionary importance of this text, which, in the midst of a dying civilisation, stands as a "sacred book", announcing - beyond all literature, even that of the most extreme avant-garde - the resumption of a new cosmogonic cycle to come, which, as you yourself readily affirm, "may already be here". But, in any case, our times are nothing more than infinitely dark times and, if we want to put it that way, times subject to nameless abjection, /abomination in desolation.

I'm planning to spend a fortnight in Paris this summer with Lavinia, and I very much hope we'll be able to see each other. I'll bring you my essay on Ezra Pound, which has just been published and is currently causing quite a stir here, with many equivocal, angry and idiotic reactions, which produces in me a kind of evil exaltation that is difficult to admit. And yet I can always feel the tutelary shadow of old Ezra behind me, his ardent presence.

bringing back all the paradisiacal mysteries of ['old Italy'], the magical land of his daydreams.

Having somehow suspected that I was writing to you, Lavinia - who is currently working on a very large black and green canvas - asked me to send you her most affectionate greetings. You should know that she is a firm believer in your work, and reads and re-reads it constantly. Just recently, she told me about a dream she had in which she was crossing a swollen river with you, in a chaotic landscape of shattered rocks and vertiginous ravines. It was a dream that made a powerful impression on her and stayed with her for days.

So there is at least one person who understands what there is to understand about *The Star of the Invisible Empire*: Richard S.L.M., a professor at Oxford and, as he calls himself, "a Catholic dissident in the fevered expectation of the Apocalypse".

Where I completely disagree with him is when he draws comparisons between certain major contemporary works. I think that each great book fully represents its time in depth, of which it is, in fact, *the ultimate truth*. All these books are equal, because there is only one History and, consequently, only one and the same literature, where the works and their authors are all equally merged in the central current of this tumultuous river, literature. All the novels form one and the same novel, that of the human tragedy deprived of its original superhumanity, of its lost 'divine part', and of which it never ceases to dream while trying to clandestinely, subversively, recover the vanished part. This immense unconscious dream is perhaps the only thing that counts about the human passage through history, the only testimony we can openly bear to the face of God: the secret song of Ana Livia Pluribella in *Finnegan's Wake*, which is the song of Western literature as a whole, of living literature.

Literature is fundamentally prophecy, it is prophecy itself that constitutes History, and not History, which merely fulfils prophecy. If anything, a book like *The Star of the Invisible Empire* should be considered an anonymous work and used as such.

(As I was thinking about Lavinia and Richard S.L.M. this morning, I remembered that in the front room of their old Oxonian house there is an aviary with golden bars, housing three pairs of turtle-doves, a ritual devotion to a very ancient nuptial cult of Aphrodite to which they consider themselves bound by a 'secret pact'. This is one of the mysteries of this special couple, whose true ties and lifestyle are ultimately unknown. But there is more,

I refuse to ask myself all the troubling questions about them that are raised by what we know about them - very little, to be honest).

(699) On 12 March 2007, at about half past four in the morning, I had a *waking vision* - not a dream at all, I mean - that deeply moved me. As I was praying intensely to the Sacred Heart of Montmartre, I saw a small notebook, perhaps eleven centimetres by five centimetres, with about twenty pages, twelve more, being gently pushed in front of me, as if on a patch of black shadow. A sort of small notebook with pages blackened by time and covered with regular writing in black ink. I soon realised that it was a sacred prophetic testimony to the pronominal mystery of the basilica, concerning the "ultimate mission" of the Sacred Heart, its "supreme secret mission", hidden somewhere in an extremely difficult-to-access excavation in the walls of the building. Hence, too, what seemed to me at the time to be absolutely self-evident, that I had been shown this "little notebook" in order communicate to me the sign - the very sign - of what was now soon to come, the annunciation of my recovery. As it was said, "*You will be restored*", Isaiah, 44/28.

(700) In *Rinascita* of 7 April 2007, an important article by Nando de Angelis (Naples): *El Che e Peron: l'attualità ed legami di due capi carismatici del secolo scorso*.

(701) Nicolas Bonnal writes to me from Monaco, his refuge from the "creeping void":

"Guénon twenty years on. The East, the East, always the East. We can see the result: Islamism financed and armed by the Anglo-Saxons (always them, eh, always them, whereas the real Arabs, unlike Guénon, wanted nationalism, Ba'athism, socialism, the awakening of consciences in relation to a mind-numbing religion. That was the time of Nasser).

The West has been insulted by Guénonians of all stripes for its materialism, and it was precisely the opposite that was true: the West was spiritual, sacrificial, intellectual, nationalist, progressive and Christian. And it has allowed itself to be insulted, and is waiting for the executioner to deliver the coup de grâce or coup de race that will allow it to put an end to its guilty conscience and its weariness.

Guénon talks about the end of an illusion, about the end of the modern world. Strictly speaking, this useful idiot is right: there is no longer any France, no longer any Christianity, no longer any Provence, no longer any azure at the bottom of both. There is a Third World plebeian, the sudras, dominated by the new caste of the

financial and insiders, for whose control a race has been preparing for thousands of years.

The East, with its metacarpal armies, its feudalism, its Islamic-Jewish-Protestant fanaticism, its materialistic baseness, was us. I mean America and its allies. And the West, the Republic, secularism, the nation, the homeland, the modern army - that was the other. By crucifying Iraq, we crucified the idea of the West, the idea of Christian-inspired historical progressivism. The only moral authority to speak out against the Hundred Years' War was the Church. It's clear from the film "300" that the Negro army of the Persian Empire and its bald, pierced, tranny leader have more in common with us than we do with Leonidas. The Persian army is the return of the Guénonian repressed, while the 300 embody the ultimate and dreaded sacrifice of the West. That's why I say to myself now that we're arriving in a truly Guénonian world, that is to say an anti-Catholic world, that we're going to find time very long. We are condemned henceforth to the perpetual present of the Eastern empires.

(702) R. V., passing through Paris on his way to Monaco. He gave me the key (which I couldn't find) to explaining the recent pro-Russian turn - concerning, in fact, the personality of Vladimir Putin - on the part of Saudi Arabia and all the Gulf monarchies. Riyadh's turn is in fact no more than the consequence of the ongoing liquidation, led by Vladimir Putin, of the vast conspiracy set in motion by the Zionist oligarchy in Moscow. Under the harsh privatisations of the Yeltsin era, the Zionist oligarchy tried to seize Russia's major national industries - oil, gas, electricity, aluminium, steel, etc. - with a view to a later privatisation. - with the subsequent aim of seizing power in Moscow, which was fundamentally oriented towards the Atlantic-Zionist camp, the enemy camp of Vladimir Putin's current national and imperial Russia.

(The Islamist uprising in Chechnya is an operation set up, financed and run by the British secret services and their tool on the spot, the Zionist oligarch Boris Berezovski).

(Nor should we ignore the current Judeo-Zionist blockade being erected, in a subterranean as well as overt manner, against the formidable rising tide of fundamentalist revolutionary Islamism. This, in the long term, could change the situation somewhat, in a direction favourable to our own interests).

(703) Things are getting complicated. I hadn't thought about this at all, and it's only now that I realise that the "waking vision" of the

small black notebook with leaves half burnt by time (which would contain the 'last word' of the pronominal mystery of the Basilica of the Sacred Heart of Montmartre) could only reveal its secret if I managed to read what was written in it. So you have to understand that what's in this notebook is the condition of my salvation and deliverance, of my *recovery*; it's *the ultimate key to the passage* to the other state. How can I do this? Everything seems to hinge on ritual obligation of having first read this preventively forbidden, unreachable writing.

This is a new high grace that should be given to me, nothing depends on my own will or my possible superior merits, whatever they may be. The decision concerning the great final revelation must *come from elsewhere*, outside myself and outside this world. Will it happen? When will it happen? In what way? Under what circumstances and where? That's what I keep asking myself. Why should I have been given the first part of this incredible revelation if the second part was not to follow shortly? Should I wait? No, I feel that waiting is not enough, we have to find *something else*.

(704) London is where it all seems to be happening now. What Vladimir Putin calls the "émigré conspiracy" has suddenly changed strategy. Boris Berezovsky has openly moved to a new offensive stage in his campaign against the current national regime in Moscow. At the very moment when the demonstrations against Vladimir Putin's national revolutionary regime, sparked off and paid for underhand by the agencies responsible for diversion on the ground, were suddenly intensifying themselves, mobilising seditious "intellectual groups" and reactivated so-called "democratic forces" in Moscow and all over Russia, Boris Berezovsky told London's *Guardian*:

"To change the current undemocratic regime in Moscow, force must used. Because it is no longer possible to achieve this change by democratic means. There can be no change in Russia other than by force".

There is no possibility of the current regime in Moscow changing through elections. The only way to force a change in this regime is to provoke deep, decisive tension between the country's democratic elites and the government. That's what I'm trying to do now.

I have therefore personally put at the disposal of this company all my economic and political contacts, my own experience of combat and my ideological conceptions, as well as a series of concrete proposals that could contribute to the establishment of a "new world".

total change, a total overthrow of Vladimir Putin's anti-democratic regime.

For the time being, therefore, I have set myself the primary task of organising in depth all the financing needed to get our planned operations up and running.

Boris Berezovsky and the forces behind his conspiratorial activities thus appear to be increasingly engaged in the dangerous dialectic of a strategy of escalation, a strategy that could lead to situations that would quickly become irrevocable. By dint of playing with fire, a fire with unpredictable consequences. But isn't that the ultimate goal of Boris Berezovsky and his shadowy backers, whom we have long since identified?

It is no less certain that Boris Berezovsky's anti-Russian shenanigans are supported, nurtured and directed underhand by a large section - and I do mean section - of the British special services, acting under the thumb of Washington, where it has recently become increasingly obvious that American interventions, direct or indirect, in Vladimir Putin's domestic policy are becoming less and less concealed. Is this a new dialectic *of astonishment*?

The answer to this question seems to me to be truly dramatic. Because the final confrontation between the United States and Russia, desired and already programmed by a certain minority underground in power and already acting underground Washington, at the very centre of American political power, seems to me to represent a mortal danger for Europe and the last civilisation to exist, our civilisation.

(706) From the perspective a certain dialectic of provocation

- that we should consider the liquidation in London of the Kremlin agent Alexander Litvinenko, who had infiltrated Boris Berezovski's apparatus
- assassination which the latter tried to have attributed to the Kremlin, as well as the assassination in Moscow of the Russian director of *Forbes*, Paul Klebnikov, for which his colleague Michael R. In the *Washington Post*, his colleague Michael R. Caputo established that Boris Berezovsky's London group was responsible for the murder, albeit in secret.

Boris Berezovsky's current series of calls - made through and with the singularly complacent complicity of the British press - for subversive action by the so-called "Russian democratic elites" to overthrow Vladimir Putin's national regime by force must also be seen in terms of a strategy of provocation. These are apparently irresponsible calls, but their hidden aim is none other than to bring political relations between London and Moscow to a climax.

I can't help seeing, in the persistence of the repetitive choices of the 'strategy of provocation', the reappearance of a certain atavistic pathology, the origins and miserable prodromes of which are well known. The same abysmal figure emerges from the dark depths. The political, strategic and nuclear encirclement of Putin's Russia and the accelerated intensification of direct and indirect interventions, provocations and high-level subversive political operations within the Russian national space itself, are proof of the existence of a concerted enterprise under way to destabilise and ultimately overthrow the national regime with a grand-continental, "Eurasian" European outlook, which is currently that of Russia.

This attempt at destabilisation is, moreover, nothing more than a political and strategic operation which is itself part of a vast overall plan to prevent the effective implementation of the Greater Continental Europe, with its final Eurasian dimensions.

(707) Henri de Grossouvre, *L'impasse de la coopération Union européenne-Russie, et l'actualité de l'axe Paris-Berlin-Moscou*. In *La Lettre Sentinel*, no. 43-44, January-February 2007. A crucial analysis, revealing a situation on the verge of becoming critical, while offering the prospect of an immediate recovery. It seems to me that this text should become the basis of all future major French foreign policy, and of all European, continental and Eurasian policy.

(707) Jean-Luc Schaffhauser.

(708) Nicolas Sarkozy, in *Défense*, February 2007:

"I am in favour of setting up a National Security Council under the President of the Republic, incorporating as necessary concerns relating to internal security, international issues and military defence. This council should be a forum for discussion and debate, enabling the Head of State to make his decisions in full knowledge of the facts. This body, supported by a permanent secretariat, could also be activated in national or international crisis management situations. It would also provide an opportunity for better national coordination and better use of intelligence. The second conclusion I would draw is that we need to strengthen our ability to mobilise society as a whole to prevent, and if necessary overcome, the threat of terrorism and other technological or natural hazards that could seriously disrupt the life of the nation. I can see nothing but advantages in having a secretariat

General or a civil defence agency be created to foster a spirit of defence and coordinate the mobilisation of the various components of society. Compulsory civic service could be a significant lever in strengthening our response capabilities, for example by reinforcing the intervention resources of the operational reserve".

(709) In a letter from Dominique de Roux to Madalena de Sacadura Botte dated 18 February 1976, these lines about his bodyguard, Colonel Armand Ianarelli, hero of the Biafran war: *"I saw Armand detained for three months, beaten, whipped for three months, forced every day to sleep naked on the cement with no food other than a little millet and dirty water, incommunicado for thirty days in a dark cell with a narrow opening. The toilets were emptied over them. And every night UNITA soldiers would drag a dozen MPLA out of the prison to kill them with rifle butts and bury them under the maize".*

(Dominique de Roux, *Il faut partir. Unpublished correspondence 1953-1977*, Fayard, Paris 2007).

How and why could Armand Ianarelli have been held incommunicado and tortured for three months by UNITA militiamen, when the man whose security he was providing was, at the same time, the main political adviser to Jonas Savimbi, the supreme leader of UNITA? Ianarelli also performed the same functions for Jean-Pierre Rassam; I myself spent a long time with him in Paris before he returned to Africa.

(710) In this morning's Paris press, a paid agent of the current anti-European Atlantic conspiracy takes the liberty of repeating all the theses put forward by the agencies in place concerning the current political situation in Russia: "Vladimir Putin personally orchestrates the Russian dictatorial regime", she headlines her article. This rabid old bitch has been barking her head off for years in the specialised toilets of a certain press convinced of high anti-European treason, and no one has yet bothered to silence her. She's not the only one doing it, because there's a whole pack of scumbags at work, busily adopting the same positions. Jacques Chirac could have brought them to heel, but he didn't, and no one else *dared touch them*. There's something strange about that, which leaves me dreaming. We need to take a closer look. And even closer.

(710) Far from the dubious light of day, which sheds no light, events are taking place in Russia whose formidable political and historical importance, and even, in the final analysis, its importance, is not recognised in the West,

"suprahistoric". Yesterday, 26 March, Vladimir Putin gave his last address to the nation before the new presidential election in March 2008, addressing members of both houses of parliament and the government. "The next address to the nation will be made by a new president", he declared. He once again denounced the intolerable increase in the "flow of money from abroad, used for direct interference in our internal affairs". Should this be seen as a final warning before Moscow reacts decisively? Before the "clean sweep" that many believe is imminent?

Putin also announced that, in response to the current Atlantic attempts to encircle Russia with nuclear weapons and to subvert its national identity, of which he himself is both the creator and the legitimate representative in terms of destiny, he was going to call for "a moratorium on application of the 1990 treaty on the limitation of conventional forces in Europe".

(711) Whatever the most secretive and dramatic twists and turns of my life's journey so , there comes a moment when everything must come to an end, the moment that must give final meaning to this frantic race into darkness and into the powerlessness of authentic being, so that my life can have a destiny of its own. In other words, a preconceived destination, and this destiny may be hidden, indecipherable. So my existence - my passage - will not have been just an idiotic, empty cavalcade, a half-awake dream. Let there therefore appear something like a revelation turned directly towards the other world, towards a trapped eternity, lovingly linked to the tutelary domain of God, of the 'one God'.

But I have a feeling, and I can't hide it from myself, that the decisive - the decision-making - body for this final outcome is about to arrive, that this outcome is almost here.

(So, somewhere, everything fits together. For at this very moment *I* am reading, with heartbreaking sadness - a sadness that is 'as heartbreaking as tearing sheets' - the extraordinary document of life that is Dominique de Roux's intimate correspondence, *Il faut partir* (1953-1977). For anyone capable of understanding it, the existential weight of this book, and its meaning beyond itself, are indeed terrible, unbearable.

In a spectral, indefinite light, this correspondence secretly celebrates an obscure liturgy, a "midnight liturgy" for tragic "midnight reapers". But have I not been, am I not myself, one of these 'midnight ', constantly circling the craggy reliefs of their own probatory hells? Darkness of vanity, or vanity of darkness?)

I dare to believe that, now, I will finally understand what God wanted to do with me. Whether everything will return to nothingness, or whether *final restoration* will be granted to me, according to the prophetic words of Isaiah, *You will be restored* (Isaiah, 44/28).

(712) Who is God? Can this question really be asked? A person of absolutely human being and appearance, without beginning or end, but of eternal youth, creator and absolute master of all the visible and invisible universes, of the History of humanity and of the life of every human person. Who stands somewhere in the immensity of space on high with his wife Mary, and his son Jesus Christ seated at his right hand with Mary Magdalene; with, also, at his side, the Holy Spirit Paracet and Saint Sophie; as well as, standing in front of Him, the "Angel of the Face", the Archangel Michael. And all His saints surrounding Him, like an immense crown of living light, and the teeming immensity of saved souls.

Every living human being who inwardly addresses Him through the sacred way of prayer is heard by God at that very moment, and completely. So everything is in anticipation of what called the Apocalypse, the coming on earth of the "Heavenly Jerusalem". When will the Apocalypse come? In this world and the next, it is the secret of secrets, the *absolute secret*.

As for the date of that day, or the hour, no one knows them, not the angels in heaven, not the Son, no one but the Father (Mark XIII, 32).

(713) Today I found 'Laure' in the street, only to lose her immediately afterwards. I was on the 63 bus in the rue du Vieux-Colombier when I suddenly saw her striding along the left-hand pavement, staring straight ahead, wearing a khaki military jacket over her shoulders and a white miniskirt that showed off her long legs. Because of the heavy traffic, the bus was moving at a snail's pace; I had been at her level all the way down the street, without her seeing me. Then I lost sight of her; she'd down the rue du Cherche-Midi. When my bus stopped at Sèvres-Babylone, I got out in a hurry, chasing after her on rue du Cherche-Midi. To no avail. She must have gone home somewhere. I discreetly patrolled the area until late in the evening, but I had to face the facts: I'd lost her.

I've just spent a sleepless night in a state of suicidal despondency. How could this happen? Why did I finally find her, only to lose her again? What am I supposed to understand? Who is behind all this? A hallucination, perhaps? Not at all. I know who I am, I know what I see, I know what I want. More like a provocation, to see how I react. Is the advent of the Last One a secret game?

THE LIMPID GLACIERS DAWN

Whoever has power, has reality.

Caleb Carr, *The Italian Secretary*

(714) A secret game, indeed. And also a game that is tragically risky, merciless and destituting. Because, let's face it, the advent of the "Last" always calls for the very narrow rock of the greatest danger to be advanced over the supraspatial abyss of the ultimate heavens and the anti-heavens. And, at the same time, to the supreme step forward, over the void. Who carries, or who doesn't. But *the choice is made elsewhere*.

(715) In speaking above of the Almighty, I have somehow failed to address what seems to me to be the central mystery of His creative identity, namely the inconceivable love He has vowed to the human race and continues to show. Didn't He give His own Son as a holocaust for the final salvation of humanity, for the resurrectional overcoming of the human condition towards the liberating opening towards eternity that was guaranteed by the Elevation of the Cross? Did He not take Mary as His wife, whose immaculate conception and final assumption made a human creature into an uncreated being - a divine being - equal to Himself? Is not humanity's ultimate destiny that of its own divinisation? Is not the impenetrable mystery of the human race that of its final resorption in God? Love thus becoming charity, and charity then becoming love again?

The Church should be as pure as elite division," writes Dominique de Roux.

(716) After an absence of three years, Dr Henri M. is back in Paris (he was in Seattle). Today we had a late lunch together at Lipp. At the end of our lunch, he told me about a phenomenon that deeply disturbed me, that appalled me to the last degree: in the United States, bees are in the process of disappearing, their colonies are reduced to

%. Entire swarms desert their hives and die. In the first , it is undoubtedly the vast expanses of transgenic crops that should be incriminated, but there is something more, deep down, *hidden*, objectively indiscernible. We know that, symbolically, the *disappearance of bees* - ancient Egypt to the day - heralds the imminent end of this world, following a sudden, total, unremedied cosmic catastrophe. I don't know whether this holocaust of the bees will spread to Europe, but deep down I fear it will. Emerging from the depths of the centuries, from ages past, this apocalyptic prefiguration measured by the disappearance of the bees is a sign of disaster that we must not ignore, a veil of mourning that stretches over this world and ourselves.

(717) I can't deny my morbid passion for Robert Aldrich's great black-and-white film *Kiss me Deadly* (*En quatrième vitesse*), 1955, which will be shown again television on 10 May. I saw this film at least four times, the last time with V., in the old Place Saint-Sulpice cinema, which has since disappeared. On her return from Strasbourg, she was hiding out at a friend's house on rue de Rivoli. I think it there, in those spellbound circumstances, that the

"The 'fatal link' of our shared experience of love, transmigrating through the empty mansions of death, the forbidden spheres of the eternal not-forgetting that keeps us so far apart.

(Two other American films from the same period and with a similar orientation also had a violent impact on me and still do: Otto Preminger's *Laura* and John Frankenheimer's *The Manchurian Candidate*. At the time, I wrote an in-depth essay these three films, but *Cahiers du Cinéma* didn't want it, and I later mislaid the text. At the time, I didn't understand *the abysmal impact* of these three films).

(718) One thing is *absolutely certain*: the time for the "final decision" has already come. The following political combat document, entitled *The Third World War has begun*, will shortly be published in booklet form by DVX. About a thousand copies have been sent to "revolutionary decision-makers" in Greater Europe and Latin America, so that a certain ideological-strategic current can be set in motion and developed. Here is the full text of this document, which I quote deliberately - the course of current planetary history depends on it

:

"What seems both very strange and extremely worrying is that no one has yet dared to say what really needs to be said about the extremely serious problem of accelerated installation Eastern of the American nuclear counter-strategic encirclement system, of American nuclear counter-strategic encirclement system designed to intercept any waves of nuclear salvos from across the Dnieper before they can reach their targets in the West (whether the American interception system concerns a danger Iran or North Korea, as Washington claims, is a laughable diversion).

In reality, this American project, which is in the process of set up, has a completely different meaning.

In other words, to lock in the Russian nuclear counter-strategic response to the first American offensive nuclear salvo aimed at Russia's Eurasian space. This proves the premeditation of the Americans, the secret designs of Washington's offensive doctrine. For is not a defensive device, but the counterpart to a US plan for strategic nuclear encirclement on a planetary scale, which suddenly exposes the objectives and offensive intentions of the current US global imperialist conspiracy.

The American missile defence system in Eastern Europe therefore provides - while at the same time endeavouring to conceal the obvious - an absolutely certain assurance that a major American grand-strategic project has already been programmed, aimed at immediately putting a nuclear offensive concept into operational condition in the direction of the Russian side of the Eurasian continent. So it is not a question, as is claimed in Washington, of blocking a possible strategic nuclear undertaking by Iran, North Korea, etc., but, on the contrary, of preventing Russia's counter-offensive response to an Atlantic offensive across the continent, of blocking Russia's response to the American offensive "first salvo", in the knowledge of the - absolutely decisive - importance of the "first salvo" in any nuclear engagement.

In any case, there is absolutely no point in trying to defuse the current situation: any attempt at a minimalist interpretation of it would a diversionary tactic that would further Washington's current unconquerable designs. In any case, we must the risk of looking things in the face and accepting to understand the most dramatic implications of the facts in question.

An American nuclear attack on the Russian side of the Eurasian continent would be a catastrophe of incalculable consequences, the final spasm of a civilisation adrift at sea, which would in no way spare the United States . For the final Russian-American settlement of accounts would be tantamount to the collective suicide of a civilisation condemned to perish on a planetary scale.

For a revolutionary and liberating mobilisation

Unless a revolutionary mobilisation of a recovery front is declared in response to the threat represented by the project of subversive political subjugation "to the democratic model and will" of the American world conspiracy, a liberating revolutionary mobilisation responding to subjugation and alienation subversively imposed wherever the American will to dominate manifests itself, and at the level where it is posed and acts.

However, this anti-American planetary mobilisation will never happen by itself. In any case, it will have to be defined in terms of a unitary anti-subversive ideology concerning the entire American global imperialist concept, as well as in terms of a doctrine of counter-strategic action operational on all fronts of the American "global democratic" enterprise, both current and future.

This double anti-imperialist doctrine, ideological-political and counter-strategic, operational, on the ground, would have, as I see it, four immediate fields of application: the greater continental, "Eurasian" Europe; the great-continental revolutionary reintegration of Latin America; the counterweight of an accelerating, self-defeating China. To which we must add the final, planetary mobilisation of all the underground revolutionary forces of liberation rising up against the "democratic" imperialism of the United States.

(1) The largest "Eurasian" continental Europe

Clearly, it is the ideological, politico-strategic and military, economic and industrial, cultural and religious reintegration of the Europe, The ultimate goal of the revolutionary emergence of the largest "Eurasian" continental Europe is none other than - in the final analysis - the imperial resurgence of the Roman Empire. The ultimate objective of the revolutionary emergence of a greater continental, "Eurasian" Europe is none other - in the final analysis - than the imperial resurgence of the Roman Empire, the monolithic affirmation of a unitary, over-activated civilisation, recognising a suprahistorical predestination supported by the imperial pathos of a "polar", great-European ontological nationalism.

Admittedly, the current state of will undeniably show that this imperial, "Eurasian" reintegration of the largest Europe appears, for the moment, to be completely inconceivable. But History - "great history" - in its forward march does not have to take account of material circumstances, supposedly "objective", whatever they may be, whose influence it would seem to have to undergo, which would determine its course.

, in the abyssal depths where its course is occultly decided, "great history" must take into account, exclusively, its own decision-making criteria, which are entirely irrational, of a suprahistorical and supernatural nature, "providential". So, against all odds, everything in history is permissible, provided that it is underpinned by the Heideggerian "resolute decision", something like that which is called upon to define the mysterious emergence of a Novissima Aetas.

In other words, the expected advent of the largest "Eurasian" continental Europe appears to be above all the result of an irrational, decisive, over-activated political-historical will for renewal, the total "triumph of the will". All it takes is for a predestined consciousness to recognise itself as such, for a transcendental voice to resonate in the inner space of the continental consciousness of Greater Europe, for what needs to be done to happen, "as if in a dream". In this way, for the rest of us, "everything returns to the zone of supreme attention".

At the immediately political level of the reintegration of the greater Europe, the most difficult problem at present is that of Russia, insofar as anti-Russian resistance persists for apparently quite diverse reasons, the most actively important of which is that of the underground work tirelessly pursued by centres of unacknowledged, occult origins, belonging to advanced subversive action structures, brought online a long time ago by the Atlantic agitation apparatuses established in continental Europe. And whose "password

The term "democracy" is "democracy". What's more, the same organisations are operating inside Russia itself.

Everything comes back to the fundamentally subversive concept of "democracy". It is democracy that is destroying the European civilisation of the end, our last hope of a new Western historical recovery. Our fight for liberation and survival must therefore be against "democracy". Replacing the nocturnal chaos and devastating whirlwinds of "democracy" with the sacred ontological hierarchies of a civilisation that owes its existence to the inner affirmation of being in its most paroxysmal vital ardour - this is our supreme revolutionary task today, which is also our final task, our task at the end of the cycle.

However, the miserable prevarications of the current abject leaders of the European Union have finally exasperated Vladimir Putin, who two years ago was at the forefront of the fight for the integration of Europe and Russia into the wider Europe. He has now backtracked, recently declaring in the official press directly answerable to the Kremlin: "Moscow does not intend to join European Union in the foreseeable future, nor will seek any other form of association with

this one". It remains for us to try to bring Vladimir Putin back to a de facto situation, forcing him to reverse his decision to reject Russia's integration into Greater Europe. So that Russia can without further delay take its rightful place within the European Union - within the largest continental, "Eurasian" Europe - a place that is predestined, decisive, a place that radiates.

(2) The reintegration of Latin America into the great continent

It is in his political thought and in his more confidential governmental activities that the essential positions of General Juan Domingo Peron are revealed, to constitute, in the final analysis, the true revolutionary doctrine of the final reintegration of the whole of Latin America into a vast unitary continental space. And this doctrine is precisely the one that expresses, mobilises and drives forward the current Latin American grand continental movement under the leadership of the new generation of charismatic leaders who have recently appeared on the front line, the most important of whom is the President of Venezuela, Hugo Chavez.

Throughout the years that General Juan Domingo Peron was in power in Argentina, an indomitable secret will underpinned all his own national and continental political commitments: that working towards the total and accelerated politico-historical reintegration of the entire Latin American continent. During his attempt to integrate Argentina and Chile in the 1960s, General Peron formally declared that if, by the end of the second millennium, the reintegration of the entire Latin American continent had not been achieved, "all was lost, and there will be nothing left to do". With a few decades to go, his prophetic judgement remains entirely valid. I myself am convinced that there is not the slightest doubt about this.

*In one of my recent activist writings, entitled *Le tournant latino-américain*, published by DVX in 2007, I succinctly defined the conditions for an immediate resumption of the revolutionary struggle for the final politico-historical reintegration of the Latin American continent. The time has indeed come for the problem of the reintegration of the Latin American continent to be posed once again, and this time, it is to be hoped, in a definitive manner. I quote*

"The initial upheaval of the great intercontinental revolutionary movement currently gathering pace in Latin America was caused by Hugo Chavez's recent socialist and national commitment in Venezuela, a commitment that was profound, irreversible and total, which was transmitted immediately by reverberation,

to Bolivia, where it triumphed with the accession to power of Evo Morales and his new regime, which professes the same views as that of Hugo Chavez.

At the same time, the Venezuela-Bolivia revolutionary axis immediately found favourable echoes - and no doubt much more than that - in Argentina and Brazil. The Peronist regime of Nestor Kirschner in Argentina and the national socialist regime of Lula da Silva in Brazil could not fail to recognise that they were closely linked to what was happening revolutionarily in Venezuela and Bolivia, and which already affected the future political destiny of Latin America as a whole. The current situation therefore appears to be exceptionally propitious for an overall revolutionary upsurge that will ultimately affect the entire Latin American continental geopolitical space".

Caught between, on the one hand, the largest "Eurasian" Europe, fully integrated into the order of a new total imperial and revolutionary geopolitical concept and, on the other hand, a Latin America that has regained its ultimate continental unity, acting and irrepressibly moving forward, the current planetary "democratic" conspiracy of the United States will lose all freedom to impose its subversive law wherever it tries to do so at present. All the more so as, at the same time, Washington must also confront China.

(3) China as a global superpower

The third element of resistance to the American planetary showdown, China, is rising up to stand in its own way against Washington's claims to global "democratic domination", emerging as the new superpower that will pose a direct challenge to the United States over the next ten years. China is on the march towards its new great destiny.

By constantly and exorbitantly superintensifying the added weight of its expanding global presence, China is making an decisive contribution to changing the balance of power between the powers currently competing for global leadership.

However, it is probably not out of the question that, faced with the outcry of a common global front against the United States - the largest continental Eurasian Europe, the Latin American continent, reintegrated into its original unity, and China - the conspiratorial groups currently holding, in a more or less clandestine way, the political power

in Washington are going to have to change - modify - their grand plans for "democratic domination", by suspending the threat of nuclear blackmail that they are now exercising on a global scale.

Henry Kissinger has just declared that China's rise to economic and political power is irreversible. And he continues, still talking about China: "When the world's centre of gravity shifts from one region to another, and another country suddenly becomes very powerful, history teaches that conflict is inevitable.

A strategic centre for global revolutionary action

At the present time, therefore, there is an extreme need for a politico-revolutionary movement on a planetary scale, operationally integrating into a single common front all the "anti-democratic" and "anti-American" political currents which are now in action wherever they appear, "in the open" or underground".

So we need to start thinking now about setting up a "central strategic directorate" to coordinate and bring together all the specific initiatives belonging to the general, supranational movement, committed to blocking the apparently inexorable march of the United States' planetary "democratic" conspiracy.

Fronts, political parties and movements, rallies, ideological or cultural organisations, geopolitical research groups, philosophical or spiritual circles, university unions, etc., should be the target of the politico-strategic work of general coordination of the "central strategic leadership", which should be the decisive commanding body of the whole planetary "anti-democratic" front rising up against the current subversive movement of the United States.

This "central strategic directorate" will therefore have to act as a sort of governmental operating body for all the available resources of our people, committed to the "anti-democratic" cause of liberation, acting against the permanent nuclear blackmail exercised by Washington.

Once again, I am convinced that, for the time being, the fundamental task that falls to us should be that of urgently organising this "central strategic leadership" integrating the supranational whole of the active resistance of our people to the forces of the Atlantic conspiracy in place. A task whose inconceivable difficulties should not prevent us from acting without delay: it would only take a "small number" of clear-sighted and determined revolutionary elements - totally clear-sighted and totally determined - to set in motion the original whirlwind of the great planetary counter-strategic movement.

already looming on the horizon of the current history of this world, which has in any case become a twilight world, the world of a history that is coming to an end. All it would take is a "few" to overturn everything. But what needs to be done, we will certainly do. And in due course.

Taking the fight to the heart of the United States

Finally, to further counter the United States' paranoid commitment to its "democratic" fantasies, there is also the subversive, concerted underground action aimed at exacerbating its own internal tensions to the point of slowing down, if not completely blocking, its political and strategic ventures into the outer space of the planetary ambitions that possess and drive them. Attacking the enemy from within one's own camp.

To maintain, in the form of a sustained series of secret interventions from within, exacerbated to extremes and powerfully concerted, the increasingly unbearable pressure of certain currents of the "traditional" anti-government national opposition, thus succeeding in bringing about a break in, and then a complete change in, the line of unacceptable positions currently held by the United States. We must not, however, conceal the fact that this is a long-term operation with very considerable demands. But in the United States, the land of John and Robert Kennedy, nothing is impossible.

One last question: can we find out who our people are who will make up the "small number" of people in charge of the "central strategic management" that is supposed to control the great final intercontinental battle that is already under way? No, we can't know who they are at the moment. Absolutely not. And we certainly don't know who the "supreme leader" of the "central strategic management" is at present. "Unknown to all". Only when "the time comes".

L'Esprit est né, et il se développe (Georges Soulès, La fin du nihilisme, Paris 1942).

The absolutely new destiny of an absolutely different world

Of course, most of these considerations may seem - and they undoubtedly are - extremely dangerous. But the real testimonies to a certain hidden history always appear, one would think, to be the most shocking, when the masks 'fall away' and the troubling 'ultimate truth' of History resurfaces.

For we are not choirboys, and we know perfectly well where we stand when it comes to the 'forbidden underbelly' of 'great history'. So the real purpose of this document is not to be seen as an essay of a metahistorical nature and with metahistorical aims that are far removed from reality but, on the contrary, as an attempt to draw up a series of operational analyses that can be used strategically with a view to an overall politico-strategic undertaking of planetary dimensions, for which I intend that we should assume full responsibility in the field.

At the very time when all would appear to be irretrievably lost, it is the turn of those who stubbornly stand on the ultimate margins of History to intervene in the struggle, even and especially if the chips seem to be down. Our time, then, is the time of the end after the end of History, the time of abysmal decisions and actions whose goals no longer count, but only a certain revolutionary will to act that carries us beyond ourselves and beyond everything. When things unravel in the face of the vertiginously empty space of an unthinkable ontological renewal, of the Heideggerian Unvordenklich.

For it is only to the extent that everything has become impossible that another possibility - the impossible beyond the impossible, the "anti-possible" - suddenly comes within our reach, and enables us to act accordingly, and to build everything by destroying everything on higher orders. The planetary "democratic" attempt by the United States then serves as our threshold of trial and immediate strategic horizon for the fulfilment of our destiny, the absolutely new destiny of a different world.

The present document is therefore addressed solely to certain survivors of the fire, certain survivors of recent European history, to whom it delivers the new "passwords" of a clandestine gathering with a view to a clandestine revolutionary enterprise situated beyond History, destined to open up before us the inconceivable paths of another History and another destiny: that what is may no longer be, and that what has been may once again come to be, following the burning mystery of the "occult reversal of the poles". "We will march over your corpses, and once again we will shatter History.

At the same time, we must never forget that, mysteriously, it is in France and from France that the final game will have to be played, because that's how it was decided "from the highest heaven". It will therefore be in the unconscious underpinnings of a certain deep, hidden France that the saving decision lies, and it doesn't matter how abominably spiritually and politico-historically degenerate France is at present, because powers of a different order will have to fight the "final battle" there. It is therefore urgent that our people
- whatever their

many - are already gathering, ready to seize the great rising wave.

May the present document enlighten the paths of those who feel called to mount the assault on the current secret conspiracies of non-being, and to prevail as planned.

(152) A providential current is emerging from Rome: Benedict XVI, the encyclical *Caritas in veritate*. In *Le Figaro* on 8 July 2009, Etienne de Montety wrote: "We remember Pascal's question: "What is man in nature? Benedict XVI's question is comparable: "What is man in the global crisis? "A nothingness with regard to the infinite", proposed the author of the *Pensées*. "A whole in relation to nothingness", the Pope might echo.

(153) At the end of a working dinner at my place, we took the decision - with six participants - to put into action, as soon as possible, a *European Confederation of the Free Thought*, a union overall politico-strategic combat.

We have already drawn up an initial list of around thirty French and European publications which are bound to respond positively to this project, for which I think we should entrust the general secretariat to Arnaud Guyot-Jeannin.

(718) The *Madrid* ideological-strategic operation involves the targeted dissemination, in operationally appropriate circles, of the political combat file entitled *The Third World War has begun*. This document constitutes the only conceivable political response of the current concept of the greater Europe to the final planetary offensive of the United States, an offensive which is both visible and invisible, "underground", and which "occult powers" are conducting for as yet unspeakable ends. The current political identity of the United States is no more than an appearance, the United States no longer exists: it has been secretly replaced, within itself, by something else, by an unidentifiable will that does not belong to this world. But there are still a few of us who have managed to identify it, and who are acting with full knowledge of the facts.

So when Nicholas Burns, US Assistant Secretary of State for Political Affairs, tried to define Washington's current political positions in a recent interview, he resorted to a dialectic of offensive and misleading strategic disinformation. The current global political situation is, in fact, extremely critical.

(719) In addition to France, this document is currently distributed in Italy, Spain, Argentina, Russia and Germany, but we have not yet been able to find the best channel for its operational penetration in India. We will therefore have to rely on C. C. G., who is based in New Delhi. But, in the end, I may have to go there myself. In any case, India is entirely turned towards Europe; it is India and not China that is destined to decisively determine the future of the "Great Continent".

Savitri Devi Mukerji: *"It is in France that the Supreme Saviour of the End will appear, the Kalki awaited, in the millennia, by sacred Indian cosmology. But his powers and his enlightenment will come to him from India, through an Indian woman of European origin, when the times are over. She herself will then emerge the deepest night of oblivion, from a tragic amnesia, from a deathly illness that will have lasted for many years. I also know that she will come from the Land of the Heights."*

(720) For the new literary season, I have 'planned' the publication of two previously unpublished novels, *Dans la forêt de Fontainebleau* and *Un retour en Colchide*, and an essay, *Cinq chemins secrets dans la nuit*. -

(722) Could the recent discovery - or supposed discovery, you never know - of Herod's tomb in Jerusalem provide suprahistorical legitimisation for the current State of Israel? Does the "Massacre of the Innocents" have the power to once again mobilise the "powers of darkness" that its execution once aroused? Will the severed head of John the Baptistthe Forerunner, speak again? Somewhere, in the greatest secrecy, is a Saviour preparing to come to us? The Great Saviour of the End, who will descend from the highest heavens? Is the *ritorno dei tempi* imminent?

Doesn't the discovery of a powerful reactivated symbol always generate a certain return of the signs that this symbol implied in itself, a processional return of the symbol's ancient signifying powers? If a series of symbols announced in this way, what kind of discovery can we expect after Herod's tomb?

(723) In the wasteland that has formed along the trench of the old Auteuil ring railway, I discovered a bubbling spring of water (which could just as well be the product of burst pipe) near the Raffet bridge. As this has been going on for several days, and the flow seems to be increasing, it must be a new or very old natural water that is resurfacing.

How could I not *see a sign* there? I have named this new source water, I, *the Awakened One*, and I have made a gravelled outlet for it; I drink from it ritually twice a day.

(724) For some time now, almost every night, with slight variations, I've been having the same worrying dream with "Laure". We are staying temporarily in a "inn", somewhere near Deauville (I think). Every morning we go down for breakfast, quite late, on the terrace behind the inn, overlooking a large, somewhat neglected garden. "Laure" goes upstairs to get a jumper. "It's a bit chilly this morning," she says. When she didn't come back, I decided to go up and see what she was doing.

As I start up the stairs, the young waitress grabs me by the side of my jacket and shouts: "No, sir, no, don't go up there! Behind my back, I realise, the people seated on the terrace are sniggering discreetly, waving to each other. They already know what I don't know.

As I reached the first floor, I was suddenly confronted by a high wall of greyish concrete, vaguely painted with white, which prevented me from passing. Nothing to be done, I end up going back down. The hostel has given way to a completely unfamiliar place, a derelict old house with broken windows and a front door blocked rubble. Further on, an obviously disused railway line, and empty fields stretching into infinity. No one left.

"What's going on, I dreaming? Yes, I can only dream. I have to hold on to this dream at all costs, otherwise I'm lost." I realise that I'm not dreaming, that there's *something else going on here*. Something I don't dare, something I refuse to imagine. "Laure has lost her way again. The whole world just capsized into a space of parallel alienation, under the unspeakable regency of nothingness, total extinction, powerlessness and oblivion without return. I was no longer of this world.

That's when I woke up, my heart and my breath coming in short gasps.

The dream itself. And its *repetition*. There's definitely something they want me to know, far beyond the distressing circumstances of the dream I've just escaped. But what is it they want me to know? The dream itself - the *same dream* every time - must contain some encrypted meaning that I can't grasp, that I'm forbidden to understand. A terrible nausea takes hold of me each time, which fades with the dawn (not always, because sometimes I'm left with a secret, persistent darkness that troubles me and hurts me a lot, that poisons me subterraneanly all day long).

(725) The spring has more or less flooded the bottom of the trench over a distance of fifteen metres or so, and the local authority officials are likely to notice this and intervene to plug it up. In any case, the Réveillée won't last long, I know that.

(726) Barbet Schroeder's film (which I haven't seen yet), *L'avocat de la terreur*, an investigation into Jacques Vergès, will be at the 60' Festival de Cannes and in cinemas next June. As I know Barbet Schroeder, it was kind of inevitable that he would end up in the running with the mysterious and fascinating character of Mr Vergès. They are made for each other and their meeting must have crackled like the meeting of iron and flint that sets the savannah ablaze.

In an interview with *Le Monde* (12 May 2007), Barbet Schroeder said that he wanted to *"paint a portrait of the indiscriminate terrorism of the last fifty years"*. He adds: *"We know that the attacks in London and Madrid are our future for the next ten years. It was therefore interesting to unravel the history of what led us to this situation."*

How did his meeting with Jacques Vergès come about, he was asked: *"By telling him that I wanted to try to understand him, that I had something in common with him and that I wanted to know more. As for the crucial question of whether he had been able to solve the enigma of Mr Vergès' 'disappearance' between 1970 and 1978, Barbet Schroeder replied: 'This is the stuff of spy novels. There's an investigation and a mystery. People think he was in Cambodia, but the film shows something else. That's the suspense part of this documentary. I thought it was a good idea to start with Vergès' denial of the Cambodian genocide. I made the film like a fiction, a spy thriller and a detective story, in which you discover things'."*

But Barbet Schroeder goes even further: *"I had an idea,"* he says, *"of what it meant to live under the threat of terrorism. From that point of view, I thought we were living disconnected from reality. On 11 September, when I saw the first plane, I said to myself that at least the Americans were going to get back to reality. What comes next could be a nightmare. All it takes is one more large-scale attack in the United States or Europe and we're back into emergency law. The idea that we're on the brink of a catastrophe, and that it depends on a terrorist, makes you think."*

For the life of me, I can't understand Barbet Schroeder's fears "emergency laws". Isn't this a case of necessity?

In other words, is it an inescapable operational strategy, in the face of which to balk is to implicitly declare oneself on the side of what Barbet Schroeder himself calls "the terrorist threat"?

But that's not the point; what's really important, it seems to me, is the level of cinematic expression to which his film can objectively lay claim. And something tells me that it's not impossible for *The Terrorist's Advocate* to claim the right to represent the first act of what would already constitute the active concept of the *new tragedy*. For a new foundational concept is already asserting itself on the horizon of the current decisive movement in Western culture, the concept of the *new tragedy*.

So let's not wait any longer to agree on the terms. To date, Barbet Schroeder has made a number of feature films, all of which have met with perfectly justified interest and acclaim. But I'd like to point out a peculiarity of his films that is as decisive as it is over-activating: in order to *grasp* their *essence*, you have to take account not just of the film in question, but of the body of work as a whole, within which this film must be situated in its place, dialectically integrated, along a common line of depth whose secret breath and secret advance it thus appears to be absolutely imperative that we be in a position intercept. An ontological *line of depth* that subterraneanly decides everything. It is therefore certain that *The Terrorist's Advocate* risks being, in a way, the proof in action of an abrupt, desperate sincerity, revealing another reality, a reality that has already been turned upside down and inside out, making it perhaps Barbet Schroeder's best film, the one that manages to lay him most bare. In any case, it is already close, even very close, to the active dialectic of what we have just called the *new tragedy*.

The avant-garde, subterraneanly accountable for the current Western cultural revolution, shows itself to be, how could one still doubt it, entirely indebted to the concept of the *new tragedy*. Someone has to say it: *L'avocat de la terreur* is an otherworldly film, just as Jacques Vergés himself is an otherworldly character. For the proper space of the *new tragedy* is, precisely, the otter-world. The *new tragedy* is that from now on we can only assert ourselves after the end of the world, because the *new tragedy* is itself the end of this world.

(As a , A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square).

(727) The Roman daily *Rinascita* has just published the Italian version of my combat document *The Third World War Has Begun*, changing the title to *I piani di guerra di Washington* (*Washington's Pianos of War*).

titled *Una minaccia nucleare contre la Russia, ma il vero obiettivo, come sempre, è Europa*).

(728) In an editorial by Patrick Grainville, *Le Figaro Littéraire* focuses on Eric Rohmer's novel *La maison d'Elisabeth*, which has just been re-released by Gallimard. *The young girls*," writes Patrick Grainville, "are in their pale dresses, on the banks of the rivers where we swim, in fine weather or under the threat of a storm. Their bodies drip under the trees and their skin moulds to the fabric. The flesh of the girls reveals the mischievous games of their souls. And also: "However, behind this splendid nature, captured in the mobility and eternity of its cycles, pierces a sadness whose secret nuance is the tone of this new novel. It is an art in which nature, far from being naturalistic, has already achieved its supernatural autonomy."

(728) *Mulholland Drive*, film by David Lynch, 2001. How, yes, how could a work of such supreme class have seen the light of day in a civilisation alienated without return by the most narrow-minded, the most unconditional materialism, as the so-called civilisation of the United States is today?

A work by David Lynch that dangerously - very dangerously, dangerously in the extreme - lifts the floor of reality to surprise, hidden beneath it, the completely concealed relations of our personal and group consciousness, their nightmarish, mediumistically working wheels. lies immediately behind, immediately hidden beneath the reality of this world is revealed in the secret inter-human embraces of our nocturnal sub-consciousness and the savagely unleashed games of all the criminal lusts, of the over-activated dementia reigning unchallenged below the acceptable, falsely diurnal level of our social consciousness. You have to understand that everything down there is satanic, subject to the spasmodic laws of the bestial irrationality of the asphyxiating chiaroscuro of non-being trying to imitate - to pretend to imitate - is happening ontologically in the regions of being that are forbidden to it.

Mulholland Drive has absolutely nothing to do with David Lynch's other films, which are all subaltern, imbecilic and 'social'. It's as if someone else had written this film for him. The hairy monster that suddenly appears in the backyard of a restaurant and, by the sheer terror of its presence, kills the man who *was desperate to see*, represents the key symbol of the film, and even more so of the *film itself*. If you get caught up in the film's inner spiral, there's a risk that you won't be able to go back, that you won't be able to close the trapdoor.

For David Lynch's film is in fact the story - the *mise-en-scène* - of his own disintegration in progress, and hence of a certain total disintegration of this world, leading to the superb final sequence of the general tipping over into total collective insanity, coinciding in an implied way with a definitive takeover by the Underworld.

In the final analysis, *Mulholland Drive* signifies and heralds the perhaps irreversible commitment of today's so-called American civilisation to a hellish conclusion, to the increasingly paroxysmal petition of its takeover by the occult powers of the nocturnal underpinnings of this world. By their fatal slide under the Regency of Darkness.

(729) Ian Rankin, *La Colonne des chagrins*, éditions du Masque, Paris 2005. (English title *The Facts*, translated by Daniel Lemoine). It is not that the murders of young women should necessarily be signalled by the depositing of small wooden coffins containing a rag doll; on the contrary, it is this ritual depositing in certain places of a small coffin containing a doll that is demanded by the murders of young women. This dialectic, which inverts the modalities of this world's reality, proposes the magical overcoming of the signified by the signifier. Hence the strangely dreamlike atmosphere of this long novel, which refuses to say what it might actually have to say, thus exhibiting a deliberately distorted reality in place of the truth, which slips away indefinitely so that its terrifying secret of criminal witchcraft can be kept out of reach. And this until the end, and beyond the end of this novel, which is entirely trapped. A bewitched - bewitching and bewitching - bewitched novel. Literature as a special experience of certain black abysses, present at the call.

(730) During the high mass for the feast of the Ascension, the Patriarch of the Russias, Alexis II, and Metropolitan Laure, Primate of the Russian Church Abroad, are due to sign together in Moscow, in the Cathedral of Christ the Saviour, the fundamental canonical act re-establishing the internal unity of the Russian Orthodox Church, which will thus find itself reinstated in its former integrity, after eighty years of effective separation. The internal rupture of the Russian Orthodox Church, caused by the Bolshevik revolution, will thus come to an end, in the presence of members of the imperial Romanov family. President Vladimir Putin himself will be present at this "great mass of reunification".

Destroyed by Stalin, the Cathedral of Christ the Saviour was symbolically rebuilt identically by Boris Yeltsin. It was here that the martyred Tsar Nicholas II and his family were canonised in 2005, in the presence of the Russian President. On the subject of the reunification of Russia's two Orthodox Churches, he said

has just declared: "This is truly one of those absolutely decisive events, which profoundly mark the forward march of history, both for the life of our Church and for that of our society as a whole.

Two days after this ceremony, near Moscow, Patriarch Alexis II and Metropolitan Laure will consecrate a new church dedicated to the martyrs and confessors of the Bolshevik period - the process of exorcising the times of bloody darkness will not stop any time soon. Today, the Orthodox Church, once again the central pillar of Russia's greatest imperial and eschatological history in continuity, is in the active vanguard of the movement from the depths that is once again rising up to make Russia the living Eucharist of the suprahistorical revolutionary renewal of the greatest continental Europe, of the Great Eurasian Continent that the Romanovs had never stopped dreaming of.

For his part, Vladimir Putin, the inspired architect of the reunification of Russian Orthodoxy, is also - as some of us already know - the unfailing and providential promoter of the final reintegration of Orthodoxy and Catholicism. His personal vision of the future imperial rise of the Great Continent is the last chance for an unexpected supra-historical renewal of Western civilisation, which is apparently irrevocably doomed by its own ongoing suicidal movement.

(731) It is the ancient paradoxical mystery of the "return of time" that governs Gallimard's recent republication of Eric Rohmer's novel *La maison d'Elisabeth*, written in 1944 and published in 1946. But didn't T. S. Eliot write, in *Burnt Norton*, "If time exists beyond time, time cannot be redeemed"? Indeed, it is as if Eric Rohmer's subsequent cinema - seventeen feature films - had no hidden purpose other than to place in its true light - its definitive light - this novel with its implicit visionary reverberations, containing in a singularly germinative way what was to be the intimate future of the last sixty years of contemporary French literature, their rear-view mirror.

La maison d'Elisabeth could therefore be, in a way, the unique act, the secret milestone around which the constitutional states of current French literature ritually revolve in self-enclosed circles. And yet we would have to be able to realise this, which is not easy. But *that is how it is*. Sixty years ago, the avant-garde of current modernity - of the most extreme modernity - fully declared its existence in *La maison d'Elisabeth*. Didn't Rimbaud say *that you have to be absolutely modern*? In doing so, and as *if in exchange*, the current reissue of *La maison d'Elisabeth* also continues to shed an extraordinarily revealing light on Rimbaud's work.

the entirety of Eric Rohmer's cinema, whose fundamental project is to capture reality, sacrificing existence to the pretensions of the unique surpresence of being. On this subject, see *Ma nuit chez Maud* (1969) and *Conte d'hiver* (1991), which ensure the final surpassing of being.

Eric Rohmer: *"With the beautiful ingenuity of youth, I had set myself the goal of practising a kind of asceticism as rigorous as that of the cubist painters, whom I was discovering on pale black and white reproductions, a rigour which was, at the time, that of the dodecaphonists of the Vienna School, of whose existence I was even unaware"*. And also: *"Claire apparaît"*.

In *Ma nuit chez Maud*, Françoise Fabian embodies existence and Marie-Christine Barrault being, while in *Conte d'hiver* the hairdresser represents existence and the cook being. The moment of choice between existence and being is shown - in *The Winter's Tale* - when, in Nevers Cathedral, near the head of the shrine of Saint Bernadette, the crystalline notes of the mystical bell composed by Eric Rohmer resound high in the air. And it could even be argued that the secret of all of Eric Rohmer's seventeen films lies entirely in the few moments in which this ringing resounds. On the other hand, we must acknowledge, as Patrick Granville does in a column in *Le Figaro Littéraire*, that the overall concept that ultimately focuses the ultimate meaning Eric Rohmer's cinema as a whole appears to be that of the *supernatural*. I would also add, in conclusion, that in today's single, great European culture, Eric Rohmer's special status should be self-evident, comparable to Goethe's.

(732) Friday 25 May 2007. I woke up this morning to what was probably the most important dream I've ever had. In middle of winter, on a sunny day, in the snow, around eleven o'clock in the morning. I was walking along the right-hand pavement, past a tall yellow house, knee-deep in snow. When I came round the corner, I saw a naked little girl, about eight months old, sleeping in a cradle against the wall of the house. I knew who she was, I knew why she was there in that state, and I also knew who the Virgin Mary was. An immense wave of sadness and joy, of unbearable tenderness swept over me and, overcoming all prohibitions, I leaned over her humble cradle of snow to take her gently in my arms.

There, my little darling," I said, "now we're going home...
No more of your atrocious abandonment." In a small, barely audible voice, she replied:

- What are the others going to do? They'll oppose it, we'll be stopped...
- What about the others? They will *all* submit, *they will all submit*. There's no doubt about it.

And as, with her warm and half-awake in my arms, I headed towards the sunny boulevard, I suddenly heard seismic tremors in the heart of the earth and saw, in the highest reaches of the heavens, all the suns in flames, spinning dizzily around themselves. The world was changing.

"Sleep, sleep, sleep little darling, sleep in the centre of the worlds, my beloved..." When I woke up, it wasn't immediately that I realised, trembling, what this dream - but was it really a dream? - meant. I must have arrived at exactly the moment. What had to be done has just been done.

(433) I" to 4 June in Enghien, where I had not returned - I can hardly believe it - for nearly eight years. V. R. (who belongs to the Kremlin administration), on a special mission to Brussels, wanted to meet me. At the last minute he chose Enghien, where he invited me for a two-day meeting. I was extremely interested in his version of Vladimir Putin's inexplicable refusal to stand for a third presidential term next year.

According to him, Putin intends to leave the presidency of Russia for a period of three or four years, during which time he will take over the management of a large economic and industrial entity, so that he can then be elected by a fundamental referendum - or, in this case, rather *a foundation referendum* - and with the unconditional support of the unified Russian Orthodox Church, as the new Tsar of a "New Russia".

V. R. also told me of his personal conviction that Nicolas Sarkozy's a priori hostile attitude towards Russia would only be a diversionary tactical option in the expectation of a future grand European entente, an entente which France still wants to promote (with the support, for the moment rather lukewarm, of Germany, subject to Atlantic temptations). I'm not so sure.

(He was accompanied by a high-ranking civil servant in her forties, of stunning beauty, elegance and discretion. A privilege of her position, I suppose).

(434) Walking around Enghien I found that inexplicably imposed an atmosphere of general abdication in the face of something inferior, very dirty, a rather gloomy and *intolerable* social darkening of life. Eight years is a long time, but what could have happened in that time? Interloping, adulterating social infiltrations, new

depraved social ports? But isn't that what's happening all over France, and all over Europe?

(435) According to an official British source - D. H. Colvin, at the time a diplomat posted in Paris - the "Entebbe affair" was the "work of the PFLP, with the help of the Shin Bet", the aim of this "special operation" being to "torpedo France's pro-PLO positions and prevent the growing rapprochement between the PLO and the Americans". If that were the only time... It all adds up. Access to the 'other side' of history is nauseating, dizzying and changes everything. Once you've been allowed to take a look, to plunge into the mechanisms of suspicion, nothing is as it was before. You have been "bitten by the tarantula".

(456) The only valid response to the abject trappings of life on the surface is violence. Only violence can break the scabrous enchantments of what is while not being and of what, while not being, flaunts itself as being. A minority understand this and know how to conform. Violence alone *bridges the gap*, risks saving the honour of the ontological impossibility of existence in the face of being, and of being in the face of existence. *The empire of the two fs belongs to the violent*, it is said in the Gospels. V

(457) A few days ago in Rome, the Congregation for the Causes of Saints gave the go-ahead for the process for the beatification of Pius XII to continue. It is now up to Benedict XVI to sign the decree establishing "the heroic virtues of this servant of God". ". While the new Pope's great devotion to the sacred person of the *angelic shepherd* is well known, I, for one, have been waiting fifty years for this event, an undeniable sign of an opening from heaven. However, the *Anti-Defamation League* has not failed to call for the suspension of the Pius XII beatification procedure.

(458) Yesterday I learned that she was going to go to the last screening of a Jean-Luc Godard film *at La Pagode* this evening. But today in the afternoon, Antonio, with whom she was planning to go the screening, was 'discreetly prevented' from joining her. I had arranged it very well. A little after the film started, I came and sat two rows behind her. I was very sure of myself. Deep down inside, concentrating as hard as I could, I ordered her: "Get up, get up right now and come and sit behind me, next to me. Come, come, come". When she gave in, she got up and, hesitating in the dark, came and sat on my right. I don't know if she immediately realised that it was me sitting there. But, in any case, the most difficult part was still to come.

After a while, I gently put my hand on her knee. As she struggled a little, I whispered: "Hold still, or I'll strangle you, and open your legs a little too." She did so, with some reluctance. I began to caress her thighs, in an increasingly accentuated way, thus dangerously increasing the tension, as if she was starting to really give in. At the end of the film, she stood up abruptly and, taking advantage of the rush of people towards the exit, managed to escape from me. Once in the street, she suddenly turned left, without looking back, and almost ran into Rue Monsieur. But I caught up with her immediately. "Let me go, let me go", she cried, but I had already grabbed her by the sleeve of her coat. Wait a moment," I said. Just a moment. She replied: "No, no and no. What do you want from me? What do you want from me anyway? Close to her face, I replied: "...What I want is for you to drop that cretin Antonio and come back to me. Right now. Without hesitation. And now, you're coming home with me. Don't fight it, I'm at the end of my rope. Understand that." A few moments later, she laid her head against my chest and began to sob violently.

(459) It was watching the stars twinkling above my head last night that made me realise what Eric Rohmer's *La maison d'Elisabeth* is all about.

This novel clearly represents an astral, galactic figure, with characters - stars - revolving around a central sun, Elisabeth, within a sky - *Elisabeth's house*, to be precise - that contains the whole. The sacred mythological figure of this cosmogony revolving around Elisabeth substantially represents the "divine", the "living sacred", the archetypal, "eternal" Holy Family, the very mystery of being in all its extraordinary pre-Socratic, original simplicity, whose primal nakedness is revealed in the course of the liturgically uninterrupted baths that form its intimate framework.

The universe of *La maison d'Elisabeth* is very authentically that of transcendental pre-ontological antiquity rediscovered, the anterior, religious and cosmic universe of the first Greco-Roman world, that of the *Magna Dea* reincarnated in Elisabeth. Eric Rohmer's classicism thus appears to be that of a reunion, not symbolic but directly experienced, with the ancient order, with the prior plenitude of being in its first state of virginal glory. We know for some time now, advanced European literature - in fact, 'counter-literature' - has been going further and further. And even, sometimes, to the very end.

At this late end of the cycle, certain European literatures are acting as a *second religion*, responsible for collecting within itself the sum total of the bygone, deeply amnesiac legacies of the great Western mythologies that predate the historic advent of Christianity. See it all again.

(460) Rita Fionaldi and Francesco Sorti, *Imprimatur*, éditions J. C. Lattès, Paris 2002, translated from the Italian by Nathalie Bauer.

(461) Partially but strongly, Raymond Abellio has never ceased to be attracted to Trotskyism. Not because of its revolutionary political doctrines, but because of its organisational ontology based on secrecy (the "concept of secrecy"). We, for our part, need to appropriate the operational strategies of specifically Trotskyist action, which represents an absolutely decisive element in the penetration and overthrow of the opposing political front from within. The lessons to be learned from a proper study of "Trotskyist action" are likely to open up new avenues of underground political combat. So we should surprise and hijack the *Trotskyist approach* on our own account, mobilising it for our own cause.

A "special doctrinal instance" for the appropriation of the organisational ontology of Trotskyism should be set up without delay, and it is up to us to define and make use of its subterranean conclusions. For the effective direction of this "special doctrinal instance", I think it is A. M. is, for the moment, the most appropriate choice. But he will have to establish himself in Paris (or better still in Brussels). Talk to W.

(462) *Me recomando*, " he told me in his strange gibberish, "*Eduardo de las Pajas Maestras, de Barcelona, libre periodista y novelista social de vanguardia, gozando de las efectivas familiaridades de la joven Lodi, chica sencillia y muy sentimental, por elprésente actuando deputa en las essiera bajas del Rialto ; de su hermanita " las Rodillas ", chupadera coja en los cines del mediodia, y de su primo, muy distinguido maricon deplaya. Testigos, todos que estâmes del proximo hundimiento de este mundo tal que su pobrecita madre se murio jodiento por detras.*"

(463) In his masterpiece, *Un rameau de la nuit*, Henri Bosco deals with the paradoxical case of someone who finds himself obliged to give asylum to someone other than himself, who has been dead for many years; who is and who is not himself, two beings perpetuating themselves in a single body. For her part, the former lover of the deceased surprises lovingly recognises the presence of the deceased in the living person who is now giving him shelter.

"But before going in, I prowled along its walls for a while. To cross them was to enter another world. This world decomposed me; I was splitting up in it something present that usually floated on my soul and seemed to be an emanation of it. But the indecisive nature of this indefinable double presence presaged my accession to mysteries other than those of which I had some distant knowledge.

(...) And so I avoided separating myself from this double, because its very presence had opened up for me the paths of a formidable initiation. The night was its sanctuary...

(...) At this sign, I understood that another presence was creating this fear. In me, secretly, there were two souls, and already I didn't know which one I myself was in.

(...) I needed more power. Would I have it to bury within me, without destroying it, like a secret nature, this Shadow that sought for itself an impossible life? I didn't know, not knowing what forces were slumbering inside me. I waited for the night. Perhaps, if I remained silent, it would make the love of the dead indistinguishable from the love of the living. Clotilde had to love a single soul and I had to be in that soul, waiting to become that very soul in its entirety through a gradual and inescapable dispossession.

Is it really in you that he can live again?" she said to me, "and for me, shouldn't your face, your eyes, your voice, your words be his? But nothing reminds you of them, and yet he is in you. I can no longer see the man he was, the man I love, the man who perhaps loved me. But I am obliged, you understand, obliged, in spite of myself, to give credence to his presence. An irresistible will compels me. And it is perhaps, alas, to this indefinable presence of the Shadow, in you, where I seek to live again, that I owe the misfortune of not loving you... "

It's a fact, this paradoxical structure of a situation beyond limits also sheds light on the impossibility of L.'s death, the follow-up that we must secretly consider giving to *the inconceivable* that I had been given to experience. I would even dare to say a follow-up to what is perhaps already a done deal, beyond the line of death. But I no longer have the courage to think about it, let alone talk about it.

(64) Could the abject darkness of my last state of being, of my present impossibility of taking the plunge, be the very sign of a saving approach beyond all deliverance, beyond all salvation? Could this foul human wreck who calls himself Eduardo de las Pajas Maestras be in a position to help me crawl through the *zona inquinata* of the very last fatal trial? Could it be that a certain black magic, secretly turned against itself, is keeping me alive?

even - *destroying everything* is the law of the genre, including and perhaps above all oneself - does she cultivate in the depths of herself, in the depths of her ultimate, supremely unavowable assemblages, a part available for a clandestine trade with a certain white magic? Aren't my execrable little dealings with the so-called Eduardo de las Pajas Maestras, after all, the frightening tribute I have to pay by going where I have to go by going where I have to go? Eduardo de las Pajas Maestras... To be able to cross the sea of victorious putrefaction, don't you have to have a carrion boat?

(647) The dramatic repetition of the same non-commitment, the same failed commitment three times in a row: that of the Argentine theatre, almost every evening, at that time, at Bernard's, rue Clément in Saint-Germain-des-Prés; down the rue William Favre, in Geneva; and, for the third and last time, at 60 boulevard Suchet, in the Bois de Boulogne. Each time the same apparition, each time the same relentless blaze, the same *anamnesis* and, each time, the same failure. Each time, the same mystery suddenly suspended in its flight. Why *all this*? Dressed each time in navy blue, who was she? I'm still not in a position to answer these questions, although I know that behind these obstacles lay something that could have given a whole new meaning to my life, saved what was being irretrievably lost.

The splendid hotel was built on the chaos of ice and night at the pole," wrote Rimbaud. Weren't these three really *the same*? At the point I've reached now, I can no longer doubt it, even for a moment. The same, but probably not *mine*. Or *mine* perhaps, but otherwise, forever defended, distanced, forbidden by an ontological distance given in advance as impassable. The mine of another myself forever out of reach. Who am I, then, who should I be if I am considered in relation to these three, which are one and the same? Who am I if I am not myself? What is this other self situated in a 'galactic device'? Who is she, this one, and who am I in relation to her, the only one, nuptially in relation to the three of them who are one? Why have I never been able to question her in one of her three manifestations, to *really question her*?

And what did they understand about our false approaches? Had they sensed how this world was shaking on its foundations when we approached it, even if they had only just begun, if they had never reached the point of carnal, cosmogonic, irreversible, fatal conflagration? And how are we to interpret the mystery of the repeated interference of these three apparitions in the course of the universe?

A nocturnal, forbidden philosophical exploration of my own life? So many dangerous questions, mutilated of any answer.

(465) What a strange encounter I had this afternoon! I was having a drink with Tony Baillargeat at the Rotonde de la Muette when I saw two people enter, one of whom was *stubbornly looking down*. I immediately recognised him. It was 'him, the master of the dark abysses of the 'mystery iniquity'; he too recognised me. But that was all.

ON MIDSUMMER'S EVE

(466) Mircea Eliade once told me over lunch at La Méditerranée that, according to a secret tradition from ancient Moldavia of which he was aware, on the night of Midsummer's Day - 24 June - the heavens over the hills, opened up to pure souls, revealing to the naked eye the mysteries of the ultimate heights, Paradise and its dazzling cohorts of saints and angels, Mary in all her nuptial splendour and the radiant sun of the Holy Trinity.

Moldavia," he added, "is a transcendental secret territory, where everything is still possible. So I think there must be some truth in the legend about the heavens opening on Midsummer's Eve. And with half-closed eyes, he watched for my reaction.

On this occasion, I have to admit that the bitter, burning, permanent regret of Mircea Eliade's vanished presence has not finished tormenting my life. When he dedicated his novel, *La forêt interdite*, to me, he wrote, no doubt premonitatively: *Pour Jean Parvulesco, in aeternum?*

Sunday, 24 June 2007. I spent the day clandestinely in an old hunting lodge near Pont-Marly, which had been uninhabited for years. On the ground floor, on the street side, there was a large empty living room, lit from within by an imposing, rather disturbing wall mirror. No doubt because it's thought to be haunted, it hasn't been vandalised too much. A few paintings still hang on the walls, and a few pieces of furniture are scattered around. The large living room opens onto a beautiful dining room, with high windows to the left and right. At the other end is a long glass corridor facing the forest, where there is a terrifying silence, sort of absence of air. The wait seemed long. In fact, *this* - the miracle of the night of Midsummer's Day - didn't happen until around four in the morning. I don't intend to conceal the fact that there was a miracle that night. However, I don't think I can talk about it. I have my reasons.

I will, however, talk about a very disturbing dream I had during the brief period when I dozed off, around . In my dream, I knew that I was in Tibet, on extraordinary heights, on the edge of a hallucinating precipice crossed by an uncertain bridge about thirty metres long.

metres, made of old ropes and laths, some of which were missing; a shaky apparatus doomed to the dreadful disaster of falling into the great void. I knew I had to cross this bridge to reach the edge opposite, which appeared to be made of bare red and black rocks with sharp edges; further on, I could see the low ruins of a sort of sanctuary made up of large blocks of stone, covered by light white clouds. It seemed to me that there were also glistening sections of ice.

A devastating, panic-stricken terror had seized me at the thought that, in order to cross the precipice opening up before me, I was going to have to step onto the bridge with its loose laths, its ropes corroded by time, which was swaying slowly in the air. I felt ready throw myself straight into the void rather than face the ordeal crossing this nightmare bridge. I had fallen to the ground and lost consciousness. Then, with a sharp crack, the bridge broke in the middle, its separate halves hanging over both sides of the precipice, and for a long time I contemplated the spectacle of this bridge broken in the middle above the vertiginous void at the edge of which I was standing on my knees, trembling and shattered. The two black rags of the broken bridge looked like mourning cloths. The day was slowly getting darker, and I had a feeling there was going to be a storm soon. When I woke up, for a long time it was impossible to shake off the mortal terror I had felt at this invitation to cross the suspension bridge - the dizzying void signifying the "inner rift of the dogmatic mountain". At the same time, the persistence of my atrocious horror prevented me from attempting to resolve - to *elucidate* - the message of the dream I had just had. I had to wait for "it to pass".

(467) "*How it that every time he comes to Barcelona, the mountain of Tibidabo catches fire and burns high*", Santi Cuervo wondered about me in the 1960s? And at Trinità dei Monti, on the very day I arrived in Rome, 11 June 1968? And at the Basilica of the Sacred Heart, in Montmartre, on the day of my oath, of my irrevocable *final commitment*, when the "inspired young worker" came to stand by my side? In a hurry, inattentive on the outside, lost in herself, but having fully participated, without realising it - having *held her place* - in the profound and mysterious nuptial sacrifice in progress.

(468) There's a time for everything. Now comes the end. Everything is converging, inevitably, towards the conclusion. Towards the definitive conclusion of my own life, and even, in a way, towards a certain apocalyptic conclusion to the present History of the world. Now I know what God wanted from me.

me, right from the start of my secret itinerary, but not what his last word will be. There, alone facing God, a sharp apprehension takes my breath away, like an inner, metaphysical suffocation. Alone, in the middle of a field of short grass.

(469) Sunday, 1 July 2007. Early in the morning "Commandant André" came to see me. He told me that today, at 4pm, the Prince would pick me up in a car - a blue Mercedes - outside Lipp's, in Saint-Germain-des-Prés. And that afterwards, "I'll see". He'll come or he won't, there's nothing I can do about it. It's not up to me to decide. But my honour, against all odds, remains my unshakeable faith in God's faithfulness. God will never, ever betray me.

(470) The Prince's temporary hideout, exceptionally well arranged, is somewhere near the Place des Ternes, on the top floor of a large stone building. Argentinian bodyguards provide close security. It was in this same building, on the top floor, that I spent the despicable events of May 1968, in the company of Marthe W., who had just left her husband. For a whole month, Marthe W. and I were completely naked in the big, empty, curtainless flat, where we slept on a sheet spread out on the floor.

(471) On the agenda for the meeting was the brief announcement, to begin with, of my new promotion, which is confidential for the time being. Secondly, the organisational and politico-strategic realignment of all our groups in relation to the arrival of Sarkozy as President of the Republic. After all, we will now have to discreetly rely on the Elysée Palace. And finally, the debate on the new delegations to be filled for a number of "special missions". In addition, after a break of about an hour, the "abysmal portrait" of Nicolas Sarkozy by Professor Jean-Louis de M.

(472) When I left the flat on Place des Ternes a little after midnight, I don't know how I got the idea of walking home to Boulevard Suchet. The night was clear and it was warm; the somewhat degrading excitement *I* was feeling following the secret meeting I had just attended translated, for the moment, into an imperious urge to walk. I was on fire. And with good reason, because at the end of the meeting, "Major André" had come to fetch me and take me to the Prince, who was waiting for me, standing in a small room off to one side. Without further ado, he informed me of a decision he had just made

a decision that concerned me personally and that struck me like a thunderbolt. A decision that was, for the moment, completely confidential, but which suddenly changed not only the future course of my life, but the very meaning of my existence. I had become someone else.

You will understand, I hope, that it is impossible for me to reveal what the Prince said to me and which disturbed me so dangerously. This seemed to me to be the sign of an indecent weakness, a weakness that I refused to accept. So I tried to control myself, to regain my composure, but my excitement was such that on Boulevard Lannes I caught myself running.

(473) Ed Leedskalnin.

(474) The abject hour of the most shameless confession has come, and I have absolutely no strength left to avoid its advance, the enslaved bite in me that has no end of hollowing out my life. No, I haven't done what I had to do, I haven't been able to do what I was meant to do; I haven't been able to fulfil my hidden destiny, I've been constantly prevented from getting where I've always been expected to go. I am not myself in my present life, I have never been myself.

From the age of seven until now, an obscure barrier, a wall of darkness and emptiness has stood between my outer life and my inner being. Yes, I've struggled immensely, I've appealed to God to the point of self-destruction. In vain. A desolate misery, dirty, very dirty, the devastating misery of my own anti-destiny, of my permanent social exclusion, always prevailed over my subterranean debates, as pitiful as they were useless, convulsive. For seventy years, I blindly crawled along an underground trench, outside myself, outside my 'real life'. But nothing could save me from my occult ontological curse. Admittedly, I was able to write around thirty books, including twelve major novels, but these books were not in fact written by me, but by someone else who was secretly sitting inside me.

(475) As Martin Heidegger said, *only a god can save me*. A divine decree, overturning the current direction History, capable of re-establishing my previous identity, my *polar identity*, of obtaining the lifting of the ontological curse that has held me for seventy years in its terrible iron jaws.

(476) And yet, still very secretly, in a kind of transcendental clandestinity, the very moment of this mysterious *divine decree* took place,

the night of 24 June last, somewhere on the 'ultimate heights', a moment whose devastating pre-ontological thrill I had felt within me at the time. The ancient Tantric precept revealed itself to me once again, announcing that *everything was once again entering the zone of supreme attention*. A few months during which this final reversal must *actually* take place.

(477) Of course, the divine decision of the night 24th June concerning the cosmogonic emergence of the great final overthrow, the *Mahavrtti*, has already been decreed, *in principle*: it still has to be effectively realised. And this is precisely what must take place within the "zone of supreme attention". Everything will happen in a flash, completely unexpected, when you least expect it, and without you knowing where it's coming from.

(478) Now I find myself - we find ourselves - already inside this 'zone of supreme attention', where everything has ceased in anticipation of the *kairos*, the moment when the *Mahavrtti* must make itself known.

(479) The last and supreme divine and cosmogonic mystery is that of restoration. *You will be restored*, Isaiah, 44/28. So I know - I've always known - that I am the one who is secretly called to be at the forefront of the general, paraclete and cosmogonic restoration; for I myself have been chosen to be the joint on which the times will have to turn, so that the Final Restoration will be triggered and put in place.

(480) If I take the liberty of making these incredible revelations here - which there is no way I can fail to do - it is because I have the intimate assurance that they will go unnoticed until the time comes when they can be received in all good faith, in all new good faith. For it has also been foreseen that one day soon - and perhaps even very soon - the *new Good Faith* will prevail on all fronts. What this Good will be, is already more or less possible not to ignore, provided that we know how to remain open before the immense wave of living fire that is now storming this world.

(482) Karlheinz Weissmann, *Unsere Zeit kommt. Im Gespräch mit Karlheinz Weissmann*, book interviews with him. Schnellroda 2006.

(483) Access to "higher powers" is in no way a rewarding attribution, but a sign of identification implying a certain secret mission. However, their use will always be extremely dangerous; if they are used for personal gain, they will backfire.

the user in a terrifying and ruthless manner. This was the case, for example, of Raymond Abellio's initiatory instructor, the enigmatic Pierre de Combas, who, having been induced to monetise his - rather exceptional - healing powers, was subsequently assailed by a mysterious burning torture that cost him his life.

(484) I myself have experienced these 'higher powers', even if they only manifested themselves in a very fleeting way. I even think that, on a certain night in Madrid in the 1960s, I reached - in connection with Mary Reed and a strange nocturnal party at Ava Gardner's house - the ultimate level of a kind of secret, 'particularholiness. But sanctity nonetheless. And that was just for that one night in Madrid. The driver of the taxi that had taken me to my destination had fallen on his knees in front of me in the street, weeping and crying out: "Oh, sir, I wish I could stay with you, stay by your side, never leave you... For you to give me access to another life, my other life...". It was because, that night, I myself had been admitted to know the burning limpidity of "ultimate charity", and that an invisible light was to emanate from me, a light otherworldly.

(485) How did the Jews allow the Ark of the Covenant to be lost, to "disappear"? Why was it unable to prevent the historic destitution of Israel?
? Where is the Ark hidden, and why has it remained hidden for so long now? What's more, hasn't the Sacred Heart of Jesus become, in recent times, the new Ark of the Covenant? Could it be that it is kept in a small room buried in the occult foundations of the Basilica of the Sacred Heart of Jesus in Montmartre?

(486) Anne Perry, *The Hyde Park Headsman*. English title, *The Hyde Park Headsman*, translated by Anne-Marie Carrière, published by 10/18, Paris 1994.

"Listen to me. I know more about the Inner Circle than you do. You only know about the lower spheres, the ones to which men like me have been drawn, without knowing what lies behind the high-profile charities. They're called the Knights of the Green. That's what I was, a Knight of the Green, someone who had obligations but hadn't really been put to the test. Then came the Knights of the Purple. These are the ones who have been tested, blood brothers, so to speak; their commitment is irrevocable. Then there are the Lords of Money. They have the right to punish and reward. And, above them all, there is only one,

the Lord of the Purple... It may seem absurd, but this man's power is absolute; if he pronounces a death sentence, it will be carried out. Believe me, those who carry it out will go to the gallows if necessary, but will betray him... We don't know what ties bind their members. There may be unimaginable alliances.

"It's appalling. Imagine the power of the leaders of this organisation. Hundreds, perhaps thousands of men in positions of responsibility, all over the country, who have sworn allegiance without question, often without even knowing to whom! Affiliates know only the members of their own sphere. A sort of protection, to avoid betrayal. Only the most senior officers know the names of all the others.

(These revelations concern the English 19th century. Are we to believe that some things never change?)

(487) The last time I saw François Mitterrand was during an official visit to the new town of Cergy, in the Oise department, where I was living the time, in the white palace of the Cour des frontons. A large reception was held on the evening of his visit, to which I was invited, and which took place in a vast room in the prefecture, which filled up quickly.

I was standing on a sort of long platform on which, next to the high windows overlooking the gardens, lined the train of buffet tables, covered with white tablecloths that reached all the way to the bottom; the champagne was flowing freely and the atmosphere was getting more and more intense. And below me I could see the swarming crowd of guests, moving as if in waves, in the midst of which I had suddenly caught sight of François Mitterrand, dreaming, alone, a glass of champagne in his hand, caught up in a whirlwind of strangers to whom he was paying no attention. *I wasn't* going to pass up the opportunity to speak him personally. I jumped at the chance.

- Good evening, Mr President... Allow me to pay my respects, and at the same time to ask for your sincere forgiveness... Yes, forgiveness, because I didn't understand who you really were... but, as I've now come to understand, I'm taking the liberty of asking you to accept that I work for you... on a *special level*...

- Yes, I read what you wrote about me in *La Place Royale*... But you're here tonight? And what are you doing here? Have you come alone?

- As it happens, I now live in Cergy. I'm involved in a number of cultural activities...

- Certain cultural activities, you say? Come on, you can't expect me to believe that...
- And yet 's perfectly true. For two years now...
- Mr Parvulesco, as we know, you are a very dangerous person. Yes, very dangerous, unstable... *I really don't see what you could do for me... I'm very sorry about that.*
- Please understand, Mr. Speaker... I propose to work only in the underground, I have experience of that... I will only act in the shadows...
- Good evening, Mr Parvulesco. Take care.

And having said that, he abruptly walked away, losing himself in the crowd. Then he came back to me and, with a hand on my shoulder, added: "One of these days, go and see de Grossouvre at the Elysée Palace for me. He'll be warned."

Shortly afterwards, de Groussouvre was found dead at the Elysée Palace. After that, I never saw the "handsome François" again.

(488) It is with immense relief that I have just learned of Rome's positions - for once quite clear - on what is already being called the "danger of the Islamisation of Europe". In an interview with the German daily *Süddeutsche Zeitung* on 23 July 2007, Benedict XVI's private secretary, Archbishop Georg Gänswein, said: "*The West cannot ignore the attempts at Islamisation to which it is being subjected. Respect for Islam must not lead us to underestimate the risks to Europe's identity*". He also described as *prophetic* Benedict XVI's speech at the University of Regensburg, in which he equated Islam with violence, a speech that provoked sustained, unrestrained reactions from the international Islamic community.

In the *Rheinische Post*, Mgr Walter Mixa, Bishop of Augsburg, expressed his opposition to plans to build a large mosque in Cologne. "Walter Mixa has just declared: "*In countries with a predominantly Muslim culture, Christians today have virtually no right to exist. This is we need to be prepared for. The end of this century will, in any case, be one of "religious wars"*.

(469) I haven't slept at night for months. I go to bed around eleven o'clock in the evening and stay awake, in the dark, until eight in the morning. When the day comes, I fall asleep for a few hours. But now that's not even the case: I don't sleep at all, plunged into a kind of dull daze,

absent from myself. And prayer, in vain. In the white darkness, in the darkness of emptiness and splitting by emptiness, and in the oblivion of everything, prayer in vain. Insomnia, crossing under the influence of translucent death.

(36) *I don't* know how it , how I missed it, but the fact is that Hédi Kaddour's great, great novel, *Waltenberg*, published by Gallimard, Paris 2005, dedicated to "Lucienne and Habib Kaddour", doesn't seem to have attracted much attention. Before this one - but is it a novel, or is it really a novel? -the author had published five others (*La fin des vendanges*, *Jamais une ombre simple*. *Passage au Luxembourg*, Gallimard and *L'émotion impossible*, and *Les fileuses* with Le temps qu'il fait).

Focusing on the two world wars, as well as on the underbelly of the Cold War, Hédi Kaddour's writing - resolutely avant-garde, peculiar to the extreme, syncopated, *quite apart from the rest* - succeeds in drawing a stark conclusion about the integral, ontological degeneration of the great European and American politics of the twentieth century, considered as a whole. A whole centred on the dual focus of the antagonistic forces of the KGB and the CIA, with abrupt incisions into the secret politics Germany and France, in the shadow of the "Congress for the Freedom of Culture".

Following in the footsteps of Raymond Abellio, the Malraux of Red Shanghai and even Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain*, *Waltenberg* will remain, in every way, the fundamental novel of 'espionage', an unconditional and utterly revelatory masterpiece, even prophetic, reverberating beyond its end. Its deep projections behind the scenes make you dizzy, as does the disturbing northern section of the Waldheim Hotel in Graubünden, whose northern floor juts out over the precipices of the Alps. The Waldheim Hotel is the , the over-activated and over-activating focus of all the intrigues, all the occult interference, all the implicit confrontations of the subterranean politics of twentieth-century Europe, where the two camps - Soviet and Western - find themselves preemptively pitted against each other.

It seems to me that there is a certain underground operation behind the publication of this novel. *Waltenberg*, the 'hidden hand'? What's going on there?

(11) During the solemn funeral of Cardinal Jean-Marie Lustiger at Notre-Dame, his coffin was left for some time in front of the cathedral so that the traditional Jewish prayer for the dead, *Kaddish*, could be recited over it. *Kaddish* is the only regular Jewish prayer that must be said in Aramaic, the language of Christ.

(14) Dreaming at dawn, frigidly, with troubling repercussions after waking. Lying on a pile of old newspapers in a completely empty room with very high concrete walls and a ceiling I can't see in the dark (the "starry vault"), I wonder where I am and what's happening to me. At the foot of the wall facing me are two large yellow-painted metal barrels which, "I know", are filled to the brim with quicklime. Suddenly there was a loud bang, from the outside, on the high wall in front of me, followed by a second and third bang, louder and louder, more and more vehement. Under impact these three successive blows, a whole section of the wall is torn away from top to bottom, leaving a pale yellow chalky surface exposed, with a group of six capital letters marked in the centre with glowing, golden embers. RSD and AEM.

What can these six letters, these two groups of glowing letters, mean? I didn't have too much trouble finding it, *Resurrexit sicut dicit, et Assumpta est Maria*; or *ramdes*. This indecipherable *ramdes*, an *intervention word* with an extraordinary ascending operative power, seems to me perhaps to have already known it, I don't know where or when.

(11) It was not until late, very late in the evening, that I came to remember the origins, deeply buried within me, of that dream in which the two groups of miraculous letters, *RSD* and *AEM*, appeared to me - reappeared - as well as that mysterious *ramdes* (which, now, no longer seems so unfamiliar to me) in which the letters of the two groups are entangled. It was in Palma de Mallorca in 1963, on a sunny August day, in the high mountain hills, covered by a compact green forest rising into the distance. Near the top, under a light veil of bluish mist, the whitening abrasion of a village appeared; and higher still, the thin, uncertain line of what appeared to be a second village, far less important than the first.

Tomeu Pons had taken me by car to this first village, "to see", and I had noticed that it was a seasonal settlement which, during the summer, was colonised, in a closed circle, the island's aristocratic families who had come there in search of fresh air. While Tomeu Pons was talking to the local mayor, I went - with all the difficulty in the world - to cross the five hundred metres or so that separated the two villages, penetrating an oak grove full of inextricable thickets, infernal in the true sense of the word.

The shattered ruins of a place long abandoned (at least in appearance, as we shall see). On the other side of the field of sun-bleached ruins was a small, faded yellow chapel that was still standing. Pushing open the door, I entered without any difficulty. There was a very strong scent of incense in the air, which proved that the chapel was being used as a place of worship.

still a place of worship. On the left-hand wall, a somewhat faded oil painting depicts the Assumption of the Virgin in brilliant blue. Below this painting, the golden letters *AEM* ("Assumpta est Maria"). On the right-hand wall, a painting the same height as that of the Virgin Mary depicted the resurrection of Christ, in dark red, purple tones. Below, in the same golden letters, *RSD* ("Resurrexit sicut dicit"). On the floor, a very large spray of long-stemmed yellow roses, long since dried up. On the edge of the altar lined eleven white candles, extinguished, almost entirely consumed. At the top, on the wall behind the altar, the word *ramdes* was written in the same golden letters, but much larger, sparkling as it was lit by a ray of sunlight.

I left that place backwards, a strange mystical sadness having taken hold of me, making me tremble without restraint. *A sadness indeed.* Hadn't something happened there that I didn't realise at the time? Something I obviously couldn't remember? Strange how the most distant past sometimes joins us through dreams. Forty-four years ago. "A lifetime ago.

(I forgot to mention that in the middle of the low ruins of the second village, there was a blue patch of thistles in flower. And that at the entrance to the first village, a mysterious bottomless rift was surrounded by a high wooden palisade with windows; birds flew over it, giving the impression that they were not coming from elsewhere, but, inconceivably, from the bottom of the rift).

(25) I am convinced that the salvation and deliverance of our Western civilisation, which is in real mortal danger, now lies in the accelerated reintegration of the two great original European religions, Catholicism and Orthodoxy. Vladimir Putin and Benedict XVI are now firmly committed to the cause of the accelerated religious reintegration of the Greater Continent. I also know that, each on his own side, they face considerable, in fact insurmountable, active resistance. And that in this case, we have to rely above all - if not exclusively - on the subterranean work of Divine Providence. But do we know what it means to rely on the direct action of Divine Providence? What it requires in the way of *spiritual work* above the void, above the ultimate abyss of nothingness towards which everything is tending? Do we know what *the ultimate heroism of coming face to face with the ultimate nothingness means?*

(26) "A man will have to come one day", and his forward march alone will unravel the lakes of powerlessness, oblivion and death that hold us.

Some people have been waiting for this man for a long time, even before the current disaster. He will come, because he cannot fail to come, but I also know that he will not come until it is too late. For if his coming is to be the foundation of our salvation in the polar renewal of the end, it will first and foremost have to set in motion the total liquidation of the "present times" and all that they signify. He will advance with his face in the shadows, both in time and out of time, but when his hour comes, the abyssal foundations of the History of this world will shatter into a thousand pieces all at once, and the formidable living powers of the "final renewal" will tumultuously rise towards the day. He came once, and was defeated. At his second coming, he will be victorious, because Divine Providence has so decided, on the heights. From Birkenfeld, he will then secretly make his way to the banks of the Inn, as if in a dream. In his wake, close behind him, walks a naked young woman with long red hair down her back, holding in her hands a piece of glowing red rock, the occult heart of this world. The black eagles of the greatest destiny soar above us, deep in the heavens. Let's get ready, the "day is dawning".

(27) Frédéric Lenoir and Violette Cablesos, *La promesse de l'ange*, Albin Michel, Paris 2004. An extraordinary initiatory and visionary novel, handling great secrets, visionary secrets.

"He who enters into a relationship with the other world will perish, for he has crossed the boundary between the earthly world and the heavenly world. He has glimpsed the other side of things, so he now belongs to the other side of the mirror."

This does not always happen, as there are sometimes ardent exceptions. Missionaries from the other world can persist and act within both worlds at the same time, staying there freely according to the needs of their current action.

(28) A subterranean feeling haunts me incessantly, concerning the imminence of a major change in my life, following an absolutely unexpected and absolutely decisive event. An irrational, totally irrational event that will overturn the very meaning of my life and, in anticipation, I've practically stopped living.

(116) Not without some unavoidable information difficulties, I have just finished writing my essay *The heroic and solar figure of Vladimir Jabotinsky*, which I hope to have published without too much delay.

I'm not sure, however, that the current State of Israel would agree to recognise the fundamental debt it owes to Israel.

Vladimir Jabotinsky, to whom we owe the orientation of our current national policy, perhaps even its very existence. The State of Israel is Vladimir Jabotinsky.

Lead our guest to the exit, whatever it takes," he wrote. And also: Leaders born to be leaders understand each other. And again: They forged blades with iron from the gate of Gaza, in absolute secrecy. Would we recognise anything like an encrypted message?

(117) I've just learned what are the cutting-edge counter-strategic theses of the Dispensers of Inverhlyne, the secret command society that controls today's great Eurasian politics, deep down and invisibly. The counter-government of our own.

- What is known as the "Apocalyptic Entity of the End", the "Beast" of the Apocalypse of Saint John, is already on the point of taking complete control of the entire planetary political-spiritual situation. The "gates of life" of today's civilisation have fallen entirely under the domination of the powers of non-being. The "Beast" now reigns virtually unhindered. "The times are ready, the abysses are opening" said Mary at La Salette.

- It is therefore up to us, the bearers of the ultimate values of being and the survival of being, to respond to this situation of total, cosmic disaster, by raising high a Last Barrier stop the abrupt, hallucinatory rise of the powers of non-being and their paroxysmal final affirmation. We are the predestined generation of the Last Barrier.

And yet, incredible as it may seem, it is a film by Jean-Luc Godard, *Nouvelle Vague*, that must be considered as the contemporary work that best symbolises, and even *explains*, the current ontological predicament in which we find ourselves, trapped by the conspiracy of the powers of non-being that have reached the summit of their negative enterprise.

In a Wagnerian depiction of the setting - the crashing waves of Lake Geneva and its mysteriously darkened surroundings - Jean-Luc Godard poses the problem of salvation and deliverance from death. Relying on the unlimited, transcendental love that binds him to his predestined mistress, he manages to return to the shores of life after the dramatic drowning in Lake Geneva that she had caused him.

inflicted. A mystically murdered mistress who had driven him to his death, but whom he himself would later lead along the border of the night, so that they could begin the circuit of their lives again at the point where it had been interrupted.

It's the same tantric, metanuptial process demonstrated in Jean-Luc Godard's film *Nouvelle Vague* that we should be using to save a history, a civilisation on the brink of the ultimate abyss. I always knew that Jean-Luc was a hidden visionary.

(119) *Unten den Linden*.

(120) And Jean Rigault? Finally, Jean Rigault?

(121) The smugglers' hotel on the Saarland border. Dutillieux; the Polish agent strangled in her bed.

(153) Somosaguas.

(142) The red floor of the Marmin flat in Charenton.

(144) This Saturday 15 August 2009, feast of the Assumption. The Archangel's wing.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Preface: Dream applications	7
The night of Saint-Philippe du Roule	21
Last flames	45
From a very secret fissure, in the third inner chamber of the being	67
The year of two eclipses: lunar eclipse, solar eclipse.....	87
We're already in Colchis, but we're not there yet.....	105
Visionary news from Horia Damian	111
Treading on the final frontier.....	139
Faced with the rising tide of oil, the underground opposition of the Spirit...159	
The three-headed eagle.....	179
Kriegsmarine	199
Acqua Alta.....	217
"Cast , here comes the high tide".....	235
The absolute decision belongs to the "few".	255
A high michaelic attraction.....	277
The last wave.....	297
The limpid glaciers dawn.....	317
On the night of Midsummer' Day	343

Printed in January 2010
on the presses of Nouvelle Imprimerie Laballery 58500
Clamecy
Legal deposit January 2010
Print : 912111

Printed in France

La Nouvelle Imprimerie Laballery is a holder of the Imprim Vert label.

BERSERKER

BOOKS

