Miguel Serrano - The New World Order

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One of the Rothschilds said, more than a hundred years ago: "Money is power. Give me money and I will be master of all things". And they gave it to him; or rather, he procured it for himself, just when everyone else believed that what really mattered was things, especially the things of the earth, apples, grapes, everything that today is poisoned and we know is no longer worth anything apart from the money it produces - if it produces money at all. But there is something more important than money and which existed even before this "entelechy" came into being: knowledge. For Rothschild knew that money was power. In other words, he knew what he was going to do with the money. What is really important, then, is knowledge and its data, the "data banks", which allow us to deduce and know, with almost one hundred percent probability, or certainty, what is going to happen. Computer science and its current sophisticated technology.

From this it is already more or less easy to understand what is happening on earth. A very small group, which until today has been the owner of the money, has bought the brains that produce information technology, and has also taken over the knowledge. The result: the New Order, the World Government, or Mundialism, is in a few hidden, but not unknown, hands.

Benjamin Disraeli (Jew), Prime Minister under Queen Victoria in England, declared that "the world is governed by people very different from those who do not see beyond their eyes". And Minister Rathenau, in 1912, in Germany, confirmed: "Three hundred men, each of whom knows the others, decide the destinies of the world and choose their successors". Lenin himself revealed to his collaborators that "behind the October Revolution there are far more influential characters than the thinkers and executors of Marxism". Never has this been more evident than now. Another Rothschild, Edmund (Baron by the Grace of Money), in his turn has said, in declarations to "Enterprise" magazine: "The structure that must disappear is the Nation". He agrees with the motto of the Grand Orient of France: "The idea of the Fatherland, as it is understood today, must be destroyed in the minds of children. It must be made to disappear...".

This Masonic conception is that of the "Bavarian Illuminati" (the Illuminati) and was brought to America by George Washington. It was incorporated by Roosevelt in 1935 as a symbol, on the dollar no less, with the figure of the pyramid with an open eye at the top and the legend at the bottom: "Novus ordo seculorum". "New secular, secular order" (world), and the date 1776, which is the date of the founding of the dome of the Enlightenment Lodge of Bavaria by Adam Weishaupt (a Jew), who was subject to the Rothschilds. He founded it on May 1st of that year and this date is commemorated worldwide today under the pretext of "Labour Day". The seal of the Illuminati, the pyramid with a watchful eye at the top, symbolises: the New World Order, planned for centuries. Engraved on the currency of the United States of America, it informs us that it will be imposed by blood and fire by that Nation. A single watchful eye will control the graduated order of the pyramid, which will be a terrible and total slavery at its base.

And again another Rothschild; Philip, at a meeting in San Antonio, Texas, of the Council of Thirteen, the highest body below the top of the pyramid of the Invisible and Secret Government; on August 1, 1972 made a most bizarre and cryptic statement: "When you see the lights go out in New York you will know that our objective has been achieved". Does anyone now remember the sudden "turning off" of the lights in New York on a night on July 14, 1977? July 14th commemorates the French Revolution, an important achievement in the Illuminati's plans. But, in addition, there was an even bigger "blackout", affecting eight states, including New York, on 9 November 1965. On November 9, 1918, the armistice in World War I was signed. And to add to the confusion, 9 November is also the date on which the National Socialists pay tribute to the victims of the Munich Putsch. This first "blackout" was explained by the intervention of "flying saucers" which were said to have been seen flying over the nation.

Returning to the subject of money, we would confirm that it lacks nationality, not even having a real existence, being overtaken by informatics, becoming more and more "electronic money", in vibrations of a transfer; that is to say, in pure energy, in such a way that if Japan buys a whole American or German industrial complex, it is not Japan that buys it, but only an "electronic transfer of funds", with a certain intensity of "pulses", which has travelled the Earth, has taken place. The same applies to the Chilean "dragon" businessmen who buy up industries in Argentina. The money does not exist, there is only a small faceless group, which knows, because it controls this "pulse movement", this energy, which can be anywhere, under the earth and even outside the earth.

This is how the texts of Economics and its professors have come to an end; also those of Military Strategy, of Geopolitics (not Geomancy). And there can now be no "Mother of Battles". Only the accumulation of technology and information technology, whether to predict or provoke an economic, financial, food and even geographic, geophysical crisis, or to destroy an "invented enemy", by means of this concentration of technology, of electronics, without losing a man and without moving from the secret, indestructible, untraceable shelter. And so will come the next universal economic crisis, with the destruction of capitalism, after that of Marxism, the end of paper money: banknotes, cheques and also plastic money - credit cards - without affecting that secret minority of the Invisible Government, which will be the one to provoke it.

When all this is taken into account, it becomes easier to understand the "liquidation by decree", in about a week, of the Empire of the Soviet Union (Chernobyl would have been an ultimatum, though it is not entirely certain whether it was from the earthly Secret Government). Those who "control the real power in the Soviet Union", as Lenin put it, having reached a certain point in the establishment of the New World Order, which will be the most tremendous totalitarian dictatorship the earth has ever known, a total slavery, decided that it would be better established by more subtle and insidious means than this crude "dictatorship of the proletariat", using credit cards (which did not exist in the Marxist world); from the "external electronic indebtedness" of the countries to the ubiquitous phantom bank; by the laser mark on the wrist, on the arm, which will replace the "plastic money", the credit card, in the style of the "universal product mark" in the supermarkets. Then everything will be better known. And the freedom of the individual will end forever. Total slavery.

Novus Ordo ad portas. Mundialism, better and more effective than the Socialist International. That is why we already see the most eminent figures of the old Marxism becoming overnight the supporters of consumerism, of capitalism, of the social market economy, going arm in arm with the Businessman of the Money International. Because they believe that power is still in money, when it is in knowledge. They will be no more - especially if they belong to the Third World - than the smallest pawns of the faceless masters of the secret world government, of this New Transnational Order.

To achieve the Masonic and Illuminist ideal of the Grand Orient of France; of the Illuminati, and to put an end to nations and homelands ("carnal homelands" as De Gaulle would say), one must first unify the world, make it uniform, put an end to the individual and his natural particularities (Nature is not uniform, even the snow crystals affirm and confirm a difference; That is why I also said that Geomancy, the magical science of the Earth and its astral, electromagnetic, invisible currents, endures, even if Geopolitics and physical and visible borders are done away with). The aim is to do away with national tradition, with legendary institutions, with everything that forms the soul of a particularity, of a difference, the intangible, and which has been created with love and dedication over the centuries to deliver perhaps the only possible and true freedom to man: to feel different in a sea of ephemeral, perishable waves, in a differentiated point -geomantic- of a tiny star lost in the closed Universe.

The World Government has already divided the Earth into three precise zones: the creator of "cutting-edge technology", which expands and perfects knowledge, which does not remain in the hands of its inventors, but is passed on to the small brain trust of the Invisible Government. The inventors would be where Germany, England, the United States and Japan still are today, comprising three continents: the "Trilateral". Then come the consumers of part of that technology and even possible manufacturers of it: Italy, Spain, for example. The rest is called the "Third World" and is destined for "supply and carry", as they say in military jargon, to produce raw materials and cheap labour. And there is no way out of it. It includes Central and South America, Africa, Asia and the Middle East. That is why, when we try to leave, our grapes are poisoned, our cholera strains are planted and our most imaginative entrepreneurs are persecuted, with the intention of liquidating our copper industry if it is not transferred to the First World. There are orders from the World Power, given to its financial and credit agencies, not to provide loans or technological information to the copper producers of the Third World, which could contribute to the improvement of their industry and its development.

The New Order, the World Government, is determined not only to keep the countries of certain areas of the Earth underdeveloped, but also to reduce their population in particular and that of the world in general. To this end, it has long had at its disposal highly sophisticated scientific and technological means capable of producing "synthetic viruses", such as AIDS and other even more lethal viruses that will appear in the future. It can also manipulate the weather, precipitating "natural" catastrophes, floods, torrential rains, droughts; or introduce poisons into atmospheric pollution, thus collaborating with the vengeful fury of Nature which, in the darkest epoch of the Kaliyuga, "is in tune with man in his destructive delirium", as Professor C.G. Jung told me. The aim would be to reduce the population of the planet, in addition to a few local wars, always of lesser effectiveness.

The importance given to our country, as a terrestrial zone of special planetary repercussion, is evident in the Bunker that the World Government, through its principal agent, the United States of America, has built for itself as an Embassy in Santiago. It is something like the seat of a Viceroyalty, a fateful and gigantic centre of psychotronic manipulation, information and projection of subatomic particles, from which to induce and control political, historical and social events, with the necessary foresight. And this headquarters or centre of the World Empire of the New Order would be destined not only to dominate our country, but also the South Pacific and the entire American Southern Cone, as far as Antarctica.

How small the politicians, with their immediate electoral ambitions, appear when seen from this perspective! What do they really want, what do they pursue? To accept everything, even slavery?

We have said that knowledge is power. But knowledge also comes by other means than money. Through the active, individual, thinking brain. And that is why they want to destroy the brain too, with technology, computers, education, music and drugs, transforming young people into total ignoramuses and drug addicts, AIDS patients, parodies of man, of the human being. Drug trafficking and terrorism are under the ultimate control of the World Government and its Intelligence Services. Especially heroin trafficking, with which they finance their "covert operations", without the need for approval of funds by houses and senates. This is why it is necessary for the national police services and armies to become dependent on and controlled by the "Intelligence of the Empire". Hence the installation of the FBI in the imperial bunker, as the government has so gleefully and unwisely reported. And this, under the pretext of combating drug trafficking.

Sovereignty is at risk, that mortal danger is run, by installing forever (how can it ever be removed from here?) the world's most powerful machine of a gigantic foreign intelligence service, now officially allowed on our territory. A matter of such gravity cannot be treated lightly and should be the subject of a law discussed in Parliament, by the press and the public. But "we are hypnotised" and nobody here seems to give any importance to such serious matters any more.

Our governments and legislators should take some time to read, study and inform themselves about the very serious revelations and accusations made by the New York Times in February 1990 and by the ABC Evening News on the same date, plus some statements by US senators, about the complicity of their government in the trafficking of cocaine and chemicals for the manufacture of illegal drugs in South America, together with money laundering. The CIA, the FBI and former President Bush are accused of being the main culprits, in revelations made by former US Navy Intelligence agent William Cooper in his extraordinary book 'Behold a Pale Horse'. He provides irrefutable evidence of FBI and CIA complicity. What is said here is confirmed by American sources.

These grave revelations are also proof that there are other means, besides money, of gaining access to knowledge. It is the still free spirit of man, of a few men. To put an end to this danger, the Invisible Government also possesses other very sophisticated means besides assassination, such as the "rupture of the compensated energies". But this is another matter. The so-called "psychotronic warfare", or "low intensity warfare", has produced real catastrophes, also among us, one of them being the tragic case of "telephone espionage" and its victims "acting as if under hypnosis", according to statements of one of them.

However, in spite of everything, Chile has not yet been defeated, because our traditions, our institutions and our soul remain. Faced with the mortal danger of "globalism" there are only two possible positions and attitudes: to meekly accept the imperialism of the World Government and its New Order, which will finally impose total and ignominious slavery on the peoples of the Third World, or to rebel and fight heroically. To oppose, to resist. Because in the Universe there are forces in the Earth that are superior to the purely material ones. Whoever with faith and heroism is able to stand up to injustice and slavery will win in the end. This is a race against time. And the will that resists the most will defeat the giant oppressor, however powerful it may appear today. For the giant of the New Order has feet of clay.

THE END OF THIS STORY

(THE END OF A YUGA)

The Zionist era has come to an end and we are entering the final period with the enthronement of the Messiah of Judah and of world slavery, biotechnological, technotronic, cybernetic, with technological chips, clones and the construction of the Temple and of the Jewish "New Order", built on the enormous lie of the "Holocaust", of the gas chambers. A lie erected as the irrefutable DOGMA of world slavery; with museums and major and minor temples in the major cities of the earth. It is the apparent triumph of Judah, built from beginning to end on A BIG LIE.

The arrival of Columbus, on its 500th anniversary

Miguel Serrano: WE DO NOT CELEBRATE!

Introduction

In celebration of the 500th anniversary of the so-called "Discovery of America", I was invited to participate in the First International Meeting "Health, History and Culture", which was held in Quito, Ecuador. I was asked to develop the themes: "The rescue of the Identity of America" and "The Pre-Inca History and the meaning of Tiahuanacu". I wrote the following paper, which I dedicate to the memory of Hermann Wirth, author of the monumental work "The Dawn of Humanity" and founder of the Ahnenerbe, a highly specialised research institute of the Hitlerist SS, to the pastor Jurgen Spanuth, who has risked everything in the vindication of the Hyperborean World, and to the French anthropologist who settled in Argentina, Professor Jacques de Mahieu, a brilliant and diligent researcher of our vernacular America, that of the White Gods.

These three heroes of historical research are the greatest revisionists of the present day, unfortunately little known, because the Great Conspiracy does its best to ignore them. I knew these three researchers personally, and it was a great honour for me to shake their hands. To them I dedicate this work and, most especially, to my great friend and comrade Jacques de Mahieu, with all my affection and boundless admiration, so that my memory may reach him wherever he may now be, after having navigated the dark waters of this world.

In the Old-New World

This star, or rather this zone or very small lost point in the visible Universe, in which we live today, is a mystery to man today, even if he has lost the ability to understand or to feel that it is a mystery. The men of antiquity knew it and lived it; the most ancient of men were almost the first of this star. And they remembered it better than all of us and those of post antiquity. The men of the unpolished stone, those who built the great cromlesh, the dolmens and the menhirs. Then everything begins to darken.

However, it is in this part of the world called South America, in the mountain ranges and peaks of the Andes, in its lost valleys, in its hollows, even as far as Antarctica itself, that this mystery is most palpable and experienced. I would have liked to present a massive work, with a lot of documentation on this whole world of ours, which has been hidden from us in official history and which today culminates in the celebrations of the "Fifth Centenary" of the proclaimed "Discovery of America". There is a whole farce here, believed even by those who support it, out of ignorance provoked and sustained over precisely five hundred years.

Five centuries in which the traces of truth have been systematically made to disappear, in order, on this demolition, to be able to build the lie with which the millenary Conspiracy hides from us the transcendence of an immense, extraterrestrial origin, and which plunged into a catastrophe of proto-history, whose remnants and traces only in myth and legend were picked up by the surviving men of Hyperborea, Atlantis, Lemuria, Gondwana. Legend and myth still survived in this Andean world of ours, when the Semitic conspirators arrived here, with a Semitic religion, with the sole and firmest purpose of making their vestiges and traces disappear. I apologise that I am not going to deliver a "documented", "scientific" work, as they like to say today, because I have not had enough time to do it.

The Hyperboreans

There is nothing more insipid, nor more false, than official history, built on spurious, rehashed data. This history calls itself "scientific". And woe betide anyone who attempts to deviate one millimetre from it. He is disqualified as "unserious", "unscientific"; "an imaginative", and placed on the fringes of the "academic world". This has been the case, for example, with the German pastor Júrgen Spanuth and, among others, with the French anthropologist and researcher Jacques de Mahieu, based in Argentina. And this despite the fact that both strictly adhere to the "scientific" type of research, acting on concrete data from excavations, graffiti, skeletons, mummies, stone signs and pottery.

I knew both researchers personally, and, with Professor de Mahieu, I maintained an important correspondence until his death. Spanuth maintains that Plato's Atlantis was in fact Hyperborea, an island continent, located near the North Pole, where Heligoland appears today. Its capital was Basileia, or Abalus. It would have disappeared in a great catastrophe, which is recounted in the "Chronicle of Oera-Linda", translated and disseminated by Professor Hermann Wirth, founder in Germany of the SS Institute for Specialised Research, Ahnenerbe, whom I also met some years before his death. From the polar north the Hyperboreans descended in successive waves, fanning out towards the regions of the present-day Gobi desert, where they founded a great civilisation, the remains of which Professor Wirth investigated in Siberia.

This is also referred to by Tilak, the Hindu politician and philosopher, in his important book The Artic home in the Vedas, who maintains that it is in "The Vedas" that one finds the evidence that the Aryans who conquered India, i.e., Baharatha, the Land of the "Great Baharathas", of the giants, came from the Arctic. Mohenjo Daro and Jarapa, well over seven thousand years old, are late Hyperborean foundations. At the other end of the range the Hyperboreans descend as far as Africa, much earlier than Spanuth thinks, although he himself told me that the struggle between the Hyperborean invaders and Ramses II, the Egyptian Pharaoh, was a "kinship struggle, like that of the Germans with the English". In other words, the first Egyptian dynasties were white, perhaps coming from India, as Count de Gobineau asserts. White, like the Inkan dynasties, up to the imposter empire of Atahualpa.

It is a strange fate for researchers and scientists like Wirth, Spanuth and de Mahieu. They find a line and if they follow it firmly they suddenly find themselves in a world of shifting sands and magic mirages, which they were not looking for and where there are no landmarks and no safe path. They turn back, or they will have to face an enemy environment, which by all means will try to fight and annihilate them. This is the "black shadow" of the Great Historical Conspiracy. Thor Heyerdahl had to give in and renounce his first discoveries and research on Easter Island, so that he could become a "renowned and prestigious researcher", i.e. start earning money. The opposite happened to Dr. Wirth, when the Third Reich lost the war, and to Pastor Spanuth, who had to stop his research, threatened to lose his canonry. Jacques de Mahieu died poor, without official recognition or a position at the University of Argentina, to which he devoted most of his life.

But the great de Mahieu, like a good warrior, sword in hand, continued along the strange and mysterious path that opened up in front of his steps, undaunted, to the end, making his way as far as his lonely strength and his training allowed him. Thus, at the end of his days, he had to confess to me that "the Viking Tiahuanacu, of which he spoke, was only a late reconstruction of another, much earlier Tiahuanacu". For de Mahieu discovered traces, in engraved stones, of a pre-runic alphabet, and could argue that the aboriginal Comechingotes, of the Sierra of Cordoba, were the remains of the surviving Trojans, escaped and never found. The Trojans were descendants of the Hyperboreans, remotely from the Arctic pole.

What we are recounting here is of tremendous antiquity. Europe lost the memory of it with the advent of Christianity. It was made to lose its memory. And even earlier. Plato proves that he is the only one who speaks of Atlantis; at least, the only one who has survived after the deliberate burning of the Library of Alexandria, carried out, no doubt, by the Great Conspiracy, for there the Egyptians would speak of the same thing, and even more. Also the navigator and alchemist, Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa, a man of tragic destiny, in his "History of the Inkas", provides classical knowledge of great importance and which would have served as inspiration and guide of the path to de Mahieu, and to me, fundamentally.

Huitramannland, the Land of the White Men

Our "historical memory", so to speak, goes back no further than the Vikings, those extraordinary men from the North who, among other great things, gave their name to Russia itself. Rus, "rowers", the Mongols, the Kasars and the Slavs would call them; that is to say, those who rowed down the Volga, and conquered even the great steppes. Everywhere they were lost, like the sands in the great rivers and in the sea. In the sea of the coloured races. Except at one point, in our South America, where they are preserved with the Inca Empire, as a divine, solar race of Sun Gods, in an Empire based on the purity of the blood of its rulers and on an ethnological science, taught and maintained by the godis, (the amautas) their "goth" priests (from Gott, God and "good God", Gut): the Sons of the Sun.

We say that only our historical memory reaches them, because it is there where there are still traces of runes and stone monuments that could be attributed to them. Because there is also a Viking contribution that points to the existence in America, in this dual continent, north and south - which is what we call it today - of something earlier, something that existed here and perhaps made the Vikings come. They call America huitramannaland: "Land of White Men". Meaning that, before them, there were already white men on this continent; indeed, that it was the Land of the Whites. And these could not have been other than the Hyperboreans, of whom also de Mahieu has found their signs in the farthest south.

Quetzalcoatl is a Viking in Mexico and Viracocha is a Viking in Tiahuanacu. He arrives here around 1000 AD. Tiahuanacu, looking for philological, Danish or Norse roots, means "Residence of the God". It used to be called Chucara. It is settled on the island of Titicaca from khakha, blond, in Aymara, and cacca, in Quichua. Lake of the Ti: blond. Viracocha is a Germanic, or Norrish, name, composed of verr (man, Latin vir) and cocha, an indigenous deformation of Gott, God in Germanic, verr-gott, Man of God. The Vikings of Tiahuanacu are called atumanura, after the coloured peoples of the region; it seems to mean white and also giant, derived from the Norrish yötun. White giants.

And although the Vikings worshipped the Sun, the particle ati (Moon) may well refer to a much earlier time, of the Moon Giants who, when the Old Sun was destroyed, plunged into the mountains, or into the interior earth, some of whom survive and seek refuge in the mountain ranges of Ecuador. The Vikings, however, are not the builders of these grandiose stone monuments, the remains of which are preserved in incredible walls and human-shaped rocks. That was the work of giants, of a vanished world. There are inscriptions in the ruins of "Sete Cidades", (today in Brazil) which are the Extersteine of South America, where a cosmic power has moulded its creations; or, men who were truly Gods.

Here in Chile there are also traces of a remote and totally unknown past. On the beaches of Santo Domingo there is an enormous complex of rocks, many of them with such special characteristics that they do not seem to be works of nature. Among them is an intihuatana, a monolith designed to calculate the time, the position of the sun and the sky, with a large stone chair next to it. It was discovered by the amateur researcher Oscar Fonck, who attributed it to the Egyptians, who, according to him, were attacked by the Araucanians, who forced them to abandon the area and go up the Maipo River to the mountain range of the Tingiririca volcano, where today there are caves with strange cave paintings.

I have also seen there, in that mountain range, a huge open hand, apparently carved out of the living rock of the Andes, and rock formations that look like the remains of cyclopean walls. A little further south you will find terraces with large rock cakes, resembling perfectly polished tiles. It is in Alto Vilches, and you would think it was a landing field of pre-historic times. The rock complex of Santo Domingo reminded me of Stonehenge, as it has the same characteristics, located in an area close to the sea and with high winds, which, as in England, makes the stone vibrate in a "critical state", "sound" like a citara, perhaps facilitating some ritual ceremony of the godi, or druids, who thus managed to levitate themselves and the stone. The stone vimanas, from the sacred books of India and its epics, such as the Ramayana.

I also exchanged views with de Mahieu on Santo Domingo and the Tingiririca Mountains, with Fonck's theories on the Egyptians in South America. De Mahieu thought that it was the "blond Libyans" (i.e. the Hyperboreans, who went as far as Africa) who in remote Chile created the "Maipo-Rapel Cultural Complex", by tracing those streams, from their mouth at the sea, up to the Andean peaks. Also a world of giants. Even further south of Alto Vilches, beyond Talca, in Mulchén, a German farmer, surnamed von Platte, found a strange object while ploughing. It turned out to be a small, finely carved statuette of a white, bearded man, covered with a kind of hood and with the figure of the Irminsul on his forehead. It is now in the Methodist Museum in Angol, where the German had the bad idea of handing it over. Experts from all over the world have been consulted and no one has been able to give an idea of who sculpted it, or who it is. It did not come from outside, because the material is andesite, a vernacular rock. I sent a photo to de Mahieu and he replied that it was a "genuine Hyperborean, in Trojan dress". "A mead drinker".

I have held this marvellous work of art and magic in my hands and its vibrations take us back to a past of supermen, whose message we are still far from deciphering. In any case, we are told that there was a world of giants and Gods here, and that its secret is kept in some mysterious nook and cranny, or in a hidden land, which might have been saved from the destruction brought to this world by the Great Conspiracy, so much greater and more damaging than the sinking of Atlantis; for of the latter there is memory. And the Conspiracy has wiped it all out. The Greenland Vikings, who have disappeared from that "Greenland", have come to Huitramannaland, because this was "their" land. With the "pole shift", the South Pole would be the North Pole; Antarctica.

From North America, Vinland, "Land of Vines", they run south; from Mexico and from Chichenitzá they go down to the anchorage of Ilo, where they meet the mysterious people of the Mochicas, on whom they exert great influence in their mythology, introducing the God Güatan, of the Tempest, who is Wotan. From there they would go as far as Tiahuanacu, where they would come across the remains of a great civilisation that had already disappeared. In three hundred years, they created the Empire of the Atumarunas (curiously, in Norrish, Hatun, meaning giant), rebuilding Tiahuanacu, whose mythical history, divided into four stages, appears in the chronicles of the 16th century Inka, Phelipe Güaman Poma de Ayala, who is the chronicler of the Atumurunas or Aatumarunas, as Inka Garcilaso is of the Inca Empire.

I would synthesize all this ancient history of our pre\*Columbian world, so to speak, in a dramatic and nostalgic pilgrimage of the white Hyperboreans, survivors of so many tragedies and catastrophes, in search of their ancestors and of the "impregnable refuge", a replica of the Lost Paradise, of Paradesha, of Basiléia, of Aryanabaiji, of Hyperborea and its capital, Thule (a name that later appears in countless places in Central and South America). And so it is that they have found a secret and safe place in the southernmost part of our world, in the vicinity of the Antarctic Pole, or in Antarctica itself. After the Vikings came the Templars, following in their footsteps and those of the Normans and their precise maps of the continent that Columbus did not discover. And this is when the atmosphere of this world of ours, of the Sun, of the Runes and of the Warrior-Gods, begins to become rarefied.

De Mahieu maintained that it was the Templar monks who sought to evangelise the Empire of the Atumurunas of Thiahuanacu, which reached as far as the Atlantic, through what is now Brazil and Paraguay, from the Amazon, having encountered there precisely the Extersteine de sete Cidades, a much older construction (of the Blond Libyans) than what was hitherto known. The Templars also come here in search of a safe haven, knowing that they will be destroyed in Europe; or else they themselves wish to disappear, having met again with Wotan, in the "godis" brotherhoods of stone builders, and who will be their architects of cathedrals, and with Abraxas in Asia Minor.

De Mahieu states that the Templars began the evangelisation of the Tiahuanacu empire, first among the coloured indigenous element, whom they were going to incite. The Templars' interest, according to him, was the exploitation of the silver mines and their trade with Europe, where they introduced the previously unknown metal. And it was with its profits that they were able to build the medieval Gothic cathedrals of this continent. That is to say, Odinic monuments of worship to Wotan rather than to Jesus Christ, as we know today. Their interest in introducing Christianity would have been a way of weakening the Vikings, so that they could dominate their Empire and establish themselves firmly in one place on earth, with a Templar Kingdom of their own. Of this I am not so sure, although de Mahieu gives evidence of Templar influence in the constructions of Tiahuanacu, especially in the statue called "The Monk", similar to that of a French Gothic cathedral.

Along with the Normans and also with the Templars would have come Irish preachers of Christianity and, possibly, more than one "marrano", or convert, fulfilling their specific mission in favour of the Great Conspiracy. They were the "Shadow of the White Gods". One of these Christian preachers would be the legendary and mythical Pay Sumé in Brazil and the "first" Quetzalcoatl, in Mexico, itzamna, to whom are added qualities of the extraordinary white conquerors, Ullman, Viracocha and others. They become the "American White Gods", transposition of Visigodo ("Wise Godo"), Spanish translation of weissengott, White God, in German. Then, everything is deified, transformed into myth and legend.

Undoubtedly, the Templars lacked a strong racial, or racist, spirit, apparently, not being exposed to the fatal danger of interbreeding with the coloured world, because they were chaste. But I insist on believing that they were mainly seeking an "impregnable refuge", not only for themselves, but especially for Gral. Von Eschenbach tells us that Parsival disappears in the direction of the West, carrying the Gral, in a boat with the Templar cross. Already the Templars prefer to lose, in a hopelessly lost world, dominated by the Church of Rome and Jehovah. They have met, at the end, or perhaps halfway, with Wotan and Abraxas who are perhaps one and the same, ontologically interpreted.

In any case, the Empire of Tiahuanacu, of the Atumarunas, was already in trouble - and not the Titicaca - because the Christians and their monuments had somehow arrived. It is the fateful 13th century, and it happens that a chief of troops from Coquimbo, today Chile, by the name of Kari, invades and defeats them, destroying Tiahuanacu. I have argued that he could well have been a Viking lieutenant, a Jarl, because of his name with a clear Nordic connotation, who wished to destroy the strange influences of a proselytising, intolerant and anti-pagan religion, contrary to "live and let live". He succeeds in doing so, and so can make way for the early reconquest of the "Sons of the Sun", the surviving Vikings, the Inkas, who only years after the destruction of the Atumaruna Empire, can re-establish it and, on its ruins, build that marvel of the purest "racism of divine origin", which was the enormous Empire of the Inkas, which lasted barely two hundred years and of which we know almost nothing in truth and in depth.

Some "viracocha" Kontiki-Viracocha Vikings have embarked, when defeated, from the coasts of today's Ecuador, to Tepito-o-Tenua, our mistranslated Easter Island (Eastern Island, Oester de Ostara, the Spring light). There, the White Gods leave us the wonderful Manu-Tara initiation to which I have referred in several of my books. But the true elite of the Atumaruna, the one that has allowed the defeat by Kari, as did the Templars by the Church of Rome, and later the Inkas by the Spaniards, has disappeared in the Secret Cities of the Andes, awaiting the Great Time of Resurrection.

The Inkas

In the Chronicle of Oera-Linda it is said that, after the collapse of Astland (Hyperborea), the sea-kings, accompanied by the Frisian "Mothers" (Normas), spread throughout the world, even founding Athens, among other classical cities. One of these kings will be called Inka. He sails in the direction of the West, and never returns. That is to say, the name Inka is much earlier than the Inkas, who eight years after the destruction of the Empire of Tiahuanacu, of the Atumaruinas, go on to found the New, strangely emerging from the interior of "two caverns", brothers and sisters, as if from a "Hollow Earth", from a mysterious impregnable refuge, to marry and procreate only among themselves.

They are white, they are Nordic, descendants perhaps of those legendary Frisians, the same ones that the Araucanian Indian, Glaura, an informant of Don Alonso de Ercilla y Zúñiga, said she was descended from. Garcilaso tells us of having seen blond Inca mummies of great stature. There are also mummies of white and blond giants, dolichocephalic, those found in Paraca, (Peru), and which gave the first impulse to the investigations of Professor de Mahieu, who could become the most important revisionist of our "American world". These Peruvian mummies are impossible to see today, as they have been made to disappear by the Great Conspiracy to hide the dangerous truth about the existence of the most successful Racist Empire in the world.

Much has been written, however, about the incredible Empire of the Inkas, about their mysterious cities such as Machu-Pichu and Cuzco itself, as well as those that are unknown to this day and which I maintain are hidden in the depths of the volcanoes of our Patagonian south, with their fabulous treasure that has never been found. When the Spaniards arrived, the Empire was in decline and the mestizo Atahualpa had had the Inka nobility of pure Nordic blood assassinated. But not all of them. For the purest Inka had already departed, knowing what lay ahead for the pre-American world. They have once again found refuge in the mystery of the Inner Earth, in the "Hollow Earth", as the elite of their ancestors, the Atumarunas, did before them, waiting for better times, in the Eternal Return of the Great Wheel. The legend of the "City of Caesars" of "El Dorado", of "Elellin", of Trapananda, has its origin in real things, as did Homer's Troy, for so many centuries considered only myth and legend.

But there is one thing that has not been sufficiently emphasised in the description and analysis of the Inka Empire so far, as that which preceded it in ancient Tiahuanacu: it was an empire essentially racist and based on the strictest law of blood selection. An empire of castes, as in Aryan India, ruled exclusively by a minority of white and Nordic race, who spoke a secret language, unknown to the people and to the coloured conglomerate, which they ruled. This language was Norse, or Germanic, a language of Scandinavia, spoken by the first Vikings who came to America, and whose sacred script was runic. The Inkas preserved the language, and perhaps the writing, to communicate only among themselves and with their captains or curacas, who maintained the order and administration of the Great Empire, all of whiter race and more or less pure blood.

They made writing disappear, so that it would not reach the people, just as the Aryans did in India, who did not write the Vedas for more than a thousand years and for the same reasons; they only memorised them for the first two castes of warriors and priests. Only the quipus, a kind of mnemonic exercise, writing or counting, with knots, is disseminated and used publicly by the officials and tax collectors of the Empire. Also in Tepito-o~Tenua, or Easter Island, to this day it is impossible to decipher the Rongo~Rongo; the "Talking Tablets", known only to the wise priests and the kings that the Great Conspiracy takes to die as slaves, in the mines of Peru, precisely.

As in the Atumaruna Empire of Tiahuanacu, vast tracts of land and coloured populations are controlled by a white minority, a racist elite who maintain the purity of their blood, and through this, manage to dominate and civilise. This was the great Inka Empire, an Empire of Caste and Caste maintained as was Vedic India, the Persia of Zoroaster and the Egypt of the early Dynasties. In the rule of the Atumarunas and the Inkas there was peace, justice and happiness for all, each of their castes fulfilling the Karma of their destiny, their own karma and their cosmic and natural duty. Furthermore, the empire of the lnkas established a socialist system of Germanic type, like the Prussian and the Third Reich, where usury and exploitation of the governed never existed.

Let us now quote de Mahieu:

"The law of blood is also the basis of the economic order".

"In each region, the land is divided into three parts of probably variable proportions, which we do not know. One is attributed to the Sun, i.e. to the Church, another to the Inca, i.e. to the State, and the third to the ayllu, which distributes it each year among families in proportion to the number of its members. The peasants first tilled the lands of the Sun and then those belonging to the elderly, widows, the sick and soldiers on campaign. After that, they take care of their own lands, but mutual help is the law and, in fact, tilling, sowing and harvesting are done in common. Finally, they cultivated those of the Inka. The family is free to dispose of the produce of its plot and the markets allow some bartering. The crops harvested on the lands of the Sun and the Inka served to ensure the subsistence of the clergy, the court and the officials.

But the essentials are stored in warehouses found in all the villages and tampu, destined to cover the unforeseen needs of the population, since no inhabitant of the empire can lack the essentials, and those of foreigners and travellers, who are sheltered free of charge in the corpahuasi. The Church and the State also provided for their innumerable servants and the artisans responsible for the construction of temples and palaces, public works and metalworking. Throughout the year, the indigenous women spin and weave the wool and cotton supplied by their respective ayilu. But they also receive raw material from the herds of Sol and the Inka to transform it into articles of clothing, work to which they dedicate only two months of the year.

Two months are also devoted by the village craftsmen to the manufacture of metal or pottery for the Church or the State, and by the young men, whose turn it is, to the work of the mines. Gold and silver have no commercial value, for the simple reason that there is not the slightest trade in the Empire. These precious metals, to which platinum, then unknown in Europe, should be added, are only used for the decoration of temples and palaces, as well as, according to strictly codified hierarchical rules, for personal adornment. The "labour service" of women, local artisans and miners does not therefore imply any economic exploitation; it is a tax paid as labour by the ayilu and compensated by the distribution of food, clothing and everyday objects by the church and the state to the workers and the needy.

It was therefore right to speak of socialism, provided that this word is given its proper meaning, which excludes all statism, i.e., all capitalist hoarding by the ruling minority. Taxes, in fact, serve only for the maintenance of civil servants and the provision of public services. But these, even apart from worship and war, are considerable. Social welfare is more important. Public works, including irrigation canals, come second. Education absorbs a considerable part of the budget.

All the children of Incas and curaca went to school; at first only in the capital, starting with Inca Roca, and then in all the provinces, by order of Pachacutec. The pupils are taught mythology, astronomy, natural sciences, the reading of the quipos and, of course, morals and the art of war. The teachers are amautas, members of the corps of "philosophers and sages" maintained by the state. We have very little information about their knowledge, for the simple reason that the Spaniards were incapable of expounding it, due to a lack of sufficient culture. Inca medicine, for example, was far superior to that practised in Europe during the Middle Ages, and we know this because traces of successful trepanations were found on skeletons, not to mention the bronze surgical instruments that have come down to us. A few poems have been saved, as well as a drama, which demonstrate a high literary level. The few solar observatories that the Spanish friars did not destroy are proof of constant research in the field of astronomy.

This extraordinary social and economic organisation is demonstrating to us the absolute fallacy of modern democratic systems, applied indiscriminately, fanatically we should say, to all races and peoples of the earth and creating - they do - the most aberrant economic caste system, with the greatest injustice and wealth in the hands of a few, whether in capitalism, free trade, the social market system or Marxist totalitarianism. None of this is a panacea for the people of colour, who today live in the most degrading misery. What a difference from the Inca regime and the National Socialist system, and also from that of ancient Aryan India. To maintain the purity of the Nordic whites, the Emperors even marry their sisters, it is said. De Mahieu believes that this is a term that does not refer to consanguinity, but perhaps to an initiatory order of the Coya. What is certain is that they preferably married the sacred priestesses, the "Virgins of the Sun", the Coya (from the Norrish Gydhja, from Godhi priest and Godho which comes from Goth, God. The Goths). They are of the purest Nordic-Polar race and beauty, in their most ancient origins.

Thus it is that from Ecuador, to the most distant south (I maintain that a selection of the Inkas went as far as Patagonia itself, where the "entrance" to the "City of the Caesars", of the Ankahuinkas, would be found, and where I have tried to reach) an enormous Racist Empire spread, ruled by white and blond, blue-eyed Emperors, "Sons of the Sun", with generals and officials, with curacas also white or of little mixed race, men of confidence, but not of divine origin, nor "Sons of the Sun". And until the Empire could remain firmly ruled by pure blood (which is thus divine), it shone "in form", as if it were the Sun itself.

Their decadence comes together with the impurity of blood and the almost inevitable miscegenation of a minority, which stands out as a small island in a growing sea of colour. And it is then that Columbus, the Jew, arrives with his "conspiracies" and with the subtle poison of a Semitic religion, which is a lethal anti-pagan weapon, for it preaches the equality of races and bloods, raising the inferior against the superior, as it did in Rome, in Greece and in the rest of Europe. With the decadence of this New Old World, the drama and catastrophe of the end of a Great Round, of a Cycle, is spreading to every corner of the planet. It is the Twilight of the Gods all over the Earth.

The Spanish Conquest

On the galleons of "La Santa María", "La Pinta" and "La Niña" came the microbes and viruses of Christianised Europe, "equality", "fraternity", etcetera. Humanism, together with intolerance, fanaticism and the Inquisition. All things unknown and repugnant to the pagan world. The great paradoxes of division, contradiction, the dichotomy of "sin", "hell" and the leprosy of the soul. Did the "Visions of Papan", the sister of Montezuma, in Mexico, of the Priestess Princess of the Sun, that Gydhja, think that it was Quetzacoatl returning, instead of Hernán Cortés, mistaken? Perhaps he thought so because there was a "first" and a "second" Quetzacoatl, a Christian priest in Mexico, called Itzamna, who is not Ullman, the Quetzalcoatl-warrior, just as to the Empire of the Atumarunas comes Pay Sumé, or the father Gnupa, who is not Viracocha, Son of the Sun, whose "environment" has also been confused with the arrival of Francisco Pizarro.

The Atumaruna and Inkan empires had been aware of the fateful events of the 13th century in Europe since ancient times, thanks to some Norman ships and the memories that the Inkas had of the Old Empire and their relations with the Templars, who had already been destroyed. That is why the Inka Huayna Capac, on his deathbed, addresses his sons, his relatives, his curacas and captains and warns them: "...many years ago, by revelation of our Father the Sun, we have it that after twelve Inkas, with their sons, new and unknown people will come to these lands and will win and subject our Empire and many other governments to their power. I suspect that they will be the same people who have sailed along the coast of our sea (it was Vasco Núñez de Balboa who sailed off the coast of Ecuador). A few years after I am gone, these people will come and subjugate our territories. You will not be able to defeat them, because their weapons will be more powerful than ours. I command you to obey them and not to fight them?

These words have already been reproduced by me in "Adof Hitler: The Last Avatar" and are also found in de Mahieu, and I believe in Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa, in his "History of the Incas". They were thus spoken by that wise and prophetic Inka to his curacas, to his suyri (from English sir, from Sanskrit-Hindu sri, from syna from norres - brave - from which sinchi, "chief", is also derived, in norres giving rise to the Araucanian cínche and to the principle of the Cinche or Cinchecona, so like the Führer Prinzip). The Inka would have been informed by the amautas priests of the Incanate, wise men who knew the future by the Eternal Return, interpreting the stars. For all this, the conqueror Francisco Pizarro will not be fought. And in his own words, "the people or peoples of this kingdom of Peru were of a copper-coloured hue and their lords and rulers, men and women, were whiter than the Spaniards".

The Inkas knew of the future of the Spanish conquest, in advance and, wishing also to lose (lose now to win later) they took the measures to make their racial elites disappear in time, not in the city of the Andean summits of Machupichu, but in the most secret refuges of their remote ancestors, the Hyperboreans, the Frisians, the Amutaruna Vikings and the giant heroes, guardians of the Gral, that Solar Energy. The true "Treasure of the Inkas", which is preserved inviolate, only in "synchronism" with the divinity of the purest blood.

Undoubtedly, with the Spanish conquerors also came the remains of Visigothic warriors from hyperborean Spain, the Spain of the Cid. In other words, Germanic warriors who were direct relatives of the Vikings, the Atumarunas and the Inkas. But they are now fewer in number and almost all head for the most difficult part of the Conquest, the region of Chile, or Chilli, where a people of warriors, the Mapuches ("Men of the Earth", who love their land) put up tremendous resistance. This is why the conquest of their territory will cost Spain more than twice as many men as in the rest of the Americas. And in four hundred years of continuous fighting, the pacification of Arauco has still not been completed. Because here, too, the "Principle of the Chief" of the ancient Germans applies, and there was no Inka who asked not to fight the invader, or, if there was one, he was not listened to.

It is the Frisian blood of the Araucanians, which leads to that warlike epic that impels a Spanish Visigoth to write the first poem of deeds of all the conquests of the Visigoths in Spain. The poet-warrior, Don Alonso de Ercilla, seduced by the courage of these strange people, who seem rather Germanic from the Tëutoburger wald or Greeks from Sparta. Thus he writes "La Araucana". Atuca means warrior, precisely. And aucapacha, "time of war". That time" lasts a long time, and here the Visigoth warriors come to fight, in a land that offers them no greater riches, apart from the battle for honour itself. And war for the sake of war, so dear to the Goths. This is how Emperor Philip II could claim that Chile, or chilIi, "cost him the cream of his Guzmans". That is to say, of his "good men", his Gutmans, in German. The Visigoths.

Unfortunately, they no longer even know that they are Goths and that they must preserve their blood. They mix indiscriminately in this America of ours and also in Chile, with the people of colour, giving rise to our mestizo world, with better or worse nuances depending on the region. In my country there is an even mixture of races, with only two sexual components, the Visigoth and the Araucanian. And we have an extraordinary book on the subject, "Raza Chilena", by Dr. Nicolás Palacios, whose conclusions helped me to write my book, "El Ciclo Racial Chileno".

At this stage of our history, of American involution, if we wanted to apply some policy for the "health of the American peoples", it seems to me that the only possible one would be to try to overcome the entropy of miscegenation, seeking the preservation of the best, For which it is essential to set aside the Christian and Masonic myth of equality and the protection of the deformed, the moronic and the mongoloid, giving, instead, preference to the fittest, the least mixed, the most intelligent, the most intellectually and physically gifted. I have always advocated this in Chile, where today, unfortunately, the fertility of the coloured people and the lumpen, plus the indiscriminate immigration of Orientals and Jews will soon transform us, like the rest of our America, into a mosaic of African and Oriental races, where the Spanish Visigoth, the Inka and the Viking atumaruna arios, like the Germans who arrived between the two world wars, will be no more than a pale memory of yesterday, at the centre of a maelstrom and a shipwreck brought about by the Great Conspiracy, aimed at the final destruction of this planet, in order to establish the sinister Empire of the Wise Men of Zion on its ruins.

What, then, should we commemorate on the five hundredth anniversary of the so-called "discovery" of America, the arrival of the Jew Columbus, who left Spain on the very day when "the last unconverted Jew was expelled" and who came with the mission to destroy the last refuge of the Hyperboreans, to seize for his "anti-race" the impregnable "Secret Cities", where the "White Gods" would hide?

We will not be celebrating.

His Jesuits tried and succeeded in destroying all signs and documents of the vanished world that might oppose their mutilated and biased worldview. However, although the Jew and his agents are still desperately searching, even today, for the entrances to the secret world, to the refuge of the Hyperboreans, the Inkas, the ancestors of the Inkas, the Atumarunas, the Templars and Hitler's SS elite and Hitler himself, (who in turn wished to "lose in order to win") that "impregnable Earthly Paradise" where the Gral is guarded, they still cannot find it and never will find it. Until the great hour of the Resurrection of the Gods comes, just on the brink of the final catastrophe, when all is believed to be lost. And so our America will once again be the Huitramanaland of the Vikings, the land of the Hatun, of the returned Giants of the Ancient Sun, of those who were preserved petrified in the peaks and rocks of the Andes.

And this, Our Earth will again be inhabited by White Gods.

Category: 'Lost' civilisations and 'forbidden' archaeology : 'Lost' civilisations and 'forbidden' archaeology : 'Lost' civilisations

Usury (Miguel Serrano)

With this word, Ezra Pound synthesised the profound evil of the Darkest Age. His famous Canto XLV "Usury" is also a Manifesto against this cursed time. The fundamental reason that led Ezra Pound to side with Adolf Hitler in the Great War is that it was National Socialism that destroyed the servitude to the interest of money. That is, Usury.

And this is also the ultimate reason for the declaration of total war on Hitler and Hitlerism by the powers of international Judaism, by the servants of the Demiurge Jehovah, the Enemy, the Lord of Darkness. Hitler deprived them of their sinister weapon, by means of which the world has been enslaved.

The analysis of our situation, of that of other countries of our continent and of the so-called Third World has been made with the Protocol of the Elders of Zion on foreign borrowing as the cornerstone. It can be seen that this foreign debt will also be eternal, reaching immense, nightmarish figures. And just as the country is indebted abroad to international usurious capital, with ever-increasing interest rates, so the individual is indebted internally at the same usurious interest rate to the domestic banks, which, in turn, are dependent for other loans on foreign super-capitalism. In the meantime, the control organism, created by international Jewish capital, "The International Monetary Fund", watches over and directs with an iron hand the suicide of the national groups. Chile has become the most obedient of the suicides, the most compliant of the self-destructors of its own people and its defenceless workers. The most obedient doer of all the orders of the sadistic master. Hat in hand he borrows and borrows to be able to pay the interest on the interest of his growing loans and he obeys the orders that whip in hand, the moneylender gives him through his taskmaster, the International Monetary Fund.

We will now reproduce a few paragraphs from "The Manifesto for the Breaking of the Bondage of Money Interest" which was the antidote that Hitlerism discovered against the "Protocol XX" of the Sages of Zion and which, when applied in Germany, destroyed that bondage and came close to annihilating once and for all the virus of Usury. It was made clear that at all times and in all places a nation, a human conglomerate, can try to save itself from catastrophe and destruction. The formula was given by National Socialism, by Hitlerism. And the danger was so grave for the Judaic poison that a total war against the Genius of the Gentiles was urgently decided upon. For fear that the people, even today, will turn their desperate eyes towards Him, in the face of the agony they are living through and the failure of the systems that are given as the only alternative, Marxism, capitalism, all this paraphernalia of the "holocaust of the chosen people of Jehovah" has been invented, of the National Socialist "crimes", of persecution, tyranny, slavery, racial genocides and other arguments with which the emotion of the masses is mobilised, the mind is clouded and the idiotised Aryans and animal-men are prevented from seeing reality. It has all been carefully planned centuries in advance. The "Protocols" themselves say so. They believe they can make use of the Genius of the Gentiles, use him to carry out their plans to their ultimate consequences: The imposition of their Messiah-Golem, of their cybernetic machinery, on the reason and flesh of the slaves, already turned into a jumble of mud and excrement.

The author of "The Manifesto against the Money Interest" was Gottfried Feder. Its principles were applied by Hitler, once he came to power in Germany. It is of capital importance to know that Friedrich was a permanent member of the Esoteric Society of Thule (the Thulegesellschaft), of which Adolf Hitler, Rudolf Hess and Alfred Rosenberg, among other high-ranking National Socialist leaders, were also invited members, Thus, the doctrine applied, the antidote to the Jewish virus against their "esotericism" of black magic and the numerical Kabbalah, of the "interest of money", was an entire operation of Aryan magic, of hyperborean, Nordic and polar esotericism.

Here are some revealing excerpts for Chile and Chileans today, for South Americans and all peoples who groan under the yoke of international Jewish capital: "The only remedy, the radical remedy for the healing of suffering humanity is: The breaking of the bondage of money interest. This breaking of bondage means the only possible and definitive liberation of productive labour from the money powers that secretly dominate the world. The breaking of the bondage of interest means the restoration of free personality, of man's salvation from enslavement and also from the magical fascination in which his soul has been entangled by consumerism". (The Manifesto says "mammonism"; but we have adapted the term to the present times of Chile and the Jewish doctrines of the Chicago School boys and the Jew Milton Friedman. In Chile they invented loans in U.F. (Unidades de Fomento) that force the debtor to live just to pay the interest on the interest, as Feder would say.) "Whoever really wants to fight capitalism must break the bondage of interest.

"It is quite astonishing to see how Marxist ideology, from Marx and Engels, starting with the Communist Manifesto and going up to the programme of Efurt, especially Kautzky (all Jews) and also the present socialist rulers, stop at the interests of lending capital as at a commanding voice. The sanctity of interest is taboo; interest is the most sacrosanct thing, also for the communists (who also 'help' their partners (Comecon) by charging enormous interest in money and blood). No one has ever dared to shake off interest (only the Templars lent without interest). As long as property, nobility, honour, security of person and property, the rights of the Crown, religious convictions, military honour, fatherland and liberty are more or less put outside the law, interest is sacred and untouchable. Noli me tangere! Its gigantic weight drags the ship of state into the abyss; it is an enormous deception, forged purely and exclusively for the benefit of the great powers of money".

"The big money powers are, by the way, the ultimate driving force behind the Anglo-American imperialism that encompasses the world. The big money powers have effectively financed the horrible slaughter of human beings of the World War. The big money powers certainly as owners of all the major newspapers, have enveloped the world in a web of lies. They have excited with pleasure all the base passions, the craving for luxury, consumerism, absurd yearnings and utopias.... The spirit of consumerism only wanted to know export figures, national wealth, expansion, big bank projects, international financing, and so on. And it has led to the ruin of public morals, to the sinking of the ruling circles into materialism and the lust for pleasure, to a flattening of national life, all factors which are to blame for the terrible collapse".

"Interest, the influx of goods without effort and without end, the possession of money without any kind of work (the Jew has to 'devote himself to pray to his God') is what has made the great money powers grow. The interest of money is the criminal principle from which the Golden International is generated" ("Supercapitalism").

"And Roman law, on which our legislation is based, is made to protect big capital and usury; because it is law in the service of a plutocracy.

"The insatiable lust for interest of big money-lending capital is the curse of all labouring humanity. The income of the house of Rotschild, of the Cahn, Löeb, Speyer, Schiff, Morgan, Vanderbilt and Astor, estimated together at least sixty or seventy billion (in those years), with a yield of 5% interest, means an income for these eight (Jewish) families of 5-6 billion, as much or more than the annual income of 75% of the taxpayers of Prussia, in 1912, with a census of about 21,000,000. Eight billionaires have as much income as 38 million Germans".

"Through an intensive campaign of enlightenment it must be made clear to the people that money is not and must not be anything else but a bonus for work done; that every highly developed economy needs money as a medium of exchange; but that the function of money is thus fulfilled, and that in no way can money be given, through interest, a supernatural power to grow by itself at the expense of productive labour.

"Helpless people are babbling! A burning yearning, a clamour for salvation passes through the deluded masses, their hopes dashed. With laughter and dancing, with cinematographs and parades, they try to deceive the people into forgetting their pitiful fate, the betrayal, the terrible disillusionment, the internal wound.... In Russia too, socialisation, nationalisation, has proved to be a failure. And when the despair of the whole people spreads, the Mongol gangs, the bloody terror, the bayonets are only capable of protecting the tyrants from the vengeance of the deceived and exploited people...".

"We too will end up like this if we continue to allow the government to remain in the hands of international speculators, representatives of the plundering bourgeoisie and members of an (anti-racial) race alien to the essence of the German people".

This applies to Chile today almost in detail. We are already the slaves of usury and of the Comptroller of Usury, the International Monetary Fund.

We could go on reproducing the luminous National Socialist Manifesto in its entirety; but we have already grasped its essence, and that alone matters. We have already grasped its essence, and that is all that matters. What is the solution that Hitler's Germany will apply in the end? Exchange money-value for labour-value. A simple solution, like Columbus' egg. Germany had no money, but it had the formidable labour of its people to pay its war debt, imposed by the Treaty of Versailles. And with it she paid, with the product of her labour. We do not have this superb German labour, but we also have skilled and hard-working labour. And we have our raw materials, processed or semi-finished. With them we could pay. But if we were only to try to do so, the government that proposed it would fall. Germany has been declared a planetary war. It would be enough for Chile if only a single finger of the Jewish hand could be wagged. The whole of South America is being kept divided for it, with border problems and national claims. Chile is the most vulnerable. The permanent shadow of a possible Chilean-Argentine war is maintained by Jews entrenched in the press in Buenos Aires, in the delegations for the negotiations of the agreements and by the action of the Masonic lodges. By all means it will be tried to prevent a general Latin American understanding to face the problem of the foreign debt and the increasing and usurious interests. Attempts will be made to use "applied pupils" as agents of disagreement, urging them to negotiate separately, rewarding them for their faithful compliance in paying the interest on the interest on the interest on the interest on the interest on the loans made and renewed to pay only that interest.

And Gottfried Feder claims that the solution to the whole infernal affair lies precisely in state bankruptcy as the only means of saving national economies. Only in this way can the peoples of today, at this juncture of history, when the Jew believes himself to be the triumphant master of the world, free themselves from his clutches and escape from the circle of black magic in which they are imprisoned, "hypnotised", like the victims of his Serpent.

Here is the solution, the only real solution: stop paying, declare bankruptcy, national bankruptcy. And what can happen? Nothing. Absolutely nothing. Only a revival of the national spirit, a liberation. The Jews of America and Russia are not going to declare joint war on their universe of debtors. Although they might, in desperation, declare war on each other. Which they will do anyway, for their regimes have already failed. Nor will they be able to put countries in jail, as has been done in Chile with the entrepreneurs of "consumerism", who declared bankruptcy after having taken their capital out of the country. In this case, the money and even the gold of the creditors would have become worthless. Only labour, food and raw materials would regain their importance. And money, but only as a medium of exchange. Interest, the breeding ground of the microbe, of the planetary and galactic virus, would have been destroyed.

Utopia, vain dream! Because the Führer is already gone and will not return so soon. Not before he is mourned by all beings and even by minerals and plants, like Baldur. There will not be found the country capable of taking the risk, the pure, honest, loyal, great ruler, to prefer sacrifice, risk, honour, combat, rather than let his people down and allow them to bleed him dry. To prefer death to the ignominy of slavery. It is a matter of race.

In the whole of our South American world, only one country has had these impulses, but they have not come to fruition: Argentina. We must recognise and admire it, even as flickers of a fatuous fire. And this, despite the fact that Argentina has lent itself to the work of the Enemy, continually provoking Chile, almost to the point of producing the war so desired by those who know that the complementation and union of these two countries would create an irresistible centre of energy and magnetism. An ethnological possibility in the Southern Cone, in the south-polar Hyperborea.

And the National Socialist Manifesto says: "The abolition of interest payments is not state bankruptcy in disguise. The spectre of state bankruptcy is, in fact, a bogeyman of children's fairy tales invented by the lending powers".

At the mere hint that a debtor might default on interest payments and even on the debt, the international Jewish banks will start by lowering interest rates, give facilities, declare moratoriums, and, finally, even write off the debt, as long as they do not have to face the horror of money ceasing to be worth what it is worth to the Jew. That it becomes worthless apart from being a medium of exchange. He will accept all this with the knowledge of "old fighters" that the memory of the goym, of the animal-men and also of the stultified Aryans is short. And thus, in a very short time, it will again lend at interest (starting with low or disguised interest). And thus the broth of Usury will allow him to continue to subsist without working, exploiting the labour of others and "praying to Jehovah", to prepare for the coming of his Messiah-King.

But before reaching such an extreme situation, international capital will make use of all its known and unknown expedients: assassinations and changes of gentile governments, local wars (Argentina and Chile, Iran and Iraq, Lebanon, etc.), threats, monetary reports, divisions, enmities.

Humanisation of Man

by Miguel Serrano

The men of our day, our fellow men, constantly exclaim: "This is not true, this is not true", or they say, "this is true".

..... In order for man to be able to secure this simple gesture, an act of comparison must take place in his spirit.

..... The concept truth and the concept lie only deny the "relativity of truth" by their existence. For man to be able to affirm something superior or inferior to a second being, he needs to compare with an ideal, absolute in its existence, definitive standard.

..... If man affirms that "this is false" it is because the truth exists and only on the basis of a comparison with it can he affirm it. To object that this truth is relative in time does not alter the problem in any way, since this does not mean that it is no longer true. The very concept "relative" exists as a function of comparison with a notion of "absolute".

..... This is how truth is truth and the problem of its relativity in time, an absurdity.

..... There is a notion of perfection, of goodness and wholeness with the vision of which we work and judge in this world. It is also what for so long has been called truth.

..... She applies in this world, she serves us to measure.

..... It does not alter the question at all that Nietzsche says that good is only that which increases power and the will to power, or that the guideline for measuring and ordering values wishes to be placed in physiology, regulated by pleasurable or unpleasant sensations, since in order to affirm pain as harmful in the spirit, a primary understanding of values is necessary. Moreover, to try to solve or cancel such a rational problem by anti-spiritual or anti-spiritual means, such as the sensory ones, is simply a great mistake, an absurdity.

..... Man has a notion of what is perfect, of what is "right", which in knowledge amounts to an a priori, which is ultimately what makes possible what we call "knowledge" itself.

..... Already Plato, trying to unite Socratic rationalism with religious mysteries, more precisely, with the Pythagorean doctrine of the reincarnation of the soul, arrived in his thought at a system of general ideas existing infinitely in an individual soul.

Plato also knew it, let us say better, almost knew it; for, being presented with the following problem, he mistook the whole view, both in explanation and doctrine.

..... The problem that presented itself to Plato is the same problem that presents itself to us immediately, as it does to every man who, experiencing the obscure sound of "what was", tries to give an explanation.

..... There is a notion of the ideal which man apprehends, a notion which is outside us and which is perfect. Residing outside us and being perfect, it must reside in an external, distant and perfect world.

..... This is the conclusion, both in Plato and in the current philosophers adept at Value Theory, who locate an ideal world of values, existing beyond man himself.

..... For Plato, for example, it was the glittering world of ideas, in general, where the soul once resided and to which it returns. A distant world in both cases, far beyond this imperfect earth, which is condemned in a determined or veiled way.

..... This, this alone is the big mistake.

..... Why think that this notion of truth comes to us from outside? And if it comes to us from within ourselves, why should we believe that it is due to a "memory" of an ultraterrestrial existence, which is stirring against terrestrial existence in order to curse it, to deny it?

..... This feeling of perfection, which is what today is called truth, is a memory in us of our past perfection; but in life, here, on this earth. A memory that sounds from time to time, obscure and constant, of a splendour and an absolute health, which was in man and in life on earth, which man lost, by a not at all religious or mystical event, descending at once then to the individual of today, who longs to reconquer it.

..... This memory of life and of man on earth is what in our time can be called truth, which is life.

..... The very word truth has meaning only today; it does not exist in life, because it is. Truth, like life, with a capital letter, exists for man, as long as it is not in his life. "Before" and "after" one is.

..... The word truth can thus be replaced by the word life. But in this paper we will continue to use it out of habit.

..... In the world of our history there are only aspects of truth. Truth "reveals itself", philosophers have said, by changing its aspect, its profile, its language, its appearance. Transposed to a higher plane of expressive vitality, it is said that each epoch or time expresses a different and unique instance of life.

..... Thus in "our history" (in our world, as the "philosophers" have said) truth is not given in its entirety, in its totality, in its absoluteness, at once. This is the origin of the "intricacies", the gibberish of "relativism".

..... The whole truth is not given, because the whole life is not given. There is no life, when man is somewhat ill.

..... We have started from the premise of illness in the world of our history, substituting this more real and more optimistic concept for the old one of "earthly imperfection", since illness presupposes the previous moment of health, a moment in which it was contracted and a possibility of convalescence and health.

..... That is why today there is neither truth nor health in an absolute sense, there being only one man less sick than another or truer than a second. More or less sick, or healthy, if you like, only.

..... And we know that a man is more or less healthy by a comparison with the ideal value of truth, that is to say, by a comparison with the memory of the man he was and which is given to us in the obscure feeling and in the longing for the reconquest of the totality that it signifies.

..... This is why the path of ethics is the path towards the reconquest of life, through the desire to be more and more healthy, less and less sick, more and more true.

.... In affirming these things we do nothing more than reaffirm man's rational thinking, which is falling into disrepute because of dialectical "thinking". And in attacking dialectics, in order to return to rational thinking, we do nothing more than affirm with the established attitude that man must try to walk from a greater error to a lesser one. In this case, from that great error into which we are about to sink as into an unknown cesspool: the dialectic.

..... Rational thought is certainly not the truly healthy activity of the spirit, for perhaps "thinking" is not its functional activity; but it is infinitely nearer to truth than the dialectical attitude, because in real life things happen in a way much more similar, surely, to movement in rational categories than to dialectical evolution. The definite categories, the opposites, are to be found in life, because they are always to be found in the spirit, the only difference being that in real life the spirit does not think them.

..... Now, in order to begin a definition of the rational and the dialectical, this being almost a question of knowledge, we have to rehabilitate the old formula of Protagoras, that man is the measure of all things, because, in the final analysis, it is man who measures them and who ascertains them. Thus, it is only from man that we have to start and from his time of life, which is the one that moves, from his human time.

..... From here we can only speak of the things of the world, of the dialectic, today, and note its sickness and its abnormality, by the very fact of wanting man to find out the things of this world and even to find out himself, from beyond him and beyond his vital time.

..... The question boils down to two terms: human time and inhuman time. Human time is man's time; but since man today is not absolutely man, it is right that inhuman time has entered our life.

..... Thus the dialectic, by building itself on the unique appreciation of inhuman time, is as if it were building itself on illness alone, preaching the total annulment of man.

..... It is because things today are built on the desire for health or on defeat.

..... When man really was, or when there was no such thing as what today is sometimes called eternity, cosmic time, there was only "his time", the time of "his life". When he becomes ill, when he suffers defeat, inhuman or cosmic time is introduced, in which the movement is carried out in a way totally opposite to ours, that is to say, dialectically, by an inhuman system of triads, if you like, or of the overcoming of antitheses which merge, in which everything is and is not. Not so in the "human movement", or in the time of life, which is realised by the appearance of opposites or opposing categories.

..... Rational thought - as he has given us to call it - is built on the appreciation of this movement in human time, dialectical thought will respect only the movement of inhuman time.

..... To know, then, which of these two thoughts is healthier or truer than the other (which is what we can ultimately ascertain from the things of the present world) we have to apply the metre or yardstick of an absolute value, of absolute truth, of the truth, that is, of the feeling of the life that was, or of the obscure feeling we have of how life was.

..... Compare.

..... We know that life is the life of man, that is, of his time and his present.

..... We have seen that rational thinking in unmistakable, infusible categories is done with respect for the time of human life and its success.

..... On the contrary, dialectics fuses the opposites, the antitheses, makes everything to be and not to be, to "become", to happen as in the cosmos beyond man, that is to say, it wants to think from outside man, it wants to annul man definitively.

..... We can see this in the thinkers who are representative of this exogenous tendency.

..... Bergson, without being a dialectician in the sense of today's Marxists, is the great appreciator of the inhuman, through what he calls intuition, which is nothing more than the defeat or the illness existing in man today, that is, this same inhuman time that must be expelled from our life. Bergson thought that in order to achieve perfection in the communication of the inhuman, it is necessary to stop being "homo locuax", that is, to stop being man. The philosopher was in a great chaos, because he himself, after all, was, on some level, a man. Realising this magnificent chaos he suddenly collapses. And what else could he do but convert to Christian Catholicism like a good failed Jew?

..... Now here among us we have Professor Nicolai, who, by osmosis, receiving in his sensibility the American impulse towards health, denies the dialectic. But does not the professor also find himself in confusion when he surpasses man by Darwinistically prolonging him into a new being who will come into being with both hemispheres of the brain functioning? Does he naively believe that he will thus apprehend a truer truth? Dr. Nicolai is confused, because to deny the dialectic, arithmetically it is understood, is only done by affirming man. And vice versa, to deny man is to be dialectical. Any new being other than the present one, other than the man who existed before on earth, is not a man, he is a superman, a demigod or a machine with steel parts instead of living, warm organs.

..... Today's transformist science also annuls the human being, falling into the terrible dizziness of the infinite and indeterminable cosmos, no longer knowing whether the world is an atom or the atom is a whole world.

..... In the dialectical conception as applied to transformational science, man constantly descends from other things, the organic from the inorganic, and all is one and the same substance which modifies itself. It is a pantheism, a pansubstantialism. Already at one time Hegel's system itself has been called panlogism.

..... In pantheism, as we know, man dies. That is why a definitive dualism, a homocentrism, is affirmed.

..... We can safely confirm that a return to rational thinking, a passionate and arithmetical negation of dialectics, which is therefore the great apology for illness and the annulment of man, which is built not on the creature's desire for health, but on the illness and the defeat it harbours today, is absolutely necessary for the time being.

..... Dialectics is the perhaps total annulment of man, his attempt at definitive dehumanisation, his death. We must, by all means, stop at its threshold, we must return with considerable effort to the definitive health of life, walking, as we have already explained, the reverse path: from lesser to lesser illness, or to greater degrees of health.

..... Return to the truth.

 Today there is truth and falsehood in life, that is to say, there is illness; life is a little bit non-life, because man is somewhat inhuman. To return to man means to humanise oneself. To return to man and to life, that is to say, to what in common parlance is the cherished Absolute truth. Thus totally destroying the lie.

..... This is life.

..... And with it truth also disappears. It disappears forever like the Lie, since it exists only in definition of it. Truth disappears because the lie has disappeared, and truth exists only to destroy the lie. The lie will disappear, when truth has become flesh; then it ceases to exist, for it is. Truth is life, man will live.

..... Why can't all this be said in this other way? There, in the beginning of time, man, who was happy, lost himself, in a defeat, for example, with the other world. And his story is a story of pain.

..... The new man who appears in the new epochs knows that he must recover himself. That is what we know today here in South America, a continent determined by another factor or instance of life than the West, we know that we have to recover man, humanising him; man, who is body and spirit as a whole. To recover ourselves by humanising the individual, attacking the inhumanity that today stands as a great altar in the dialectical attitude. Thus holding back in time the most dangerous historical slide towards the annihilation of man.

..... Such dangerous things can only be combated with a true attitude towards life.

in ATENEA magazine

University of Concepción (Chile)

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Miguel Serrano

Where is the flower?

Ercilla Magazine Nº1849, 23 December 1970

Around 1938, Miguel Serrano disconcerted readers with an Antología del verdadero cuento en Chile (Anthology of the True Short Story in Chile), which threw overboard the usual familiars, sponsoring new texts that moved obsessions, accumulated data from the conscience and put anti-Creoleism by the horns of the moon.

Then came a long polemic between Serrano and Droguett in the now defunct Hoy magazine, in which the Gran Poder speech was said. In other words, from one to a thousand.

Who was Serrano? A young man in his twenties, the nephew of Vicente Huidobro, who was looking at the world with a face of not being very sure, but who was seeing another Chile, very nocturnal, very atrociously in convulsion. And a group of people, "those of '38", sort of underground angels of a Santiago that tended to focus on the murder of the Seguro Obrero, the death of the socialist Barreto - in a café in San Diego street - and the long, carnal discussions about what we are and where we are going. All this would later become fixed in one of the strangest and most definitive books that Chilean literature has ever had, Ni por mar ni por tierra.

In 1953, the Ibañez government made him a diplomat. And Serrano travelled the world, he was in India, in Yugoslavia and in Vienna (where he is currently ambassador). He began to penetrate the secrets of the great initiates, to travel through the mind and to understand the Great Whole. New books came: Who Calls Among the Ice; The Serpent of Paradise, The Hermetic Circle and The Visits of the Queen of Sheba.

Dense, essential, problematic prose sharpens the relationship between man and the world. And from the tenuous relations, Serrano leads to analogies that allow him to open up the mysterious regions, the cases of parasychology and the circular world.

His latest book published in England, which is just circulating in Chile, La flor inexistente, with illustrations by the painter Julio Escámez, searches for those who are waiting, through the City of Caesars, through Valparaíso, through San Diego Street, inside and out, like a personal mythology, made by looking at things from the inside.

Miguel Serrano responds in writing to a questionnaire prepared by Alfonso Calderón:

-Perhaps one of the most remarkable internal images of a generation was given by you, together with the vision of the time, about 1938, in your book Ni por mar ni por tierra. How do you now see that world, those people and that time? How do you also see that book?

-It's funny, arriving in Chile these days, after so many years, all this time, I've been trying to relive the images of that past. I search, I walk the old streets of a Santiago that has already disappeared. I walk along Lira Street, Carmen Street, Tocornal Street, San Diego Street, where we used to walk with Héctor Barreto, with Santiago del Campo, with Julio Molina, with Omar Cáceres, Jayme Rayo, Homero López, Irizarri, Iván Romero, "Tigre" Ahumada and others, many of them disappeared. I can't find the old friends or the old streets. Everything has vanished, nothing remains. The streets are full of people, other people, cars, and a grey smoke that covers everything. However, in the light of the twilight, in the trembling of that light on the leaves, on the unique green of Chile, there I find the ghosts again, everything that has disappeared. And it is like a tear in the light. I am afraid to climb the San Cristóbal hill, that hill of my childhood, afraid of not finding the mystery any more; also the Santa Lucía. I don't speak of the mountain range, because it no longer appears; it is covered by the smoke of the city. This is how I see those times. That is to say, I no longer see them. In truth, I look for them inside; I know they are there. Friends live there, eternally. It is a light that will die only with me.

Ni por mar ni por tierra was the first book of a trilogy, an attempt at a mythical interpretation of the landscape of my land, through the tremendous drama of my generation. That is, through the tortured, bleeding soul of my generation. It was followed by Quien llama en los hielos, a search among the ice of Antarctica, and from there, we jump to La serpiente del Paraíso, where we continue the same search in India, to try to discover the root, the origin of the mystery and the legends of the extreme south of the earth.

Friendly characters

-Who are the people you have met who have left the deepest impression on you? Because of what?

- Let's start with politicians, although I don't like that word. Let's say statesmen instead. First Nehru, of course. He was a humanist, a philosopher, a human being of superior condition. He never lost that human condition that made him a being of selection, because he was humble in his greatness. Then, his daughter Indira, stronger than him in many ways. She is the continuation of her father in another generation and in a world which descends, which does not ascend, which goes downwards in the time which the Hindus call Kaliyuga, that is, in the materialistic period of the earth, and which humanity will have to live through, "to hurry up to the dregs". I must also refer to Titus, the political being in his pure essence, with an innate sense of power. His indomitable courage has led him to place himself at the centre of historical events, changing them in such a way that the history of the 20th century takes on a new direction and opens up creative possibilities within socialism.

"Of the people mentioned here, I was and am a friend. When I left India, Nehru gave me his baton, made of pure sandalwood, with which he travelled the world, his world. It is signed by his daughter, Indira. She brought it to me, on behalf of her father, when she saw me off at the station when I left.

"I also have a gift from the Dalai Lama, a little Tibetan dog called "Dolma". This is the name of a goddess of Lamaist Buddhism. He also gave me this gift when we said goodbye; I brought him a Quinchamali pottery, a fish. "Dolma" is not totally dog, she has something human about her; maybe she is a reincarnated lama. In any case, she is my teacher, she teaches me in silence, because we communicate in silence.

"Of the Chilean statesmen, I will mention General Ibañez. Who was General Ibañez? A mysterious, enormous man. In India I learned who he was. We were visiting the Chinese ambassador with a Chilean friend. My friend remained silent all the time. Afterwards, on leaving, he said to me: "Sometimes something extraordinary happens to me: I see another person in one person. While you were talking to the Chinese ambassador, I saw General Ibañez in him all the time". A whole world opened up to me. Yes, Ibañez was a Chinese Mandarin, a Chinese emperor, with all his enormous mystery, his inexplicable goodness, his inexplicable cruelty, his unattainable greatness. It was he who sent me to India. There is a link between South America, between Chile and Asia, which goes under the enormous Pacific Ocean, through those mysterious underground corridors through which the Incas reached Peru, from Tibet. Yes, in the heart of General Ibañez, in the heart of a general there is also room for a poet. In De Gaulle's heart there was room for Malraux.

"I wanted to leave writers and thinkers for last. I believe that the greatest poet Chile has ever had is Omar Cáceres, author of only one book: La defensa del ídolo. This book should be republished and better known. Omar Cáceres was murdered. He was a cursed poet. Omar Cáceres is on a par with the greatest universal poets, and, in the Spanish language, with San Juan de la Cruz and Santa Teresa.

"I don't want to dwell too much on my friend Barreto, poet, writer, who also died tragically when he was so young. I have already spoken at length about him in Ni por mar ni por tierra, as I have about the other poets of my generation, Eduardo Anguita, Braulio Arenas, for example.

"In my book The Hermetic Circle I have dealt with Hermann Hesse. His work is great, but he was even greater than his work. He lived without compromise, which is why he has been prolonged in myth and legend. Slowly, like a subterranean river, his work is slowly making its way through the souls of new generations. Professor Jung was a magician, an alchemist of other times; he transformed lead into gold, into the inner world. I believe that his message is far from being fully understood and that, to the extent that he was honest and sincere, it too will work its way through to become the living word that will enable man to resurrect; that is, to ascend from the depths of the materialism of the Kaliyuga, back to God. As long as this does not happen, everything will be like a pyramid without a top. Jung said: "I do not know whether God exists outside man; but what I do know is that God is a need of man, an activity of the soul. If this need is not expressed, man is cut off; he is not total.

"My book about my relations with Hesse and Jung, The Hermetic Circle, has been translated into English, German, Portuguese and published in many countries. In the USA it circulates in paperback among university students and hippie colonies. Here it went out of print a long time ago, but no one else has thought of reprinting it, although it is highly sought after, in bookshops.

-How do you write, what are your procedures, how did the idea for some of your books come about?

- I write by hand, with ink. I meditate the books for years, I work on them inside myself. Then the end is quick. I have just finished a new book. It took me five years of study and work. My latest work published these days is La flor inexistente, commented on by Alone and Hernán del Solar in a penetrating way; it had its origin in what Jung calls The-Self, which he defines as an ideal point of the person, equidistant between the conscious and the unconscious, something that doesn't really exist, but which is more real than everything that exists. It is the dream, it is the myth, the ideal, the legend. It is the ghosts, the dream of eternal love, that for which some sacrifice their life, and, at the moment of losing it, they doubt. And yet doubt is no longer capable of twisting destiny. This is La flor inexistente.

-How do you see Chile at this moment of transformation?

-In order to answer this topical question, however, I will have to step out of the present, trying to look at our country and its people with a certain perspective. Chile, a country with a precarious, tragic, dramatic geographical condition, imbues its inhabitants with transience. Everything here acquires a transitory character, a failed act. Chile is a country of earthquakes, but it is also a country of shivering. Very little is permanent. Perhaps the only permanent thing is its precarious geographical condition and, historically, what Portales called "the weight of the night", which are its "institutions", which are there and do not move, because they are precisely "the weight of the night". Also because of a lack of imagination, a sense of the ridiculous. Now, the Chilean's lack of imagination could be tantamount to a polarisation with the enormous imagination of Chilean nature, just as the ugliness of Chilean man - who is "mal encachado" - is a polarisation with the sublime beauty of his mountains and his sea. Nature pulls up, the Chilean pulls down. Everything that stands out here arouses envy, resentment, satanic hatred. Another of this country's immovable institutions is that of the "chaqueteo". Gabriela Mistral used to say: "I don't want to go to Chile because there they will call me Gaby and take me for the noodle".

"Chile is always a great frustrated possibility. It had the first Popular Front in Latin America; it had the first Christian Democrat government in Latin America.

"Now, Chile is the first country, not in Latin America but in the world, to have a socialist-Marxist-democratic government, where socialists and communists come to power through elections. This Chilean event changes the premises in the international game, the balance of forces, so that, for a moment, the accent of history shifts to Chile.

"In Chile there is always a great promise pending in its clear sky, in its transparent light. In this, Chile, my homeland, is fundamentally similar to life..., because it always seems as if something is going to happen....

THE COMPASS OF THE SOUL POINTS SOUTH

Interview with Miguel Serrano

I am who I am. I am the heart of the earth. All the rest is raving.

(O.V. BY L. MILOSZ)

We have not been the first to observe that his country spares Miguel Serrano the honours he deserves. A writer published by prestigious publishers in England and the United States, even in Farsi and Japanese. Not long ago another of his works, "The Hermetic Circle", saw the light of day in French (Georg Ed. Geneva, 1991) and it is in the pages of the Belgian magazine "Vouloir" that the essayist Bruno Dietsch dedicates the following commentary to the work of the Chilean writer: Nemo propheta a acceptus est in patria ("City of Caesars", Nº 39, 1991). To this we must add that his work has recently been republished in France and in Russia.

What are your memories of the '38 generation?

It was a secret generation. We lived believing that the world was us and nothing else. There were other groups with whom we didn't have much contact. We got together in cafés at night, where we talked. It was the time of the cafés. Our meetings were in the restaurant called "Miss Universe" which was in the second block of San Diego. I always lived in these neighbourhoods, on Lira Street. And I remember walking to these places at night - at any time of the night you could walk - in a wonderful Santiago of low houses, where everything was heaven and where there were no muggings. So many things have disappeared, although the rails of Lira Street still exist, those rails along which we walked with Héctor Barreto, who was the leader of this group and of this generation. Sometimes we would stay talking until the bars closed and then we would each go home. We had money left over, which we had no trouble earning because it was the allowance our family gave us. Then we would stop, on the rails of Lira Street, and throw the money. It was a generous gesture to give it to the ghosts and we would keep walking, on the rails, one on one and the other on the other until I reached my house and he would get lost in the night. Walking along those streets, I would arrive at the "Miss Universe" restaurant. Who was there: Julio Molina Miller (author of "La Primavera del Soldado", Poesía, 1944); Robinson Gaete, a character nobody knows existed; Guillermo Atías who later became one of the leaders of the communist party who died in exile in Paris. Also Santiago del Campo, Tigre Ahumada; formidable people, who spent the night talking about books, about European authors: Panait Istrati, Knut Hamsum, authors of the time and philosophers related to the Greek culture so admired by Barreto and Santiago del Campo. That was our group, which would later make contact with another group, curiously thanks to me: one day, while attending a family wedding, I had the opportunity to meet Vicente Huidobro who was my mother's cousin: when Huidobro found out that I was writing, he invited me to his house and there I met Braulio Arenas, Enrique Gómez Correa and Eduardo Anguita. It was also thanks to Braulio Arenas that I came into contact with the remarkable poet Jaime Rayo, who wrote an extraordinary book: "Sombra y sujeto (Poesía, 1939) and who later committed suicide. In this way we connected with each other, until the time of Barreto's assassination. It was the time of the Spanish Civil War (1936). Until Barreto's death, we, who did without politics, considered that to concern ourselves with politics was a betrayal of poetry or literature. Barreto was killed by the Nazis in a street brawl, because Barreto had previously become a socialist. I remember that Athias, who was the most political of them all, said to Barreto, "How is it possible that you, Jason, got involved in the contingent struggle? He replied: "I became a socialist because I feel sorry for children with bare feet in the rain". But, in fact, it had nothing to do with politics. In fact, the same day he was killed, he came to see me at Lira's house to invite me for a coffee. On that occasion he confessed to me that he was very disillusioned with politics and, above all, with the socialists. He was writing stories of a social nature, some of them wonderful, like "La noche de Juan", and he told me: "I wanted my book to be illustrated by a friend of mine, a painter. The party told me no because they had painters and illustrators. So I told them: "The one I want to bring you is an extraordinary guy, because he is capable of making a perfect circle with his eyes closed, and only Leonardo could do that. For these reasons they stared at me and thought: this guy is crazy". That night he went to the "Café Volga", which was on Avenida Matta. Those were the times of street fights. The socialists at that time were mobilised militarily. And in this brawl Barreto died. Then the socialists took to the streets. Vicente Huidobro appeared immediately and told us: "Come and fight against fascism", and that's how I entered politics. The truth is that I never belonged to a political party. I did collaborate in those years with Blanca Luz Brum who was a poet (Uruguayan) who was in Chile and was on the left and who published a magazine called "Sobre la marcha" (On the march). The Popular Front was also being created in the world, that is, something like what today is the "Concertación", an alliance of parties of all kinds; bourgeois, Marxists and even liberals to fight Nazism. The Spanish war, especially. I myself wrote in the newspaper "El Frente Popular", but little by little I became disillusioned. Vicente Huidobro said to me one day, "Miguel, I invite you to go with me to the Spanish war to fight", and I replied: "What am I going to go there for, I'm going to read Marx's books first; Capital and all those books of the time". And after being locked up for six months reading these works, I ended up completely anti-Marxist. I said to myself "This is absurd". So I distanced myself from all political action. In those years I also got to know the "La Marquesa" estate. It was the estate of Pilo Yañez (Juan Emar), a friend of Vicente Huidobro, where many left-wing people met. Alvaro Yañez was a fantastic character. He used to get up at night to write. He was a night owl. At lunchtime he would sit at the head of the table, he wouldn't speak a word, he would take a fly swatter and if he saw a fly he would get up and kill it. Eduardo Anguita also arrived there. Leopoldo Castedo also arrived at some point and he tells about it in his memoirs. Anguita had a great sense of humour; I remember we slept in the same room with him; at night we would talk for hours about David Herbert Lawrence: Lady Chatterley's Lover. Those were the books in vogue in those days. Vicente Huidobro and Eduardo Anguita had a great sense of humour. So, when the huaso who was the foreman of the estate arrived, they would sit him at the table with his hat on. Vicente Huidobro would say to Anguita "What beautiful red carnations there are in that vase!" and Anguita would reply: "But how can Vicente if they are blue roses", then the huaso would say: "Gentlemen, how come, those are not roses, they are white petunias!" Anguita immediately said to Huidobro: "What's wrong is that your eyesight is bad and you need to have an analysis". The huaso stood up angrily and said "These people are crazy".

In the year 38 you published the anthology entitled "El Verdadero Cuento en Chile" (The True Story in Chile), in which Juan Emar is published for the first time and in the prologue you also develop something very curious, I am referring to the impact that the Andes Mountains have on Chileans at an unconscious level.

Because even then we used to get together to dream about the giants of the mountain who were inside the mountain, because this was a country inhabited by giants. The mountain is sacred. So you could see the mountain all the time. It was a marvel. The view of the Andes from Santiago is not seen anywhere else in Chile. I have only seen something similar in Austria. Pedro de Valdivia chose this city as a mysterious centre for a reason. I know that in the mountains there are beings who are there, who come out, who contemplate, who are there, who look at us. The "Anthology of the True Story in Chile" came to me because our people wrote stories, especially Barreto; I wanted to leave a testimony of our generation. I included Juan Emar because his stories were truly extraordinary, unique in the world. Vicente Huidobro never forgave me for not including him. That anthology has a history. I didn't have the money to edit it. I don't remember how it came out. The anthology was published and it was a public scandal. Alone spoke on the radio and said it was like a football team of 11 writers.

Tell me about your experience in the Himalayas and these so-called underground cities that you claim exist.

There is a legend that cities are built inside the Himalayas to protect against future catastrophes. But there is also another interpretation, that underground cities existed before that. The earth is hollow and has different entrances, in different places. At the Poles there would be entrances. At the South Pole and at the North Pole and also in some mountains and that's what I was looking for in the Himalayas; the entrances to the inner world. As you get closer to the Pole, the temperature is higher, not lower, and there is pollen, often on the icebergs, which are freshwater. Strange things happened to Admiral Byrd in this connection. On his voyage to the Pole, he encountered a totally different world: prehistoric animals, rivers and tropical vegetation. Admiral Byrd, it seems, was murdered, as he was saying things that he did not want to reveal. When he starts that military expedition to the polar regions, in the Antarctic, (the Weddell Sea, the lands of Queen Mana), where the Germans of the Third Reich made expeditions and found oases of warm water and also underground corridors thousands of years old. It is said that since 1938 they have been provisioning this Antarctic base. Admiral Byrd's expedition began in 1946-1947, after the war, with planes and it is believed that he even dropped an atomic bomb and exploded it in the air, losing many people. This would be responsible for the ozone layer.

You were friends with Hermann Hesse, Carl Gustav Jung, Ezra Pound and other notables of the 20th century. Tell us about your experience with them.

In Chile we got to know Hermann Hesse when he was totally unknown in the world, except in Germany. We read him shortly after the end of the Second Great War, when he was not yet awarded the Nobel Prize. Eventually Hesse would be used politically, fortunately for him after his death, becoming a literary boom, promoted at will. I experienced Hermann Hesse's magical work to the extent that I wanted to travel to Europe to meet him personally. I recounted this experience in my book The Hermetic Circle, and I do not intend to repeat it here. So many things, so many memories! I talked with him about everything, even about death. One day I asked him: "Is there anything beyond death? He replied: "Dying is like going to Jung's Collective Unconscious, and from there returning to the form, to the forms". I have to think: what brought us together, a past reincarnation? There is no other way to explain this mystery. We were separated by age, geographical distances, history; everything and nothing.

The same thing happened with Professor Carl Gustav Jung, to the extent that this universal monument, this giant, gave me, a young writer, lost in the world, from a distant and unknown country, a foreword for my book "The Visits of the Queen of Sheba". And this was the only time, in his entire long life, that this extraordinary genius wrote a prologue for a purely literary work, for a prose poem, such as my book. And here I would like to make a reflection that has to do with our homeland, with Chile. No one in this country has been able to appreciate this extraordinary fact, nor rejoice, nor be proud of it. I, a Chilean, recognised by the most important man in the world of intellect and thought of the 20th century and perhaps of many more centuries, am praised and admired by this great being. It is envy and cowardice that prevent the world of officialdom, intellect and literature in Chile, my own country, from accepting and recognising these facts. On the other hand, the most important biographer of C. G. Jung, Gerard Wehr, writes in his work that "at the end of his days, Professor Jung did not receive anyone, neither his disciples, nor many people from his family, except a young Chilean writer, to whom he wrote a prologue to one of his books and with whom he discussed things that he had never revealed to anyone before".

As for my deep friendship with Ezra Pound, it also had to do with the fact that we were like-minded. Luckily I was not put in an insane asylum like him and the other wonderful Norwegian writer and Nobel Prize winner, Knut Hamsun. And Ezra Pound is the greatest poet of the 20th century and will be of the 21st century. I am happy in his company, and I don't need anything or anyone else.

The only monument in the world that has been erected in honour of Ezra Pound was initiated and inaugurated by me in Spain, on the heights of the town of Medinaceli.

What is your life like now?

My life oscillates between Santiago and Valparaíso and I keep looking at Cerro Huelén like my ancestors, until I too find the "secret entrances" to the inner world, to Plato's "Other Earth". Or until I too am taken by a Flying Disc, a UFO, a Vimana.

FRANCISCO VEJAR

(Interview for the re-publication of Antología del verdadero cuento en Chile, Be-uve-draís Editores, Santiago, 2000).

Different looks, the same man

JUNG AND LOVE

It is difficult to get a broader and more objective idea of the mysterious and profound personality of Dr. C. G. Jung, someone who said: "Only poets will understand me".

By Miguel Serrano

in El Mercurio, Sunday 13 July 2003.

Professor William McQuire, of Princeton University in the United States, wrote years ago an extraordinary book, "C. G. Jung Speaking", in which he collected all the interviews that were made with him during his long life. Among them, those of Victoria Ocampo, from Argentina, and mine, dedicating two chapters and several quotations to me throughout his work. This book has recently been translated into Spanish and published by Editorial Trotta in Spain, under the title Encuentros con Jung.

I wish to refer to this work because of two publications in El Mercurio, on 10 May and 1 June, in the Revista de Libros, the former, and in the Actualidad Cultural section, the latter, with the headlines "Tras la Huella de Jung" and "Biografía Revela al Jung Espiritista y Orgiástico". Both are based on the book The Aryan Christ, by Richard Noli, author of Jung Cult.

It is important to note that in order to get a broader and more objective idea of the mysterious and profound personality of Dr. Jung, one should also read Jung, the Gnostic, by Stephan Hoeller, and Gerhard Wehr's very complete biography, C. G. Jung. His Life, His Work, His Influence, in which two chapters are also devoted to me, declaring "that he said to no one what he said to me, receiving me when he received no one, neither his disciples nor his relatives". In addition, there is Life and Work of C. G. Jung, by Aniela Jaffé, his secretary, with the subtitle Jung and Nazism, and its extraordinary afterword, by Sir Laurens van Der Post. And more than all these books, my Hermetic Circle, which is continually quoted in McQuire's work, as has been said, and in Hoeller's Jung, the Gnostic.

In an important commentary on Richard Noll's books, written by the Wesport, Connecticut psychiatrist and former president of the "C. G. Jung Foundation" of New York, Dr. Jeffrey Satinover, and published in the magazine Fist Things, under the title "Jung Love", this author begins his important study by regretting that Noll does not refer to my work, even though, according to him, it would confirm it, with regard to love and alchemy, that is to say, "alchemical love". For which he reproduces the following paragraph from my book:

Nothing is possible without love," said C. G. Jung to me. Nothing, not even the alchemical process. Because only love predisposes one to risk everything...". As Jung revived the work of the Gnostics and the alchemists, he himself entered into their mysteries".

And Jeffrey Satinover adds: "Serrano confirms Noll's assessment that Jung was an exponent of the occult pan-Germanism that preceded and fed the resurgence of Nazism...".

He goes on to quote:

In alchemical philosophy there is the fundamental idea of the Soror Mystica, that is to say, the woman who helps the alchemist to mix the substances in the Atanor... In the end the Mystic Wedding is fulfilled... the same fission is fulfilled in the process of Individuation between the patient and the analyst, in the Jungian "Laboratory"... It is a "Forbidden Love" that can only be realised outside of marriage. And while it is true that this love does not exclude the physical body, physical love must be transformed into a rite. As in the tantric practices of India, where Siddha magicians try to achieve psychic union. Tantric ritual is complicated and mysterious. Usually the woman is a sacred prostitute. And just as the aim of alchemy is to turn lead into gold, magical intercourse (Maithuna) attempts to awaken the magical fire (Kundalini) at the base of the spine.... The woman is a priestess of Magic Love, whose function is to awaken the shakras of the Tantric Hero. The man does not ejaculate the semen, but impregnates himself, thus being able to reverse the process of creation, while at the same time bringing it to an end... And the product of this Forbidden Love is the Androgyne, the Total Man (Individuated, according to Jung), with all his centres now awakened... Only Jung, the magician, has made it possible for us to take part in these mysteries, which take us back to the legendary land of the God-Man...

This relationship is relevant in order to refute speculation in an article about the "orgiastic" Jung, which makes Jung appear to be preaching sexual debauchery and polygamy. Professor Jung also spoke to me about polygamy. His conception was that "man, by his nature and submission, is polygamous, being the one who "gave" (the semen), just as woman was monogamous, being the one who "received". And he added: "It is only by the spirit that man is able to overcome his nature and love only one woman". For eternity, like Tristan. In the same way, "only by a spiritual overcoming, woman becomes polygamous". Like the Queen of Sheba.

As for C. G. Jung's "Aryan Christianity", he also explained to me his special belief. When I asked him who Christ was for him, he replied: "It is the Self, the Self-Self", i.e., the Total-Man, the Absolute-Man, the Super-Man, the Sonenmensh, the Sun-Man, or the Sun-Men. The God-Man, in Jeffrey Satinover's quotation. And this was possible to achieve by "shifting the accent of consciousness to a point equidistant between the Self and the Unconscious; that is, the Self, the Self-Self, while awakening the Kundalini Serpent (of the Ophite Gnostics, the one that appeared in their ring) by reactivating all the shakras, or "distinct centres of consciousness". Reviving the right side of the brain. Reaching the Whole-Man. That is, the Christ.

Nehru once said to me: "We too could become Buddha, as Prince Gauthama was". And Jung: "We could become Christ; as Jesus was...".

This was their "Aryan Christ", their "Aryan Christianity". (In my last book, The Widower's Son, I have dealt with this subject at length).

Since those distant days of our meeting in distant Kusnacht in Switzerland by Lake Zurich, I have never ceased to converse with Professor C. G. Jung in something like Bach's "Concerto for Two Violins".

He said to me, when he was saying goodbye: "Only poets will understand me".... Yes, dear Professor Jung, I understand you and I will defend you against those who are unable to understand your great poetry of thought.

The author believes that his literature is out of time.

Miguel Serrano: 'We are living in a very strange world'.

The Counter

12 November 2004

The leader of esoteric Nazism in Chile published this year for the first time in our country La Flor Inexistente (1969). At 87 years of age, he maintains a mythical view of the world and theories on the psychotronic control of the population.

Miguel Serrano lives connected to the right side of his brain. Without detaching himself from the left, and the rationality that this implies, the spiritual leader of esoteric Nazism in Chile, looks at the world from a mythical perspective that for any mortal becomes simply incomprehensible. And sometimes even implausible.

"We are living in a very strange world. We are living on the surface. It may seem like a joke, a joke, but most people are clones, they are not human beings, and they act directed, tele-directed to achieve special ends", says Serrano, who today has at his side Isabela, a Spaniard - a Galician, to be precise - who organises all his work and with "white magic" overrides the "black magic" of the computer. His story is too long and controversial to be described in a couple of paragraphs.

Suffice it perhaps to say that he was a diplomat in various countries around the world, for example in India, where he was linked to the world of Buddhism and Eastern religions; a member of the so-called Hermetic Circle with Herman Hesse and Carl Jung; and the most important and longest-serving Nazi leader in the country, although he never formed a party. However, a "disorganised" group of people follow him and share his esoteric Hitlerism. Long before all that, he was part of the literary generation of '38, very close to the surrealist Mandrágora and Vicente Huidobro, and edited a controversial book: La verdadera antología del cuento chileno (The true anthology of Chilean short stories).

From time to time his name is mentioned, with high esteem, by a writer. For example, Armando Uribe, before winning the 2004 National Literature Prize, said that, in his opinion, David Rosenmann Taub or Miguel Serrano should receive it. And he praised the latter's poetic prose, but in reality it is precisely his political stance that makes it impossible to think that he will ever receive it, despite the merits of his work. "They will never give it to me. I said one day, in My Memoirs, that Volodia Teitelboim would never be awarded the National Prize, because if they gave it to him, they would have to give it to me too. But it turns out that he is a communist. That is to say, he is within the establishment, within what is right. They're never going to give it to me," he says.

Parallel worlds

Serrano's bibliography is an extensive list of books that cannot be included in a single genre. They cross prose and poetry, cross memoirs, philosophy and maintain an esoteric, mysterious, constant vein. Their readers are very few. La Flor Inexistente (Beuvedrais 2004), a key book in his oeuvre, which was first published in England in 1971, has just been published in Chile for the first time.

"The book has circulated quite a lot. It has arrived where it should arrive, books have their destiny. The fate of books is like that of people, mysterious. Books come to you that can change your life, you don't know how," says Serrano, who actually has a rather radical idea about the public.

"I don't care about the masses. They are animals. All hypnotised. In this country most people are under hypnosis, which is produced in one of these towers. From the American embassy to the telephone tower and they project with the most advanced machinery, psychotronic. They get what they want, they make people think what they want. And things are decided, who is going to be the president...", he says.

An expert in uncovering secret conspiracies, for years he has insisted that Douglas Tompkins has come as the first emissary to turn southern Chile into another country. "The south of Chile is being lost to pieces because they are going to establish a new country there. And who is acting there: a clone, Tompkins. Who manages it, Rockefeller," he says, adding that this is, of course, known to President Ricardo Lagos.

If his idea of psychotronically managed clones is radical, his idea of doubles is even more so. Serrano is sure that the Nazis managed to duplicate people scientifically and that after the fall of the regime, the greatest leaders - including Hitler - went to the German base in Antarctica. That is why he now has his sights set on Claudio Teitelboim's trip to the white continent with his group from the Centre for Scientific Studies.

Chilean hypocrisy and Nazism

In more contingent terms, Serrano also has a perception of the Political Imprisonment and Torture Report. Far removed from all the common opinions of repudiation that have been voiced, he assures us: "This has always existed. The hypocrisy of the Chilean. It existed during Gabriel González Videla, during Ibáñez. Ibáñez used to throw them to the faggots. He tortured them and threw them into the sea. So what do you expect today. The army does that, what do you expect today. And what happened with the MIR, when they caught you, poor thing, poor them. So it's nothing more than a turn of the hand. Within the hypocrisy of the Chilean, they appear as if they didn't know anything. So now they are producing a huge book, the only thing it serves for is to liquidate our Armed Forces".

However, Serrano's resistance to the world's political twists and turns appears to be no more than theoretical. His status as a Nazi leader means he maintains a number of friends and followers, but never a body: "They tell me 'why don't you create a party', never: they infiltrate us. We are infiltrated by the intelligence services; then they make us commit crimes and blame us. The thing to do is to do nothing. You asked me the other time, how many of you there are: millions, but I don't know you. And how are you organised: we are not organised, we are in the best way".

In reality - and perhaps since always - for Serrano, to be a Nazi today is to maintain a position that is at least mysterious. "Trying to make the right side of the brain work. What for? To try to make contact with what they used to call the gods, let's call them the archetypes. That's being a Nazi.

Eternal scripture

The activation of the right side of the mind has also been his pretense in writing, which is not really a purely literary intention. Serrano writes for eternity to open floodgates, as if he were deploying an incantation. "I have written only one book that is still developing. I still have a long way to go," he says, and it becomes impossible not to think that Serrano is one more of the characters created by Roberto Bolaño in the book La Literatura Nazi en América.

"My writing is outside time, beyond time or in another time. If you get into great poetry, you are speaking for eternity, you don't have time. I'm not worried about time, I'm not worried about reception now; I let the books go their own way. When you're into poetry, real poetry, you don't worry about time," he says.

The danger for Serrano, timeless or not, is that like his peers of the generation of '38, after becoming a mere caricature of another time, he will be forgotten. "No, it won't happen to me for a very simple reason, because I'm more outside than here. Let's see, will it happen to me? No. No, because if you connect with the archetypes of life, you allow the archetypes to act through you. They take over, because the archetypes don't die and they take over to resurrect you, to prevent you from dying. I'm never going to die, anyway," he assures.

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Miguel Serrano: Eternal, though belated return

by Adán Méndez

El Mercurio Book Review, Friday, 15 October 2004

Unpublished in Chile for 40 years, La flor inexistente, a mythical work by the Chilean writer, is now coming to take on its legend.

In the interesting and pristine postface to this book, Armando Uribe highlights Miguel Serrano's poetic faculties, and interjects a good number of poetic fragments that he finds in La flor inexistente, pointing out that they could easily be multiplied. And so it is indeed, undoubtedly the greatest merit of this book - apart from the hidden knowledge it may or may not contain, of which I know little - is its poetry. Poetry in the most uncritical of senses: a hypnotic poetry, precisely what the silent majorities tend to understand as poetry. In almost every respect, it should be noted, something entirely opposed to the critical and self-critical poetry that Uribe himself practices.

Besides, it is a narrative. I am not at all sure that so much poetry, understood in this way, is a virtue in a story. Lyricism tends to dilute into reverie, to create an undifferentiated milieu, in which, from the outset, characters tend more to disappear than to distinguish themselves, and without characters there is no drama. I would argue that more than five pages without drama begins to be drama. A novel of initiation, a genre that is in itself cathetical - though very capable of delivering masterpieces, such as Encounter with Remarkable Men, The Teachings of Don Juan, Demian - needs to be sustained by a concrete individual, a recognisable person, who is learning something, with family, economic situation, personal drives, lovers, friends, enemies, also possessing such a context. And humour is always necessary. In La flor inexistente we find none of this, but only good - and often very good - allegories, more or less interwoven with each other. And the last one, "Los confines", is magnificent, and a healthy Kafkaesque influence makes it perhaps the best moment in the book. Some of the shipwrecked sailors' and captains' monologues are also notable.

The design of the edition, nice, but a little far from the intelligent designs that Beuvedráis publishers show off, might even lead us to associate this book with that, horror of horrors, "children's literature". In this field, Miguel Serrano would burst in like an African elephant to the panic of Isabel Allende's pygmies. And by the way, I would infinitely prefer this book to be the recommended reading for the children of my homeland. However, this will not happen, because teachers will think it is difficult, that too many heroes, gods and cultures are named; because they will try to find something beyond their sublime and unique music to ask their students about, and they will not find it. Neither will I, but I would like those students to know this music.

La flor inexistente remained unpublished in Chile for forty years, but it is now emerging to the delight of Serrano's select and growing readership, among whom there are many of us who consider literature of initiation or revelation - "mystagogy", says Uribe - a genre among others. A genre neither more nor less important than police stories, for example, or picaresque stories, for example. A genre, in short, that should not in itself give prestige to the books that belong to it. In its genre, that is what I am getting at, La flor inexistente is a rather minor work, although by an undoubtedly greater author, and at times manages to awaken the bovarismo that great literature always awakens.

TRIBUTE TO MIGUEL SERRANO

By Gabriel Zanetti Reyes

For a couple of years now, saying that I read Miguel Serrano has caused me problems. From my best friends, with whom I have walked endlessly along all the roads, streets, and of course with those who frequent "the literary world". I remember that in the workshop of the Pablo Neruda Foundation, this fact was whispered, he was accused of being a Nazi, especially among those who, as I learned later - in Madrid where I now live - joined this institution, making immediate points and with fishing line, to receive today the prize that bears the name of our second and last Nobel Prize.

Needless to say, I am not a Nazi, nor am I a communist, socialist, going through all levels of the despicable political class. I don't think there is an artist, no matter how much I say so, who is close to any right wing. That's just a matter of convenience, comfort - just like making concertationist points - an easier place, but as miserable and unacceptable as any place of power for a poet.

I consider myself an artist, good or bad, it doesn't matter, but that is my militancy. Although every act we do is political, from buying a comb, watching football or not, walking or riding a bus, the term politics sounds to me like money, the distribution of money, and of course, this is completely disproportionate. Thieves in suits and ties are the worst.

I believe that poverty, in its broadest sense, will never be overcome by an economic issue, nor by our country's politicians. Chile is perhaps the most developed country in the last ten years, and this development has brought nothing but consumerism, psychological illnesses, murders, social schizophrenia, Yingo, general stupidity, which affects us all in one way or another.

I remember when my grandmother, Carmen Craig Solar - a great admirer of Miguel Serrano, a lawyer who devoted a large part of her career to the Vicariate of Solidarity, who hung the Allende flag after the coup in her office, which overlooked the former National Congress - gave me "Los Misterios" as a present. That beautiful edition made in the Gandhi workshops. I marvelled to such an extent that I got the largest number of Miguel Serrano's books, meeting with secret readers who had a couple of titles half removed from their libraries. Nobody wants to get into the horses' feet. Nobody trusts in his fortitude, in his sincerity, in his maturity when reading a book, in doubt - the latter, perhaps one of Lihn's greatest teachings - although we had no problem reading Pound, Ungaretti, Céline, Hamsun, to give a couple of examples. Nobody said anything to Teillier, wasn't his favourite book "Ni por mar ni por tierra" (Neither by sea nor by land)?

As Warnken said, I believe that the poet Miguel Serrano was betrayed by the loyalty that even we artists have lost today. His loyalty to the non-existent but mistaken flower: Nazism. A seductive flower, like the woman who dances and dances until she desacralises man, the one from which he escaped so much, took him without knowing it until his last moment. My homage to Miguel Serrano is to speak out, to say something, and that is something that very few have done. As far as I know, Armando Uribe and Cristián Warnken. I was not able to pay my respects to him either. I remember with sadness when the painter Gonzalo Ilabaca told me that there were almost no writers at his funeral.

I remember exactly how I broke down at the news of the death of this poet, at the beginning of 2009. I quote the wonderful chronicle of my friend Mauricio Emiliano Valenzuela "A spirit that today has lost part of its heart by leaving us this poet, man and magician whom we have to start reading, leaving aside rancour and convenience".

Serrano opened the doors of the East to me, an unknown wisdom, at a time when nobody, or very few, frequented such knowledge. It was not the time of the Mayans, of 2012, nor of Yoga, nor of the Photon Circle. It was not the time of "The Secret" and the self-help bookshelf. Serrano gave invaluable and even intimate testimonies of Hermann Hesse and Carl Jung (The Hermetic Circle, 1965, Zig-Zag), which without him would never have existed.

Not to read much of Miguel Serrano's work is not to believe in the Rilkian premise of La Flor Inexistente - which is more of a flower than all the others, because it is the only one that can be the one it should be - is not to believe in the beauty of childhood, is not to believe in the generation of '38, so called generation X as ours is usually called, is not to believe in the religion of friendship, is not to believe in Kairos, is not to believe that sex is more than carnal pleasure, is not to believe in Héctor Barreto - the colour of blood cannot be forgotten -, is not to believe in Elella, is not to believe that the seas, rivers, lakes, trees and mountains speak to us.

It is strange to know beforehand this conversation of the South American man with the earth, plus the poets; because when buildings, consumption and postmodern life eat us up and alienate us, we look for alcohol, an herb, a mushroom, a cactus, a walk on the beach, solitude, to be able to talk to the torrent, to be able to talk to the giant who sleeps in the Andes, to be able to talk, to those who do not open their mouths.

Until the superb hour of the skeletons, Miguel Serrano.

30 November 2009

Madrid.