

SECRET REPORT TO THE NUCIATOR



JEAN PARVULESCO

BERSERKER

BOOKS



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**SECRET REPORT
TO THE
NUNCIATURE**

story

*FOR IRENE PIVETTI FIGHTER
OF THE FEDE SANTA*

THE STAR OF FIRE

Finally, above the Rue Hauteville, I saw a red star surrounded by a bluish circle. I thought I recognised it as the distant star of Saturn and, rising with effort, I headed that way.

From then on I sang I don't know what mysterious hymn that filled me with ineffable joy

NERVAL, AURELIA

How do you approach deep memory? In the dark, in the darkness, in the total abandonment of immersion in oblivion. Is this distant past still part of my life? deep within ourselves, everything is the affirmation of another present, a secret call to that present. And yet, in a certain kind of writing, a thin and very perilous path emerges, leading to the very place where everything sometimes slides towards starting again, and where inconceivable powers then make themselves available for the reunion, within us, of our current present and the other present, the guardian of abysses. Careless travellers of the great night, flee the edges of these chasms, implore the protection of oblivion and its slow thickets of shadows.

In the merciless winter of 1948, I was working in the forced labour camp serving the Litva-Banovici coal mines, near Sarajevo in Bosnia.

Added to a very large population of German and Italian detainees, prisoners of the last war whose situation had been chosen to hide from the various repatriation commissions, we were, at Litva-Banovici, a group of politicians with an uncertain destiny, destined for summary executions, on the hill with mass graves rising opposite our barracks, on the other side of a stream whose waters were muddy and hot, and more often than not black. "This cursed stream comes from the depths of the Underworld, and surreptitiously returns to it at the bottom of the hill, through its poisonous swamps", said someone, Dr Constantin B., on a day more insidious and exciting fright than usual.

Classified from the outset as one of the small group of "absolutely irretrievable" politicians, in addition to my day's work in the mine, I also had to carry out certain "special duties" "at nightfall". One of these was to bury, on the side of the hill with the mass graves, the unfortunate people who, from time to time, tried to escape from the camp and who, almost always, were recaptured and executed on the spot; or the victims of certain interrogations, which sometimes went too far, or even the paranoid fits of rage of the young camp guards, the "elite members" of the "Communist Youth" under the command of an officer of the UDBA security forces acting, on the spot, as a political commissar.

Of course, I don't need to dwell here on those very dark, miserable, nightmarish years: the purpose this book is obviously quite different. But account I feel I must give of myself cannot fail to refer to the extremely special circumstances, full of horror, uncertainty and death, but also of a rather extraordinary resolve not to surrender, to pretend, to weave, to wait for the right opportunity, circumstances which, at that time, my life was entirely made up of. I myself was no longer anything other than what my life was made of, and made up exclusively of outside myself. I was what they wanted me to be, and what I myself wanted them to think I had become. The truth of my lie had thus become stronger than the lie of their truth, and my abject weakening a domination in which my inner non-being won out over the outer omnipotence of their non-being.

However, those in the camp who had managed to resist the psychological and even metapsychological destabilisation, the stupefaction and the almost cataleptic states of unconsciousness that were to result from the 'group' brainwashing that we were made to undergo on the spot, were all obsessed by a single idea, in the knowledge, with the utmost clarity, that the failure of this idea would have meant, automatically, and in the best of cases, a bullet in the back of the head. As total as it was suicidal, this obsession was that of escape, 'crossing the line': joining, through the 'Iron Curtain', the lines opposite, the camp of the so-called 'free world'.

With the benefit of hindsight, I believe that it was quite deliberate to maintain a hallucinatory atmosphere, a nervous and mental tension that always bordered on unbearable. We were often forced to climb the hill to the mass graves and, as we stopped somewhere near the top, we were ordered to dig, in all haste and as if for some impenetrable purpose, a pit whose dimensions alone, not to say the black gap there at our feet, showed that it should certainly have received our own corpses. Then, for hours on end, we had to wait, in rows of two, motionless, standing in front of the wide-open grave, already filled with I don't know what darkness, for the arrival of the "special police commission", the only one authorised, as we knew, to carry out "group liquidations". But happened, and in the evening we were told to go back to our barracks, not without having filled in the day's pit and having been told, more or less discreetly,

that "if the special political committee" had not been able "to travel that day", surely "next time it will be the right time".

It is in this context concentration camp terror that my first two unsuccessful escape attempts should be placed, but for rather obscure reasons they were to lead, precisely because they were unsuccessful, to the completely unforeseeable result of sparing me - and we'll see how - the physical liquidation to which I should normally have been entitled. That's where the irrational explanation comes in, the part played by the deep shadow and the miracle.

However, it remains certain that in terms of direct action, as they say, any truly profound failure - we're still learning this, aren't we, but each time at what price - demands and triggers, of itself, and as if fatally, the revenge of another restart of the action prevented, interrupted in its course, the opening of a new attempt to force destiny (and, as they also say, "never two without three").

And so, just a few months later, my third attempt at escape still led me to cross - miraculously, indeed very miraculously - the mine barricades, the relentless surveillance by patrols belonging to the "special political forces of border security", the wolf dogs trained to hunt humans, the whole incredible apparatus of arrest and annihilation that marked the border between Marshal Josip Broz Tito's Yugoslavia and the green hills of the British occupation zone in Austria : A borderline between non-being and being, darkness and day,

total existential terror and a certain renewal of freedom. A border line, a ***line of passage*** on which so many of our people remained forever, slaughtered like beasts while their eyes were already contemplating the quivering ramparts of salvation, ferns, a line of hazel trees, a thin ditch filled rotting water, nothing, but everything.

This was the failure of my first attempt to escape, which was to turn out badly, caught as I was by a howling pack of UDBA militiamen just as I was about to reach, well beyond the confines of the Litva-Banovici camp, the uncontrollable woods whose area of relative freedom stretched across the mountains to the very edge of the Adriatic, woods that were both salvation and anonymous graves for so many of our people buried forever under rotting leaves and heavy snow ; It was the miserable failure of my first attempt escape, which led to my ending up - after a beating bordering on lynching, of which I have no memory - in solitary confinement in the county political security prison in Tuzla.

Lying on the concrete floor, wearing only a shirt, on the terrible nights of the Bosnian winter when the snow piled up right in the middle of the cell with no glass in the windows and where, to avoid being turned into a block of ice, every quarter of an hour you had to jump in the air, punch yourself in the face, run in circles, throw yourself forcefully against the walls, mentally abstract yourself from the reality of the moment, every quarter of an hour, you had to jump in air, punch yourself in the face, run in circles, throw yourself forcefully against the walls, mentally abstract yourself from the reality of the moment.

that I'd to resign myself to the unacceptable. That I would have to resign myself to the unacceptable, let myself slip into nothingness, settle forever in the mire of this evasive death.

And yet it was there, in isolation cell in Tuzla, in the basement of the UDBA prison, that I experienced the fire of the first **direct opening**, the first transcendental inhalation, in me, by the spiritual omnipotence, of an awakened and total cosmic breath and its figure of annunciation and deliverance appearing to me in the sparkling form of the Star of Fire.

It was on a certain night in January, when, plunged into an ominous sleep, I was getting dangerously close to the point of no return in the dark, where everything already seemed to be sinking as if there was nothing left to do but finally accept the inescapable, that everything suddenly changed. I was no longer waiting for help from anywhere. I wasn't waiting for anything.

It was on that night that I experienced the first great elevation, the first great initiatory vision in a dream of what would later become the long secret path, the prophetic spiral of my ascent to the far north of my own mystical and spiritual career to come. The **beginning**.

And so, in the splendid, threatening, unchanging blackness of the immense, icy January night, I suddenly saw myself rising, as if magnetically drawn towards the most transparent peaks in the air, as if sucked vertically upwards from the buildings, to the very level of the stars twinkling in the sky. Vertiginously below me, the prison buildings and the city of Tuzla

The mountains themselves, the whole mining region, were like a dark spot in the vast expanse of immaculate snow, a dark spot riddled with tiny, barely visible red lights. The silence that reigned in these heights was absolutely par- fact, an abysmal silence, as it were crystalline, possessing a mysterious substance of its own, if not a living, conscious soul, but infinitely pacified, a soul that was the subtle cosmic breath, but direct and immediate, and surpassing all resistance, deviation and regret.

voice an invisible but nearby mouth whispered in the back of my head: ***How can you be afraid?***

? For what can you fear? And who can you fear in this world, and in the next? Do you not carry hidden in your heart a Cross of Diamonds and Light, whose being is reflected and perpetuated in the ultimate heights of both, in the form a Star of Fire? And does not this Star of Fire represent your Star of Eternity, whose very secret name, you should know, will be known to you one day, and which, you should learn, is a Divine Name?

It was a voice seemed to come from Paradise, a voice with virginal resonances, as if filled with an inconceivable light of certainty and joy, a voice that, far from seeming unfamiliar, was secretly invading me, like the fruit of the return to me of a memory, even a very old memory, a voice that spoke of the shape of my life to come, suspended at the time between the degradation, the abject uselessness and the shame of death, imminent at any moment, and the opening before me, an opening without hope or face, of a mysterious ***life after all this***, if there was still to be life for me in this darkness.

A voice, too, of beautiful, dizzying sweetness, of angelic greeting, pacifying-pacifying, and of what immortal youth in the implicit song of her breath when she came to add, in such a light whisper: ***Remember it too, a star as of absolute limpidity, a star of limpid fire, as well as, later, much later, Crown of Red Fire, Crown of Red Flames gliding in majesty over the eternal snows that you will know, because these snows you have already known and that you secretly carry within you their august persistence, their Kiss of immaculation.*** And finally: ***And of all these words that I have spoken to you this night in January, you shall never, never, never alter or take away any of them: this is the oath of jthe Star of Fire.***

In the silence other than the first silence, a silence as if before the beginnings of the world, of worlds, I saw then, in the ultimate heights, shimmering towards the North side of the whole firmament, with, perhaps, a shift of nine degrees to East, and, at the same time, close in front of me, a Limpid Star, in the shape of a cross with branches split at the end, the heart inscribed in a square with sides surmounted, each, by a fleur-de-lys, and the whole in diamonds and as if radiating a clear and sweet fulgurance, inextinguishable, divine.

At the same time, or rather a few moments later, I also saw, far below me, vast stretches of immaculate snow disappearing into the night, below the horizon, and as if following, to the east, a great river succumbing to winter and its terrible snows, carrying immense blocks of ice.

This landscape was then crossed, high in the air, and along its entire length, by a kind of red sun of fire, gliding swiftly from the South towards the North, a sun of fire inside which one could just make out a Crown of Living Embers, surrounded by dark red flames with scarlet edges.

These, then, were the saving words and visions, coming to me from so far away on the very night when, I know, death had seized me and death could do nothing against the occult decisions of who came from so far away to defend me, to tear me lovingly away from the omnipotence bent losing me and having me. To have me, I say, even though I have always belonged to Someone Else, to whom I was given before I was myself, in my double name, the one here and the other, which I have forgotten and don't want to know now.

(Every dream, however, is a deep fountain, a miraculously transparent well: beneath each word that emerges on the surface of its own body of water, it opens up like a semiological precipice, an infinite tier of meanings that continue and respond vividly to each other until the Absolute Word appears, which is never anything but the Same Word, and whose unbearable power of light covers, devours and secretly annihilates every other meaning, every other utterance, every other imposition of being than its own, whose active belonging to the beautiful mystery of the Eternal Word, to the One Mystery of the Most Holy and Most Sweet Name of Jesus, may be suspected).

(The fact remains, however, that the word **star** was established in my prophetic vision of that night, not in the sense of the meanings that make it primarily a religious or heraldic symbol, such as 'Star of David' or 'Morning Star', but in the sense of its original unveiling, that of 'focus of incandescent light in the sky'. And that it was only the integration, within me, of the word **star** and the word **cross**, which, by the simple fact of this integration, rediscovered their most secret and most powerful cosmological and royal meanings, that gave them the extraordinarily active, saving and illuminating inner force that I have just described).

(On the other hand, much later, perhaps about ten years later, when I saw in the Louvre a Plaque de l'Ordre du Saint-Esprit dating from the middle of the ^{eighteenth} century, all in limpid, sparkling diamonds, I was immediately, violently struck by its extraordinary resemblance to the Star of Fire I had been given to see one January night, in a dream, in the basement of the prison of the Titist UDBA in Tuzla, Bosnia, at the very moment when the shadow of death was closing in on me to defile me and lose me forever, as had long been foreseen. And what wasn't defiling me in those days?

When I woke up, I already knew that, one way or another, I was going to be saved.

The next day, I was moved from solitary confinement back to a long detention unit with a much improved regime, or so it must have seemed to me at the time.

I had three cellmates, one of them English, two hot soups a day, one of them thick, two army blankets, one of them new. There was glass in the windows, and showers twice a month. And I exchanged my cigarettes for bread.

Finally, some time later, it was decided - rather unexpectedly, it seemed to me - to transfer me to a concentration camp for political refugees from Romania, in Zrenjanin, Serbia.

It was during this transfer that I was able to slip away from the UDBA militiaman guarding me at Sarajevo station, and thus begin the long and mysterious journey of my second escape attempt.

So the time I spent in the long detention section of Tuzla prison became a kind of respite for me, like an attenuation, even a suspension of the nightmare in which I was forced to move forward, a corridor with leaden walls that opened out onto the void, onto what the Gnostics called the "waters below".

This time of respite was a time, above all, of deep sleep, when I had to make up for the terrible nights not of insomnia, but of no sleep and hallucinatory wakefulness, of being forbidden to dive in on pain of never coming back, nights I'd spent in solitary confinement, where I'd been subjected to avant-garde Marxist-Leninist technologies known as total deconditioning, "deep cleansing" achieved by **refrigeration** (sadly, I've forgotten what the UDBA specialists called it),

between them, that **chill** that I myself have known so well, and all things considered so well overcome or, how can I put it, even **surpassed**).

It was a time, or times, of deep sleep through which I experienced heavenly flashes of light, filled with the beautiful, limpid, fresh light of my visionary sunshine dreams, repeating themselves over and over again, and practically the same dream over and over again. Dreams about the season of a hike, which I remembered very clearly in the depths of my uninterrupted sleep, a hike that I would have made, in other times, along the wild coasts of the Dalmatian Adriatic, towards Dubrovnik, the current name of the ancient city of Ragusa.

Everything was happening as if, in the final analysis, someone from the most occult heights of heaven wanted to place me under influence, to order me, within myself - but didn't Saint Augustine say, **Christus intus docet** - that I should do everything in power to escape to the south-west of Yugoslavia, to lose myself along the Dalmatian coast so that I could penetrate, thus, through this wandering at the risk of my life, into a time and even places that are preontologically transmuted, fundamentally mystical and royal, atemporal times and places different from any conventional concept of space, indebted only to a magical and polar transposition of the Platonic concept of **topos antopos**.

I knew, through infinitely secret channels inside me, that my salvation, that my new freedom, that the deep, irrevocable sunshine of my life, lay somewhere near Dubrovnik, and that it was also, and very precisely, through Dubrovnik - that I would be able to find my way back to my homeland.

in certain circumstances, predetermined, ritualistic, inexorable - that I was going to be able to cross the Iron Curtain, smuggling myself across the Adriatic to Italy.

In any case, by venturing to escape from Sarajevo station, unguarded by the UDBA militiaman, and **by succeeding**, I had already tipped the balance in favour of the miraculous: in fact, objectively speaking, I had absolutely no chance of getting away, and it was as a controlled sleepwalker, as a sleepwalker remotely controlled from the depths of heaven, that I had to succeed.

I'll never forget the turquoise sky that day in Sarajevo, or the sacred lightness of the air.

In what way had I deserved the abrupt mercy thus shown me? Nothing, to be honest, but even then I couldn't have been unaware that Divine Providence's extraordinarily occult plan must have made me its confidential agent, that I could not have failed to have been chosen, destined for a task which, in itself, somehow justified the exceptionally careful treatment I was receiving and which, among other things, had just invited me to head for Dubrovnik, albeit by the most roundabout route.

But it was all going to come down to this very providential diversions that was being forced upon me as if by the very nature of things.

Because what I thought I was doing on my own was, in fact, being imposed on me. And what I thought I was doing by giving in to external circumstances was also imposed on me from above.

This happened on 13 June 1949, around six o'clock in the evening, in the forbidden - **reserved**, they said - part of the new Sarajevo station; Once I had plunged into freedom, I ran full speed westwards, guided by the setting sun, without stopping for a moment until it was pitch black, when, exhausted, I agreed to let myself fall to the ground in the shelter of a half-collapsed wall of large white stones standing not far from a derelict farmhouse; The farm, which looked as if it had been destroyed by fire, was overgrown with weeds, ivy and thistles to my height; in the early hours of the morning, an atmosphere of curse and uneasy terror reigned over the place, and that's just what I needed to prevent anyone from catching me in my thick, dead sleep; Sitting on the floor with my back to the wall, I had spent the night watching over the slow-motion extinction of a hallucinatory tension in me, bordering on dementia, but at dawn sleep came over me like a black sludge. I fell asleep at the very moment when, suddenly, in an explosion of solar and infinitely fresh joy, all birds, thousands of birds, began to sing at once.

A long winter of insomnia, a summer of deep sleep: now I realise that, similar in this respect to the somnolence of certain big cats, that summer of terrible heatwaves, I had spent - rather paradoxically, to tell the truth - much more time sleeping than acting. During those times of frantic action, I only experienced brief, paroxysmal flashes that would occasionally cut through long stretches of somnolence and darkness, of deep, oceanic sleeplost beneath the horizon of their calm absence of any horizon. A hypnagogic and sacred summer, a mediumistic summer.

The next day, a little before noon I think, I had to give blindly, straight ahead of me - as I skirted, torn by hunger but rather fit, rested, the hollow of a narrow valley, all scree, which took, greedily, a stream not very wide - about ten meters, perhaps a little more - but of astonishing depth, with green waves, full of shadow, foaming, animated by currents sometimes exacerbated by sudden, mysterious whirlpools - right in front of me, I say, blindly, on another ruined farm, which had also been burnt down, like the previous one. Old stone farmhouses, more or less fortified, no doubt dating ^{from} the late eighteenth century.

But it was inhabited - or taken over, rather - by a dozen so-called 'local peasants', looking a little too silent, a little too absent and resigned, a little too calm and radiant for them not to have had to hide, these looks, in fact, of the 'enemies of the people', or even I don't know what furtive reincarnation of the 'clerical-fascist beast' itself: I immediately realised that I just come across one of those clandestine convents which, along with the Croatian terrorist commandos infiltrated from outside, constituted the UDBA's top political and strategic priority at the time of my story.

Young brothers, formerly of Saint Francis, although they still believed themselves to be, pursued and hunted down, now half savages, in a state of total clandestinity, and in total rupture, for four , with their local and Roman hierarchies, which had given themselves an ad-hoc rule - by force itself - of their own.

two Hungarian schoolgirls from the Yugoslavian Banat, both very pretty brunettes, and a young Macedonian schoolteacher from Skoplje, Lenka. The latter, with her regal elegance, hieratic bearing, blonde hair and green eyes, acted as a sort of leader of the group, the charismatic superior of the community, despite the fact that she must only have been in her early twenties. In Lenka, I immediately sensed a formidable enemy, alert and devious, supported as she was in her task by a good conscience that was as close to sanctity as it was fanatical and warlike.

Their poverty was appalling, their desire for God inconceivably pure. Bread was almost always in short supply, so Father Marie - the only priest in the group - came to give communion with a little cloudy, vinegary wine and bits of dry, blackened bread that had to be broken with a bayonet. In summer, they nettles, potatoes and wild carrots and sometimes crayfish, but mostly nettles. In winter, I don't know, and since then I've often wondered (perhaps they hibernated in the soil of their mysterious prayers without words requests, attached only *to glorification*).

Welcomed among them or, to put it better, temporarily with them, as an 'unfortunate visitor', I was never allowed to penetrate the strictly religious and mystical secrets of the community of the 'camp of the sanctified' - they called themselves that among themselves - but I think I was able to understand that they practised a kind of 'prayer of the heart' in the more or less hesychast way, and less so in the 'camp of the sanctified'.

sooner rather than later, because it may be - as it seemed to me - that the presence of the three young girls had to invest unsuspected polarisations, very great mystagogic or other vertigo, tantric I should say, without any doubt, if I still knew how to dare.

I was there for two months, maybe even longer, I don't know. Thirty-six years have passed since then. But now I understand: that summer I was no longer living in the immediate time of this world, but in ***another time***, entirely different. And as for the world itself, was it really completely the same? Even today, I doubt it very much.

Besides, how did they manage not to get caught? In a country which, at that time at least, was nothing but a vast concentration camp and political forced labour, only a miracle could have explained it, and I strongly believe in that miracle. Since then, I've even come to wonder whether, as in certain science fiction stories, the incessant prayers by day and night in the "camp of the sanctified" did not succeed in isolating them from the world behind a vault that was as invisible as it was impenetrable from outside attention, putting them magnetically of reach, completely in the world and out of the world at the same time, freed from all terror, delivered from fear and from all hold of the darkness lurking around them.

Father Marie had given me to understand that there was, in fact, a great secret about the river in the camp, a "German secret" that I had better not know. The sudden whirlpools that sometimes agitated it, and so paroxysmically, this deep, unnamed river, should have made me realise this.

understand from the . I have a suspicion about this, but I didn't dare admit it to myself. A suspicion that began to creep up on me after the strange discovery I had made in the summer of 1944, when, near Craiova, at Cernele, on the right bank of the Jiu, I had found - in pursuit a large black and blue snake - a pond seemingly very insignificant, no more than twenty metres by five, but which, towards the end of July - from a certain night onwards - filled up with tens of thousands of eels, emerging there, as if to **show their bellies, in the** middle of the mysterious racial and amorous journey that was taking them, to who knows where, along the immense continental network of secret underground galleries for their sole use (underground migration galleries of continental dimensions that others too, however, could have envisaged, had they known how to find them, using them for their own ends, **German ends** perhaps). Please don't misunderstand me: I'm in no way saying that I thought it was the same thing. I'm saying that it was indeed from my memory of the eel pond at Cernele that a suspicion came to me about what Father Marie had told me about the 'German secret' of the river at the 'camp of the sanctified' and the strange eddies that sometimes plagued it. But never mind all that now.

Nonetheless, it was perhaps thanks to the prayers of those in the 'camp of the sanctified' that I was finally able to escape from Yugoslavia and reach West, the land where it had been foreseen that I would have to carry out the most occult tasks of the cosmic, imperial and theological predestination that had been so tragically placed in me at the time, and from which, thereafter, I was never able to relinquish it.

Another question torments me: why did I have to go to the "new river companions of Saint John the Baptist" - another of their brand names - in my wandering Adriatic fugue, and what is *the ultimate meaning* I should give to my stay with them, which was perhaps much longer than I thought at the time?

This is to confess that I still don't know the ultimate truth. Two, three years, four, more? Six years? Will I ever know? I make no secret of the fact that I'd like to hope so. Perhaps immense things depend on it, for myself and for much more than myself.

On the day I left the 'camp of the sanctified', I struck and twice raped the youngest Hungarian girl, M. Even though I was certainly not the only one to have done it to little M. over there, Lenka was right: somewhere inside me, I had fallen prey to an intrinsically perverse appeal. But haven't I regretted it enough since? Aren't the occult powers of deep regret as great as those of forgiveness itself?

But I know what began to rot me in those days: it was my too close, too immediate contact with death. Having come too close to death, its direct shadow had secretly decayed me, even though I had sworn to rid myself of all its powers, to free myself from it by even the most forbidden means.

At dawn on the day that was to become the day I left their house, I was with M. on the riverbank, quite far from the "camp of the sanctified".

The irreparable had just been consummated. M., after sobbing for a long time, lay on the grass. Turned on her side, her hair covered her face.

Do you think you'll be able to forgive me?

she asks. And she: ***No. Or maybe yes. But you have to leave us, you can't go back to the camp. I mean, you have to leave right now. Right now, this very moment. I'll pray, we'll pray a lot for you. Never again will you be alone. Go, go now. And never come back. Never, never come back.***

And I can see myself setting off without saying a word in the red dawn, climbing through the black and yellow landslides, the blocks of limestone blackened by who knows what great ruptures of the past, among the wild grasses, wet and sharp at the same time, climbing, towards daylight, the almost vertical wall of the valley still in shadow, and disappearing, across the fields, straight ahead of me, over the grassy hedges, through the little woods still filled with mist, sleepwalking towards where I had to go at any cost, and where, from that day on and throughout my life, dreamed of, lived or lost, secretly burnt, I have never for a moment stopped heading, prisoner of the same high invisible flames, the flames of eternal non-return. And yet what devastation, and what black shame.

THE FRUITS OF THE EARTH

MEDJUGORJE, THE FIRST TIME

And then came the forty days of my hallucinated race towards the saving shores of the Adriatic, a race whose inward thrusts had to carry me from Visok, near Sarajevo, to the dark Bradina and, a little later, to Mostar. Then, from Mostar, I had to reach Krusevo and Domanovic, in the vicinity Medjugorje itself and, from there, keeping the sea on my right and following the impulse within me of a rather strange unfolding spiral, Trebinje, Liubova, Trsteno and, finally, Dubrovnik. All this, of course, excluding time I had spent in the 'camp of the sanctified', time that cannot be counted in any way, and which continues to seem to me to be outside my own life. An island of legendary time, slightly removed from the time deemed certain in these paths of obedience where all this had to take place.

For, in infinitely ambiguous state of consciousness that had been mine throughout these forty days of fleeting and increasingly irresponsible wandering, subject as I was to the magnetic attraction of the pole secretly constituted within me and super-activated by the name of Dubrovnik alone as much as by

the transparent and inexorable certainty that I harboured as to the fate that was leading me there, a state of consciousness that was infinitely ambiguous, I would say, where the great peaceful sands of a kind of second sleep, in a permanent hypnotic trance, were subjected to the work of the veiled fires, the exalting but as it were exclusively inner brightnesses of kind of over-awakened awakening that had succeeded in making me invest myself with a certain visionary prescience of myself and of everything, In a way, I had come to separate myself almost completely from the immediate reality of things in life, which I could no longer grasp without the imposition an essentially dreamlike and magical grid of meaning, through which everything was urgently summoned to join and espouse its own celestial, dreamlike and pre-Socratic, polar model, a model that happened to have been placed deep within me and which came from a very extreme elsewhere. But there was nothing I could do about it, absolutely nothing, and to tell you the truth, even if I could, I had no desire for things not to be as they were: I was going there out of love, and this love in me was not only my love, but also the love of those who had secretly chosen to entrust me with the special mission that I had to carry out at all costs, without my even knowing what this mission was, or one day would have to be, even for me (and perhaps even especially for me). As we know only too well, that's how **enchantment works**. And I was enchanted, I was immersed in the enchantment of Good Friday". But, at the time, I didn't know it as well as I do now, and so in addition to all that, I went forward with the hallucinatory certainty that nothing could have been more normal than was happening to me.

And it was thus, on the other hand, that my clandestine movements from Sarajevo to Medjugorje, and then from Medjugorje to Dubrovnik, came to seem to me to have to obey, from within and very imperatively, to the fact that all that space covered by my uninterrupted flight towards the place I had planned, towards Dubrovnik, , on closer inspection, nothing but the inverted, earthly correspondence, and as it were obscured, of the part of the firmament facing it in the heights, and that all my gliding, all my glides, twirls, displacements in a straight line or following a great spiral in controlled development, would have been so many reflections, projections, **substantifications** of the astral structures, of the limpid constellations dazzling from the depths of the heavens of the great summer immensely luminous and alive above me, and whose charter of my wanderings was thus only reproducing the scintillating figures of fire and ice in action in its ultimate heights.

Once again, I was more or less convinced at the time that if the precarious map of my hypnagogic displacements, the stations, the directions in which I walked, the figures drawn up by my mediumnically controlled course, were made transparent, this map could have traced, and providentially reconstituted, in the most perfect way possible, a certain living and scintillating part of the firmament watching over me, calling into question its own constellations and even its very secret. A great and fearsome secret, in truth, for it could have revealed, forced with full knowledge of the facts, the analogical and active key to both the ultimate cosmogonic meaning my wanderings, and the **true place where** they might have been supposed to place, the very secret of the sidereal figure of the whole called upon to signify there. For it is not

not in Dalmatia, where I was running clandestinely at the time, but in the bushes of fire and adamantine ice of the statutory constellations, or entirely occult constellations, of the greatest Western summer, the philosophical 'Great Summer' of our people, in the Embraced Middle of the Heavens where the lioness Sekhmet watches ecstatically.

So I think I can venture to provide two reference points here: the place where, on the heights of Medjugorje, I was to meet - as we shall see later - the bread-giving maiden, corresponded, in the sky, to Orion's belt, and the place which, very close to Dubrovnik, the body of water towards which I would not know how to choose to direct my steps on the fateful morning of my mistaken choice, was placed under the guard of Orion's shoulder, under the guard, therefore, empurpled and nuptial, of Betelgeuse.

It was then that I found myself lost on my way, somewhere in the steep vineyards, covered in mist even in full sun, lost, I said, in the region of high, chaotic, muddy hills, entirely covered in shattered rocks and half-sunken, beyond the vines, under ageless landslides, a region of obscure fir groves, tormented by the wind, halfway between Citluk and the solitudes of Bijakovici, in other words in the very place where the village of Madjugorje and its lands are situated, that I had to experience the brief encounter during which the first epiphany of what, from that day on, I called, for myself, the Mystery of Evaluation of the Breads was to take place. And, much later, the Mystery of the Evaluation of the Four Loaves.

Let's say that in the early afternoon, under a merciless, apocalyptic white sun, I was walking along a narrow path of hardened earth. Silence as if after the end of the world, like a white sheet over the landscape, as far as the hills; which was suddenly torn apart by the silvery tinkle of a cheerfully shaken bell, very close to me; Out of the undergrowth I then saw a little lamb, joyfully white, which, after looking at me for a moment, startled, jumped over the path, from left to right, followed by a few ewes, also white; and to disappear, all of them, once again, into the undergrowth, from where, several times, ten or seven times in a row, they would emerge and return, cutting off my path.

But always, the strange procession being announced by the bell with the so crystalline sound of the small lamb. I don't know why, but I felt a sudden, violent sob break out my chest tears burn my face.

And as the path I was following began descend, I soon entered a rich vineyard, admirably tended.

I knew I had to be very careful, that at any moment I might run into someone. So I saw it straight away, the white stone raised on the right of the path, marking the spot where you had to stop to find, hidden by bushes with little yellow and red flowers, a stone slab, laid directly on the ground, on which appeared a rather incredible heap of bunches of grapes; a fruit the like of which I had never seen before, each bunch weighing between five and six pounds.

and the grapes the size of walnuts, or almost; there, only black, purple grapes, and on the top only a beautiful bunch of white grapes, placed there with a symbolic intention, offering or cornerstone.

Without a moment's hesitation, I began to eat it, having grabbed the bunch of white grapes, felled as I was by a ravenous hunger and devoured by the thirst of that senseless day of heat. O heartbreaking bliss.

But it was also the moment chosen by a young girl who, until then, had had to hide behind the bushes, to appear and come straight towards me, a large white loaf in her hand, one of those cakes that hill farmers bake under the ashes and mark with a knife with a large Greek cross, the sun, the moon and four stars. She smiled, amused. I realised that this was my lucky day, that I'd perhaps found a friendly land of traditional solar obedience.

- Grapes, she tells me, can be found when you've looked hard enough and deserved to find them. But no one has ever found bread. Bread has to be given to you out of charity. That is why I have come to give it to you. So take it and eat it. But shouldn't we also know that the fruits of the earth are the same as the fruits of heaven?

— Thank you, him
bottom
heart.

I replied, thank you for
from from the bottom of my

What's your name?

— What about yourself? Are you German?

— No, I'm not German. And you're exaggerating a bit: you know perfectly well who I am, even if I'm not sure who you really are, I mean the **other** one. But let's not talk about it any more. My name is Jean. Didn't you know that?

— Is that so? But aren't you a bit over-confident?
? And what are these insane things you're saying to me right now?
Just like that? All at once? And fear? Aren't you afraid of me? At all? Aren't you? Do you know who I am? No, don't you know? Then at least know that you and I share the same name: today, my name is Ivanka. And now I have to go. But I beg you, please be careful. Be very careful, Jean. These are terrible times, and 's little or nothing we can do about it. Yes, these are terrible times. Will you remember my words? I hope so. Will you remember me? Will you try to think of me? Yes ? Please say yes. Goodbye, Jean. Farewell.

— Farewell Ivanka, and thank you once again, a thousand times over. May heaven return to you one day all that you yourself have given today.

— Heaven has already given me everything", she replied, losing herself in the bushes, which were suddenly shaken by an unusually strong wind. Heaven has already given me everything, and will give me much more, so that I myself can give endlessly. To give everything of myself, and to give everything, eternally, of everything: **he who has not given everything, has not yet given anything.**

Those were her last words. Later, I was to remember that the face of this young girl seemed vaguely familiar to me. With an insistence as ardent as it was discreet, her face did indeed remind me of someone very well known, infinitely well known even, and infinitely close; but long forgotten, lost in the darkness of my state amnesia.

And what else? She was wearing a simple dark blue cotton dress and a long scarf carelessly tied around her heart, with both ends hanging down to her waist. I also have to confess that, at the time, I wasn't able to grasp the extraordinary clarity of her face. A clarity that did not reflect the light of day, but radiated another, her own, with an intensity and gravity that were obviously supernatural. scarf she wore tied around her neck seemed to be made of ancient silk, with an unforgettably soft white sheen.

THE HUMBLE CHARITY OF THE SECOND BREAD

Later, in rather strange and disturbing circumstances, I was to meet a Romanian from the Yugoslav Banat, called Vlado Prusina (but was it really his name?), who, driving a cement lorry, had taken me all the way to Dubrovnik, taking insane risks himself.

When we parted, he shared his meagre belongings with me, giving me two onions and a few tomatoes, some salt, six hard-boiled eggs and a loaf of bread. It was the same peasant pancake that

gift, a fifteen of days before, the young
supernatural stranger from Medjugorje.

And so it was that I was to receive the second loaf in the same series, the ultimate liberating and sanctifying significance of which I was only to understand much later, conveying very high powers of life and revival from the other world, from the galactic foothills in **mid-heaven** and from its mysterious home in the Azure Rocks.

Vlado Prusina, who became my brother for ever and who, before being "sent back to the socialist labour camp", had spent three years in prison in Belgrade, was himself open to the invisible, a keen astrologer and clairvoyant, inhabited by a very pure Orthodox faith, as profound as it was enlightened (perhaps he also practised an ancient witchcraft white, essentially...).
"the hidden religion of the "hill people").

His last words before we parted were: "But you, don't go to Dubrovnik. I tell you, and I tell you again: don't go to Dubrovnik. Go to "the other side", wherever you want, wherever your Good Star takes you, but under no circumstances to Dubrovnik. Last year, in a disused cemetery near the old town, they executed eleven students from Sarajevo, including four young girls: fifteen-year-olds who had tried to escape to Italy by stealing a fishing boat, and who had been denounced by one of their classmates. It is said that their tainted souls cry out for vengeance, and that a certain **ashen shadow** hangs over this city that so many crimes have made cursed, open to the

a city radiating with active darkness. If you go there, you will find nothing but unhappiness. Don't say I didn't tell you. Remember that".

And a little later, as we took shelter in the shade of a wild laurel hedge to rest a little: "You don't know, and you can't know, this country, Yugoslavia, really is today, and you don't know, nor could you know, what the so-called General Josip Broz Tito really is, who is neither a general nor even Josip Broz Tito. And this place you come from, Medjugorje, do you really know what it's like? In the high hills of the hamlets around Medjugorje, buried directly under the earth, without prayerblessing or forgiveness, **are piled up** - I don't say rest - **a few people**.

- thousands, tens of thousands of men, women and children massacred, mutilated, butchered, tortured and buried alive in 1945-1946 by the "partisans" of General Josip Broz Tito. Over this immense secret mass grave, however, from hill of Krizevac, stands the great Millennium Cross of the Saviour, erected in 1933, as if in mysterious prevention of what to happen there fifteen or sixteen years later. This region has been completely depopulated. ***Religio depopulata***", said one of my Slovenian friends in the Subotica camp, the Catholic priest M.A.S., who, thanks to the will of the Saviour, did not fail to receive the purple of martyrdom. So you see, Medjugorje is Katyn, Katyn multiplied by six, by twelve. If one day in the future, thanks to a change of regime, for example, there is a mass burial on the hills of Medjugorje, it will be like the Last Judgement. The great light of Medjugorje, you say? Perhaps it is.

But be careful with that **light**, be careful. "And then: "As for Dubrovnik, I'll say it again, even though I know it's useless, don't go. Not only do you risk losing your life, being beaten senseless, tortured and trampled on, which is no mean feat, but in any case, you won't make it to the other side from Dubrovnik. And, what's more, you should know that it's still there, in Dubrovnik, that you'll have to face up to the dark mystery of your own **anti-destiny** - if you go there at all. And that it is your **anti-destiny** that will then, and for a long time to come, prevail over your **true destiny**. I can't explain to you exactly what that means right now, but you'll see for yourself. And if that , that's all you'll see and nothing else. So, for the last time, please **don't go**. Three years ago, someone said as much to me, in circumstances like these, and didn't have the intelligence or the inspiration to give in either. So I paid, and I'm still paying. And I'm still paying. But perhaps there is some kind of fatal necessity here. And it may be, but how do I know, the **very path**. "

However, helped. At the end of July, I was in Dubrovnik, already prowling around the harbour entrances. I felt the danger like nausea, like I couldn't breathe. But I was constantly testing the ground, exploring, **spying**. I was looking for explicit signs, passages, **opportunities**.

I **thought I was**, to tell you the truth; the pitiful fool that I was.

To avoid the night-time checks, I always left the city in the late afternoon. Changing places all the time, guided psychically by an inspiration that I felt coming back to me more and more, I would choose a shelter for the night. I hid in small woods, in the ruins of old villages **chastised** by the partisans or, for want of anything else, in the fields.

I often felt the memory of the young stranger from Medjugorje like a bleeding wound hidden deep within my being, a wound that was both luminous and dull, like a gash in the sun, unquenchable, forever unhealed, but increasingly veiled. But not veiled black, indigo. Or perhaps beetle green, a very light veil, passed over several times, so that it becomes thicker, muffling the glare of the burn that he has to hide, while forbidding himself to hide it too much, because ***it's a live burn.***

On the other hand, I had even come to wonder whether Vlado Prusina himself was not something like an external agent of the "camp of the sanctified" - or of an occult community of the same kind - and whether our meeting, far from having been, as I had thought, had been entirely fortuitous, had not in fact been ordered by the others, those in the 'camp of the sanctified', to follow me and help me along the perilous paths they knew I was going to have to take. And even if it wasn't quite the way things had - had - to happen, I sensed that they shouldn't stray too far from that, that something was definitely up. That, in any case, I was, as they say, being ***followed closely.*** From somewhere, a kind of great certainty came over me.

But I also had to eat, and that was the most serious problem. Because I had an iron rule: no contact with the locals whatsoever.

So I had to resort to robbery, which was not without danger either. For me, survival meant alert, paroxysmal, ***duplicitous*** attention.

*DUBROVNIK
OR THE GREAT ERROR*

THE THIRD LOAF

But I was split, as I never been before. I was living in two worlds, without being able to decide, on my own, either for one or the other: a choice had to be made, or be made somewhere for me, a choice to be imposed on me as if from outside myself when in fact it was still I who was choosing, but not at the level of waking consciousness. I was going to be chosen insofar as I believed myself to be unable to choose myself, and it was by believing myself unable to choose that I was going to have to choose myself, alone face to face with myself: at the last stage of conscious unconsciousness, at the last stage of unconscious awareness.

Two days before the catastrophe, torn by a ferocious, animal hunger and on the verge of fainting, I let myself into a large church in the centre of Dubrovnik, silent and cool, a stranger to the tension, the deathly anguish and the infernal heatwave outside.

An old woman was there, tall, thin, slow, with a Patrician gait, restrained, haughty, that

I saw her slip out through a small side door just as I was entering. In the space of a flash, I caught her turning her head towards me as she came out, her face half-covered by a black veil; her gaze burned and dazzled me, softly imbued with a light so bright and clear that I thought I recognised in it the very radiance of the Sun of Charity. Was it possible? Placed on a bench, carefully wrapped in an immaculate white cloth that left a good half of it uncovered, I saw it immediately: a large loaf of bread had been brought to this spot for my sole use. The third loaf, the last, in the series that was to be so dramatically interrupted by my arrest the following day. A loaf of peasant bread of the same shape and appearance as the bread from the hills of Medjugorje, and also the bread donated to me by Vlado Prusina. The third loaf, there in front of me: that was how my third state evaluation under the Sun of Charity had taken place.

Merged in the same lake of fire and light, countless small candles lit up an ancient icon of the Queen of Peace in a way that was both subversive and regal. Reflecting off its blackened gold, its fiery blues and deep reds, a glow as if from beyond the world fell from it and covered the bread of final charity and the linen of its guard as if with a heavenly, ethereal, sunny sail. Light as of wax and honey, light as of salvation on the way to fulfilment.

Illusion, tragic illusion.

EIMEE, OR THE SUSPENDED DREAM

And then I thought, once again, of the charitable mystery of the hills of Medjugorje. Inconsolable, I remained inconsolable. ***Bless me, bless me, bless me!*** I cried out, trying to run after her - but too late, already too late - when I saw her fade away, disappearing, as she had come, into the restless sea of her flowering bushes. Our meeting had lasted only five minutes, a little longer perhaps, the time of a lifetime of sadness and shame. Who was she really, this so-called Ivanka? And what supreme miracle had happened that day for me, and for me alone, in the burning hills of Medjugorje? Engulfed as if in a sea of flowers, astral.

But now I was in Dubrovnik, fighting a war.

For that night, I had decided to take over a small caretaker's cottage in a disused beer factory. Someone must still live there, but sporadically, or not at all for some time. There was no electricity or running water, but there were clean sheets in the two beds on the first floor and a cupboard full of excellent local tinned fish and tins of corned beef from US Army rations.

I was on the eve of a day which, I knew perfectly well, was going to be absolutely decisive for me. So it happened that at nine o'clock in the evening, while it was still broad daylight outside, I was sleeping like a log. A great white peace coexisted within me with a very dark anguish.

It was shortly before morning that I had the dream with Aeneas' prophetic warning. I had woken with the first light of day and forced myself to go back to sleep, until the heat of the new day forced me to get up.

A saving emanation of my own abyssal double, of my immobile and sacred double or, as the ancient Egyptians might have called it, of my own Ka, this dream was to mark a return to the times of tragedy in my life at the time, even if, later on, it turned out that this tragedy was not really a tragedy at all, this tragedy was not really a tragedy at all, or else as kind of misunderstanding, a blindness that undoubtedly had for me, in the trapped path of my life in progress, the value of a decisive, ultimate initiatory test (close to alchemical **reiteration**, if you see what I mean).

In any case, the dream I had at the time never ceased haunt me secretly, to torment me for at least twenty years afterwards. What was this dream of such great influence?

It so happened that I had managed to sneak aboard a sailing boat bound for Italy. But I need to make this clear straight away: in my dream, it was an old, even antique boat, with four large sails, one black and three red. On deck, as I recall, there were two brazen stoves filled with bright embers.

We soon lost sight of the Dalmatian coast; the sea was rough and the ship's deck was constantly covered by foaming waves. By midday, the storm was raging. Someone, however, dominated the deck, a giant with light hair, a blazing reddish-blond, and a withdrawn, tragic gaze. The dark stranger was wrapped in a cloak of dark blue wool, or indigo perhaps. "His name is Aeneas, his name is Aeneas", whispered an unknown voice deep inside me, a white, priestly voice. In the embers of the stoves, he was cooking large heads of garlic and onions, and he didn't talk to anyone. A sort of sacred terror seemed to hang around him, as if suspended in the air.

Then the sky turned black, streaked with blue and orange. An immense wave swept in from the north-east, sweeping across the bridge with unprecedented violence and taking everything in its path. I felt myself torn from my precarious shelter and carried far away, in a mass of glistening white, into the heart of a horrible icy whirlpool. In a few moments the boat was already far away, and I realised that I was lost. "Why this, why, why" I cried. And then the man wrapped in indigo answered me from a distance, shouting over the hallucinated, foaming madness of the raging sea: "Because you have committed an infinitely serious fault, and you must pay to free yourself. But all that will pass. Freedom will be yours in coming month. Italy, in just twenty years. Pray, pray to the Goddess of Peace".

My soul filled with bitter bitterness, I fought against the waves to try and reach the Dalmatian coast, which I had thought I could leave, but in vain.

When I woke up, the sun was high. I quickly bathed in the water of a cistern serving - how can it be that I still remember it so perfectly - narrow but richly planted strips of market garden.

It was there - and now I know it - that my mistake had to be *made*. This 'infinitely serious mistake' that Aeneas had warned me about in my morning dream.

NOT THE PATH OF DELIVERANCE, BUT THE PATH OF SACRIFICE

At this point, and despite the impediments of forgetfulness, of the forgetfulness of forgetfulness and of its subterranean antilanguage, I must try at all costs to be as clear as possible in my discourse: this will also help me to see better into myself, to understand better the progress, the course both past and quite present of the very hidden things that have recently again made and unmade my life.

So that's how it happened: when I woke up my mind was made up, I'd have to get to Dubrovnik and, without waiting, I'd have to work out how to get on board, clandestinely, a boat bound for Italy, or even not, on a boat that was simply out at sea : and that once I'm at sea, I'm likely to try everything, get rid of the crew on board by any means necessary, especially the worst ones, set a course for Italy, and once I'm within sight of the coast of salvation, sink the boat.

boat and swim ashore. Once again, I was at war, and I knew perfectly well that, in order to go to sea, the members of the authorised crews - even, and perhaps especially, the fishing crews - had to be, very necessarily, verified members of the party, or former 'partisans'. So I knew who I was going to have to face, savagely, mercilessly. Life against life, death against death, and in the end I had only the strategy of surprise and the fire of my rage, which I felt was becoming more and more insane, that I could no longer hold, surging.

In my more than desperate situation at the time, that was about as far as we could realistically go.

Going to Dubrovnik immediately, and forcing fate on the same day, represented the only choice of lucidity and reason, the only total choice, the only **heroic** choice. That's what I did, and that's also what cost me.

For it was not a choice of lucidity that I had to make, but a choice of sacred madness: not a choice of reason, but of total insanity; a totally irrational choice, the very choice that a voice of profound insanity was secretly dictating to the illu- minate I had become in my race under the influence through the Goose Game of visible and invisible pitfalls that had become, for me, my spaces of hypnagogic wandering in the eastern Adriatic, spaces themselves committed to reproducing the unfolding configurations of a firmament ablaze with a meaning that was both occult and final, essentially apocalyptic.

The voice of reason was pushing me towards Dubrovnik. But in the depths of my being, another voice, the very voice of the dream in Tuzla prison, the voice, too, of the dream I'd just had in which the warning of the figure called Aeneas lit up my delirium like a blaze in the dark, in other words the irrational, transcendental voice of my most occult cosmological commitments, was taking me elsewhere, demanding that I adopt a different course of action and other means, other choices too, of my most occult cosmological commitments was taking me elsewhere, demanding that I adopt a different course of action and other means, other choices too, choices that were, on the surface at least, demented, illuminist, incomprehensible and completely aberrant in the eyes of the reasonable custodians of the dark ***reason of this world***. What I had to do, then, from the point of view of my supremely visionary cosmology, was not to put an end to my wanderings under mediumistic influence, but, on the contrary, to over-activate the march towards its final paroxysm, towards its culmination, held in advance to be inconceivable, or rather ***unthinkable***. In fact: instead of going to Dubrovnik, crossing the fields straight in front of me, making me lose myself again in a north-westerly direction, perhaps towards that stretch of water that was already shimmering in the morning sun, and then much on, on, and further on, towards I don't even know where, and who will ever know. ***Further still, further still, further still***, whispered deep inside me the words I suspected were coming from Orion.

But that's exactly what I didn't choose to do at the time. Darkness, darkness, darkness. For, in doing so, I was unknowingly embarking not on the path of deliverance, but on that of sacrifice.

This same opposition between the two paths of salvation - the **path of deliverance** and the **path of sacrifice** - is also used in Gustav Meyrink's great initiatory novel, *The Angel at the Window of the West*. In it, the **path of deliverance** is represented by those who have to **cross** the "threshold of initiation" face-on, while the **path of sacrifice** is assigned to those who have to cross it with their **faces turned backwards**.

Gustav Meyrink: "Brother, you have crossed the threshold of initiation with your face turned backwards, for you are predestined, like all of us in this chain, to help humanity. That is why, until the end of time, you will be able to see the earth, while through you will radiate all the energy that emanates from the plan of eternal life. But what this plane of eternal life is, "we of the chain" cannot experience it, because our backs are turned to that radiant, impenetrable, generating abyss: Jane has crossed the threshold of eternal light head-on. Can she see us? Who knows? "Is she happy over there? "Over there? No denomination applies to this non-being for which we use this deplorable phrase: "plan of eternal life! And happy? Gardner looked at me and laughed. Did you seriously ask me that question? ",

Having done, in Dubrovnik, what I had done and, above all, not having done what I had not done, **it** was with **my face turned backwards** ^(z), to use Gustav Meyrink's expression, that I too crossed the 'threshold of initiation', and the salvation I was then given appeared to me, afterwards, to have been that of the path of sacrifice.

And so same day, at around midday, I found myself lying on the floor of the Dubrovnik naval security headquarters, my face on the floor and my hands tied behind my back, "like a rat".

But something must have changed in the meantime, somewhere in the upper echelons of power in Belgrade, because instead of seeing me shot like a dog - as I had feared at the time, and for several hours afterwards - I was soon sent to a labour camp under the direct control of the UDBA, in Maribor, in upper Croatia.

And it was from Maribor that I was to attempt my third escape, the right one; and by crossing the Iron Curtain I found myself, on a fine Carinthian autumn day, in the British occupation zone of Austria. The figure so mysteriously called Aeneas in my dream of prophetic warning had therefore not been mistaken in the first part of what he had shouted to me, over the raging storm, at the very moment when, taken from the edge of his ship by the fateful wave, I thought myself lost, and as if already in the power of the shadows of death; Nor was the second part of his prophecy, since it was twenty years later that I would finally be able to return to Italy or, rather, "find my lost Italy again".

Nevertheless, a fundamental fracture in my existence, a perhaps irreparable failure in my destiny, occurred on the morning of day I hesitated and became spiritually obscured, when I chose to go to Dubrovnik rather than continue to let myself be

carried forward by the irrational voice of inner command, by the sacred whisper which I had been under the influence of since my escape from Sarajevo.

What had happened that morning? Didn't that fatal hesitation at the end of the race belong, precisely - the moment of abrupt awakening of the sleepwalker on the edge of the ledge, the moment of dread and uncertainty at every turn mortal to the ferryman above the bottomless precipices between the glaciers - to the zone so vertiginously perilous where we suddenly risk being caught up in sin against the Holy Spirit, "the only one who can never know forgiveness, in this time or eternity"? An immense dread comes over me every time I catch myself thinking about it.

I knew I had to go straight ahead to the body of water I could see glimmering before me on the horizon and, once there, to comply with new instructions, new inner impositions. As I think I knew, I would then have had to cross half a wood, a small river in flood, and the other half of the same wood; I would have had to go around village in the distance, and find a church in ruins, or better still, a half-demolished church; near this church, a beautiful orchard on the hillside hiding ***a large house of yellow and red stone*** in the middle: it was here that I should have found the opportunity to be offered a fourth loaf in the series begun in the hills of

Medjugorje, so that the Mystery of the Evaluation of the Fourth Bread could have been fulfilled even then, and bear in me the fruit of eternal salvation, deliverance and very high liberation.

But this was hardly the case, at the very last moment I had given in to what I believed to be the immediate and most certain evidence of an analysis of clear reason, without being able to realise that the very reason for this evidence was of nocturnal origin, malevolent and subversive and, to put it bluntly, essentially hostile, **I was** not able to realise that the very reason for this evidence was of nocturnal origin, evil and subversive and, to put it bluntly, essentially **hostile**, nor what it would cost me to have agreed to follow the current reasons for this world when I had only come this far to found it, to reveal the immense unreason to come, the divine unreason on the march that some might have called the Parousia.

Didn't Aeneas warn me of this, **twenty years to go to Italy** if I was going to commit the great error he was trying to me against, but so vainly?

And it wasn't until thirty years later that I was to return to the place where I had had such an encounter with the young girl from the hills who, by offering me the first of the series of the Four Breads - of the series of the Mystery of the Evaluation of the Fourth Bread - was to plunge me into the forbidden paths, into the burning paths of the cosmological wedding of the Fourth Crowned, thirty years to return, I mean, to Medjugorje.

This second trip to Medjugorje, some thirty years after the first and the real subject of the present book, was to be made under the same conditions as the first.

I went back under a false identity, through a singularly dubious channel, with aim of being able to bear personal witness to the miracle of the Marian apparitions in Medjugorje.

What other dazzling constellation has lit up in the depths of the ever mysterious sky of Medjugorje, in the metasymbolic sky that watches, invisibly, over these lands charged with a predestination that I now know to be like no other?

I had to see for myself at all costs. A very old voice inside me had awakened, whispering to me, as it had done in the past, the highly clandestine paths I should take. I confess that at first I hardly realised that this was, in fact, the true conclusion of certain paths opened up before me some thirty years ago, a conclusion as if beyond time, nor that this adventurous incursion into my own past was suddenly going to revive the old wounds that remained. Aren't forgotten dreams the most dangerous?

It was in June of last year that I returned to Medjugorje. Clandestinely, absolutely illegally and even, in a way, suicidally. And once again everything happened as if in a waking dream, as in those **years**, and once again it was the same miracle, in the same place. Only more mysterious, perhaps, and much more quickly. Just a few days, but facing the radiant cliffs of eternity.

RETURN TO MEDJUGORJE

If she doesnt come with you,
No need to make the journey.

HENRY MONTAIGU

During the month of June 1984, in Medjugorje and the surrounding area, I came very close to and watched the miracle of the change and transmutation of the interior sanctification of the people and places visited by heaven in its ultimate mercy, and I even participated, in a way, in the real presence of what burned in the ecstasy of the six young visionaries chosen by Mary herself, her "cherished angels".

But, on the other hand, in Medjugorje I found again the places of my own transports of yesteryear, of my former mystical or similar illuminations, and I also able to speak at length with those in charge, known or unknown, but mostly unknown, of the Catholic and political hierarchies of visible, external Croatia, as well as of underground Croatia, hierarchies, as for the latter, more or less veiled, even clandestine.

And it was also in Medjugorje, and in its surroundings, that I did what I had to do in order to renew contacts, interrupted for a very long time, with officials belonging to certain politico-strategic structures in Belgrade, special structures which, to say the least, pursue profoundly reserved activities, These are special structures whose activities are, to say the least, deeply reserved, even within the apparatus of the federal power currently in place, and whose competences lie in that uncertain zone of power where the half-motionless activism of grand politics secretly marries the activist immobility of the Spirit when it is born somewhere and chooses to grow and develop for ends that are all the more unavowable because they will always prove to be very precise.

Having said all this, the fact remains that the most important fact of my return to Medjugorje in May 1984 - or the importance of which seems to me, to myself and in relation to myself, to be immeasurable - will still be a fact implying the supranatural rupture of reality, a fact which happened to me, there, on the spot, which I hold to be fundamentally foreign to any temporal preoccupation, to any external, avowable and rational imposition of the historical future of this world and which, by itself, already sets out violently call into question, to decay and to unravel the supposedly objective 'normal and reassuring' pre-figurations of the current course of my existence and of the times of republican convention that still seem to be its own.

What was this incomprehensible and disturbing fact?
? Is it something to say? Is it really something to say? And **right now**, especially? I'm burning to make this fact

In this state, I burn to free myself from it through confession, to myself of it through the fiery waters and lyes of writing.

On the afternoon of the first day of my reunion with Medjugorje, I went incessantly, and in a state of great fervent piety - and this, I must say before anything else, at the urging of the young woman from Ljubljana who accompanied me, Verena T., to whom I would to express my most sincere and heartfelt thanks for her intelligent and charitable devotion, quite exceptional, and not without most serious and immediate dangers, which she demonstrated at my side during those fiery days - I went, I might add, directly to the hospital in Ljubljana, I went, I said, directly to the parish church of Medjugorje, the Church of Saint James, where the six visionaries were to come to say the rosary and then go to their ecstatic meeting with the Virgin Mary in the small room adjoining the sacristy which had been specially arranged for the smooth running of these *meetings*. But I'm not expressing myself correctly. The small *meeting* room is not directly adjoining the sacristy. Located to the right of the altar, it overlooks the choir. That day, in the crowd gathered inside the church and outside, far and wide, there was a deep atmosphere of living fervour, inner devotion and peace, great peace.

And so it happened that, of the group of young visionaries who went to church together, it was Ivanka Ivankovic who first appeared to me that day. And what was my amazement, my inner rapture, my mystical awe and my immense loving gratitude to the powers of

the extreme inconceivability that reigns in the Heights when I realised, then, that Ivanka Ivankovic was ***the same as the other***, the same as the one who, some thirty years earlier, in the scorched hills of Medjugorje, had offered me - had come to offer me - the first loaf in the unfinished series of the Mystery of the Evaluation of the Fourth Loaf : I plunged abruptly back into the miracle, I found again, all at once, in myself, the unbearable bright light ***of before***, that I had known during my first visit to Medjugorje.

But let's be clear: I'm not saying that Ivanka Ivankovic resembled, even if in a strange, inconceivable way, the young girl from the hills of Medjugorje, I'm saying that both of them were, in some way and in some way, the same, and completely The Same.

And so it happened that, despite the violent impact of I had witnessed that day in the Church of Medjugorje - an inner upheaval provoked and sustained for hours by the ***encounter*** that had taken place there, and by its reverberations - the real, physical presence of Ivanka Ivankovic had prevented me from focusing my attention on anything other than the simple fact of my discovery concerning myteriosophic identity of the two Medjugorje bread-bearers.

For Ivanka Ivankovic also became a bread bearer that very day, bearing the fourth loaf of bread, just as she did thirty-six years ago with the first loaf of bread from the hills, in the shadow of the Millennium Cross.

So after the six o'clock mass, Verena T. and I found ourselves in the garden of our hostess, one of her cousins who had stayed behind in Medjugorje, and we chatted while waiting for dinner to be served (outside, to take advantage of the cool evening air).

In front of us was a beautiful row of scarlet cherry trees which, in the middle, formed a narrow passage, a chasm leading to a meadow with small but rich grass, young and fresh, a dark green, fascinating in the light of the new moon. Some distance away, towards the lighter part of the meadow, stood an old apple tree beleaguered by the promise of its future fruit. And under the apple tree, melting into its shadow, a young girl was singing, and her words ran towards me, clear and wonderful. I didn't quite understand the words of her song, but the meaning was clear enough to me:

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

Moved by an irresistible urge in my heart, I got up and, through the orchard with its scarlet cherry trees, through the meadow bathed in the light of the young moon, I ran towards the solitary apple tree in the middle of the meadows.

Ivanka Ivankovic stood with her back against the trunk of the old apple tree, covered in bright orange lichens. When she saw me coming, she gently suspended her singing. At her feet, on a large slab

of white stone, the same bunches of grapes as thirty-six years ago. I stood before her, and before I had time to speak, to greet her, she offered me, smiling, happy herself, **happy, happy, infinitely happy**, the fourth loaf of bread in the series begun in the burning hills of Medjugorje, while inviting me, with a slow gesture, to help myself, too, to the "fruit of the vine",

— Is it really you again? Are you the same, quite the same? And a terrible emotion choked me, I wanted at all costs to stifle the sob that I felt building up, and the tears.

— La Môme? Ah, that word, **la môme!** You mustn't want . No, you mustn't want me to be the same, **quite the same** as you say. If not the same even higher up. You see, this is the fourth loaf, which I have set aside especially for you, because - as you might not have known - it is yours, in fact, yours from all eternity. So everything is accomplished, and this is also the end of everything. For everything comes one day, **even this**. But what more can you want from me? You need someone to want for you, and you yourself must want to want only the One Will of his One Will, to **adore**. Yes, I know you understand me. And don't forget this last word of mine: this very day, as in the days before, in the hills of Medjugorje, thirty years ago, you find yourself in the direct attraction of the Empress of Profound Peace, and the Profound Peace she promised you will soon be, for you, the very Crown of your reunion and the **Magnificat** of your Beautiful Power recovered, of your Ancient House and your Ancient Name returned, in you, to you, by the very virtue of

which, once again, will open up to you, will give itself to you in this reunion. Go, then," she said, "straight ahead, and fight your last battle, and the greatest of all, to defeat those of the Valley. For what is thus given to you today is only entrusted to you, feudally, so that you may make of it the burning and living fruit, the very clear fruit of the whole Mesnie. For, once again, it is the One Desire that desires in you, and henceforth only will know how to desire, in you, the One Desire, who Himself knows only how to desire the Kingdom".

She held out her right hand to me in farewell, which I kissed for a long time, with extreme passion.

But she continued: "However, rest assured: I am not Mary's young protégée, Ivanka Ivankovic. I am someone else, whose name cannot possibly be spoken in this world. Or not yet. If I have chosen to present myself to you, and twice, in the guise of this young Ivanka, it is for a very specific reason. A reason I'm not going to tell you, or not today. But please understand that it's really not the time that counts, nor the waiting. Besides, **Tu n'est-ce Tue Ojattente?** What counts are the secret constellations of Eternal Love, which live and burn in the interior precipices where the Divine Hearts of Mary and her Spouse of Glory stand face to face".

Having said this, she brought her face close to me, offering me her mouth, which I kissed gently, but also at length. And as I did so, in a flash I knew her hidden name, her true name of life, and fainted.

But when ***she left*** and came back to me, it was full dark. I looked towards the village of Medjugorje, and saw that thousands of small candles were burning in the gardens, in the backyards, sheltered from the eyes of enemies, who were transforming this sanctified village, under the light wind of the night, into a sort of reversal of the starry vault. I felt shattered.

We ourselves, and so many others too, that night, at that hour, in the depths of the gardens full of favourable shadows, were preparing to take our places around the common table, to proceed with the rediscovered mystery of the Last Supper.

Besides, what is waiting? I can still hear her saying that to me, burning, mouth to mouth. And the answer I gave her, deep inside me, without words: for the rest of us, waiting is the night of Good Friday at the top of the Cross, under a black and red sky, low, heavy with storms, illuminated lightning. So what she was asking me to do - and when I say her, I mean ***her*** - and in what hidden, unacknowledged way, at the very heart of the most terrible confession, was it anything other than to enter into the darkness expectation, a different expectation perhaps, but also the same expectation, and thus join, once again, the night of Good Friday? I was so sad that my soul was dying, bitter and black, inconsolable, disconsolate, back to being the soul I was before she came into my soul. Did I love her?

It's a strange situation: I know who and how the problem of salvation and deliverance from this world arises from this very moment onwards, but I don't know whether there will be salvation in the end,

nor of deliverance, nor even if, in the days to come, there is going to be any world left at all, if the fate of this world has not already been settled, most appallingly and without return, precisely where Loving Mercy will in the end have failed to prevail over the accusing beams of the Other Face. Nothing, I know nothing, and the simple fact of wanting to return to the consolations of hope, however bitter, now seems to me to be the act of an infinitely obscene cowardice.

We are, I know, in the final times of the obracenje, in the time of the conversion of the last chance. And how could I fail to remember, over and over again, what Mary, Empress of *the Pax Profunda*, said on April 26, 1983, in Medjugorje, about the *obracenje*? These words are at once the height of terror and the height of consolation: "Do not wait for the sign, the sign will come too late for those who do not believe. The only word I want to say is conversion of the whole world. I'm telling you this so that you can tell everyone. I ask only for conversion. It's not difficult for me to suffer for you. I will suffer for you, but you must convert. I will pray to my Son not to punish you. You do not and cannot know God's plans, and you will not and cannot know what God will send and do. I ask only for conversion. That is my desire: be converted. That's all I want to say. Give up everything. That comes with conversion. I hope you can find Peace, goodbye".

I know only too well that all those who have experienced the immense light of Medjugorje at close hand come to place their most vivid hopes in the Lord's presence.

In the coming of this mysterious sign, glimpsed in the very words of the Marian promise? But this sign may itself find itself prevented from happening: if the great prayer sometimes succeeds in neutralising the conclusions of the power of darkness, in suspending the very march of evil, can other actions, this one nocturnal, of a sign contrary to prayer, not oppose the declaration of the conclusions of good, interrupt its progress? I myself have had experience of this, if only during the fateful interruption, in the summer of 1980, of the conspiratorial rise of good, which, even then, could without a doubt have changed the face of the world if the negative counter-conspiracy it had given rise to had not impeded, and then reversed its course, despite the extraordinarily tightly-knit enclosures of secrecy it had known it needed to protect itself against the final exacerbation of the antagonistic vigils and manoeuvres.

Now the ***same battle is being waged again, in*** the very place where it was suspended in the summer of 1980.

And when the Lamb opened the seventh seal, there was silence in both for about half an hour," says the Apocalypse of Saint John (VIII, 1).

This is it: it's **over**. The time of our current battle is none other than that of this half-hour of apocalyptic silence, the very time of the opening of the seventh seal.

But isn't the start of this half-hour of apocalyptic silence obviously, and above all, a declaration of

the suspension and fading of the previous commandment to wait, the lifting of the cap on our long maintenance in the nocturnal precipices of cosmic and passionate waiting for ***the very hour?***

And has not my most occult ministry been, since even before I let myself be called to it without return, that of knowing how to recognise the true face, the dogmatic identity of this too profound silence which has now been established in the abysses above and, knowing how to recognise it, as I have just done, to tell it to those who need not be kept in ignorance of the immense fiery weddings which are being prepared in the zodiacal heart of the heavens?

How profound, and truly inconceivable, is the mystery of the immense apocalyptic and cosmic silence of the end and of the half-hour in which it must come to us, directly from the most forbidden heart of heaven. But not so great, nor so inconceivable and profound that the occult key was not given to me in May 1984, in Medjugorje, by the song of Ivanka Ivankovic hidden in the shadow of the old apple tree where she came to instruct me in the evaluation of my Fourth Bread, and where she also let me know, mouth to mouth, who, through her, I had actually been dealing with.

On the other hand, the apocalyptic procedure of the half-hour of silence that must inevitably precede the unleashing of the fire of action, of ***the incendium amoris***, I have already experienced, in Maribor, Yugoslavia, in the autumn of 1949, as well as, ten years later, in Melilla, in Spanish Morocco, in May 1959.

Do we need to be more specific? It was not easy to make the transition from **the waiting without time or hope** that was mine, and ours, for so long, to this **half-hour** of apocalyptic and cosmological **silence** at the end. Immense resistance had been mobilised, placed in the best possible position to prevent its arrival. But now it seems to me to be a done deal, or at least I like having the courage to admit to myself that I already believe in it, and that I fiercely want to believe in it.

At the same time, I'm well aware of the fact that at this very moment my words are becoming obscured, muddled and increasingly unintelligible. And that makes me quite desperate. But I can't really do anything about it, it seems to me that there must be a certain predestined course of things, from which it would be sin- gulously futile to try to escape, or to avoid it by free-riding. I'm going in blind, and I'll be going in blind, transported by right.

After all, a path to be followed religiously is made up of nothing more than that which we have foreseen we should know when we follow it. There are no great paths other than hypnagogic ones, nor any science that can act before the end of the road is declared as reached, reduced to the mercy of the noble traveller in the race, his shadow and his breath. His last breath.

Thus my return from Medjugorje to Paris at the end of June 1984 went very smoothly, with incomprehensible ease, as if in a sort of half-awake dream, whereas the outward journey had made me sweat the black blood of old anguish suddenly rediscovered.

But there, in Medjugorje itself, once you're there, you'll have to face many pitfalls and perils, and deal with the shady, devious and vigilant death that awaits you when you try to sneak into the lion's den.

Because, in fact, by going to Medjugorje a second time, clandestinely, I had put myself in the lion's den a second time, and I a second time, intact, despite all the permanent political security measures in place in Belgrade. Do certain tests of strength attract, in certain circumstances, the special intervention of the invisible, the secret protection of certain authorities acting from the other world? This isn't the first time I've had direct experience of this intervention, and of the strange feeling you get when it happens, the feeling of being split in two by the waking dream, of a mediumistic shift of your being towards someone else within yourself, ***who leads your steps***, you say, and it's just a kind of intimate transparency. But this transparency, what a vertigo.

PLUNGING INTO THE DARKNESS OF ENEMY POWER

But once I got back to Paris, I was quickly disillusioned: for me, the battle, the ***great battle that*** I had anticipated, only just begun.

How, by what secret means of influence, could I manage to have my personal testimony on Medjugorje published in good time? I immediately had to realise that the powerful preventive prohibitions of what - or, much more frighteningly

again, who - today, and in a way that is at once very extremely hidden and very extremely open, is on the lookout for spiritual, religious and mystical things, even metapolitical things, held in France, by those who subscribe to the Mystery of Iniquity, to be very deadly dangerous to their own won positions, would manage to impose themselves, incessantly, so that my task would become the most incredibly difficult, if not impossible , ***out of the question.***

This situation, however - the ban on publication that is slyly imposed, without fail or forgiveness, on all my writings - is in truth nothing new. For a very long time, as far back as the 1950s, it had been subterraneously decided that I would not be given any chance to say what it was known in advance that I absolutely could not fail to try to say.

So, once again, how do we go about it? The commandment of this ban in action, the commandment of silence and iron, how to bypass it, how to get ***round*** it

? Marginalised in the darkness

As an outsider concealed within concealment itself, as a perpetual exile in an ontology of darkness, pretense and perpetual crime: to act subversively within subversion itself, to ***penetrate darkness.***

It has been a long road, the details of which I don't think I can go into, as tragic and heart-rending as they are infinitely scabrous. I profess a profession that is in its true place only at end of Kali-Yuga, at the end of the Black Age.

It's been a long journey, and it already feels like the end, within us, of the last days of the end of the Dark Ages, even darker, this last end, than the forbidden paths that led us there, and into this darkness where we stand - where we are held.

- at a . At the same time, we must not lose sight of the fact that my return to Medjugorje in June 1984 - where I came to know and experience the mystery of the Devolution of the Fourth Bread - came about because in Medjugorje there had been Marian apparitions and a revolutionary outburst of faith, hope and charity which completely changed and even transmuted the spiri- ritual reality of the people and even of the places themselves: Medjugorje today is spiritually a "liberated zone".

Today, Medjugorje is a sanctuary in which the invisible covers and charitably overflows the visible, while at the same time guaranteeing security.

and the freedom of what is intended to be permanent testimony, the living and radiant certainty of an over-activated Catholic faith, with direct and increasingly flagrant eschatological developments, such as, for example, the epi-sode wrongly contested and which had caused quite considerable and persistent upheaval, the so-called Bloody Handkerchief epi-sode. A new Catholic faith, obeying the emergence within it of a fearsome apocalyptic vision of Mary, a vision of love and nuptials, all the lines of force of which seemed henceforth to be called upon to converge towards Mary. hopefully the next - proclamation of the and supreme Marian dogma, following on from the dogma of the Assumption and closing the Marian dogmatic cycle, namely the dogma of Coronation Cosmic of Mary, Spouse of the One.

If my own inner paths passed through the fiery hills of Medjugorje the first time, the second time they took me to Medjugorje itself, to the heart of Medjugorje, a place where - need I say it again - great spiritual events have taken place and continue to place, and how can I fail to establish the obvious, inescapable connection between my own personal adventure - if one can still speak of a personal adventure, or anything personal - and the background of Medjugorje itself? How then can I fail to make the inescapable connection between my own personal adventure - if, as far as I'm concerned, one can still speak of a personal adventure, or of anything personal at all - and the background of the great spiritual and nuptial conflagration against which this adventure was made to take place. And if, with regard to Medjugorje, I speak of a spiritual and nuptial fire, of a special nuptial spirituality, it is precisely insofar as, through the very real presence of Mary, everything that has happened, is happening, will happen in Medjugorje, will involve an identity that is madly in love, as burning as it will want to be, more often than not, hidden, subject to the usual prohibitions of love which ceaselessly indulges in the vertigo of secrecy, of its own unbearable secret in the full light of day.

Need I say more? In addition to what I know - or think I know, or cannot help but know - about my own Marian interpellations in and around Medjugorje, I also know - and in this case, much more than one would dare to believe - things, and perhaps all things, some of which, more often than not, border on the unmentionable, about what has been happening since June 1981, in Medjugorje - and then all over the world, when Medjugorje became it was supposed to be, in view of all those who were predisposed to it.

in themselves to the saving return to God under the loving guidance of Mary. And I'm not just talking about the young visionaries who, from June 1981 onwards, were to be Mary's permanent interlocutors, but about the whole population of Medjugorje, where underground spiritual work had been going on for a long time, and would continue to do so, and at a level of intensity that would be difficult for an outsider to suspect.

As for the Marian apparitions of Medjugorje considered, if one may say so, in the first degree - the extraordinary series Marian apparitions of Medjugorje, where Mary has already been seen, perhaps, three or four thousand times - I myself have spoken about this, elsewhere, and having said everything, really everything, I think, that there was to say at **a certain level**, by publishing, under my own byline, a series of articles of intervention and unveiling in ***L'Autre Monde***, a monthly magazine of spiritual research and testimony published in Paris.

As I had expected, however, it has to be said that these articles did not generate much interest or significant reaction, nor the slightest echo to remember or take into consideration. Should we be surprised? That would be to ignore how far things have really come, how far the spiritual disqualification of religion has gone today in the West, and more particularly in France. Should we then want to find in it some kind of warning, some kind of fright? Is it not too late, already too late for everything? Because it's all there already subverted, irretrievably alienated by the darkness of the death Faith, Hope and Charity. All is darkness and dirty, dreary desolation.

ashen. The hour abomination and desolation has truly come. So the work of high national and spiritual treason of the Church of France is well and truly accomplished, having reached its intended conclusion, for it is only the internal and external treason of the Church that has made possible what we are asked to witness today, hallucinated, stricken with a stupor that annihilates us, and with what insurmountable powerlessness.

But there is still someone who can change all that: Mary, and Mary alone. Our last hope of salvation, beyond even the collapse within us of all hope and faith. Beyond even death, and our own death to love. For we were all dead to love, before love itself died the death of our love. But Mary herself is love, all love, eternally. And she herself makes love impregnable.

Hence all their hatred of Mary, who alone is now in a position to suspend and neutralise, or even cancel, their most hidden plans, their ***plans for the end.***

Thus Bishop M. of Versailles, boasting of some abject baseness against the Marian devotion of the unfortunate people entrusted to the pestilence of his pastoral care, exclaimed: "Marie? I've put her in her place, that one". Of course you did.

But don't worry, my Lord, we'll talk about all this again ***when the time comes:*** wherever you've been, we'll find you. Please believe me, I'm making this a personal matter, a matter of honour.

The glare a single sun over two mountains

It is only by maintaining the separation of the two planes concerning Medjugorje - the extraordinary Marian apparitions taking place there, and what I had to experience myself - that we will be able to better realise what imposes upon them a mysterious unity of reverberation, a supernatural breath that is, for the time being, secret and inexpressible, a unity of fact whose presence I feel strongly, without for the moment being able to really understand its still hidden meaning, the mission that must ultimately be common to them, beyond the immediate visible.

What has happened and is happening in Medjugorje defies everything we could have imagined up to now about the direct intervention of the divine in this world and in the visible course of history. In this , I no longer cease confess that I myself am fascinated, and that I am linked, personally concerned, in the depths of my being, by Mary's incursions into these places, by the whirlwind of fire that has risen from them in the skies over this part of Europe.

But it was impossible for me to publish the book I'd written on Medjugorje, and that's a sign. A double sign, with a double ban. I am convinced, however, that what is providentially important for me to do concerns, above all, my own Marian approach to Medjugorje, my own adventure and the call that was addressed to me interiorly, to myself, and in the terms of a mission that is as special as it is, for the moment, indecipherable,

during my two clandestine visits to these places so formidably haunted by the moving light of the heavens and the active will that drives it in its descents, and whatever the aims.

What, then, is this double prohibition I have mentioned, and which concerns, precisely, through the impossibility I have been made to publish my own book on Medjugorje, the prohibition which is thus subtly but very firmly signified to me not to concern myself, as far as Medjugorje is concerned, with anything other than that which, in Medjugorje, commits me personally, in the exclusive terms of my own personal mission? First all, the prohibition, which is opposed to me by the negative powers who are on the lookout for everything that happens in relation to Medjugorje and which, from their point of view, must imperatively be barred, forbidden, prevented from acting by all means. And, at the same time, the interdict, no less certain, and the only one I have to take into account, which emanates from the providential powers of my own camp, and whose meaning would then be as follows: don't stray from your own paths, focus all your attention on what you yourself have to do and on nothing else. At least for the time being.

With the exception, as it seemed to me, of the opening that seemed to me to be envisaged with regard to the preparation of the spiritual ground for a possible resumption of the apparitions - of the apparition, because, by being so many, they end up becoming one, the somewhat permanent apparition of Mary in Medjugorje - for a possible resumption, I say, of the apparitions of Medjugorje in Western Europe, I mean in France, namely Our Lady in France, at Baillet, in the Oise region. I'll even confess

that I had made considerable investments to prevent this from happening, in the places and within the groups already gathered, in this extreme hope, at the recent shrine of Notre-Dame de France, in Baillet. But I also realised at the time that I had to stop insisting on this initiative, or else the time had not yet really come.

The highly miraculous Medjugorje of Ivanka Ivankovic and her group of young visionaries on the spot is therefore not the same as my own Medjugorje, and the intersections that take place there are the bearers of a secret even more inconceivable than anything else, an operative secret belonging only to Mary and to her most impenetrable providential intentions. The dazzle of a single sun over two mountains - 't Medjugorje mean, precisely, Entremont?

IN THE MEMORIAL SITES OF THE OLD DOGMATIC DISASTER

On April 26, 1983, in Medjugorje, Our Lady said: ***You do not and cannot know God's plans; you will not and cannot know what God will send and do.*** And also: ***Be prepared for every eventuality and be converted. That's all I want to say.*** And finally: ***Give up everything. That comes with conversion.***

Ready for anything? I know a place in Paris that's all covered in wild ivy, a secret, ancient place where someone has been invited to separate themselves from their own life and the world, to break away in

He is a man who has his own relationship with the world, while accepting to be, sacrificially, the witness of the darkest instances of agony of this world of which he is no longer a part.

I found him covered in blood, unable to hear me, irrevocably lost in the timeless heavens of his pitiless, abysmal ecstasy. A young nun said to me: "Leave him a note, one day he'll answer you. I know that he often thinks of you, and that he knows perfectly well what you are trying to do".

So a few days later I sent him a rather long letter, a devastating confession in which I forced myself to tell him everything.

Of this ultimate confession, I give here, by way of conclusion to ***L'étoile de Feu***, the few lines that follow and which, encrypted and even over-encrypted as they may be, nonetheless say everything to those who know how to lovingly force immediate access to them, an operation involving, I don't have to hide it, rather extreme perils. So beware:

"Through me, you now know more than anyone else could possibly know, in this world and in this most dramatic hour, of what absolutely cannot yet be known or even scarcely sensed of the next march, of the next supernatural, suprahistorical plans of the Holy Spirit already in action.

"So may I take it upon myself to deliver to you the primordial, metasymbolic figure, always virginal in itself, out of reach, but still in the midst of it?

already cosmologically deflagrating, deliver to you, I say, the primordial figure of ***what has just happened this very day***, just a few hours after our agreement at the Abbey of the Templars was so happily concluded: ***a door that had already been closed by death for XXII years, impassable, was opened again, by surprise and with great, great philosophical violence; a door doubly cut by the numbers CXI and CXLIX, one Royal and the other Funerary ; and someone went up, again, to the fourth floor of the Tower of Lightning, to its Ultimate Terrace, its Terrace of Air, so that the Times of Our Death might be erased, whitewashed, over-bleached, and another and brand-new Absolute Concept lovingly called to the fact so immensely covered with blood and the crimsons of its own Auroral Nativity ; And all this took place around the fourth hour of the evening, in the depths of the abyssal dream to which I thus had to bear witness, awake and much more than awake, but also in the very ancient places of the dogmatic disaster on which the most occult foundations of the present-day West rest; and it is indeed from there, and from there alone, that all that must now come, and the Vita Novissima, will come.*** So be it. But why did I have to go back? Places sometimes conceal formidable, ***unquenchable*** charges.

"Something infinitely pacified, something definitively final, definitively serene has very mercifully allowed itself to be diverted, today, in the secret of the highest heaven, diverted towards the atrocious sacrifice of self-giving in the paths of descending over-realisation. For it has been said, we know, that ***he who has not given everything has given nothing***. Everything, even his very heaven.

"It's hardly surprising, then, that this confession is affected by this, that it is destined to contain and convey an unbearable fire.

"Now it is a fact that it possesses, right down to each of its words, a power cosmological appeal and secret theurgic polarisation that gives it the very status and reality of a ***living glory***, a living and radiant paraclete substantification in its very writing, and, as such, possessing the formidable powers that belong to it alone, and which it is established in advance to dispense to those who are in a position to receive them and legitimately make use of them in the hard way originally intended by the Dispensers of Invernhye.

TO THE FOURTH FLOOR OF THE TOWER STRUCK BY LIGHTNING

So do my skills stop here? No, they'll go all the way up to the fourth floor of the Lightning Tower. In other words, to the very end of the terrible operation in progress.

And it's not the dizziness of heights that's most terrifying, but the sudden scarcity of air. With the iron circle of the Dispensers of Invernhye around my forehead of transparent ice, radiant like the virginal sun of our other beginnings, I enter lovingly into what, at this moment, is still only a dream, but a dream will not always remain so. On the contrary.

So, what's the last word? ***The arrival of forever that will take you everywhere.***

ITS ULTIMATE TERRACE, ITS AIR

Like a little child, I was innocent and free, and a great, clear, sunny light dwelt in my heart and illuminated my life in every way. Then came the irresistible and hard investment of my whole being by the order to fight that had been given to me, by the mission that had been imposed on me, a total, cosmic, imperial, paraclete eschatological mission in the sole service of Mary's occult weapons, and my existence became a long, desperate, distraught wandering, a terrifying, unbearable "journey to the end of the night.

I swear on my life that it was so, and that it has not yet found its true end. What true end? If it is not that of the royal and imperial coronation of the Philosophers of the Living Fire, of the ***Incendium Amoris***, then I have lost the game, and have been knowingly lured into a trap spiritual annihilation and eternal death, without return or mercy.

For I know that above the fourth floor of the Tower of Lightning there is an invisible terrace of air, the secret of which lies in the very Midheaven: there awaits me deliverance and salvation, whose breath and beloved face I now know.

And if it isn't so, everything will have been a lie and a disgrace, a betrayal of heaven and the schemes of the infernal powers. Wouldn't ivy have been ivy?

And if I am lost - if we have let ourselves be lost
- I know that all will be lost forever, on earth as it is in heaven. For with a stain

black, devouring, in its midst, what is the mirror of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, the black spot marking the fact that we, the Lovers of Castel des Monte, have lost our way? ***Miserere nobis Domine, miserere nobis.***

If the love we have been given fails to survive the test of death, and to transcend it philosophically by finding itself, once again, intact, itself alive and radiating on the other side of the line of non-passage, it is not only we ourselves who will inevitably have to undergo the rupture without appeal or return, but the One Love itself too, and to the very depths of its own ontological, loving and charitable mystery, and its distress will come to rest there as the very thing that had been called the stumbling block. This is why the passion of the greatest love is all about renewal: for we must not say "how could the One Love have allowed us to lose ourselves without him intervening to stop everything, without him immediately bringing into play his own rights of ontological interference", but, on the contrary, "how could we have allowed ourselves to lose life and love and, in losing, have caused the One Love and the sun of his Radiance to be lost with us in our very perdition"?

So this is the barricade on which we are now fighting, the ***last barricade***. A half-corpse clutching a shadow long since corpseless, here are the last defenders against the formidable powers of chaos and death raised against us by who by his very being never ceases to conspire in the Death of Love.

*A NIGHT AT THE
HOTEL DE LA
CHARITÉ*

The apparently most transparent and simple Hermetic adage is also the most rigorously quantifiedrepeating that, in the end, the Great Work is nothing other than a **woman's work**.

How did I put it, ***the arrival of forever, who will go away everywhere?*** It's because, under a completely different sign, Rimbaud too had strayed towards these same confines, before sinking into the overpopulated void of his Ethiopies Noires. For there will never be, nor has there ever been, salvation or deliverance, or even the slightest hope of deliverance or salvation, except in Her, and through Her alone. ***If she doesn't come with you, there's no point in making the journey***, Henry Montaigu. "Elle, Elle"? "Dé, Dé".

And so I keep coming back to this dialectical impasse where I no longer understand anything about anything, from which I can no longer escape in any way. Hence, for me to live again, I have to tear myself away from it at all costs, and the price is always death.

So I resume my reasoning, the ridge path my continuing confession. And, for the moment, I'll summarise.

At one point in my life, many years ago, and then again more recently, I had experienced quite extraordinary events, of a supernatural nature, and even as if immediately miraculous, and these same events and the living mystery they conveyed have now been suddenly reactivated, reappearing in my life in the form of a spectral recapitulation, their former paroxysmal incandescence, now attenuated by the doubling of their emergence in a present that is no longer their own, but which they nevertheless illuminate with their twilight interference, now exclusively semantic, and even then, because the signifier has already devoured the signified. Nevertheless, this return of things is a fact.

Now, today, this fact, what quantified meaning does it itself carry, or more clearly put: what is the very profound commandment for action that is to be conveyed to me through the new presence of this fact, what must I understand from it that I must do?

That's what I don't know. And what a terrible torment this final unintelligence of an endless journey is, a torment that perhaps constitutes the surprising form of the inner crucifixion at that limit where everything is on the point of breaking in its middle, so that nothingness can suddenly rush in and take over everything, forever.

How can I do all the same, and right away, what I must so imperatively do when I don't know what I must do, when the prohibition

that is made to me of this knowledge has no equal other than in the comminatory thrust intimating me to act without further delay, and with any risk, including that overstepping the high flawless barrier erected in me around the prohibited knowledge and when I myself am no longer other than this very knowledge and the prohibition that never ceases to annul it, thus making me what I am now, or rather what I am not? Rimbaud, again, ***I am hidden and I am not.***

1984 - 1994: ten years have already passed since I returned to Paris in 1984, after my clandestine trip to Medjugorje.

In 1984, an unheard-of light came back to meet me in Medjugorje. For an instant, just a passing evening between dog and wolf, among the thousands of other small lights that, in this world, were destined to support what came from beyond, a light so great that of extinguishing them, they were raised to the very glory of the loving parousia, coming to join me there in the meadows, "under the old apple tree besieged by the promise of its fruits to come", a prophetic figure, perhaps, of the Renewed Church.

In the hills of Medjugorje, the immense secret light of the apparition of the one - or of those, for there were not, in fact, two of them, although, perhaps, and even most certainly, the two were one, whom I have called The Same - the immense secret light, I say, of the apparition of the one, or of those who had come to give themselves, each time, for

the young clairvoyant Ivanka Ivankovic, came to only to be snatched away again.

For as soon as I got back to Paris, the great darkness was closing in on me again, like a sort of vault in an underground cellar, while at the same time surging up inside me, invested from within as I was, at the same time, by the infiltration of these black waters, putrefactive and dissolving, which the same philosophy of Hermetic salvation had invited to flow through me and which were to be my only guarantee of future liberation, blackness staring at blackness and this darkness, as we know, staring at all darkness.

Back in Paris it came to me again, suddenly, without any veiled announcement, or the slightest foreboding, alert or preventive suspicion, the plunge into **the still eddy** of the undifferentiated in the hollowed-out, cold heart of darkness, and then there were ten years of oblivion in the Parisian night, ten years of somnambulistic and useless wandering, degrading, meaningless in the face of the uncertain front of things, ten years of powerlessness and shame as if there had been nothing else, before, in my life. Ten years, or thirty years as well, passed more quickly perhaps than if there had really only been three days, or even a single fundamental moment of vertigo, just as death arises in us when it comes. And all this, really, why? To what end? To what ultimate end, if there is an ultimate end? In preparation for what blind mission, in view of what inspiration with no object or desire known in advance, or of which we can have even a partial mastery, as in a waking dream?

I'm not saying that, afterwards, once back in Paris, I didn't fight and struggle fiercely, and sometimes even in the sly tumult of invisible weapons, muffled cries, vague visionary flashes, but those of us are familiar with the final spiritual paths all know that the outcome of these dubious rearguard battles will always be decided in advance, and from outside ourselves, in other obscure heights with rarefied air, and that everything is then, already, a wasted game, a wasted effort and a wasted life.

So there I was, holding my breath as I moved forward with my eyes closed on the ledge within me of the subversive ban on being that was being served up to me in this way, but this very ban I knew to be supernatural - divine even - and in my abysmal disarray, without realising it at all, I was still in a state of obedience. And yet, if I was obeying without knowing it, who was ***leading my steps*** as I advanced along these hallucinated precipices?

For I kept asking myself, often as if in a half-awake dream: what do they want from me, what is my destiny on this mysterious path that I could have believed to be endless? What was I going to have to do one day that was so terrible that I had to avoid, at all costs, having to know the other side of it in advance, the side that for the moment was that of a profound, total, unchanging unknown? And also, and again: could my very occult final mission be partly, or in its entirety, already compromised, or even suspended, did I myself commit, by moving forward as I had been asked to, in these spaces of dreariness?

tragedy without day or face, an irredeemable error, even a 'fatal terror'? Although I don't know when or how, have I already committed the destabilising fault that pushes me out of the obligations laid down achieving what we want?

- that I was chosen to do ***when the day came?*** Am I to be held accountable for an irreparable breach of duty, for a crime I do not know about and could never have known about, but for which I would nonetheless have to suffer the appalling penalty?

And even if it had been so, the hope of forgiveness, the hope of a final thank you, can they really no longer repair anything, not to say that they would change very heart of everything that had happened without my being the slightest bit aware of it, and whose shadow has been devouring my being since that time, but ***what time?***

For ten long years, my life was made up the disqualifying fabric of these unanswered questions. For ten years, until 13 June 1994.

Can I say it? On 13 June 1994, quite late in the evening, as I was leaving the Chapelle du Saint-Sacrement, 20 rue Cortambert, Paris XVI. A rather traditional Mass, serene in the great bareness of the place, said by an old priest in white, very tired, with a broken voice and slow movements. Communion of an unusual intensity, which never ceases to burn me up inside. And what a strange light reigns within these walls of recollected bareness, a light of pale yellow, unchanging, secretly alien to this world, assumptive.

Lots of young people, something you don't often see in Paris. After communion, half an hour

It was about a profound silence, a silence of direct Eucharistic intervention, charged and as if intimately vitrified by the vertigo of an immediate and vivid supernatural presence such I have never experienced more than twice in my entire life. It was a kind of thaboric transfiguration of the whole presence, involving both the place itself and all those gathered this evening in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, having responded to what mysterious group call, to participate by their presence in the sacrifice being prepared, for their very intention, on this Offering Table, which has always been so bloody, and which leans towards the cosmic abysses towards which the immense flow of its terrible charitable conflagrations will suddenly rush, so that they may form a nuptial crown of fire around the meeting is taking place, secretly in these very places, on this evening which seems to be just like other evenings in this world and which in reality was its last evening. For I have to say, the **last** has already taken place. It took place on 13 June 1994, at the Chapelle du Saint- Sacrement, 20 rue Cortambert, Paris XVI. And "let it be known".

On the other hand, I couldn't hide it, and besides, why would I hide it, for the whole duration of the mass, three rows of chairs in front of me, on the left, stood the very undressed young girl who had been asked to take me there, to **draw** me in, and I, having followed her from the street, hypnotically enslaved to the call exhaled by her, which was like an order of service, like a mysterious and fatal 'marching order'.

And now I was falling prey to the fire of the Word that revives, the Word of Fire. How could I not

And what joy is there in returning? "In gladness you will draw water from the springs of salvation". These are the very words that title Pius XII's encyclical dedicated to the Eucharistic mystery of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, ***Haurietis aquas in gaudio***, Isaiah, XII, 3.

As I listened to the prophetic reading from Isaiah, I already saw it as an announcement about myself, personally, as a sign that I had come to the point where I no longer dared to wait, and that I once again had to understand and accept, to make it my own and to find in it material for a new and very lively hope, material, too, for a renewed time and for an amorous nativity - for the amorous nativity of a high desire - still without an object but nonetheless already available forward, ***committed there*** and committed there ***as if to someone***.

Ite missa est. And what a state I found myself in, Mass was over and I was invited, as I felt then, to go straight ahead into the street, prisoner - or again, as forty years ago, in Dalmatia, between Medjugorje and Dubrovnik - of a magnetic corridor of forward attraction and occult, mediumistic inner guidance, towards the goal and in the terms of an active mission of which, for the moment, I knew nothing, but which had nonetheless taken possession of me, made me the tool of their outcome, planned in advance, commanded and pursued by a will from ***outside***, a will which was external to me and which I also sensed as fundamentally external to this world, a superior, inhuman will, emanating from beyond me and beyond the world, from beyond the heavens too perhaps.

So I remember vaguely walking down the rue Cortamber to its junction with the rue Schaeffer, and then retracing my steps to take the rue de la Tour after passing the Chapelle du Saint-Sacrement on the right.

It was from this moment onwards that my memory became blurred, that the waking dream and its mediumistic conduct took on an increasingly exclusive role, that everything seemed to tip over into a field of consciousness assigned to undergo the splitting of its own reality by a sort of vertiginous, paroxysmal, supernatural intensification.

— and unavowedly magical, perhaps also
— of that same reality in front of her, which was nevertheless moving away from me while remaining frozen there, and the same.

So everything appeared to me to be normal, but at the same time ***different***: this world had become the other world, and the other world was nothing more than the world of the so-called normal course of things in its ***apparently*** most immediate and direct appearances.

But the real inner shift in reality took place, I believe, as I turned right from Rue de la Tour into Rue Félicien David: I will therefore maintain, from now on, that it all took place on Rue Félicien David, and it is on this ***impression*** that the architectonic mental ensemble of the Sacré-Coeur Conspiracy will be built, the final career of which I am beginning here (for there were precedents, and what precedents there were).

Did I say Félicien David? So here we are. Don't rush things in the story, keep

the required pace and restraint, leaving it taut, vibrant, firmly at the disposal of whoever, in me, was then sweetly at work there, in the depths of me, and who was perhaps already no longer anything at all of me or of else if not precisely of **the other**, of the absolute other who in me was himself no longer anything other than me.

Another question: years before what had I come to look for, what had I come to do, secretly, criminally perhaps, on rue Félicien David?

Another question: am I now, as it were ***starting all over again?***

And, at the same time, deadly fatigue, immense, invasive. Inexplicable.

I knew there was no way I was going to be able to hold out much longer, I had to be able to sleep, to find a place - 'the very place', I would say - where I could rest for a few hours, one night, to escape this fatigue while exhausting it through the very exacerbation of its ravages within me, For if I perished with it, this fatigue would also perish with my own demise, even if it were in the depths of sleep, and even further if I managed to entrust myself to the terrifying powers of its abdication, very powerlessness would suspend everything, foaming and sometimes wanton.

The memory came to me of a hotel - or house rather - where I had, at other times, had my habits, my room, my clandestine refuge, and clandestine even in relation to myself. For it was indeed from myself that I most often came to hide there, to conceal myself in the

It was a scenario of great metapsychic and demi-mundane subversion, in which I had often been assured of the complicity of the management, an **ardent complicity**. For I confess to my interlopers. Can one prostitution hide another, and even its own opposite? Haven't we seen convents that were nothing more than brothels? Why shouldn't brothels have had to conceal activities that were unavowably lofty, mystical and bolstered by sanctity?

I was back there, and a certain memory came back to me, albeit a rather partial one to begin with. With sudden bursts of exaltation, of ancient joys, of abundant sadness, and I'll never say what sadness I'm talking about here, and what profound upheavals immediately reappeared around these purple-bandaged sadnesses.

And how many happy days I spent as a young man in this hotel in the rue Félicien David.

Irène, just a few white threads in her long black hair, and the same ducal, mystagogic, ethereal aura, the Queen of the Bees:

- I'm sorry, your usual room, number 11, isn't it, is currently unavailable... You understand, after so years... But don't worry, we'll fit you in somewhere else: you'll take room 3, you'll be fine there, really... I'm asking you to trust me, because great times are coming... to trust me as you used to, the beautiful trust in love of those times, which were also our great times... So remember, break the terrible ban... because the old fires will be invited too...

Bedroom 3, which I had never actually used, opened onto the back courtyard and its little secret garden. The windows were open and there were yellow and red flowers on the bedside table, small, hard, half-wild roses.

It was already dark in there, but I didn't turn on the light. I closed the windows and drew the green velvet curtains, which I thought were beginning to tire. I undressed and went straight to bed. The sheets were exquisitely fresh, just like in a really big house (which, in this case, was particularly the case, and probably more so than I would have thought myself, and as I later found out, to the point of ecstasy).

Strangely enough, as I slipped under the sheets, I a sort of bolster stretching the length of the wall, but was too tired and already more than half asleep to pay it any at the time, and so the divine trap closed on me, unconsciously, on the blurred borders of deep, gentle sleep. So much the better, after all, and we'll see why.

What time was it? At that very moment, I plunged into an abyssal, oceanic sleep, the sleep of a castaway stranded unconscious on the sands, above the line of black pebbles.

In the thick of the night, someone - I could hear it in the depths of my sleep - was sobbing, , on the other side of the small, dimly lit courtyard, was it in the room opposite? There were open windows on the first floor, a lamp was lit, figures came and went all the time

on the screen of the light, badly drawn curtains. Muffled by the music of a radio, bursts of voices reached me, two women and a man, one of them very young, the voice perhaps of an excited, anxious little girl, who made me ache, fascinating, **forbidden**.

I finally woke up, suddenly, at around four in the morning. I was less tired, but very tired all the same.

Now, in my bed, clinging to the wall, stood a young woman, motionless, whose face I could barely make out like a pale spot in the chiaroscuro of the room - was it really the bolster that had astonished me earlier, asleep? I went over to her and whispered to her, my mouth very close to her mouth, as if I were hesitating to kiss her, or as if I were deliberately pretending to do so:

— ...but what are you doing here? And who are you? Dream, apparition, madness, magical reincarnation? Are you a mistake, are you where you shouldn't be, am I somewhere other than where I should normally be at this moment? Have we got the wrong room? Are you from the hotel, are you at least from this world? Are you expecting something from me, something specific? What should I do, and above all what shouldn't I do?

— ...no, shut up, stop asking questions... I'm sure you'll agree that, by now, it's all beginning to seem rather unimportant, or even unimportant at all, isn't it... the other hand, I really do have some things to say to you, things that are

I know that you are far too tired at the moment for effort you would have to make if you were to - and you must - keep up the level at which our meeting was planned, so you don't seem to me to be able to retain everything I have to say.... so at least try retain what is essential, to remember the main lines of the whole... because I may not be able to come back later to repeat it to you... unless, of course, I have to stay with you for good, everything changes, and things

- all things - go back to ***the way they ...*** if I have to stay, today is the day to find out. It's today that everything will be decided, I won't hide it from you...

I realised then that she too was naked, and burning up in a strange way. Her breath was caressing my face.

- You were right," she added, "you were quite right to think that certain consequences of Medjugorje would very necessarily take place in France. Why didn't it happen? Because of certain terrifying complicities, complicities which we have seen to implanted even in the very camp of the Faith, the indomitable power of the Enemy has indeed succeeded in thwarting our plans. Our most secret plans, impenetrable in depth. For the time being. But we know in advance that we will have the last word. The immense conflagration of the renewed Faith, of the living, clear, young, revolutionary Faith, which will engulf Europe - Western Europe and then Eastern Europe - and which will extend to the furthest reaches of the Great

The Eurasian continent will have its deflagration and seismic epicentre in France, and it will be up to you and your special intervention groups and active spiritual presence to govern, to oversee all the successive waves that will make up the Great Burst of the new Marian and Christological conflagration in this world, and in worlds that we can't even see but which are nonetheless already affected by the formidable spiritual battle underway, the last battle, the fundamental battle of us all... However, in France today, on the surface of things as well as in depth, there is nothing left but a land struck by lightning, irremediably vitrified by the black fire of the uninterrupted works of those who survive, criminally, only by suffocating, devouring and slowly killing the Faith of the multitudes whom they deprave on purpose, and whom they lead day and night to the slaughterhouse. The occult epicentre of salvation is therefore in France, in Paris itself: in the heart of Paris, at Montmartre, since it is the Sacré-Cœur de Montmartre. And here we are, back at the Sacred Heart conspiracy, which you nor I had left for a moment...

The hidden provisions of the Sacré-Cœur in Montmartre

With a sudden, rapid, crackling movement, it seemed to me, our knees, in the marvellous time it took for the glare to pass through us, met - or even collided - under the sheet that covered us, and I felt her, who, like me, was shaking, gasping for breath, but it passed. And she immediately resumed her speech:

- ...so, as I've just told you, my message today must and will be about the Basilica of the Sacred Heart of Montmartre, its mysteries now or very soon, its mysteries to come and its final mysteries, and those of its mysteries that we will probably never know.

The Basilica of the Sacred Heart of Montmartre is the supreme counter-strategic fortress of the Faith in the midst of the ruins that we ourselves and our world have become, the ruins of Western Europe plunged into the darkness of the extinction of being. The living and active Eucharistic identity of the fortress of the Sacred Heart of Montmartre makes this fortress impregnable, ontologically of reach: with the Basilica of the Sacred Heart at the summit, Mont Martre - Mons Martyrum, after Mons Martis and Mons Mercurii - appears, in the invisible, as the Mont Salvat of the current cycle, the Mont Salvat of the times at the end of the cycle.

"Perpetual Adoration", "Real Presence", "Perpetual Presence" : the impenetrable walls of the Sacred Heart of Montmartre guard in their rightful place the Living Being, the radiant, life-giving and life-saving Being of the Risen One from among the Dead under his Eucharistic Identity, whose living embers act occultly on visible and invisible history, on the cosmic - galactic - Western whole, precisely from the Blessed Sacrament exposed to the loving attention of the secret agents of Perpetual Adoration and their unsuspected social and charitable conspiracies turned towards the world, towards the outside, towards the Western territories currently under enemy occupation, governed by the Enemy.

As a nuptial and charitable gift of itself, the Eucharist is the living and ardent foundation of Charity, and Charity itself, situated there in the royal blaze of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, points, through the Sacred Heart, towards Love, and all is reflected in the dazzling mirror of the Immaculate Heart of Mary : Love is fulfilled, as a Permanent and Total Gift, only in Charity and through Charity; Charity lives only through the Love that founds it abysmally in its Inner Fire, the inextinguishable Fire of Mary's Desire, the inextinguishable Fire of God's Desire for Mary.

It is at the Sacré-Coeur in Montmartre that, in the greatest secrecy, we will all meet again, always, around the inextinguishable fire of the One Desire.

Thus organised from within and made available, the Eucharistic fortress of the Sacred Heart of Jesus at Montmartre will be the place where, in the state of Real Presence, our Saviour stands perpetually in our midst: "He's here, He's here", it was once cried. Hence the very extraordinary symbolic imposition, the resplendent projection, in its terrible immaculate whiteness and as if secretly veiled in gold, of Luc-Olivier Merson's mosaic, which, on its inner heights, at the summit of its Central Dome, of its Heart of Heaven, represents the Eucharistic Christ, the sunny, over-sunlit whiteness of the Cosmic Bread in His very Gift. And the figure of the Great White Christ thus entrusted to his people - your friend Pierre Drieu la Rochelle also spoke of this in the last lines of his greatest novel - finding itself as if set on fire, set ablaze at its very deflagration point, by the unbearable radiance of its Sacred Heart. Within its walls, the Basilica of the Sacred Heart of

Montmartre is home to an immense galactic inferno, a vertiginous invisible mountain of Living Embers.

But is it only the Cosmic Bread that is offered up for the adoration of its own kind?

And the Cosmic Blood, the Most Precious Blood of Jesus our Saviour, where is it now? Where is the Holy Grail vessel that contains it now? Hidden there, somewhere in the visible or invisible body - visible-invisible, invisible-visible?

- of the Sacré-Cœur de Montmartre, where a High Place of Guard had been very occultly prepared for him since the first beginnings, placed on-naturally in situation to receive his Royal and Imperial Living Deposit, which did not finish burning frightfully and without return the being of whom would have found himself in approach.

Are you following me on these uphill climbs? I hope you've already understood everything, because I've just told you everything.

And so, to continue, here's what your task will be, yours personally and that of your family.

An overall task, comprising, within it, Seven Missions. I will now define for you, one by one, and each in its own secret, these Seven Missions. And so :

1. Under the unconditional authority of an official appointed directly by the Sovereign Pontiff, or by an even holier, self-centred transcendental entity, absolutely polar - whether it be so-called

Divine Company, Royal Eucharistic Congregation or Order of High Combat - will have to be definitively put in place, responsible for managing, internally and externally, the powers already in action the de facto sovereignty - theological, spiritual, mystical and strategic-administrative - destined to be exercised over the places where the Sacred Heart of Montmartre has its own presence or influence.

2. The Holy Mountain of the Sacred Heart which, for us, is revealed at Montmartre, as a transcendental foundation assured in its very foundations - whether visible or situated in the invisible - by the bloody identity of its beginnings, as Mons Martyrum, and also by its present sanctuary of a Perpetual Bloody Sacrifice in His Very Real Presence, will at the same time be open to the world and to history in order to enliven and sustain them in the times of the end.

On the Holy Mountain of the Sacred Heart, at Montmartre, all power, whether invisible or visible, comes exclusively from Above: as reconstitution of a Cosmic Pole of Steel, the sanctuary of Montmartre cannot therefore support, in its entirety, any authority other than that of its State of Holiness Itself, and this is recognised as such, including in the exercise of the powers it will be called upon to exercise in the visible world.

It is not Montmartre, then, that is dependent on France, but France - and hence the greater Europe - that is dependent on Montmartre, where, Living God, our Royal Saviour resides in Eucharist, the Cosmic Pole of Steel instituted by Living Flesh and Living Blood.

3. It will therefore be up to the supreme polar authority of the Sacré-Cœur de Montmartre to carry out the most appropriate civil cleansing measures on the spot, which should definitively rid the consecrated places and their immediate surroundings of the current negative vermin and all the social depravities that have been deliberately imposed there by the Dark Power and all its successive obediences in place, whatever they may have been.

Eradication, then, without fail, unconditional, total, monitored, permanent, heard and over-activated, of the ganglia of depravity, tourism and other activities, permanently installed by those we have just mentioned and for the dark purpose we know.

4. A special theological protection force and the maintenance of profound order will ensure the spiritual and civil security of the site. A special theological protection force and the maintenance of deep-seated order with its own counter-strategic and operational internal and external information services.

5. A superior Eucharistic society, directly attached to the central Bloody Table of the Basilica of the Sacred Heart of Montmartre and to its special, theological, cosmic and high-conspirational missions, will at the same time oversee the uninterrupted polar centrification of all the known and unknown of the Holy Mountain of the Sacred Heart, a polar and controlling centrification working very exclusively in the service of the Divine Will and its Providential Missions reigning there permanently.

6. The unveiling of the counter-strategic structures of **external support** and **internal representation at** the disposal of the Supreme Sanctuary of the Sacred Heart of Montmartre will give, to those who must know and use the over-activated secrets acting on site, the concept of combat and the broad outlines of the ontological apparatus of spiritual government, suprahistorical, cosmic and polar government duly installed, since the opening of the Basilica of the Sacred Heart of Montmartre, in the place provided for this purpose and which opens in advance onto the living and active timelessness of its own predestination of eternity. The eternal predestination of an Eternal Heart subject to Eternal Love.

7. In the elevation of its most occult hierarchies and in the fire of its most unavowable works, the invisible Eucharistic Congregation of the Sacred Heart of Montmartre will appropriate its own by the obligation to submit - an obligation made to them pre-ontologically, even before they were what they are and what they will be - to the fourfold mystery of the **oath of blood**, of **immemorial remembrance**, the **ultimate nuptial allegiance**, of the **reintegration**, by them, in this very life, of the Charitable Edifice, a reintegration which must be accomplished by their **return to the mysterious Hôtel de la Charité**, where each one has his own room held there for all time.

Let me be clear: the ultimate nuptial allegiance concerns Mary, and the one Mary sends when she has to. There is no greater, no more terrible secret of eternal love than this, the very secret of Eternal Love in His Court gathered around the devouring fire of the One Desire, I call here the devouring fire of the **incendium amoris**.

These, then, are the Seven Missions, the definition of which I promised to give you, by one, so that you could have access to them and ***use them properly.***

The weapons of truth are the weapons of freedom

The Basilica of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, I think you have perfectly understood, is a spiritually and metastrategically total warship, an ontological warship engaged in an already final cosmic battle, and it is therefore of the utmost importance for us to be able to know, now, the secret of its inner operational structures, its ***modus operandi***, so that we in turn can use its full combat potential: we are taking over from it. The time has come for us, the predestined generation of the Apocalypse, to place ourselves at the occult helm of the offensive power plant that constitutes its Cosmic Steel Pole.

I have just told you about the high focus of live embers, the Eucharistic heart of the Basilica of the Sacred Heart of Montmartre, a "Eucharistic heart" over-activated, in situation, by Perpetual Adoration: the Cosmic Bread of the Great White Christ in His Radiance is nuptially armed, on the spot, on the left - on the front of the Bloody Table - by a figure of Marie- Marguerite Alacoque and, on the right, by a figure of Thérèse of the Child Jesus and of the Holy Face.

Behind the Great White Christ of the Sacred Heart, on the roof of the Basilica, watches in arms the figure of the Most Holy Archangel Michael, and the back of the Basilica is overvalued by an arc of circle integrating a certain number - a number that is both uncertain and certain - of Mary's Lodgings functioning as a reflector in permanent paroxysmal overactivation of the central Eucharistic Focus and the double nuptial instance.

— Marguerite-Marie Alacoque and Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus et de la Sainte-Face - invited to lovingly support the action undertaken on the spot. No nuptial action is capable of acting on the world if it is not returned to the world through the burning mirror of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, and I confide in you that is, in heaven, only one Burning Mirror, that of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

On the subject of the double nuptial instance sustaining the Eucharistic action of the Bloody Table, a double nuptial instance involving Marguerite Marie Alacoque and Thérèse of the Child Jesus and of the Holy Face, I would like to make it clear to you: Marguerite Marie Alacoque assumes the left front of the Lord, Thérèse of the Child Jesus and of the Holy Face guards the right front. In front of Him, therefore, and with their backs to Him, they face up to what He Himself is facing up to.

Her Heart on the Left belongs to Margaret Mary Alacoque, Her Heart on the Right to Therese of the Child Jesus and of the Holy Face: the Sacred Heart, as shown in the mosaic by Luc-Olivier Merson, is located in the middle of Her Chest, at the precise point where Her Heart on the Left and Her Heart on the Right, Charity and Love, meet. These, integrated in and by the Sacred Heart, are invited to fight the same battle at all times.

Eternally the Same Fight, because, as Pius XII so extraordinarily put it in his encyclical on the cult of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, ***Haurietis Aquas en Gaudio***, after the interruption of its beating during the Three Days when the Lord of the Resurrected and of the Judgement, who is also the Lord of Absolute Love, had to explore - and charitably exploit - the nocturnal mysteries of death and the Hells of Death, His Heart will never stop beating for eternity of eternities, Eternal Heart of Eternal Love.

A Heart of living flesh, and eternally living flesh, for all living flesh is eternal if the Eternal Love has spoken to it and if it has nuptially known how to respond to the Eternal Love giving itself, entirely and for all eternity, in the whisper of its First Call of Love. Is not every first call, for ever, a Call of Love? I beg you, for your part, to reflect on this ardently, for many things depend on it.

I must also tell you the following:

- The very high-powered metastrategic components of nuptial and cosmic apparatus of the Sacred Heart of Montmartre - Marguerite-Marie Alacoque, Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus et de la Sainte-Face, le Très Saint Archange Michel, as well as all the Marian dwellings of the arc of the circle establishing a super-activating state of the Immaculate Heart Mary - have their own external counter-strategic basis, charged with continuity, which defines their identity, and which is in reality nothing more than their foundational ontological projection.

Such as registered properties giving the right to
— noble families to be present or represented at the Royal Court.
In a certain sense, after all, everything goes to Versailles, comes
back and goes again, indefinitely and very lovingly.

Paray le Monial for Marguerite-Marie Alacoque, Lisieux for
Thérèse of the Child Jesus and of the Holy Face, each with its own
Basilica. And Mont Saint-Michel for the Most Holy Archangel
Michael, the latter secretly dependent on the imperial sanctuary of
Monte Gargano in Italy. Finally, each of the Marian dwellings in the
arc of the circle establishing the superactivated and
superactivating semblance of the Immaculate Heart of Mary has its
own station, corresponding to a place of Marian apparition that has
already taken place, or is planned to take place in the future
somewhere in this world. Were not the places of Fatima and
Medjugorje ***reserved in advance?***

Now, as things stand at present, each of these external
counter-strategic bases constituted as the Nuptial Support of the
White Christ of the Sacred Heart of Montmartre will require that,
within the territories under their jurisdiction, the major operations
of ontological reappropriation and cleansing already planned for
the Sacred Heart of Montmartre sites themselves, under the
terms of the Third of the Seven Missions, the definitions of
which I have just given you. Definitions that are highly
prohibited on the outside. For only cleansing through absolute
emptiness is appreciated.

For it will be reborn from its philosophical tomb, the Most
Holy Inquisition, and will return, veiled, so that it can subversively
bring fire to places

the chosen strongholds of the old, living Catholicism that we see today fallen to the power of the infernal Regency. And everything will be saved. And everything will be as it was before.

Are you following me? Are you there with me?

And I hope you've already understood everything because, despite a few necessary disguises, I've just told you everything. I've told you everything.

So you've seen what your tasks will be once you've got down to work, yourself and yours, knowing that you're being asked to get down to work, to 'take action', right now, ***this very moment.***

For you must understand: without the unconditional conditioning of the visible and occult conduct of the immediate and future history of France by the decisive and total reactivation of the Sacred Heart of Montmartre, a reactivation conceived according to the providential definition I have just given you, there is no longer any hope of salvation for France. Neither salvation, nor liberation, nor deliverance: the conspiratorial oath of her origins contradicted and undone, France will no longer be anything, nor will she ever have been anything. Just as if it had never existed.

And this was the last , the last attempt from heaven to renew what had been tied up by Saint Remy in Reims in 496, and which others used to untie in the dark times of tumult and bloodshed seen during the so-called French Revolution, as well as again and again since then and today.

Know that what I have just entrusted to you this very night is the Last Word. And would you like me to repeat it? I do have the Last Word.

Here ends Forgiveness, here begins Vengeance. And I myself am announcing, this night, both Forgiveness and Vengeance. And it is up to you to choose, according to the deepest choice of your heart. For it is your ultimate truth, the truth of your heart, that will make you free, and by that very fact the same God. But, the other hand, if you are not yourself, somewhere in you, already like God, how could we have met tonight, and spent this night together, here, in this bed in the Hôtel de la Charité?

(And yet, how can I put into words the feeling of powerlessness and defection, of obscure and tenacious unhappiness, even of spiritual betrayal that I'm feeling at this very moment?

? I did try to give an account of everything that was said to me on that mysterious night of 13-14 June 1994, a decisive night if ever there one. But have I succeeded? No, under no circumstances did I succeed. The speech of my young companion, naked under the sheets beside me, came from the other world, from the vertiginously sunny depths of heaven, but there it reached me intact, in our reunion bed at the Hôtel de la Charité, armed with an intensity, perfection, a crystalline, superhuman brilliance, whereas, having passed through the backward filter of my human consciousness, all I manage to give is an inferior and deficient reproduction, dull and marred by my own failings and necroses of language. But I'd rather do it the way I can do it than not do it at all,

a lesser betrayal being better, in this case, perhaps, than a total betrayal.

I'm thinking of those sea anemones, sublime flowers of dazzling beauty, sovereign and almost supernatural when contemplated underwater, which, once snatched from the very spot of their glory, are immediately reduced to a bit of blackish spittle in the palm, hard to believe. To bring the absolute back this world is undoubtedly to celebrate indefinitely the mystery deglorification; it is to shamefully accept to fall in order to survive. Shame, a fundamental ontological feeling).

The victory parade

"... her body, her day

RIMBAUD, GENIE

I'm not quite sure, but I even think that for a few moments we fell asleep, or remained silent until daylight came, gradually turning the tops of the windows blue.

Then she resumed her speech, which ended:

- ...and when I have told you everything I had to make you learn by heart so that you in turn know how to repeat it to yours, it would still remain for me to warn you against the very fact of the mystery of this activist night, against its **own mystery**, because in the end it is only the mystery of the activist night that is the **mystery of** the activist night.

not at all the content of my confession, which must appear to you as the most important thing of this night: but the fact that you yourself have been chosen, among perhaps certain others, to receive my confession of this night, and all the battle dispositions which are in it doctrinally committed to be followed to the end. And, at the end of it all, for you to receive me, thus, in your life, and for ever.

In all this, you must be able to see, and recognise, the supreme sign of your definitive election to the imperial governance of all the most inconceivable things to come. Understand also what is the unique sacrificial and divine predestination which, by that very fact, is called upon to give itself as a pledge, to give itself eternally to you. And here, you see, I am already speaking for myself: what has thus been given to you in conscience, through my discourse this night, through my , otherworldly teaching, you receiving it, and it will also soon be done, you will receive it, I say, also, under the cosmic and divinising seal of our two bodies, one against the other, one in the other, this night, in that placeless place which is the central bed of the Hôtel de la Charité. For it is the meeting of our two bodies that guarantees, in heaven, in eternity, the new coming or, if you like, the ultimate raising of the Logos in the world, in history, because, at the end of everything, and here we are, it is the flesh that saves the Spirit. Flesh against flesh, and this new fulguration, the living flesh of the new Sophianic Nativity?

A reunion in love more terrible than a thousand Apocalypses on this night, because what is at stake here is also - and above all - identity.

Same Interior, the Same Nuptial Being of the Most Holy Trinity. And now, at last, do you know who I am?

- How could I ignore it? From eon to eon I have pursued you, and always we have lost each other. But tonight we found each other again for ever, and ***so let that which must so imperatively come come.*** If only they knew, if only they could even hint at what our clandestine reunion tonight is ***the*** thinly veiled ***announcement of...***

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